

THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL

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AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



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"'MR. HARLAND, WILL YOU DO THIS?'"

CHAPTER I.

A WET DAY IN LINCOLN'S INN.



MR. HARLAND was one of those enviable persons who invariably take a cheerful view of everything; in the favourite parlance of the day, he was an optimist. A good digestion, an easy-going temperament, and a conscience void of offence towards his fellow-creatures, all contributed to furnish him with a fine flow of spirits. In his way he was a philosopher, and would discourse for a good half-hour at a time on the folly of a man who permitted himself to be disturbed by any atmospheric changes; he thought it derogatory to the dignity of a human being to be depressed by a trifle more or less of fog. No man delighted more than he did in the sunshine—a spring day moved him to exuberant animation; but, on the other hand, no pressure of London smoke, no damp, clinging fog, no scarifying east wind, no wearisome succession of wet days, ever evoked an impatient expression or brought him down to the dull level on which other people find themselves.

This made him a delightful companion, and when Mrs. Harland (who certainly matched her husband in good humour) once averred herself a fortunate woman, none of her friends contradicted her.

Mr. Harland had just reached his chambers in Lincoln's Inn one morning, and as he divested himself of his wet overcoat, he hummed a little air in an undertone.

The surroundings would have looked dreary enough to any other person. It was difficult to recognise that May had actually arrived, the air had a February chill in it; and the heavy leaden sky and ceaseless downpour of steady rain made the few passers-by shiver; now and then a lawyer's clerk hurried along, uttering a sort of dumb protest in his raised shoulders and turned-up collar. In that quiet spot the drip of the water from the roofs was distinctly audible, alternating with the splash of the rain on the stone flags of the court. Mr. Harland glanced at the letters lying on his table, then he walked up to the fireplace, and spread his white, well-shaped hands over the cheerful blaze.

"My housekeeper is a jewel," he muttered. "She is worth her weight in gold, that woman; she seems to know by instinct when to light a fire. Bless me, how it is raining! Well, people tell me I am an oddly constituted person, but I believe in my heart that I thoroughly enjoy a wet day; one is sure of a quiet morning, no fussy clients to bore one and take up one's valuable time; not that I object to clients," with a chuckle. "Hallo! Come in!" as a modest rap sounded at the door. "Well, Carruthers, what is it? No one can be possibly wanting me this morning," as a solemn-faced young man stood hesitating on the threshold.

"The young lady said she was in no hurry, sir; would not disturb you for the world. It is Miss Willmot."

"Miss Willmot!" and Mr. Harland dropped his eye-glasses, and then picked them up in a hurry. "Show her in, show her in at once, Carruthers; and mind, I am engaged; I am not to be interrupted on any account. To think of that delicate little creature venturing out on such a day! What do you mean by it, what do you mean by it, Miss Averil?" advancing with outstretched hands and a beaming face, as a little figure appeared in the doorway.

"Don't scold me," returned the girl, in a sweet plaintive voice. "I am not so imprudent as you think. I took a cab, and drove all the way, so I am not wet at all; no, indeed I am not," as Mr. Harland inspected her carefully, touching her dress and mantle, as though to convince himself of the truth of her words; but he only shook his head, and drew an easy chair close to the fire.

"Sit down and warm yourself," he said, with good-humoured peremptoriness. "You are not the sort to brave damp with impunity. You are a hothouse plant, that is what you are, Averil; but you have no one to look after you, and so you just go on your wilful way."

"You speak as though you were not pleased to see me," with a slight pout; "but I know better, do I not, Mr. Harland?" laying a thin little hand on his arm.

The lawyer rubbed up his grey hair with a comical gesture. "I am always pleased to see you, my dear," he said at last, in a fatherly sort of way, for he had daughters of his own, and there was a very real friendship between him and this girl, whom he had known from her cradle. "But all the same, I am vexed with you for coming. If you wanted me, why did you not wire, and I would have been with you before the day was out? You know it was an understood thing between us, that you are to send for me if you are in any perplexity."

"Yes, I know; but if I send for you, one or other of them would be sure to find it out, and then curiosity would be excited; it is so much nicer to talk to you here. I do love these quiet rooms, and that grey old court." And Averil looked dreamily out of the window as she spoke.

No one who had seen Averil Willmot for the first time would have guessed her age; in reality she was seven-and-twenty, but her diminutive stature, which scarcely equalled that of a well-grown child of twelve, often made people think her much younger; and her face, in spite of the cast of melancholy that was always perceptible, was singularly youthful. At first sight Averil was certainly not prepossessing, her stunted growth and small sallow face had little to recommend them; without being actually deformed, she had the rounded shoulders and sunken chest, the result of some spinal mischief in early years. Her features were scarcely redeemed from plainness; only a sweet, sensitive mouth, and dark, thoughtful eyes prevented positive ugliness; but those who knew Averil best, cared little for her looks, though it was just possible that a sense of her physical defects had something to do with the vibrating melancholy that was so often heard in her voice.

"You might have a quiet place of your own to-morrow, if you liked," observed Mr. Harland, as Averil uttered her little speech. "I am a tolerably cheerful person, as you know, and take most things with equanimity; but it always rubs me up the wrong way when I see people making martyrs of themselves for insufficient reasons, and spoiling their own lives. Granted that you owe a certain amount of duty to your stepmother and her children—and I am the last man in the world to deny that duty, having stepchildren of my own—still, is there a ghost of a necessity for your all living together, like an ill-assorted clan?"

"My dear old friend," laughed Averil, and she had a pretty, childlike laugh, though it was not often heard, "how often are we to argue on that point? The ghost of my necessity, as you call it is Lottie, and she is substantial enough, poor child. If I were to consent to break up our mixed household, what would become of poor Lottie?"

"Take her with you, of course. Mrs. Willmot would only be too glad to get rid of an incumbrance. What does she care about her husband's niece? Try it, Averil; the burthen of all these gay young people is too heavy for your shoulders."

"I have tried," she replied sadly. "Mr. Harland, indeed I have not been so unmindful of your advice as you think. I have made more than one attempt to put things on a different footing; but all my efforts have been in vain. Mrs. Willmot refuses to part with Lottie, though I have offered to provide for her; but the answer is always the same, that Lottie is her husband's legacy to her, that on no consideration would she part with such a sacred charge!"

A keen sarcastic look shot from the lawyer's eyes. He muttered under his breath "Humbug!" but he prudently forbore to put his thoughts into words.

"Miss Lottie never lived with you in your father's lifetime," he observed presently, "at least I never saw her there."

"No, she was at school at Stoke Newington. The people boarded her in return for her help with the little ones. She was very young then; she is only eighteen now. I am afraid they taught her very little; I used to tell father so, but he disliked so much to interfere."

"And now the sacred charge is at Kensington. My dear, that stepmother of yours is a clever woman—you remember I always told you so—a very clever woman; she knows where she is comfortable."

"I have not come here through the rain to talk about my stepmother," returned Averil, in a reproachful tone, "but to show you a letter I have just received. Mr. Harland, you know all my father's affairs; can you tell me anything about a cousin of his, Felicia Ramsay?"

"Is that her married name? Willmot once told me, when I was dining with him, that he had been engaged to his cousin, Felicia Graham. It is so long ago that I cannot recollect what moved him to such confidence. Stop, I have it. I remember I made the remark that a man seldom marries his first love (you know even old fogies will sentimentalise sometimes), and he replied (you know his dry way)—'I was engaged to my cousin, before I married Averil's mother, but the fates, in the shape of a shrewish old uncle, forbade the banns.' And then he sighed, and somehow we changed the conversation."

Averil flushed; her dark, sensitive face showed signs of emotion. "Poor father! but he loved my mother dearly, Mr. Harland; still, I am glad to know this, it makes me understand things better. Now, will you read my letter (you will see it is addressed to my father), and tell me what you think of the writer?"

The lawyer put on his *pince nez* and looked attentively at the somewhat cramped girlish handwriting, then he turned to the signature, Annette Ramsay; after which he carefully perused it, while Averil sat watching him with her hands folded in her lap.

"Dear Sir, and good Cousin," it began, "will you have patience with me while I tell you my sad story? For many years my father has been dead, and now the dear mother has followed him; and in all this wide world I have no one but old Clotilde to care for me. My cousin, it is terrible for a girl to be so lonely. If I were Catholic I could take refuge with the good Sisters in the Convent of the Sacred Heart; but always I do remember my mother's teaching and our good pastor. For my own part I was not aware that my English cousin existed; but one day, when my mother was unusually suffering, she called me to her bedside—'Annette,' she said, quite seriously, 'thou must write to my cousin, Leonard Willmot, when I am gone. If only I had strength to write to him myself! Ask him, in the name of Felicia Ramsay, to show kindness to her only child. Throw thyself on his protection. Leonard was always of a generous nature; his heart is large enough to shelter the unfortunate.' My cousin, those were the words of my mother, and she wept much as she uttered them. As I was writing this, our good pastor entered. I showed him the beginning of my letter. 'Tell your cousin more of your life and circumstances,' he urged. 'Represent to him exactly your situation.' Well, I will try to obey; but figure to yourself my difficulty, in thus writing to a stranger.

"While my father lived, my life was as joyous as the bees and birds. What was there that I lacked? My mother loved me; she taught me everything—to read, to sew, to speak English and French. During my father's long absences (he was a sea captain) we worked well, we sufficed to each other; when my father came home we made holiday, and fêted him. One day he did not come. By-and-by we heard the sad news—in a great storm he had perished. My cousin, those were bitter days! I was just fourteen; until then I had been a child, but my mother's trouble made a woman of me. Alas! never did my mother recover the shock; in silence she suffered, but she suffered greatly. 'Look you, my child,' she would say, 'we must not repine; it is the will of God. Your father was a brave man; he was a Christian. We know that he gave his life for others; it was he who saved the ship, and but for the fall of the mast he would be living now. Oh! if only he had thought of himself and of his wife and child; but they must all go first, even the little cabin boy, and so he stayed too long.'

"Perhaps it was natural, but she was never weary of telling that story as we sat at work. My father's death had left us poor; my mother mended lace, she taught me to do the same. We lived on still in the old French town, where my father had placed us, and where I had been born. He had never been rich, and it was easier to live there than in England; his mother had settled there and one or two of his people, but they had all dropped away; soon there were none whom we could *tutoyer*, only Clotilde, who kept the house.

"I have always believed that my mother worked too hard; she had too few comforts, and my father's death preyed on her spirits. She drooped more every day—her eyes grew too dim for the lace-work. By-and-by she had no strength to speak; only when she looked at me the tears rolled down her cheeks, then I knew she feared to leave me alone in the great world, and it was not easy to comfort her. Our good pastor was with us then; it was he who closed her eyes, and read the service over her; presently he will leave us, for his new work is in England. It is he who has promised to direct this letter when he reaches London.

"My cousin, what is there that I need to say more? I work hard, that I may feed and clothe myself, but Clotilde is old—everyone who loves me dies: perhaps she will die too, and then what will become of me?

"My cousin, I recommend myself to you

"with affectionate respect,

"ANNETTE RAMSAY.

"Rue St. Joseph, Dinan."

"Well," as Mr. Harland laid down the letter, "well, my good friend?"

"You want my opinion, Averil? To my mind, it is a good letter; there is a genuine ring in it; the girl states her case very fairly. It is a little un-English, perhaps, but what of that? If Willmot had lived he would have held out a helping hand, no doubt. Yes, the matter is worthy of investigation; and if you care to assist her——" But here Averil placed her hand on his arm.

"You have said enough. I see the letter has not displeased you; it seems to me a beautiful and touching letter. I could not help crying over it. Mr. Harland, I am going to ask you a very great favour—it is the greatest I have ever asked of my old friend; but there is no one I can trust but you. Will you go over to Dinan and see this girl? will you tell her that her mother's cousin is dead, and that I am her sole relative? Tell her also," still more impressively, "that my home is hers—that I am ready to welcome her as a sister; and bring her to me, the sooner the better. Mr. Harland, will you do this, or shall I go myself and fetch my cousin?"

Mr. Harland looked perplexed; he fidgeted on his seat and played with his eyeglasses.

"My dear, this is very sudden; it is not wise to make up your mind so quickly. We have only this letter; how can we know what the girl is like? Let me go first, I can easily make friends with her, without compromising you in the least. You are too impulsive, Averil! your generosity runs away with you. You are over-burdened already, and yet you would take more responsibilities on yourself."

Averil smiled, but she was evidently bent on having her own way.

"Mr. Harland, it is your duty to protest, and I expected this remonstrance; but, on the other hand, it is my duty to befriend my cousin. What does it matter what she is like? It is enough for me that she is unhappy and desolate. Do you think I do not know what it is to be lonely?" And here her voice broke a little. "Perhaps I shall care for her, and she will be a comfort to me. Poor thing! was it not touching of her to say there were none for her to *tutoyer*? I like her quaint way of expressing herself. Now, will you be good, and help me in this?"

"And you have really made up your mind to have the girl?" rather gruffly.

"Yes, I intend to offer my cousin a home," was Averil's quiet reply; and after a little more grumbling on the lawyer's part, some definite arrangements were made, and half an hour later Averil was jolting homewards through the wet, crowded streets; but, tired as she was, there was a quiet, peaceful expression on her face, as though some duty were fulfilled. "I think father would approve of what I am doing," she said to herself; "he did so like helping people; no man ever had a kinder heart." But Averil sighed as she uttered this little panegyric. Alas! Leonard Willmot's daughter knew well that it had been sheer kindness of heart, unbalanced by wisdom, that had led him to marry the gay widow, Mrs. Seymour; he had been touched by her seeming desolation, and the helplessness that had appealed to his chivalrous nature; and, as Averil knew, this marriage had not added to his happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD;

OR,

OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.



MUSCULAR.

PERHAPS some of our youthful readers may look askance when they see themselves classified, and their several characteristics criticised. I am sorry for those whom the cap may fit, if not a pretty and attractive one; for there used to be one with a very long peak, which none of us seemed to covet in the old school days, whether it fitted or not. Still, it is best that we should learn to "see ourselves as others see us," and take the "counterfeit presentment" in good part.

The author of "Childe Harold" and the "Prisoner of Chillon" described his young country-women as "bread-and-butter girls"; and while we all may resent such a meagre description as this, we may read not a little, by inference, between the lines, of childlike simplicity and blooming healthfulness. A tribute to their unsophisticated innocence of mind and demeanour underlies the *sobriquet* with which he christens them, and the facts implied so much to their credit are very apparent in his ideal. Contentment with the mild restrictions and simple amusements of home-life were amongst their beautiful and distinguishing characteristics, contrasting most favourably with the precocity and doubtful moral principle with which the poet came in contact elsewhere.



LITERARY.

Doubtless a large proportion of our girls have worthily replaced their very loveable predecessors of the class just indicated. But, as the years roll on, the changes that inevitably pass over kingdoms, habits, fashions, sentiments, property, and all our surrounding circumstances, could not possibly leave so large a proportion of our population unaffected by their influences.

The advance of education, the failure of what seem derisively to be called "securities," the non-payment of rents, and the enormous increase of the population, have been gradually putting a new face on English home-life. A large percentage of our girls have had to be trained to be self-supporting, and with greater educational advantages than the former generation enjoyed, they have splendidly risen to meet their responsibilities; their energy of character, and hitherto little appreciated brain-power, carrying all difficulties and disabilities of their sex before them. But here I must admit that quite as considerable a proportion of our young women and girls have suffered, more or less, from the greater liberty afforded them. The judgment is of far slower growth than the general intelligence of the young, and lacking in the experience (which is a harvest gathered later in life), and deprived of the restrictions of parental rule, and the aid of parental advice; a marked deterioration is but too appreciable in the conduct and manners of the middle and lower-middle classes. It needs but to read the "Answers to Correspondents" in this paper to see (as regards the latter) how little their own self-respect has done to substitute the guiding and restraining influence of their mothers, in their general habits and their sadly free-and-easy and undignified style of deportment with reference to the other sex.

In the higher ranks of life the change which has crept over those beneath them is far less apparent, for the simple reason that they are closely hedged about with stringent codes of etiquette and hereditary ideas of authority and precedence, all tending to keep the daughters of the house in their right place, and to maintain a due reverence for those above them, combined with self-respect.

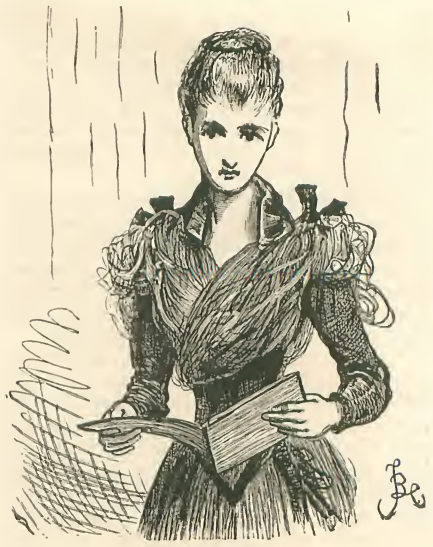
But even amongst those whose social position is good, as well as others with whom they associate, who are not quite their equals amongst the so-called "upper ten," a deplorable degree of roughness, and puerile imitation of the off-hand manners of young men with their fellows, is grievously common, and has been the growth of the last half-century.

Now, before I portray the objectionable peculiarities of certain classes, I must premise that I hold my country-women, in general, in the greatest respect for their moral, intellectual, and religious character, only equalled by their good looks. And it is just because I so much esteem and admire them, and discover them to be capable of the highest intellectual attainments, that I desire to point out where some of them have lowered their standard of excellence and of common sense.

On consideration, I may divide the educated classes under the following denominations: There are the *Muscular*, the *Æsthetic*, the *Scholastic*, the *Literary*, the *Professors of Art* (in its several branches), the *Medical*, the *Political*, the *Devotee*, the Home and Foreign *Missionary*, the *Housewives*, *Society Women*, and the *Colourless* and *Common-place*, who cannot be classified. Let me begin with the first on my list—the "Muscular."

Happily the prim walks, two and two, with automaton regularity, prescribed for our schoolgirls of former times, constituting their only exercise, and the use of straight, high-backed chairs, with an apology for a seat, or a no-backed stool, are over.

Now the Calisthenic and Swedish exercises of the modern gymnasium develop the muscles, otherwise so unevenly employed, and are thoroughly approved by medical men. But these most desirable and healthful exercises give rise, very naturally, to a desire for athletic sports, for which they have eminently qualified a girl. And so, to a large proportion of them, the graceful and feminine pastime of archery became inadequate for their requirements. So, likewise, was "croquet," a less graceful diversion, and calculated to narrow, rather than expand, the chest, and to foster a stoop in the neck and a round back. At the same time I must admit that the introduction of endless vexatious rules, supposed to give a scientific character to the game, was the true cause of its decline and extinction, and not



MUSICAL.

the injury to the figure. Those who did not understand its developments voted it tame, and made them a sort of apology for adopting the more exciting game of cricket, which, amongst the lady athletes, came to reign in its stead. Lawn tennis has become a "rage" with both sexes alike; amongst a minority even hockey has been annexed from the exclusive proprietorship of the stronger sex; and by others, the dangerous and most unfeminine sport of polo. Who knows but that football may not follow in due course? Some day in the future we may even blush to see, in a struggling, writhing heap of prostrate human forms, piled in confusion, one over the other, the soiled (once dainty) skirts of these muscular sisters of ours, and the long tangled locks in wild disarray, floating over the cropped heads of their masculine playmates. As yet we have not arrived at this.

A limited number of our muscular cousins of Yankeeland have recently been patronising the science of the gloves, and a New York pugilist, who was "interviewed" on the subject, spoke in warm terms of one pupil, more especially a "young lady in Fifth



ARTISTIC.

Avenue, slender in figure and medium in height," who is such an expert in the art, that (to use her instructor's words) "she knocks her two brothers about like sticks." There is also an institution, in the same transatlantic city, called "The Recreation Club," to which some of the ladies of the very best position belong. Once a month they have an outing at Highbridge, and there they have races, jump, and indulge in a regular romp, such as schoolboys enjoy. But mark this—it is in private, and only amongst themselves; the police on the bridge and the Harlem goats alone may witness their muscular sports.

I find no fault with fencing, nor even boxing, if not a public exhibition, nor engaged in with male companions. I once enjoyed the gloves, the foils, and single-stick myself, but only with my brother in the privacy of home.

It is hard to draw a prohibitory line where the rules of morality and decency are not infringed. Nevertheless, it seems to me, that, short of this, the debatable borderland of what is refined and feminine in all modes of recreation, when exhibited to the gaze of a mixed multitude, and bringing a girl into personal and familiar contact with men, should be regarded with the greatest circumspection. A girl with a well-regulated mind and delicate feelings would naturally be influenced by a sensitive apprehension of making any unseemly display, or being betrayed into a coarse and ungainly act or attitude. To "polo" I utterly object; it is so risky and seriously dangerous a sport, and offers an example of a much too "rough-and-tumble" companionship with men. Besides which, a girl is likely to spoil their sport, as they fear to assert themselves, and play their best, lest they should strike or unhorse the lady opposed to them. Cricket and lawn-tennis are ungraceful, to say the least, as represented by the general run of their lady-votaries. Yet they are more in vogue than ever; and women's clubs are being formed all over the country—both sexes striving together for championship, and no longer, as formerly, with broomstick on the one side against bat on the other.

But, apart from personal views on the subject of what is refined and womanly, there is another question to be dealt with; and that is, that the girls who (as the slang term expresses it) "go in for" such muscular amusements, appear to have all taste, all enthusiasm, all bodily strength and time at their disposal, absorbed in the one pursuit, to which every other consideration must give way. One would think that all this expenditure of natural force and interest must have for its end and object nothing less important than the bread-earning for herself and family, or some benevolent scheme for the benefit of the world outside. Doubtless the type "muscular" is healthy, bright-spirited, good-hearted, and well qualified to employ the brain-power—if not too far over-taxing the physical. They are also better able to nurse the sick and go through the wear and tear of married life in the future. But—

"It is not all of life to live,"

nor to

"Eat and drink and rise up to play."

Other training, that of the mind and heart, and a technical and practical education for some special work of usefulness to others, is often neglected in the over-indulgence in, and perpetual pursuit of, pleasure and of physical development.

But I have not yet exhausted what I have to say about this type of young woman. In playing such games as I have described with men, they are apt to adopt the masculine postures of their playmates, and the slang language they hear amongst them; and they take a strange pride in showing, or affecting to show, an acquaintance with the phraseology of the race-course and stable, the barrack or the cockpit, or sayings and jokes of the Universities. When engaged at outdoor games young men become excited and off their guard, and the distinction which should exist in their style of address when speaking to a gentlewoman and that in which they might speak to their fellow-men is easily forgotten in the heat of the struggle for victory. The boisterous laugh and loud voices of some of these young women might even strike themselves unpleasantly were they lookers on, instead of actors, in the performance. I only remember having seen one young lady engaged in a lawn-tennis "tournament" who walked with dignity, held herself in graceful positions, spoke in a gentle voice, and looked well on the ground. What I advocate is moderation, and a careful avoidance of the errors I have pointed out. Enjoy your lawn-tennis; but remember the obligations of your sex and of your self-respect.

Although my animadversions on the abuses above-named, in the pursuit of semi-athletic games, I freely admit that I regard their votaries, amongst my own sex, as much superior to the young dames of the patch, pillow, and powder-puff of the last century, who could not run a race, lest the bedizened cushions on the tops of their heads should come down, or the court plaster—cut to represent the moon and the stars, or even such a complicated affair as a coach and horses—should slide down into an unbecoming position through the heat of the unwonted exertion!

My next subject is supplied by the *Æsthete* young ladies. Few will enquire who they are, since we are generally familiar with their appearance, and they are not yet relegated to a place with the extinct and obsolete. What are they? Very harmless folk, we may truly admit; but that is only a negative characteristic. In brief, they entertain peculiar ideas of the beautiful, in form and combinations of colour, and also of suitability in dress, to meet the requirements of modern life. They look like the coneys,—"a feeble folk,"—apparently boneless, and they flop about in a doleful and aimless way. Observe, I only say "apparently," for we must suppose that they have some kind of mast and rigging, or they would subside and vanish, "like the baseless fabric of a vision!" A pow of unkempt hair invariably conceals the forehead, and projects like a thatched roof over their eyes; and a bag with very long strings swings about their knees like a *sabretache* on a dragoon.

I should like to give a few illustrations of the most typical examples of this peculiar class. Failing this, I must content myself with a little borrowed word-painting. As we are all tired of the grand but—at one time—too ubiquitous sunflower, which, with its nobly-erect carriage, and its golden-glowing face held proudly up to the sun, is little representative of its drooping patrons; so, amongst the other flowers of field or garden, my selection is quickly made of one more faithfully symbolic: it is the

"Water-lily, chilly, stilly;
Shivering beside a streamlet.
Plighted, blighted! Love benighted!
Falsehood sharper than a gimlet!
Sighing, dying!" * * *

and what not besides?

Before I go further in my "word-painting," I should observe that I can number a few mild exponents of the proclivities of this class amongst very kindly and estimable acquaintances of my own, and that I only object to the fully fledged in the plumage of the ladies of the confraternity simply because the trailing though narrow skirts are both unwholesome—as scavengers—and very unsuitable for any active employment in every-day life, and for attendance on the sick or a visit in the cottages of the poor. Besides this, there seems to be more than a suspicion of very weak-minded vanity in adopting a stilted description of phraseology not in common use in society. At least, I can give them full credit for being thoroughly feminine in their manner of speech, dress, and general demeanour, which in the present day is according much, and certainly will go far in extenuation of many little eccentricities of taste and weaknesses in character which make them hanker after a more pronounced individuality and a desire to attract the special notice of others. Weakness of this kind is exceedingly common in whatever groove the fancy of the owner may run.

The subject of the two classes discussed is fairly exhausted, and with them, it may be, the interest and patience of the reader. For her comfort I may add, in conclusion, that some of the types of modern girls named in my list will have but a few words of notice in passing. It is better to write suggestively, and induce my readers to think for themselves, and follow out the impressions which I have confided to them, either in brief or at length, at their own sweet will.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



COMMON-PLACE.

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

I.



AM about to present some adventurous episodes from a movement that well deserves place in history, as a singular instance of a small leaven of obscure devotion working a rapid and important change on the public opinion among a great nation. Yet, now that their fight is won, we are half forgetting the peaceful assailants of American slavery, who, with no other armour than patient courage and zeal, faced for a generation hatred, violence, and persecution, till the best feeling of the country rallied to their side, and at length, in the stress of momentous events, their cause became as popular as it had once been despised. I will pass over here the well-known Abolitionist leaders, men like Garrison and Beecher, whose words were "half battles for the free," to tell something of the work of less famous though not less stout-hearted fellow-soldiers in the same struggle. It was but natural that the oppressed negroes should resent their own sufferings; but purest honour is due to those who dared and bore so much to redress the wrongs of others. Even if we should feel no sympathy, we must find a world of romance in the records of Emancipation Agencies, and of the "Underground Railway." If any one believes this to be a dull, prosaic, faithless century of ours, I hold up the Abolition Crusade as one of the noblest achievements of the Christian spirit in any age; aye, and of true chivalry, though its sober champions were clothed for the most part in unpicturesque drab and home-spun, and many of them who so freely risked their lives had scruples about taking any weapon in hand.

Most memorable is the part taken by women in this crusade. They rivalled the mild Quakers among the slaves' warmest champions, as was fit, for where shall mercy find a home if not in the heart of woman? Among the earliest anti-slavery societies were several consisting entirely of women; in those days it seemed indecorous for the weaker sex to take part with men in matters of business. Such scruples soon began to vanish before the urgency of the work. This was woman's introduction to public life, a novelty that would go further than Abolition meetings. Many, even friends to the cause, judged it a scandal that ladies should appear on a platform to plead for their oppressed sisters. But neither fear of custom could long hold them back, nor the actual dangers to which they must often expose themselves in coming before a hostile audience.

Once and again a band of devoted ladies were found quietly transacting their business in presence of angry mobs, who had burst through the restrictions of proverbial American chivalry, and by shame were hardly to be restrained from cowardly violence. Think of Mrs. Chapman rising to make her first public speech in a hall doomed to the flames, with stones and brick-bats crashing through the windows, and a vociferous crowd breaking in like the Gauls upon those unmoved Roman senators! Other great-hearted women, Mrs. Child, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, the Sisters Grimké, took the field as Abolitionist writers and lecturers, bravely bearing the reproach that they sought to turn the world upside down.

"If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end, Emancipation, then, in dependence upon Him for strength to bear it, I feel as if I could say, Let it come, for it is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction that this is a cause worth dying for. At one time I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt instead of the slaveholders', our lives will be taken, and theirs spared." So wrote Angelina Grimké; so felt many of the best of her sex; and such was the spirit in which year by year they turned the hearts of their enemies.

As an example of what women and members of the Society of Friends had often to bear, let us take the story of the Quaker lady, Prudence Crandall, illustrating the vehement prejudice against coloured people which prevailed at the North, even among those who prided themselves on being clear of the sin of slavery. Miss Crandall, a thorough New Englander, had set up a school for girls at Canterbury, Connecticut, and for a time enjoyed the favour of the well-to-do residents. But in the second year of her enterprise, a cloud arose to destroy the school's prosperity. She was asked to receive among her pupils a clever coloured girl named Sarah Harris, who had passed with credit through the public elementary school, and now desired further education to qualify her as a teacher of her own people, whose sufferings and degradation were already a concern to her. The fact of her being allowed to attend any school with white children shows a comparatively liberal sentiment; it was not in every neighbourhood that such a privilege would be winked at. Nevertheless, Miss Crandall hesitated about admitting this girl to her select academy; not that she felt any scruples on her own account, but she feared giving offence. Still, Sarah had an excellent character, pleasant manners and appearance; she was not so very dark; her father was a worthy freeman in a position to pay the fees, and the girl herself urged her request so earnestly that the schoolmistress ended by resolving to run the risk of granting it.

Sarah Harris was admitted then, and it appears that the other girls made no objection, many of them indeed having been already her classmates in the district school. But after a few days the parents of some of them called to remonstrate. They would listen neither to arguments nor pleadings. The gist of the matter was: "They would not have it said that their daughters went to school with a nigger girl." Miss Crandall must send Sarah away, or be prepared to lose the rest of her pupils.

Thus threatened with ruin, she might well have yielded, since her little all had been invested in the school, on which besides there remained a debt of several hundred dollars. But the honest Yankee schoolmistress had her back up, and was determined to stand by Sarah, whatever might come of it. Having taken the first step, she was done with doubts about acting in obedience to her own conscience. So when several of her white scholars were removed, she advertised that the school would next term be opened for "young ladies and little misses of colour."

This startling proposal was made widely known through the columns of the "Liberator"; and far and near respectable coloured people welcomed such a chance of giving their daughters a superior education. But at Canterbury itself the advertisement excited such a sensation as if Miss Crandall had proposed to set up a school for rattlesnakes or wild Indians in the midst of a quiet community. The whole town was stirred into fury against her. She was grossly insulted, and threatened with violence by her neighbours and late patrons. All sorts of malicious falsehoods were put in circulation about her and her expected pupils. A public meeting was called to adopt measures for stamping out the obnoxious novelty.

At this point appears upon the scene the Reverend Samuel J. May, whose work, "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," here serves us as main authority for the events of which he may say *pars magna fui*. He was then living a few miles from Canterbury, and though a stranger to Miss Crandall, hastened to stand by her side in the unequal combat, one woman against a whole town. Facing such odds, he found her resolved and tranquil; and she gladly accepted his help, for there was not a man who durst speak for her, and she could not defend herself in person at the approaching meeting. Mr. May and his friend Mr. George W. Benson were told that they ran some personal danger in appearing as her champions. None the less, along with a worthy Quaker agent of the anti-slavery cause, who arrived in the nick of time, they presented themselves at the meeting, accredited by letters from Miss Crandall, in which she requested that they might be heard as her attorneys, and promised to be bound by any agreement they saw good to make on her behalf. She was willing to consent to a compromise: one of the main causes of offence was her house being among the most conspicuous buildings in the place; so if the opponents would take it off her hands, and allow her time to look out another home for her school without molestation, she would move to some more retired spot in the neighbourhood.

Her friends could not even get a hearing, but had to sit indignantly silent, listening to a torrent of abuse, invective, and threats, poured out by one prominent citizen after another, who, with angry gestures, roughly admonished the lady's representatives that nothing was to be said for her. Much high-faluting oratory was expended in agreeing that a committee be appointed to "persuade" Miss Crandall to abandon her design, since, it was voted on all hands, the establishment of a school for nigger girls in the middle of their town would spoil it as an agreeable place of residence, not to speak of lowering the value of real estate, and affecting its general prosperity. After the meeting had broken up, Mr. May entered into an informal discussion with one of the chief speakers, who hotly told him that no such school would be suffered either at Canterbury or in any other part of the State; and that if it could not be prevented by the existing laws of Connecticut, a measure for that special purpose would be passed through the Legislature. The operation of such a law, replied Mr. May, would be stoutly resisted, step by step, up to the highest courts of the United States; and having thus flung down his glove, he had now

before him the task of raising funds for this struggle in prospect. A young Unitarian minister was little likely to have means of his own for carrying on a long legal contention; but he knew where to find generous friends, who would not allow Miss Crandall's experiment to be crushed for want of support.

Since her angry neighbours refused to listen to reason, the schoolmistress girded up her loins to defy public opinion. In April, 1833, from fifteen to twenty coloured "misses" arrived at the school, some coming from as far off as Philadelphia. At once they and their teacher were "boycotted," in the phrase of our day. They could not show themselves in the street without being insulted. The doors of Miss Crandall's house were smeared with filth. Her well was maliciously choked up. She could buy nothing at any of the stores in Canterbury, but had to send to some distance for provisions. Not even a cup of cold water could be had for her odious niggers; they were dependent on what could be fetched from her father's farm. He and a Quaker friend in the town were the only inhabitants who would show her countenance. The doctor refused to attend any one who was sick in that house; the trustees of the church forbade her or her pupils to enter it. Thus they lived as in a besieged garrison, with their daily bread and water hardly sure. But Mr. May, who often came over to see how it went with the little band, found them always calm and resolute, hoping by patience to live down this bitter hostility.

Before the end of the month their persecutors proceeded to more active measures. They fished up an obsolete vagrant law of Connecticut, on the model of our own rogue and vagabond legislation, providing that the Selectmen of a town might order away any one not an inhabitant of the State, on penalty of a fine for every week such person neglected to obey the warning, or, in case of continued contumacy, not more than ten stripes on the naked body, a punishment that had been carried out on many an early Quaker. Though Mr. May and friends of his had entered into bonds for ten thousand dollars to guarantee the town of Canterbury against any of Miss Crandall's pupils becoming chargeable to it as paupers, a warrant under this law was actually served on one of them. Should it come to such extremity, the girl was ready to bear that cruel punishment, which would be a victory for her cause, since every lash must surely find an echo of indignation throughout the country loud and general enough to cow the persecutors.

But they thought better of it, and dropped that proceeding for another step. Instead of reviving a rusty old statute, most fit to dirty the fingers of those who put it in motion, they had influence enough to get a bran new one passed to suit their wishes. Next month it was solemnly enacted by the Legislature of Connecticut that no person should presume to do what Miss Crandall had done, without the consent of the local authorities. The news of this piece of special law-making was hailed at Canterbury by the ringing of bells and the firing of a cannon, to signalise the town's glorious victory over a single woman and a pack of school girls. Its inhabitants to-day will scarcely be proud of that event in their annals.

Next month the new law was put in practice against the only person it had been meant for. Miss Crandall, arrested by the sheriff, was brought before two justices who had taken a leading part in her persecution. Of course she was committed for trial, after a perfunctory examination, and Mr. May was sent for to give bail for her in the sum of a few hundred dollars, which it was taken for granted would be forthcoming. But her friends had arranged another plan of action. With the courageous woman's full consent, they refused to offer bail, meaning to force the persecutors to put her into gaol, and thereby cause a scandal that would recoil on themselves.

Luckily for this design, the only suitable cell vacant was one from which a murderer had just been taken to execution; both parties saw clearly how it would tell on public opinion that a woman of blameless life had been the successor of such a villain. The sheriff might well be disgusted with his share of the business; but as no bail was tendered, he had unwillingly to lock up Miss Crandall in the murderer's cell, which had been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The result of this move was to make her enemies feel more ashamed of themselves than she had any cause to be, and to help the people to realise the character of their recent hasty legislation, while the New England press almost with one accord commented on the matter in terms far from pleasing to those Canterbury respectabilities. Among other testimonies of sympathy received by their victim was a handsomely bound Bible and "Cruden's Concordance," from "the ladies of Edinburgh": so far had spread the news of this persecution.

Her friends' purpose was served by letting Miss Crandall pine a single night in her dungeon. Next morning the required securities were offered, and she returned home quietly to resume her school duties till the time came for her trial. Now the malevolence of her neighbours became more active than ever. But the notoriety by this time given to the persecution brought her cheering assurances of approval and sympathy from a distance, and one ally came forward, who was a host in himself. Mr. Arthur Tappan, one of the wealthiest merchants and most liberal philanthropists of America, wrote to Mr. May cordially urging him to fight the case through at his expense: whatever money was wanted Mr. Tappan would supply. By this means, three of the best lawyers of Connecticut were retained, who all declared the "Black Law" against Miss Crandall to be unconstitutional, and that it would probably be so pronounced if carried on appeal to the United States Supreme Court, whatever might be the verdict of prejudiced local tribunals.

Before long Mr. Tappan himself paid a visit to the obnoxious school, which confirmed him in his intention to stand by it with all his resources. This visit was worth to the friends of freedom a weapon quite American. Mr. May complained that the local papers would not or durst not publish statements on his side of the case; and to a man like Mr. Tappan it was a small matter to meet that difficulty. He at once supplied the means of starting an organ to advocate human rights in general, and the Canterbury school in particular. A printing office happened to be handily vacant, a capable and zealous editor turned up, like Hosea Biglow, in a hayfield, and after only some week or two's delay the defenders opened an effective fire from their journalistic battery, which for two years did good service under the name of the "Unionist."

For a great part of that time Miss Crandall's trial dragged itself out, while she continued to hold her ground and persevere in the crime of teaching coloured girls to be useful members of society. The first jury was discharged without being able to agree on a verdict. When the case came on a second time, the partiality of the judge proved effectual in securing a conviction. There was, of course, no real dispute as to facts; the whole matter turned on the right of the State to pass such a law, and at the heart of it was simple jealousy of negroes enjoying the same advantages as white people. Miss Crandall's counsel gave notice of appeal to the highest court of the State. There, next year, the case was again argued, but not decided, the judges evading a delicate point by quashing the conviction on the score of some informality. Thus the legal question never came to be fairly fought out, and the persecutors found other means of securing a most ignoble victory.

One night an attempt was made to set the school on fire, luckily discovered in time to prevent much mischief. This stroke of malice had almost broken Miss Crandall's spirit; but after consultation with her advisers, she resolved to hold on a little longer. By this time the schoolmistress had a husband to stand by her side and be taken into counsel. A few nights afterwards a riotous attack was made upon her house, ninety panes of glass being smashed to pieces, and the front rooms rendered hardly tenantable. Mr. May found the schoolmistress for the first time dismayed by this violence. There was no saying when the ruffians might not return to complete their work; and the girls were at last fairly afraid to remain. It was resolved to surrender, the position being a desperate one. The teller of this story had the painful duty of announcing to these girls how Miss Crandall's efforts for their good must come to an end.

"Never before had I felt so deeply sensible of the cruelty of the persecution which had been carried on for eighteen months, in that New England village, against a family of defenceless females. Twenty harmless, well-behaved girls, whose only offence against the community was that they had come together to obtain useful knowledge and moral culture, were to be told that they had better go away, because, forsooth, the house in which they dwelt would not be protected by the guardians of the town, the conservators of the peace, the officers of justice, the men of influence in the village where it was situated. The words almost blistered my lips. My bosom glowed with indignation. I felt ashamed of Canterbury, ashamed of Connecticut, ashamed of my country, ashamed of my colour. Thus ended the generous, disinterested, philanthropic, Christian enterprise of Prudence Crandall."

Men and women of the same temper did not fail to live down such opposition to so blameless work. But the unreasoning prejudice against a skin ever so faintly tinged with black, died hard even in the most enlightened parts of the North, and is not altogether extinct. When the Jubilee Singers came to England, what struck them most was to find themselves in a country where no one dreamt of forbidding them entrance to the same hotel accommodations and public conveyances as were open to white people. In their own country they had seen persons of colour, long set free, as they were, from slavery, still obliged to sit in a separate part of churches, where, if ever, men should be equal.

Some twelve years ago, I happened to be in Philadelphia, when all that great city was in a state of newspaper commotion—for what cause? Because it was proposed to bury a respectable negro side by side with his white fellow believers! Death itself could not silence these unchristian grudges.

If such was the state of things in the free North, what was it down South, where the slaves were held in almost hopeless bondage?

(*To be continued.*)



"AM I A LILY GROWING?"

HOW ARE THE LILIES GROWING?

By WILLIAM LUFF.

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin" (St. Matt. vi. 28).

How are the lilies growing?
By standing still in the sun:
By looking up in his smiling face,
As the golden hours run.
Only patiently waiting,
Full in the flooding light:
Drinking life from the sunbeam-streams,
Flashing and full and bright.

How are the lilies growing?
By standing still in the dew:
By looking up to the starlit sky,
When the beams are faint and few:
Out in the silent darkness,
Filling their spotless cup:
Ready, jewelled to meet the King,
As soon as the King is up.

How are the lilies growing?
Upward, towards God's throne:
Looking ever towards His gate,
Looking to Him alone.
How are the lilies growing?
Downward toward God's springs:
Deeper rooted in God's good earth,
Warmed by His brooding wings.

Am I a lily growing?
Standing still in the light?
Drinking ever the dews of Heaven
All through the darkest night?
Growing without one effort,
Deeper toward love's springs:
Upward, sweeter, because God draws,
And round me His sunlight flings?



LITTLE MARGERY.

(*See Coloured Frontispiece.*)

"LITTLE MARGERY will make you a cup of tea, lad; you look cold and tired. It is very good of you to come and look us up."

"I have often wished and intended to come before, sir; but time slips away so, and the convenient season so seldom comes."

"True, very true; I too have often had it in my mind to run over to the island and see how you were getting on. However, here you are at last, and here you must stay until we know each other, as kinsmen should." And Squire Wyatt, having roused himself to give a cordial welcome to his nephew, relapsed into meditation, mentally lost in calculations for his great instrument which was to revolutionise the locomotion of the civilised world.

It was a chilly evening in the latter end of September; there was a fire on the hearth in the dark, old-fashioned room in which it was the squire's pleasure to sit, and which being shelved round and lined with books had a friendly look, in spite of its sombre colour; but the fire, which was of wood, gave out little heat. The young man, who had driven from Lymington in a dogcart through a close, fine rain, felt cold to the marrow of his bones, and could not help cowering over the whitening embers. Squire Wyatt sat for some time opposite to him lost in thought, but chancing to raise his eyes, the rather wistful look on his nephew's face recalled to him the image of his mother, who had been his only sister, and who had died when this, her son, was born.

"Thou art like thy mother, lad; she was a nice girl, as nice a girl as ever sacrificed herself for a man who didn't care half enough for her. Poor Margery! I called my little girl after her; but Seaford married again, before the daisies had twice blossomed on her grave; he said he couldn't live alone any longer; that's what he wrote me. She's a good woman, I've heard, the present Mrs. Seaford, and has brought him an army of sons and daughters; the fellow need not be afraid of being alone now. How many are there?"

"Only five, sir; three girls and two boys."

"Well, well; it's the way of the world, and all right, I suppose. And you have taken your degree—a wrangler, did you say?"

"No, sir; I am not at Cambridge—at Christ Church, Oxford."

"Ah, a pity that, a great pity. Classics are out of date; it is mathematics that make the world go round."

"Well, sir, latterly I have been paying most attention to history. I am but now making my way home from Modena, where I have had the opportunity of examining the Este archives."

"Indeed, indeed! Did you find anything very interesting?"

"Very, sir; it is a most important collection; but unfortunately, though Modena is considered very healthy, the house in which I lodged was not remarkable for its sanitary arrangements. Sanitation, you know, is not much regarded on the Continent."

"No, no; it is an invention of modern times, but there may be disadvantages attending it, if you do away with malaria, you know, and foster all the feeble vitality of the population, how is the country to be weeded of the weakly growth of a generation? That should be thought of in the interest of the race."

"Would it not be for the advantage of the race if there were no weakly growth?" said Seaford: but at this moment the old butler appeared bringing in the tea, closely followed by the girl called Margery, carrying a dish with newly-baked cakes piled up upon it.

Margery at once assumed her place at the table. She was a little shy with the stranger, but was evidently accustomed to exercise a tyrannous sway over the squire, to whom she prescribed what he should eat and drink with despotic severity. Edward Seaford brightened a little under the influence of the hot tea, and, in obedience to the autocrat at the tea-tray, endeavoured to swallow a portion of one of the hot cakes; but in this he failed, the first mouthful seemed to choke him. Nevertheless, he did contrive to exchange a few sentences with the girl, who was much interested to hear that he had three sisters, of whom Eleanour, the eldest, who was just twenty, was to be married in the spring to his friend, Sir Marmaduke Andrews, whose estate adjoined that of his father, while Marian and Ellen were staying in Dresden with their governess, for the sake of studying music. Marian was eighteen and Ellen nearly sixteen.

"What is Marian like?" asked Margery, who was looking forward with much interest to her eighteenth birthday.

Edward Seaford roused himself to take a careful view of his questioner, and saw a girl of middle height, with brown hair and eyes, rosy lips and cheeks to match, attired in a

frock of grey woollen material relieved by a neatly-plaited frill, which was fastened at the throat with a small Trichinopoly brooch. The complexion, the colour of the hair and eyes were like those of his sister, but there was a simplicity, an almost childlike innocence in the face of the girl before him, that forbade him to make the answer which had at first suggested itself, bidding her look in the mirror opposite. So he answered, "People generally think her like her mother," a statement which naturally conveyed no idea to Margery.

The squire, refreshed by his tea, roused himself to discourse with his nephew, and when Margery had left the room, Seaford took occasion to express to his uncle the pleasant surprise it was to him to find that he had a cousin as well as an uncle at Boldre.

"Well," said the squire, "you would of course have received intimation of the fact, if Margery had been indeed my daughter, though to all intents and purposes she is my daughter; but little Margery is not a Wyatt, sir; not a drop of Wyatt blood in her veins."

Seaford's temples were throbbing, and the room seemed to be whirling round; nevertheless he managed to ask, with some abruptness—

"Who on earth is she, then?"

"Well, I don't know that that concerns anyone but herself and me. She is Margaret Vernon, niece to my dear wife, and an orphan, poor child! of both her parents, and I do not see what business it is of any one's, if she and I, two lone creatures, try to make life more endurable to each other. Many people, perhaps you, sir, among the number, may blame me for keeping the girl here in this out-of-the-way old house, but she has not been neglected, and in some respects might compare not unfavourably with girls of her age who have had the advantage of the latest lights of education. To me, sir, she has long been a sympathetic and intelligent companion, and if I am out of sorts, as happens now and again, she is as kind and capable as any trained nurse of them all."

Seaford attempted to express sympathy with his uncle's views, and rising asked if he might order his dogcart, as he wished to return to his inn before night set in.

The squire declared that he must remain where he was, but consented to send back the man who had driven him for his luggage, and gave directions to Gabriel, his butler, to have the blue room immediately prepared for Mr. Seaford, and to send Miss Margery. Seaford heard all these arrangements like one in a dream, and Margery only re-entered the room in time to see him fall from his chair on the floor with a considerable crash. The squire knelt beside him, and lifted his colourless face on his knee, but the lips were almost as white as the cheeks, and the head fell back.

"Call Mrs. Clack, Margy," said the squire, in alarm; "bid her bring brandy and vinegar and water, the lad has fainted!"

The faint proved obstinate, and defied Mrs. Clack's remedies, but with the assistance of Gabriel they half-lifted, half-dragged the insensible body of the stranger on to a couch. Mrs. Clack shook her head, while she beat the cold hands and held essences to the nostrils.

"Father," said Margery, "the man with the dogcart is not gone yet, had he not better bring back Dr. Harbinger?"

"Won't it do in the morning?" asked the squire.

Mrs. Clack, the housekeeper, who had been Margery's nurse and foster-mother, shook her head, and Gabriel hastened out to send the message to Dr. Harbinger.

Margery, who had made an inspection of the blue room, now declared that the best thing to be done would be to get him to bed. The blue room was fortunately only a few steps up the staircase, having been built out for the convenience of visitors at a time when the Lodge, as Mr. Wyatt's house was called, was more frequented by visitors than it had been of late; it was the most modern room in the house, and having been furnished by Mrs. Wyatt, was regarded by her husband as the pink of perfection. After some time Seaford showed signs of returning consciousness, and with the aid of the squire and Gabriel, was half-supported, half-carried to the room prepared for him.

He continued ill, and for the most part insensible, during the night; the boy who brought over the luggage brought the information that Dr. Harbinger was away at a case, and would not be able to come before the morning, and when he did arrive, he looked very grave; the young man was prostrate with typhoid fever, which must run its course; he would want most careful nursing, and his friends ought certainly to be written to. But where were his friends? The squire only knew that his brother-in-law had a house in town as well as in the Isle of Wight, and he had a sort of recollection that Seaford had said that Martindale was let, the direction to the town house he did not know at all; so he contented himself with sending a few lines to Martindale, Mr. Seaford's country address, and desired that everything should be done according to Dr. Harbinger's directions. Dr. Harbinger suggested that a nurse should be sent for from London, but Mrs. Clack entirely negatived this proposal; nursing was her forte, and she would on no account lose such an opportunity of showing her skill. Day after day the patient lay prostrate and all but insensible; and day after day Margery flitted in and out of his room, aiding Mrs. Clack in all the lighter duties of the nurse, and sitting by his side when the good woman went away for a few minutes at a time for rest or refreshment. No answer came from Martindale; the squire did, indeed, mutter some indistinct expressions of dissatisfaction at the evil fortune which had saddled him with the care of a man so seriously ill, but he had conceived a strong liking for his nephew, and was really earnestly anxious for his restoration to health.

"It is hardly safe to allow Miss Vernon to be so much in the sick room!" remonstrated Dr. Harbinger. "Mrs. Clack is safe enough, and the fever is not infectious, but the conditions of the atmosphere are very far from what they ought to be, and young people are susceptible."

So Margery was commanded to keep clear of the blue room, and for some hours Margery was obedient, but the circumstances under which she had been reared had thoroughly developed her natural dispositions, and as it was her strongest impulse to care for others, it was almost impossible for her to think of herself, when any one else stood in need of help and comfort. It was, indeed, rather for the sake of Mrs. Clack, than of Seaford himself, that she came to the conclusion that it was inevitable for her to render what help she could, but she was not indifferent to the fact that her presence seemed to have a soothing effect on the patient.

"Margery! Margery!" said the squire, impatiently, "what should we do if you were to knock up?"

"But I shall not, father, I don't feel like it, and if I should, Mysie has promised that her mother shall come and nurse me, and she is as good a nurse as Mysie herself."

The squire shook his head. "I wish the poor lad had not taken it into his head to look us up!" he said.

"Don't say that, father: it was good of him to come, and if he had not come, he would have fallen ill at an inn, and how dreadful that would have been for him and for the poor people at the inn."

The squire was silent, it was not quite clear to him that it would not have been better for his little Margery if this unknown nephew had fallen ill at the inn instead of in his house, but she looked so sweet and good that he had not the heart to wound her by the suggestion.

After three weary weeks of tossing and agony, the crisis was happily past, and the young man fell into a heavy sleep, from which he awoke feeble, indeed, but able to speak and think.

"Margery," was the first word that passed his lips, and when the delighted girl ran to his side, "I am better now," he said; "tell my uncle."

The crisis was passed, Edward Seaford was to recover, but the recovery was slow, the weakness great, and he was more dependent than ever on his nurses. Dr. Harbinger still paid his daily visit, and the improvement was so gradual that the squire was inclined to doubt whether there were indeed any real hopes of recovery. When Seaford was so far better that he was able to sit up in bed propped with pillows, the long-expected letter from his father arrived, expressing his sense of obligation to his brother-in-law, and promising to come down to Boldre with Mrs. Seaford on the morrow.

On the following afternoon, as Margery stood in the squire's study with the tea-caddy in her hand ready to make the afternoon cup of tea, a postchaise stopped at the gate of the Lodge, and a lady and gentleman emerged from it and walked slowly up the path.

Margery, who was little used to strangers, turned pale, and touching the squire's arm, whispered, "There they are!"

The squire laid down his book and hastened to meet the strangers.

It was many years since the two men had met, and they looked each other in the face with eyes of anxious inquiry. Mrs. Seaford, a comely woman on the wrong side of forty, was the first to speak.

"How is he?"

"Better, ma'am; mending. Dr. Harbinger assures me that he is really mending, and Margery has no doubt of it."

Then he led them into his study and bade them be seated. He proceeded to give a short account of his nephew's arrival, of his illness, of the remedies that had been used, and of his improvement. They were still discussing this matter when the girl entered the room, and without waiting to be introduced, said in a soft sweet voice,

"He is awake and would like to see you. Will you come?"

The sight of his son so changed and weak blanched the father's cheek, and Mrs. Seaford, an emotional woman, burst into tears.

"Please don't," whispered Margery; "he is not strong yet, but he soon will be." Then she slipped out of the room, leaving the parents with their son.

The coming of his father and mother was very cheering to Edward, but when they talked of removing him to Lymington, he showed a decided unwillingness to quit his present domicile. His uncle did not wish it, he thought, and it would be much better for him to stay a little longer where he was.

Dr. Harbinger, when consulted next morning as to the advisability of moving his patient to Lymington, after cautiously examining him, gave it as his opinion that if the move could be managed without a chill, it might even be advantageous, but that in the uncertain autumn weather it could hardly be done without risk, and that it would be safer to be guided by the patient's own feeling in the matter.

So Mr. and Mrs. Seaford established themselves for a week at the inn at Lymington, whence they drove over every afternoon to

Boldre to visit their son; at the end of that time, being satisfied that he was really gaining strength, they returned to town profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the squire, to Mrs. Clack, and to Margery, and Edward promised to come to town as soon as he felt strong enough.

* * * *

It was a warm morning in October, Edward was now well enough to pass several hours of every day on the sofa, in a cheerful room which led out of the blue room, and which Mrs. Wyatt had used as her sitting room. Her portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, still hung on the wall, and the ornaments remained just as she had placed them. On the table were clusters of Marshal Neil roses, and the floor, covered with Indian matting, had a fresh look and a soft sweet smell as of honey-bees at work. The sun looked cheerily in at the window, lighting up the auburn tints in Margery's dark hair as she moved softly about the room, putting this straight and that straight, and looking severely at the jelly which her patient had dared to leave in his glass.

"Margery!" said the convalescent in a voice, the pathos of which it was hard to resist, "come and sit down beside me!"

Margery satisfied herself as to the arrangement of a curtain; then she came, drew a seat beside his sofa, and sat down.

"I am really going away to-morrow," said Seaford in the plaintive tone which convalescents consider themselves privileged to use.

"Dr. Harbinger thinks you are sure to be better for the change now," said Margery, cheerfully.

"But, Margery, you have brought me to life again. How shall I be able to do without you? And will not you miss me?"

"Of course I shall, all day long and every day; but you will soon be quite well, you will go in for the History Tripos, and then you will come back again and tell father all about it."

"And you, Margery, will you be glad if I come out well? Will you like to hear all about it?"

"Why, what a question!" said Margery, laughing gaily; "I shall almost feel as if I had done it myself. Aren't you the dearest friend I have after father?"

"I hope so!" said Seaford cheerfully.

"And Boldre is not so very far off now you have once learnt the way," said the girl, smiling.

"Nay; it seems to me the centre of the universe."

"A very funny centre. How strangely things do happen; we were all very dull and prosy here at Boldre when you came to look us up that cold rainy evening. Now, father has seen your father, and almost forgiven him for marrying again. It was a good thought that made you come out of your way to see your mother's brother."

"And I did not even know that there was such a person as Mistress Margery Vernon in the world!"

"Nor had I an idea that a student could be so agreeable."

"I go up to Oxford at the end of the week."

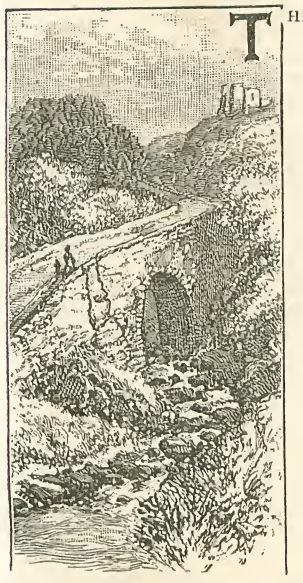
"And we go up to London at Christmas—is not that amazing news?—to stay with Mrs. Seaford. Then, you know, I shall expect you to show me the sights of the great city!"

"And do you think I can make myself responsible for such a little rustic?" replied Edward gaily.

What more they might have said the present historian is unable to divine, for at this moment Mr. Wyatt came in with Dr. Harbinger to pay his farewell visit to his patient. On the morrow Seaford returned to London; from that day there was no place like Boldre to his mind, no air that was so suitable to his constitution, and before many years were past there came a day when the bells of Boldre Church rang merrily, and little Margery, grown into a good and gracious woman, plighted her troth to the man whom she had learned to love when he was a stranger and in trouble.

HEALTH AND THE TOILET.

By MEDICUS.



THE amount of poetry and romance about Brighton-super-mare is by no means embarrassingly great.

I have been down here for a fortnight, but as yet I have not discovered a single young lady seated on the sands by the sad sea wave with Byron on her lap. Nor a married one either if you take it in that sense. Pet dogs by the dozen, but no Byron. Perhaps the immediate surroundings militate in some measure against one's chance of spending an hour in sweet contemplation. The lays of negro minstrels hardly conduce to calmness of thought; nor do the dulcet notes of asthmatical barrel organs and wheezy concertinas accord with the feelings elicited by the sound of wavelets breaking dreamily on the sea beach. Even a poet's eye rolling in fine frenzy would, methinks, roll with frenzy of another sort, if a box of questionable-looking and sticky sweets were suddenly popped under his nose.

No, Brighton is not the place at which to woo the muse. Why, last evening, for example, I was seated on the shingle, and gazing seawards, for the sun had just gone down, and along the blue-white hazy horizon lay long lines of crimson clouds, the colour reflected and broken, quivering in the seas that moved twixt sky and beach. I presently became aware, however, that I was not alone. A lady and gentleman, let me courteously call them, had flung themselves down near me. Londoners both, by the looks of them, down on a trip perhaps. She was rosy, fat, and probably forty; and he—but no matter.

"O, 'Tilda," he exclaimed presently, "look yonder! There then; that's a sky for yer! What does it put yer in mind on, 'Tilda?"

'Tilda's eyes twinkled with delight.

I listened expectant. Why should I judge by appearances? This lady might be a poetess; but here is her reply:

"Oh, John," she said, "it puts me in mind of a piece o' nice streaky bacon!"

I called my dog after this, and moved slowly and sadly away.

But though Brighton is not conducive to the growth of romance, it is a wondrously bracing and healthy place. No matter how languid and weary one feels on first coming here, the tonic air very soon pulls one together, and strengthening medicines, which it may have been found necessary to take inland, are left uncorked on the dressing-table. There is here no need for them. If the nerves are jaded, are there not the calmative warm sea-water baths? and a course of these in such cases are greatly to be recommended. They are really beauty baths, for they speedily get rid of that pinched and half-haggard look we see in some girls whose systems have become temporarily deranged.

Well, in some respects Brighton is also a free-and-easy kind of place, and this makes it all the more healthy and wholesome. One does not require to worry over dress, unless perhaps for the church parade, as it is called, on the Hove lawns on a Sunday forenoon. I see far fewer cases of tight-lacing here than I noticed at Scarborough, for example; consequently, there is more beauty of complexion and more ease of gait. During my fortnight here the sun has been shining every day; consequently ramblers have suffered considerably from sun-browning. I should, to speak more correctly, say sun-burning, in contradistinction to sun-tanning. This latter I like to see in a young girl. It gives a healthful glow to the complexion; a beauty-tint that no art can imitate. If, in addition to this, there are a pair of bright eyes with clear semi-translucent whites to them—the sort of eyes that speak of a healthily acting liver—then, we find a charm in a face the features of which are perhaps not even regular. But with such eyes and complexion, we nearly always have a happy and contented, sometimes even a merry look. And what more can any one desire than such a combination as that?

Sun-burning, however, is disagreeable, as the face smarts or tingles, and by-and-by the skin gets rough, or even peels off. I wish to show you how to avoid this. Well, most books or articles on the toilet are content to give recipes for applications for the face. These are all very good in their way, but it is not going quite to the root of the evil. The sun is not altogether to blame; but what one eats or drinks is. It is as simple as smiling—the physiology of sun-burning I mean. If one eats meat, whether mutton or beef, on a hot sunny day, especially if a hearty meal has been partaken of, and then takes exercise in the open air, walking perhaps in a closely-fitting dress and tight shoes, the blood is sent to the head, heat from internally meets external heat, and the mischief is done and the complexion ruined for a time. Very light meals should be taken in hot weather; fish should be eaten instead of meat; no stimulants or stimulating sauces, a fair amount of cooling drinks, and plenty of salad and fruit. As for applications, I shall only mention two. The first of these is very old-fashioned. The face is simply bathed with somewhat acid buttermilk before going to bed. This is not elegant, certainly. Neither is my next cure, that of

rubbing the face with slices of cucumber. But this is very cooling. Let the soap you use to wash the face be extremely mild, and the towel used softness itself. Do not rub hard by any means.

Now, girls with an unlimited supply of pocket money may go and purchase any number of face cosmetics with strangely sounding names, but they will be merely throwing their money away. The simple remedies I have just mentioned are quite as good and far better than many others.

At the risk of being considered reiterative, I must again, as in former papers, remind my readers that the digestion has a very great deal indeed to do with beauty of complexion, or the reverse. But the complexion and the eyes deteriorate from injudicious eating, even in cases where no dyspepsia may be complained of. If the blood be in the slightest degree over-heated, or ever so little charged with bile from inactivity of the liver, the skin comes to grief, and it is the skin of the face that suffers first. The best cosmetic ever invented could not cure this state of matters till the blood gets right again. Nature will effect a cure, however, if the diet be lowered, and only cooling food partaken of. When one, in summer, suffers from thirst to a considerable degree, it is a sign that more food than the system requires has been eaten. If then large quantities of fluid be swallowed, matters are rendered far worse, perspiration is induced, and once again the complexion suffers. No better drink can be partaken of for health sake than the juice of the lemon in soda water, or simply in cold water sweetened with sugar. There is no worse drink than those insinuating concoctions called "cups," so much in vogue out of doors, say at tennis matches or on the river. If you desire to have a rough, red face, and to secure for yourself a yellow skin before you are twenty-five, then by all manner of means partake of the cool exhilaration that is supposed to lie latent in those pretty "cups." I maintain that their coolingness is a fraud—that they heat the brain, the face, and the blood, and do mischief all round. So avoid them if you would retain calmness of mind and beauty of complexion.

What we medical men call acne, or pimples, are very disfiguring. They usually denote poverty of blood, and therefore small doses of quinine and iron should be taken twice a day for, say, a month, while cod liver oil and extract of malt—what is called the Kepler solution—if taken after every meal, a dessert-spoonful, often acts like a charm. As for an application, nothing, perhaps, beats the benzoated oxide of zinc ointment. It can be put on at night and washed off in the morning. Then the face may be damped after the toilet with elder flower water, or simply rose water in which a little borax or carbonate of soda has been mixed.

As to a girl's hair, great care should be taken with this portion of the toilet. What I would warn the reader against is too frequent washing or wetting of the hair, and the application of greasy applications. Near the bulb of each hair, are the openings of two microscopic glands which secrete a natural lubricant for the hair. Now washing, especially with strong soaps, ruins these, while on the other hand the use of a moderately hard brush stimulates them, and so the hair retains a gloss that no art can imitate. Moreover, the use of this brush twice or thrice daily removes dandruff, and causes the blood to flow more freely through the vessels that nourish the hair. Length and thickness are therefore the two happy results, and what is more lovely or captivating than beautiful hair? But, above all, let me earnestly advise you to avoid those cosmetics and washes which we find in every hairdresser's window. Prettily got up they may be, but many a case of baldness has been engendered by their use.

For the sake of digestion and cleanliness, and to prevent decay and toothache, very special care should be taken of the teeth. The simpler the tooth-powder the better. Plain bicarbonate of soda is good and safe, so is charcoal, though unsightly. Sanitas tooth-powder is good, because it disinfects while it cleanses. But beware of powders you do not know the composition of, else the enamel of the teeth may be simply scoured off. Brush the teeth inside and out after every meal and before going to bed.

In a word, the teeth require regular attention several times a day, but the tooth-powders or washes cannot be too simple. The brush, I may add, should not be too hard. Medium is the word that ought to describe it.

It is a fact well known to physiologists, that the skin of the face, and therefore the complexion, may be injured by injudicious washing. The following hints may be borne in mind: 1. Let the water be neither too hot nor over cold. 2. Let it be soft—rain water is best. 3. Let the soap used be very mild. 4. Do not use a hard towel.

The warm bath taken frequently is very useful in maintaining a healthy complexion and skin generally. The cold bath has a tendency to reduce *embonpoint*.

I have already spoken of the evils of tight-lacing, and maintained that no girl guilty of this folly can have a naturally good or clear complexion. But on the figure depends, to a great extent, beauty. No matter how charming in face a girl may be, if she is what her enemies would call dumpy, she—how shall I put it? Oh, I have it—she does not appear to advantage when walking on ahead.

But how is a girl to maintain grace of figure and consequently beauty of movement? Well, in condition of body she must lean to neither extreme. In very plain English, she ought neither to be stout nor scraggy. Scraggy is an ugly wee word, I confess, but it expresses a good deal. If there be any approach to this, greater plumpness must be sought for by regulating the health. Less exercise should be taken. If there is little appetite, a quassia mixture may be taken with advantage—a dose before each meal. Cod-liver oil does much good, so do warm baths. But as to food, plenty of milk ought to be used, and puddings of all sorts; good stale bread and butter, eggs, fish, and a fair allowance of meat with potatoes. I do not advise beer or wine. You cannot take much milk if you use either, and milk is far better. Instead of tea or coffee for breakfast, cocoatine made with milk should be substituted. As to the mind, contentment must be cultivated. Extract of malt, if taken in proper doses, soon restores rotundity to the figure, but flour food of all kinds is the essential.

Ladies, on the other hand, who are getting too rotund, should take time by the forelock. I can assure them that obesity, if it once commences, makes giant strides. It must be killed in the bud, or it becomes an intractable if not indeed an incurable disease.

Avoid advertised quack remedies. If medicine for the reduction of adipose tissue is to be taken, let a medical man prescribe it.

But avoid all oily and fatty foods, and all floury vegetables, cereals and sugar; take dumb-bell exercise daily, walk plenty; take a cold bath every morning; eat as little as possible.

It is a good plan to be weighed periodically.

In a future paper I hope at an early date I shall have some hints to give about the prevention and banishment of tell-tale wrinkles. Wrinkles in the aged are all very well, but not in the young. I have called them tell-tale wrinkles. So they are. But they do not always tell the truth, as they make a young person out to be much older than she is. So I do not hesitate to proclaim war upon wrinkles.

OUR HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

"Some sing of Rome and some of Florence; I
Will sing thy Highland praise, fair Inverness."

—*Professor Blackie.*

OUR selection of the Highlands for a summer holiday was due to an accident, if anything in our lives can be designated by that term.

We heard that a young girl artist, whom we knew, had gone to Tongue for a few months, a place very far off in the Highlands, many miles from a railway station, absolutely quiet, and with an arm of the sea extending into the village itself.

It was the merest outline, but it was one of tranquillity, and as we proceeded to fill it in it fascinated us. We gave up our plan of going to the "Riffel" and determined upon a holiday in the Highlands.

We went to Gaze and asked him to take two return tickets to Lairg, which is the nearest point to Tongue, and to secure a sleeping saloon for two. For these we paid £16 10*s*.

So, on a certain Thursday evening in July, we took our places at Euston at eight o'clock, and almost without fatigue reached Perth a little after seven in the morning, where good tea, coffee, rolls and butter were served to us in the station refreshment-room at a very moderate sum, and in half-an-hour we started again—this time in a Highland train—and reached Inverness at half past eleven.

On our arrival we went at once to the Caledonian Hotel, where we had already secured accommodation. We found it extremely clean, comfortable, and quiet, the food was good and liberal, and the prices reasonable for Scotland. The back of the hotel looks over the River Ness.

Here we remained until Monday midday, as there was much to see that was interesting.

Inverness * is beautifully situate in a highly cultivated and wooded district, and, as its name implies, is near the estuary of the River Ness, which flows from the great inland lake into whose waters fall those of the celebrated cataract of Foyers.†

On each side of the river is a beautiful walk bordered with wild roses and trees, and in the

* *Ess* signifies a waterfall.

† These falls are eighteen miles from the town, and in summer one can go every day by steamer. Burns and Coleridge have both written about them.

river itself, about a mile from the town, there is a series of richly wooded islands laid out with walks and seats and connected with each other and with the river banks by bridges.

Here one can spend a very happy time, reading, chatting, or resting amid the singing of birds and the rapid flowing of the river.

These islands form one of the beautiful features of Inverness, and justly so. In ancient days the feasts given by the magistrates of the town to the king's judges were celebrated here.

The cemetery, it is said, has no equal for beauty of situation in the world: certainly there is no more lovely sight than it presents from the deck of a steamer as it approaches Inverness. It is a high, isolated hill, wooded on all sides, 200 feet above the sea-level; its name is "Tom-na-heurich," the Gaelic for the "boat-shaped hill," its form being that of a boat keel upward. It was bought and turned into a cemetery by the citizens of Inverness about a quarter of a century ago. It is so bright, calm, and cheerful that it is easy to think of it as "God's acre."

Of course there are fairy legends attached to it, but they belong to the far-off time before it became a cemetery. One which the people of Inverness are never tired of repeating is that about three hundred years ago two travelling fiddlers arrived in Inverness and gave notice that they intended to stay some time, and would be glad of engagements to play at festive gatherings in or near the town, and so it happened that one day they were hired by a venerable old gentleman with a long white beard, who conducted them by night to a palace of whose existence and name they had no knowledge.

They found there a brilliant assembly, to whose dancing they played all night; they themselves were well entertained, and in the morning on being dismissed they were greatly surprised to see that it was not from a palace but from the side of a hill that they were emerging.

They walked back into the town, and were astonished at the number of changes that had occurred in the few short hours they had been absent. Old friends had passed away, and people whose faces they knew not occupied their places; houses they had been accustomed to visit had fallen into ruins, and marks of decay had taken the place of prosperity; their familiar acquaintances were nowhere to be seen. They met with one old man, however, who remembered that his grandfather had spoken of two fiddlers whom he had entertained and who had gone off mysteriously, but that must be a hundred years ago!

With this old man they went to church, for it was Sunday, when, behold, at the very first words uttered by the clergyman the two fiddlers fell to dust.

Overlooking the river stands the castle, a very imposing object, now used as a gaol.

The idea that on this very spot Macbeth's castle stood, appears to be an error—that a castle has stood here for eight or nine centuries is certain; but Macbeth's occupied a site close to the railway terminus—in fact, the spot where now the tickets are collected.

Malcolm Canmore is supposed to have demolished this castle and built one on the site of the present building.

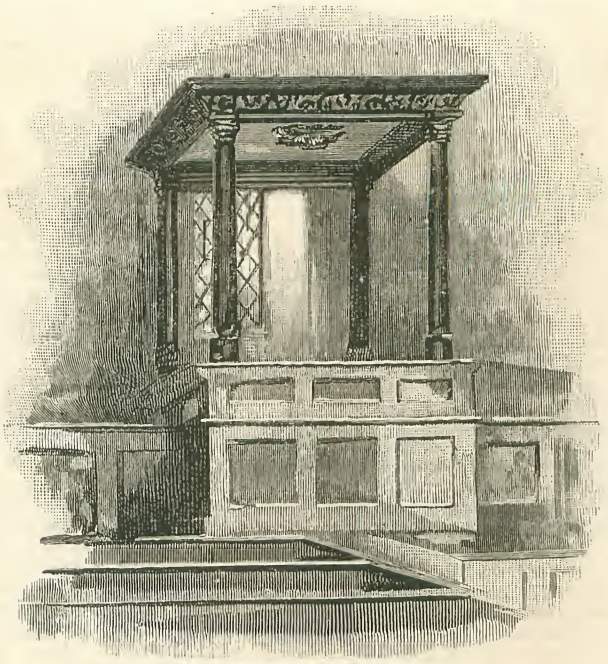
It seems that Shakespeare must have visited Inverness, otherwise he could not have depicted the scene so well:

Duncan.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Two hundred years ago a handsome bridge was built across the river, having seven arches; one of these contained a vault which was first used as a gaol, and then as a madhouse. It must have been an awful place, and was only abandoned after a poor maniac had been devoured by rats. The gaol now in use is as a palace in comparison.

The Episcopal Cathedral, St. Andrews, is on the opposite side of the river, and forms quite an ornament to the town. It was built between 1866 – 1871. It cost twenty thousand pounds, and owes its existence to the munificence of the Episcopalians throughout Scotland and to the liberality of many Presbyterians.



PEW IN PARISH CHURCH, TONGUE.

We enjoyed the Sunday service; it was bright and earnest, and well attended.

The font is exquisite—a beautiful angel-woman, kneeling on one knee and holding out a large shell; it is modelled after Thorwalden's in the cathedral at Copenhagen.

As we re-crossed the river, after morning service, we found the streets thronged with country people all moving in one direction. We learned that once a year there is what is called a Gaelic Communion Week, from one Tuesday to the following Wednesday week.

The people come from far and wide, the old country women wearing white *mutches*, or caps, on their heads, and carrying their Bibles, wrapped in handkerchiefs, in their hands. Some of them were very old and moved feebly, but all were bound for the large churchyard at the end of the street.

We followed. At the entrance sat three men at the "receipt of custom," having a wooden dish on a tripod before them, into which each person on entering dropped some little offering, and then hastened on to join the crowd among the tombstones.

At one end of the churchyard a sort of "three-decker" was erected, where the minister and clerk stood, and from which they came out when distributing the Bread and Wine among the devout worshippers. The whole formed a very touching and solemn scene.

In one of the churchyards is a headstone, the inscription on which was carved by Hugh Miller, when he worked at his original trade.



EXCISEMAN'S COTTAGE, TONGUE.

We were very interested in the Annual Wool Market, which takes place in front of the Caledonian Hotel, and which occurred the week we were there.

The farmers come from all parts of the Highlands to attend it, and are met by the south of Scotland and English dealers and agents, and sales to a great extent are effected. No samples are brought, but all transactions are by *word of honour*.

It lasts from Thursday until Saturday, and when it is a good year more than half a million of money is turned over, and a hundred thousand stones of wool, and as many sheep, change hands. This meeting determines the price of wool all through Great Britain.

There are several charming excursions to be made from Inverness, both by coach and by water. It is the centre through which all pass who are going far north, and bears the same relation to the Highlands as Edinburgh does to the Lowlands.

Leaving Inverness at ten minutes past twelve on Monday morning, by the line running to Wick, we arrived at Lairg at half-past two. This was as far as the rail would take us on our way. The journey through Bonar Bridge and Tain was exquisite. Wooded ravines spanned by bridges, with dashing frolicking burns below, lofty mountains with their heads in the clouds, hunting lodges buried in woods, and glistening lochs surrounded by hills were to be seen in succession.

Lairg* is a fishing station in Sutherlandshire, one of the most interesting and least known counties in Scotland.

Very few among the thousands of tourists who visit Scotland ever go to Sutherland, and the cause must be the lack of comfortable and rapid conveyance, and the difficulty and expense of travelling, because it is really one of the most interesting districts in Europe—the scenery is varied and magnificent, including mountain, valley, lake, rock, and sea; the only thing it lacks is trees. This is a sore point with the Highlanders, who are still very angry with Dr. Johnson for not seeing trees where none were to be seen.

A char-à-banc was at the station to convey us to the Lairg Hotel, about a mile and a half distant, and situate at one end of Loch Shin, which is a large Highland lake containing a plentiful supply of good-sized salmon.

As we approached the inn we thought what a pretty picture it made—a low straggling set of buildings, entirely covered with a rich honey-suckle in full blossom, whose perfume came forward to meet us with a welcome some distance before we reached it.

Lairg is a sort of junction for the north and west of the county. Three times a week, viz., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, a char-à-banc, or what is called here a coach, with two horses, starts at half-past six in the morning for Tongue, and at seven on other mornings for Lochinvar and Scourie, returning to Lairg on the intermediate days.

We took advantage of the one going to Tongue, paying ten shillings each for our fare. It is a long journey of thirty-eight miles, and in bad weather a wild one also—barren hills and lochs, with only here and there scraps of cultivated land surrounding some shooting-box or tiny cottage are all that meet the eye.

The so-called coach is not comfortable for passengers, being a combination of mail-cart, carrier's van, and char-à-banc.

It is not at all unusual to find oneself seated on the bread or the beef which is to serve for food during the coming week.

We started at half-past six in the morning, and reached Tongue at twelve, pausing for nearly an hour at Aultnaharrow, where there is a good inn, but where they charge a shilling for two glasses of milk.

The roads are excellent all over Sutherland, and with better carriage and horses the journey to Tongue might be performed in half the time.

There is only one hotel in Tongue, but it is large, scrupulously clean, and well furnished. It is kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who personally look after it, and if one found fault at all it would be the want of punctuality in serving the meals.

We had previously secured rooms here, a very necessary piece of forethought in the fishing and shooting season.

Like most of the inns in the north of Scotland it is a combination of farm and hotel, and supplies almost everything except beef and bread, which are brought in from Lairg and Thurso by the coach.

The average distance between the inns in the Highlands is from fifteen to thirty miles, and as lodgings are scarce the proprietors enjoy a good deal of power over the traveller.

* Lairg is derived from the Gaelic word *Loeg*, signifying *footpath*.

The Tongue Hotel is beautifully situate, being surrounded by the magnificent Ben Laoghal, the ruins of Castle Varritch, the Kyle of Tongue which comes almost up to its garden, and the hills which stretch away inland.

Ben Laoghal (pronounced Loyal), with its two arms, is the grand, picturesque, and prominent feature of the place.

Nothing can exceed the savage grandeur of its rocky precipices. In all weathers and under all circumstances this magnificent mountain is full of interest. On a summer morning, or after a summer shower, when the transparent mist is hanging about it or coiling among its peaks, its appearance is beautiful and fantastic, and on a moonlight night it is intensely weird and suggestive. Sometimes it assumes the form of a sleeping lion, on other occasions the royal arms. A sight of this mountain alone would repay a visit to the Highlands.

Castle or Caistil Varritch, overlooking the Kyle, was an old watch-tower; it is now in ruins. There is no special interest about it, but it lends dignity to the scene.

The village of Tongue is absolutely quiet. It consists of one quaint little street whose centre of life is the post and telegraph office, which attracts quite a tiny crowd on coach days. Besides this street there are a few crofters' cottages on the hills, the manse, the doctor's house, and the residence of Mr. Mitchell, a large sheep farmer, but the beauty of the place is Tongue House; we never tired of looking at it. It is a charming old place, and its old-world gardens are so warm, sheltered, and enjoyable. Its situation, too, overlooking the sea, the wild outline of rocks and cliffs surrounding the bay, its fine avenues and groves of trees, so very rare in Sutherland, the cooing of the wood pigeons and the song of the thrush, make up a whole that would be difficult to match anywhere in the world.

It was formerly the residence of Lord Reay. The Duke of Sutherland's factor, Mr. Box, lives here now, a man who has done much to make the crofters in this district content and happy—no trifling work in this our day.

If we had looked forward to quiet there could be no manner of doubt but that we had found it—it was almost oppressive.

We soon learned to love the place, however, and to take pleasure in its beautiful walks and wonderful variety of wild flowers. One day we found some Primula Scotica, which we carefully packed and sent south.

The Kyle, over which we could ferry, or on which we could sail, or in which we could bathe, was a constant source of enjoyment to us.

It is much frequented for sea-trout fishing, the best time being as the tide is running out or in, for the fish come and go with it. Cormorants, gulls, and divers frequent the shores; the latter are pretty, with their red bills and white breasts; and where the river meets the sea at Tongue there is a considerable ebb, and the long sandbanks produce cockles, of which the people are very fond, and inside which pearls of no mean order are frequently found.

This Kyle * is one of the three deep indentations made by the sea on the north coast of Scotland, the other two being Loch Erribol and Kyle of Durness.

We soon made friends with the kindly people of Tongue, and learned their habits and manner of living.

We also visited the pretty school-house, with its magnificent sea view, where the boys and girls are educated together by a thoroughly good master; a pretty, gentle, young Scotch woman going twice a week to teach the girls needlework and knitting. The school is a good couple of miles from Tongue, but the children think nothing of the distance.

* The Kyle of Tongue has some wonderful islands at its mouth, the most remarkable being Saints Island, Seal Island, and Rabbit Island.

On returning home in the afternoon the boys indulge in a hopping game, which terrified us, and which we had never seen played elsewhere; the boys stood in a row a little distance apart, with bare feet, awaiting flint stones, which were aimed by boys on the other side of the road; the game consisted in jumping at the right moment, so as to avoid the stone. As a rule this was done with much skill, but it often happened that the foot was very much cut, and it was quite a common sight to see the boys limping, with feet bleeding or bandaged. We tried to persuade them to adopt some other plan of amusing themselves, but they laughed, and assured us that it was a manly game, and that they weren't "milksops."

To our surprise we discovered in this far-away northern village a library such as any town in England would be proud of. It is most comprehensive, and possesses rare reference books. For the privilege of using it half-a-crown a year only is required. All lovers of books will, however, be sorry to hear that for want of use and care the books are becoming mouldy and worm-eaten.

The coming in of the mail-coach from Lairg and Thurso was quite an exciting event each day, so also was the return of the gentlemen in the evening with their gillies laden with salmon. How tired we did get of eating salmon! Morning, noon, and night in some form or other it was served up, and we thoroughly sympathised with the Highland servants of old who stipulated that they should only be fed on salmon certain days in the week.

In and about Tongue the crofters are certainly not badly off, though it is the fashion to think they have a grievance because in other districts their class is depressed and miserable. As a rule they possess a well-built cottage, not a mud one, two or three acres of land, a few sheep, and one or two cows, besides the privilege of cutting peat.

Speaking with a person who was fully convinced that the crofters were ill-used, I said, pointing to a croft:

"How much does the crofter pay for this?"

"Ou ay, aboot three puns."

"And how much land has he got?"

"Ou, that parks and some moss."

"And how many cows?"

"Twa or three."

"And sheep?"

"Ou ay, a few."

"And what does he pay for his house?"

"Why, that's his own."

"How is that?" I inquired further.

"Ou ay, he built it."

"Where did he get the peat from?"

"Off the moss shure."

"And to whom does the moss belong?"

"Why, to the Dook."

"Well then, where did the wood come from?"

"Ou, shure from Thursho."

"And the stone and the lime?"

"Why, from the same place."

"And who pays for that?"

"Oh, the Dook."

"Well then, what makes you say the crofters are ill-used, when the men have all this and permission to run their animals a certain distance on the town moss besides, and all for about three pounds a year?"

"Oh, shure, ma'am, but the crofters are badly used whatever."

The women work a good deal in the crofts, but the way they dodge out of sight the moment they see any one coming is comical in the extreme. They only do this with strangers, however, for twenty Highlanders might pass and they would not stir, but let one English person approach on foot or in a carriage and they are behind a peat stack in a moment.

The women knit a great deal in winter, they card, dye, and spin the wool themselves.

They obtain the fleece from their sheep; wash both the black and the white wool, mix it in such proportions and in such shades as please them, and card it between two flat pieces of wood covered inside with ribbed felt, after which it comes out in a long curl of short lengths; this being done, they proceed to spin it—removing all roughness meanwhile—into one long single thread or ply. When they desire a thicker thread they put two or more single ones together and thus obtain two-ply, three-ply and so on. They make, in this way, shawls, blankets, petticoats, socks, and stockings. They sometimes vary the colour by making a dye of heather and a sort of moss from the stones. These they boil down and then steep the wool in the liquid. As for the men, no greater obstacle can exist to the improvement of a country than a population of indigent crofters with no employment or resource except the cultivation of their own crofts which they have neither capital nor skill to do to advantage. Tongue, however, is an exception, for the crofts are well kept and the mode of cultivation good, the soil is rich, and the climate temperate.

Here, too, the men find employment both in the summer and early autumn as gillies to gentlemen who come fishing and shooting.

I saw a good deal of these gillies, one of whom was quite a character, and considered himself in the service of a certain gentleman who has been a regular visitor to Tongue for many years, in the fishing season. He takes a great interest in his gilly, and, besides giving him a suit of clothes when he leaves Tongue, generally sends him one during the winter. The gilly's thanks, in a letter, for one of these is curious, and runs thus:—

"Honored Sir,—This comes hoping to find you as well as it leaves me at present thanks to God for all His mercies. Mony thanks for the soot which is beautiful but I'd rather have the mon inside them. The fishing is doing very good whatever."

The use of the word *whatever* is peculiar, and is tacked on to the end of almost every phrase. A servant will say, for example, "You cannot have the lamp to-night, for the glass is cracked *whatever*."

Another word oddly used is *that*—"*that* cows" or "*that* parks;" but the most curious of all is the use of the personal feminine pronoun as applied to the other two genders; as an example I give a conversation I overheard between a gentleman and his gilly, the latter, addressing the master, said, "Shure an I think she must be a Mackay."

"Who, John?" asked the other.

"For see the way *she* walks over the moss, and how fond *she* is of it," was the answer.

Seeing that the gilly was speaking of himself the gentleman pressed him for still stronger reasons, which John summed up by remarking, "*and then look at the colour of her hair!*"

The collies which are to be found in every house in and about Tongue are the most beautiful and intelligent we ever saw. One day when taking a walk in the direction of Ben Laoghal we were accompanied by a little sky terrier named Mona, who, seeing a couple of tame rabbits playing on the moor in front of a cottage situate high up above the road, could not resist the temptation of pursuing them. Off she dashed in pursuit, but in a moment, like a flash of lightning, a magnificent collie which had been lying sleepily observing our approach sped between her and her intended prey and stood at bay, not touching Mona, but simply defying her to move a step. It was magnificent.

Another beautiful creature belonged to the cottage where the schoolmaster lodged, and to whom the collie was greatly attached.

When the schoolmaster went out walking, nothing delighted the dog so much as accompanying him, when the master was at home; but nothing would induce him to leave the house with the women alone in it.

As a rule there are two churches in every district, the Established and the Free; the latter are almost always in commanding situations, being visible for a long distance. It was quite a sight to witness the people of Tongue, old and young, turn out on a Sunday morning to walk a distance of four miles to the Free Kirk, although the Established Church was in the village, close at their doors.

We attended the one near to us, which is very old, being built in 1689, when William III. came over and freed all the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. It has a wonderful old pew in it, which looks like the old bed of Ware raised on poles. The harmonium is played by the doctor's wife, and the singing is not at all bad, but the sermons were very long.

VARIETIES.

Amateur Criticism.

Miss Minor (*after the concert*): "Fraulein Sprauler plays with a great deal of expression; but what do you think of her technique?"

Miss Greening: "I didn't notice that she wore one."

Only in Imagination.

Most every mortal thinks his burden very hard to bear—
He thinks so, but 'tis all imagination.
The yoke of any other would be easier to bear—
He thinks so, but 'tis all imagination.
And the others for the happy long ago ever sigh,
While some are longing for the better days of by-and-by;
But all could make the present bright and happy if they'd try;
'Tis gloomy only in imagination.

A Painful Shock.

A shriek came from the parlour, and the mother rushed into the room in great agitation.

"What is it, my daughter?" she exclaimed. "Has this—this person from New York been uncivil?"

"Not intentionally, mamma," said the young Boston maid, faintly. "But it was a painful shock. He said, 'hippopotamuses,' instead of hippopotami."

Some Time to Wait.

Husband: "Are you not ready yet?"

Wife: "I'll be ready in a minute. I've only got one glove to put on."

Husband: "One of those ten-button gloves? Well, I'll sit down and write four or five more letters."

Wise Forgetfulness. — There are two things that we should learn to forget — the good we have done to others, and the evil they have done to us.

Keep the Passions in Check.

An old man was once walking with a little boy. They came across four shrubs. The old man said to his youthful companion—

"Pull up the least one."

He obeyed with ease.

"Now the next."

He obeyed, but it did not come so easily.

"And the third."

It took all his strength to move its roots, but he succeeded.

"Now the fourth."

In vain the lad put forth all his strength. He only made the leaves tremble; he could not move the roots. They had gone strongly into the earth, and no effort could dislodge them.

Then the wise old man said to the ardent youth, "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep into our souls, there is no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study, by acts of virtue, to keep your passions well in check."

A Word to Authors. — There are ten thousand people who can write "ideal" things for one who can see and feel and reproduce nature and character. Ten thousand, did I say? Nay, ten million. What made Shakespeare so great? Nothing but eyes, and faith in them.

On a Bad Singer.

When screech-owls shriek, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends;
But when Corvina strains her throat,
Even screech-owls sicken at the note.

The Cool Carver.

It is not every one who can display the coolness of the gentleman who once carved a goose with such misplaced energy as to send it under the table. Seeing that the guests evinced some discomfiture, and an anxiety to know where it had gone, he said—

"All right, ladies and gentlemen, I have my foot on it."

Needlework in Days of Old.

The different kinds of ornamental needlework in favour with ladies two hundred and sixty years ago may be seen from the following quotation from Taylor, the water poet:—

"Tent-work, raised-work, laid-work, prest-work, net-work,
Most curious pearl, or rare Italian cut-work;
Fine fern-stitch, finny-stitch, new-stitch, and chain-stitch,
Brave bred-stitch, fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch, and queen-stitch,
The Spanish-stitch, rosemary-stitch, and maw-stitch,
The smarting whip-stitch, back-stitch, and the cross-stitch.
All these are good, and these we must allow,
And these are everywhere in practice now."

Learning by Laughter. — We never thoroughly know people until we hear them laugh.

About a Husband.

There are many curious entries in Pepys' Diary, and here is one of them—

"Up, to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

H. M. C.—There is, or was, a Society for the Study of Languages by Correspondence, conducted by Miss M. Hedge, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants. Another is advertised in the Directory of Girls' Clubs, conducted by Miss E. H. Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E.

Daisy.—In reference to the description of female missionaries desired, we advise you to apply to the hon. sec. (143, Clapham Road, S.W.), Mrs. Meredith, for all information respecting the Mission Training House for Ladies, and Women's Missionary Institute. It is connected with the Christian Women's Union, or you might apply to Miss Webb, secretary of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. There is also one in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; secretary, Miss Bullock, 19, Delahay Street, S.W.

Kathleen writes to inquire of us "how she may get to know what one special accomplishment she has got that she might follow it!" This is a strange question. She adds, "I can neither sing nor play." Surely she knows the instruction she has had in artistic work with pencil or brush; the decorative needlework, the wood-carving, and sculpture in relief, the modelling, the several accomplishments in botany, natural history, astronomy, geology, or archæological lore. She must already know her acquirements in, and her natural taste for, any of these "accomplishments" without "getting to know" through our assistance.

Lover of the "G.O.P."—Children should be instructed in natural history, also, more or less, in physical geography suited to their tender age, and with a view to combining recreation with education. For instance, tell them about the natural characteristics of the several cities, counties and countries of which they have been learning the names and localities; the productions, natural or manufactured; the animal creation indigenous to them. Any remarkable incidents in history connected with them. Try to make lessons thoroughly entertaining, and use language suitable for them. Ægeria was the most famous of the four Camenæ or prophetic nymphs in Roman mythology.

Louy.—The name "Fusihama" or "Fusiyama," the snow-capped and very notable mountain of Japan, means "the mountain of the rich men," a designation probably referring to its ownership; but this is only a supposition. The names of mountains are usually appropriately significant. For instance, the ancient and European name of "Etna" means "a furnace" in Phœnician, which is very suitable; but the peasants simply call it "mon gibello," or "the mountain."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mary.—We have long declined giving repetitions of answers on worn-out subjects. But your letter is a creditable one, so we will just say that you may have your mind relieved as to the nature of the black spots on your face and neck. They are only deposits of morbid material, combined with dust and dirt, in the glands or follicles—not "grubs." To remove them, steam baths and shampooing the affected parts while in the bath are said (by good authority) to be of use, together with attention to diet and general habits.

Sylvia.—Address the Surgical Aid Society in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.; secretary, Mr. William Tressidder. There is no necessity for introductions or recommendations. We could not give any opinion as to the artificial leg which would suit you best; only a surgeon could do that, after an examination. We are very glad that you like our paper so much, and wish your letter had arrived sooner.

Aurora.—You had better procure a work, with illustrations, on astronomy, published at our office. The subject is too large for our brief answers to be satisfactory. The distance from us of some of our nearest stars exceeds by 500,000 times that of our sun.

Sunbeam.—1. You ask an unreasonable question. If you desire the love of a friend, your temper, high-principle, self-respect, and thorough unselfishness must be your special qualifications. But, after all, there are attractions of person and manners, as well as of intelligence and agreeable companionship, which must be taken into account, and a certain amount of individual affinity between two persons. 2. The memory may be strengthened by the practice of learning recitations.

Emilie.—Miss Robinson's Home for Soldiers, at High Street, Portsmouth, is much to be recommended. It is called the Soldiers' Institute. There is also a Soldiers' Institute at Aldershot, for particulars of which you should write to Miss Daniell. We do not think that board and residence are supplied, excepting at Portsmouth.

Peter's Darling Sister.—Little girls of thirteen are certainly too young to "read novels." There are stories quite suitable for children in good magazines, besides many that are published in separate form. But their mothers should be their guides in such a matter, and tell you what books for recreation are suitable for them. Read nothing without her leave.

Darjeeling.—Russians and others who squeeze lemon-juice into their tea, do so in lieu of taking milk or cream. Sugar is an addition that can be made equally well with either milk or lemon-juice.



RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

A. B.—We consider that it would be very unjust to ascribe deceitfulness and bad temper to any one on account of the eyebrows growing too closely together. We cannot assist suspicious young women in the character of a detective, as to the existence or cause for jealousy on the part of their intended husbands.

Atta.—Some circumstances are made for us by the wise Providence of God; others are permitted for the trial of our faith, patience, and constancy; and others we make for ourselves. In reference to the latter, an extravagant, idle, or an intemperate person makes his own disagreeable circumstances for himself. A person born of unhealthy, consumptive parents does not make his circumstances for himself; or if of penniless parents, who had no business to marry, the parents alone were to blame. You did not require an answer to a question within the scope of mere common sense to solve.

Popsie Posie.—Catherine G. Ward was a writer of stories many years ago. The first book was published in 1815. She seems to have emigrated to America, her last book being published in Philadelphia.

Uncertain.—"Yours etcetera," is a rude and vulgar signature, as it means really nothing. It is better to put "Yours truly."

Nerissa.—To go to Dublin from Euston Station would cost (via Holyhead) 57*s.* first class, 42*s.* 6*d.* second class.

A Clergyman's Daughter should join a correspondence class.

Sarah Reid.—"The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Spanish Ivy.—Send the money you desire to give her by post, anonymously, with a few lines of kindness.

Clan Chattan and Young Canadian write to say that they have cured their warts with soda, used as advised in these columns.

Scotch Lassie, Lily, Dolly must study the articles of "Medicus," on health and dietary.

One in a Fix.—Your mother's estate is liable for her debts.

Olive S., A Five Years' Reader, will find out all they need at the nearest post office.

Music.—"Matter of fact" seems to be the very opposite of imaginative. A person who cannot understand anything fancied or supposed, jocular or funny. All must be real substantial fact; all pleasantries earnest, and to be taken "*au pied de la lettre*."

M. M. H.—We are glad to give a notice of your useful little society, "The Santa Claus Society," for providing toys and books for the children in the hospitals, workhouses, and orphanages, at Christmas time. The secretary would supply materials to those who can only give their work; and also a list of things most required. All work to be sent in by November 25, 1890. A report will be sent to contributors—whether of money, articles, or work—if a stamped envelope be forwarded to the secretary. Those who wish to contribute are requested to send their several addresses in full. Secretary, Miss Maud Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, near Ipswich, Suffolk.

Grateful.—We think you ought to state your symptoms to an oculist, and let him see your eyes. Perhaps you are using unsuitable glasses. The eyes are too valuable to neglect in any way. We often have the pleasure of receiving letters from fathers and mothers of "our girls," and are always happy to answer them.

Carmen.—Swimming classes are held at the baths in King Street, St. Pancras, as well as at 2, Queen's Road, Bayswater. We are not acquainted with any in the north of town.

Pat.—We do not remember it, but we have no doubt your "Dumpsmadeary" preserve may have appeared in one of our ten volumes. Very funny names are sometimes given, and things are often known by names peculiar to different parts of England.

S. E. B. (Buxton).—"Currer Bell," Charlotte Brontë, died in 1855. Parts of "Jane Eyre" are, we believe, founded on fact.

Little Bo-peep.—Your writing is careless, and the language you use inelegant. We do not see how you *could* write a story.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc

CHAPTER I.

A SISTER'S LETTER.

"A LETTER from Rosamond," said Esther Egerton, as she descended to her sunny breakfast parlour one bright March morning, and caught sight of a letter lying on her plate. "I was not expecting to hear so soon again. I wonder—oh! I wonder if she is at last going to come to the point, and ask me to Greyfriars, after all these years. She must know that Jack has gone away, and that I shall be alone for a long time. But I have been left alone for many months before now, and have never received more than the vaguest intimations that some day she hoped to see me there. Nineteen years of married life, and never to have seen one's only sister's home! It seems strange, especially with one so warm-hearted as Rosamond; but then nobody else can judge of the difficulties of another person's position, and Munda was always so easily led by those about her; and I know the Overtons, though accepting her for her beauty



"A RATHER PECULIAR SMILE CROSSED ESTHER'S FACE AS SHE READ THIS POSTSCRIPT."

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and charm, always thought that Algernon had married very much beneath him. In point of wealth, perhaps he had; but I venture to think the Egertons could hold their own in every other respect."

Esther's face wore a smiling look, though there was something of gravity underlying the smile. She held the letter in her hand, but did not at once break the seal. She was thinking of the strange barrier that had divided her own life from that of her sister, and wondering if ever it would be broken down. She had known similar thoughts before on receiving a missive from Rosamond, but had always been disappointed hitherto.

Rosamond had been the eldest of a family of which Jack and Esther were the youngest, and the intermediate little ones had all died in infancy. Esther's earliest recollections of her sister were of somebody exceedingly lovely, and to her thinking quite grown up; and she well recollected the day when the news was brought home that Munda, who had been staying some months with a cousin, had eloped with a handsome young guardsman, who had been paying her great attention, and that she was married without even having taken the trouble to ask leave of her parents. Such undutiful conduct on the part of one so tenderly loved and fondly indulged caused great pain, and made something of a breach. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, who would have done anything to secure their child's best happiness, and would certainly not have withheld their consent, had it been asked, soon found out that it was young Overton who had made a point of the clandestine marriage, because he knew that his parents had other plans in view for him, and would oppose this union with all their might. His mother, Lady Eleanora, was a very proud woman, and she had immense influence with her husband; so Algernon had thought it best to marry first, and tell his parents afterwards. And as he was an only son, and as Rosamond's beauty and charm were very great, peace had soon been made; but the alliance had never been quite forgiven, and the way in which displeasure had been shown on both sides was an almost entire cessation of personal meetings between Rosamond and her own family. The Overtons held aloof from feelings of pride, and the Egertons from wounded affection. Rosamond cast in her lot entirely with her husband's relations, and had hardly seen her sister since the day of her marriage, though a correspondence had always been kept up.

Her parents had died many years ago now, and also her husband's father, so that Algernon Overton had succeeded to the family property and the fine old house called Greyfriars. His mother lived with him there, which fact always accounted, in Esther's opinion, for her continued exclusion from her sister's home. Rosamond always wrote affectionately, always managed to run over for a few hours to see her, on the rare occasions when some business or pleasure brought her into Esther's neighbourhood, and often expressed a wish to show her her children and belongings. But the definite invitation had never come, and Esther was beginning to think it never would do now.

She herself was very happy in her life, keeping her brother's house, and leading a life in which pleasure and usefulness were inextricably blended; but when Jack, who was an engineer in the employ of a large house, was sent, as not unfrequently happened, on missions that detained him abroad for weeks and sometimes months, Esther was left a good deal alone, and it did seem a pity sometimes that she and her sister were so much sundered. But Esther always said to herself that it was not Munda's fault. She was loyal in her love for the beautiful, radiant young creature she remembered as fulfilling all her childhood's ideals of loveliness. She laid the blame at the door of the aristocratic and autocratic old mother-in-law, and perhaps she was not far wrong in doing so.

And after this brief retrospect, which the sight of Rosamond's writing always conjured up, Esther broke the seal, and perceived with some surprise that she had before her a regular budget, closely written, and covering the best part of two sheets of paper.

"What can it be all about?" she said, half aloud, and proceeded to leave her breakfast untasted whilst she read:—

"My dearest Esther,—I wonder if you will be tremendously astonished at what I am going to say. I am glad Jack is not with you, or I can just see his face of cool contempt at the thought of my 'impudence' in making such a demand, after the way I have gone on all these years. I know he would not hear of it for you; but you may be more willing to hear of it for yourself; for I have a strong instinct that you are one of those individuals with an enthusiasm for self-sacrifice," ('Oh, am I indeed?' quoth Esther to herself; 'I am not so sure of that, my dear') "and Algernon is rather of the same opinion, though he has only seen you once; and though he tells me I am doing an uncommonly cool thing, he, like myself, sees no other way out of the difficulty, and adds his entreaties to mine.

"The fact of the case is, my dear, that we are in what folks are fond of calling a 'quandary'—if that is the right way to spell it—and like other selfish people, we find it uncommonly difficult to get any help in our troubles. We never bothered ourselves to help our friends, and naturally they do not see why they should put themselves out for us. In brief, then, this is what has happened. Algernon has been very ailing all through the winter. He ought to have gone away before, but he did not see his way to it, and we hoped he would come right with treatment and care. But he is worse than ever now, and all the doctors agree that he must go away, and go immediately, and that a long sea voyage and plenty of change of scene, and so on, are absolutely necessary for him; and to make a long story short, we have to be off within a week for something like a year, and we want you to take up your abode at Greyfriars in our house, to look after the children and the household generally, and be a sort of companion to mamma, who is not at all fond of being alone."

At this point Esther put down the letter, and looked out of the window as if to take breath after the immense surprise with which she had read these words.

"To be pseudo-mistress of Greyfriars," she said half aloud, "to be a sort of companion to Lady Eleanora Overton. Munda must be in a 'quandary' indeed to think of such a thing!"

Then she picked up the letter and began reading it again.

"And let me tell you at once, dear Esther, that mamma wishes this as well as my husband and I. I will not pretend that she would not have preferred one of Algernon's sisters, if they had been available; but as I say, our friends do not take enthusiastically to the idea of sacrificing themselves to our convenience, and though they may be willing to visit Greyfriars in the hunting or shooting season, they will not undertake any care or responsibility; and mamma says she cannot possibly be left with the children on her hands, and that somebody must be found to be working manager of the household. Dearest Esther, will you play the part of Good Samaritan and come? I'm not going to pretend it will be a bed of roses, and you would not believe me if I did; but I know you are alone, and that Jack is likely to be away a longer time than usual, and that gives me courage to ask. You are our last hope, and if you do not come, we shall be plunged in despair; but though Algernon has little hope of getting you, I have more, for I remember what a good sister you have always been, though I have treated you so badly. And, Esther dear, don't think it all humbug when I say that it has not been my doing that you have never come to Greyfriars, and that I have often wanted you to help me to teach my children in the way our mother taught us. And if you could do something to remedy the neglect you will see in them I should be thankful indeed. I'm afraid you will not find them easy subjects—but I should be thankful if you would take them in hand. I fancy you have a will of your own, and will impose order and respect. And I hope mamma will second and enforce your authority. But I do not pretend to say that she may not perhaps be the most difficult of all to propitiate, for though she is anxious for you to come, she is by no means the ideal grandmother and charming old lady of fiction, and can be exceedingly trying herself at times. Moreover, she has always spoiled the children a great deal more than I have, and though she often grumbles at their self-will, she cannot bear to have them crossed. Still she has given her word that if you will come, she will uphold your authority, and I believe she will try to keep her word. So please make up your mind quickly and put me out of suspense, for I sometimes feel half distracted with all the worry of things, and if my last sheet anchor—

that is you, my dear—is about to be taken away from me, I had better know it first as last. Do write by return and tell me what you have decided. And if you will only come, we shall be for ever grateful.

"Yours ever, ROSAMOND."

The letter ended on the seventh page, but as Esther folded it up to put it away, her eyes were caught by some pencil words added on the blank page at the end. They were in a different hand, and ran as follows—

"Grateful for ever—O shall we be so indeed? You will see that when you come, if you ever dare to come. I advise you to stay away. You will have a life of it if you try it on; and if you think we shall submit to *your* authority you are mightily mistaken. You see if we are not as good as our word.

"DACRE."

A rather peculiar smile crossed Esther's face as she read this postscript and put the letter in its cover. She turned quietly to her neglected breakfast, and as she eat, her mind was busy.

"Dacre," she said presently, half aloud, "I remember that is the name of one of the boys. Well, Dacre, I think I will not be frightened away even by your threat. Munda is my sister. I have no very great claims upon my time just now. I think I ought to go, since she so much wishes it. I do not suppose it will be a very pleasant visit; but I feel as if I ought to accept, and I do not deny that I feel no small curiosity to make the acquaintance of Munda's children and her home. I will write and tell her I will come. I am afraid I cannot make my own plans in time to get there before she leaves, but I will follow as soon as I can: and if Jack does not come back to want me, I will try to remain the whole time. At any rate, Dacre, if you think that you will drive me away by your mischief or hostility, you will find yourself rather mistaken in your aunt Esther."

So Esther wrote her letter early in the day, before there had been time for her heart to misgive her, if indeed it would have done so by waiting longer. And when her mind was once made up, she put the matter aside for a time, and gave her full attention to the winding-up of her own smaller household, so that she might leave it in comfort for a rather indefinite time. She had to write, too, to Jack, and smooth down the opposition she felt sure he would feel at her being "sacrificed to Munda's unruly children," for that was the light in which he would be likely to view the invitation; and both on that day and the next Esther's hands and thoughts were alike full, and she had no leisure to give to anticipations of the strangeness of her position, as a kind of mistress over her sister's large house and retinue of servants.

Her own household was soon settled. Her servants were not numerous. A worthy couple who had been long in the service of the Egertons, took the places of cook and gardener, living in the house, and watching over it in the temporary absences of its owner with tried fidelity. One maid Esther decided to take with her as a personal attendant, the other was to pay visits for a time, and then return, or take a new situation according to circumstances. Esther's horse which she rode and drove was to be turned out to grass as soon as the weather was warm enough, and she found a place for the stable boy, who worked under the eye of the old servant, in the house of a friend. It took but a short while to settle all this; for it was not the first time that Esther in Jack's absence had been a long time from home. She had made similar arrangements before, and they did not trouble her; but the thought of her life at Greyfriars often filled her mind with wondering speculation. She wished she knew more about Rosamond's children. She believed there were six of them; but her sister was one of those mothers who rather pride themselves upon "not inflicting details" upon their relatives and friends, and the consequence was that Esther had hardly heard more than the names of the little ones as they arrived upon the scene, and had hardly a single fact to go upon with regard to their training or development. In her letter she had asked her sister for some details and some hints; but she hardly expected to get any, for Munda was a proverbially bad answerer of questions, and in the hurry of departure she was less likely than ever to have time to write of her children.

Esther was right in this estimate. Rosamond's letter, though brimming with gratitude, hardly gave a single reply to any of the questions asked; but there was a letter enclosed to Esther from her brother-in-law, which she found the more interesting communication of the two. Of Algernon Overton she had hardly seen anything, and she had got the idea that he was a clever, sarcastic, but not unkindly man. The tone of his letter, though not entirely to her liking, was at least friendly and sensible; and she gathered from it that he knew more of his children in some ways than the mother seemed to do.

"Rosamond's inability to answer questions has long been an acknowledged fact," he wrote. "So, whilst joining with her in every expression of gratitude for your great kindness, I will pass on to the other matter, and give you a vague idea as to the state of the house to which you are coming. Insubordination and riotous conduct is the rule rather than the exception; but I have given it out that anyone who will not submit to your authority will be packed straight off to school; they all know that you have authority to take this step, and I think it will have some effect.

"Jessie ought to be a help to you. She is nearly eighteen, and thinks herself quite grown up. She has left behind the tricks and pranks of childhood, and begins to despise the bear-garden stage of existence. She is out of the schoolroom, but Trixie and Ethel are still in durance vile there. I'm afraid you will not find Miss Fisher of much use. She is a poor washed-out specimen of humanity; but no one with any backbone or spirit will stay to be badgered by Trixie, who has worked more governesses out of the house than I can count. Even Miss Fisher declined to remain a resident. She lives a mile off, and comes backwards and forwards for her hours of teaching.

"As for the boys, Cuthbert is at Eton, getting licked into shape. You will only have him in the holidays, when I hope he will have the grace to behave himself. His grandmother spoils him shockingly, and Munda too; but she is less weak with the younger ones. Dacre, unluckily, is too delicate for school. We have tried it several times, for he is simply insufferable, at times, at home—but always with the same result. He is returned on our hands ill in a few weeks' time. He and Humphrey study with a tutor in Harmer, riding in and out daily. Humphrey has the best disposition of the lot, and Dacre the worst, or, at least, the most inscrutable. I wonder what you will make of him. Possibly his health may be partly the cause of his extraordinary behaviour. I do not profess to understand him. He has the highest spirit of the whole crew—and that is saying something, I can tell you—and he is a source of constant anxiety to us. One is only sure of him when he is in bed, where his headstrong folly is constantly landing him.

"This is really all I can tell you of my family. I never professed to understand children, and I think one knows least of one's own. I am waking up to the conviction that there has been some radical error in our method of training them, though I have not a notion where the error lies. Perhaps you may be able to detect it. At least you will have ample opportunities for study.

"I hope my mother will support you in any reforms you may wish to institute. She has promised not to oppose any measure of yours; but promises are sometimes more easily made in the moment of expansion and gratitude, than kept when the favour bestowed has lost its first novelty, and grown to be taken as a matter of course. All I can say is, if you are in any difficulty, write or wire to me. I will very soon send a message which shall put the doubt at rest, and establish your authority beyond all dispute. I understand better than anyone else what we owe you, and you will not find me slack in doing what I can to support you."

Esther read this letter attentively, and laid it down with a smile and a sigh.

"Have I undertaken a task beyond my strength?" she asked herself; but time alone could answer that question.

(To be continued.)

THE EMANCIPATION OF SEAMSTRESSES.

By ANNE BEALE.



DURING a drawing-room meeting at Mr. Walter Besant's, I was set thinking of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"; and that not merely in reference to his powerful work so entitled, or to the comprehensive petition in our Book of Common Prayer, but to the needs of our fellow-creatures. These we knew were sure to be advocated, so we went to Hampstead to hear particulars of The Needle-women's Co-operative Association, and to inspect specimens of the work executed by its members. A kind welcome, accompanied by tea and coffee, preceded the informal meeting—or more properly, pleasant little house-party—and we were soon heart and soul in the hardships and difficulties of the seamstresses of to-day.

Details were given of the sweating system as affecting the oppressed and jaded women, and of the efforts made to better their condition, by paying them their wage without the intervention of the sweater. We were told how that the sweaters or middlemen made as much as thirty or forty per cent. out of work done by women, and that there are often as many as five of them between employer and employed. The women, who are frequently the bread-winners of the family, are thus reduced to a minimum payment, and rather than lose their starvation wage, continue to manufacture shirts at from eightpence to one shilling per dozen, and to toil on at "seam, and gusset, and band," until they literally "sew them on in a dream." Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is being for ever repeated. How is the unjust percentage to be diverted from its course and brought back to the original source? This is the burning question, and co-operation of workers seems the reply. At least this was what Mr. Besant and the friends he had assembled were anxious to prove.

So much has been said and written of late on the sweating system, that it is unnecessary to repeat the arguments of the speakers and the readers of papers. Action was what they craved, and not mere sentimental pity and unqualified assent.

"Come and see our workrooms at Carteret Street, Westminster, and at New Buildings, Tenter Street East, Whitechapel," urged the ladies acting as honorary secretaries of those associations, and partly as their mainstays, until they gradually acquire strength to support themselves.

So we went.

No. 4, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, is not difficult to find, though it is difficult to get through the swarms of busy bees and drones mingling in inextricable confusion. A juvenile insect buzzing on the doorstep of what seems a big warehouse, bids us go upstairs, and outside the hive we seek is inscribed the commonplace legend, "Needlework Registry."

Within we find an office, where needle-women can register their names and qualifications for the small payment of threepence, and ladies either in town or country can obtain competent workers on the payment of sixpence. This has been an "unqualified success," and many a weary embroiderer, milliner, dressmaker, upholsteress, lace or linen mender, or plain needlewoman, has been engaged from this office, sometimes in London, and sometimes for more than "a day in the country." To quote from the report: "In a large number of cases one engagement has led on to another, and when once an introduction has been effected and an opening given, the women have obtained fresh work without any further intervention on the part of the Association."

Having heard many details of the good effected by this Registry, the secretary ushers us into the long workroom on the first floor, where we find about thirty women employed in various kinds of needlework. Much of it is of the finest and most elaborate description, for here are made to order trousseaux, and layettes, Indian and Colonial outfits, and garments for "all sorts and conditions" of women as well as men. It is only necessary to examine the specimens of work displayed, to acknowledge that the best hands find employment here, and we are not surprised to learn that "dames of high degree" come to the association for their trousseaux and other orders. Valenciennes lace and French cambric are occasionally *de rigueur*, and even silk night-dresses at three guineas each are fashioned here. Our eyes fail us to count the tucks, all done by hand, in a lace-adorned under-garment, but we are told they are eighteen to the inch, and we only hope that *le jeu vaut la chandelle;* but it must be sadly trying to the eyes! As to the stitching, it would seem that neither eyes nor fingers could suffice for work so minute. Naturally, payment varies according to the materials and handiwork, and articles of clothing are made trimmed or untrimmed, at the will of the employer. Price lists will be gladly sent, and orders are the one thing needed. Happily the rooms at Carteret Street are self-supporting, and the women and girls have already a high reputation; but we fain would see similar rooms all over London, where women may gain a fair wage for a fair day's work direct from the employer, or co-operative association, and the middlemen find better occupation elsewhere. Workrooms could be opened in any desirable locality within a month, if the capital—£250—were raised, either in £1 shares, by loan, or guarantee. It needs only to glance at these long, many-windowed, clean and airy rooms in Carteret Street to be assured of the good effected by working in them instead of in the dens which have been so forcibly described in the Reports on the "sweating system" from the Select Committee of the House of Lords. The fifth is now before us, and brings the investigations down to this present year of grace! Probably the weary women would scarcely call it a "year of *grace*," when toiling fourteen mortal hours each day—sometimes Sundays as well as weekdays—to earn a bare subsistence. The only *grace* known or shown is that the blinds of the Sunday workroom are closed—a latent mark of respect for the Great God who instituted the day of rest. Woe be to those who systematically employ it as a day of labour or pleasure.

It is, however, hopeful to watch the thirty respectable-looking women on the first floor at Carteret Street, and to know that they only work from nine till six. Most of them bring their dinner, and the forewoman manages to provide tea for all who care to pay one halfpenny for a cup of this welcome beverage. We venture to say that in no fashionable drawing-room is it so acceptable as here. "We all look forward to it," they say, and the forewoman aforesaid deserves a vote of thanks. She has been at her post for over four years, and has never had a holiday. This is worthy of remark, and she hopes for one this year. The second floor of this large building, once a warehouse, is similar in every respect to the first. There are four windows on either side, long deal tables, and an atmosphere of freshness and cleanliness. But the workers are shirt-makers, and the Association has undertaken Government work; that is to say, the women in this room make shirts for the army, and are themselves widows, mothers, or sisters of soldiers. One elderly woman in spectacles says she can make a shirt and a half a day; a young girl can, she smilingly affirms, manufacture two. More work is needed, and it is so well executed that Government might do worse than help on this kind of co-operation. In both rooms the women are thankful for certain weekly wages, which, if not large, are secure, and reach them direct from the secretary, with no intervention of middleman or sweater. As we have said, these rooms are self-supporting, and no appeals are made for charity; only for co-operation of helpers and workers, and, above all, for orders. They will be as "promptly attended to" as at any shop or depôt, and a competent person will be

sent to receive them if required. We need only repeat that the head-quarters are at 4, Carteret Street, Westminster, and quote a few lines from one of the latest reports: "The price lists are based on the payment of a fair wage direct to the worker, thus removing the evil of unnecessary sub-contracting, and effectually relieving the worker from the evils of the sweating system. Your orders will be carefully carried out at a very reasonable price, and by entrusting them to us, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have personally assisted to destroy the evils inseparable from women's work when under the control of unscrupulous employers." These strong words embody the whole system.

We hear a great deal of the slave-trade amongst the blacks—who will help to abolish it amongst the whites? Emancipate them, in short. Let us begin with the women, and free the weaker sex first. It can be done without strike or any disorderly manifestation. If only there were a sufficient number of workrooms in London and other great cities, to which the worker might come for employment, and from which, if necessary, she could take work to her home, if that home were certified clean and respectable, the chains would gradually fall off. But employers must aid. Some masters of large establishments are awakening to the crying evils of the underpaid system, and are sending orders direct to the Association. We want a trumpet-call which shall arouse all the shopkeepers.

"We should thankfully receive orders for emigration and other outfits, as well as for more elaborate needlework," say the secretaries, "and our aim is to improve the work, as well as to benefit the worker. If only purchasers would not run after cheap goods, we should be more hopeful."

"If only!" This is the root of the evil. The buyer supports the sweating system by his or her craze for making cheap purchases, and perhaps pays for cab or omnibus, to save a few farthings. But we are only repeating what has been said before hundreds of times, and only wish each individual would take to heart the condition of the underpaid, and resolve to do something, however small, to ameliorate it. There seems, at the moment, no better plan than helping on co-operation of workers, not as a charity, but as a duty, and so to encourage these overtasked women and those who would help them to strive after better things than starvation wages.

Any one who has books, or flowers, or hospital letters to spare, may encourage them incidentally. There is a library connected with Carteret Street. "I have read all the books over and over," pleads an intelligent-looking member, as she glances up from the inevitable shirt. "We do like flowers; they are so cheerful!" puts in another; while we are told of a sick fund that would be aided by the letters aforesaid.

"And you make no appeals?" somebody asks. To avoid a direct answer, we will bid adieu to Carteret Street, and take a flying leap, after the manner of the gymnast of the trapeze, into Whitechapel. Tenter Street East is not far from Aldgate Station, but it is less easy to find than Carteret Street, because there are four Tenter Streets, as puzzling as the points of the compass, after which they are named. "New Buildings" are, however, conspicuous and imposing. The first floor of No. 1 is devoted to our seamstresses. The rooms are not so large as those of Carteret Street, but are light and airy. About twelve women are at work here, under the direction of an experienced forewoman. They reside in different parts; some near at hand, and others at a distance. One tells us that she comes daily from Hatton Garden; another from Poplar. They are all thankful for regular work and pay, and when a rumour got afloat that Tenter Street Registry was to be given up, they showed their appreciation of it by their entreaties for its continuance. But more orders are needed to make this branch wholly self-supporting, though it is in contemplation to found another in the East End as soon as possible. Were there an increase of work, more women could be employed, since the rooms are capable of holding additional workers. To quote once more from the last report: "The object now is to make the scheme more widely known, in the hope of obtaining a larger number of private orders, and also some contract work from City firms and public institutions."

When we consider that by paying the seamstress direct, as is done here, she can earn from eightpence to three-and-sixpence for a single shirt, it would seem impossible that women can be found willing, nay, eager, to make a dozen for sevenpence or eightpence. Yet in the report of the special committee, to which we have already referred, cases are mentioned on unquestionable authority which proves this fact. One woman works from seven A.M. to eleven P.M. Another has "sat up till twelve or one o'clock" to earn about a shilling a day, by making from a dozen and a half to two dozen shirts. A third, a shirt-finisher, whose eyes are bad, "can earn only fourpence halfpenny per diem!" This is white slavery indeed!

We need not say that this work is coarse, and done chiefly by machine; done also in close, fetid rooms, and under the sweating system. In Tenter Street efforts are being made to improve the work, and to stimulate the worker to strive after perfection. If we all did our best both for ourselves and our fellow-creatures, the world generally, and our seamstresses in particular, would be more prosperous than we find them. Never, perhaps, in England's history has so much been attempted to better the condition of the poor as now. More than twenty years ago Edward Denison was one of the pioneers in this undertaking, and lived and died in struggling to benefit the very poor. Here, in Tenter Street, we have the privilege of meeting his sister, who is "spending and being spent" literally for a similar end. She is honorary secretary of this branch of our Association, and her presence forcibly reminds us of him who, in 1867, took up his temporary abode in Philpot Street, Mile End Road, in order to see for himself the condition of the East End of London. He died in 1870, at Melbourne, where he was sent in the vain hope of restoring exhausted energies.

If "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church," surely the life and death of the Christian philanthropist is the seed that shall bear fruit in the Great Harvest. That most difficult question of how to benefit the poor is ever recurring. They will not always be



TIRED OUT.

benefited, and do not see things as the social reformer sees them; but they almost all agree in the demand for honest work and fair wages. This is what our needlewomen crave, and we ask the public to encourage them by helping on such co-operation as shall tend to emancipate them from the chains forged round them and their work by the middlemen, as they are called, who swallow the oyster and give them the shells. It is of the system and not of individuals that complaint is made; but each "individual" must answer to Almighty God for his responsibility in the matter. Let us then substitute clean and healthy workrooms such as these for the unwholesome, overcrowded dens described by the Royal Commission.

It is quite possible to obtain fresh air, even in the calumniated East End, and a very respectable amount of sunshine and something like ozone penetrate through the large open windows of these high and substantial "New Buildings." One girl who sits in the window, "into the light," so to say, wears spectacles. She is doing minute running, and has imperfect sight; another manages a sewing machine in another window; while the rest work at the long tables. There is a neighbour room undergoing a cleansing preparatory for more workers, if the "benevolent public" will send orders. Mending as well as making is done here, and constant communication is kept up between west and east, so that the finer work is sent to Carteret Street. One is surprised at the quiet. A bewildered author or editor might even find repose here. Moreover he might, perchance, get his works out, for the basement is occupied by printers. We wonder how the sweating system affects them? We wonder at all these social problems and social evils, and wondering, take our leave of Tenter Street, with many prayers and good wishes for our sisters. May He who sees and knows all their needs, bless the efforts made to help them, and graciously guide those who are struggling to lift them from the darkness and misery of oppression into the light and hopefulness of liberty.

"VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ"

AND

POEMS OF THE BRIC-À-BRAC SCHOOL.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Poets Oversea," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

Even the most rigid purist who would fain employ no alien words to express himself, must at times find the clear fountain-head of English undefiled—the glossary of Master Geoffery Chaucer — unequal to his need. There are things "made in England" that have yet no English name. It would be needless to multiply instances, since the title of this article supplies a pertinent one. The poetry known as *Vers de Société* refuses to fit into any of the usual classifications of English literature. It belongs to neither epic, dramatic, didactic, reflective, narrative nor comic poetry. Nor need it be a lyric any more than a parody. Yet it may contain qualities of each and all these orders of verse, while obstinately declining to be labelled with either. Demanding a class to itself, with a special designation that shall express its possibilities without narrowing its range, we are well-nigh compelled to use the French idiom, that, as we understand it in this connection, refuses to be paraphrased. To supplant the imported title by a native phrase has been often attempted, and failed as often. "Society Verse" is naturally the first to suggest itself. But the bald transliteration of the words fails to satisfy the demand. The French phrase, although used by Parisians for precisely similar writings, has to English ears a more vague and yet a more technical sound. Even as an example of "the French spoken by people who do not speak French," *nom de plume*, expresses more than "pen-name," and infinitely more than either *nom de guerre*, which is French, but cannot be paraphrased in English, or "pseudonym," which is supposed to be our own vernacular.

So "Society Verse" would be too rigid, and yet too elastic; it would admit Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, and keep out Praed's *Quince* and *The Vicar*, if it were taken to mean verse treating of "Society" only. Nor if, as another critic suggested, we take "Verses of Society" as opposed to solitary and individual poetry, do we get nearer the goal. "Patrician Verse" is too select; "Debonair Verse" too suggestive of trifling, and only trifling; yet with "The Five o'clock Tea School," "Bric-à-brac Verse," they have all something to recommend them, even as Mr. Austin Dobson's *Proverbs in Porcelain*, and Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballades in Blue China*, conveyed by paraphrase a hint of the fastidious and exquisite contents of the volumes they entitled. But none of these could be accepted as generic names, and we are again forced to the conclusion that the more popular one is the best for practical use.

The poetry we would differentiate is elusive in its characteristics. Unlike the sonnet, a question of form is quite of secondary importance, except that should a form be adopted it must be stringently enforced. Nor is the subject much easier to define. In the right hands and with the right touch almost any subject is suitable. A well-known authority has said, indeed, that if the piece be "poetry" it is no longer *Vers de Société*. This is too delicate a question to settle here, and we would rather believe that true poetry may be found in these daintier trifles, as often as in ponderous epics, or monumental sonnets. What *Vers de Société* should be has been discussed often enough; but for the most part the writers have been more concerned in pointing out the qualities that disenfranchised its claim, rather than the needful qualifications to substantiate it.

Mr. Frederic Locker, a past-master of the craft, has prefaced one of his volumes, the *Lyra Elegantiarum*, with a confession of faith. Among other things he considers *Vers de Société* need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life. Subjects of the most exalted and of the most trivial character may be treated with equal success, provided the manner of treatment is in accordance with the following characteristics. Continuing, "he ventures to submit, in his judgment, genuine *Vers de Société* and *Vers d'occasion* should be short, elegant, refined and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high, it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced; while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish and completeness. For however trivial the subject-matter may be — indeed, rather in proportion to its triviality—subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution should be enforced." Although inadequate as an exhaustive example, yet this little poem by Matthew Prior "To a child of quality five years old, 1704, the author being then forty," may serve as illustration.

"Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passion by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms' beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby hair.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
The rhymes some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move
'Tis so ordained (would fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it."

Here the tone of mock courtesy is not allowed to become burlesque, nor is it wanting in a real undercurrent of pathos and genuine feeling, and above all is never offensively familiar in its tone. D'Israeli the elder, in his *Miscellanies*, has a very sympathetic chapter on *Vers de Société*—"pieces that commonly go under the title of poetical amusements." But he points out that "these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors as works of a more serious nature." "This species of poetry," he adds, "has been carried to its utmost perfection by the French. It has been discriminated by them from the mass of poesy, under the apt title of *Poésies légères*. Its writers have formed a body of this poetry which no European nation can rival, and to which both the language and genius appear to be greatly favourable." While this last clause was true in 1840 of the French, as it is still, yet we can show an average of similar work beyond anything then published. True, the quality of Praed, Thackeray, and Landor is not quite equalled by the rank and file; but the mechanism is neater and more studied. Those who lead the van to-day, add to the fancy of Praed, the humour of Thackeray, and the conceits of the older writers, a certain exquisite finish of rhyme and rhythm that is present only in the very best examples of earlier work. The allowable rhyme, a pestilent heresy of the past, is abhorred of modern poets.* To

* As one has said, "The union of sound alone constitutes rhyme. You do not match colours by the nose, or sounds by the eye. A shilling is a shilling; what the vulgar call a bad shilling is no shilling at all."

this end, of mere external polish, the cult of the *ballade*, *villanelle* and the rest of the set forms no doubt contributed. At one time there seemed a danger of the whole field of *Vers de Société* being inundated by the new fanciful verses. Now the reaction has caused them to be unduly disdained; but the triumphs in these Gallic bonds—of Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Henley, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. A. C. Swinburne—to name but a few of those who essayed them—will ensure due regard being paid ultimately to a group that has such dignified examples in its bounds.

In another part of the essay before quoted, D'Israeli touches lightly upon a very important point when he says—"Genius will not always be sufficient to impart that grace of amenity." Many of the French nobility who cultivated poetry have, therefore, often excelled in these poetical amusements than more professed poets." In other words, they are often best when written "by gentlemen for gentlemen." That is to say, they assume scholarly appreciation in the reader equal to that of the writer; who is for once playing with his subject. For instance, if a Greek word naturally occurs, it should come with no apology—or a parallelism in the next line to convey its meaning to the unlettered—but employed merely as one perfectly understood by the reader.

To turn to Praed's pages in search of examples is a bewildering task, for he fixed the type to a great extent—and for many years the rather heavy eight-lined verse he adopted was the ordinary form for the lighter poetry of the day. These excerpts from *The Vicar* will show his delicate handling:—

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when by dint of page and line
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome to Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verse,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords,—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

* * * * * *

Where is the old man laid?—look down
And construe on the slab before you
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

Although due allowance must be made for the passing whim of the hour in pronunciation, yet one doubts if "horses" was ever a good rhyme for "courses," or "before you" and "lauru." Not that it is needful to pick holes in such prettily woven stuff, but just to note that year by year the purity of rhyme and absolutely faultless mechanism is more and more insisted upon. So men who attempt to write verse to-day plead in vain for allowable rhymes and distorted grammar. The precedents he may find cannot be held to excuse any slips of either kind.

But although the laws of its mechanism be rigid, its theme and expression is subject to no restriction. The metaphor or simile, the latest term of exact science, the name of a well-known tradesman, the newest heresy, reference to out-of-the-way customs, or the very latest craze of modern society, may all be used if—and the *if* is insurmountable by most who venture—the poet can bring this heterogeneous mass of allusion into his verse with natural idiom and in due proportion to the scale of his poem.

Anything he touches must be lightly but unerringly expressed, the value of people, places, and things being adjudged according to the accepted, if unwritten, code of society, rather than by their conventional acceptation. Just because he is writing from inside the pale (the standpoint he has chosen), so he can afford to ridicule things an outsider must regard with awe. When he decries them he is, as it were, depreciating his *own*, and that has always been held a compliment to the audience; but to satirise or ridicule the faults and follies of a circle, from outside the limit, is not always deemed a compliment by the victims—or the audience either.

This last consideration seems to limit the *Vers de Société* to society; but it must not be forgotten that, although no lover of the thing itself would limit it to the one theme, yet every one allows that its most distinctive work is often found therein. One critic has said, "The primary meaning of the term is, I take it, that the verses affect to treat of the doings of persons who move in the artificial atmosphere known as 'society.'" But another has well replied, "Yes; but they treat of them in a specific way, that is fancifully or imaginatively, not merely with elegance or wit, though elegance or wit may be brought to the service."

So far we have discussed those who have tried to define this school of rhyming.

On the other hand, those who are concerned in showing what it is not, yield so many restrictions that it is hard to collate them.

We find that although it comes near, it never quite touches burlesque; that its writer stands ever on the verge of the field of Parody, but his chief merit is to trip along its boundary line and never tumble over; that it should not be too uniformly epigrammatic; that it should never be bitter enough for satire, or broad enough for comedy; that, if lively, it should be so without being vulgar—if serious, its touch of pathos must be only half expressed and believed in; and so on for a hundred other prohibitions, until one appears that is an axiom—it should never be dull.

What it should be may be roughly indicated—with all reserve, and a doubt whether such a dainty trifle could be roughly indicated. It should be scholarly to a fault, yet never pedantic; full of wit and fancy, yet not quite fantastic and hardly comic. Especially should it have a style marked by distinction as of those born to the purple, never aping modish ways, but rather ridiculing the vagaries of fashion and its followers; yet doing so from within the charmed circle, and with a half-conscious pride in the things it professes to consider laughable. Its form must be light and dainty, all the resources of the art of poetry used freely, but with absolute *naïveté*. Its rhymes and rhythms must be ultra-perfect, its similes easy and polished—yet as daring as only a perfectly-educated writer may venture. In short, if one tried to tabulate a series of laws and warnings only very few examples indeed would survive a searching examination; yet, in spite of all, we know it when we see it, or imagine that we do. For a peculiarly good specimen, the following, by Mr. Austin Dobson, deserves study:—

TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY.

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way."
Five Rules of Buddha.

I watch you through the garden walks,
I watch you float between
The avenues of dahlia stalks,
And flicker on the green;
You hover round my garden seat,
You mount, you waver. Why,—
Why storm us in our still retreat,
O saffron butterfly?

Across the room in loops of flight
I watch you wayward go;
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,
Review my books a-row;
Before the bust you flaunt and flit
Of "blind Mæonides"—
Ah, trifler, on his lips there lit
Not butterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up
Among my old Japan;
You find a comrade on a cup,
A friend upon a fan;
You wind anon, a breathing-while,
Around AMANDA'S brow;
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine,
A sterner purpose fills
Her steadfast soul with deep design
Of baby bows and frills;
What care hath she for worlds without,
What heed for yellow sun,
Whose endless hopes revolve around
A planet *ætat* One!

Away! Tempt not the best of wives,
Let not thy garish wing
Come fluttering over Autumn lives,
With truant dream of Spring!
Away! Re-seek thy "Flowery Land";
Be Buddha's law obeyed,
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand
Should slay . . . a future PRAED.

The "exquisite clarity" of Mr. Austin Dobson's style has been so daintily analysed by Mr. W. E. Henley, that an extract from his criticism of this very poem will convey more than I could hope to impart in many pages of well-intentioned superlatives. "Could anything be better (he says) than this poet's remonstrance *To an Intrusive Butterfly?* The thing is instinct with delicate observation, so aptly and closely expressed as to seem natural and living in the facts observed. . . The theme is but the vagaries of a wandering insect; but how just and true is the literary instinct, how perfect the literary *savoir faire*. The words . . . . are the very words in the language (it seems) that are proper to the occasion; and yet how quietly they are produced, and with what apparent unconsciousness they are set to do their work, how just and how sufficient is their effect! In writing of this sort there is a certain artistic good-breeding whose like is not common in these days." In another part of the same review, Mr. Henley speaks of Mr. Dobson's verse generally in words that might well be taken as the standard for all society verse-makers. "You think of Horace as you read, and you think of those among our eighteenth-century poets to whom Horace was an inspiration and an example. The epithet is usually so just that it seems to have come into being with the noun it qualifies; the metaphor is mostly so appropriate that it leaves you in doubt whether it suggested the poem, or the poem suggested it; the verb is never in excess of the thing it would convey; the effect of all is that 'something has here got itself uttered for good.'" These extracts may well close the first part of this article, for they embody all the charm of the poetry they praise, and at the same time set forth the ideal type of this school of versification.

IN TROUBLE.

It's a world o' sorrow an' care, lassie,
A world o' sorrow an' care,
An' whiles we think we will surely sink,
An' can carry our load nae mair, lassie,
Can carry our load nae mair.

An' some are so silent an' stern, lassie,
Some are so silent an' stern,
That they think it weak our troubles tae speak,
However the hairt may yearn, lassie,
However the hairt may yearn.

An' some are so gentle an' kind, lassie,
Some are so gentle an' kind,
That we find relief in trouble an' grief
By tellin' them a' our mind, lassie,
By tellin' them a' our mind.

But naebody ever will ken, lassie,
O naebody ever will ken,
How much we hide that we canna 'bide
Should be seen by the eyes o' men, lassie,
Should be seen by the eyes o' men.

There's One sees through an' through, lassie,
There's One sees through an' through,
An' better than a' whatever befa',
He's gentle, an' kind, an' true, lassie,
He's gentle, an' kind, an' true.

We'll tell Him our sorrow and care, lassie,
We'll tell Him our sorrow and care,
For hope aye springs where true faith clings;
It's doubt that's the cause o' despair, lassie,
It's doubt that's the cause o' despair.

T. H.



MY TWO OLD LADIES.

CHAPTER I.

If you ever take a walk in so unfashionable a part of London as Brixton, you will doubtless have noticed the innumerable small streets of dull, shabby houses which branch off from the main road in all directions.

They are all more or less built after the same pattern, and all possess small front gardens, mostly adorned with little besides a few shells and some coarse, smutty grass, frequented chiefly by stray mongrel dogs, and ugly, half-starved cats, between whom a deadly feud reigns.

The appearance, however, of both houses and gardens varies according to the taste and means of the owners, thus breaking the monotony somewhat; so, roughly speaking, they may be divided into three classes.

The first class comprises gardens which show some attempt at keeping alive a few cheap common flowers round the borders, with, perhaps, a broken-nosed statue in the middle of the grass-plot, or a couple of highly ornate stone vases on each side of the door-steps; while through the open windows one perceives white lace curtains, and polished round tables covered with crochet mats, on which repose, under glass shades, baskets of wax flowers and fruit, or elaborate photograph albums.

These houses, I need scarcely add, are looked up to by all the neighbours, and viewed by the inhabitants with no small content as models of elegance.

The second class includes gardens kept neat and clean but unadorned, with houses to match, the proprietors being either too poor or too indifferent to do more than keep them respectable; while the third class embraces those overflowing with dirty, quarrelsome children, whose gardens are merely waste places, where the refuse of the neighbourhood is flung, and whose houses are slatternly and squalid.

It is to one of the second-class houses I desire to draw your attention, if you will but condescend to notice it.

Most emphatically, it is shabby-genteel.

The glory of imitation-marble figures is unknown to its garden, and the very shells on the weedy little grass-plot have a faded, apologetic air; but yet the neighbours speak of the occupants of that house with bated breath, and the rough men address them respectfully, while the women drop curtseys to them; for it is somehow understood that they are above the seedy clerks and needy seamstresses who lodge all round them.

Wild, vague rumours are afloat concerning the early life and history of the two Miss Yorkes, and the fact that one is blind adds to the interest they excite.

Yet, if all were known, how little romance was contained in their lives up to some time back.

Governesses in their youth, they had been swept aside by the march of progress, and being neither certificated nor capable of more than music, English, and elementary French, they found that no one required their services, desiring Latin, astronomy, and other studies, of which the two ladies had only a dim notion that they existed.

It is true that the younger sister, Beatrice, had a pretty taste for painting on china, and gave a few lessons in it; but they were badly paid, and no one seemed very enthusiastic over it, or very desirous of buying the results of her work; so when their great-aunt left them a small legacy, they decided to retire on that and their meagre savings, taking up their abode in Appleton Street, off the Brixton Road.

At that time the blindness which afterwards set in had not made its appearance, and both seemed content with their lot in life.

Miss Anna was the elder sister—very small, quiet, and rather feeble; while Miss Beatrice was small too, but brisker and sharper in manner, as befitted her few years' additional youth; nor did she possess so sweet a temper, as Mrs. Jennigs, the landlady, could testify, though she described them both as "respectable old bodies," and neither she nor they thought it probable that any change could take place, or that she would have to look for other tenants.

Their faded faces, gray hair, and quaint old-fashioned dress, were well-known objects in Appleton Street, where they took their daily walk, rarely venturing into the main road.

One day they happened to do so, instigated thereto by Miss Beatrice; but the noise and confusion so bewildered them, that they were only too glad to get back into their own shabby little street, and never repeated the experiment.

Their days were spent in a quiet routine, which by no chance altered. No letters ever came to them, nor did they write any; and summer and winter brought no change, for their slender income did not admit of country holidays, nor did they seem to desire any.

Thus matters had gone on for more years than I can tell you, until one day arrived destined to change their lives for a time at least, if not for ever.

The eventful morning dawned in a very ordinary way, with nothing about it to distinguish it from the many mornings which had preceded it that hot month of August.

The old ladies had risen at their usual hour, had eaten their frugal breakfast, and settled down to their ordinary routine of life.

Miss Anna sat at the centre table with a basket of mending beside her, and Miss Beatrice, in the window, was dabbling in



FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES SANT, R.A.

paints and china plates, the only really unnecessary luxury the sisters indulged in.

A messenger-boy came briskly up the street whistling gaily, ran up their little garden, ascended the steps, and gave a resounding double knock at the door, which caused Miss Beatrice, a plate in one hand and a brush in the other, to drop the former in alarm, while Miss Anna ran her darning-needle into her finger.

"I daresay it is a message for Mrs. Jennigs, dear," said the latter gently, in reply to her sister's impatient exclamation and subsequent lamentations over the broken china.

She was wrong, however, for Mrs. Jennigs in person appeared at the door holding a letter carefully between the corners of her apron, and said apologetically: "'oping as 'ow you'll excuse me, mem, but my 'ands is that dirty I'm quite ashamed to be seen!"

Miss Anna, to whom this speech was made, stared in mild bewilderment, and observed falteringly: "Are you certain it is for us, Mrs. Jennigs?"

"Deed, yes, mem," returned that lady, somewhat offended; "I can read writin' as plain as print, thanks to the schooling my mother gave me, and my heyesight ain't yet so bad, thank 'eavens, but what I can see without specs!"

"I am sure I beg your pardon," murmured Miss Anna, quite overcome by the volubility of this last address, and taking the letter as if it might sting her.

The landlady retired with a nicely mingled air of slight offence and profound indifference, though she was in reality burning with curiosity to know what the mysterious envelope contained.

Miss Anna meanwhile sat with it in her hand helplessly gazing at her sister.

"I am really quite afraid to open it," she said piteously, "for it is so long since we had a letter, and I cannot imagine who it is from."

"The quickest way will be to look inside," answered the brisker Miss Beatrice, taking it from her and resolutely breaking the official-looking seal. "Who knows if some one has not left us a fortune," she added jestingly, as she unfolded the contents.

Miss Anna did not answer, so she proceeded to read aloud, in breathless amazement, the following epistle:—

178, Bedford Row.

MADAM,—We have the honour to inform you that we have business of importance to communicate which will necessitate a private interview later on, but meanwhile our confidential clerk, Mr. Dudry, will wait upon you to-morrow morning at an early hour unless we hear to the contrary.

We have the honour to be, Madam,
Your obedient servants,
(Signed) H. W. REDTAPE AND SON,
Solicitors.

At the end of this astounding document Miss Beatrice raised her eyes to her sister's face, exclaiming, "This ought to have been delivered last night apparently, so he may be here any minute. But what does it all mean?"

As she spoke she turned to the window, and caught sight of a dapper little man bearing in his hand a blue bag, who was just in the act of walking up the garden.

"Here he is," she went on in a flutter, sweeping the basket of mending unceremoniously under the sofa, "and we have not even got our best caps on!"

A few minutes afterwards he was ushered into the room by Mrs. Jennigs, who was too curious to depute this office to her little "slavey," and whose face of astonishment was ludicrous to behold.

With a bow and a smile he commenced in a bland, insinuating tone of voice. "I believe I am speaking to the two Miss Yorkes, formerly of Jessamine Cottage, Dorking, in the county of Surrey, and now residing at 21, Appleton Street, Brixton?" at the same time handing them a card bearing the name of "Charles Dudry, of the firm of H. W. Redtape and Son."

Miss Anna was so stunned by these rapidly succeeding events, and this uncanny acquaintance with the abode of their youth, that she could not say a word, but her sister answered for her.

"Yes, sir, you are quite right. Pray take a seat."

"I thank you, madam," replied Mr. Dudry, suiting the action to the word, and placing his blue bag on the table. "You are doubtless prepared for my visit?" he added inquiringly.

"We have but just received your letter, sir," said Miss Beatrice, for Miss Anna was still speechless.

"Ah, indeed! that must be looked into," was his answer; "but anyhow I can proceed to my business, which is, firstly, to bespeak your best attention, and I have no doubt I shall obtain it, when I say that my news is of an agreeable nature. It is no less than the fact that a large fortune has been left you!"

"How can that be?" queried Miss Anna, speaking for the first time since his arrival. "We have no relations likely to leave us anything, let alone a fortune."

Mr. Dudry, who had imagined she was dumb, looked keenly at her, while he answered: "My dear madam, you should know better than I; but, surely, you had an aunt, who quarrelled with her mother, and went to America with her husband, had you not?"

Miss Anna was so alarmed at this fresh instance of intimate acquaintance with the family history that she relapsed into her former silence; but Miss Beatrice broke in eagerly, "Yes, yes, and we've never heard of or from her since."

"Quite so, dear lady, quite so," replied the confidential clerk, with the air of one accustomed to family squabbles. "Well, it appears that the husband was lucky out there, and they became very rich, so, having no children, they decided to leave it all to you. The husband has long been dead, but the widow, who only died some few months back, has faithfully made over to you the whole fortune, with no reservations whatever. Truly a most generous gift."

"How much is it?" asked Miss Beatrice.

"That, dear madam, will be for my principal to explain; but I may say that it is sufficient to warrant your keeping a carriage, living nearer the West End, and enjoying what social pleasures you care for. However, as I said before, Mr. Redtape will tell you all particulars when you call on him to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, if that hour suits you."

The old ladies assented, and accompanied their visitor to the door in strange excitement, and then sat down to ponder over the wonderful news, and talk in subdued whispers of their rich aunt who had bequeathed them this unexpected wealth.

Miss Anna, in the openness and innocence of her heart, would have told Mrs. Jennigs at once; but Miss Beatrice advised silence, to which she reluctantly consented.

So the day passed slowly by, all the more so because they could not settle down to their usual occupations, but could only employ themselves in getting out the somewhat rusty black silk gowns and quaint black satin bonnets (generally worn exclusively on Sundays) for the momentous visit next day.

Poor Miss Anna, unused to having anything to conceal, felt herself redden guiltily every time Mrs. Jennigs' eyes lighted on her, and Miss Beatrice wore a suppressed air of excitement which brought a pink flush to her faded cheeks, and gave her almost a youthful air.

The longest day comes to an end at last, however, and the two Miss Yorkes retired to bed early to gain strength for the fatigue they had to undergo.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLASS IS RISING.



How often before starting for an outing in the country do we hear the master of the house, after consulting an instrument which hangs on one of the walls of his hall, remark with delight, "The glass is rising!" From long usage we have come to associate this remark with a hope of fine weather, and to look for macintoshes, thick boots, and umbrellas when we hear that the "glass has fallen." What is this much-believed-in prophet? How comes it that he knows and tells us things about that otherwise most inscrutable subject—the weather?

As when young we take all that is given us by kind and indulgent parents without thinking of the possible toil and trouble expended in obtaining what we may desire; so we profit by the information given to us by this instrument without thinking of the wonderful ingenuity of its mechanism or the thought entailed in its invention. We are familiar with it as our fathers before us, and its history does not trouble the greater number of us. But is it not better to thoroughly appreciate what this instrument tells us, and to have some idea of how it comes by its most useful knowledge? Let us then go into the hall and have a chat about the weather-glass.

The scientific men call our weather-glass a "barometer," which really means a thing for estimating weight. You will presently understand why it is so named. You know that our globe is surrounded by what we call our atmosphere, and which is composed of the air which we breathe, and without which we could not live. Now, strange as it may appear to you at first sight, this air exercises a pressure on everything on the surface of the globe, and it has been estimated that the pressure exercised on the body of a middle-sized man is equal to about sixteen tons. Of course the body could not withstand such a pressure were it not exercised in all directions equally.

Now in the year 1643 a pupil of the celebrated Galileo, whose name was Torricelli, conceived the notion of estimating the pressure exercised by the atmosphere, and he proceeded in the following way. He took a piece of glass-tubing and sealed it at one end; the tube was about a yard long and of a quarter of an inch in its diameter inside. He filled this glass tube with mercury, and then keeping his thumb over the open end, inverted the tube, placing the open end into a trough of glass filled with mercury also. When he

removed his thumb the mercury in the long tube descended a little and then came to rest at a certain point (See Fig. 1). How is it that the mercury remained elevated in the glass tube? And how did it help Torricelli in his wish to estimate the pressure of our atmosphere?

It is apparent that the mercury in the trough was under pressure of the ordinary atmosphere, and that that pressure was communicated to the column of mercury in the tube. Now, had the upper end of the tube been open the mercury would have fallen, because the pressure on the top of the mercury in the tube would have been the same as that in the trough; but the tube is closed at the top and so no pressure is exercised on the top of the column. Now, we said that the mercury in the tube descended a little in the tube, that was because the pressure on the trough was insufficient to sustain the mercury up the full length of the tube. What is between the upper end of the column of mercury and the top of the tube? Absolutely nothing. It is what is known as a vacuum, and produced in this particular way, it is called a "Torricellian Vacuum," after Torricelli.

It occurred to another scientific man, called Pascal, that if it really was the atmosphere which caused this elevation of the mercury, then the higher up the experiment was done the lower the mercury would stand, because, he argued, if one went higher up there would be less atmosphere to press the mercury in the trough, and consequently the column of mercury would not be held up so high in the tube. He therefore asked a friend to repeat the experiment made by Torricelli at a much greater altitude; this was done on the top of the Puy de Dôme in Auvergne, with the result that the mercury was found to be several inches lower.

This experiment immediately proved that the height of the mercury depended on the weight of the atmosphere pressing on the trough, and, consequently, the higher we rise on the earth's surface the lower the mercury falls. After a certain number of trials we can, by means of the barometer, estimate the height that we have walked up a mountain.

Scientific men generally speak of two kinds of variation in the weather-glass, the "daily" and the "accidental" variations. The "daily" variations occur every day at certain hours of each day, and the "accidental" depend on variations of wind, temperature, and climate generally. It is said that in tropical countries, where there is a considerable freedom from accidental variations, the daily variations occur with wonderful regularity, so much so that by these barometrical changes the time of day may be determined, and the weather-glass becomes a clock! There the mercury sinks from mid-day till about four in the afternoon, and then rises to its greatest height at ten in the evening; from this time it commences to sink again until four in the morning, from which time it rises till about ten in the morning.

"But," you may ask, "what has all this variation, due to a change of pressure, got to do with the weather?" Let me try and explain to you the rationale of its action.

When the temperature of the atmosphere rises, the mercury in our weather-glasses falls; why is this? It is because the air on being heated becomes rarefied and lighter, and consequently less pressure is brought to bear in the trough of mercury. Still this tells us nothing about the weather; rises and falls of the barometer are not necessarily *connected* with good or bad weather, but are merely *coincident* with it. We know that when the barometer falls, rain frequently follows. This is purely due to the position of England; the south-west wind is hot, rarefies the air and causes the "glass to go down," but inasmuch as in crossing the ocean it becomes impregnated with water it brings rain. The north-east wind, on the contrary, is colder, and consequently denser, and so the "glass goes up" on its arrival, and as it is a dry wind there is an absence of rain.

It has been also discovered that when the glass goes up suddenly, or down suddenly, bad weather may be anticipated. If the glass go down and remain steadily down, rain may be expected; if it goes slowly and steadily up, prolonged fine weather may be hoped for.

Now we know from many accurate observations that in fine weather the height of the column of mercury supported in the barometer by the atmosphere is about thirty inches; hence a table of heights and corresponding weathers has been made out; for instance, when it is thirty-one inches in height, the weather denoted is "very dry," when at thirty it is "variable," and between these two points heights are chosen representing "fine weather" and "settled weather," at twenty-nine inches the word is "storm" and between twenty-nine and thirty inches come "much rain" and "rain or wind."

Perhaps you may have noticed various sorts of barometers or weather-glasses in the houses of your friends; in some of them you see the whole column of mercury in the tube as in the "Admiral Fitzroy's" barometer, whereas in others you merely see a large circular dial with two fingers or pointers, one of which you can turn yourself. This last form is generally termed the "wheel barometer," and is very common in our houses in England. It consists of a long tube, as in Fig. 2, which is called a syphon barometer tube. On the lower level of the mercury, which really corresponds to the trough in Fig. 1, rests a light float, and from this a string is passed over a little pulley wheel, and to its other end a light piece of wood, even lighter than the float, is attached. As the level of the mercury varies, so the position of the float changes, and tightening or loosening the string turns the little pulley which has a small hand or pointer attached, and the hand which moves round the dial is this one.

The second hand is one which is generally turned from outside, until it comes to lie exactly over the other hand, so as to indicate accurately the spot at which the pulley-hand pointed at each previous observation; thus any slight variation on the part of the pulley-hand can be immediately noticed.

This form of barometer, though a favourite, is far from accurate, and it must be noticed that they are made to represent the varying conditions of weather at the level of the place where they are manufactured; for instance, a barometer made in Manchester might be perfectly accurate in its weather-records for that place, but would certainly not do for the top of Snowdon.

This brings us to the consideration of the estimation and measurement of height by means of the barometer. It would be a matter of great facility to estimate heights in this way if our atmosphere were equally dense throughout its whole height, but such is not the case, for as we ascend the atmosphere becomes rarer and lighter. For low elevations, however, it may be interesting to know that an ascent of nine hundred feet depresses the barometer one inch. That is to say, that, assuming the weather to be the same, and at a certain place your glass stood at thirty inches high, if you ascended nine hundred feet, you would find that the glass now stood at twenty-nine inches. For greater heights a careful set of tables can very easily be obtained.

"But surely you are never going to carry a great big weather-glass up a mountain to ascertain how high you have brought it!" I imagine some one of you to say. True! we have a splendid little substitute for our big glass in the little "Aneroid Barometer," as it is called; this is the little weather-glass which you have seen, which looks like a large watch. It is really a box which is exhausted of air,

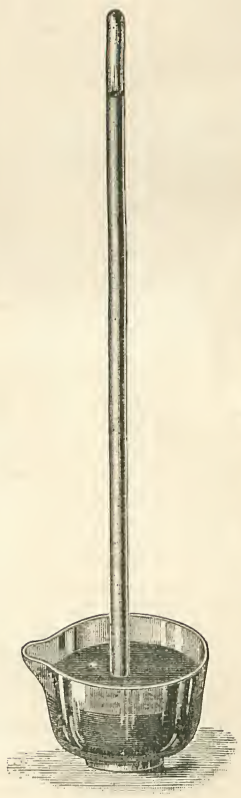


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

and which has a very delicate thin lid. When the pressure of the atmosphere acts on the lid it presses it in and, by means of a number of delicate little levers, the amount of pressure is indicated on a dial by a small hand. When the atmospheric pressure is diminished the lid bulges outwards, a spring pressing on it from within, and this act is also registered by the little hand. These barometers are carefully set and graduated by means of an ordinary mercurial barometer.

They are called Aneroid from two Greek words "ἀ," not, and "νηρός," moist, because no liquid is used in their construction.

And now, having discussed our ingenious little friend in the hall, and having had a chat about his antecedents and relations, let us leave him with a smile on his face indicating "Settled weather," and enjoy ourselves in the fields and lanes ere his mood changes, and he says, "Storm" or "Wind and Rain."

W. Lawrence Liston.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER II.

LA RUE ST. JOSEPH.



ONE afternoon about a fortnight after Averil Willmot had paid her visit to Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Harland stood on the deck of the small steamer in the gay port of Dinan, looking with amused eyes on the motley group collected on the quay. It was a lovely June day, and he had thoroughly enjoyed his little pleasure trip—for such he insisted on regarding it. He had earned a holiday, he had told Averil, and he had always longed to explore the Rance—it was such a beautiful river. It was his habit to combine pleasure with business, and he went to see Dinan, as well as interview Annette Ramsay.

"How I wish I had brought Louie with me," he thought regretfully, as he looked at the bright scene before him; the blue river, the green wooded heights, the yellow and brown houses that lined the quay. Some pigeons were fluttering in the sunshine; a black goat with a collar round its neck was butting viciously at a yellow mongrel dog; a knot, of gendarmes, ouvriers in blue blouses and soldiers with red shoulder-knots, were drinking in front of a shabby little auberge; some barefooted boys were sailing an old wooden tub in the river; a small brown-faced girl, in a borderless cap, scolded them from the bank—the boys laughed merrily. "Chut, no one minds Babette — where is the mast, Pierre?" Mr. Harland heard one of them say.

"Business first, pleasure afterwards—is not that the correct thing," thought Mr. Harland, as he climbed to the roof of a rickety little omnibus. "First I will go to the Rue St. Joseph, afterwards I will dine and reconnoitre the place. Perhaps it would be as well to secure my bed at the hotel, and deposit my portmanteau; the cocher will direct me," and Mr. Harland, who had a tolerable knowledge of French, was soon engaged in a lively conversation with the black-moustached individual who occupied the box.

La Rue St. Joseph was only a few hundred yards from the hotel; it was in a narrow winding street leading out of one of the principal thoroughfares. He had no difficulty in finding the house; it was a high narrow house, wedged in between two picturesque-looking buildings, with overhanging gables and broad lattice windows, and looked dull and sunless; its neighbour's gables seemed to overshadow it. As Mr. Harland rang the bell, a little wiry-looking old woman, with snow-white hair tucked under her coif, and a pair of black beadlike eyes, confronted him.

"What did monsieur desire?"

"Monsieur desired to know if Mademoiselle Ramsay were within."

"Mais oui, certainement, Mademoiselle was always within. Mademoiselle was for ever at her lace-work. Would Monsieur entrust her with his name? Doubtless he was the English cousin to whom Mademoiselle had confided her troubles. Monsieur must pardon the seeming indiscretion, but it was not curiosity that had prompted such a question."

"Madame, I grieve to tell you that Mr. Willmot is dead," began Mr. Harland; but Clotilde, uttering a faint shriek, burst into voluble lamentations which effectually prevented him from finishing his sentence.

"What disappointment, what chagrin! Mademoiselle would be inconsolable! She had raised her hopes so high, she had built her faith on this unknown cousin. How many times had she said to her, 'Clotilde, ma bonne amie, I have a presentiment that something pleasant is going to happen; in the morning I wake and think, now my cousin has his letter, he is considering how he can best help me. The English take long to make up their minds—they do nothing in a hurry.' And now la petite will hear she has no cousin; it is triste, inconceivable; but doubtless good will come out of evil."

"Madame," interposed Mr. Harland, as soon as he could make himself heard, "will you permit me to put two or three questions?"

"With all the pleasure in life. Monsieur must follow her within. Gaston's wife was at the market, buying herbs for the pot au feu; no one would interrupt them." And Clotilde, still talking volubly, ushered him into a dark little kitchen, with a red-brick floor, and a few glittering brass utensils on the shelves. A yellow jug of blue and white flowers stood on the closed stove; there were plants in the narrow window, some strings of onions dangled from the ceiling. Clotilde dusted a chair, and then folded her arms, and looked curiously at her visitor.

"I want you to tell me first how long you have known Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter?"

"How long!"—and here Clotilde's beady eyes travelled to the ceiling—"six, seven years; tenez, it must be seven years since the English madame took her rooms. Oh, she remembered it well; that day she was a trifle out of humour, she must confess that. Jean had put her out of all patience with his grumbling. Men, even the best of them, were so inconsiderate. I was standing at the door, monsieur, just turning the heel of my stocking, and I saw madame with her long crape veil, and a thin slip of a girl with black ribbons in her hat. 'You have rooms to let, madame?' she began. Hélas, the little black dog, was on my shoulders, and my answer was not as civil as usual, for I was still thinking of Jean's grumbles. 'Oh, as to that, the rooms were there, no one could deny the fact; but there were better ones to be had at Madame Dubois', lower down—folks were hard to please now-a-days.' But she interrupted me very gently. 'May we see your rooms? We could not afford very grand ones.' 'Madame might please herself; I had no objection.' I fear I was by no means gracious, for it had entered into my head all of a sudden that I was tired of lodgers; but in the end madame managed to conciliate me. The rooms did not please them much, for I heard madame say in a low voice—'They are not dear, of course; but then they are small and dark—almost oppressively so. I fear, Annette, that you will find them very dull.' 'But it would be better to be dull and keep out of debt, chère maman,' replied the girl; 'we are too poor to consider trifles.' Ah, mademoiselle was always one to make light of difficulties; so the rooms were taken after all; that was seven years ago, and now madame was in the cemetery."

"Was she ill long?"

"Yes, some months; but mademoiselle ever affirmed that she had changed for the worse from the hour she had received news of her husband's death. Grief does not always kill quickly, but all the same it was heart sorrow, and too much work, that led to her illness. Ah, she suffered much; but it was the deathbed of a saint—such resignation, such sweetness, no complaints, no impatience. If she had only been Catholic! but it was not for me to perplex myself with such questions; doubtless le bon Dieu took care of all that."

"But she grieved much at leaving her daughter?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur; but such grief in a mother is no sin. Sometimes she would say to me, poor angel—'Clotilde, my good friend, be kind to Annette when I am gone. She will be all alone, my poor child; but I must try and trust her to her Heavenly Father.' Many times she would say some such words as these. It was edifying to listen to her; if one could only assure oneself of such faith!"

"And Miss Ramsay has been with you ever since her mother's death?"

"Truly; where would la petite go? At least she is safe with me. It is a triste life for so young a creature—always that everlasting lace-work from morning to evening; no variety—hardly a gleam of sunshine. 'Oh, I am so tired,' she would say sometimes, when she comes down to the kitchen of an evening. 'Is it not sad, Clotilde, to be so young and yet so tired? I thought it was only the old whose limbs ache, who have such dull, weary feelings.' 'Chut, mon enfant,' I would reply, 'it is only the work and the stooping'; and I would coax her to take a turn in the Promenade des Petits Fosses, or down by the river. 'It is for want of the sunshine,' I would say in a scolding voice; 'the young need sunshine.' Then she would laugh, and put on her hat, and when she came back there would be a tinge of colour in her face; for look you, my monsieur, the rooms are dark, and that makes the petite have such pale cheeks."

Mr. Harland listened with much interest to this artless recital. He had gleaned the few facts that he needed, and now he begged Clotilde to show him to mademoiselle's apartment. She complied with his request willingly. As she opened the door, and preceded him up the steep staircase, he could hear a sweet, though perfectly untrained voice, singing an old Huguenot hymn that he remembered. The solemn measure, the soft girlish voice, affected him oddly. The next moment Clotilde's shrill voice broke on the melody.

"Mademoiselle, an English monsieur desires to speak with thee."

"At last—thank God!" responded a clear voice. "My cousin, you are welcome!" And a slim, dark-eyed girl glided out of the shadows to meet him.

The room was so dark that for a moment Mr. Harland could not see her features plainly, but he took her outstretched hands, and pressed them kindly, half drawing her to the one small window, that the evening light might fall on her face.

"Oh, you find it dark?" she said quickly. "Strangers always do; but I am used to it. If I sit here," pointing to a tall wooden chair beside her, "I can see perfectly; it is when one is unaccustomed that one finds it oppressive—only when one goes out the sunshine is sometimes too dazzling."

"That is why you are so pale, Miss Ramsay," observed Mr. Harland, with a pitying look at her thin drooping form and sallow complexion. The girl was not pretty, certainly, but it was the absence of all colouring that seemed to mar her good looks. She had well-cut features, a gentle, mobile mouth, and large dark eyes. As he spoke, she looked at him reproachfully.

"Why did you call me Miss Ramsay? Is that the English fashion, my cousin? You know I have never lived in England, and its ways are foreign to me; to a relative I am Annette—is it not so?"

"Yes, of course, you are perfectly right," replied Mr. Harland cheerfully; "you will soon be English enough, Miss Annette. The fact is, you have made a mistake; I am not your cousin, though I shall hope to be considered as a friend. Your cousin, Mr. Leonard Willmot, died two years ago."

"Il est mort!" with a sudden relapse into French, "Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" clasping her hands with a gesture of despair. "Is it my fate that everyone belonging to me must die? Then I am desolate indeed!"

Mr. Harland found it necessary to clear his throat; that young despairing face was too much for him.

"My dear Miss Ramsay," he exclaimed, "things are not as bad as you think. It is true that poor Willmot has gone—a good fellow he was, too, in spite of one or two mistakes—but his daughter is ready to be your friend; she is your cousin, too, so you have one relative, and she has commissioned me, as her oldest friend, to find you out, and offer you a home."

Annette's eyes filled with tears.

"A home! do you really mean it? Monsieur, will you tell me the name of this unknown cousin? Is she a girl like myself?"

"How old are you, Miss Ramsay?"

"I am nineteen."

"Well, your cousin Averil is seven-and-twenty, so she is older, you see, though she is hardly tall enough to reach to your shoulder."

"But I am not big myself—not what you call tall; my cousin must be a very little person, and she is quite old too—seven-and-twenty." And Annette looked perplexed.

"You are not as tall as my daughter Louie, but you are a fair height. Averil has never grown properly, but she is the nicest little person in the world when you come to know her. You are lucky, Miss Ramsay, you are indeed, to have made such a friend; for Averil is true as steel, and I ought to be a good judge, for I have known her from a baby."

"She must be very good. It is kind, it is more than kind, to offer me a home. I do not seem to believe it yet. Are you sure—are you quite sure, monsieur, that this is what my cousin intends?"

"Oh, I am not without proofs," returned Mr. Harland, touched by the girl's gentle wistfulness and anxety. "I have brought you a note from Averil herself; it is written in a great hurry, but I daresay you will find the invitation all right."

Annette's eyes brightened. She stretched out her hand eagerly for the letter.

"My dear Cousin Annette," it began; "your letter to my father has made me feel very sad. When my good friend, Mr. Harland, gives you this, you will have heard of my dear father's death. Had he been living, I know well how his kind heart would have longed to help you, you poor lonely child! But, Annette, you must allow me to act in his place. Remember, I am your cousin, too. While I live you shall not want a home. Mr. Harland will explain everything, and make things easy for you. Do not hesitate to trust him. He will guard you as he would his own daughter. I go to him in all my troubles, and he is so wise and helpful. His time is valuable, so if you will please us both you will make as much haste as you can in packing up your possessions, and then come to your English home. I will do all I can to make you happy, and to console you for past troubles. I do so love taking care of people. I have no time to add more.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"AVERIL WILLMOT."

"How kind, how good!" murmured Annette, as she put down the note; "it seems to me as though I love her already, this Averil."

"You will love her more by-and-by," returned Mr. Harland, in his cheery manner. "I expect you two will get on first-rate. Now, Miss Ramsay, I am a practical sort of a person. How long do you think it would take you to pack up your things, eh?"

"It is so few that I have," she answered seriously; "indeed, monsieur, I have only one other gown."

"So much the better—so much the better; then we can be off the day after to-morrow. Well, what is it?" as the girl glanced at him rather appealingly.

"It is only that there are one or two things that I must do," she returned timidly, "that is, if you will permit me, monsieur. There is the lace work to carry back to Madame Grevey; also I must make my adieux to old Manon Duclos—she is my good friend, although she is only a peasant; and"—hesitating still more—"there is the cemetery, and it is the last time, and I must take fresh flowers for my mother's grave." And here Annette's eyes brimmed over with tears, and one or two rolled down her cheek. "Monsieur, we were everything to each other, mamma and I."

"My dear child," replied Mr. Harland, hastily, "you shall have time to fulfil all your little duties. You are a good girl not to forget your friends. Would you like me to stay another day?"

"Indeed, no!" in a shocked voice. "How could I be so inconsiderate after my cousin's letter? Monsieur, you are too good. There is no need of so much time; by to-morrow afternoon it will be all done."

"If you are sure of that, I might call for you about four, and we would have a stroll together along the banks of the river. Shall you be tired? Would you rather that I left you alone?"

"I would rather come with you, monsieur: I ought to say, sir, but since my mamma died I have spoken no English, not a word—always it is the French."

"Very well, we will have our walk," trying not to smile at her childish naïveté. "I will call for you at four; and after our walk we will dine together. Good-bye, Miss Ramsay, or better still, au revoir."

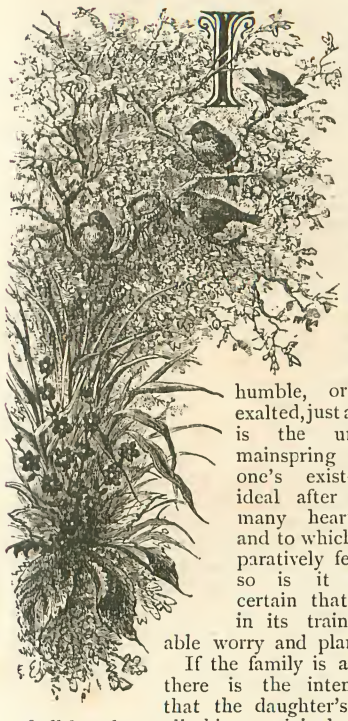
"Au revoir—that pleases me best," she said gently; "take care of that step, monsieur, the staircase is so dark."

"Now I must go to my Clotilde," she said to herself; "and tell her this wonderful thing that has happened."

(To be continued.)

HINTS ON AN INEXPENSIVE TROUSSEAU.

By AUNT MARGARET.



I SUPPOSE that there is nothing in the world that entails so much thought and trouble as a wedding. It is just the same in any rank of life, however humble, or however exalted, just as marriage is the unconscious mainspring of everyone's existence, the ideal after which so many hearts yearn, and to which so comparatively few attain, so is it absolutely certain that it brings in its train incalculable worry and planning.

If the family is a rich one, there is the intense desire that the daughter's trousseau shall be, above all things, original, and unlike the trousseau of anyone else who has ever existed! If poor, then every nerve must be strained, every penny saved, to enable the girl to go to her new home neatly and prettily clothed and appointed.

It is not by any means the richest girl who may have the prettiest or the smartest trousseau. For true taste exists, not in the amount of sovereigns that can be expended on a gown, but in the fashioning, and accompanying appointments of it. It does not follow that because a gown is purchased at a Regent Street shop that it shall be any more striking in its *tout ensemble* than the simple frock produced by the country dressmaker or the clever sewing-maid. The Regent Street gown may be worn with a Regent Street hat that is quite the wrong "motif" for the dress. Thus a smart, tailor-made frock, only wanting stiff collar and cuffs and a close hat and veil to be in perfect style, is ruined by being edged with frilling, and surmounted by a rustic flower-trimmed hat that would have been exquisite with a cotton gown.

There is more art in being well dressed than most people are aware of, and the natural taste, so conspicuous even among the very poor the other side of the English Channel, is often conspicuous by its absence among the upper ten thousand of our own native land.

I, Margaret Erskine, the "Aunt Margaret" of these pages, am an old maid, whose life would be a lonely one were it not for my nieces, who live in the same village, in the wilds of Lincolnshire. I write for an artistic paper, and am considered rather an authority on subjects connected with dress, although it is sometimes difficult to keep up with the prevailing fashions among green woods and meadows. But as my professional duties call me occasionally to London, I make it my habit to personally study shops and fabrics.

This is how it came to pass that my young niece, a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, came to me, one early spring day, with a wrinkle of perplexity on her white forehead, to throw her burden of trousseau difficulties at my feet. She was going to marry, in the following July, a young doctor, who had a rising practice in a provincial town in the North of England.

Her difficulties were great, for with a large family to provide for and educate, her mother and father felt that they could spare very little money with which to give their daughter a pretty trousseau; and poor Queenie was so fond of pretty clothes, that her fondness amounted almost to a passion. But she was a very good, unselfish girl, and as she sat there trying to keep the tears from her eyes, and telling me, in a would-be cheerful tone, how important it was for Walter's position that she should be well-dressed, and how anxious she was to go to her new home with clothes enough to last her for a long time to come, so that she might be independent of her husband's slender purse, I felt great sympathy with her.

"Mother said she was afraid I could only have twenty-five pounds for my trousseau because of Tom's going to school this term; but, auntie dear, how can I get everything for twenty-five pounds, and I know even that small sum represents pinching and saving for the whole family for a long time to come? And you know there is all the expense of the wedding itself, and mother is so anxious to have everything as nice as possible, because Walter's father and mother are very particular people."

"Very well, my dear," I said cheerfully, rising and going to my desk. "We must do what we can with a little. I have been arranging several trousseaux lately—one for a girl who is going to spend £500 on her clothes, and one for a clergyman's daughter, who can afford very little more than you can. So let us put our two wise heads together, and see what we can manage. To begin with, let me tell you that my present to you is £5, which may just as well go towards your trousseau," and so saying I put the bank-note into her hands. "That raises the sum we have to spend to £30." The poor child was most grateful to me, and that extra £5 brought the colour back to her cheeks, and the light of happiness to her eyes again; and Queenie Mordaunt was for the time being so successfully restored to joy and hope that I felt that my money had been well expended. "To begin with, my dear," I said, assuming a business manner, and consulting my notes with great earnestness, "we must consider the subject of underclothing, which is the most important one of all. You know, of course, that you will have to make every single thing, and that you must be contented with having a smaller number of each article than is contained in most trousseaux."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand that; and you know I am a very good needlewoman," she said brightly.

"Let us begin with nightgowns, of which I think you may find nine enough for your needs, the same number of calico combinations, and half a dozen camisoles for summer wear. You had better get 30 yards of calico at 6½d., 18 at 7d., and 8 at 5d., 24 yards of Valenciennes lace at 1s. 1d. the dozen, and 50 yards of embroidery at 3d. a yard. These will be all the materials you need for your underlinen, as far as nightdresses, combinations, and camisoles go. Twelve yards of flannel—6 of white at 11d. a yard, and 6 of red at 7d.—will make you four flannel petticoats, which will look very smart if you embroider them with flossine. Then you must have two white petticoats at 4s. 6d. each; a summer underskirt at 3s. 11d.; and a winter petticoat at 7s. 6d. At the same time get one pair of white "bridal" corsets, at 8s. 6d., and one pair of black at 7s. 6d.; an embroidered French twill toilet jacket at 6s. 6d.; and a very pretty, useful dressing-gown of marl beige, which you can get for the moderate sum of 12s. 11d. So here we have your list of underclothing:—

	£	s.	d.
56 yards calico	1	9	5½
24 ,, Valenciennes lace	0	2	2
50 ,, embroidery	0	12	6
30 ,, diaper, at 9d.	1	12	6
12 ,, flannel	0	9	0
3 skeins flossine	0	0	3
2 white petticoats	0	9	0
1 summer ,,	0	3	11
1 winter ,,	0	7	6
Toilet jacket	0	6	6
Two pairs corsets	0	16	0
Dressing-gown	0	12	11
Slippers	0	2	6
	£7	4	2½

"Those are very few things to possess, but they mean a great deal of work," said Queenie, rather ruefully; "and they have made a very big hole in my £30."

"I think that we are getting on very well indeed, my dear," I said. "And when your husband becomes a millionaire you can add all the many pretty things that are almost necessaries to this bare outline of strict necessaries. You know that Rome was not built in a day, and whenever you have a little money to spare, you can always spend it judiciously on your underclothes, and provide what I have not allowed you. Now for your gloves and stockings.

	£	s.	d.
4 pairs of black spun silk stockings, at 2s. 6d.	0	10	0
4 pairs of Lisle thread, at 1s. 11d.	0	7	8
8 pairs of black cashmere, at 2s. 6d.	1	0	0
2 pairs eight-button-length tan gloves for evening wear, at 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
4 pairs tan Suède gloves at 1s. 11½d.	0	7	10
1 pair Nantwich gauntlets	0	1	11½
3 pairs of Nantwich tan, at 2s. 6d.	0	7	6
	£3	1	11½

"Always remember," I continued, "that black stockings are the most economical wear; and that gloves, although they may not be of the finest quality, always look smart if they are fresh and clean. I am afraid I cannot give you as many boots and shoes as I should like on the small margin we have left.

	£	s.	d.
1 pair strong walking boots	0	15	9
1 pair strong shoes	0	12	6
1 pair of tan shoes	0	9	11
1 pair of tan evening shoes	0	6	0
1 pair patent court shoes	0	3	0
1 pair of black house shoes	0	7	6
	£2	14	8

Queenie was delighted with the list and illustrations of boots and shoes I showed her, and had decided hankerings after a pair of exquisitely-embroidered soft leather shoes with flaps, which cost the very moderate sum of

10s. 6d., but any such impossible desires had to be sternly repressed.

"And now, Queenie, we arrive at the most interesting subject of all—your gowns, and especially your wedding dress, which I am determined shall be white, as you are so young; or rather cream, which is more becoming to the complexion. I am quite tired of Liberty silk dresses, and I want your wedding gown, though simple, to be something out of the common; and as of course you can afford to give very little for it, it will require a good deal of thought. I have rather set my heart on a cream-coloured Indian muslin made with a plain skirt, edged at the bottom with three rows of narrow satin ribbon worked over in silver thread in this manner—a row of silver crosses webbed over the ribbon. The bodice made with a full waistcoat of silver embroidery or cream and silver gauze, and a line of the silver on the cuffs. Your hat must be made of the cream muslin, a Vandyke shape, with a bunch of silver wheatears and pale blue cornflowers, and your bouquet must be tied with blue and silver ribbons. You must wear tan gloves and shoes, and I rather think you will please Walter's fastidious taste in this rather fetching 'get up.'"

"It sounds lovely!" cried Queenie, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"You must have the whole idea carried out by a good shop, or it will look nothing. You ought, I think, to be able to get the dress and hat for about £4 4s., if you embroider the skirt yourself with the silver thread, which is quite easy to do, and they will of course be your wear for smart occasions for the rest of the summer. I should also get one of the charming boating gowns of navy serge, which look so well on cold summer days, and which cost two and a half guineas, and have a straw sailor hat to match, which will cost about 3s. 6d. I should get your village dressmaker—who I know is a capable woman if you keep a strict watch over her—to make you a *vieux rose* zephyr dress, a colour which looks so cool, and yet which has the advantage of keeping clean for a long time. The whole dress will cost you 28s. including the making. Then, as to evening gowns. You cannot afford to wear light ones, and must content yourself with a pretty black Russian net skirt, with materials for bodice, at £1 15s. 9d., and your little dressmaker will make you the bodice for 2s., so that it will not be an expensive gown. I should also get a perfectly plain lizard-green velveteen, without a morsel of trimming, cut low back and front, which you can have well made for £3.

"As you must have another hat of some sort, you had better buy a wire-shape, and cover it with pale flowers, perhaps roses; the floral toques are very easy to make, and yours will cost you 10s.

"You can get a very smart black serge jacket for £1 12s.; and by all means avoid a coloured jacket, as they so soon look shabby, and black ones are far more worn this year.

"You can get a good umbrella for 8s., and a neat parasol for 5s., which brings our total up to £28 19s. 7d.

"There are many other things that are really necessaries which you will have to forego; but as I know that you have a waterproof cloak in fairly good condition, and an ulster which you can do up for the winter with fur collar and cuffs, I don't think you are so much to be pitied, and I shall end your lists with a dozen fine cambric handkerchiefs at 12s., which will leave you with a margin of nine shillings for odds and ends, and tiny expenses that are sure to crop up.

"This is not by any means a perfect trousseau, mind, Queenie; but it is only an outline on which you can improve, and which is only meant to give you some idea as to the best way of dividing the sum of £30, and giving you a fairly complete trousseau."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Margaret. I am so much happier now, with some definite notion of my arrangements!" said my grateful niece, kissing me a warm farewell. She went back to her happy home, and blissful dreams of the future; and I stayed behind, at my own solitary hearth, thinking of the past, and finally rousing myself to jot down these ideas on paper, in the hopes that they may perhaps help some expectant bride whose ways and means are as limited as those of my niece.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

SCRIPTOR.—The small looking-glass set in the front of an organ is intended to enable the organist to see what is going on in the church behind him without turning his head round, so that he may play in accordance with the needs of the service.

KILLARNEY.—Eighteen is late to begin the study of music; but we cannot tell what your capabilities may be. The word "urceolate" means, shaped like a pitcher or an urn. "Urceole," which is probably the word you mean, is a vessel for holding water for washing the hands. The word is in the English dictionary.

M. F. E. ORMSBY.—You will find Myles B. Foster's operettas, published at sixpence each, by Weekes and Co., very suitable for charitable entertainments in the country.

EDUCATIONAL.

A WAYSIDE POSY.—You could get you sister to put the name down at several of the Governess Registries, and to put an advertisement in the papers. There is no other way of procedure.

LIZZIE S.—"The Independents" or "Congregationalists" hold that each church or congregation is independent of all others in religious matters, and that one church may advise or reprove another but has no right to excommunicate. This doctrine was first preached by Robert Brown in 1585, and a church was formed in London in 1593, when there were 20,000 "Independents." They were driven by persecution to Holland, where they formed several churches in 1616. Henry Jacobs returned to England, and founded a meeting house, and Oliver Cromwell, who was an Independent, obtained toleration for them. Declarations of faith were published in 1658 and 1833. The first Independents in Scotland were the Glassites. The first Independent church in America was founded at Plymouth, New England, in 1620. This account is taken from "Hayden's Dictionary."

MANUELLE ESTEVAN DE VILLEGES.—There is an excellent article in the "G.O.P.," page 461, vol. viii., on "How I Learnt to Read the Greek Testament," which will probably be of use to you.

SAD-HEARTED DUNCE.—We do not see why you should feel so discouraged, and think that you would do well to write and tell Miss Thoyts, Secretary of the "Sulhamstead Girls' Question Club" (specially designed for farmers' daughters) what you have told us, and she may be able to help you.

MISS M. J. C. POPE (T. C. D. Certificated).—We are happy to inform our readers that your "Corresponding Literary Union" has started a "Prize Examination Paper" (to be a quarterly one), for "Advanced English and French." A stamp to be enclosed by intending competitor, and addressed to Miss Pope, 102, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.

ART.

JOE.—There is nothing more difficult, nor needing more experience, than to decide on the painter of a picture *when you do see it*, but when you do not see it, and have only a slight description of it given you, it is not remarkable that we cannot answer. We do not know what you mean here by "cartoons of pictures." Do you mean, as is usually meant, the original studies for them? If so, they are "kept" everywhere all over the world; for by purchase and travel the drawings of old masters have travelled far and wide. There are many in the South Kensington Museum and Hampton Court, as well as in every museum and collection in the world.

ROSE.—The painting is carefully done, but we should require to see an original design before judging of your powers.

JUNO.—The paintings exhibited in the "Doré Gallery" are all the original works of that great painter. Besides, who do you think would dare to employ his signature in so felonious a way, and paint it in a corner of their own copy? And what company would venture to impose on the public, by exhibiting as the original works of any artist, mere copies by someone else? No one is at liberty to copy and dispose of the picture of another painter. Permission has to be obtained, and the fact of its being a copy only made evidence. The Law of Copyright would interfere.

WORK.

PATIEMMENT ATTENTE.—1. Everything connected with "Macramé Work," with many illustrations, is given in the "Dictionary of Needlework" (Gill, 170, Strand). Whether this, and some other description of work, be published at that office in separate form we are unable to say. 2. Use powdered chalk and camphor; but if your teeth have been neglected, and you fail in cleaning them thoroughly, begin by getting a dentist to set them right for you so far as may be possible, and then brush them night and morning at least.

A. CHRISTOPHER.—We could not possibly inform you of where you will be able to dispose of Macramé lace unless you get it taken into a ladies' work depository, and let it take its chance. But a percentage will be asked at such institutions, and there are rules in some of them restricting the depositors to persons whose pecuniary means and character have been more or less investigated in the first instance, and who are pronounced eligible for assistance. There is a depôt at Clifton: apply to Miss Read, 15, West Mall; and at Bath, 3, Edgar Buildings. Also at Reading, 66, Castle Street; and at 15, Baker Street, Portman Square, London. Hon. Secretary, Miss Lupton, "Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute."

DELA.—There are small manuals to be obtained with instructions in "Macramé."

COOKERY.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—We are much obliged to you for some new cookery recipes. "Caledonia Cream."—Take two ounces of raspberry jam, two tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar (sifted) and the whites of two eggs. Beat well together for three-quarters of an hour till quite stiff, pile high in a glass dish, and serve. "South Carolina Rice Pie."—Take about three pounds of cold roast beef, mince finely, and put into a stew-pan with one quart of water. Take an onion of medium size, and chop it finely; also, one large potato, and a large slice of fat salt pork; place with the beef into the stew-pan, adding pepper and a little salt, and boil steadily till the gravy be reduced two-thirds. During the boiling take one pint of rice, and boil, adding a little salt, in another saucepan; stir into it one large tablespoonful of butter, and two hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Then put the whole into a baking dish; cut two more hard eggs, and lay over the top; and press all well down into the rice, to prevent their drying up. Sprinkle with pepper, and serve hot. "American Cheese Cakes."—To one pound of flour rub in two ounces of butter and a little salt. Mix with about half a pint of water into a smooth firm paste, and roll it out. Take half a pound of butter, squeeze any water out of it, and lay it on the paste. Fold the paste over it and roll it out carefully, not letting the butter break through. Fold it over twice, and roll out again. If the weather be hot, lay it by to cool, then roll it out twice, again lay by to cool, and roll twice more. Line some patty-pans with it, and put into them some red currant jelly: and then drop a tablespoonful of the following mixture on each: one and a half cups of flour, one of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one-third of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, and a little vanilla. Mix, and bake in a quick oven. "Chantilly Basket."—Make a syrup of sugar; boil to the crackling height; dip the edge of some macaroons into it, and line a mould with them, the edges touching each other. When required, remove from the mould, and fill the basket with whipped cream or jelly.

L. S.—The treacle boils out of the ends of the pudding because you do not fold the paste at the ends firmly enough together, nor tie the cloth closely enough.

N. SANBROOK will find Phillis Brown's "A Year's Cookery," Cassell & Co., a very good one.

EMILIE.—Cold rice pudding would do for a home luncheon dish, but not for anything else. A mould of rice is, however, quite suitable, if you like it.

JANIE.—Have you ever tried stewing cucumbers in gravy or soup, flavoured slightly with onion and a little pepper? Many could take it thus who would fear it taken raw as a salad, with vinegar and oil. The cucumber, if a fair size, should be cut in two (across), and then in four longwise: in fact, as you would cut vegetable marrow. Serve it very hot.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY E. GRAHAM (Brisbane).—We have read your sketch with interest, and think you might, with practice, write very well. Begin with your own journals, and try to succeed at home.

THE RELIC, being a "certificated nurse," she ought to have no difficulty in getting her passage free to Sydney in return for her services. To do so she must advertise, and also go to the agents of the steamboat companies, who, perhaps, might allow her to leave a written notice in the office.

MADGE WILDFIRE.—There are ten mistakes in spelling in your short note, and we cannot help being of opinion that you had better think less of riding, driving, rowing, and smoking, and apply yourself to learning to spell. Where is your mother?

BROWNIE must have plenty of love and patience—the true levers to move other people to goodness. July 26, 1871, was a Wednesday.

MARGARET MCNEIL.--The duties of the chief bridesmaid is only to take the left-hand glove and the bouquet of the bride just before the wedding-ring is in requisition. Any little attentions relative to the re-arrangement of her dress, or any service she may require, should also be performed by the chief bridesmaid. You should put a little glycerine on your hands while still wet after washing, and dry them very thoroughly.

PRIMROSE.—A face-board is like a racquet or battledore in form, only made of a thin piece of deal and a hole cut in the centre to enable the wearer to look through it, forming a frame for the face, but covering the chin. The back board is a long equally thin piece of deal, broad in the middle so as to lie completely over the shoulder-blades, and the two ends on each side are only about an inch and a half wide, and perforated with a succession of little holes, for pegs of about three inches long. The hands are put up to hold these ends close to the shoulders; and the pegs prevent their slipping and keep the hands at an even position. The face-board should be secured under a waist-belt. We hope no one will ask for these descriptions to be repeated, as they have been often before given.

CREEPY-CRAWLEY.—The singing of the swan when about to die is a very old superstition. You will find this tradition about them recorded by Pliny (Nat. Hist. X., 23): "Swans, a little before their death, sing most sweetly." This superstition was derived by him from ancient mythology, which relates (in reference to this bird) that King *Daunus* slew *Diomed*, his guest, for having sacrilegiously wounded Venus with his sword. In consequence of this the companions of *Diomed*, lamenting his death, were changed into swans, which are said to chant melancholy dirges.

A LONELY ONE.—When those who mourn over their omissions, deficiencies, and wrong-doings (in thought and word, if not in deed), and who persistently pray for Divine help and grace in the all-prevailing name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if these persons continue in despondency it is because they have low views of Him as an all-sufficient Saviour. They have not accepted and realized the fulness of His promises, and they keep their eyes fixed on themselves instead of on Him. Go to Him just as you are; cast yourself on His covenanted mercy; ask Him for the help of His Holy Spirit, and strive earnestly to please Him in all you do, including your diligence in your daily work, and so you may "go in peace." We are *sorry to hear of* your illness, and suffering in so many ways.

AN ODD ONE.—If you go on a visit of a few days, much depends on the kind of house to which you go. You need a morning walking dress, in which you travel, and you want an every-day dinner (or evening) one. If likely to go to a flower-show or garden-party, you will require something more full-dressed than your every-day morning gown; and should you be likely to go out to a dinner or evening reception, you would of course require a full-dress one. But should you go to very quiet people, a travelling or morning gown (a best one), and an every-day evening (or dinner) one, will quite suffice.

O. I. L.—"The Girls' Own Indoor Book" and "The Girls' Own Outdoor Book" are to be had from our publisher (Mr. Pinn). We do not give addresses of the publications of the same nature brought out by other firms and societies. The books above-named are much illustrated, and are sold at 8*s*. each.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE FLOWERS' MESSAGE.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," etc.



"THE TROPIC-LADEN MONTHS, DREAMY AND SLOW,
MOVE TO THE MARGIN OF THE LONG AGO."

All rights reserved.]

"Oh! the flowers, the sweet, sweet, summer flowers,
Passing so soon away!
Curling leaves in woods and garden bowers
Foretell a cooler day.
The tropic-laden months, dreamy and slow,
Move to the margin of the long ago.

"With them go the flowers, and the incense that they bore
Perfume the Summer's track;
Empty vase, bare meads their loss deplore
Till she brings them back.
Oh, violet, lily, rosemary, and rose,
Soon cometh in your place the cold December snows."

THE VIOLET.

"Thou loving heart! I die not while I live
In memories kind and true;
Keep but the gentle lesson that I give
The winds to bear to you:
That if your life pass 'mid the shadows green,
Its influence may be further felt than seen."

THE ROSE.

"Keep watch for me, but go not far to seek;
I never long retire.
I leave my sisters blooming on your cheek,
Warmed by the heart's pure fire.
Guard that as holy. See my thorny fence,
Let yours self-reverence be, sweetness and sense."

THE LILY.

"Grieving for me, thou grievest for thy kin;
So lily like and strong
Is she who holds the beautiful within
Apart from strife and wrong.
She who lives out the life which God has given,
Shall bloom a lily 'mid the saints of heaven."

THE ROSEMARY.

"The odour that thou lov'st to thee shall cling
Through bright and cloudy days,
And faith its blessed light shall torch-like fling
Where reason hides her rays.
We will be company even to the tomb,
And prove how constant love can scatter gloom."

RECENT IDEAS ON DRESS REFORM.

BY THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

I.

THE subject of Dress Reform seems to be advancing; not quite in a direct line, but by enlarging its borders, so as to take in all other aids to health and good looks. Thus made interesting to the generality of women (for who does not wish to be both well and handsome?), we may expect to find that the abuses which have been so long combated, and fought in the front, will disappear, or be modified into harmlessness, when attacked on a side issue, and on a path which, apparently, one follows with good effect. The complaints of the Dress Reformers are now almost entirely directed towards the corset, and the evils caused by tight-lacing. But, taught by experience, they seem to have discovered—in America at least—that scientific reasoning fails to convince, or has any value for, the generality of women; and they discreetly open the question on another side, and try to prove that beauty, so far from lying in the direction of a wasp-like waist, or hour-glass figure, lies in good health, good colouring, and robust but gracefully rounded contours; so, to acquire these, must be our first and most anxious study.

The corset question has always been full of odd and curious things, and nothing more so than the following incident of the recent abolition of slavery in Brazil:—"The slaveowners have always agreed with Sir Frederick Leighton and consider that stays are ruinous to the female figure, and so their slaves were not allowed to wear them. It was no great privation. For centuries the slaves had got on very well without them, and as no slave was permitted to use them, none of the others could be jealous. Custom and rivalry being the two bulwarks which defend female folly against common sense and natural beauty, and, in this case, there being no such bulwarks, common sense and natural beauty triumphed. Then came the abolition of slavery. All the black women bought stays. The corsetières of Brazil have been absolutely the earliest persons to benefit by the change. Five hundred pairs of stays have been sold in a fortnight. The whole stock has been cleared out, new cargoes are expected, the negro mind is curiously agitated, and the negro bodies are already artificially compressed. It would be an interesting occasion for the medical statistician. The Venus de Milo figure will disappear in favour of the hour-glass outline, and the negresses of Brazil will know what it is to have a liver."

On the subject of the effect of the wearing of stays, and their too-tight use, I find that conclusions with respect to a few of the most palpable changes brought about by corset pressure have been tabulated by the *American Analyst* as follows:—

1. The maximum pressure at any one point was 1,625 pounds to the square inch. This was during inspiration. The maximum in quiet breathing was over the sixth and seventh cartilages, and was 0·625 pound.

2. The estimated total pressure of the corset varies between thirty and eighty pounds, and in a loose corset sixty-five pounds.

3. Within half a minute after hooking the corset such an adjustment occurs that a distinct fall in pressure results.

4. The circumference of the waist is no criterion of tightness. The difference between the waist measure with or without corsets gives no direct clue either to the number of pounds pressure or to the diminution in vital capacity. Relaxation and habit seem to affect these fractions.

5. The capacity for expansion of the chest was found to be restricted one-fifth when the corset was on.

6. The thoratic character of the breathing in women was largely due to corset wearing.

7. The thoratic cavity is less affected by the corset than the abdominal.

8. The abdominal wall is thinned and weakened by the pressure of stays.

9. The liver suffers more direct pressure and is more frequently displaced than any other organ.

10. The pelvic floor is bulged downward by tight lacing one-third of an inch.

This precise statement is very valuable, as it shows us with exactness the true harm of tight lacing, and a similar statement has never before been issued. The third paragraph is a very remarkable one, showing the wonderful ajusting power of nature when most interfered with.

An athletic contest took place at a well-known English Women's College, within the last year, between the wearers and the non-wearers of corsets, which resulted in a victory, in the main, for the corsetless contestants. One fact, perhaps, speaks loudly, *i.e.*, that in this contest no representatives of really tight-lacing were admitted—probably there would have been a great difficulty in getting them to own to such a practice, for one never hears of a woman or a girl who can be persuaded to say that her stays are in the least degree in the world "tight," which is rather a sign that the sex is, in the secret heart of each individual, ashamed of the practice, when carried to excess.

There is one thing to be remarked in connection with this contest, that some form of girdle or belt has always been used by runners of long distances, athletes, and labourers, the first-named wearing a broad tight belt of leather; and many of my readers who have studied Dr. Jaeger's clever little book will remember how carefully he tested the expediency of the measure in his own person, and advised the adoption of the broad Tyrolean belt, which has been used amongst the hardy and active inhabitants of those mountains from very early days, undergoing, as they do, fatigue, enforced severe exertion, and often privations second to none.

The truth seems to be that in this, as in other things, there are those whose folly and weakness leads them to extremes. The corset, or, to use the old English word, "stays"—as giving an idea of its true use—forms a comfortable, healthful garment, as used by sensible people; made to fit them, and pressing nowhere in an injurious manner. Moreover, it enables our dressmakers to make a better fit of our dresses, and prevents them wrinkling up in wear. To fit a dress on a person without a pair of stays is like endeavouring to make a down pillow into shape. For this reason, in the present style of our clothing, we must have some description of bodice. One of our most celebrated women has dismissed corsets, and invented a fitted bodice of buckskin, which laces under one arm, and extends well down over the hips. It is not boned, nor is it tight; but it preserves the contours of the body in all its movements, and prevents any of those untidy effects of which we hear people complaining when they have ceased to wear stays. For other people, who do not like the idea of leather as a part of their underclothing, this bodice could be made of *coutil*, or jean; and could be stiffly starched, so as to give substance and further support to the wearer.

Another article of dress-reform is the abuse of the heel, in boots and shoes. In this, as in the corset question, we find all men, and I think all sensible women, agreeing in the belief that an inch, or three-quarters of an inch, is a comfortable and pleasant height for the heel of an ordinary boot or shoe. But, because a few silly men and women of whom one hears wear heels from four to five inches high, and from the use of which all kinds of evils may result, we do not feel obliged to give up our own modest heel, nor deprive ourselves of its advantages, on account of the foolish ones who abuse the use of harmless practice.

But we certainly can count up many advances towards rational and wise dressing which have been made within the last few years. We have equalised the warmth by the adoption of the woven "combinations," and in materials, those of cotton, silk, or wool. We have also got rid of weight, and we have given more to the shoulders to carry, and less to the waist and hips. We have modified our underpetticoats, and we can choose between the "princess petticoat" and the "divided skirt," and make one petticoat do the work of several. We have sensible woollen stockings, and we are warm and well protected in our tailor-made tweeds, homespuns, and serges. Englishwomen, as a rule, can take part in all the amusements of their fathers, husbands, and brothers; and can look ladylike and sensibly clad, under all circumstances. But there is still a great deal to be done in the way of improvement, and our first effort must be towards the physical development and artistic cultivation of the body. Here, in this special department, the Americans seem to have struck out a new line, and are trying to follow in the footsteps of the ancient Greeks, in their earnest endeavours to secure personal health and the superb physique, which we learn from history the women of that nation had acquired. This is the craze of modern America; and if it be established here as well—as it is gradually being brought in—we shall hear no more of tight-lacing, and all the other abuses of which our dress-reformers complain will vanish away in the light of a new culture, and a clear understanding of what constitutes beauty. After all, our poor sisters, who laced themselves into sixteen inches, and suffered tortures in so doing, were only in search of beauty, and did not know how to find it. We shall know and do better; and shall look for it in its true place, in the physical training of the body, and in healthy dress, and a wholesome diet.

The American leader of the artistic and healthy dress movement, Mrs. Annie Jeuness Miller of New York, paid a visit to London in the early summer, and was kind enough to give full information on the subject; as well as to allow our artist to sketch her, in her various pretty gowns, for the benefit of the readers of the "GIRL'S OWN PAPER"; and our editor, thinking it a question (as he always has done) of vital interest, will permit me to give a full report of all I heard, and said, and of what reforms the American system would inaugurate. I must begin by saying, that the American ladies strongly object to the words "dress reform," and think that "rational dress" has been made to suggest what is masculine, inelegant, and eccentric. In their country they claim to have made great improvements, in an artistic and hygienic point of view; and the work has been so successful, that at least three or four hundred thousand girls and women are wearing dresses modelled on these lines of healthful dress. Many dress clubs have been formed, as a result of Mrs. Jeuness Miller's lectures, which sometimes are called "physical education clubs," and "heredity clubs"; but more generally, "artistic and healthful dress clubs." Mrs. Jeuness Miller's ideas of training and dressing include careful exercises; which seem to partake of what, in England, we know as the "Swedish or Ling system," which are bodily movements without any appliances at all. For this reason Mrs. Miller's ideas seem to me to offer a practical antidote against the tight-lacing mania. For no woman could lace tightly and practice these simple rules; and, indeed, I remember hearing of a lady who went to consult one of our London doctors and enquired of him whether the Swedish exercise would be suitable for her. "Yes," he answered, "very good, but you would lose your figure entirely." By this, I suppose, he meant her hour-glass figure, or, at least, her unnaturally slender waist. In my next I shall give fuller explanations, to enable my girl-readers to comprehend fully the Jeuness Miller idea; and also illustrations of dresses and general appearance.

(*To be concluded.*)

MY TWO OLD LADIES.

CHAPTER II.



"WONDERS will never cease," as Mrs. Jennigs remarked rather sourly to her next-door neighbour the following morning, as the two Miss Yorkes drove off in a humble four-wheeler, two unheard-of events.

Between ourselves, the good lady was really offended at the silence maintained by her lodgers, and had assumed a deeply-injured air in consequence.

How the bustle and confusion in the City terrified the dear old souls!

Miss Anna was for turning back more than once, but Miss Beatrice's stronger mind and will prevailed; so at last, with a heart-felt sigh of relief and thanksgiving, they descended at the door of the lawyer's office.

What a deferential air the young clerks had to be sure, though some seemed to have very bad coughs!

Of course they knew all about it. And with what an air Mr. Dudry received them, and threw open the door of his principal's room, as if they had been duchesses at least!

Once inside, even Miss Beatrice grew a little nervous; but the courteous, white-haired lawyer soon set them at their ease, explaining law-terms and documents with such clearness as to quite win their hearts.

There was much signing and talk to go through, not entirely connected with the immediate business of the day—for my innocent old ladies asked him questions not generally considered within a lawyer's province; but he replied to them all patiently, gave them advice and various addresses, promising to refer to his wife all matters on which he did not feel competent to speak, and to let them know the result by the next morning's post.

Finally, he laid on the table before them what looked like a heap of gold and bank-notes, remarking: "This, Miss Yorke, is an advance, which I have much pleasure in handing over to you; but, of course, the first thing you must do is to get a cheque-book at the bank where your money is deposited, and whose address I have given you."

"Of course," said Miss Beatrice, with an air of profound wisdom; while Miss Anna discovered that her purse, so long accustomed to scanty linings, was far too small for her new riches.

At length they took leave, feeling quite prepared to face their altered life, and drove home, by omnibus this time, in thoughtful silence.

It was not till they stood once more in their own little sitting-room that it was broken, and then it was Miss Beatrice who took the lead in this, as she had done in other matters that day.

"Anna," she said decisively, "our next step must be to give Mrs. Jennigs notice, and look for other apartments nearer the fashionable quarter."

Miss Anna looked wistfully round the small shabby room, and said timidly, "Do you really think it necessary, Bee? I thought that if we furnished new throughout, and took a front bedroom instead of our back one ——"

"My dear sister," interrupted Miss Beatrice, "I am really surprised at your suggestion! Do you for one moment suppose we could ask people to come all this way to visit us?"

"No—o," replied the elder doubtfully, "I presume not; but then we do not know any people at the fashionable end, and I am afraid it will sorely hurt Mrs. Jennigs' feelings."

"Nonsense!" was the emphatic answer; "we shall soon become acquainted with people there, and Mrs. Jennigs ought to be glad we have been here so long. I never liked it for my part, and, if you will not tell her, *I* must."

Miss Anna was so alarmed at this prospect that she hastily consented to do it; and as they both wanted it over, though for different reasons, the bell was rung, and Mrs. Jennigs summoned.

That good lady appeared with an expectant smile on her face, little dreaming of what awaited her, pulling down her sleeves and smoothing her apron with an air as who should say, "Now I shall hear all about it!"

Miss Anna, looking and feeling very nervous, sat by the table with a faint flush on her face, while Miss Beatrice stood at the window with an impatient air, which only made her sister worse.

"Mrs. Jennigs," began the elder lady, clearing her throat and fingering the tablecloth, "I have no doubt you have heard the news that a relative has left us some money?"

"Indeed, mem," was the stiff reply, "I 'ave not been so far honoured; and has you well knows, mem, I never gossips!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed her lodger, with a helpless and at the same time restraining glance at Miss Beatrice, whose impatience was visibly increasing, "I am sure I am very sorry, but it was quite unavoidable—our silence, I mean. Anyhow, that is the truth; and as we have friends who wish us to live nearer town, or at least, as we—that is, my sister, and, of course, I too, think ——." Here poor much-tried Miss Anna utterly and lamentably collapsed under the combined effects of Mrs. Jennigs' stony stare of injured dignity and her sister's fiery scorn of her incapability.

"In fact, Mrs. Jennigs," said the latter, cutting the Gordian knot in her usually decisive fashion, "we have made up our minds to leave you at the end of the month, when we move into other apartments."

"We have been most comfortable here, and shall, of course, recommend you to our friends," added the more gentle sister eagerly, "and please accept this small present as a mark of esteem," she proceeded, pressing into Mrs. Jennigs' hand a five-pound note.

"Well, thank ye kindly, mem," remarked that lady somewhat mollified, as her willing fingers closed over the crisp note. "In course I'm sorry has my 'ouse haint good enough for you, but I 'opes has 'ow I've made you comfortable; and I did 'ope, I won't deny, has you'd 'ave remained; but what must be must be, I suppose, and I honly 'opes you'll live long to enjoy your fine new apartments," she ended, with a touch of irrepressible temper, as she left the room.

Both ladies breathed more freely when it was over, and spent the remainder of the day in discussing their future plans.

The next day was a busy one, for much had to be done, and their inexperience made them longer over their business than they need have been.

True to his promise Mr. Redtape sent them a letter containing addresses and hints furnished by his wife; so armed with these they made their way to the places indicated.

Poor Miss Anna was nearly dead by the time night came, but she meekly submitted to be dragged about till Miss Beatrice was satisfied, which was not quickly or easily.

At length apartments on an upper floor in Princes Street, Hanover Square, were secured, together with the services of a smart showy maid, of whom even Miss Beatrice stood rather in awe, and whom Miss Anna felt she could no more give an order to than fly.

These achievements they thought were enough for one day, so returned home utterly worn out, much to Mrs. Jennigs' secret gratification.

I need not dwell on all the details of the weeks that followed, but must needs tell you of their visit to the bank. The livery stables of course had been inspected, and as they had the advantage of the advice and the assistance of Mr. Redtape's son, they obtained a lovely little brougham with a pair of well-matched horses hired by the year.

Miss Beatrice would have bought it out and out, but for once her sister put her foot down, and, being backed by young Mr. Redtape, represented so forcibly the expense of keeping a man to drive it, and the added responsibility, whereas in this case the livery stables took all the trouble off their shoulders, that the younger lady gave in, and it was merely hired, an arrangement being made of course that the same man should always drive and come every morning for orders.

In this they drove to the bank, where I first saw them, and made their acquaintance.

It was a stately building, next a royal residence, glorious with marble steps, fireplaces, and pillars, mosaic floors, mahogany desks, and plate-glass windows.

The very porters were gorgeous to behold in their liveries of claret and gold, while the pleasant tinkle of gold pieces scooped up with lavish prodigality in tiny silver-gilt shovels, and the refreshingly crisp rustle of new bank notes, filled the air.

My two old ladies were bewildered and abashed by the solid magnificence of the whole establishment, and stood helpless, looking smaller and shabbier than ever, till a clerk accosted them, and asked their business.

Miss Beatrice being spokeswoman, recovered her self-possession with difficulty, and informed him of their desire for a cheque and bank-book, whereupon he conducted them into the manager's room, where more luxury was visible, and where a courteous gentleman received them; but after some unavoidable preliminaries sent them back to their first friend to obtain what they wanted.

It was a most wearisome business, and the grandeur of it all so oppressed them that they were thankful to escape in their own little brougham for a drive round the park.

After this, the next most important event was the parting with Mrs. Jennigs, which Miss Anna keenly felt, while even the lady's assumed indifference and offence broke down.

With her own hands she helped to carry their modest luggage to the cab, and stood with her apron to her eyes on the doorstep till they were out of sight.

"Ah, well!" she murmured, as she returned to put the bill up in the room which had been theirs, "I honly 'ope they won't be back 'ere in a twelvemonth worse off than they were before."

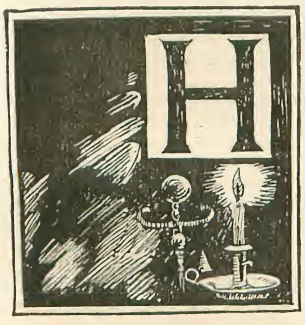
Little as she knew it, her words were prophetic, though at present there was no cloud on the horizon.

Appleton Street talked of their departure for the orthodox nine days, and then resumed its daily routine, and ceased to speculate on the question of how they were getting on.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BIBLE READING AND BIBLE STUDY.

By MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.



How do you read your Bible, and do you read it regularly?

Many of my readers will recognise their own thoughts if not their own words in the following answer to this question. "O yes, I read the Bible every day, generally a bit of a Gospel or an Epistle, sometimes a Psalm. Now and then I read some devotional book with a meditation on one verse instead. It seems fresher than the Bible itself.

"You see I have been acquainted with most of the Bible stories from childhood, and have always listened to it in church, so when I read it, I know beforehand what is coming. I cannot say that I have read it all through. For, to be honest, I do not find the Old Testament interesting, and it is so obscure. I have begun it more than once, and read again those familiar stories in Genesis and Exodus. But then the journeys of the Israelites seemed so confused, and I could not make anything of all those old laws; and those complicated directions for the Tabernacle are almost as dull as the long genealogies.

"I always mix those Jewish kings whose names are so much alike; and as for the Prophets, they are an unexplored wilderness of things nobody could possibly understand, that appear to have nothing to do with me or with the 19th century.

"I opened Isaiah yesterday at a chapter beginning thus: 'Send ye the lamb to the ruler of the land from Sela to the wilderness unto the mount of the daughter of Zion.'

"This is a command, I suppose, but to me it is just a riddle. I cannot know who the ruler of the land was, or where Sela is, or how the lamb (who must, I suppose, have something to do with Our Lord) could be sent to the wilderness and also to Zion. Then too, people say—at least I read in a magazine article whose writer seems clever enough to know about all sorts of things that I have never heard of—that the Old Testament is not exactly true; that such an old book could not possibly be accurate history, or rather, that it could not be accurate because it is not as old as it professes to be. I have not got it quite right, but really the argument was a little beyond me. I only know it made me feel I could no longer read the Bible with a comfortable sense that it is all inspired, and must be all true, though one cannot understand it. Of course I believe the New Testament just the same. But St. Paul's Epistles are very hard to follow, and people find so many contradictory things in them, and prove such opposite doctrines from them, that I get quite puzzled.

"I do wish the Bible were a more interesting and less obscure book, and then I would read it more, for I know it is my duty to do so. Please do not consider me very wicked to say all this. I am one of those who must think for themselves, and I cannot pretend to be more religious than I am. But I really want

to serve God, and I trust I am a Christian at heart."

Many girls have such thoughts as these, and speaking, not as a professed theologian but as a Bible student, I want if I can to help them to a happier and a higher view of God's holy word. We know, from the example and exhortations of Our Lord and His Apostles, that we ought to read the Bible; and it is to the Old Testament that these exhortations especially apply. We know that thousands of our fellow Christians love it better than any other book, and find every part of it profitable. We may feel sure, therefore, that if we find it dull and difficult, the fault must lie, not in the book, but in our own way of reading it. God's divine word comes to us in human form, not as a theological treatise but as a collection of literature—of poetry, biography, letters, and, above all, history. It must be read as such if we are to understand it. Now, suppose you were to translate into Japanese some chapters of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, some pages of Domesday Book, two or three of Chaucer's Tales, a service from the Sarum Missal, a book of the "Faerie Queene," a play of Shakespeare's, one of Milton's prose works, Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," some of Lord Chesterfield's letters, a sermon of Wesley's, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and then bind them into one volume, not in chronological order, giving dates to none, and authors only to some, appending no explanations, not discriminating poetry from prose, and dividing the whole into short bits called verses.

Suppose that a Japanese who had never seen an Englishman, or read any English history, and who imagined England to be much like his own country, were to read this book every day, reverently, as a sort of charm, piecemeal and haphazard, without making any attempt to classify its contents, or to become acquainted with the circumstances under which they were written. Would he not find it an uninteresting and obscure book, and regard his reading as a dreary duty, not a delightful privilege?

Now, this is no exaggerated picture of the way we too often read our Bibles, more devoutly, but less intelligently, than any other book. It is fatally easy to let words pass before our eyes again and again that convey no clear ideas to our minds. And then because its words are familiar, you think the Bible a twice-told tale, when you have not begun to understand it. Your interest flagged when you got into Exodus. Did you look out the Israelites' journeys on a map? Did you refer to any plan of the Tabernacle, or try to make one for yourself? Did you turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews for explanation of the Mosaic ritual? Have you ever read one of St. Paul's Epistles through at a sitting as you would read a letter from a valued friend? As a simple illustration of the fact that where a casual reader finds nothing, a patient student cannot fail to find much, let us see what explanation of Isaiah xvi. 1 we can glean from inquiry into its context and comparison with the rest of the Bible. It is part of the "Burden of (or oracle concerning) Moab." The Moabites were descendants of Lot, and therefore kinsmen of Israel. They dwelt in a country of hills and rich pastures on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, between the descendants of Jacob in Palestine and the descendants of Esau in Idumea; and of all the nations of Syria they were the most wealthy and civilized next to Israel. In consequence of their unfriendly conduct to Israel in the Wilderness, they were shut out from the congregation of the Lord (Deut. xxiii. 3, 4), and they were one of the seven nations who oppressed Israel in the times of the Judges (Jud. iii). Barak and Gideon conquered two of these nations, David conquered the other five, including Moab (2 Sam. viii., Psa. lx. 8). After this, Moab, as a subjugated people, paid the enormous annual tribute of 200,000 fleeces to the king of Israel (2 Kings iii. 4, 5). At last, in the days of weak and wicked Ahab, they revolted against him, and took part in a formidable conspiracy against Judah (2 Chron. xx.). Its organization is pictured in Psa. lxxxiii., and Judah's deliverance is celebrated in Psa. xlvi., xlvii, xlviii.

After Shalmaneser had destroyed the Kingdom of Israel in 721, his successor, Sennacherib, threatened all the other Syrian nations, and Isaiah uttered ten oracles about them, of which this concerning Moab is one, shortly before the invasion of Judah (Isa. xiii.–xxiii).

Through God's interposition, the mighty conqueror failed to subdue that little kingdom (Isa. xxxvi., xxxvii). What, then, was the prophet's message to Moab? "Your only hope of safety is in renewed allegiance to God's people. So send your former tribute of lambs to the ruler of the land (that is Palestine, the Land of Promise), no longer to Samaria, but to Hezekiah, at Jerusalem. Send it from that ancient stronghold of Sela (see Psa. lx. 9) which lies toward the wilderness (see Revised Version), the capital of your old friends and allies the Edomites. Blessing to all the Moabites must come, as blessing came 700 years earlier to the one Moabitess, Ruth, who was Christ's ancestress, by throwing in their lot with the people of God. The fact that mercy as well as judgment is predicted for Moab a century later (Jer. xlix. 47), and that after the Captivity we find them in the Book of Judith occupying their own land again, leads us to infer that they obeyed Isaiah. So we gain from this passage, as we *should gain* from all, if we took the trouble to look for it, a vivid picture of the past, and a lesson for ourselves in the present.

Lastly, as to this magazine article that has dazzled you with its glow of cheap erudition. Can you talk of thinking for yourself when you are ready to follow the lead of an anonymous writer, who makes reckless statements about a book that the profoundest scholars humbly accept, and that has survived all the attacks of adverse critics for centuries? Are you going to judge it, before you have even read it carefully through, because of an argument that crumbles into confusion when you try to repeat it?

Those who have an accurate knowledge of the Bible, or of the history of Biblical criticism, do not know whether to wonder most at the ignorance or at the presumption of these superficial critics, or at the way in which their neither new nor true statements are swallowed by readers who have never made themselves really acquainted with the questions at issue. Some difficulties there are and must be. Would a God whom we could perfectly comprehend, or a religion without mysteries, satisfy any reasonable being? But there are many difficulties that we can and ought to remove by *studying* the Bible, instead of merely *reading* it.

Having spoken of unsatisfactory Bible reading, and given you one instance of satisfactory Bible study, in this article, I hope in two following articles to deal more fully with two kinds of Bible study, the detailed or textual, and the general or historical, and to tell you in conclusion something about the CHRONOLOGICAL SCRIPTURE CYCLE—a scheme for dealing with the Bible as its own best explanation, which I began to organize in 1888. Many hundreds of readers have now taken it up, to many of whom the Bible once seemed obscure and uninteresting, but to whom it has now become a book of new and surpassing interest. God has made provision in it for our ignorance, although not for our indolence. But most richly is all humble and diligent and prayerful effort to understand its sacred pages rewarded.

(*To be continued.*)

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER II.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"IT'S not been a bit of good, Dacre, so you need not have boasted of your power. She *is* coming; mamma has just got a letter to say so. You did not frighten her a bit."

A tall and exceedingly handsome boy of fifteen, who was lounging indolently in an easy chair, looked up from his book as his sister broke in upon his solitude with this piece of information impetuously delivered; and as he closed its pages, an odd sort of smile curved his lips, and lighted his brilliant hazel eyes.

"O, she is coming, is she? She is not to be daunted by the perils in the path? Well, perhaps if she has a spirit of her own, the sport will be all the keener. You know, my dear Trixie, it does not follow that because she comes she must therefore stay;" and Dacre's face put on an expression which sent his sister off into an explosion of merriment.

"Stupid, tiresome old thing—I should think not," she cried. "We have got rid of other tiresome people before now, and we can do the same with her. Old maids are always detestable—everybody says so. And just think of Miss Fisher, and the others we have had. And an aunt is worse, because she will give herself the airs of a relation; but I think you and I can cure her of that, Dacre—tiresome, stupid old thing."

"Is she so very old?" asked Dacre, negligently.

"Of course she's old; old-maid aunts always are," answered Trixie, with an inconsequence and reckless assurance that brought a smile to Dacre's face. "Why, I know that there are years and years between her and mamma. She

must be fifty, I should think—seventy, perhaps."

"Not to say a hundred," added Dacre, whilst another brother, who had entered during the discussion, broke into an amused laugh. "Well, I don't profess to know much about it. I never could get up an interest in an aunt; it's not in the nature of things one should. But I have a sort of impression that the disparity in age is just the other way, and that this new comer will not be more than about twelve years your senior or thereabouts, my dear Trix; in which case, if not more agreeable than we anticipate, she may prove to be more thin-skinned and less difficult to dislodge. However, we shall see. Anyway, we shall have granny on our side, and *she* can be powerfully unpleasant when she has the mind to be."

"Granny is sworn over to the foe," said Trixie discontentedly; "and as for Jessie, she never did have a bit of spirit; and if Aunt Esther only flatters her up, and treats her like a grown-up person, she will make friends directly, and try to get up a sort of league against us, to keep us to the schoolroom, and not let us have any of the contraband fun one reckons on when papa is away. I know what Jessie is, if you do not. Neither she nor granny will be any good."

"I don't reckon much on Jessie myself," answered Dacre; "but you will soon see that granny does not like the interloper any better than we do, and presently she will show it too."

"Granny wanted her to come, when our real proper aunts wouldn't. If it hadn't been for that, I don't suppose she'd have been asked."

"Quite true," answered Dacre equably, "granny doesn't want the bother and responsibility of all you tiresome children and all the servants resting on her shoulders, and this new aunt will make a capital drudge or scape-goat, or whatever you like to call it. Granny wants her to come, failing anyone better, because she is old and not very strong; but she has never forgiven the Egertons as a family for having dared to take offence at the marriage of her son with one of them; and granny is not one who can keep her feelings hidden very long together. Of course she will begin by being mighty civil; but she will not mind what we say or do; and by-and-by, when it comes to a tussle of wills between us and the interloper, you will see that granny will back us in secret, whatever she may feel obliged to do openly."

Trixie laughed and executed a little *pas seul* indicative of triumph, whilst the younger of the boys remarked laughing—

"Well, I think that would be rather a shame. I don't see why you should be all so determined to hate Aunt Esther. She may be very jolly for anything we know. Anyway, it seems rather mean first to ask her here, and then to make her life a burden to her."

"We didn't ask her," said Trixie indignantly, for she did not like to be called mean.

"No, but papa and mamma did, and that's much the same, and granny wants her; and I don't quite know what they would have done if she hadn't said yes. Everybody seems very much obliged, and I suppose it is really very good-natured of her. I don't see why we need bother about anything until she does come, and then perhaps we shall like her. We like Aunt Gostling pretty well."

"She's different; she is papa's sister," answered Trixie with an air of lofty scorn, which brought the humorous gleam into Dacre's eyes again. "Her husband is a colonel, and she moves in the best society. But Aunt Esther is nothing but an old maid and a nobody."

"She is mamma's sister," said Humphrey lifting his eyebrows. "She may be as nice and as pretty as mamma for all we know."

Trixie's retort was checked by the arrival of the school-room maid with the tea-tray. A younger girl came running in from the adjoining school-room, where she had been busy with her lessons, and the quartet gathered round the table.

It was a charming room in which they were assembled—long and low-ceiled, with heavy beams of wood, black with age, crossing and re-crossing each other overhead, whilst it was lighted by a whole row of mullioned windows, each window, of which there were six, being set in a recess which had its own cushioned window-seat, and each of the recesses was claimed as the property of one of the children of the house. "Cuthbert's window" was at one end of the room, and Ethel's at the other. Dacre and Trixie considered that they had the best of it, for their windows were opposite the fireplace, and were warmer than any others; but of late years these distinctions had become somewhat less jealously guarded. The two eldest of the family came little into the "nursery," as from old habit the room was still called, and only Ethel felt any indignation when she found her window-seat occupied by another member of the family.

The room was panelled throughout in oak, which in places was handsomely carved, though only round the fireplace, as though the artist had got tired of the work, and had left the rest of the panels untouched. The furniture was rather battered by the wear and tear of a number of children; but it was handsome of its kind, solid and old-fashioned, and looked as if it had done good service in its time. There were one or two modern additions in the form of a comfortable couch and easy chair, to which Dacre seemed to have the prior claim on all occasions. There were book-cases along the walls; cupboards in all the corners; a rocking-horse at one end of the room, and a doll's house at the other, though this last appeared to be nothing but an emporium for the collected rubbish of the whole family, as was indeed the case. The Overton children had never cared much for dolls, and the broken windows were very handy for stuffing odds and ends through, when suddenly called upon to "tidy up."

The windows of this pleasant room looked into a sort of quadrangle round which ran a cloistered walk. Very smooth green grass, beautifully kept, filled the centre of the quadrangle, bounded on all sides by a wide flagged walk. There was a sun-dial in the midst of the grass, and a sort of stillness brooded over the place. Greyfriars was what its name implied, an old habitation of monks and friars. Long centuries ago it had been a cloistered house, and some of the old building still remained, of which the children's wing was a part. The plan of the original building had been preserved, even when portions of the house had been modernised and rebuilt, and Greyfriars was one of the most interesting old houses in the county.

The school-room tea in that house was a more elaborate affair than in many. There was meat always, and abundance of cake and jam, and such-like luxuries. Dacre, who was allowed to dine with his parents if he chose to do so, seldom availed himself of the privilege accorded to him, preferring the liberty of the school-room; but Jessie had deserted it the moment she had been permitted to do so, and was never seen there when she could be in the drawing-room. She had not exactly come out, had never been to a ball or dined out, or even been present at a dinner-party at home; but she had been promised that she should not be kept much longer in the background, and had quite set her heart upon making her *début* in London this approaching June.

So that this sudden change in her parents' plans had been a source of great disappointment to her. Not only was she to lose her mother for an indefinite time, but her own introduction would be delayed until her parents' return. She had begged to be allowed to go to one of her aunts, and be introduced by them to the gay world; but her father had absolutely negatived the proposition. He told her that the year following would be ample time for her to come out, and that it was under her mother's wing alone that she must first appear.

Mr. Overton did not often interfere where Jessie was concerned, and when he did so his word was never disputed. Jessie had to cease her importunities, and make the best of the delay; and what chiefly reconciled her to the thought of her aunt's presence in the house was her mother's admission that if Aunt Esther would take her, she might go to the garden-parties and such-like forms of entertainment, with which the neighbourhood of Harmer amused itself during the summer months. Granny of course would be no good as an escort. She never went anywhere now. Jessie realised that her aunt's company would be better than none, and accordingly she made up her mind to the infliction with a tolerable grace.

Lady Eleanora Overton had her own suite of rooms, to which she could always retire when she preferred to do so: and the best part of her time was spent in them, especially when her daughter-in-law was out, as happened to be the case on this particular day. Then she had tea in her own pretty octagonal sitting-room, and Jessie came and sat with her, chatting to her of anything and everything in her head.

Jessie was a very pretty young creature,

and it was no wonder her grandmother and parents were alike proud of her. She had her mother's beauty of feature combined with a nameless charm of her own, and her rippling golden hair, and the delicate tints of pink and white in her cheeks, together with the soft peach-like bloom of her skin, combined to make her something of a beauty, even in this early stage of her girlhood. She gave promise both in face and figure of more than rivaling her mother's loveliness as she grew up, and she was by no means unaware of the admiration she was beginning to excite wherever she went. She and her mother alike possessed excellent taste in the matter of dress, and any over-lavishness of display in which Jessie would sometimes have liked to indulge was promptly checked by the correct instinct of the mother, who tried to instil into her daughter's mind that the simpler a young girl's dress was, the better she always looked, and that it was the greatest mistake to pile on ornaments so long as the girlish bloom and freshness was the main charm.

The exciting topic of her parents' speedy departure, and the arrival of the unknown aunt were being discussed over the tea-table between Jessie and her grandmother.

"Why have we never seen her before?" asked the girl, "we know all our other aunts. I always thought that there must be something wrong about this one—that she was vulgar, or not respectable, or something of that kind."

A little pink flush rose in Lady Eleanora's face. She felt as some people have cause to do that her foolish and unreasonable prejudices, indulged for many years, were bearing unwelcome fruit now.

"My dear Jessie, how can you use such expressions with regard to a sister of your own mother? I hope you will be more guarded when you speak of her to strangers."

"O yes, I was only asking you, grandmother, because they are all wondering why she has never been to see us before—all the children I mean"—it was Jessie's habit to speak of her brothers and sisters collectively as "the children."

"It was not convenient," answered Lady Eleanora quickly; "when your mother married she was a mere child, and since she has grown up she has been living with a brother—your Uncle John—and has not been mistress of her own time. When there is such disparity of age between sisters, you know, there is not much of the feeling that there would be if they had grown up together. Your Aunt Esther is more your age than your mother's—I believe she is not more than twenty-five or six."

"Well, I call that quite old," said Jessie, who did not particularly care to be coupled with her unknown aunt. "Quite old for a woman," she added rather hastily, as if struck by a sudden thought, "men don't seem half so old when they are twenty-six. And what horrid names they do have. John is quite hideous—and as for Esther, it sounds like a sort of housemaid."

"Well, my dear, people's taste in names varies. It would have been worse if she had been Martha Jane, or Sarah Ann. It is no use cavilling at trifles. We must have somebody in the house, and if we cannot get whom we would, we must make the best of whom we can get. Your aunt has consented to come, which is very kind of her all things considered, and so——"

"And so we must make the best of a bad job, and put up with the infliction as patiently as may be—which will not probably be saying much, eh, granny?"

The interruption, which made both listeners start and turn quickly, was spoken in a lazy, drawling voice well known to both, and Dacre came forward from the curtained doorway, his quizzical smile upon his face. He was not an unwonted visitor to this quiet room of his grandmother's, especially at this hour of the day, when the nursery was so often the scene of riotous games and skirmishes, for which he was not always in the mood. He had established a sort of right to come and go all over the house at will. Somehow Dacre was interfered with less than anyone. There was that about him, intangible yet very perceptible, which made him something of a power wherever he went.

"You are talking of the new importation, and the reception to be accorded to her," he remarked to Lady Eleanora, as he established himself comfortably in an easy chair; "well, if you want her put in her place or politely shown the door you have only to ask me to do it. I shall be most happy to facilitate operations in that direction."

Lady Eleanora turned upon him with something between a smile and a frown.

"Now, Dacre, understand once and for all that I will not have your insolence carried too far. Remember that you will have to give an account to your father."

Dacre's face expressed nothing but languid amusement, not unmixed with a subtle form of defiance.

"Father's worst threat is embodied in the favourite formula that he will send us all to school—and he can do nothing to me which I should like better. I wish I could provoke him to do it."

That was the worst of Dacre—it was impossible to find any punishment that he dreaded. He delighted in school, and was bitterly disappointed that he was not permitted to remain there. With his excitable nervous system and extreme delicacy of health, it was impossible with safety to flog or starve him into submission, and no kind of task was the smallest trouble to him. He would, when the mood was on him, devour books voraciously, and his retentive memory found no difficulty in mastering what he read. Often as his education had been interrupted by illness, he was still in advance of most boys of his age, and if in advance in book knowledge, far more so in other ways. It was almost impossible to treat him as a mere boy, and there was nobody in the house who was not sometimes afraid of him. Even his father, in general something of an autocrat on the few occasions when he took the trouble to reprimand or command his children, felt some misgiving when confronted by the flashing eyes and white marble-like face of his son, when Dacre's passion was aroused, and seldom ventured beyond a word of rather mild reproof. And yet he was fully aware that more than this was needed to check the unbridled self-will of his son: and the reports that reached him of Dacre's escapades often caused him to prophesy that he would come to a bad end if something were not done—but what that something was to be was the problem never yet solved. As Lady Eleanora sometimes said, meddling too far with Dacre, was like walking over the crater of an active volcano. It was impossible to tell when the eruption would take place, or what the consequences would be.

And now Dacre smiled in his grandmother's face and said in his sweet, soft voice that seldom rose above a very low tone—

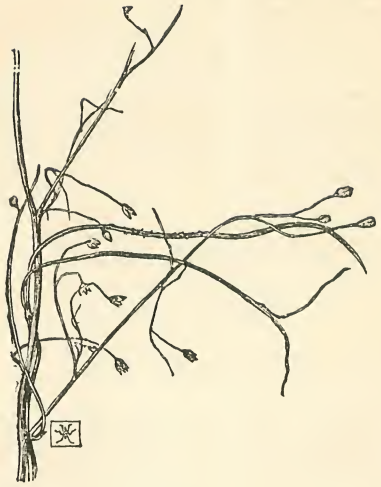
"Do not disturb yourself about the future, granny. Be as cordial and as agreeable as you feel it your duty to be. I will take care that there is a counter-irritant applied. Aunt Esther shall not find herself *too* comfortable at Greyfriars. We will not keep her with us a day longer than is quite agreeable to us all."

(*To be continued.*)





THE BEACON.



TRIED.

By S. S. McCURRY.

CONSIDER Him. O faint in mind!
The wounded heart can Jesus bind;
He tasted all the human woe
That thou hast known or e'er shall know—
The want of love, the friend unkind.

When rough the way, and rude the wind,
When foes assail before, behind,
When mountains nigh dark shadows throw,
Consider Him!

'Tis well! Unerring love designed
Each trial; blessings are entwined;
Enduring gladly, thou shalt show
God's glory. Not in scenes below
A resting-place did Jesus find.
Consider Him!

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

IT is no uncommon thing for pet dogs to be used as light porters, and taught to fetch and carry at the bidding of their owners, or systematically without being told at all. Slipper fetching is, in many houses, the special work of the canine friend, and very jealous would he be if his occupation were interfered with. It may, however, happen in the dog's case, as well as in that of the human being, that duty and inclination struggle the one with the other at times. The following is an instance.

A little Skye terrier belonging to an eminent Scotch scientist was accustomed to run for his master's slippers as soon as he saw him enter the house. One day the dog's attention was absorbed by a dainty biscuit, which had just been given him, and he did not start on his usual errand without being spoken to.

"Slippers, Frisky, Slippers!" cried the Doctor; but the terrier hesitated. He, however, dropped the biscuit, ran a few steps from it, and then returned, as if in dread that it would be carried off during his absence. He did this two or three times, then paused to consider the situation. A biscuit like this was not to be gobbled up in a moment, much less was it to be left unguarded during its owner's absence, for there was another dog about the place. What was to be done?

Frisky quickly solved the problem. He snatched up his biscuit, ran with it to the slippers, deposited it in one of them, which he carried to his master. Then, taking up the biscuit, he repeated the operation with the second slipper, and having thus done his duty, he retreated with his dainty morsel to enjoy it at leisure.

MESSENGER PUGS.

A lady had a couple of pugs named Venus and Jupiter—mother and son. Both were stout, and the elder was wheezy, as pugs are apt to be in the hands of mistresses who are more generous than judicious in the distribution of food. The mother was, however, much the fatter of the two dogs.

Being an invalid, the lady rarely came downstairs, but had a sitting-room and bed-room adjoining each other on the first floor. She was very considerate for her servants, and contrived a plan by which she could save them many journeys up and downstairs, and at the same time give her pugs exercise.

She was accustomed to place a written message in a small basket, which was given to one of the dogs for conveyance up or down stairs, as the case might be. If she wished it carried to the cook, the pug was told to carry it to "Mother," if to the housemaid "Aunty," the parlourmaid "Cousin."

Venus, the mother doggie, was usually entrusted with the basket, having been first taught and longer employed as messenger, beside being less likely to play tricks than her son was in his puppy days.

Jupiter, or "Ju" as he was generally called, proved an apt scholar, and being very observant of his parent's ways, soon mastered the carrying business. He was also quicker in his movements, which in time induced his mistress to trust him more frequently than at first.

Then a difficulty arose. Venus did not like to be superseded even by her son, and was so evidently put out that the lady was again obliged to give her the lion's share of the work. This led to one of the prettiest instances of doggish self-abnegation that could be imagined, and the lady often contrived to exhibit it for the pleasure of her friends.

When the basket was ready for conveyance, Jupiter never offered to touch it, but trotted patiently down behind his mother and waited until the message was delivered. When the return note or little article sent for had been placed in the basket, Jupiter seized it and ran upstairs to his mistress's door, where he waited for his parent, and resigned his burden to her keeping for delivery. If the basket had to be taken to an upper floor, Ju took it from Venus outside the sitting-room door, did the work, but allowed his mother to have all the credit on his return.

When Venus was out of the way and Ju was sole messenger, he claimed his full allowance of praise and petting after each performance, and pranced about with the usual doggish persistency and self-assertion.

Young folk who habitually push themselves to the front, and pride themselves on being better educated than their elders, without being willing to own that they are indebted to parents for all they have and are, might learn a lesson from the conduct of this dutiful little pug towards his mother.

BLUE-CAP, THE CHILDREN'S GUIDE AND GUARDIAN.

This messenger dog was intrusted with something far more precious than a basket or a letter. He was a grand collie, and owed his name to a blue-grey patch on his forehead.

The objects of his care were two tiny boys whom he conveyed to school every morning. The servant as regularly fetched them home after school hours.

The path to the Dame's school was not a safe one, particularly for small feet. A broad level cutting had been made through the hill for wheeled vehicles, but the old foot-path ran beside it as it had always done, and sloped upwards for nearly half a mile. In those days it was quite unprotected by any kind of fence. Dame Ledbury's cottage was at the very head of the path—"on the rock," as the villagers said—and Dame Dolly Ledbury kept the only school open to their children.

As you drew near the cottage the path was so high above the road that it was enough to turn one giddy to look down. But nobody seemed to think of danger until a gentleman fell over and was killed. Then the path was railed off lest others should be injured.

The two little boys, however, went safely along the dangerous footway, for their mother placed them one on each side of Blue-Cap, put a corner of each child's pinafore between his teeth, and bade the dog take them to school. She had no fear for their safety, well knowing that the collie would never neglect his charge.

Blue-Cap had a great deal to bear during these daily journeys. Some of the village dogs, ill-conditioned wretches, who had no respect for nobility of character and fidelity in one of their race, used to attack him on the way. They would snarl at, harass, and insult him on purpose, because he would not be provoked to leave hold of a pinafore in order to punish their insolence. But they seldom escaped Scot-free.

When the children were safe in school, Blue-Cap started homewards with both eyes open, and if he overtook one of his cowardly tormentors he gave him such a thrashing as served for a lesson in good manners that lasted him for some time at any rate.

Never did Blue-Cap waver in his duty. So long as the little boys went to the Dame's school on the rock, so long did he convoy them safely thither along the dangerous path, and thus the servant was saved a double journey, and left free for the morning's work at home.

BRUCE, THE SHAM INVALID.

Bruce is another amusing dog, a great fellow, big enough and clever enough not only to carry slippers, sticks, &c., but to reach his master's hat from the peg and convey it to him with due care.

Bruce has a droll way of pretending to be ill, and plays the part of an invalid to perfection. His master will say, "I am afraid you are feeling very poorly, Bruce." The dog drops his ears, looks miserable, and moans by way of reply.

"Better be wrapped up and lie on the sofa, Bruce."

Bruce immediately counterfeits extreme weakness, requires help in moving, and when tucked up on the sofa, keeps on moaning in the most miserable way at intervals, until a word from his master brings him back to his usual condition of liveliness and intense enjoyment of the joke in which he has shared.

RUTH LAMB.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RANCE.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed hour Mr. Harland stood before the dark little house in the Rue St. Joseph, but he had hardly touched the bell before the door opened, and Annette confronted him.

"I am quite ready," she said hurriedly; "I have been looking out for you for some time, because I did not wish to keep you waiting. Is it your pleasure to come in and wait a little, monsieur, or shall we take our walk now?"

"Well, it is a pity to waste even a quarter of an hour indoors this lovely evening," returned Mr. Harland, in his quick cheery manner; "so if you are ready, Miss Ramsay, we will begin our stroll at once."

He looked at her rather keenly as he spoke, at the slim girlish figure in the black dress. The hat shaded her face, but even at the first glance he could see she was very pale, and that her eyes were swollen, as though she had been crying. How young and pathetic she looked standing there in the afternoon light, with the little silk kerchief knotted loosely round her shapely throat, and a tiny rosebud fastened in her dress! He was just a little silent as they turned down the street, for he feared to question her too closely, and he was much relieved when Annette began to talk to him in her frank naïve way.

"I fear I am a dull companion," she said gently; "but I am a little sad at the thought that there will be no one but Clotilde to visit my mother's grave. I have been saying goodbye to it. That is why my eyes are so red. Look, monsieur, this rosebud is the first that has blossomed; was it selfish of me to gather it? The dear mother loved roses more than any other flowers; they were the offerings she liked best on her fête day; this little white bud will be a souvenir when I am far away. Monsieur, perhaps I am foolish, but I feel I shall miss my mother more when I cannot kneel beside her grave."

"Oh, you will get over that feeling," replied Mr. Harland, hastily; "that is just how my wife feels about Mysie. Mysie was our youngest but one, and she died when she was six years old. My wife half broke her heart about her; and when we moved from Norbiton to Chislehurst, it was her one regret that we were leaving Mysie behind; but I used to tell her"—and here Mr. Harland's voice had a suspicion of huskiness in it—"that it was just fancy, that Mysie was as near as ever, and that it was better to think of her growing up in Heaven among all the other children, than to think of the poor perishing little body that lies in that Norbiton churchyard."

"You are right, monsieur; it is the truth you are telling me," returned Annette, humbly, and she looked up at him very sweetly; "but I can understand so well the regret of madam, your wife. That is the worst of us. We do forget so often that it is not our beloved who lie in the grave. At one moment we smile to think they are so safe in Paradise, and the next we are weeping over the grass mound that covers them. It is we who are inconsistent, faithless; too well do I know this, monsieur."

"Oh, it is natural; one does not learn everything at once," returned Mr. Harland cheerily. Sorry as he was for her, he had not a notion how he was to talk to her; if only Louie or his wife were here—women always know what to do in such cases. "No one can blame you for fretting about your mother; a good mother is not to be replaced; but you are young, and after a time you will find yourself consoled. Why, your cousin Averil, no one but Mrs. Harland and myself know how that girl misses her father. He made an idol of her. I do not believe he ever crossed a wish of hers except in his marriage, and she held her tongue about that, and he never found out the difference it made in her life. Yes, and she misses him still, though she says so little about it; only my wife finds her crying sometimes; but Averil is just the bravest hearted little woman in the world; she is not one to inflict her feelings on other people."

Mr. Harland talked on all the faster as he saw Annette wipe away a furtive tear or two; he wanted to give her time to recover herself.

"It is all so true," she observed, in a broken voice, as he finished. "No, it is not wrong to weep for the best of mothers; our dear Lord has taught us that. Still, one must not sorrow too much. Monsieur, you have interested me greatly about my cousin; if I did not fear to fatigue you I should like to hear more. Oh, we have come to the quay; now let us cross that little bridge lower down, and there we can walk quite close to the river. It is so green and quiet further on, nothing but wooded banks, and the blue river flowing on so peacefully."

"It is charming! Look at that young fellow in his boat, Miss Annette; he is going to take his little sister for a row. I bet you anything he is English before he opens his mouth. Yes, I thought so," as the lad shouted out—"Mind what you are about, Minnie! Now then, look sharp and jump!"

"There are so *many* English," returned Annette, softly. "I think Dinan is full of them. This boy, I have seen him before. There is no mother, but he is so good to that little pale sister. Often I have watched them. His name is Arthur: he is one of my friends; for, do you know," with a dreamy smile, "though there are only Clotilde and Garton's wife, and the old Manon Duclos, to whom I can talk, I have many friends, people whom I meet, and about whom I make up stories, and to whom I say good evening under my breath when I meet them; for, when one is young, one longs for friends. As for this Arthur, I have spoken with him; for once, when he dropped his hat, I picked it up; and another time, when he was in some difficulty with his oar, I helped him, and so his little sister gives me a nod when we meet."

Mr. Harland felt no inclination to smile at this childish recital; on the contrary, his genial face was rather grave as he realised how lonely this girl had been. What would Averil say when he told her that? To think of bidding good evening under her breath to strangers, and making up stories about them. No, he could not have laughed for worlds, in spite of the quaintness of the notion.

"Now I shall have my cousin," she went on. "Monsieur, there is something you said which I do not at all understand—something about my cousin Leonard marrying. Does not my cousin Averil live alone? No?" as Mr. Harland shook his head in an amused way. "With whom, then, does she live?"

"Why, with her stepmother, of course. Look here, Miss Annette, I see I must coach you up in the family history, or you will take all sorts of notions in your little head. Not that there is much to tell," with a sudden remembrance that Averil had begged him to say as little

as possible about her affairs; "but you may as well know people's names."

"Are there so many people?" asked Annette, looking a little bewildered. "Where is it that my cousin lives?"

"At Kensington. It is rather an old house, but it is a very comfortable one, and there is actually a garden. Gardens do not abound in the fashionable parts of London; that is why I live at Chislehurst, because my wife and the girls, Louie especially, wanted a garden. It is Averil's house. She has her mother's fortune, beside what her father left her; and her stepmother and her family live with her."

"Stepmother? Ah, I see—the wife that my cousin Leonard married, and they had children. Yes, of course. That must be so nice for Averil."

"No, nonsense," returned Mr. Harland, still more amused. "You have got wrong notions altogether. Mr. Willmot never had any other child but Averil, and a boy who died. His second wife had a grown-up family; her name was Mrs. Seymour."

"And he married her? But that seems strange," observed Annette, for she was not without shrewdness.

"Oh, men do strange things sometimes. Mrs. Seymour was a very handsome woman, and she could make herself fascinating."

"And she was rich?"

"Rich? Oh, no; tolerably well to do; that was all."

"And the grown-up children—how many are there who live with my cousin Averil?"

"Three, without counting Lottie Jones. There is Maud; she is the eldest, and a fine handsome girl she is too; and Georgina; and Rodney. Rodney is his mother's darling; a good-looking, idle young scamp of a fellow."

"And Lottie Jones—and who may that be?"

"Well, Lottie is a sort of hanger-on—a niece of Mrs. Seymour; and it seems she has no one belonging to her but this aunt. She is a nice little girl, and Averil is very fond of her."

"Does she like her better than this Maud and Georgina?"

Mr. Harland laughed outright. "Come, come, Miss Annette, you are too sharp; you ask too many questions; wait until you get to Redfern House, and then you will find out things for yourself."

A sensitive flush crossed Annette's face.

"You must pardon me if I seem too inquisitive," she said, timidly. "I did not know I was asking what was wrong; it was difficult to understand my cousin's household; but I will remember to wait, and not to tease you with any more questions. Indeed, you are so good, monsieur, that I do not wish to tease you at all."

"My dear little girl," returned Mr. Harland, kindly, "you do not tease me in the least; it is only that silly child Averil who has made me hold my tongue. 'Do not talk about me much to my cousin; let her find things out for herself'—that is what she said to me, and that is why I checked you just now."

"And you were perfectly right, monsieur. I will ask no more questions about my cousin. Look, there is a kingfisher—*martin-pêcheur* they call him here; is he not pretty? And did you see that water-rat? We have been sitting so still on this bank that they have forgotten to mind us."

"That reminds me that it is growing late, and that you and I must be hungry, and that our dinner at the Trois Frères will be waiting."

"Well, she was a little hungry," Annette confessed. The long walk had tired her also; she was not used to walking, much as she loved it. "For you see, monsieur," she said seriously, "when one has to feed and clothe oneself, there is no time to be idle. One puts in another sprig into the lace work, and then another, and then the light goes, and it is dreary to walk in the dusk; besides, there are *les convenances*—what you would call the propriety—one would not willingly offend against that."

"To be sure; how thoughtless I have been!" ejaculated Mr. Harland; but when he offered his arm, Annette shook her head with a smile. "She did not need help; she would do very well, and there was the bridge in sight, and Monsieur Arthur had returned from his row."

"She is Averil's sort," he said to himself, as he watched her graceful walk, and saw how bravely she was keeping up in spite of her fatigue; and as soon as possible he hailed a fiacre.

"But that is extravagant!" she protested with a little pout, as he put her in. "And it is for me, I see that well, for you are not a bit tired, monsieur." But monsieur was not listening to her, he was wondering how long this girl would have borne her life, and if she could possibly have grown paler as the time went on.

"She is like a plant that has grown up in a dark cellar," he thought; and he almost shuddered as he remembered that room in the Rue St. Joseph; but by-and-by, as they sat together in the *table d'hôte*, Annette forgot her fatigue in her astonishment at the magnificence of the feast.

"How many more courses?" she whispered to her neighbour, who was enjoying some excellent *ragoût*. "One goes on eating, and still there is more. At the Rue St. Joseph the dear mother and I were satisfied with coffee and eggs, and perhaps a salad. Sometimes Clotilde would bring us a dish of fried potatoes, or some stewed pears; then we feasted like gourmands. Is it possible, monsieur, that people dine like this every day?"

Mr. Harland was not too much engrossed with his *déjeûner* to enjoy the girl's *naïveté*; on the contrary, he took a great deal of interest in the fact that the food, and, most likely, the pleasant excitement, had brought a tinge of colour to her face. He insisted on her partaking of some delicious-looking pastry. "All young people like sweets," he said; and when he had finished, and they had their coffee at the window, he showed her the photographs that he had bought that morning, and talked, and asked questions about the places he had seen; and they were very happy indeed.

"She is a nice little thing, and I am sure Averil will like her," was his parting thought that night.

As for Annette, she scarcely slept at all, with mingled fatigue and excitement. Her thoughts travelled back to every event of the past day. Now she was sitting with old Manon Duclos, and the feeble old creature was weeping over her. "Must I lose thee, *chérie*? Oh, what news! What an unhappy fate! Who will read to me when thou art gone, *ma petite*? Who will be good to old Manon?" And then there had been that good-bye in the cemetery. How her tears had flowed over that little white rosebud. Nay, it was true what monsieur had said—it was not the dear mother who lay there; she must try to remember that. And then there had been the long walk. How lovely the river had looked in the evening sunshine! How kind and benignant monsieur had been!

"I hope I shall see him often," she thought. "Perhaps I was wrong to question him so closely about my cousin's household. But it was all so confusing; even now I do not seem to understand. How can my cousin Averil be mistress while her stepmother lives? She is only a girl, like myself. I wonder if she be handsome. I think all English people are handsome. What a nice face monsieur has—so clear and honest. I think I love grey hair. But I remember he said she was little. Somehow, I cannot picture her. And this Lottie Jones. Ah, it is all bewildering! How strange I shall feel among all those people." And Annette sighed, for she was tired, and her poor little heart was aching for her mother; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream that they were sitting together in the little room downstairs.

Annette slept so soundly after all her fatigues, that it was quite late when she woke, and she had only just time to dress herself, and swallow the coffee Clotilde brought her, before Mr. Harland drove up to fetch her.

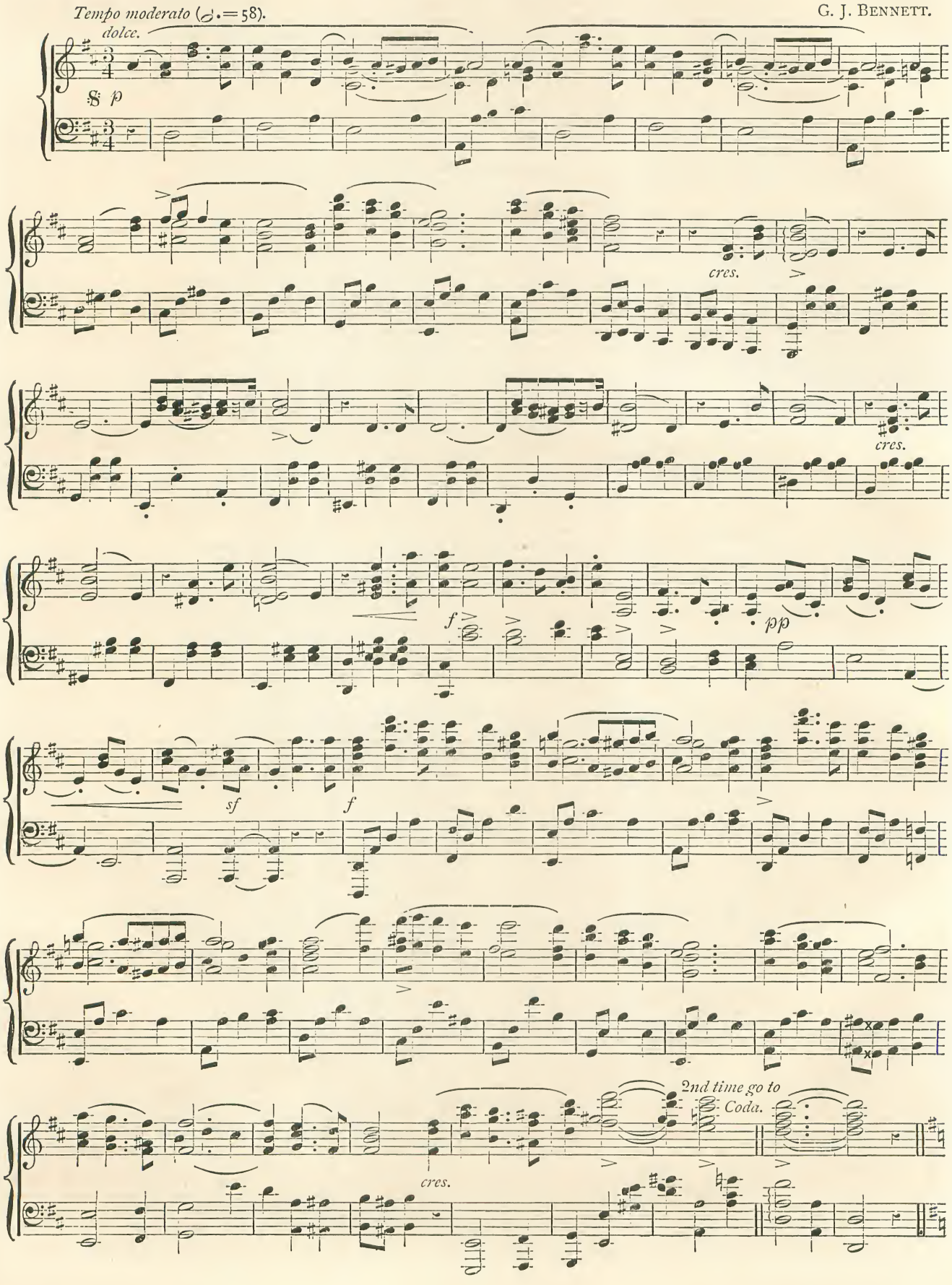
Perhaps it was just as well that she had only those few moments in which to take leave of her old life. She bade adieu very quietly to Clotilde. "I shall never forget thee, my best friend," she said, gently. "One day, if my cousin permit, I will come and see thee and Gaston and Toinette."

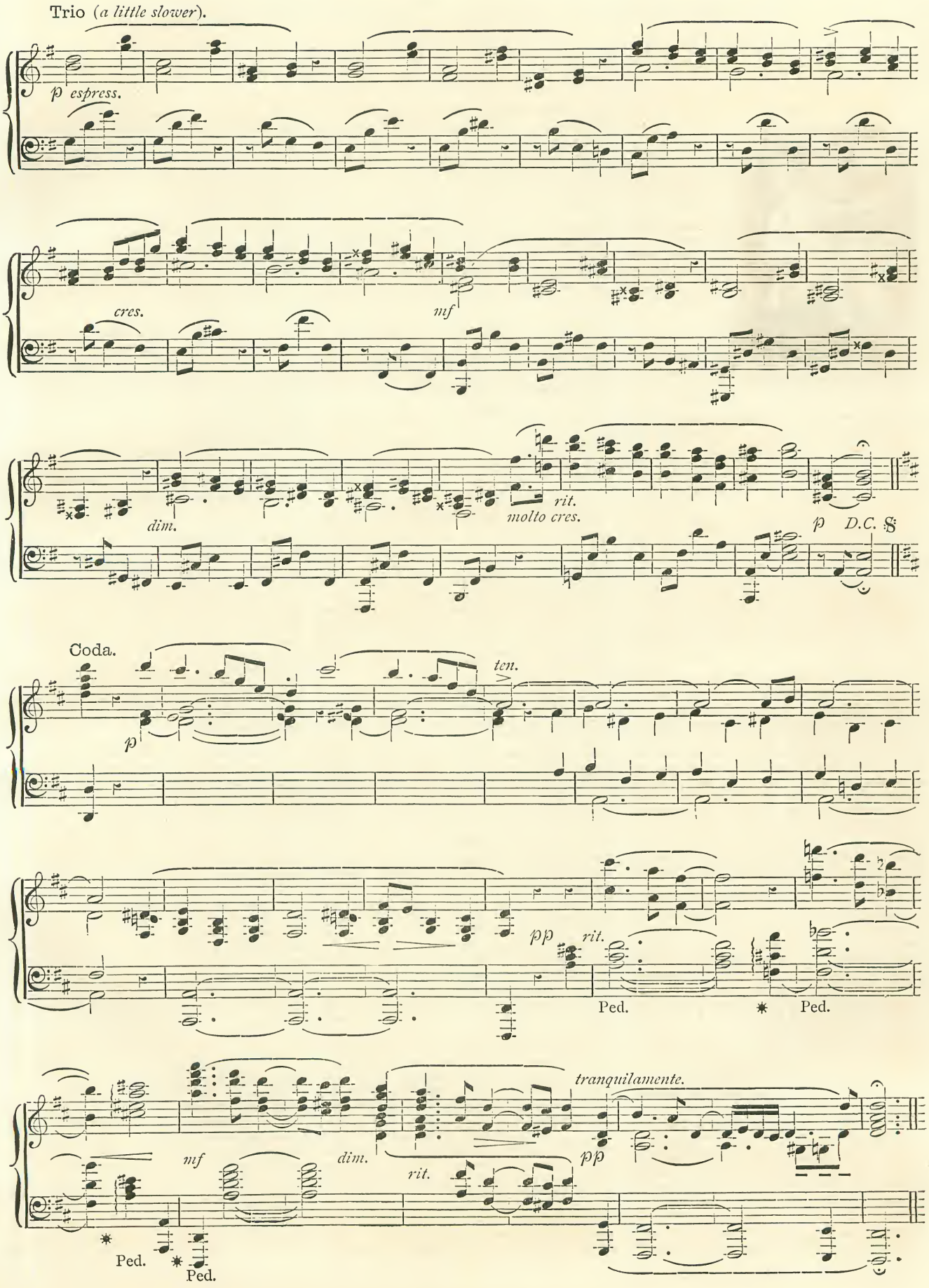
As for Clotilde, she wept volubly. "*Le bon Dieu* would watch over their dear mademoiselle. *Hélas!* the place would be empty without her. No, she must not forget them. She would have their prayers," and so on. A thousand blessings followed her in that shrill voice. The girl smiled rather sadly as she listened to them.

"Poor old house!" she said, softly, as they drove away. "In spite of hard work one had happy hours. Always it is so in life—the good and the bad mingled, and some have more of God's sunshine than others." And then she was silent, and Mr. Harland did not disturb her, for he knew by a certain kindly instinct that the girlish heart was stirred to its depths.

(*To be continued.*)

MILLE AMITIÉS.




Trio (*a little slower*).
p espress.
cres.
mf
dim.
rit.
molto cres.
p D.C. 𝄋
Coda.
ten.
p
pp
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
tranquilamente.
mf
dim.
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

THE SPIRIT OF FUN IN LITERATURE AND ART;

OR,

THE WORKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE WORLD LAUGH.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER I.



LITTLE nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," and what the wisest men take delight in sensible girls need have no hesitation in enjoying. What a dull plodding world it would be without fun, and how much truth there is in the saying that the day is lost in which one does not have a good laugh.

We may surely praise fun without anyone accusing us of casting a slight on improving reading and useful information. Our intention is very different from that. Solid instruction is good in its way, and amusement is good in its, and we may show favour to both so long as we keep each in its proper place. This we have always tried to do in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we are not going to pipe another tune now. The first thing, girls, is to try to grow wiser and better; the next is to cultivate a cheerful spirit, without which fun cannot be understood. But the two really go together, for she is neither very wise nor very good who is not cheerful.

To judge, however, by the way some people speak, one would think they regarded fun as highly objectionable, and a hearty laugh as an offence against propriety. Of course there is laughter and laughter. There is the laughter of fools, like "the crackling of thorns under a pot"; but that is not what any of us are interested in. What we want is becoming mirth and honest fun.

"How much lies in laughter," says Carlyle: "the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man." "The man who cannot laugh," he adds, "is not only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem."

We may encourage ourselves by recalling the example of Cicero, who was a great joker—he was called by his enemies "the consular jester"—and of Erasmus, who had such a feeling for fun, that he once laughed over the well-known *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* till he made himself seriously ill. Then there was Sir Thomas More, the famous chancellor—but why multiply instances? If any girl thinks that an appreciation of wit and humour ought not to go with a great and wise intellect, the whole of history and biography, not to speak of common sense, are against her.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl,
The gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool."

In many ways fun is really good for us. To begin with, it is good for the mind. "The mind," says Phaedrus, "ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought and to itself." Butler puts it that—

"Nothing more preserves men in their wits
Than giving of them leave to play by fits."

And every intelligent brain-worker says the same thing, and holds that spending time in well-chosen merriment is like whetting to a scythe to sharpen the edge of it, which but for that would grow dull and blunt.

It has also a wonderful influence on bodily health. Laugh and grow fat, as the proverb says. There is a true story told of a woman who was in a decline, and all the neighbours said she would die. But she surprised them, and got better, and when asked what had cured her—"What will cure most other people," said she: "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh."

Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, used to say that the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was of more benefit to the health of the community than the coming in of a dozen asses laden with medicine. According to one of the authors of last century—

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws it out."

"Harmless mirth," says Fuller, "is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits." But the most pithy praise was given by Solomon, when he said that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

When Luther was once asked for a remedy against melancholy, his advice was: "Gaiety and courage—innocent gaiety and rational, honourable courage—are the best medicines for young people and for old people too; for all people against sad thoughts."

As, then, it is well-chosen fun that brightens up our minds and fills our veins with blood, it is to be hoped that it will never be banished from the company of girls who wish to lead wise lives.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

The questions, What is fun? What is wit? What is humour? have been discussed many times, and without much more result than to make darker what was rather dark before. We are not going to enter on an examination of them now. Fun is simply fun, and if any one does not know what it is, all the writing in the world will not enlighten her any more than talk proved satisfactory to the man in the fairy story, who did not know and yet wished to find out what shivering meant. "What is light?" said someone to St. Augustine. "I know when you do not ask me," said he. It is pretty much the same with wit and humour.

Our object in the following papers is to speak about the bright, funny, laughing side of literature and art, to tell who are the most celebrated authors and artists who have in this way contributed to the amusement of the world, and to describe, as fully as space will allow, the chief characteristics of their works. As a general rule we shall confine ourselves to the literature and art of our own country, but there are two or three exceptions which can hardly be overlooked, and the first of these is one which will occupy the rest of this paper—the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes.

This famous Spanish work ought to have the foremost place, for its author is by general consent king of humorous writers. It is one of the most delightful books in the world, and one of the most widely circulated. In point of cosmopolitan popularity it ranks after the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and is said to have passed through nearly three hundred editions. "We know," remarks a recent critic, "that it is too much neglected in England nowadays, thanks to the briskness of the trade in modern books, and the fostering of ephemeral rubbish by the circulating libraries. But it is still one of the few household volumes in many a remote dwelling at home and abroad, as it can be read again and again with ever-increasing pleasure."

For cheering us up and inspiring us with the spirit of fun there is nothing like it. Philip III. of Spain, looking from his balcony one day, saw a student walking on the banks of the Mançanares, and every little while bursting into fits of laughter. "That man," said he, "is either out of his senses or he is reading *Don Quixote*."

Cervantes, who according to Carlyle is indeed "the purest of all humorists, so gentle and genial, yet so ethereal in his humour, and in such accordance with itself and his whole noble nature," lived at the same time as our own Shakspeare. It is sometimes asserted that he passed into the other world on the same day as Shakspeare; but that is a made-up story. It was, however, very near the same day.

Of all men of letters no one has ever had a harder life of it than this Spanish humorist: one might have thought that his rough experiences would have shaken all the fun out of him. For five years of his life he was a fighter both by land and sea—was through fighting a cripple in one of his arms. Other five years were passed in bitter experiences as a slave in Algiers. He looked death in the face scores of times: twice he had the hangman's rope round his neck. Poverty claimed him for its own, and laid him by the heels in prison for debt.

But fighting, chains, imprisonment, hangman's ropes and poverty only taught him lessons of humanity which he turned to account in his works, and were never able to destroy his gay courage.

"That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine."

Like a true philosopher, he kept his cheerfulness of spirit, and in everything tried to find enjoyment and improvement.

His buoyancy of mind remained till the end of his life. He closes the preface to his last work: "Farewell, gaiety; farewell, humour; farewell, my good friends. I must now die, and I desire nothing more than soon to see you again happy in another world." And a few days after, with astonishing cheerfulness and spirit, he wrote his last letter with, to use his own phrase, "his foot already in the stirrup," waiting for a summons to leave this world of troubles.

Where Cervantes was buried we know, but no one can tell what became of his remains subsequently. No pious pilgrim can go anywhere and say, Here lies the author of the immortal romance of *Don Quixote*. But when one leaves such a piece of work behind him, tombs and monuments may be done without.

The origin of *Don Quixote* was this—

Before Cervantes lived and wrote chivalry itself had passed away, but the foolish and extravagant romances of chivalry were still in the field, and the reading of these did a great deal of harm. Young men and girls, not to speak of older people, had taste spoiled and heads turned by their passages of love and arms or other nonsense.

The hold these tales had may be inferred from the testimony of a Spaniard who wrote in the sixteenth century. "Ten of the best

years of my life," he says, "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies, which I did, even while eating my meals, and the consequence of the depraved appetite was, that if I took in hand any true book of history, or one that passeth for such, I was unable to wade through it."

This was a pretty state of matters, and Cervantes in a happy moment resolved to destroy the credit of these romances by exaggerating the effects produced by reading them on a fictitious personage. So came about the creation of Don Quixote. But he had another object in view, and that was, the simple one of "furnishing a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits." He just wanted to make a good story, and probably never so much as dreamt of the hidden meanings and profound aims which some critics have found in his work.

The first part of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605, written, it is generally believed, in a prison. It is not the only work of genius that has had the same unlikely place of origin. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, girls will remember, was written in a gaol at Bedford.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

When Cervantes had finished the first part, he sought, after the fashion of the time, to shelter himself under the cover of some great name, and asked leave to dedicate his book to a Castilian grandee, the Duke of Bejar.

For some reason or other the Duke at first declined. The author, however, begged hard for leave to read a chapter of his story.

Permission was given, and an audience was summoned to sit in judgment; the result being that all were so delighted that they insisted on the whole being read, and the Duke allowed his name to be inserted in this passport to immortality.

Cervantes took a correct estimate of his own work, and more than once predicted how popular it would become. "I will lay a wager," says Don Quixote's squire, Sancho Panza, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall but will have a painting of our achievements."

The book was at once successful, going through four editions in the very first year. Up to that date no book had appeared since the invention of printing that had so many readers. It made its way, by means of translation, into distant lands; its wit and humour appealing, not to Spaniards alone, but to all mankind.

Unfortunately for Cervantes, though he grew in fame, ready money remained about as scarce as ever. When foreigners of distinction came to Madrid they usually made it their first business to inquire after him, and much was their surprise on learning that he who had made the world so rich was allowed by his countrymen to remain in needy circumstances.

Cervantes set about writing a second part to his romance, but before it was issued some enemy published a spurious second part, full of ill-nature against the great author, and under pretence of carrying on the story, taking every opportunity to spoil it. The hero, Don Quixote, was made a wild lunatic, who ends his days in a madhouse.

Cervantes was much annoyed, and no wonder. He hastened the production of his own second part, which was published in 1615, and from that time nobody thought anything of the other.

Second parts have a bad name—they are hardly ever as good as the first, and reasons could be given why they are seldom likely to be. But this second instalment of *Don Quixote* is a remarkable exception. "Although written in old age," remarks one critic, "it contains at least as much of the glow and warmth of imagination as the first, while it is even superior in invention. There is more harmony in the construction, more correctness, if not more vigour, in the style, with fewer distractions and digressions. The author has more confidence in himself, and more love of his work."

The story, as told in these two parts, is a simple one. The hero, Don Quixote, is a poor, gaunt country gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who when he is idle, which is most part of his time, gives himself up to reading books of chivalry till he loses his wits. He imagines these wonderful narratives to be true, and the times in which he lives to be still days of paladins and enchanters.

"The mind of Don Quixote," says Prescott, the historian, "is an ideal world, into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploits, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness—the glorious chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry which had so long entranced the world—splendid illusions which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect in a thousand variegated tints the rude objects around, until brought into collision with these they are dashed in pieces and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich antique colouring of the author's language, skilfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign language."

Don Quixote represents what is often seen even nowadays—imagination without commonsense to guide it. With all his craze, however, he is full of honour, sticks close to the truth, and always fulfils his promises. He is gentle and dignified in character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependents. No one can dispute his bravery either: he faces dangers, natural and supernatural, of the most terrific description.

His judgment being completely obscured, Cervantes tells us "he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behoved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown."

He therefore scoured up some rusty armour that had been his great-grandfather's; mended an old helmet, first with pasteboard and afterwards with small bars of iron, and provided himself with a sword and lance.

Then he spent four days considering what name he should give the lean old nag in the stable that was to share his toils; and after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante (from *Rozin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before). "It was a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; imparting that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world." His own name he decided was to be in full Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Everything was now ready but a lady to be in love with; and his reading had taught him nothing if it had not impressed on him the fact that a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. In a neighbouring village there was a good-looking country girl whom he had once had a fancy for, though it does not appear that she ever either knew or cared about it. This girl he determined to make mistress of his heart, and her he decided to call Dulcinea del Toboso—for she was a native of that village—a name he thought harmonious, uncommon, and expressive.

As a squire he took into his service a country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor and had children, but who he thought would be "very fit for the squirely offices of chivalry." The name of this man was Sancho Panza—from the Spanish *zancas*, spindle-shanks, and *panza*, paunch. Sancho Panza is almost as well-known to the world as his master, to whom he is the greatest contrast that could be imagined. If the piquancy of wit, it has been well said, lies in striking but unexpected contrast, never was a character more wittily introduced than Sancho Panza. The Don, as we have already said, represents imagination without common sense; the squire is a type of vulgar common sense without imagination, a personification of popular wisdom, "a bundle of proverbs" his master somewhere calls him.

In him we have all the qualities of the vulgar. He is a glutton, idle, cowardly, boasting, egotistic, cunning. With these objectionable features he has, however, a shrewd understanding, and a certain degree of worth, fidelity, and even sensibility, so that we cannot help liking him.

"Honest Sancho," says Prescott, "represents the material principle as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcase. In one of their adventures he asks his master, 'Why need you go about this affair? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our flinching?' Can anything be imagined more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly as in these two characters; perfectly opposed to each other not only in their minds and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance."

When Don Quixote on his old nag, and Sancho Panza mounted on an ass, rode forth to seek adventures, they found plenty of the most laughable description. The knight's diseased imagination completely changed every common object he met; giants, paladins, and enchanters started up in all directions, and the many disappointments of which he was the subject failed to undeceive him. He delivered ladies, as he supposed, from the power of wicked magicians, but they turned out to be plain harmless women, who were terrified by the interruption of their otherwise unmolested travels. He mistook an inn for an enchanted castle, and imagined he had a monstrous and dreadful battle with a giant, when he had only pierced a wine skin, and made eighteen gallons of wine, which he took for blood, run along the ground like water.

He interfered where he was not wanted, and his self-imposed task of repairing wrongs and redressing injuries only led to setting people by the ears and working mischief. The bachelor Alonzo Lopez, whom he had overthrown, told him:—

"I don't understand your mode of redressing wrongs; but as for myself, you have made me crooked when I was straight enough before, and have broken my leg, which will never be set right all the days of my life; nor do I understand your repairing injuries, for that which I have received from you will never be repaired. It was the most unfortunate adventure that ever happened to me when I met you in search of adventures."

Of all Don Quixote's adventures that of the

windmills is one of the funniest. The knight and Sancho Panza were riding along early one morning talking about the government of an island which the Don had promised to his squire, and about the kingdoms he was sure to conquer. Just then they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills with their great unwieldy arms. Ford tells us that the Spanish windmills are much smaller than ours, and that they were a novelty at the time Cervantes wrote.

As soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves would have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay; and with their spoils we will enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest yonder," answered his master; "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."

"Look sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails which make the millstone go."

"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures; they are giants; and if thou art afraid, stand on one side, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him they were certainly windmills and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on calling out aloud:

"Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you!"

The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move, upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus ye shall pay for it!"

Then recommending himself devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him: when running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him, and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

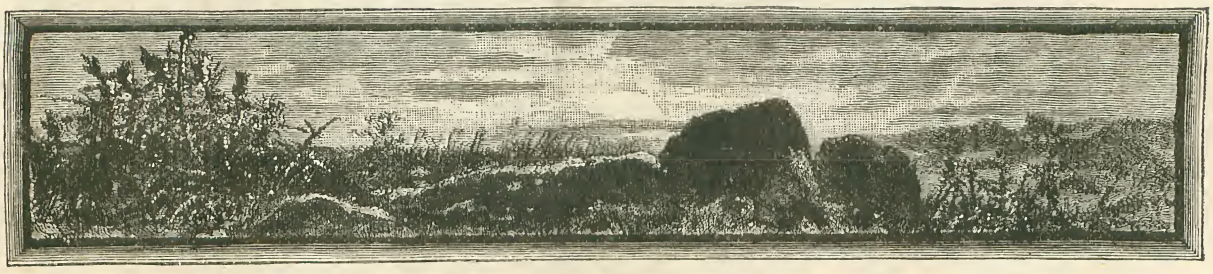
"Now," said Sancho, "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head."

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that a magician who bears a great enmity to me has metamorphosed these giants into windmills on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"Heaven grant it!" answered Sancho Panza.

Another laughable incident—but really if we are going to give all that is laughable in Don Quixote we may as well set about reprinting the whole volume. We shall leave it here, only mentioning that, at the close of the second part of Cervantes's work the knight is finally restored, through a severe illness, to his right mind, made to renounce all the follies of knight-errantry, and die, like a peaceful Christian, in his own bed.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

One who Highly Values the "G. O. P."—There are "The London School of Medicine for Women," Miss Heaton, Secretary, 30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.; "The Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women," Miss Black, Secretary, Surgeon Square, Edinburgh; and in Dublin address Dr. Jacob, Secretary of Council Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Dublin. The expenses of medical education vary considerably both according to the school and to the additional classes required, and special instruction on certain subjects; but the minimum fees for the whole course of lectures and hospital instruction amount severally thus: London, £105, paid in one sum, £115 if by instalments; Edinburgh, £80 if in one sum, £85 in instalments; Irish College of Surgeons, £99 15s. The fees for supplementary subjects required by most of the examining boards—vaccination, practical midwifery, pharmacy, &c.—vary from about £10 to £20. Scholarships and bursaries are offered in connection with the schools and boards. Assistance can be obtained in some cases, by ladies desiring to go to India, from Lady Dufferin's Fund; and those who desire to work as medical missionaries, from the societies connected with different denominations, and from the "Zenana Bible and Medical Mission" (non-sectarian), 2, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

The Matron (Private Hospital, 101, Newhall Street, Birminghan).—We are pleased to find through your letter that there may be an opening in your hospital for some few of the many intending nurses. The London hospitals seem to offer no vacancies for probationers, or very few, just at present. We regret that your letter was not answered sooner.

An Irish Maiden.—Each of the Evangelists is symbolised by an animal: St. Mark has a lion; St. John an eagle; St. Luke an ox, and St. Matthew a man's face, in allusion to beasts before the throne, in the Book of Revelation.

WORK.

Amy.—There is a "Dorcas Society," of which the Secretary is Mrs. Noble, 32, Hamilton Road, Ealing Common, London, W. And there is the "Odd Minutes Society," Secretary, Miss Janette Powel, Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. This last is specially instituted for the benefit of the poor of the East End. Workers provide their own materials, and those who do so are not asked for subscriptions. There is also a "Needlework Society," of which Miss H. Skilbeck, of Halton, Surbiton Hill, is the Manageress. The work done is sent to the "Latymer Road Mission," Notting Hill, W. As in the case of the last-named society, workers providing their own materials are not expected to give subscriptions.

G. D. P.—Certainly leave a loop at each end when making a darn. If you were to cut the threads they would be pulled through the stitches when rubbed in washing; and were the ends left long the fringe would look ridiculous, and defeat one special object, that is, to render a darn invisible so far as practicable.

A Suffolk Lassie.—Your pleasing verses entitled "The Old Old Story" are well written, though not possessing originality nor any very beautiful thought to constitute them "poetry" in its true sense. Your letter and sentiments are, nevertheless, creditable to you. We regret that we have no recollection of receiving any wool-work design from you, "a baby's hood in crochet."

COOKERY.

Donna Anna.—Cocoa nibs should be prepared in a coffee pot; a cupful is enough at a time to make cocoa for four or five people. The best way is, to put in a cupful each day, and only empty the pot at the end of the week. It should stand on the stove the whole day, not boiling fast, but stewing steadily.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nora.—The difference between icebergs and ice-floes consists in the fact that the bergs are masses of frozen fresh water, broken off from glaciers, and float out into the ocean; the ice-floe is of salt water, or coast ice, which is rarely more than twenty feet thick, and rises only between two or three feet above the surface of the water. The bergs have been known to rise 200 feet from the water-line, and to extend for a length of three miles, and one, it has been affirmed, was seven miles long and four wide; but these were exceptional. The average, taking large and small together, extend a mile in length and half a mile wide, and rise 200 feet out of the water, there being always eight times as much ice in weight under the water as above it. The most are to be seen as a rule in July.

Irene.—Scrape a little French chalk over the grease-spot and rub it in at the back of the material, or draw out the grease by holding a hot iron near it, or by laying a piece of blotting-paper on the spot, and ironing with a warm flat iron on the wrong side. Your writing is good.

A. M. B., "A Would-be Poet," Leicester, Fonce, Lily, M. S. W., Caribel, Dieudonné, Waterlily.—Not up to the average of our amateur poets; but as all are young they may have time to grow poetical before dying at a ripe old age.

Ellen Hickley.—It would be impossible to value lace without seeing it. You would do well to take it to several lace shops, say you want to sell it, and have it valued. Much experience is required to value such things.

Will's Sister.—Certainly a man should raise his hat when the lady with whom he is walking meets a lady friend, whether he knows her or not. He should not smoke when walking with a lady in the streets in the daytime, but with her permission asked and obtained he may do so at night, or in the country.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.



"ESTHER EGERTON SAT IN THE CARRIAGE."

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CHAP. III.

GREYFRIARS AND ITS INMATES.

ESTHER EGERTON sat in the carriage that had been sent to Harmer to meet her, and as it rolled rapidly and steadily along the smooth, hard road, white with March dust, she leaned back, whilst still keeping her eyes fixed on the hedgerows and cottages she passed, trying to realise that the new page of her life had just opened for her.

She looked younger than she had done in her old home, younger and handsomer both; for she had known enough of what to expect at Greyfriars to have spent a week or more in London, fitting herself out with dresses suitable to one who had to take up the position of the head of a large country house, and the *chaperon* of a fashionable young lady; and as Esther's taste was very good, and as she was endowed with good looks above the average, there was little fear that she would disgrace even Jessie's

fastidious eye; and she had no fear of her sister's children, despite all she had heard, which was another point in her favour.

Esther had occupied an independent position as mistress of her brother's house for the past five years, and that had given to her a self-reliance and experience somewhat in advance of her five-and-twenty summers. Her associates had been for the most part people older than herself, which had tended perhaps to make her a little grave for her years; but there was a strong undercurrent of youthful high-spirit about her, and she looked forward with something of exhilaration to the companionship of boys and girls, even though there might be hostility to overcome in the first instance.

As this thought came into her mind, Esther smiled, and there was something rather peculiar in that smile. It was very sweet, and yet there was a look of resolution in it which gave it its noticeable character. Her lips were generally slightly parted, showing the white, even teeth beneath, and the grey eyes were full and well opened, the brow broad and rather low, the chestnut hair waving across it after the fashion common in a Greek statue. The features were good and regular, and the figure tall and graceful. If Esther were not a beauty as her sister had been, she was pleasant enough to look at; and as well as decided force of character, which showed itself in both face and manner, she possessed the air of distinction and well-bred ease of manner that goes farther in the world than actual beauty itself. Strange as was this arrival at her sister's house, Esther was not nervous or timid. She knew that Rosamond was gone, that she should have to meet her unknown nieces and nephews and the formidable Lady Eleanora without any introduction from her sister; yet her heart did not fail her as the carriage turned in at the park gates; and as she leaned forward to obtain a better view of her future home, a low exclamation of pleasure escaped her.

Greyfriars was built of the warm red sandstone, which is of all building material the most picturesque, if not the most lasting. As has been said before, the original plan and character of the house had been preserved, even though not much of the old monastery remained, and the whole effect was quaintly mediæval and beautiful. Esther looked eagerly for the signs of life about the place—curly heads clustering at some window, or little forms waiting about the door; but dusk was falling, and there was nothing of the kind to be seen, and when she alighted there was only a solemn butler to receive her, and he ushered her ceremoniously into a large, richly-furnished room, throwing open the door very wide, as he announced her name, and closing it noiselessly behind him.

As Esther advanced she thought for a moment that the room was empty, for the fading daylight was obscured by the heavy amber curtains, and only the diffused light from a piled-up fire of logs illumined the sombre richness of the magnificent apartment. But as she moved forward, a slight girlish figure rose suddenly from the depths of an easy chair, and Esther seemed to be confronted by the very Rosamond she remembered years ago, as being the incarnation of her childish ideals of beauty and grace. Without waiting for any words on the part of the girl, Esther herself stepped forward and took her hands, kissing her warmly on both cheeks as she said—

"You do not need to tell me who you are, dear child—you are your mother over again, as I remember her before she left us—the loveliest creature in all the world, as I used proudly to say and think."

Possibly the last words had better have been left unsaid; but they were spoken on the impulse of the moment, and as it happened, they did more to win Jessie's vain little heart than anything else could have done. She had been in two minds as to her reception of her aunt; but this little unconscious tribute to her praise warmed her heart, and brought the smile to her face. It was always easier to Jessie to be pleasant than cold and distant, and she now returned her aunt's kiss with genuine readiness.

"I am glad you have come, Aunt Essie. May I call you Aunt Essie? Mamma said that used to be her pet name for you when you were little, and it is so much prettier than Esther. Don't you think so? I hope you have had a nice journey. You would like some tea, would you not? They will bring it directly, and the lamp too, and we will have a cosy time together before you go upstairs. You will not be very tired, as you have only come from London to-day. Grandmother has not come down yet. When the wind is cold she generally stays upstairs till dinner-time. It has been very dull all this week since papa and mamma went away. We shall have more fun, I hope, now that you have come. I shall have somebody to go out with now."

The tea-tray and the lights were next brought in. Amber shades softened the latter, and threw a certain dimness over the room. Esther and her niece looked at each other with more or less open scrutiny; and if Esther thought that Jessie was a very lovely creature, as indeed was the case, the girl was equally pleased and surprised to find her aunt so young, so handsome, and so stylish in appearance.

"I shall rather like taking her about and showing her to our friends as my aunt," said the young lady to herself with unconscious condescension. "I think I rather admire her. She has an air of her own, and that is a very great point."

Whilst Jessie was answering her aunt's questions about her father's health and the movements of the travellers, there was a slight sound behind, which showed that some other person had entered the room. Esther turned her head slightly, and encountered the gaze of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes, wonderfully bright and liquid, with the blue-tinted whites that give such beauty to the eye, and generally so much softness *too*: but just now these eyes were anything but soft in expression, but rather expressive of hostility and defiance. The extraordinary beauty of the face struck Esther at the first glance. Even Jessie's Dresden china prettiness seemed to fade into insignificance before the vivid and delicate beauty of the boy's face. And yet there was nothing effeminate in its contour—the manliness of the lad's whole aspect was as remarkable as anything, and, despite the cool insolence of his bearing, there was a look and air of high birth and breeding, as well as of the keenest intelligence, too subtle to be described, but as noteworthy as any of his other characteristics, and it was impossible to pass him by without a second look of admiration. Esther's glance met his for a few long seconds, and then she smiled and held out her hand,

"That is my brother Dacre," said Jessie, who was looking at the new-comer with a little anxiety in her eyes.

Some instinct had told that much to Esther already. The boy affected not to see her hand, and passed negligently on his way, planting himself presently upon the rug, from which vantage ground he could examine the newcomer at his ease. After a few moments of silence he began to speak, and his voice was so musical, so full-toned and low in pitch, that Esther found a peculiar pleasure in listening to it, though the words she found addressed to her seemed strangely out of keeping with the accent in which they were spoken. Possibly it was that very contrast that robbed Dacre's worst insolences of anything absolutely unmannerly or ill-bred. He would say the most outrageous things at times, and yet not give serious offence. Written down, his words cannot but appear bald and brusque and offensive: yet as he spoke them there was something in his voice that seemed to make amends, though it certainly could not be said that he intended no insolence, for that was just what he did do, with a vengeance too.

"So you have come," said Dacre, with a keen glance at her out of his bright eyes. "You would not be warned."

"I was not to be deterred by foolish threats, if that is what you mean," answered Esther with a quiet smile, her glance returning his very steadily.

"You thought it foolish, did you?" asked Dacre, softly.

"I thought it foolish to suppose that I should be deterred from granting a sister's request, by a few defiant words from an unknown nephew."

"Against whom you had been warned as the scapegrace of the family, no doubt?"

"Not then," answered Esther quietly.

A subdued smile flickered over Dacre's face.

"Ah, then that warning came later?"

Esther looked at him steadily, her lips slightly curving to an answering smile.

"That warning came later," she assented quietly.

"And did not daunt you even then?"

"No; I think I may honestly say it did not."

"Very good. I hope you may be of

the same opinion a month hence. You will find that I shall live up to my character. What is the use of winning a name if you do not avail yourself of the distinction it conveys? I have been taught to consider myself the most rebellious son of a very rebellious house, and you will find that I shall not disappoint your expectations."

"Forewarned is forearmed," answered Esther serenely.

Dacre looked her all over with calm insolence.

"I suppose you expect me to admire your pluck?"

"On the contrary, I expect you to admire nothing so much as your own boastful impertinence."

Esther spoke very quietly, but with a certain decision that showed her to be perfectly undaunted. She saw at once that with a nature like this she must meet frankness with frankness, and take a firm and high hand. If he thought to get the better of her by a bullying tone, the sooner he found himself mistaken the better. Dacre smiled. He did not appear displeased or abashed.

"You thought that rather a neat one, did you not? And it was not so bad for a beginning, I admit that myself. But you may just as well know that we Overtons are always as good as our word. When we say a thing we stick to it."

"I think the Egertons do the same," answered Esther with equal serenity of manner. "Jessie, dear, I think I will go to my room now, if you will show me the way. And perhaps you will introduce me presently to your sisters and brothers upstairs, and to Lady Eleanora, if she would care to see me."

Jessie rose with alacrity. She had seemed uncomfortable ever since Dacre had come in. The boy moved across the room to open the door, and as Esther passed out he said very gently, "Perhaps you would like *me* to introduce you to the school-room party presently. I shall be very pleased to do so."

"Thank you," she answered with a smile, "I will expect you here in half-an-hour to do so."

And as Jessie looked taken aback at this response, Esther laughed, and linking her arm within that of her niece as they mounted the wide shallow oak stairs together, said, "You surely do not think that I am going to be frightened at a little swagger from Dacre?"

"I don't know," answered Jessie doubtfully. "I don't think it is exactly swagger with Dacre, and people are rather afraid of him. But never mind him now. I want to show you the house. I hope you will like your rooms. You are to have the tapestry suite, with a boudoir of your own opening out of the bedroom, and your maid's room beyond, which opens on to one of the back staircases. There are six staircases altogether in the house. It is a queer old place. But most people like it, or they pretend to do."

There was no pretence about Esther's admiration of the quaint old house, which her sister's taste and husband's wealth had made a perfect bower of luxury. Jessie was pleased at the discrimination her aunt evinced, and was gracious and friendly in her ways. There were big fires blazing in Esther's private rooms, and the maid was unpacking the trunks. Jessie was immensely interested in the pretty dresses she saw lifted out of the basket box, and after a prolonged scrutiny of the wardrobe and its contents, turned to her aunt with a look of relief.

"I'm so glad you like pretty things, Aunt Essie, and have good taste in dress. I was afraid, somehow, that you would be different, and not half as nice. Is that a riding-habit? And do you ride? Oh, I am so glad, then we can go out together. I don't like riding with the boys. They like to gallop all the time, and to go stupid ways where one never sees anybody. When I ride, I like to go into Harmer, or about the roads where other people drive or walk most; and it's dull riding alone. Several of the horses carry a lady nicely. We will go out together, and I'll show you everything."

Esther had by this time removed her travelling coat and hat, and smoothed the rebellious chestnut hair that would never lose its trick of curling round her brow and ears in little tendrils like those on a vine. So, leaving the maid to finish her task, aunt and niece went out together, and Jessie took the new-comer to see her own pretty room, and showed her several of the upstairs apartments, till Esther remembered that the half-hour was up, and went down to the hall to look for Dacre. Jessie advised her to wait till morning before seeing "the children;" but Esther was resolute to get through the first introductions that night.

Dacre was waiting below, and looked up with his curious smile as his aunt appeared. If he had expected her to disappoint him, he made no remark, but simply led the way through a swing-door, and up another staircase to the long nursery described before. Flinging open the door with something of a flourish he walked in, and turning round to Esther with a wave of the hand, he said, "This is the real bear-garden of the house, and there are the young cubs at home. Make what you can of them; they may be soft to look at, but they have their proper complement of claws, every one of them, as you will probably find out for yourself in due course."

And then Dacre drew on one side, and watched the scene with a look of cool, critical interest.

Esther saw before her three children, two girls and one boy, and all the three were regarding her with looks of curiosity and distrust. At least that was her first impression, from the fact that for a moment there was a dead silence in the room; but then the boy, who had been lying on the floor with a book, jumped up quickly and ran to meet her smiling frankly.

"Oh, Aunt Esther, *I beg your pardon*, I thought it was some nonsense of Dacre's, and I was in the middle of such an exciting adventure. We didn't think you'd come upstairs to see us to-night. How do you do? Yes, we are the bears of the house, but Dacre is the biggest bear of the lot, so *he* needn't talk. I'm Humphrey, and here are Trix and Ethel. We've been wondering about you ever so long. I'm glad you've come at last."

Humphrey's manners were more easy than those of any of his brothers and sisters, and he was more the friendly, unaffected boy, and less of the jealous guarder of cherished liberties. Esther kissed him, and smiled at his boyish blush, and then turned to the girls, who had come more slowly forward.

Trix, as she was universally called, was a handsome, dark-browed girl, not in the least like the dainty Jessie, but with more of character in her face. There was a touch of Dacre's insolent defiance in the way she held out her hand, but drew back from her aunt's kiss. She looked as if taking the measure of this new antagonist, for, like Dacre, she viewed anyone armed with authority over her in the light of a natural enemy.

Ethel was less original and more child-like. She too had a book in her hand, and seemed impatient to return to it. She was in the stage of development when all grown-up persons are of necessity profoundly uninteresting, and she lived in a world of her own making. She was more studious than Trix, and easier to manage, though not without a plentiful share of self-will; but she did not rebel often against her lessons, and was not the same trial to her governesses that her sisters had been.

Esther talked to the three children, but only Humphrey answered. Ethel was in a fidget to get back to her book; Trix would not condescend to unbend; and the presence of Dacre, leaning silently against the wall with that unboy-like smile on his face, was a check upon Humphrey's expansiveness, and somewhat upon Esther's too. The sound of a distant gong reverberating through the house brought the conversation to a close. Jessie came in to say that it was time to dress for dinner, and Esther was not altogether sorry to follow her.

"Only one more introduction to go through to-day," she said to herself, as she carefully dressed herself for the evening. "But I am not sure if Lady Eleanora will not turn out to be the most formidable personage in the house."

(*To be continued.*)



ON THE TECHNIQUE OF THE PIANOFORTE

A PRACTICAL TALK TO EARNEST STUDENTS.



MISS FANNY DAVIES.

(*From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.*)

FROM the above heading it will be seen that my paper is written with a desire to be useful to earnest students of the art of pianoforte playing, in the hope that it may be of help to them in laying a good and solid foundation for future achievements.

The first thing to be thought about is the *touch*. It is an error to suppose that to possess a good touch one must be *born* with it, for those who are not naturally gifted in that way can do a great deal to acquire it. The secret of a full round touch, a touch with music in it, is a caressing pressure of the keys with firm fingers but loose wrist; for as rigidity is not compatible with beauty in art of any kind, so there must be nothing *stiff* in pianoforte playing.

To illustrate my meaning—Take a simple five-finger exercise, and *before playing* let the hand be placed naturally on the keys, with the fingers rounded from both joints so that the tips cannot be seen, the thumb also to be bent and used freely from the top joint, same as the fingers; this will prevent stiffness of the thumb. The elbows and wrist must be on a line with the keyboard, so the length of the arm must decide the important question of how high or how low the performer should sit; should that part of the arm from the shoulder to the elbow be short, one must sit low, otherwise the force will proceed from the wrong place. To ensure looseness, exercise the wrist up and down without altering the position of the hand on the keys.

Then proceed to play by pressing warmly into the keys, so that a very full tone may be obtained without the *strike* being heard. To understand this perfectly, it may be practised away from the piano—on the table, pressing down each finger with great strength, but quite noiselessly. The student must not be discouraged to find that at first the tone thus obtained is very feeble, for as the muscles get strong with practise so the tone will become stronger. Let this be a *natural* development: never force the tone; it causes it to be harsh. Keep the fingers which you are not using well off the keys: this not only ensures clearness but control of the muscles, only be careful not to cramp the hand. In passing from one note to another, bind the tone so that it is perfectly *legato*, allowing at the same time free use of the fingers, and not unbending them.

Practise everything slowly at first.

The simple five-finger exercises of Aloys Schmidt cannot be too highly recommended to acquire strength and independence of finger: those who play some of these every day, steadily and strongly, giving great thought to the touch and tone, must gain untold benefit in even a few months, more especially if each is taken separately and practised slowly at first, then gradually faster, taking care to play each note equally. The faster one plays the higher the fingers should be lifted to ensure clearness: the "still" (but not stiff) position of the hand in these exercises conduces so much to strength.

Scales must of course be "daily bread," not necessarily through all the keys each day, but always taking a few and playing them several times without stopping. There is nothing like good even scale-playing to produce pearly and brilliant runs.

The use of the studies of Czerny from the "Études de la Vélocité" upwards to the school of Virtuosi, and also the "Materialen" of that great teacher, Friedrich Wieck (the father and instructor of my own beloved and revered teacher Madame Schumann), will be found to be the best possible medium for the development of a good sound technique.

Practise all five-finger and indeed most technical exercises with one hand at a time, so that as one hand tires the other may be used and much time saved; there is, besides, so much to think of in the position of the hands, use of the fingers in the right way, touch, tone, etc.

Never practise too long at a time. Directly the mind becomes weary leave off and rest a little. Two or three hours a day, or at most four, with the mental faculties employed, are quite sufficient. It is a mistake to suppose that anything beyond mere mechanical dexterity is acquired by the six or eight hours a day system, the nerves become shaken, and continual exhaustion ends in illness and consequent delay.

In practising chords, play from the wrist, and think of the *inner* notes—the outside ones are sure to be heard. Try to feel the different harmonies contained in them, and let your hearers know they are there; for though "Melody is the Queen, Harmony is the King"—in like manner play out the left hand well.

In *staccato*, play freely from the wrist to ensure elasticity and good control over different gradations of tone. In octave playing, the same. Perhaps the most difficult acquirement of all is *pianissimo* playing—to produce a soft and yet full tone without the use of the second pedal. This requires just as much *pressure*, but the *force* must be held back as it were. Try to produce these soft tones without the second pedal, for the effect is much greater on the rare occasions when it is intended to be used, as, for example, in the slow movement of the Beethoven G Major Concerto, where the master has himself indicated its employment. Perhaps the difficulty in obtaining tone and softness combined may account for the constant abuse of the soft pedal nowadays.

Very important to the development, not only of the musician, but to help forward the quality of touch and tone and a good *legato*, is the constant study of Bach. From his "Six Little Preludes" to the immortal "Wohltemperirtes Klavier" and the glorious "Chromatic

Fantasia" there is life-long study and a whole world of beauty of which one never tires, but rather learns gradually and surely to appreciate the great master, and, through him, to see and feel the beauty and grandeur of all real music.

Always be working at something of Bach, and endeavour to play each note with affection and meaning, and do not miss any opportunity of listening to his great choral works and indeed to all glorious choral and orchestral works of the great tone-poets.

To some it will appear that my paper is more than somewhat of a music lesson; but I must plead the importance of the subject as an excuse for what might be called the dry statement of the facts. To those who love music *truly* the details could never be dry, but, on the contrary, an ever-increasing interest.

Talent is God-given! but loving patience and long earnest study is necessary for its development, however great the gift: and technique, though only the means to an end —*not the end itself*—must be so entirely at command that one may forget it in realising the grand conceptions and beauty of the works of the great composers.

FANNY DAVIES.

SCHOOL-GIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

BY NANETTE MASON.

THE ENVIOUS EYE.



IT is said by the Arabs that when envy was sent into the world to be distributed amongst the human race, their nation got nine-tenths of the whole stock. This is the reason why in Arabia the envious eye receives an amount of attention seldom given to it elsewhere.

Its glances are believed there to have positively a poisonous influence, and are guarded against with the greatest care. When an Arab child, for example, is taken through the streets, it is usually dressed like a little sloven, and left unwashed, or even purposely smeared with dirt, so that it may appear not worth noticing. A fantastic cap, as a further precaution, is sometimes put upon its head, or its head-dress is ornamented with coins, or a feather, or a gay tassel, or some other appendage likely to divert attention from the wearer.

A number of similar instances might be given were we bent on writing an account of envy as exhibited abroad. Our object, however, is to speak about it at home. It is quite a big enough subject, even if we have only a share in the tenth left after supplying Arabia.

Of all vices envy is one of the meanest and worst. "The vilest affection and the most depraved," Lord Bacon calls it. What could be meaner than for a girl to grudge, and be sorry for other girls possessing health, happiness, content, prosperity, or any other blessing, or for her to rejoice when other girls are detected in faults, or meet with misfortunes? And yet that is just what envy does.

It is to be hoped that girls who indulge in it do not realise its real character, and only wait to have that pointed out to them before turning over a new leaf. Think of repining at another's good, and chuckling to oneself on hearing of another's ill-fortune. The very mention of it might make printers' ink turn red with shame. Nothing shows a little, narrow, shabby mind like envy, and by no means can a noble nature be more easily recognised than by the complete absence of this degrading passion.

If we have an inclination that way there is no need for going far afield to find plenty of reasons for being envious. Every girl has something we have not. Jane has good looks; Arabella a voice like a nightingale; Annie more pocket-money than any other in the whole school; Nellie a home in London; Mary, her's in the loveliest valley in North Wales; and Gertrude, an aunt a countess, whilst she can trace her descent back to the first earl of somewhere or other. Indeed, if we want to be without occasions of envy, there is nothing for it but to go out of the world altogether.

One comfort is, that envy is its own punishment, and needs no rod for chastisement save what it provides for itself. The envious poison their own lives. "As rust corrupts iron," says an old writer, "so envy corrupts man."

With the envious girl nothing goes right: nobody loves her, and her evil disposition gnaws at her heart till she grows sour and melancholy. It is impossible that she can be happy. No doubt we have spoken of her *rejoicing* over the misfortunes of others, but the rejoicing is not the genuine article. It is a rejoicing with the joy left out, if one can imagine such a thing.

Poets have personified envy as lean; and can it ever be anything else than skinny looking? It wastes away all who indulge in it; and Job's friend only spoke the truth when he said that "envy slayeth the silly one." "As a moth gnaws a garment, so," remarks Chrysostom, "doth envy consume a man till he becomes a living anatomy, a skeleton, a lean and pale carcass animated by a fiend." If an envious girl hears another praised she tortures herself, and no greater pain can come to her than to hear of another's well-being. It is like a dagger to her heart. Her life is a continual discomfort; and grudging the success of others prevents her succeeding on her own account.

Addison, in one of his essays, tells about a man who delighted in making envious people miserable. "Will Prosper," he says, "is an honest tale-bearer; he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it, and never fails to aggravate their distress by assuring them that to his knowledge he has an uncle who will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good of every man of their acquaintance."

It would be a fine thing if, whilst the envious punished themselves, they did no harm to other people. Unfortunately it is not so. There is certainly no truth in the power of the envious eye believed in by the inhabitants of Arabia we were just speaking about. At the same time the company of the envious is not desirable. As its least fault, it is depressing, and to that extent the envious bring bad fortune, and should be banished from all pleasant society.

They are pretty sure, however, not to be satisfied with merely thinking mischief; when they have a chance they take to doing it. And very dangerous they may be then. "Wrath is cruel," says Solomon, "and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?"

Not having prospered in anything for themselves, the envious betake themselves to trying to take down a peg those who have got up in the world. One half of their time they sit in the seat of the scorner; for the rest they go about stabbing people in the back. The mean things they will do are almost past belief. When Mary was engaged to Tom it was noticed that Georgina did all she could to take Tom away from her. Not that she loved Tom: it was not a case of jealousy. She did not care a straw for him; but she was envious of what seemed to be the happiness of the courtship.

Envious people even push their spite so far that they are willing to harm themselves in order to do mischief to others. This is like the man in Æsop, who lost one eye willingly in order that his fellow might lose both; or like the rich man in Quintilian, who poisoned the flowers in his garden so that his neighbour's bees should get no more honey from them.

From the point of view of society it is this active envy that is most objectionable, for against such spite and mischief it is difficult to protect oneself. However, our safeguard lies in the very nature of envy. "If envy," says Lord Clarendon, "did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable."

Few things exist of which we cannot say a good word, and envy is one of these few. What is the use of it? It is of no use whatever. It leads to nothing; it advances nothing. It occupies itself with sneering and fault-finding, desires nothing so much as to crush and exterminate what is good, and takes delight in errors and blemishes. To the envious life and morality are turned topsy-turvy. You never find that they "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Their way is to weep at rejoicing, and rejoice at weeping.

And now comes the practical question, How may we cease being envious, and be quite quit of that disease? Alas, in many it is allowed to take so firm a hold as to be almost incurable. "I have read," says Marcus Aurelius, "Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee authors, and have consulted with many wise men, for a remedy for envy: I could find none but to renounce all happiness, and to be a wretch and miserable for ever."

Whilst people are young, however, there is more hope; indeed, you may check many things in their first beginning which hardly any human power can successfully encounter a little later on. "Withstand the beginnings," says Ovid, "for an after remedy comes often too late." A great antidote to envy is to try to take sensible views of things. Those who

succeed in this see that envy is often misplaced, and that our judgments are formed without sufficient material. "If we well knew," says Young, in his *True Estimate of Human Life*, "how little others enjoy, it would rescue the world from one sin—there would be no such thing as envy upon earth."

Those we imagine happy are often rather bored than otherwise. If courted and fêted they do not desire to be either, but to be at peace. The rich lady wishes herself a dairy-maid, and the nobleman longs to be an engine-driver. The handsome are exposed to countless dangers from which the plain-looking are free. The same is to be said of the wealthy as compared with the poor, and the learned as compared with those whose chances of picking up knowledge have been limited. And so with the whole human family, the moral being that the wise thing is to envy nobody, but be contented with our own lot, however humble, narrow, or obscure it may be.

There is much truth in the answer of the author of the *Imitation of Christ* to those who said, "Behold! what a happy life such an one leads; how wealthy, how great he is, in what power and dignity!" "Lift up thine eyes," he answers, "to the riches of Heaven, and thou shalt see that all the goods of this life are nothing to be accounted of. They are very uncertain, and rather burdensome than otherwise, because they are never possessed without anxiety and fear."

If we would not be envious we must also give up thinking too much about our precious selves. "It is great wisdom and perfection," says an old author, "to think nothing of ourselves, but to think always well and highly of others." This is a difficult saying to adopt as our own, but it carries a great reward with it. We should try to have our hearts overflowing with love to our fellows, enjoying their good-fortune, rejoicing in their happiness, and doing them good turns whenever and wherever we can. Those who have once experienced how sweet it is to work in the service of love will give a wide berth to a passion that brings nothing but discomfort and misery in its train.

We must keep ourselves busy too. "Envy," says Lord Bacon, "is a gadding passion and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home." To be fully occupied is a cure for many complaints, and not least for envy. The busy girl is never envious; she has something else to do.

And last and best of all, we should entreat the aid of Heaven to resist all inclination in this bad direction. For a Christian to be envious seems out of all character; it is so far from that spirit of love which is the very essence of our religion.

In Fuller's *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* we have the following meditation, which some have more need to ponder over than others, but which all of us may profit by:—

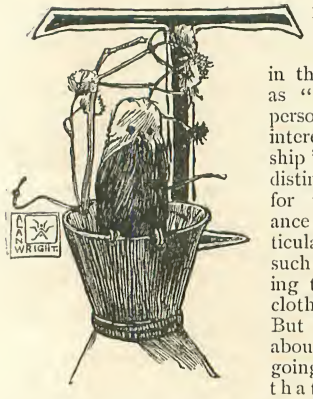
"Lord," says Fuller, "I perceive my soul deeply guilty of envy. By my goodwill I would have none prophesy but mine own Moses (Numb. xi. 28). I would rather Thy work were undone than done better by another than by myself: had rather that Thine enemies were all alive than that I should kill but my thousand and others their ten thousands of them. My corruption repines at other men's better parts as if what my soul wants of them in substance she should supply in swelling. Dispossess me, Lord, of this bad spirit, and turn my envy into holy emulation. Let me labour to exceed them in pains who excel me in parts, and knowing that my sword, in cutting down sin, hath a duller edge, let me strike with the greater force; yea, make other men's gifts to be mine by making me thankful to Thee for them. . . . . Let me feed, and foster, and nourish, and cherish the graces in others, honouring their persons, praising their parts, and glorifying Thy name who hath given such gifts unto them."

And when, girls, are we going to begin the banishment of envy from our hearts?

To-day! "To-morrow is uncertain, and how knowest thou that thou shalt live till to-morrow?"

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIETY, AND GOING INTO THE WORLD.



THE term "society" is explained in the dictionary as "a union of persons in one interest, fellowship"; that is, a distinct society for the furtherance of some particular object, such as converting the heathen, clothing the poor. But the society about which I am going to speak is that which is generally understood by that term—a number of people who meet together and hold social intercourse with one another.

It would take far too long to enumerate and explain the different phases and characters of society, which differ of course according to place. But there are two kinds of society to be met with everywhere—good society and bad society; and anyone with a knowledge of right and wrong and a fair amount of common-sense cannot fail to distinguish between them.

Bad society cannot be too carefully avoided, and it is difficult to realise the vast amount of evil that is done by the frequenting of bad society.

People of bad character, but nevertheless endowed with many personal charms, attract the innocent by these charms into their society, and lead them on, till at last they discover their mistake, and struggle back with penitent, humble tears to the right road, but not without serious detriment to their own characters.

These "charming ones" are the hypocrites of society.

Every period has its typical girls. I do not say that one period is better or worse than another, but merely that the girl of to-day leaves much to be desired.

In olden times the outward behaviour, at least, was modest and retiring, assuming a quiet dignity towards the other sex which well became the girls; but in these days we look upon a very different picture. Girls nowadays have far more liberty than they had in olden times; they assume a familiarity and forwardness which is most objectionable; they are loud and boisterous without being amusing; and, above all, their conceit leads them into all manner of troubles.

Girls are so often anxious to appear well-read and well-versed upon every topic that they happen to know absolutely nothing about, that they talk (and to men especially) upon subjects which only bring down their neighbours' ridicule upon their heads. There is a great difference between talking to men upon their own subjects, and talking about things which girls should be ashamed even to think of; but they are so often anxious to show off, to appear to advantage, that they are led (I put it strongly) to try and adopt men's habits, and to behave in as disgraceful a manner as they can, and in the end they only bring down men's censure instead of the approbation they expect. This type is, I fear, becoming a rapidly common and recognised one.

Alas! that such things should be. Alas! that Christian England's society should produce such characters.

Verily there is great need for reform; and do not let me astonish my readers when I say that it is within the power of every girl to do a share of this great work.

It may be done quietly and unostentatiously, and though she may not herself see the effects, they will remain. A quiet, gentle manner; an unselfish and thoughtful manner of dealing with people; strict adherence to the dictates of conscience in spite of ridicule and censure; avoidance of that everlasting "tittle-tattle" concerning neighbours; bravery to speak up boldly for the absent; and, above all, unbounded charity. All these are means and ways of promoting a reform, and far surer ones than writing against or ranting on platforms against the abuses of society. If every girl were to practise these virtues she would not go far wrong, and certainly society would be eternally benefited thereby, and become more akin to that description in the dictionary relating to an ideal society—"a union of persons in one interest and fellowship."

And now a few words of advice to girls going into the world.

You have just left school; you have seen nothing of the world, perhaps, and are come home in order to go amongst people. You are going what is commonly called "out" into the world. It is a new, unknown, and vast world to you, full of new dangers, troubles, difficulties, and temptations; and you will do well to pause a moment and consider these few remarks.

First of all, *do not expect too much*. By that I mean, do not expect to find ideal men and women, or you will be bitterly disappointed.

Secondly, never suspect anyone unless you have good reason to do so; but never get into the habit of placing implicit trust in everyone you meet. Girls are often perplexed about this matter. They say, "I am not to suspect, and I am not blindly to trust—what, then, am I to do?" Simply this. When you meet a fresh person do not begin and say to yourself, "Oh, dear, I can't make out so-and-so a bit; I do not know whether to trust her or not"; but say rather, "Here is a fellow creature with whom I have to deal as I should like her to deal with me." Leave all other doubts and perplexities alone, and you will soon find that it will not be long before her true character is revealed.

A striking character of the present day is the bitter *cynicism* affected especially by young people, and it seems to have grown up in this way.

Many grown-up men and women are cynical and indifferent to life because it has become bitter to them through sorrow and suffering;

and young folk who like to ape their elders think it makes them attractive to affect a cynical and morose air, which soon grows into a habit, till they really become what before they only affected.

There is nothing so sad as to see girls looking upon life, which ought to be so bright and sunny for them, in a discontented and morose spirit, laughing at the natural instincts of affection and at innocent amusements. From this affectation I would warn all to flee as from a deadly plague.

I sincerely hope these few remarks will be useful to girls, especially to those who perhaps have no one to give them a kindly hint before stepping into the busy world. No, I do not advise them to shun it—rather let them step bravely forward into it, and take there the place that God gives them, and help their weaker sisters along the right path.

They can do infinitely more good in the world, to make it brighter, and happier, and better, by going bravely into it (this is often forgotten), by facing all obstacles with a firm determination to overcome them, than by voluntarily shunning all their fellow-creatures, and shutting themselves out from their sympathies, and deliberately quitting the place which God has appointed for them. Do they think for a moment that He will accept a service which begins by disobedience, goes on in selfishness (for they have no one but themselves to think of), and ends in—what? Certainly not in the consciousness of having benefited anyone, but in the thought, "I have wasted my life, which otherwise might have been so bright and useful." There are may reasons why people absent themselves from the society of their fellow-creatures: here are two.

First, because they fail to shine there. There are many girls whose one aim and object is to shine in society, to attract all notice to themselves, which shows a vain and conceited mind.

But again, there are people who certainly do not seem to "get on" in society. Now if girls went into society with the sole aim of being courteous, cheerful, willing to do what they are asked, they would not fail to gain firm friends.

Secondly (as a saintly writer says), because they feel indifference and contempt for their neighbours. We are told to love our neighbour as ourselves; therefore, in token that we love him we must not avoid being with him. And very often people unconsciously shun society; by degrees they drop people, a call is left unreturned, they fail to ask people to their house, little social amenities are neglected, and at length they find themselves with hardly any friends, which is not surprising considering the way these friends have been neglected.

Every single person in the world has some kind of social duties and responsibilities for the fulfilment of which they will have to answer hereafter.

Lastly, and above all, *Be natural.*

Let me once more quote the words of the writer before mentioned—

"Simplicity, gentleness, and modesty are to be desired in all society; there are some people who are so full of affectation in whatever they do, that every one is annoyed by them. A man who could not move without counting his steps, or speak without singing, would be very tiresome to everybody; and just so anyone who is artificial in all he does spoils the pleasures of society. Moreover, such people are generally more or less self-conceited."

A quiet cheerfulness should be your aim in society. "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and let your moderation be known unto all men." And if you would rejoice in the Lord, your joy must not only be lawful but worthy; and remember this, there are lawful things which are not good—you must avoid all that is impertinent and uncivil. Depreciating this person, slandering another, stimulating the folly of a third, however amusing to some people, are foolish and wicked.

"HELIOTROPE."

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Zélé. A graceful dance for the pianoforte by Victor Vienôt.—A very light little movement, but fully deserving its title of "graceful."

A Mother's Vigil. Song written by A. Horspool, composed by Alfred Rawlings.—This is another version of the old story of fishermen at sea and their anxiously-watching wives. The words are touching, and the music sufficiently sympathetic.

Dreamtide, a song by Edwin M. Flavell, to Edward Oxenford's words, begins well, but falls off into the commonplace and hackneyed waltz. Reminiscences of Behrend's "Auntie" and other things do not tend to strengthen this part of the ballad.

Madelina, an Italian love-song, by Piccolomini, is simple and effective. The love story is coyly and prettily told.

Neighbour Joan, by Cecil Winn, is a ballad with quite the old English ring about it. All the above ballads are of moderate compass, and printed in two or three keys.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Arcady. Song composed by Mary Augusta Salmond, to words by the late Hugh Conway, whose name will be remembered as the author of "Called Back" and other sensational books.—The accompaniment is rather more difficult than is usual, and also more interesting. The symphonies between the verses appear to be the result of studying the various arpeggios required for the local examinations of Trinity College and the Associated Board.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

As the Dawn. Song, with words by Ellis Walton, and music by Otto Cantor.—This is one of the best things which this composer has produced. It is sadly in want of revision for misprints, &c.

When you Slept is the title of one of Kjerulf's well-known songs, with a translation from the French of Victor Hugo by Marzials. Mr. Stanley Lucas merits the thanks of the vocal community for bringing out these favourite songs separately. They are capitally printed, and are much handier for taking about to musical evenings and concerts.

Two Mazurkas for the Pianoforte. Opus 140 of J. Albeniz.—If a good instrumentalist writes at all, he writes well for his own instrument. Such is the case with the characteristic mazurkas before us, which, without being very hard, are most effective, and require all the delicacy of touch and perfection of treatment which their composer could bestow upon their performance himself.

Sussex Songs, collected and arranged by H. F. Birch Reynardson.—A valuable record of Sussex folk-songs, which should, we think, be extended to other counties. The fact is that very shortly, thanks to the railway and the consequent ease in reaching the metropolis and the large cities, all these mostly unwritten links of the olden time will die away, and we shall lose a most interesting collection of traditional songs. What Dr. Baring-Gould has been doing for the West country, and Mr. Broadwood and Mr. Reynardson for Sussex, should be done by other local enthusiasts for the North, the East, and the Midland counties. Of course in different parts of the land you meet with the same ballad, but even then the variations are considerable, and depend upon the county in which it is heard. Let them all be published in such a handy, cheap form as the collection before us.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

The Flowing Tide is a pianoforte piece in arpeggios by the well-known composer, John Francis Barnett.

The Old, Old Tale is the title of a song by Behrend, and is after the manner of his "Auntie." Mr. Behrend started this melancholy school, and is responsible for a feeling that life is a mistake and hardly worth living. The writer of the words represents a parent breaking the fact gently to her little child that she has only *one* mother, and endeavouring by means of coaxing assurance to smooth over this great trouble, which has, apparently, been too much for the child, having "taken the roses from her cheeks and thinned her darling's hand." Some children are never satisfied; but is this craving for unlimited mothers an *Old, Old Tale?*

PITT AND HATZFELD.

Three Miniatures for Violin Solo, with Piano Accompaniment, by H. E. Warner.—We have No. 1, "Evensong," before us, and can recommend it as a useful little teaching piece.

La Félicité, a gavotte for the piano, by the same composer, is cheerful and simple. The crude consecutives on page 4 might easily have been avoided. They are not effective.

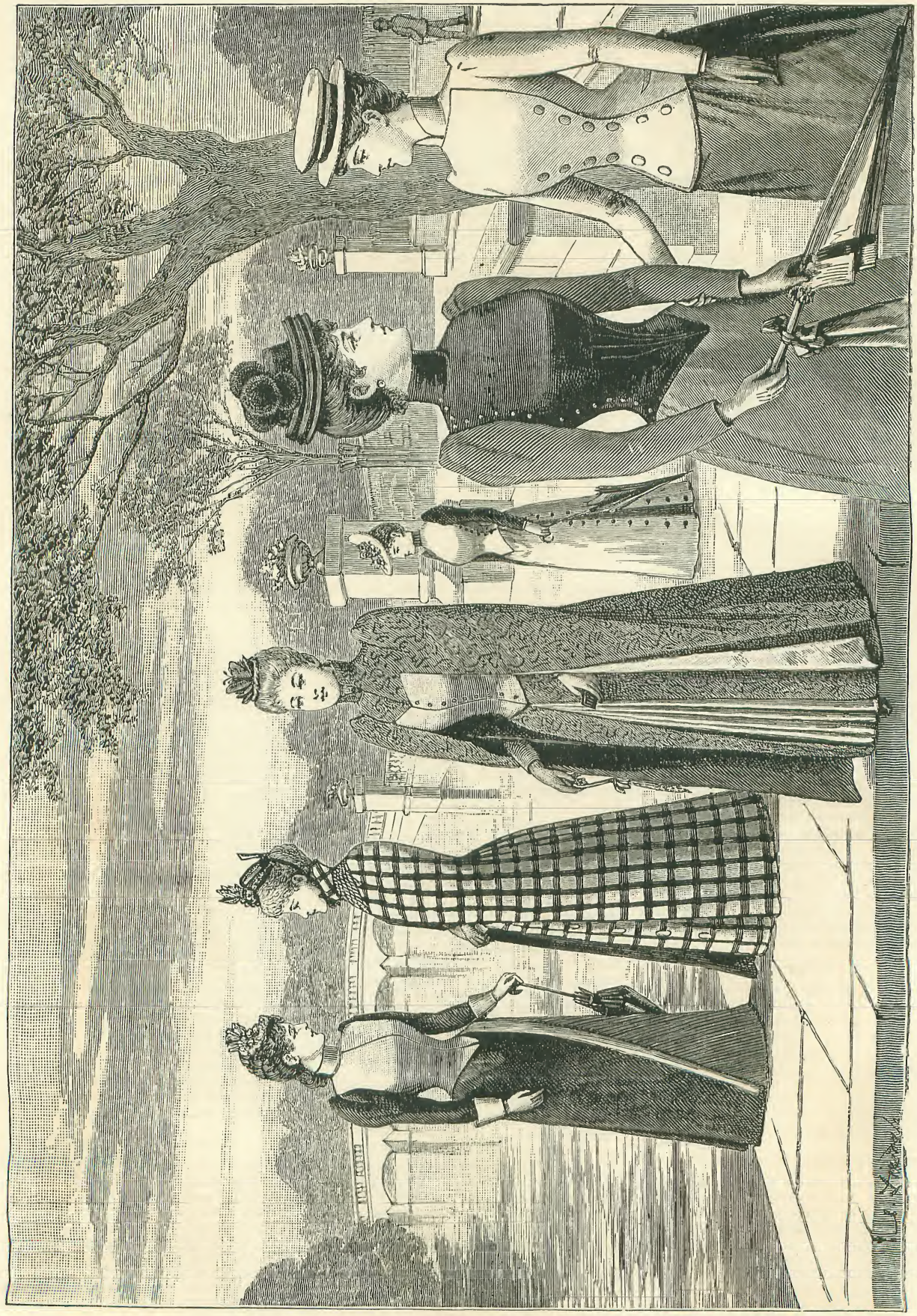
Messrs. Pitt and Hatzfeld are to be complimented on the excellent appearance of all their publications, and their careful revision and correction.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED).

Scales and Arpeggios. Book I., for Junior Candidates; Book II., for Seniors. By W. R. Wright, Mus. Bac.—Attached to the scales are the arpeggios of common chords and chords of the diminished and dominant sevenths. This work is published just at the right moment to meet the new requirements of the Trinity College Local Examinations. The universal appreciation and popularity attached to these local examinations should ensure to the work before us a large measure of success. The books are also published by Wright and Sons, in Glasgow and York, both separately and bound together.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

The Naiads. A cantata for female voices, by Oliver King.—This is full of interest, and one of the best works of the kind before the public. It is quite within the scope of school singing-classes, and the three solo parts will be found delightful to sing, and by no means difficult. The part-writing is excellent, and the accompaniments most artistic and refined. We hope that Mr. King will find time to write other cantatas for female voices such as this, elevating in tone, and interesting in performance.



AN OCTOBER MORNING BY THE SERPENTINE.



AUTUMN HATS AND BONNETS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

We have certain ideas, even just at present, as to our dresses and dressmaking for next winter; and, early though it be, we can begin making mental arrangements as to remaking and remodelling old dresses, retrimming old hats and bonnets, and perhaps doing enough to our old mantles to make them appear a little changed. This last is the most difficult task of all; but, fortunately, this year the shapes of mantles are not much altered, and the very large ones that have come in again are not very different from last year's. The remaking of last winter's gowns will not be very difficult; and a few shillings, spent judiciously, will save many a dress and double the money otherwise expended. A little silk of contrasting colour, some velveteen, or some fresh galloon, can be added to serge and homespuns for these thick and slightly heavy materials, which lend themselves to alterations of this sort. Ribbon and lace insertions, either in black or white, embroidery in various hues, and the pointed or "Eiffel Tower" trimming, are all inexpensive, and will, any of them, serve to lengthen a hem, to make a skirt wider, or to cover stained places and worn seams. The closely-gathered and bunched-up back breadths which are found on most of these skirts should be undone, and the extra length cut off. The top should be then gathered full, and sewn into a belt. What is called "apron drapery" should be slightly shortened in front, and it may then be draped across from side to side of the front, as plainly as possible. For growing girls these few directions will be found useful as suggestions, as I know that each year there is trouble about lengthening their frocks. The best advice I can give to mothers is to purchase as few frocks as possible—one on and one off, and a best one, so as to have a change, and get the most wear possible out of the two or three in the wardrobe. It is not good economy to be obliged to remake many frocks for a girl at this growing age, for the altered frock has not much wear in it, and has generally as much to bear as if it were a new one. The backs of all bodices will generally require something taken away from them, as they have too many tabs or leaves; and the front of the bodice, if at all worn at the edges, can be trimmed with braid, gimp, lace, or a folded ribbon. The front of the bodice can also have full fronts of plain, striped, or checked silk over it; and if they be frayed under the arms, a Senorita front can be added, which will quite transform it.

The remodelling of coat-sleeves is not difficult, as a V-shaped piece, puffed or in folds, can be inserted at the top of the sleeve; or a cape of the material, or gathered puffs, can be put on the top. If indeed the bodice should fail us entirely, and be really too much worn to be of use, the shops show a wondrous choice of jerseys and blouses in every material, and we have only to fix on our price and choose the prettiest we can get for the money. The corselet also is a very useful style of thing, and can be made of very small pieces, and be worn over any blouse, bodice, or skirt. It is pretty, and suitable for girls, as it becomes a slight and immature figure. A bodice worn at the neck and shoulders can be renewed and



SERGE GOWN.



AUTUMN GOWN FOR YOUNG GIRL.

modernised by a round or pointed yoke; or a number of vandyke points of velvet, lace, silk, or of *écru* embroidery, can be arranged on the bodice to alter it entirely. A corselet bodice, coming from under the arms, can also be arranged so as to hide completely the ravages of wear on the fronts.

In both hats and bonnets this season we have had more black lace than anything else, and most of the best dresses and most elegant-looking ladies I have seen have worn black bonnets or hats with every dress, however light, they wear. Much jet is used, and that of the finest kind; and black ostrich feather ruches are used to make entire bonnets and small toques, the ruche being laid in coils,



CAPE MANTLE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

leaving spaces in between, through which the hair is seen. The fillet bonnets have been immensely popular, and will probably continue so, as they can be modified for the cold weather. The bending about of the brims of hats is quite wonderful, and each milliner tries her hand at some crushed or crumpled effect more astonishing than her neighbours; and, strange to say, these hats do not look either extravagant or ugly. Many of them have strings, and I think the nearer we come to the winter season these strings will probably be turned into lace ones and tie under the chin in a big bow, and form a protection to the face and ears. The new travelling cloaks are showerproofed, and are some of them very pretty. So far as I can see, these modern waterproofs are divided into three classes: the old kind, that have a tweed face, and will stand any amount of rain; the rainproof, which are far lighter, and would answer for a shower; and lastly, the showerproof, which will answer for a dust cloak as well, and can hardly turn a shower, I should think, as its texture is so very delicate. These are often lined with silk to match the outside in colour, and have a hood or some kind of trimmings of the silk, and ribbons to tie at the neck, so that by the time these alterations are made the garment looks fit to be worn under any circumstances in which one would wear a pretty cloak.

No season has shown so fully as the present the wisdom of the advice to purchase as little as possible in the way of dress, for the changes have been very sudden; from the high bonnet to next to no bonnet at all; from the dress improver to none; and from full skirts to an almost sheath-like plainness; so it shows the advantage of having only just what one needs. The most sensible list seems to be a cloth tailor-made, a homespun or serge for rougher occasions and morning use, and something fit for best, for walking and visiting; but even here, if you have been careful to select your tailor-made, and it is pretty and well made, you will be able to wear it at most festivities, as they are seen constantly by the side of the thinnest of materials and the most dressy of gowns, in summer as well as winter.

One of the improvements in the divided skirt has been to cut the front of each in tabs, about two inches square, so that the skirt gives to the foot in moving. The method of making up is to put the lining in first, before cutting the tabs, and tack it firmly; then cut the tabs, and bind them with braid all round. This plan is also adopted with woollen gowns under the little frill at the edge when the skirts are very narrow; but when there is sufficient width in the skirt, it is furnished with a little pad, which I think I have mentioned before, within the hem, to keep the edge from wearing out the stocking or making the front of the boot shabby. This little pad is about two inches and a half deep, and about half a yard long. The layer of wadding is put in fairly thick, and is then tacked down at intervals like a mattress or cushion.

I have mentioned serges as materials for dresses, and as nothing is at present better worn by the most stylish people, I think I had better say a word in warning. Never be induced, however cramped you are for means, to buy a cheap serge; go to a good shop, and let the shopman tell you which he thinks is a good one, and you may generally quite depend on getting a good one, which will wear and look well to the last thread. To my mind, there can be no such thing as a cheap serge, to be good at the same time. Double width woollen materials are the best in the end, as they are carefully woven and will cut to greater advantage, and, as a rule, I do not advise the purchase of single width serges. In some of our best shops they make a speciality of one line of cheap serge, generally black, which is coarser than the ordinary make, and is fully to be relied upon for wear, but you must go to a really good shop for these.

White flannel and cream serges have been so much worn by Royalty at Cowes and Ryde this autumn that I find nearly all the ladies' tailors are still using them very much; and for the evening dresses of young girls nothing could be prettier. Much gold braid and gold *passementerie* has been employed on it, which makes it look much lighter and brighter. White and cream flannels and serges can be made darker dresses for winter by using them as foundations for dark blue or dark red serges, and turning them into house dresses. One of the old friends which have made a re-appearance amongst us is fringe, which is used, as of old, as an edging, and the old-fashioned straight and narrow fringes are also to be seen again. They were always a very graceful addition to dress, and looked especially well as the edging of an over-skirt. They have been used all the summer as trimmings by those who have had long purses; of extremely handsome and rich manufacture, and of great length, with heavy *passementerie* at the top. With the autumn some simpler styles have come in, and more suitable to those of smaller means, though quite as pretty in their way. The fringe is used as an edge-trimming to bodices, and is very becoming employed in this way.

The paper pattern for the month is a new mantle shape with long ends. It is in four pieces, and is so simple in construction that it may be made at home by any one of ordinary powers. The material may be velvet, silk, or cloth—or even the material of the dress if of homespun or ladies' cloth—and the trimming may be of fur or feathers.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, and new jacket with *revers*.

MY TWO OLD LADIES

CHAPTER III.

SIX months have passed over the heads of the two Miss Yorkes before we again see them, this time in their new premises.

Miss Anna is sitting by the fire in a glossy black satin, very different indeed from the rusty old silk which used to occupy the proud position of her best Sunday gown.

She looks rather listless, for stocking or other mending is, her sister tells her, by no means permissible in this smart little drawing-room, and she is too old to learn or care for any of the new-fangled work which would look more suitable, so is doing nothing.

Miss Beatrice, who affects bright colours for evenings, wears a rich lilac silk, and is quite happy dozing on the other side of the fire, though she sometimes dreamily wonders why the daylight looks so much less bright than in Appleton Street.

She is perfectly content in her new importance, and enjoys driving in her carriage and dressing well.

They have not made many new friends, for though a few people round have called on the quaint old maiden ladies, they are shy of acquiring fresh acquaintances, and besides, have little in common with these society butterflies; while the old Brixton friends are quite as shy of venturing into this aristocratic quarter, where they would certainly be looked down on by the smart maid who dresses more fashionably than her mistresses.

They have kept up intercourse with Mr. Redtape, and sometimes invite him, his wife and son to a quiet evening at whist, followed by a simple but well-served supper, and have been two or three times down to his house at Sydenham in return, never failing to call at Mrs. Jennigs' on the way.

Mr. Dudry has shared in these civilities, and this, with the addition of a concert now and then, and once a visit to the theatre to see Macbeth, makes up the list of their dissipations.

Miss Anna is hardly so well content; she admits that her tastes are plebeian, and that she misses the familiar intercourse with their humble neighbours, the half-hour's chat with Mrs. Jennigs over the orders for dinner, and the cheap pleasure of turning and re-trimming their old gowns or bonnets, which used to be a source of such wild excitement.

The only thing that gives her unalloyed delight is the carriage, for she dearly loves driving over Hampstead Heath and in the parks, her favourite being Regent's Park.

She feels lost and old in these new rooms as she never did in Appleton Street, and were it not that she has discovered some small children in the mews near by, to whom she is kind, inviting them in to tea, and telling them tales, time would hang heavy on her hands.

Another trouble, more real than any of these, worries her; for Miss Beatrice, the bright, brisk, decisive sister, who really enjoys her wealth and all it gives her, never for a moment regretting dingy Appleton Street, is slowly but surely losing her eyesight!

She would not admit it for a long period, so much valuable time was lost; for, when at length she consented to consult a famous specialist, he could only say, "My dear lady, these eyes should have been attended to long ago. Why did you not come before?"

This was all he said to her, but to Miss Anna he candidly remarked, "I can do nothing now, the mischief is too deep."

The blow was as severe as it was unexpected, for though her eyes had always been weak, they had never been sufficiently so to cause her serious apprehension.

At first the blindness began only with misty haziness and minute black spots, which would come between her and her work, or any object she was looking at, and then pass off, but these came oftener and stopped longer every day.

Then when she shut either eye she found that everything she looked at assumed the form of black shadows surrounded by rays of quivering light.

It was at this point that she had consented to see the doctor, and since her visit to him a subtle change had come over Miss Beatrice.

Her blindness now increases each day, but it is not she who rails at fate as one might expect, but gentle, patient Miss Anna.

"What is the good of our money if it cannot keep your eyesight?" is, or rather was, her constant lament, for this passionate protest was made in the early days of their sorrow. Afterwards she found that the wealth she despised and almost hated could do much towards alleviating her sister's sad state, and to this task she now devoted herself.

But she grieves for Miss Beatrice far more than that lady does for herself, and in secret sheds many bitter tears over the trouble that has befallen her.

And as for the blind Miss Yorke, who knows what thoughts occupy her mind now that outside sights cease to distract her attention?

The sharp voice has grown softer, the irritable manner gentler, and in many little ways a change for the better has set in.

Let us again slip over five months. It is nearly a year since they succeeded to their fortune; it is once more evening, and Miss Anna is reading aloud to Miss Beatrice, who lies on a couch by the fire.

Suddenly a ring at the door-bell startles them both, and they are yet more amazed when the maid announces, "Mr. Dudry."

He enters hurriedly, with an agitated air, and says, with no preface, "I have no doubt, Miss Yorke, you are surprised to see me at this late hour; but the fact is, I have important news to communicate."

Miss Anna, who has risen to greet him, slowly advances, and says calmly, "You have come to tell us that the money is no longer ours. Is it not so, Mr. Dudry?"

That gentleman stands aghast, and exclaims naïvely, "Why, how did you know, Miss Anna? Has some one told you? And yet I thought not a soul knew but Mr. Redtape and I."

"No one told me," pursues Miss Anna quietly, "but somehow I divined it the moment you entered the room."

"It is too true," replies Mr. Dudry ruefully. "A later will has been discovered in a secret drawer, by which all the money goes to a distant relative of your aunt's husband, for whom, it appears, the old lady had a sneaking fondness, perhaps because her husband had once done him a great injustice, and she adopted this means as a reparation. We only heard of it to-day when he appeared suddenly in our office, and, to our dismay, produced this will, which is perfectly legal, and not to be disputed in any way."

Miss Anna was silent, and Miss Beatrice from her sofa broke in, "*He will require* all the money from the time we had it, will he not? I am afraid we have spent a good deal."

"No, my dear madam," remarked Mr. Dudry, blowing his nose with unnecessary violence, "he is a very reasonable man, and said he would be content to enter on his fortune now as if it had been but just bequeathed to him."

He did not think it needful to add that this was owing to his own and Mr. Redtape's combined eloquence and moving picture of the two poor old ladies.

A constrained pause ensued, during which all parties thought deeply, until at length, with an effort, Mr. Dudry roused himself, and getting up, said briskly, "Well, dear madam, perhaps to-morrow morning at ten o'clock you will have the kindness to call at our office, if convenient?"

As on a former occasion, Miss Anna silently assented and accompanied him to the door; then, returning to her sister's sofa, she sat down by her, and looking into the sightless eyes whispered gently, "Sister, will you mind going back to Appleton Street if those rooms are still to let?"

"No, I should like it," was the quiet answer; and so it was tacitly settled.

Next morning they drove to the lawyer's office and heard the details of the business whose outline Mr. Dudry had supplied.

They accepted it without a murmur; only on one point were they obstinate, namely, they would not accept a pension which the new heir desired to settle on them.

All his entreaties (for he was there, and proved most gentlemanly and nice), added to Mr. Redtape's arguments, failed to move them, and at last they let them have their way.

A month later saw them re-established in their old rooms under Mrs. Jennigs' auspices.

That lady had never really believed in their fortune, and was secretly delighted at the fulfilment of her prophecy, though her grief at the trouble which had befallen Miss Beatrice was deep and genuine, causing her to shed many bitter tears in consequence.

Here, then, they took up their life as before, though with a difference, for Mr. Dudry often visits them, and they frequently go down to Sydenham to lunch or take tea with Mr. Redtape.

They have another visitor in Mr. Horleps, the new heir, who brings delicate fruit and lovely flowers and game, but dares not give them more substantial gifts, as he would like to, for they are very proud, and will accept favours from no one.

Their friends try to persuade them to come nearer town, but nothing will induce them to do this.

Their short reign in fashionable London was after all hardly so pleasant, and even Miss Beatrice is content with this humbler life now, though as she walks up and down the quiet street on summer evenings, tenderly guided by her sister, she loves to dwell on the brief splendours of their year's wealth.

Do you wonder that their neighbours look on them with reverence almost, and feel honoured by their living amongst them?

This is merely a character sketch, and I fear you will find it dull, but my two old ladies attracted me greatly, and perhaps you too may like them and care to hear the history of this one short year in their lives.

[THE END.]

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

EVERY now and then in the course of our lives it is our good fortune to become acquainted with men and women who combine characteristics of no common order, whose lives are self-sacrificing, and whose determined purpose is, with the loving Father's help, to remove or lessen some of those evils which ruin the happiness of His people, and almost blot out His image in their hearts.

Enthusiasm, devotion and courage, combined with simple, child-like faith, must of necessity be the characteristics of these people.

When such an one is moving in our midst we all feel the better for it; it lifts us out of our thoughtless indolent lives and gives us a living picture of what one individual can do, who goes out to war with crime and disease in the strength of God and with His blessing. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance and power of such a life.

There is such an one with us now—a woman—and a very womanly, gentle woman. She is one who cannot fail to create in us the deepest interest and an enthusiastic desire to help her in her work.

Miss Kate Marsden is not unknown to us. She has already done good service among the sick and wounded both here and abroad; and her influence upon the rough miners in New Zealand and the instruction she gave them in Ambulance work should fill our hearts with thankfulness that God has put it into the heart and power of a *woman* to be of such service to the age in which she lives.

This, however, is but a prelude—a preparation for the wonderful and almost impossible task she has now set herself to do.

We, who have had the privilege of listening to her plans and seeing her simple preparations, are reminded of David of old going out to meet the giant with a sling and a stone. She is just as fearless as he. She is going out against the giants of disease, misery and oppression in their most hideous forms, and her answer to all prophecies that "her flesh will be given to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field" is that of David, "I am going in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

This wonderful and dangerous mission undertaken by Miss Kate Marsden is to travel through Russia up to the remote parts of Siberia to see for herself the condition of the lepers, of whom there are so many scattered throughout this awful country, and to find some means of alleviating their misery and improving their physicial condition; and further, to comfort the Christian exiles, among whom are delicate refined women and children.

For years these poor helpless sufferers have been waiting for some one to intercede for them, and to do this is one of Miss Kate Marsden's objects.

She has been working during the past year to overcome obstacles and to make the path clear for the accomplishing of this mission.

She was presented to our good and gracious Queen in March last, and was desired by Her, through the Lord Chamberlain, to let Her know something of her life and work.

This was a great thing gained, as presentation to the English Court would obtain for her an entrance to any foreign Court which might be necessary for the success of her mission.

The Princess of Wales, having heard of Miss Kate Marsden's work, telegraphed to her to come to Marlborough House, and in the kind and gentle manner which has won for her the love of every one in England—man, woman, and child—received her and talked with her, listening to her plans for the relief of the lepers and hearing from her of the necessity of an interview with the Empress of Russia, this last being an almost unheard-of thing even to contemplate much more to accomplish, so impenetrably is the Russian Court hedged about.

The Princess of Wales wrote to her sister, the Empress, and told her of Miss Kate Marsden's desire to see and speak with Her; and without delay this brave woman started for St. Petersburg, there to await the command of Her Imperial Majesty.

In due time, and to everyone's amazement, she found herself in the presence of the Empress, who, while Miss Kate Marsden was making a very low curtsey, went towards her and kissed her on both cheeks, saying: "I receive you not as a stranger, but as a friend of my sister the Princess of Wales," and made her sit while she talked with her.

Patiently and with great interest she listened to the account of how Miss Kate Marsden had first seen a leper while engaged in the Russo-Turkish war, and how from that moment she had longed to study leprosy, in order that she might be the means of mitigating the sufferings caused by this disease, and how she desired to devote her life to this object.

She begged permission of the Empress to visit the leper hospitals in various parts of Russia and to go to any place in the kingdom where lepers dwelt, that she might study the disease and learn to rob it of some of its horrors, for there are many lepers in Russia, in some parts as many as fourteen in a thousand of the inhabitants.

The Empress entered into all her plans with an enthusiastic interest and found out what it was she needed help in and promised it to the utmost of her power.

Certainly Miss Kate Marsden had put great faith in the result of this interview, but it never would have entered into her brain to imagine a fraction of the benefits and kindnesses showered upon her, nor how the difficulties, which had, up to this moment, been deemed insurmountable, were to be smoothed down or made to disappear altogether.

She left St. Petersburg with permission to visit the hospitals, prisons and mines from one end of Russia to the other, to take photographs and notes as she pleased; and the escort of Dr. Duncan, a privy councillor and the head of the sanitary department of the kingdom, was promised free of expense to her in any place of danger.

In addition to all this, the Empress bestowed upon her the decoration of the Red Cross Society for her work in the Russo-Turkish war.

Full of thankfulness for all the kindness she had received, not only from the Emperor and Empress, but from all about the Court and from the high officials, she returned home to England to make her arrangements for departure. On arriving here an offer was made to her by a lady to defray all expenses

and to help her in every way possible; and thus everything seemed plain, but, unhappily, this help failed utterly—no need here to state the cause. And thus it happens that Miss Kate Marsden, having spent all her private means to bring her work up to this point, has had to postpone her departure for a short time in order to get means for the journey.

She must have a certain sum lodged in the bank for her use—it would be an awful position for a woman, alone and in the remote districts of Russia, to be stranded for want of means.

Picture in your minds a woman thirty-one years of age, of refined and gentle habits, leaving home and every one she loves, and starting alone for the utmost corners of the earth, for the sole object of learning to minister to the dread disease of leprosy! Surely such a thing is heroic; even Stanley in darkest Africa pales before her. He had company, she will have none; and only up to a certain point will there be any decent means of travelling. For five thousand miles there, and the same back—that is through all the country beyond Tomsk—she must journey in a jolting cart or sledge night and day through cold such as we in this climate can form no conception of.

Her bed during these days will be on straw, and if she get food of the coarsest kind once a day she will be fortunate; and then, again, she will be subject to the attacks of wolves and wild dogs! All this is no exaggeration. As a woman I should say Stanley will have to take a back seat.

We asked her if she were not afraid to trust herself with the drivers alone on these long journeys. Her answer was, "Not in the least; a man, be he ever so rough, always respects and takes care of a woman who puts faith in him." And she made this clear by one or two glimpses of her life while working among the miners in New Zealand. For example:—

Finding herself one day in an outlying district, the only woman in the midst of a number of miners who had asked her to come to teach them what to do in case of accident or sickness, one or two of them said—

"Missus, ain't you afeared to be here among us rough miners?"

Her answer was, "I am not in the least afraid of you while you are sober, for I know you will take as much care of me as my mother herself would do, but I am horribly afraid of drunken men, so will you promise me you won't drink while I am here?"

"All right, missus, we promise," was the hearty response after a moment's hesitation.

When the night came they made her a bed of ferns and a tent of their shirts and coats—a very usual method of providing for her in these remote districts—and a big fire of brushwood, and, setting a watch, they wished her good night.

She thanked God and lay down to rest, relying implicitly upon the men's promise.

In the middle of the night she heard a thud just outside the tent, and on going to the entrance inquired what was the matter.

"All right, missus, you go to sleep," came the answer.

"But what was it?" she asked.

"Well, you see, we promised not to get drunk, so we put the two-dozen case of brandy in your tent as the only safe place we knew of, and here's a fellow sneaking round for it, that's all. But he won't try it again."

Her headquarters were at Nelson, and the men would come seventy or a hundred miles for her, and without any other particular than that she was needed she would start off with them, either driving or walking, or boating or riding, to their destination; and except one practical joke, for which the man was intensely sorry, she never received anything but the most considerate care and kindness, and never for a moment did she repent her confidence in these men.

In this way she spent a whole year, and who shall say what good was done by her?—for, beside being a skilful nurse, she is a deeply religious woman.

She has a marvellous affection for the people of New Zealand, which will abide all her life long.

Every one will rejoice to know that Miss Nightingale is intensely interested in this mission of Kate Marsden's, and sent for her to talk it over. After the interview, Miss Kate Marsden said she felt that she had spoken to one of the noblest women God ever made, and that she would willingly become a scrubber of floors in her service if by so doing she could be always near her.

She says, in a letter to Miss Kate Marsden, "Thinking much and anxiously of your noble plan of searching out lepers." Again, "It is such a large scheme." "God teaches slowly," and finishes it by praying that the Father Almighty, Omniscient, who is Infinite Love, may be her guide and her help, and surely no human being ever needed the loving Father's help and guidance more than this brave woman.

All who read this can see what a noble work is being undertaken by her, and how beset with dangers and hardships; and the only way in which we who stay at home can help her is by never ceasing to think of her in our prayers and to send contributions towards the expense of the mission to the Editor, who has kindly consented to receive them and place them in her bank—the Joint Stock Bank, Pall Mall. It is very necessary that she should start without delay, otherwise she will be enveloped in ice and snow ere she reach her destination.

While writing the above some of Kate Marsden's friends have presented her with cheques sufficient for her to make a start, and it must be our care to get additional contributions lodged in her bank so that she may have no anxiety about money, and that the object of the Mission fail not for want of it. Any donation, small or large, sent to the Editor of this magazine, will be lodged in Miss Marsden's bank and sent over to her as she may require; and acknowledgment will be made in these columns.

Contributions paid in:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Williams (of Hitchcock and Williams) . .	10	0	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott .	25	0	0
Mr. George Spicer . .	10	0	0
Mr. Hugh Matheson . .	50	0	0
Mr. Gurney Barclay (Bevan) .	10	0	0
Mr. Benjamin L. Cohen .	5	0	0
E. B.	1	0	0
J. R. B.	0	5	0

A most valuable contribution has been received from the Directors of the Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System in the form of a complete outfit for her journey. It is impossible to exaggerate the benefit of this gift, for no single thing has been omitted, and the lightness, softness and warmth of the clothing are exactly what she needs. She, who as a rule thinks so little of her own personal needs, is as delighted as a child with each article as she takes it up and shows it, testing the softness of it on her cheek.

A second contribution, and scarcely less valuable, is a beautiful little medicine-chest, the gift of Burroughs, Wellcome and Co. It is not heavy, and contains everything necessary for dressing wounds and healing the sick.

Another is from our Editor, consisting of an aneroid barometer, thermometer and compass combined.

The last day of her stay in London has come; she has her mother's hearty sanction, and at last has wished her good-bye—no easy task, for she and one brother are only left out of a large family, and she loves her mother dearly. She is to-day a very woman, not a heroine.

The dawn of the day she has so longed for is breaking. She knows not what is before her, whether success or death, but with faith, hope and courage, together with a perfect trust in God and a certain knowledge of the need these poor loathsome afflicted ones have of her help, she is going forward.

Sept. 19.—I have just returned from seeing Miss Kate Marsden off on the Paramatta. She is full of spirit and hope and has cast fear behind her.

EMMA BREWER.

VARIETIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"SIR—May I call the attention of your readers to the fact that about the end of November the Church Emigration Society will send to Australia a protected party, principally of single girls, under the care of a matron. The demand for female servants is very great; a correspondent in Adelaide says that Australian girls will not go into service, and soon there will be no servants; a correspondent in Melbourne reports that a parlour-maid recently sent out by the Society is getting £36 a year, and a general servant £40. All particulars of the party, cost of journey, etc., can be obtained from the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, 49, Victoria Street, Westminster, or from Miss C. E. Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.

"I remain, Yours truly,

"C. E. DENISON."

SWEET REVENGE.

Young Wife: "I am going to make a nice cake for supper."

Young Husband (with recollections of the last one): "Ahem, I did intend to bring a friend home to-night."

Young Wife: "Well, so much the better. The more the merrier."

Young Husband: "All right. I shall fetch him along. He served me a mean trick himself once."

HOSTESS AND GUEST.

Hostess: "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler?"

Guest: "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can almost eat anything."

THE RIGHT WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS.—It is said of some gardeners that from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds free from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So, often, in order to examine abuses in things beneficially, the merits must be kept clearly and strongly in view.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"COULD THIS BE AVERIL?"



IT was late in the afternoon of the following day that Mr. Harland and his young companion drove through Kensington.

"You must be very tired, my dear," he observed in quite a fatherly manner, for during the last four-and-twenty hours their friendship had made great progress.

"But no—why should I be tired?" returned the girl, in her pretty French accent, which he already found so charming. "Monsieur, what has there been to fatigue me? I have slept so well, oh, perfectly well, in my little box of a berth. Did not the captain say himself that we had a grand passage. I was not sea-sick, not the least little bit in the world, and yet I have never found myself on a ship before."

"Well, it was a trifle rough towards three o'clock. But you must have been fast asleep, Miss Annette."

"Yes; and as the waves only rocked me, I was glad, for I did not much like the ship, the cabin was so hot and crowded. But the train—that was more amusing. I could look out on the flying hedgerows, and tell myself that this was England—my mother's country. Even these streets please me, although I find so much noise a little confusing. Are all your streets so terribly full, monsieur? There is no room for those poor horses to pass."

"Oh, you should see some of our City streets—Cheapside, or by the Mansion House. I wonder what you would say to the traffic there. England is a busy place: people pride themselves on always being in a hurry. This is quiet enough compared with some of our thoroughfares. Look at those fine shops. I suppose, like other girls, you are never weary of admiring smart things?"

"If one's purse were not always empty it would be a pleasure," she said with a quick sigh; "but to see things is only to long for them, and that makes one discontented. I think I like better to walk by the river, or under the trees in the Promenade des Petits Fosses. You have been there, monsieur. It is pleasant to sit there and watch the children with their *bonnes;* in the evening it is so cool and shady. It is there I so often greet my unknown friends. There is a little French girl who is lame: I think she is a seamstress. Well, I have seen her so often, that at last I made up my mind I would speak to her. To-morrow I will say 'Good evening'—that was what I promised myself. But you see, monsieur, it has all come to nothing, for monsieur has come, and here I am driving with you through these wonderful English streets."

"Yes, and in another moment we shall be at our destination. Do you see that large red-brick corner house? That is 'Redfern House.'"

"Is it so? But, monsieur, my cousin must be very rich to live in so big a house: it is larger than our English Consul's," and Annette looked a trifle disturbed. Mr. Harland saw how the poor child twitched the ends of her little silk kerchief, and shook the dust off her black serge gown, while a frightened expression came into her large soft eyes.

"I don't think Averil cares much for her large house," replied Mr. Harland. "She is not a bit grand herself, so you need not look so alarmed, my dear."

"It is foolish to be nervous," she stammered; "and of course you will be with me, monsieur, and already you seem like an old friend. Ah, we have stopped, and the door has opened like magic." But in spite of her effort to speak bravely, Mr. Harland felt how her hand trembled as he assisted her out of the cab, and could not forbear giving it a kindly pressure.

The grey-haired butler who received them glanced at the young stranger with benevolent interest.

"Where is Miss Willmot, Roberts?" asked Mr. Harland.

"She is in her private sitting-room, sir, and she begged you would go to her there. Mrs. Willmot and the young ladies are dining out."

"Oh, then we shall be alone. Come along, Miss Annette," and he took the girl's arm, and conducted her quickly through the large hall, and down a passage lined with book-cases, which gave it the appearance of a narrow room. As Roberts opened the door a tiny figure in black appeared on the threshold, and met them with outstretched hands.

"Ah, you have come at last. I thought you late. But you are very welcome, Cousin Annette," accompanying the words with a warm kiss. "Mr. Harland, thank you so much for bringing my cousin. You have acted like a true friend. Will you sit in this comfortable chair, Annette; you must be tired out after your long journey?"

Annette left this assertion uncontradicted—she had simply no words at her command. Could this be Averil? her cousin Averil? the mistress of this grand house, whom she had so longed and dreaded to see; this little creature, who was no bigger than a child! Why had not Mr. Harland prepared her? It was impossible to conceal her astonishment, and, to tell the truth, her disappointment. Happily, Mr. Harland came to her relief by engaging Averil in a conversation about their journey. He wanted to explain why they were late; it was owing to the blockheadedness, as Mr. Harland termed it, of an official at the Custom-house; a couple of minutes would have been sufficient to have investigated Miss Ramsay's modest luggage; but no, the idiot must keep them waiting; and so on, detailing the grievance at full length. Annette did not listen; she was regarding the slight bent figure and small intent face opposite to her. Her cousin Averil was ill, or did she always look so grave. But no; as she asked herself the question Averil broke into a sweet little laugh, and the next minute her quick observant eyes took in her cousin's puzzled scrutiny. She flushed faintly, but the smile did not leave her lips.

"You are surprised to see such a very small person, are you not, Annette? I suppose if I stood up, Mr. Harland, you would find that my cousin is a head taller. People always begin by taking me for a child. I am quite used to it," with easy frankness. "Confess you were saying to yourself, Annette, 'Surely this very little person cannot be my cousin Averil, who wrote me that letter.'"

"Oh, you are a witch," returned Annette, blushing, "or you would not have read my thoughts. But indeed it is I who have been rude. How could I know how you would look, my cousin? I am ashamed that I have been so indiscreet."

"You have been nothing of the kind, dear. Why, what nonsense!"—for Averil was evidently very much ashamed of herself. "You shall think what you please about me, and I will promise to forgive you if you will only tell me you are glad to find yourself at home." And here Averil gave her one of the rare winning smiles that lit up the little dark face wonderfully. But she was almost sorry that she had made this speech when she saw the tears spring to Annette's eyes.

"Home! is it indeed my home?" she said wistfully, looking round the room, which was full of beautiful things, and yet had the indescribably cosy air that belongs to a well-used apartment. Annette had never seen such a room; even the English Consul had nothing to compare with it. She knew that well, for she had often mended lace for Mrs. Greville, the Consul's wife, and yet they had a fine drawing-room, with red velvet chairs and lounges. Annette was too bewildered, too ignorant, to take in details; she was not aware of the value of those cool, delicious little bits of landscape that hung on the walls, though they rested her eyes with their suggestions of breezy moorlands and sunny meadows. She glanced at the carved cabinets and bookcases, the soft easy-chairs, the flowers, the birds, even the black poodle that lay on the rug, with a sort of dreamy surprise. "I never thought any home could be so beautiful," she finished softly; "it does not seem true that I am to live in it."

Averil laughed, and then checked a sigh. "I am so glad you like the look of it," she said simply. "Will you take off your hat, Annette? The room is warm, and we are going to have tea. Ah, that looks much more comfortable," as Annette obeyed her, and smoothed her dark brown hair.

"My cousin looks pale, and a little thin," she continued, turning to Mr. Harland, who was watching the girls

with benevolent anxiety. He was hoping that his little travelling companion would soon recover herself. He had not seen her so timid and tongue-tied before. He wished Averil could hear how prettily she could talk. When she spoke of anything that interested her, her eyes got quite large and bright. And then how fluent she could be!

Averil was evidently a patient person; she had made her little attempt to put her cousin at her ease, and now she seemed inclined to let things take their course. "She is tired and strange, poor child," she said to herself, "and she finds it difficult to unbend; presently she will talk to me of her own accord, for she looks both intelligent and gentle." As she addressed Mr. Harland, Roberts entered the room with the tea-things, which he arranged on a low table beside Averil's chair.

"Where is Miss Lottie," she asked in an undertone; but Roberts did not know—she had gone out early in the afternoon, and had not returned.

"Ah, to be sure; little Miss Jones generally has tea with you, does she not, Averil?" observed Mr. Harland.

"I have not seen her since luncheon," she replied, and a slight shade crossed her face. "I think her aunt must have given her some commission, for Roberts tells me only Maud and Georgina were in the carriage. Poor child! she will be tired. I must ask Milner to give her some tea when she comes in."

"I never knew anyone like you, Averil, for looking after people's little comforts. I wonder what Miss Lottie would do without you, not to mention a good many other people?"

Mr. Harland spoke in a joking tone, but Averil reddened as though she detected a compliment. She was pouring out the tea, but as she rose to carry a cup to Annette the girl started up impulsively.

"But it is not for you to wait on me, my cousin," she said, in quite a shocked voice. "No one has ever waited on me, or brought tea to me before."

"But you are tired, and have had a long journey, Annette; besides, I love to wait on people."

"But you must not love what is wrong," returned Annette quaintly. "See, I will place myself beside you at that little table, and then you will not jump up every minute; will not that be better, my cousin?"

"Yes, dear," and Averil, with quiet tact, made room for the girl beside her; she even checked Mr. Harland with a glance when he would have volunteered his services. "Annette has everything within reach now," she said pleasantly, and she took no notice when Annette, with quick officiousness, insisted on waiting on monsieur; on the contrary, she admired her graceful movements, and the utter want of self-consciousness that was Annette's chief charm.

"What a pretty figure she has," she thought wistfully, "and perhaps, if she were not so pale, so utterly colourless, her face might be pretty too; anyhow, it interests me."

Mr. Harland could not stop long; he had to take an early train to Chislehurst. Before he left he found an opportunity to give one of his good-natured hints to Averil as she followed him out into the lobby.

"What do you think of her, eh, Averil? But I suppose it is too soon to ask your opinion. I forgot, too, what a cautious little person you are."

"It is not always wise to speak. I am very much interested in my cousin; she looks gentle and ladylike, but I should prefer to answer your question a week later."

"Ah, to be sure—an Averil-like speech. Well, I only want to give you a hint. She is a little shy, and the idea of all those people frightens her. Let her be as quiet as possible this first evening."

"My dear Mr. Harland, she will see no one; I have arranged all that. Mrs. Willmot and the girls are dining out, and I have ordered an informal supper in my own room. Annette will like that much better, will she not?"

"I should think so; that is a first-rate idea of yours, Averil. Do you know I have quite taken to that little French girl. Pshaw! I always forget she is English. Louie will be quite jealous when I tell her. By-the-bye, you must bring her down to see my wife, Averil; she and the girls will be delighted to make her acquaintance."

"I grieve that monsieur has gone," were Annette's first words as Averil re-entered the room. "I look upon him as my first friend. Do you know, I took him for my cousin Leonard? When Clotilde announced an English gentleman I thought, of course, that it was he. Forgive me, my cousin, if I make you sad; people are so different; with some it is always silence—it is as though speech would desecrate their dead; but for me, I am for ever speaking of my mother to Clotilde, to Manon, even to myself. Why should the name we love most, grow strange to one's lips?"

"You are quite right," returned Averil, softly; "if I have not talked much about my dear father it is for other reasons." Here she stammered, hesitated, and then changed the subject.

"Annette, when I read your letter to him I grew quite sad. 'You must bring her home to me.' That is what I told my good old friend Mr. Harland. 'We must make her forget her troubles: she shall be like my own sister.' Shall it be so between us, dear? Do you think you can care for a poor crooked little body like me?" and her dark sad eyes rested for a moment yearningly on her young cousin's face.

"Oh, I shall love you—you will see how well I shall love you," returned Annette, throwing her arms impulsively round Averil. "What does it matter how you look, my cousin? Why is it you make such a speech to me? You have kind eyes—I can trust them. Monsieur tells me you have a good heart—is it not proof that you have written me that letter, that you permit me to call this home? Let us not make any more speeches to each other; it is all understood between us that we are friends."

Averil's grave face softened. "I have one faithful little friend already; how pleased I shall be to have another. As I told you, I do so like taking care of people."

"Oh, but it is I who must wait on you," returned Annette seriously. "There is a look on your face, my cousin, as though you were always thinking; it is not a frown," as Averil looked amused, "and yet your forehead contracts itself, so——" drawing her brows together; "it gives one a fatigued sense, as though you were too heavily burdened; and you are grave, and yet you have never known what it is to be poor."

"No, but I have sometimes forgotten to be grateful for my riches. Annette, you are a shrewd observer; no one here notices my gravity. But I must not let you go on talking like this. I want to show you your room, and then you can make any change you like in your dress; not that it matters to-night"—as Annette's face fell a little—"for unless Lottie join us you and I will be alone. Will you come with me, dear," touching her arm, as Annette appeared lost in thought.

The staircase at Redfern House was wide and handsome, and the spacious landing was fitted up prettily with cabinets of china and stands of flowers.

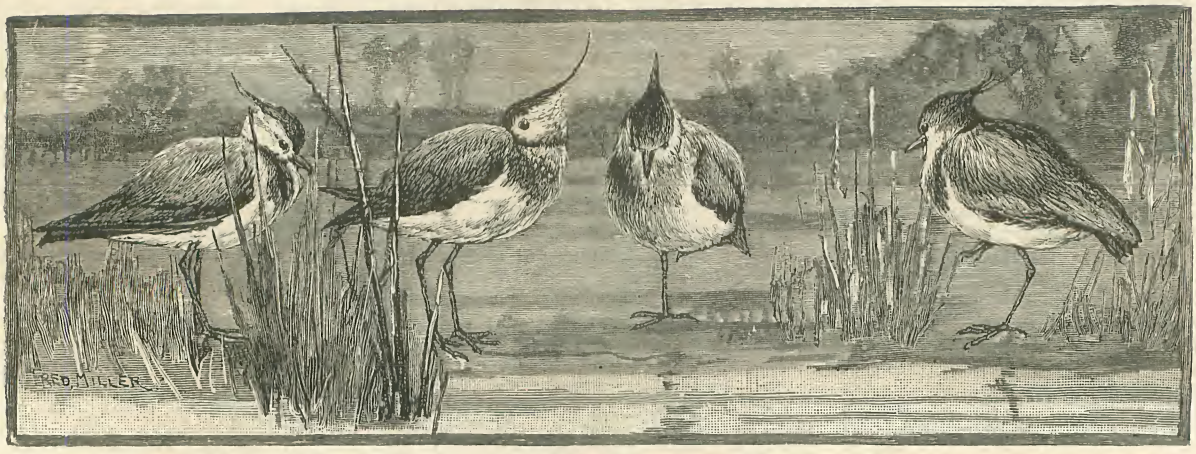
"I have chosen a room near mine," continued Averil quietly; "it is not very large, but I think you will find it comfortable."

"Comfortable! oh, it is far, far too grand for me. You must have made a mistake, my cousin," and Annette's eyes grew large and round. Perhaps if Averil had seen the girl's sleeping-room in the Rue St. Joseph she might have understood the situation more perfectly; but to her luxurious ideas there was nothing out of the common in the fresh cretonne hangings, the pretty well-appointed furniture, the couch and writing-table. To be sure there was nothing wanting to any young lady's comfort; she had herself placed all kinds of little knick-knacks on the toilet table.

Annette stood by in puzzled ecstasy, as her cousin opened the wardrobe and drawers, and then pointed out to her the tasteful little work-basket and blotting-case. "You will find everything ready for your use. I hope I have not forgotten anything. It has been such a pleasure to me fitting up this room. Now I will leave you for a little while to rest and refresh yourself, and then we will have some more talk"; and with a nod and a smile Averil withdrew to her own room.

(*To be continued.*)





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LOVER OF CHILDREN.—There is great inconsistency in the statements you make. You say that it is "the desire of your heart to do something for Christ's little ones." This means that you desire to please and serve Him. But you add, "I do not know if my parents will consent to my leaving them, but when I am twenty-one *then I must go!*" Is this Christian submission to those that are "over you, in the Lord?" Filial duty, gratitude, humility, are virtues which you are bound to cultivate. God has certainly called you to exercise these, and if your parents require your presence and service at home, it could not be His will that you should leave them. Read or write for them, perform their little commissions, make their home bright, and "requite your parents." You will have work enough to occupy you besides, in bringing your own will into subjection.

ALLIE.—As you inquire for "good French recreative books"—which are somewhat difficult to find, but which, as an exercise in colloquial French, are more or less very useful—we think you could not do better than join the "Ever-circulating French Library." Address the Hon. Secretary, "M. F.W.," *Gazette* Office, Sydenham, S.E. This little society is not a "money-making" one; but, naturally, some subscription is essential for the purchase of books and their circulation. Fee, 4s. 6d. per annum, and two stamps to be enclosed for rules and instructions. This society was in work last year, and we believe the address given will still find the secretary, even if the private residence be changed.

CALIFORNIA.—As the London hospitals offer so few vacancies at present, we can only suggest the Private Hospital at Birmingham (101, Newhall Street), just recommended to another inquirer. Address the matron. On what terms a lady postulant is received we cannot inform you—they vary in the different institutions. Should they not prove suitable for you, it remains that you should apply to some of those in London, on the chance of finding an opening. Nevertheless, we cannot admit that "your life would be more given to Christ" as a hospital nurse than it *might* be in the private, faithful, self-denying work of home, and the beautiful example set to all around you of a "meek and quiet spirit" in one "diligent in business" and "instant in prayer."

KATHLEEN.—See our answer to "Bonnie Noble." Birmingham might suit you. There are three hospitals at Manchester—one at Park Place, Cheetham Hill Road, for women and children; at Pendlebury and Garlside Street, for children; and at Clifford Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, for women and children. But whether they have vacancies or whether you be personally eligible we have no means of judging.

BONNIE NOBLE.—As you are of full age at 25 to enter into a course of training for hospital work, we recommend you to apply to the matron of the Private Hospital (Mrs. Storer), 101, Newhall Street, Birmingham. As you prefer a more northern situation than London, this would probably suit you.

AMBITIOUS ONE.—To enter a college for women, either at Cambridge or Oxford, the student must be past eighteen years. The expenses at Girton amount to £105 per annum; at Newnham the fees are 75 guineas; at the Lady Margaret Hall £75; and at St. Hugh's College and Somerville Hall 60 guineas per annum.

ROSE.—We have just answered your question, put by another correspondent.

ART.

AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER and EMMA might employ their accomplishments in the art of illumination to the glory of God, which would not necessitate their leaving their home duties, and opportunities of evidencing the sincerity of their faith. There is a special work carried on in which they might take part—the Illuminated Text Mission. The Secretary and Manager is Miss E. A. Platten, Park Holm, Upper Tooting, S.W. These illuminations are sent out to nearly all our missionary stations, besides the supply reserved for our own country. Working parties for preparing them are inaugurated, and no less than forty-seven languages are represented in the illuminations, Chinese included. We thank "An Original Subscriber" for bringing the Mission under our notice. It is most interesting. We may also observe, for the benefit of our artistic readers, that the society sends out packets of six outlined texts and a copy without making any compulsory charge.

NOVICE IN ART.—To draw a pattern on brass for chasing or etching you must varnish the surface and make a sketch on it, simply scratching off the varnish with a sharply-pointed instrument. When dry, then place wax, in strips, round the metal, and pour a solution of one-fourth part of acid to three of water. Brush away the bubbles with a soft camel's-hair brush, pour out the solution, and wash clean with turpentine.

MUSIC.

BRITANNIA.—1. The "viol" of the Middle Ages developed into the "violin." The latter instrument is mentioned as early as in the year 1200, in the legendary life of St. Christopher. Some say that it was introduced into England by Charles II. The "viola," which is played resting on the knee, is a variety of the same instrument, of more recent date. 2. We are not acquainted with the bird under the name you give. There are seven or eight classifications of birds, *i.e.*, the *Natatores*, the *Laridæ*, *Grallatores* (or wading), *Galinaceous*, *Scansores* (climbers), *Passerines*, and *Raptores* (or birds of prey). The name you give is not included under the head of any of these.

ARIEL.—You will find the original history of the society (first formed in Venice in 1400), the members of which called themselves "Blue Stockings," more than once given in our "Answers." Consult our Indexes. It was a mixed society of literary persons.

HOUSEKEEPING.

JESSIE M. BEAN.—1. We thank you for your kind approval of our teachings in the "Answers." 2. Pet dogs and cats that are allowed to lie on the chairs as well as the rugs make themselves very objectionable to clean persons as well as housekeepers, and all the rest of the family, but more especially the guests. But doubtless your discovery, that the hairs from these animals on the hearthrug may be removed by "brushing up the nap with a wet but moderately-wrung-out wash-leather," may prove acceptable. An ordinary duster would be of no use.

GWENDOLINE.—To remove dye-stains from your piano keys may be difficult. Perhaps if you consult a chemist he may suggest something. But you must tell him the colour and nature of the dye, which you have omitted to tell us. Your friend was most inconsiderate in touching your piano with dirty wet hands. She should have worn gloves if unable to clean them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS S. H. ALLEN writes to say that her address as Secretary of the Practising Society is changed from 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight, to 5, Cleveland Terrace, Worthing, Sussex. She complains that letters of inquiry are constantly being sent to her to the old address, costing a penny to forward, and that no stamps are enclosed either for postage, or the copies of the rules she sends. The subscription is 2s. 6d. yearly, and two penny stamps must be enclosed in all letters which require an answer. We have had many complaints of this sort from various quarters, and we beg that none of our readers will be guilty of this piece of meanness and even of small dishonesty.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Under all circumstances we think your intimate friendship an influence for good. But though you do well in corresponding and keeping up your friendship, you should be very careful and circumspect in demonstrations of affection when in private. If since his childhood you treated him like a little brother it would be difficult and even harmful to him to draw off. A brotherly greeting in presence of some of the family would be permissible, but you might, in a gentle and playful way, tell him he is growing too big now for demonstrations more suitable for his future "ladie-love," and they should be kept for her, and that you and he could be as faithful friends when giving a hearty grasp of the hand. We do not think that in acting thus you would lose the religious influence which you have so happily gained over his conduct.

A SURREY GIRL.—Admiral Lord Nelson was born in the year 1758, on September 29.

AN ONLY GIRL.—Certainly try some of our competitions. We think with so many lessons to do you must neglect them, or you would not have so much time. We think your writing quite the most ugly we have ever seen.

SCRUB.—The bridegroom provides a carriage for himself, in which he takes his "best man" to the church. The bride's father provides one for himself, in which he takes the bride and sometimes her mother, and another carriage for the bridesmaids (perhaps two), and the guests provide their own.

MILDRED.—A book of fairy tales, or some book of natural history or adventure, would seem to be better. But the one you name is very nice, and not too much. The inscription might be, "To my little pupil, John Smith, as a reward for doing his best at his lesson"; or, "A reward for good behaviour and attention to his lessons."

READY TO LEARN.—Want of memory may be often really lack of attention. Are you sure that you pay attention to what you read, or is it only a sort of mental dram-drinking?

HOPE.—See "Are we Leading Natural Lives?" page 612, vol. viii., "Remove the Cause," page 7, vol. x.

R. P.—We have searched the *Extinct Peerage*, but can give you no further information about William Boyd. You could find out by sending a query to *Notes and Queries*.

GUESS.—Have you exhausted Sir Walter Scott and the Kingsleys? Mrs. Susan Banks also has written two delightful books on the life of Old England.

VIRGINIA must not put a limit to the mercy of God our Father, and must comfort herself by relying on that while she gives love and prayers for the two erring ones. Love wins where argument and scolding will not.

K. G.—The starfish may be dried in sand, and will be equally useful to you.



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AVERIL.

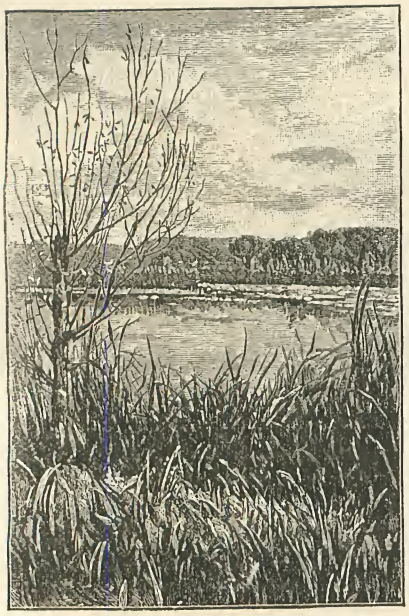
By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



All rights reserved.] "'GO ON, ANNETTE—DO NOT STOP TALKING.'"

CHAPTER V.

LOTTIE.



"OH, my mother, if thou could only see me now!" was Annette's inward ejaculation when the door closed upon her cousin; and as though this tender reflection had opened the flood-gates of suppressed emotion, the tears flowed rapidly, and for a little while they could not be checked.

Poor tired Annette was struggling against a tide of conflicting feelings; now a pang crossed her faithful heart at the thought of that humble grave in the cemetery at Dinan, so far away, and then she chid herself for the fancy. "It is not the grave, it is the life that we should remember," she said to herself, "life that is for ever. Who can deprive me of those prayers that my mother prayed on her death-bed? While memory lasts who can rob me of her example, her precepts, of the remembrance of her gentle patience? There is no death to love. Truly Monsieur is right—my darling mother is as near me as ever," and Annette dried her eyes.

After this she moved timidly about her beautiful room, looking at one treasure after another with a sort of admiring awe and reverence. Annette's innate sense of the beautiful had never before been gratified. She had grown up to womanhood among the meagre surroundings of poverty; her inherited instincts and a natural love of refinement had found no vent in that dark, unlovely house in the Rue St. Joseph, with its dim, smoke-begrimed walls and long narrow windows overshadowed by neighbouring gables, when only a few sous expended on flowers was possible to the young lace-mender, and whose chaplet of white roses for her mother's coffin was only procured at the expense of a meal.

But Annette was less gratified at the thought of becoming the possessor of all these fine things than touched at the womanly thoughtfulness that had provided them. "What a fine heart her cousin Averil must have," she reflected, "to have expended her money on an unknown stranger! How sweet to think that while she was imagining herself lonely and forsaken this room was being prepared for her! It is the heavenly kindness that warms me so," she said to herself as she examined one thing after another.

It was true; Averil had forgotten nothing; her generosity had anticipated all her cousin's little wants. "All her life the poor child has been poor," she thought. "I should like her to find everything ready for use. It will be a sort of sisterly welcome. Lottie will help me to think of things."

And so it was that the silk-lined basket with its dainty work implements had found its place, and the well-stocked paper-case. There was even a case of brushes on the toilet-table, and a new Bible and Prayer-book on the little round table, while a few choice photographs in simple frames adorned the walls.

Annette was so absorbed in her researches, so loath to put down one treasure and take up another, that she had hardly had time to brush her thick hair and smooth her rumpled collar before Averil reappeared. She looked at the closed trunk in some surprise. "You have not unpacked! Shall I help you?" she asked kindly. "I was afraid I had left you too long. But perhaps you are not ready to come down?"

"Does it matter about the unpacking?" returned the girl a little wearily. "It is not as though I had fine gowns and laces. My one poor dress will not hurt. Ah," looking at Averil's dress, which, in spite of its plainness, had all sorts of pretty finishes, "I fear I shall shame you, my cousin, with my poverty."

"Poverty never shamed anyone," replied Averil quickly. "Do not trouble about anything to-night, Annette," looking at her a little anxiously as she noticed the traces of recent tears. "To-morrow you shall tell me what you want, and we will get it together. I daresay you will find shopping very amusing. I know Lottie loves it."

"And you, my cousin?"

"Well, perhaps I do not care for it myself, but it is all in the day's work," replied Averil cheerfully. "I could spend half the day in a bookseller's, or looking over pictures and engravings, but for dresses and fine things, they are, of course, indifferent to me unless I buy them for others," and Averil shrugged her shoulders with a little gesture of contempt.

They were passing through the hall as they spoke when a door opened quickly, and a young lady in grey came out. She was a pretty, dark-eyed girl. Averil at once accosted her.

"My dear Lottie, where have you been? It is nearly seven o'clock!"

"Yes, I know. Please don't keep me, Averil. Maud wants me to arrange her flowers. I have been to Whiteley's and the Stores, but I cannot match those things that Georgina wants. It is no use her being vexed about it, for I have done my best," and she was hurrying away when Averil called her back.

"But you have not spoken to my cousin, Lottie. You will surely shake hands with her."

Lottie extended her hand at once. "I did not mean to be rude, Averil," she said in a flurried, apologetic manner. "How do you do, Miss Ramsay? I have no time to speak to you now, but when they are all gone I will come to you," and she nodded to Averil and ran upstairs.

"Poor Lottie! How tired she looks! You must excuse her abruptness, Annette. Lottie is not her own mistress. She will come down to us by-and-by, when Mrs. Willmot and the girls have gone to their dinner-party. I want you and Lottie to be good friends."

"I think she has a nice face, only she looked what you call harassed, just as I used to feel when there was too much work to be done and Clotilde wanted me to walk. This young lady is like myself, is she not?—she has no parents. Oh, yes, monsieur told me something of her history. She was a poor orphan, and her uncle adopted her, and then he died, and his wife, who is your step-mother, my cousin, had the magnificent generosity to keep her still."

A faint smile flitted over Averil's face, but she made no direct response to this last clause. "Lottie was quite a little girl when Mr. Seymour adopted her. Her parents died young. Her life has been hard, like yours, Annette. I hope you and Lottie will take to each other. I have a large family, and nothing pleases me more than to see the members of my family happy together."

"But—yes—why not?" returned Annette, regarding her cousin with widely-opened eyes. "In this house that is so large there is surely room for everyone—there will be no need to quarrel."

"Oh, I was not speaking of Redfern House," replied Averil, but she offered no further explanation. She drew Annette down on the couch beside her and talked to her in a low voice, so that Roberts, who was putting the finishing touches to the supper-table, could not have overheard those quiet tones. When everything was ready Roberts quietly withdrew, and the two girls seated themselves at the table. Annette noticed that a place was laid for Lottie, but they were half through their meal before she joined them. Annette, whose tongue was now unloosed, was giving Averil a graphic description of her Dinan life when Lottie came quickly into the room. She looked pale and worried.

"Oh, Averil, I am so sorry to be late," she said, looking half inclined to cry; "but it was really not my fault. They have only just driven from the door, and there were a hundred things Georgina wanted me to do. Something had gone wrong with her dress, and of course she was very much put out, and——"

"Never mind all that, Lottie dear," observed Averil, in her quick, decided way. "'Brush away the worries,' as dear father used to say. Here is a nice cup of coffee, and I will cut you some of the breast of that chicken. Nonsense!" as Lottie protested that her head ached,

and that she was too tired to eat; "starving never rested anyone. Annette, will you give Lottie some of that salad you praised so much; and then while she is a good girl and eats her supper you shall go on with your picturesque description. Lottie, you have no idea how well Annette talks—she makes one see things so plainly. That is what we love—a story-book sort of talk, don't we, Lottchen?"

Annette was quite willing to go on talking. Averil's gentle look of sympathy and her evident interest were sufficient inducement: it was enough that she pleased her auditors. She even grew a little excited as Lottie's pale listlessness faded, and the weary contraction of her brow relaxed. She seemed roused, interested, taken out of herself.

"She has had a hard life too, Averil," Annette heard her whisper; "and then she has not had you," and Lottie's eyes grew soft and pathetic over this little speech.

Roberts came to clear away and to bring the lamps, and then Averil bade her two young companions join her at the open window. Lottie placed herself on a stool at her feet and laid her head on Averil's lap. In the pauses of her talk Annette could see Averil's thin little hand with its single diamond ring flashing in the lamplight as it smoothed Lottie's dark hair tenderly. Presently she said in a half whisper: "Go on, Annette; do not stop talking. Lottie has fallen asleep, and the rest will do her good. Perhaps after all she will not have one of her bad headaches."

"But why does she tire herself so much?" asked the girl in some surprise. "It is not good to make oneself sick with fatigue. Oh, I know what it is when one's back aches with stooping, and the light goes, and there is still work to be done; but to walk and not to stop when one is tired, it is that that passes my comprehension."

"Lottie is a busy little woman in her way," replied Averil quietly. "She works beautifully, and her aunt and cousins give her plenty to do."

"Oh, she is not rich, and that is how she repays her aunt's kindness. Doubtless she is very happy to do them service. My cousin, I have yet to learn in what way I shall be able to repay your goodness. But I shall find out some day, and answer that question for myself."

Averil was not a demonstrative little person or she could have found a ready response to Annette's question, so touching in its graceful *naïveté*: "Love me for myself" she would have answered. "Love me, and you will repay me a hundredfold," for hers was a nature that was never satisfied with loving, that spent itself and yet was for ever giving—full measure, yet without hope of return. Yes, young as she was in years Averil had already learned the sorrowful lesson that life teaches to her elder scholars, that it is useless to expect too much of human nature, and that though, thank God, love often begets love, it is better and wiser to give it freely, as God gives His blessed sunshine, pouring it alike on the thankful and ungrateful, for "With what measure ye mete," said the Divine Master, "it shall be measured to you again." Alas! how niggardly are our human measures, how carefully we weigh out our small grains of goodwill, for which we expect to be repaid so richly!

Averil was bent on being a listener to-night. She said little; only an intelligent question, a sympathetic monosyllable or two, drew out fresh details.

"If I want to know Annette thoroughly," she thought, "I must let her tell me all about herself. I think our great mistake in making acquaintance with people is that we never put ourselves sufficiently in the background, so we contrive to stamp a portion of our own individuality on every fresh person. Annette is very original—she is also frank and unreserved. It is a relief for her to talk, and it is always easy for me to listen."

It was growing quite late, when Lottie suddenly started up with rather a guilty air.

"Have I been asleep, Miss Ramsay? How rude you must have thought me! But when I am tired and Averil strokes my hair she always sends me to sleep! Why, it is nearly ten o'clock!"—jumping up in a hurry. "Oh, Averil, you ought to have woke me. The girls' room is in such a state, and Georgina made me promise to put it tidy!"

"Suppose I ask Unwin to do it as a favour—you are half asleep, Lottie. She looks like a little owl, does she not, Annette?"

"Oh, no; we must not trouble Unwin. And there is aunt's room too. It is all my fault for going to sleep and forgetting my duties," and Lottie's pretty face wore its harassed look again.

"What is there to do? At least I can help you," observed Annette eagerly. "Is it to make things tidy? Surely that is not difficult. My cousin, I should love to help Miss Jones if she will have me."

"Very well, we will all go," returned Averil, gratified by Annette's ready good nature, and Lottie at once brightened up.

Annette looked a little astonished as they entered the large, handsome room; the bed, chairs, even the floor, seemed strewn by a profusion of garments; the toilette-table heaped with laces, gloves, and trinkets. "What gorgeousness, what splendour," thought Annette; but she did not utter her wonder aloud, she only shook out the folds of a black lace dress that was trailing across a couple of chairs and began folding it with quick, deft fingers.

Averil was called away at this moment; when she returned all traces of chaos had been removed. Annette was standing by the toilette-table rolling up some ribbons, and Lottie was locking up the trinkets in the dressing-case.

"Oh, Averil!" she exclaimed, "Miss Ramsay has been helping me so nicely. She has folded up all the dresses, and she does it as well as Unwin. And now she has promised to mend that lace flounce for me to-morrow, so I shall be able to practise before Herr Ludwig comes. Maud was so bent on my doing it though I told her that my piece was not nearly perfect."

"But to me it is a trifle," replied Annette quickly. "I can work a new sprig where the old one has been rent. Miss Jones will not know it has been mended at all, and to me it will be play. And now, if there is nothing else that I can do, will you permit me to retire, for, like Miss Jones, my eyes are heavy, and the hour is later than that to which I have always accustomed myself."

"My dear child, how thoughtless I have been. Tired! Of course you are tired after your journey. Lottie, I will take Annette to her room and then come back to you."

Averil was not long away, but Lottie had finished her task and was awaiting her with some impatience.

"Well, Averil?"

"Well, my dear," in rather a quizzical voice, "have you altered your opinion at all since the morning? Are you still as sure that the arrival of my little Frenchified cousin must spoil everything? Have you found her quite as disagreeable as you expected?"

Lottie pouted.

"Don't be tiresome, Averil. A person must make a mistake sometimes. Miss Ramsay is not disagreeable at all. On the contrary, I think she is rather nice."

"Nice!" still in the same teasing voice. "I should have said my cousin was charming."

"Oh, of course; you are never for half measures, Averil. I should not wonder if in time you liked her far better than you do me—no, I should not wonder at all."

Averil broke into her little silvery laugh as Lottie finished her speech in rather an injured manner.

"Indeed, Lottie, I am not at all sure that I shall not become excessively fond of Annette. She is amiable, and yet she has plenty of character. And then she has such winning ways!"

"Yes; and my manners are so abrupt. You are always telling me so, Averil."

"For your own good, dear. Why, what nonsense!" as Lottie's eyes filled with tears. "Do you think Annette will make any difference between us? For shame, Lottie! I cannot believe for one moment that you could seriously entertain such an unworthy thought! What! Can you who know me so well—can you begrudge me another object of interest, another friendly human being on whom I may bestow a little affection? No; this sort of petty jealousy does not belong to my Lottie!"

"No, not really, Averil"—throwing her arms round her neck and giving her a penitent kiss. "I am only cross because I am so tired. No one can take my place, not even this fascinating Miss Ramsay. Do you think I would begrudge you anything—when I want the whole world to love you as much as I do?"

"Hush! Good night! There, there, you foolish child!" as Lottie mutely pleaded for another kiss, and Averil left

her smiling. But the smile faded as she entered her own room, and a look of utter weariness took its place.

"Oh, Unwin," she said, as a grey-haired, pleasant-looking woman came from an inner room, "I did not think it possible that one could ache so!"

"You are just worn out, Miss Averil," returned the old servant tenderly. "You are none of the strongest, and you are young yet, though folks seem to forget that, and put too much upon you. It goes to my heart to see you so white and spent of a night and no one to spare you anything. You are always looking after other people, and forgetting yourself."

"You dear old story-teller! Why, I am grumbling about my own aches and pains at this very minute."

"Yes, my dear, and I hope you will always grumble to me, as you call it," returned Unwin, as she gently unplaited Averil's hair and brushed out the dark, shining masses that nearly reached to the ground. Unwin did not leave her young mistress that night until her weary little head was laid on her pillow, and more than once she entered the room softly to assure herself that Averil had fallen asleep.

"Her mind is too big for her body," she thought as she crept away, and nearly stumbled over the poodle. "No one knows the strain there is on that young creature, and no one ever sees her give way but me," and Unwin sighed, for she had known and loved her young mistress from childhood, and it grieved her to see her darling young lady so weary and exhausted.

(*To be continued.*)

RECENT IDEAS ON DRESS REFORM.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

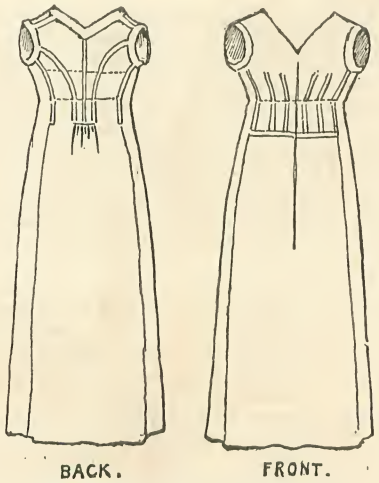
II.

Mrs. Jeuness Miller is as equally determined to abolish the corset as our own dress reformers, though she begins more circumspectly. But I find she has also been obliged to give way to those who desire a bodice of some kind, and has invented a very pretty-looking model bodice with a neck-yoke, the bodice buttoning in front and lacing at the back. The need felt for a bodice is probably owing to the lack of warmth realised when the stays are left off, and also to the want of a support of some kind.

Our illustrations show the whole of the garments which Mrs. Miller suggests. The first is the ordinary woven "combination," as we call it, which may be of silk, thread, cotton, or wool, or, what is nearly as warm, of stout spun-silk. This garment we can now obtain of every good draper in England; and for India, of gauze, silk, or wool. The next garment in this system is called the "chemilette," and this is an improved cut of "combination" or union dress, or the union of the drawers and chemise of old days. This garment has a yoke at the neck, and fits the figure closely. The next article of clothing is an improved version of the "divided skirt," which was invented by Lady Harberton, but has a better-fitting yoke, and is, in general aspects, more practical. These three last-named garments are made in all materials—cotton, flannel, mohair, or alpaca, cashmere, and silk. I find that Mrs. Miller has much adopted the natural-coloured tussore as a material, and certainly nothing could prove a wiser selection, or wear better. "It washes like a rag," as the vulgar saying is, and is very pleasant to wear. It requires nothing in the way of trimming save some feather-stitching, though of course lace of the same colour, or the same silk embroidered, may be used. There is no difficulty in cutting out or making either of these garments, and they can be of any material suited to the wearer's age, health, or individual ideas. Mrs. Miller is very wise in leaving her followers a certain latitude in choice, while she, of course, expects them to make themselves acquainted with the best and latest opinions on the subject. But in the great heats of America cooler materials must naturally be used than in our more moderate clime. I have forgotten to mention what I have often done before now, that "nuns' veiling" is the best and most satisfactory woollen material that can be obtained, as it washes and wears admirably, is not clumsy in use, and is very moderate in price.



COMBINATION. CHEMILETTE. DIVIDED SKIRT.



BACK. FRONT.

DRESS-FORM OR FOUNDATION TO ALL DRESSES.

The chief thing that I noticed in connection with this system was the extreme care taken to obtain a good fit, each garment being most accurately measured. In this way the absence of the stays is got over, and no clumsiness is seen.

The chief thing that is to be noticed is the admirable idea of a dress-form, that is to say, a dress foundation—one on which every dress can be made, the trimmings being made to suit the prevailing styles, so that each may have her own taste unshackled, and wear what suits her best. This dress-form is accurately fitted, is well boned, and is made of the material of each dress. Our illustration of it shows exactly what it looks like, and how, by a clever alteration of Mrs. Miller's own, the chief defect, so often found in the "Princess dress," is got over—*i.e.* the cutting across of the front, so as to permit the skirt and the bodice being fitted accurately on the wearer. The same is the case at the back, where the back and back side-pieces can be fitted, while the fulness is arranged in the centre, giving a very graceful appearance.

The dresses we show in our illustrations were all made in this manner; and it can be gathered from them how easy it is to make any style of drapery or ornamentation to suit the foundation. The greatest freedom of movement is gained by the dress being made in one piece, and for the home dressmaker this seems an immense advance.

Mrs. Jeuness Miller considers that one of the great essentials for a perfectly health-promoting dress is to get rid of bands at the

waist, and though the waist is larger, it is more natural in form, more healthy, and more comfortable. All garments are made in one piece, and the weight and warmth are equally distributed. The ordinary dress is always worn, and there is no desire to have anything conspicuous or ugly; nothing revolutionary is intended, and there is nothing to attract attention in the reformed costume but its superior prettiness and grace.

And now I come to the part of this system which stamps it with novelty, and that is, the endeavour to treat physical defects and to develop the body scientifically. Mrs. Jeuness Miller takes pupils in New York, and teaches, in her "School of Physical Culture," drill in practical gymnastics, for strengthening the entire body, æsthetic drill, the principles of vocal culture, and instruction in hygienic and artistic dress; lectures on anatomy and hygiene are given by the best lecturers, and the course comprises a period of about ten weeks.

Mrs. Miller's attention to these matters was first awakened from her own ill-health, and from finding that the ordinary dress worn by women was fatiguing and uneasy to wear, from its weight, pressure, and general inconvenience. She succeeded in making a change in her own apparel, which improved her health and much increased her comfort; and she has since tried to help her sex by showing them that health and beauty were to be obtained by modifications of clothing, which left the visible costume lady-like and essentially feminine and attractive.

It would be impossible to enter into the question of Mrs. Jeuness Miller's physical exercises, but I will conclude my sketch of this new system by mentioning her instructions on going upstairs and on sitting still. The manner of people's going up and downstairs is the cause of many ailments, so she thinks. In going upstairs the body should be held erect, with the chest extended, the lungs filled with air, and the mouth kept closed. When the top is reached the air should be slowly exhaled through the nostrils.

The proper position in sitting is extremely important, and it is usually the one most neglected. In sitting, it is needful to hold the chest up, and to avoid bending forward at the waist. If you wish to bend, the movement should come from the hips only, and never from the waist. You can bend forward sideways or backwards, but you must make the hips, and not the waist, the point of action. The greatest care should be taken not to sit forward on the end of the spine, as very serious injuries result from this position. The knees should never be crossed—a position which is not only ungraceful but dangerous, as paralysis may be caused by it. The correct standing position is with the chest raised and extended, the chin slightly drawn in, the arms free, the body poised far enough forward to bring the centre of gravity over the balls of the feet, and the shoulder-blades flat. Do not throw the shoulders back—the generally accepted idea of securing an erect position.

This ends, I think, my account of the "American Healthful Dress Movement," and, aided by the illustrations, I trust my girl-readers will be able to understand its principles and practice, and gather somewhat from the suggestions offered that may prove for their ultimate benefit.



DRESS OF BLACK LACE AND BLACK VELVET RIBBON.



ORDINARY MORNING GOWN.

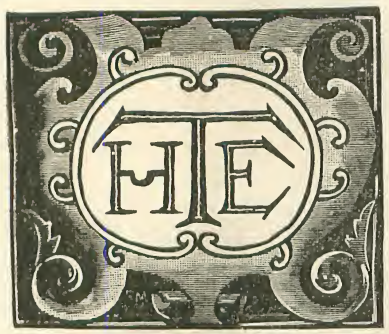
DINNER GOWN OF LACE AND SILK.

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

II.



advocates of slavery were wont to vaunt it as a patriarchal, even Arcadian, institution, under which the negroes danced and sang in happy ignorance of their so-called wrongs. It is true that the mass of slaves, who had never known a better lot, their backs fitted by use to the burden, managed not to be miserable by the aid of a brutish carelessness which their masters encouraged as the best temper to produce content. It is true, also, that some masters felt their serious responsibilities, that many were more or less kind to the human beings as much in their power as a horse or a dog; there were St. Clairs as well as Legrees among the slave-holding community. But the right to beat and abuse one's fellow creatures at will is in itself so demoralising, that few Southerners altogether escaped the taint of tyranny. And if we are told to believe that these slaves were happy, we may well ask how it was that, in spite of banjoes and breakdowns, tens of thousands of them risked punishment, suffering, even death, in the effort to escape to free soil.

There is an old coloured woman living in the north of England who has a story to tell like that of countless others. Mary Ann Blyth spent the best years of her life as a slave in Virginia. She hardly knew her own mother, being taken away from her as a baby, but once met a woman at a chapel who, it was thought from the resemblance between them, must be her mother—so loose were a slave's family ties. At the age of twelve she was sold among a drove of others, and found a harsh mistress, who would tie the slaves to a bed-post and whip them herself with a cow-hide; she did not spare even her own white-haired nurse. The only consideration she showed was taking care not to whip about the head and shoulders, since there the tell-tale marks might lessen the value of the animal as a marketable commodity.

When Mary Ann had put up with this treatment for seventeen years or so, her mistress's temper growing worse instead of better, she began to think of running away. It was not the whipping that drove her to this resolution, but what may seem to us the minor punishment of being locked up over Sunday. Taking a friend into her confidence, who promised to help her, she vowed to run away the next time she was locked up. This punishment being again inflicted on her for the crime of taking up a stitch for a child-slave learning to knit, she proved as good as her word. The windows of the room in which she was confined had been nailed up, but while her mistress was gone for a drive she managed to take the nails out of one of them; then at night, first throwing out her clothes, she squeezed herself through, dressed on the ground, and ran off through the moonlight to her accomplice, who, being a slave in the employment of the harbour-master, might have a chance of getting her off by sea.

But weeks or months might pass before the chance came, and till then she must lie in close hiding. Before daylight her friend took her out into the woods and left her there with a blanket, a bottle of water, and some bread. This lurking-place was only two fields off from her master's house; she could hear and see people talking in the garden, but nobody suspected her of being so close at hand. One of the dogs sometimes trotted out to pay her a visit, but luckily, being accustomed to be fed by the fugitive, was too familiar with her to make any noise about it; he would be content with a friendly pat and go off again, yet she was terribly afraid that his coming might attract attention to the spot. She had little to eat but berries, and the bread her good friend ventured to bring her now and then by stealth. Her great trouble was the snakes, for fear of which she slept up in trees till the leaves began to fall, and the weather became too wet to make such airy lodging tolerable.

Six weeks had now passed, and the poor woman was ready to despair of getting away safely. For a time then she was hid in a hay-loft, till, by the hay being taken away as wanted, she was in danger of discovery, and afterwards in a haystack, where, as the people kept piling on more hay, she had to work her way further to the outside instead of shrinking back always, as in the loft. Meanwhile her owners had been scouring the country, offering a large reward for her dead or alive, "but they never thought of looking under their very petticoats for me!"

At length came joyful news that a ship from England was in the river, and that the mates were willing to stow her away, as many a kind-hearted sailor did for those hunted slaves. Dressed as a man, she got on board by night, and was hidden in what, from her somewhat vague narrative, seems to have been a barrel covered up by sails: what she remembers for certain is that it smelt very strong of tobacco, and was most unpleasantly close for one who had been living so long in the open air. Ten anxious days she lay here before the ship sailed. Then there was another most trying ordeal to be gone through. Constables, or such like, came to search the vessel; she heard the advertisement offering a reward for her read aloud, and the captain saying that he would not have her on board for all his cargo. She thought it was all up with her, for once his hand was almost touching her shoulder; but she passed undiscovered, and understands that throughout the voyage the captain never knew what a passenger he carried. Perhaps he took care not to know.*

At the end of four months of weary waiting the ship set sail from American shores. At Norfolk there was one more scare when the Custom House officers came on board. Henceforth it was all smooth sailing for the fortunate runaway. She had still to lie close in that unsavoury hole, got very little to eat, and had to put up with some stormy weather before reaching Europe; but all these troubles were drowned in the thought that she was now fairly on the way to freedom. After some stay at Flushing she was landed at Grimsby, and passed on to Shields, where she came into the hands of a worthy Quaker family, who from that day have never lost sight of her.

I have picked out this tale as a characteristic and artless one, never before published. But there are a hundred such narratives in print, some of them of most thrilling interest, and abounding in romantic incidents often stranger than fiction. One's only difficulty is to choose among a mass of stories, for the most part unknown to English readers of this generation.

We have seen how Mary Ann Blyth was fain to dress herself as a man, the sole disguise available for ordinary negroes.

A bolder trick, which only a few could put in practice, was that of passing off as a white man, like George Harris of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Both these devices were used by William and Ellen Craft in their escape from Georgia. William was an unmistakable negro, but his wife fair enough to pass for white. They seem to have had money at command, so the couple planned that in fashionable male attire she should personate a young Southern planter, attended by her husband as servant. To hide the pretended gentleman's want of a beard, he kept the lower part of his face muffled up, as if suffering from toothache. A more serious difficulty would be the necessity of registering his name in the hotel books, according to American custom, and Ellen apparently could not write. This was got over by putting her arm in a sling; then she wore great green goggles, went rather lame, and feigned to be deaf, quite dependent upon the faithful black, always in close waiting, to explain and apologise for his master's ailments.

It looks as if the disguise were overdone, and likely to attract suspicion. But none appears to have arisen; the pair stopped at first-class hotels, and were well treated, the wife with all the comforts at the command of rich travellers, the husband downstairs with his fellow servants. There was no hitch till they reached Baltimore, where, on demanding tickets at the station for himself and his master, William was told that no negro could be allowed to go North till responsible persons had entered into bonds for him, a precaution considered necessary so near the Free States. The slave could only repeat his story that the gentleman was a stranger in very delicate health, on his way to Philadelphia for medical treatment, who might die on the way if delayed; and he ended the parley with a bit of Southern bounce, "My master can't be detained," which so much impressed the official that he waived the rule, and, without further question, issued the tickets to oblige the sick young traveller. Scarcely had they arrived on free soil when the rheumatism departed, the right arm was unslung, the toothache was gone, the beardless face was unmuffled, the deaf heard and spoke, the blind saw, and the lame leaped as a hart; and in the presence of a few astonished friends of the slave the facts of this remarkable escape were fully established by unquestionable evidence. The constant strain and pressure on Ellen's nerves, however, had tried her severely, so

* In another telling of her story, she seemed to make the captain say that he would not give her up for all his cargo. The ship reached Flushing when "the Dutch and the Belgians" were at war, which fixes the date for us about 1830. No wonder if, after sixty years' quiet life in England, the old woman's memory should be a little confused!

much so that for days afterwards she was very much prostrated, although joy and gladness beamed from her eyes, which bespoke inexpressible delight within.

This case is not unparalleled, for a similar stratagem was carried out by a couple named Jackson, as related in Levi Coffin's *Memoirs*. Jackson had already escaped to Cincinnati, and been recaptured into bondage in Alabama, where he married a free Creole woman, with some property of her own. Thus luckily settled in life, after two or three years it might seem that he was reconciled to his lot. But a taste of freedom had given him the appetite for it, and his wife provided means for another flight. She dressed herself up as a fine Southern lady, while he, being smooth-faced and small in size, put on woman's clothes to pass as her maid. In this double disguise they took the steamboat up the Mississippi from New Orleans. The lady played her part to the life by haughtily ordering the maid about and keeping her in close attendance on all the whims of her mistress. She gave herself out as bound for Baltimore, and some Southern ladies on board the boat advised her to take care how she went ashore with her servant on the way, as the girl might claim her liberty if they landed at Cincinnati. But she assured them that she had no doubts about her faithful maid, who was too much attached to her to be enticed away by any smooth-spoken Northerner—and we can fancy what hard things all these ladies said to one another of the hateful Abolitionists! On the other hand, there were Northern ladies on board who got hold of the servant in secret, telling her that in Ohio she was no longer a slave, and that she would do well to take the opportunity of slipping off when the boat stopped at Cincinnati. But no; "she" would not hear of leaving her dear mistress. At Cincinnati this attached couple went on shore, but that was the end of their journey into Maryland.

Few slaves, we can understand, were clever enough to aid themselves by such bold or cunning devices. Most of the runaways had been driven to flight in mere desperation, ignorant of the goal of safety for which they must make as of the dangers to be encountered on the way, shrinking from the sight of every white man as from a bloodhound, and helpless indeed without the help of friends hard to find. A typical story of this kind is that of James Adams, who ran away at the age of seventeen with a cousin of his named Harris, and a woman and her four children. Adams was too young to have experienced much cruelty as yet; but he had "seen older men treated worse than a horse or a hog," and boys younger than himself kicked, cuffed, and whipped for little or nothing. The state of things on that plantation may be guessed from the fact that seven slaves ran away next night, only to be recaptured, several others having previously made the same attempt.

The lad would not even tell his parents what he meant to do: his father, indeed, was the overseer, which may account for his not having so much to complain of personally. He seems to have been encouraged and assisted to escape by a white neighbour, whose name he durst not mention when he told his story. In this man's house he and his companions were concealed at night, but by day they lay out in the woods, a lucky precaution, for two women belonging to the other party which had been caught were whipped into betraying their asylum, and one day the house was searched, without any result. The fugitives, however, went back to the barn for another night or two. To make their concealment more easy, the woman was persuaded to separate for a time from her children, who were betrayed to the slave-owner, after which the poor mother seems to have had no more heart to continue her enterprise. Adams and Harris set out alone for the North.

A haystack was pointed out by which they were to wait at night for a man whom their friend would send to guide them. But on arrival at this *rendezvous*, they were so jaded by wandering about in constant dread of discovery, that they both fell fast asleep, and never heard the whistling and other signals made by their guide, who went away under the idea that they must have been caught or scared off. Awaking, they had to start by themselves, and could hit on no safer plan to steer their course than walking up to a house, and asking the way to a place near the plantation, meaning to go just in the contrary direction. The man of the house presently came out with a gun, and this looked so suspicious that they ran four miles or so barefoot, without venturing to put on their shoes till they were well ahead of him.

But after a time they trusted themselves to ask at another house for a drink of buttermilk. Here they had stumbled upon luck. It belonged to the very man who had missed them last night, and his wife taxed them with being the fugitives he was looking out for; but so shy were they of white folk that they would not own it. A little further on, however, at a tall gate they fell in with the man himself, who insisted on them going back to his house, though he durst not keep them there. They were hidden among some bushes in sight of the road and the house, in the garden of which was set up a white handkerchief upon a pole that would be thrown down as a signal of danger.

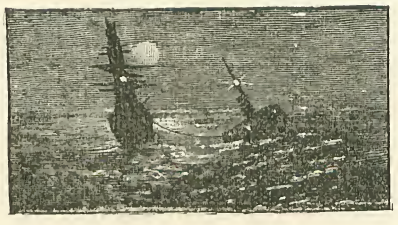
Danger, indeed, was in the wind. They had not been long here when they saw five white men stop at the house; then out came a little girl, who knocked down the flag-pole as if by accident in playing about the garden; but our trembling runaways did not need this hint to keep well in cover. After searching the house the pursuers rode on. Clearly the high road was not yet safe for these fugitives. That evening their good friend and several other sympathisers, armed with guns and pistols, escorted them to a solitary spot three miles back in the mountains. There they remained three days, for the most part in the open air. An Indian cave had been pointed out to them as a hiding-place, but from it they could see so far around that they feared to be themselves seen, and preferred a closer refuge in the woods. They had knives and a tomahawk, and were ready to fight for their liberty, if it came to that.

When the hue and cry after them had blown over, their white accomplices started them off with knapsacks full of cakes and dried venison, flint and steel, and a pocket compass to guide them through the woods. One of the men had to go with them half a day to teach them the use of this compass, a thing they had never seen before. By its help they held on for a week through a wilderness of wooded mountains without seeing one human being. Here they felt comparatively safe. But when they came again into cleared and cultivated country, they must use all precaution, travelling only by night, hardly daring to light a fire, one watching while the other slept. They had to cross several rivers by wading or swimming, not without fear of alligators. By day they would usually lie hid in thickets. The sight of a light set them on tiptoe; the bark of a dog startled them; every passing traveller scared their hearts into their mouths. With such hardships and alarms, the pilgrims of freedom fared on, footsore and weary, guiding their bewildered steps by the north star, the star of hope for all in their case.

From first to last these two had the most extraordinary good fortune in falling in with just the right people among so many ready to do anything but help them on. Even when they had crossed from Virginia into the free state of Ohio they could never be secure against betrayal. But when one day they ran against a white man, and were fain to deceive him with a story of being on the way to drive some cattle from Cleveland, he said, "I know you must be runaways; but you needn't be afraid of me, I don't want to hurt you." Further on they met a preacher, who addressed them in the same way: "I am the friend of all who travel from the south to the north." He warned them against going openly into Cleveland, as they were certain to be arrested, and recommended them to a family who would help them over the lake to Canada. Waiting till dark they knocked at the door of the house he had described, and found the generous welcome its owner had for such as they. He hid them in his barn till he could get a passage for them on a schooner. The captain showed himself most kind and cautious in carrying out his dangerous enterprise. On board they met an Englishman who had seen them at their master's plantation, and showed them handbills offering a reward of a hundred dollars for each, which had been given him to distribute along the road, "but he had preferred to keep them in his pocket." Thus, thanks to the good friends who served these lads so well for the love of God, they were both landed in Canada, and took care never to leave the shelter of the Union Jack.

Their story dates as far back as 1824. It shows us that even then there were many white men who sympathised with the ill-used slaves, and not a few willing to lend them a secret hand in escape, braving the penalties of the law and of public opinion. By-and-by these chance friends united themselves in the remarkable organisation known as the "Underground Railroad," some of whose achievements and adventures will be related in the succeeding chapters.

(*To be continued.*)



AUTUMN LEAVES.



AUTUMN LEAVES! how sadly sweet
Your whisper to my wandering feet!
Farewell! we could not stay, although
We loved you, and were loth to go,
For soon will come the frost and sleet.

Down from your boughs you whirl; then fleet
Before the wind in gay retreat.
"Good-bye," you murmer soft and low,
O, Autumn leaves!

Old friends, perchance we may not meet
When next your glorious tints shall greet
The rising sun, which, climbing slow,
Will lend you of his golden glow
To deck dead Summer's winding-sheet,
O, Autumn leaves!

ALAN WRIGHT.

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST EVENING.

ESTHER cast one glance at the long mirror in her room before she descended to the drawing-room. She smiled slightly as she caught sight of the tall elegant figure in the trailing primrose-coloured silk, and found a little difficulty in believing that it was really herself. But though vanity was not one of her failings, she felt a satisfaction in the conviction that she should not give umbrage by any rusticity of adornment. Her own hands had piled the glossy chestnut braids in a coronet round her head, and though her ornaments were only the hot-house flowers she had found in her room, they proved amply sufficient for her taste, and she went downstairs to the last introduction with the same quiet self-possession that had characterised her throughout.

The butler opened the door for her to pass in, and as she crossed the threshold she became at once aware of the piercing scrutiny of a pair of eyes very like Dacre's, and was confronted by a very magnificent and majestic old lady, dressed in rich moiré antique silk, delicate lace yellow with age shrouding her white hair, and diamonds sparkling in its folds. Esther saw in a moment from whom Dacre had inherited his remarkable beauty and his resolute daring nature. There was a suspicion of the boy's insolence of expression in the glance which fastened upon Esther on her entrance, though the tones in which Lady Eleanora greeted and welcomed her were of studied courtesy and cordiality.

Jessie, looking innocently lovely in a long white dress, rather more *décolletée* and elaborate than was suited to her years, watched the meeting with unaffected interest, whilst Dacre leaned over the back of a tall carved chair, taking everything in with something of a satirical smile. His well-brushed Eton jacket and white tie gave him a look of evening dress. It was one of Dacre's unboylike characteristics that he always looked spruce and well-dressed.

"We are greatly indebted to you, Miss Egerton," said Lady Eleanora, "for coming to our assistance in this crisis. My son's health positively demanded instant and long-continued change. His wife could not possibly remain behind, and I am utterly unable to assume entire responsibility of such an establishment as this. When the master's hand is off the reins it is no easy matter to keep things going right. And neither my health nor energy are what they once were. You will find your office no sinecure. The servants are bad enough, and the children are simply intolerable at times. Ours is not a model household."

This was not the tone Esther had expected Lady Eleanora to assume. But it seemed as though a peculiar strain of frankness ran through the whole family. Dacre smiled slightly as he caught his aunt's eye, and added, in his low, penetrating voice—

"You will find that the motto of this house is '*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*,' —especially the two former:" and then, as the dinner was announced, he crossed the room and offered his arm with a low bow to the guest, saying with a sort of exaggerated courtesy—

"In the absence of my father and brother, allow me the inestimable privilege of escorting you to our humble board."

And forthwith Esther was marched off to the most wonderful dining-room it had ever been her lot to enter—a room so large that the two blazing fires at either end hardly warmed it, whilst the table, which was really large enough for a family party, looked a mere island upon the expanse of tesselated pavement which formed the floor. There was a warm carpet, however, on which it stood, and the blaze of silver and glass, and the innumerable wax candles, was in itself a sight. Esther was lost in admiration of the exquisite vaulted roof and the carving of the stone pillars, and as Dacre deposited her in a chair at the side, and himself took the foot of the table opposite his grandmother, he cast a look of triumph at Jessie, as though he considered that he had already scored a point.

But Esther, unconscious of any deposition, was calmly addressing her conversation to Lady Eleanora, whose keen eyes were still fixed frequently upon her, and who was decidedly more gracious than the new comer had anticipated. Her conversation was pungent and



AUTUMN LEAVES.

clever, but not entirely agreeable to Esther. It was hard to say what it was that jarred; but she was conscious all the while of living in a different world herself and breathing a different atmosphere. However, she was always interested in studying any new aspect of human life as it was presented to her, and whatever Greyfriars might not be, nobody could complain that it was not interesting.

Dacre joined freely in the conversation, saying peculiar and rather inscrutable things in that low sweet voice of his, contriving to contradict his aunt a hundred times without exactly seeming to do so, and sometimes bringing down upon himself a sharp reproof from his grandmother, which was always received with a smile. Jessie said little, but "took stock," as her brother called it, all the time, and when the ladies moved back into the drawing-room she put her arm within Esther's, and drew her over towards the piano that was at the far end of the room, and right away from the fire, to which Lady Eleanora had retired.

"Grandmamma always has a nap after dinner until tea comes in," she said, "so we can have a nice talk together. I want to know where you had your dress made. It is so pretty—and it has the right style about it, which is so very important."

Esther smiled as she gave the name of the shop, and Jessie nodded her head in approval.

"I am so glad you know the right places to go to," she said with real relief in her tone, infinitely amusing to Esther; "and your hair—did you do it for yourself?"

"To be sure I did. Does that meet with your approval, too?"

"Your hair does—but not the way you do it exactly. One never can give it *quite* the right turn oneself. You shall have Thérèse another night. She is the best hand at hair-dressing we ever had. Mamma says so herself."

"Thank you, dear, but I prefer to do my own. I am not fond of having my room invaded by anybody else. And my own maid can give me any help I need."

Jessie almost turned up her pretty nose. She had seen the little rosy Patty, and had gauged her qualifications with the quickness of her vast experience.

"O, Aunt Essie, you are laughing at me. You must really have Thérèse. A maid does not count as anybody in one's room—and Thérèse can be so very amusing. She knows everything that goes on in the house, and mamma likes us to talk French with her to improve our accent. Hers is very good—for a servant."

"And so you amuse yourself by listening to servants' hall gossip retailed for you in French. Well, Jessie—*Chacun à son goût.*"

The girl flushed up quickly, and answered on the defensive—

"Mamma does not mind."

"Then it certainly is not for me to criticise—only you must not expect me to find that style of conversation attractive. I have not grown up to it."

Jessie gave her aunt one of her quick searching glances.

"You are not a bit like what I expected, Aunt Essie."

"That is very possible. We seldom draw correctly from imagination."

"I thought you would be prim and stiff and constrained—a regular old maid—a *young* old maid, if you know what I mean, which is the worst kind of all. I really sometimes quite dreaded having to go out with you, or introduce you to my friends. I am so glad you are different?"

This charming frankness provoked a laugh from Esther.

"But let me understand you better, Jessie. You are relieved because I wear dresses made in London, and that makes you ready to introduce me to your friends. Yet if I had come in my old country-made frocks I should have been the same person still. So why should you care so much? Dress makes no difference to our own selves."

"Oh, Aunt Essie, how can you say so? You are laughing at me. It makes all the difference in the world. Why, if you had looked a dowdy, or a guy, I really should not have known how to take you about."

Esther's eyes were bright with amusement.

"So, Jessie, it is not the person but the dress or bonnet that you introduce to your friends. May I ask if they are all in the millinery or mantua-maker line, that they cannot see beneath the style of the outer garment?"

Jessie's head went up in the air with a gesture of offended pride.

"Really, Aunt Essie, you only betray yourself by such remarks."

"What do I betray, Jessie?"

"Why, that you know nothing about society and its usages," was the lofty retort, "or the things that people think, or the refinements of life that make——"

But Jessie broke down over her laboured explanation, and Esther was betrayed into another laugh.

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, I think I am paying your friends a much greater compliment than you are, by giving them credit for seeing beyond the cut of a dress, and putting the real person before the garments in which she appears clothed in. I quite agree with you, dear, that, for people who can afford it, pretty and suitable and becoming things are the best to wear, and please the eyes of those who have to look at them. But to put the dress before the person is worse than putting the cart before the horse. My own acquaintance with society and your fashionable world is not very great, but I do know rather better than you would teach me. A very dear friend of mine—Lady Louisa Bayford—an earl's daughter, wears the queerest old-fashioned gowns you ever saw in your life, and her hair tucked away in a net. But she goes into the very best society both at home and in London, and very much is she respected and beloved wherever she goes, though she looks what you would call 'a regular old dowdy.' At home she potters about her garden in a short cloth skirt, and is generally to be found with leather gloves on, and her trowel in her hand; but her grandest friends are never ashamed to see her in this guise. They look below the queer dress, and see the beauty and refinement of her nature. Why, you foolish child, do you think we change our characters with our frocks? or our intellectual faculties with our bonnets? If people were barbers' blocks, and nothing more, their dress might be of paramount importance; but as it is it may surely be relegated to the second place."

Jessie looked as if this was quite a new idea. Her pretty face, if not looking assent, lost its supercilious expression. She had found a match in her aunt, and was wondering if she liked it or not.

But there was no time at that moment to continue the conversation. The door opened behind Esther, and she saw at once that a change passed quickly over the face of her companion. A flush rose in Jessie's peach-like cheek, her manner immediately lost its childlike simplicity, and became slightly artificial, though not in a way to destroy its native charm. Indeed, Jessie was one of those rare beings who in early girlhood at least seem to gain something by a little spice of affectation; and as Esther marked the change, and wondered at its cause, she turned her head to see Dacre entering the room, immediately behind a guest whom he had plainly ushered in before him.

This latter was a fine-looking man in the prime of his youthful strength. He had a tall, well-proportioned figure, broad shoulders, and a commanding air. He was very good-looking too, with regular features, closely-cropped curly hair, and a long drooping moustache of dark brown. His eyes were very pleasant to look at, frank and honest and merry, the humorous gleam in them contrasting oddly with the firm gravity of the lips. His face was bronzed by exposure to sun and wind, and he had the air of a man who has seen not a little of the world, without being spoiled by his knowledge. Altogether it was a manly and attractive face, and Esther felt the attraction at the first glance. She saw, too, that its owner was very much at home with the company at Greyfriars.

"O, Everard," said Jessie, getting up and holding out her hand with a beaming glance that was really very charming, "how good of you to come in? You know you promised to keep Dacre in order, and I'm sure he needs it now."

"I hope I never allowed myself to make any such rash promise," was the young man's answer, as he came forward towards the piano, after having shaken hands with Lady Eleanora. His voice was as pleasant as his face, and as he paused and glanced at the stranger, Jessie woke up to her duties as hostess.

"Aunt Essie," she said, "may I introduce Mr. Chester to you? He is one of our very near neighbours, and almost a cousin, I believe, though I do not quite know how. Everard, this is Miss Egerton, our aunt, of whom you have heard us speak."

The young man bowed, and as Esther lifted her grave glance to his pleasant face they both smiled, and she held out

her hand. Then he took the vacant chair beside her, and entered into conversation with the ease of manner which showed him used to good society.

It was very plain to Esther's observant eye that Jessie was fond of playing the part of little coquette with Everard Chester. How deep the attraction he possessed for her might go she could not so much as guess at present; but that she claimed his attention as a right, and wished to be first with him in talk, was evident enough. As for him, his manner was more that of an elder brother than of a mere friend, and he occasionally put her aside to talk to Esther with a smile and gesture that bespoke an intimacy which must have existed from childhood. This intimacy was also indicated by the fact that Lady Eleanora still maintained her reposeful posture in her easy chair, her eyes closed, and her faculties more or less under the sway of sleep, leaving the young people to chatter together at will on the other side of the room.

"Dacre," said Everard, turning to the boy when he had finished his introductory conversation with Esther, "you must look out what you do with your dogs, coming through the plantations. You do not have them half under control, and the keepers are getting savage about it. They declare you are doing more harm to the covers than all the rest of the passers-by put together: and if you don't take care you'll get a bullet put into one of your terriers before long."

Dacre's eyes suddenly flashed fire.

"I should like to see the fellow who would dare to meddle with my dogs. He'd not do it a second time."

Everard's face took a sterner look than was its wont.

"Look here, Dacre, none of that sort of talk with me, if you please. You are glad enough to shoot my pheasants and partridges when the time comes, and to make a short cut through my plantations, and you know I'm not the man to stop you, or to speak to you without good cause. But if you choose to go about with a pack of dogs at your heels, over whom you cannot, or will not, exercise proper control, and if the consequence is that the birds are scared and the eggs broken, some sort of stop must be put to it. I'm not going to have my covers spoilt, and my men's time and labour wasted, simply because you do not choose to train your dogs to go to heel at a word. I give you fair warning that this sort of thing is not to go on. It rests with you whether we are to have a row over it or not."

Dacre stood very still for a moment, and Esther did not know whether he would fly into a passion or not. But it seemed as if Everard knew how to treat him; for after a brief silence he broke into a sudden laugh, and said, "All right, old fellow, I cry *peccavi*, and will try to remember. I suppose you have the right and the might both on your side. But I do like to see the dogs range—they do it so uncommonly well."

"Much too well for my men," answered Everard laughing. "Well, do your best to keep out of mischief, and I'll preach patience to the keepers; but if you tax it too far I'll not answer for consequences to the dogs."

"All right," answered Dacre in his nonchalant way; "and now come and have a game of billiards. It's an awfully dull house now—nothing but a pack of women in it."

Everard laughed, but he let Dacre lead him away after he had shaken hands. It probably did not occur to him that his presence in the drawing-room was something of a relief. Jessie pouted as he withdrew, but consoled herself by telling Esther all about Everard and his family connections.

"Old Mr. Chester, who died two years ago, was Everard's uncle," she said, "and until a little before his death he had a son of his own, who was of course his heir. But Everard and his mother always lived close to the Hall, and the cousins were almost like brothers, only we always liked Everard much the best, and were sorry he would not have the property afterwards. Everard was brought up for a doctor, and was studying in London, and had qualified and taken some hospital appointments, when his cousin Frank fell ill and died; and then old Mr. Chester begged him to give up his profession and come and live with him. And his mother thought he ought; and they both moved to the Hall; and before six months had passed old Mr. Chester died, and Everard was the master of everything. And he is our nearest neighbour, and we are all very fond of him, and he is almost like a brother, and can keep Dacre in order better than anybody. But how late it is getting, Aunt Essie! I think you must be wanting to go to bed. I am, I know. So suppose we go. I wonder what you think in the back of your head about us, now that you have spent one whole evening at Greyfriars?"

(*To be continued.*)

SOME FOREIGN SWEET DISHES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Half a pound of almonds blanched and finely pounded, five ounces of sifted sugar, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, and the yolks of eight eggs. Mix these ingredients well together, and then add the whites of the eggs (which should have been previously whipped till quite stiff), then stir in lightly. Pour into a buttered mould, and bake like a custard. Turn out before serving, and pour round it at the last minute the following cream sauce:—

LEMON CREAM.

Quarter of a pound of sugar rubbed on one lemon, half a cupful of lemon juice, one wineglassful of water, and three eggs, the latter to be well beaten. Cook in a lined saucepan on the fire, beating it all the time. When it begins to get frothy and thick it is done.

ALMOND BALLS.

Half a pound of almonds blanched and well pounded, six ounces of sifted sugar, the finely-chopped rind of one lemon. Mix these ingredients well together with three eggs, and add flour until the mixture is stiff enough to form into balls the size of small apples, then fry them a golden brown. When done insert small slips of candied lemon peel to resemble an apple-stalk in each one, and serve with the above lemon cream placed in a sauce-boat, the balls to be arranged in a glass dish.

APPLES IN CREAM.

Pare and core as many apples as will make a nice sized dish, stew them with water and sugar until the liquid is nearly all boiled away, and the apples are transparent, but not so soft as to lose their shape, then arrange them in a glass dish. Make a cream of three-quarters of a pint of cream, which cook in a lined pan until it nearly boils, then stir in three well-beaten eggs, three ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, and three ounces of sifted sugar; keep stirring until it begins to boil, then take it off quickly, and when both the apples and cream are nearly cold pour the latter over the apples, strew with sifted sugar, and before serving pass a red-hot salamander over the top until a pretty glaze is formed.

CREAM AND SPONGE CAKE.

Three-quarters of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs, well beaten together, with the rind of a lemon rubbed on a piece of sugar. When mixed, put on the fire in a lined pan, and keep stirring until the cream begins to boil. Cut three or four stale sponge cakes in four pieces, and arrange in a glass dish, and pour the cream over them. Then beat up the four whites of the eggs till quite stiff, add a little sifted sugar, and when the cream is cold pile up the beaten whites on the top, sift sugar over it, and colour with a red-hot salamander.

PISTACHE PUDDING.

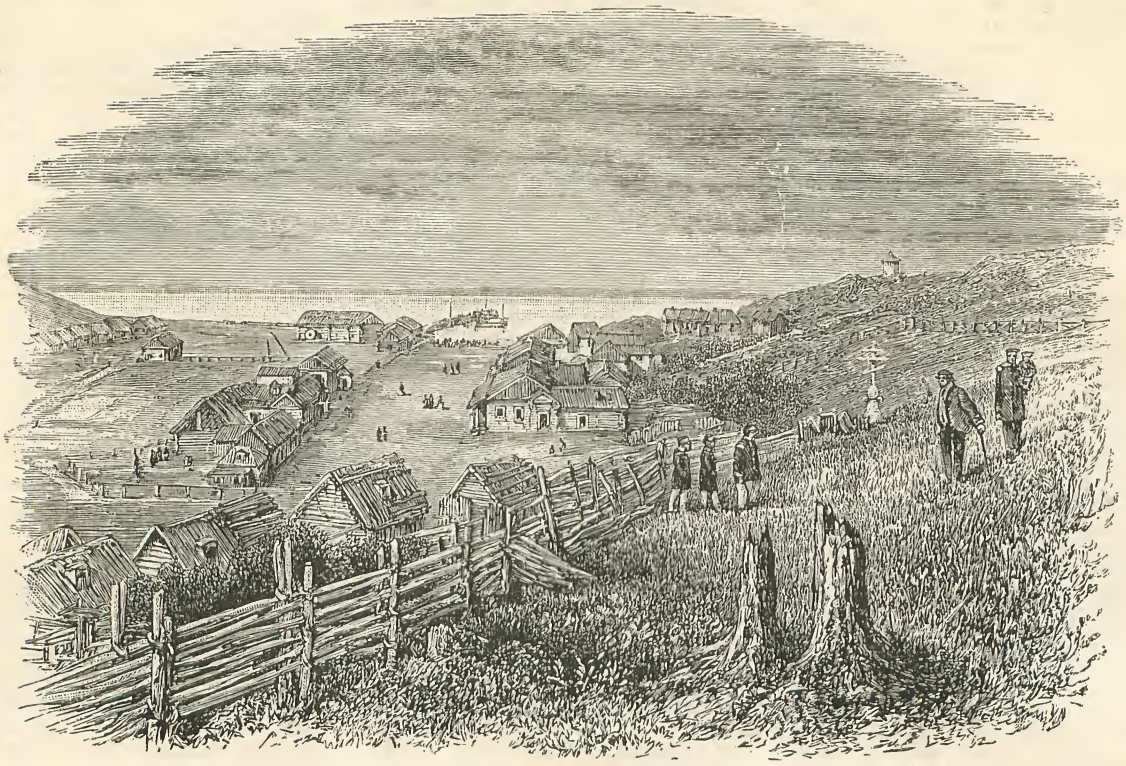
Butter a mould and line it with puff paste—a pie-dish will do as well. Then take a teacupful of blanched and pounded pistachio nuts, six whole eggs well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of cream. Beat all these ingredients well together and pour into the mould. Cover with thin puff paste, press the edges well together, and bake the same time as a custard. Turn out on to a dish before serving; either a cream or rum sauce is best with this pudding.

FLOAT KUCHLI.

Half a pound of flour, four ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, and two yolks of eggs. To be all well mixed and kneaded together. Put on one side for two or three hours, then roll out, cut into fingers about five inches long and one and a half inches wide, and fry well in hot fat. Serve piled up in a glass dish, to eat with creams or stewed fruit.

SUGAR NUTS.

Four ounces of sifted sugar, half a pound of flour, three well-beaten eggs, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and any flavouring that is liked. Mix well together, and knead well. Then form into balls about the size of a walnut and fry in very hot fat. Serve piled up on a cloth, with white sugar sifted over them.



RUSSIAN PENAL COLONY, SIBERIA.

VALÉRIE;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUSSIAN GIRL.

A TRUE STORY.

By ANNIE M. LAINSON.

Ah! what a bleak and miserable country is that of Siberia, with its frozen steppes and trackless wastes covered at all times with perpetual snow! Here may be found arid rocks and rugged mountains and streams, whose frozen waters have never fertilised a meadow nor brought a single flower into bloom.

The capital of this dreary country is the town of Tobolsk, which is situated upon the banks of the river Irtish; to the north it is surrounded with immense forests, which reach almost to the Arctic Sea.

Here amid these scenes of desolation was the home of Valérie, the Russian maiden of whom we write. Her father was an exile from his country and home, why and wherefore he knew not. Like many another Russian noble, he was suffering from the spiteful calumnies of some private enemy who had accused him to the emperor, perchance for some act which had its origin alone in the suspicious mind of an autocratic power.

Many of these unfortunates were to be found in the villages that surrounded Tobolsk. The Government provided them with cabins, and a few with the plainest food, consisting of black bread, and for the rest they had to supply themselves by means of the chase.

But one family lived alone in the midst of the forest, and held no communication with their unfortunate neighbours, and of this family Valérie was a member. It consisted of her father, Peterskoff, and his wife, Katarina, with two peasants who had followed their master's fortunes to serve him and his family amid those dreary wilds.

During the long winter they occupied themselves within doors, weaving, spinning, sewing, and other employments; but as soon as ever the snow began to melt, and a light tint of verdure appeared on the earth, then the garden occupied their care, for this was their great delight. Some seeds they had brought with them from their less rigorous home—these sprang up and reminded them of happier days. Like their beautiful daughter, they embellished their exile. Ah! that she might not die as they did, when the short-lived summer was ended, but live to support their declining years!

Although brought up amid this rigour and hardship, Valérie was as clever as she was beautiful. In person above the middle height, with soft bright hair and modest grace, she went about her daily duties and knew not that she was fair. From her father she learnt reading and foreign languages, from her mother music, needlework, and household duties. "Ah! what a pity," thought her parents, as they gazed upon her, "that such a beauteous flower should blush unseen, and waste its beauty on the desert air."

Valérie was dressed, according to the custom of the Russian peasantry, in a short red petticoat bordered with reindeer skin, and her beautiful hair fell in luxuriant tresses almost to her feet, and a bodice, laced, resembling the modern corset, set off the elegance of her figure to perfection.

One day she was out some distance from home, the old man Caesar by her side, when suddenly the branches cracked, and there was a rustling sound, and immediately a large bear stood before her. Old Caesar took the thick stick he held in his hand and attacked the burly animal; but it was useless against such odds—it sprang furiously upon her, when, just as it had knocked her down and was preparing to set its foot upon her, a sharp shot was heard, another, and yet another, and the immense shaggy animal rolled upon its side, gave one horrid sound, and died.

Valérie was upon her feet in a moment.

"Who—who is our preserver?" she cried to the trembling old servant.

A young man advanced towards them: his dress bespoke him a government official.

"Oh, thanks, thanks a thousandfold!" she cried with simple candour.

"Who are you, mademoiselle, and whence come you in this mournful wilderness?"

"I am the daughter of Peterskoff, who is an exile in this ungenial clime."

"What!" cried he, "are you the daughter of the exile in the cabin by the lake?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur! Come and see my father and my mother, and let them unite their thanks to mine."

Both Peterskoff and Katarina gave the governor's *aide-de-camp* a warm welcome, and were profuse in their expressions and depth of gratitude to the preserver of their daughter.

"Mons. Gustave de Novich!" cried Katarina, clasping her hands, "when you visited

these parts three years since you saved my husband's life, and now you give us back our daughter!"

"Ah! is this really the preserver of my dear father?" cried Valérie, falling down before him.

"Rise, mademoiselle!" he cried. "Kneel not to me but to the God of Heaven, to whom your thanks are due."

The beautiful girl rose from her knees at these words, and, after fixing a look of gratitude upon her deliverer, commenced, with the assistance of her mother, to prepare the frugal supper.

The young man's eyes followed her with a look of emotion; he regarded her beautiful figure with delight; but it was as the saint of his deepest devotions, and not a thought filled his heart but what he could have shared with her parents, so pure was the hold she had gained upon his mind even at their first meeting.

Supper proceeded, and Valérie listened with attention to the conversation of her father and his guest. It turned upon courts and the political struggles which were then agitating the face of Europe.

"Ah!" cried Peterskoff, after a certain remark of M. de Novich, "I am indeed out of the world! In losing home and country I have lost everything which makes life worth living!"

"Oh, my father!" cried the young girl, starting up and flinging her arms around him, "thou art seated between my mother and myself, and yet thou sayest thou hast lost everything, and life is to thee henceforth of no value!"

But Peterskoff could not moderate the grief which had so suddenly taken possession of his whole being.

"Alas!" he cried, "my child, my child! It is for thee and for thy mother that I mourn so bitterly. For myself I care but little—man can but die and return to his Maker, Who is more just than man himself. But, ah! when I pay that debt to nature, alas! what will become of thee, my blessing, and Katarina, the partner of my woes? And when she too is taken, how wilt thou, my blossom, bear alone the rigour, the dreariness of this sterile land?"

"Is there not a God in heaven, my father?" cried the devoted girl, "and will He not provide for my wants, before Whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground unnoticed."

Mons. de Novich gazed upon this affecting scene and mingled his tears with theirs.

"You are not alone in misfortune, my friends. Alas! it has been my grief to see husbands torn from their wives, children from their parents; and the road by which I travelled here is strewn with the corpses of those who have died ere they reached this land of exile—and for what? God only knows. Adieu! We shall meet again ere long," said Mons. de Novich, as he bade farewell, charmed with the nobility of the father, the gentle amiability of the wife, but most with the filial love of their only daughter and child.

"My father," cried Valérie, a few weeks after this visit, so welcome in these dreary wastes; "my father, to-day is my seventeenth birthday. Since my birth you have not failed to mark it with some token of your regard. Give me one to-day, I pray you. Oh! my parents, pardon the boldness of your child; but oh! deign, I beseech you, to confide to me the secret of your sorrows and your exile?"

Her father and mother stood speechless before her.

"Do you fear, my parents, that I shall not be able to bear it? Believe me, brought up in the tenderness of such parental love I can bear anything so that I may but console you in your afflictions."

"My God!" cried Peterskoff, "pardon my murmurings! Thou hast indeed bestowed a blessing upon me in the best, the most tender of daughters."

"Tell me, then, I conjure you, my father," she cried, "thy name, thy country, and thy misfortune?"

"My child, I promise to do what you desire, but not to-day. A few days hence and I perchance will reveal all."



A TARTAR WAGON.

But she waited patiently, yet in vain. Her father, she saw, had read the secret motive which prompted her questions; he knew she desired to undertake a journey, and he feared for her, unaided and alone, the fatigues and the thousand dangers more terrible than his own imaginings. But at last, after repeated beseechings, he assented, when she revealed her project.

She fell upon her knees before him.

"My father, my poor father, give me thy blessing? I will go and beg your pardon of the great Emperor of all the Russias!"

"Impossible, my child! You know not what you ask! How could you, a weak girl, take a journey of thousands of miles in a land of wintry gloom, in a climate the most rigorous in the world, even in the short glimpses of summer?"

"But, my father, God, the great God of the Universe, will be my helper. And I shall meet M. de Novich at St. Petersburg, and he will help me to beg the favour of your pardon."

"But you do not know, my child, how much the Emperor is irritated against your father," cried Katarina. "He considers him his mortal enemy!"

"I know not," said she, "the crime of which he may be accused; I know not his rank, nor his real name; but I am sure, quite sure of his innocence."

"Oh, my daughter!" she cried, "thou art not moved by pride or vanity in thy devotion. Surely, my husband, such purity of mind, such singleness of heart, will be accepted by the great Ruler of all things."

"But, my child, how can you traverse three thousand five hundred versts which separate Ischim from the province of Ingrie, alone, and on foot?"

"Ah!" she cried, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven, "He Who hath revealed to me thus to aid my parents, He will not forsake me upon the way. And old Caesar will be my companion."

The eyes of Peterskoff and Katarina filled with tears, and they replied—

"Then go, my child, and the protection of a Heavenly Guardian be around you—to Him each hour will we commend you."

During the days that followed they could speak of nothing but the journey of Valérie, and the sadness of the mother and father's heart at the thought of the risk to which they were exposing their darling was ever written upon their countenances; and they would never have had the courage to say to her, Go! had they not been assured that she was called of heaven to undertake so holy a mission. And when the last day arrived, what secret emotions rent their hearts, and how shall we describe the parting between the parents and their devoted girl?

It was the month of May, the beginning of that strange, short summer peculiar to northern climes, when between the hour of twilight and the break of day there is but two hours of night, when Valérie began to prepare for her departure.

She put into her reindeer-bag two changes of raiment, some fruits, and a few cakes of meal. This, with ten copecks, formed her only treasure, and was the sole money they possessed on earth.

As she passed out of the humble portals which had sheltered her so long, both parents cried out—

"O, God of all goodness, be a father to our Valérie, and suffer her not to perish by the way!"

The young girl dared not regard them, but, accompanied by their old serving-man Caesar, she set out.

At this moment the sun began to climb the mountains, and, shining upon the eternal snow, shed a luminous, almost unearthly radiance upon the rugged scene. Everything around spoke repose—even the neighbouring lake had not a ripple upon its surface—and this she took as an omen of brightness and peace upon her lonely way.

Meanwhile, as a bear robbed of its whelps, as a lion and lioness roaring for their young slain by the travellers, so were Peterskoff and Katarina—after their darling could be seen by their straining eyes no more, the mother fainted in the arms of her husband.

"Alas! my partner, what have we done?" she cried, "in thus sending from us the best, the most dutiful of daughters?"

And their tears fell like rain.

"She is an angel of purity and goodness, and guardian spirits will watch over her path," said the bereaved father, consoling thus the wife of his bosom.

For a whole month did Valérie and her old attendant cross and recross the bleak forests of Siberia. Now and then they would overtake a Tartar waggon, the owner of which would give them a lift; and evening by evening they rested in huts so miserable that it was long ere Valérie could gain the much needed repose. Beds of dirty straw, in rooms reeking with stale tobacco and brandy, and the smoke (on account of the windows being stuffed with paper) was suffocating; besides, usually this miserable cabin was shared by all the family as well as the beasts of the stall.

At forty miles from Tioumen they passed into a wood, marks upon the timber of which indicated the end of the Government of Tobolsk. Valérie noticed this, and it seemed to her that in quitting the land of her exile she had quitted her own country, and was separated a second time from her unhappy parents.

"Ah!" said she, as she set her foot in Europe, "how far am I from them now?"

The thought of the dangers unknown to which she might be exposed from mankind caused her more fear than the dreadful road, infested with wild beasts, through which she had travelled unharmed, and her spirit shrank within her as she watched the light of Asia setting behind eternal snows. And in all the cities and towns through which she must now pass was there one heart to whom she could trust, one arm upon whom she could lean for protection? Alas! no, unless—and she blushed as the foolish thought crossed her mind—unless she should find M. de Novich by the way. Ah! if she might but meet that mutual friend in St. Petersburg. If not? But her faith in an All-seeing Power wavered not, neither was shaken, and to Him she again commended her ways.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACTS.

By A SOLICITOR.

I HAVE been asked to tell the fair readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER something about a chapter of the law in which they are likely to feel a present or possibly only a prospective interest. It is very nice to be married, and it is very nice to have property, and, if and when the stars combine to make you a married woman with property, it is, or will be, very nice to know something of your rights and position. It is not a matter which needs much research, for, unlike many branches of law, it has but a very few Acts of Parliament dealing with it, and I hope from its nature it may not seem very dreadfully dry.

The state of the law in regard to the property and rights of married women has only been brought within the bounds of propriety within the last few years. When, in the great reforming period which followed upon the death of Lord Palmerston, there was a general revision of old ideas, and the Government took a substantial interest in the subject of education, it seems that for mere shame they tried to recognise the individuality of women who had or should become wives. In 1870 the Education Act was passed, and so was the first Act of Parliament which conceded that wives' property ought not to pass wholly into the control of their "lords and masters." But it was a halting, half-hearted concession, and when the next tide of reform was rising it was practically swept away by the new measure, whose date is 1882, and which repealed the former Act, embodying and improving what of good was in it.

It was an old fiction of gentlemen of the long robe that by marriage husband and wife became one person by the merger of the personality of the wife in that of her husband, and that in consequence all her property (money and furniture, and the like—not land) thenceforth became his exclusively. She could not acquire or even earn any money for her own benefit; a legacy, if paid to her, could be claimed over again by her husband unless he concurred in her prior receipt of it; her wages or profits in any occupation or business or pursuit were to be paid to her husband. This was very barbarous, very shocking, when calmly considered (even by men), and Judges in Chancery often tried to modify the rigid rules of law so as to preserve some sort of right for the women. And the first effort of Parliament, in 1870, was directed to securing for wives the right to their own earnings and investments, and also to legacies of an amount not more than £200. Why not more than £200? I cannot tell you. But it is the fact that, while a legacy of £200 could be paid to and received by a wife, a legacy of £210 given to her was in law the property of her husband, and she could not touch it. Since 1882 we have got rid of that absurdity, and a wife may acquire and receive any legacy she can get, however large.

There were two ways which the Chancery Judges invented for protecting wives when property was left to them,—they invented what they called an "Equity to a Settlement." This meant that if anyone was liable, *e.g.* as executor, to pay a wife a sum of money, he could refuse to pay except on condition of the property being "settled" for the wife's benefit; and the Court of Chancery allowed this condition, and enforced it on the husband. They also invented the term "separate use," and if property could be said to belong to a wife "for her separate use" the husband's right to any interest in or control over it was entirely taken away. Great virtue came to attach to this term "separate" property, and it was most freely made use of in all deeds and wills affecting property which was given or left to females. It is the special term made

use of in the Act of 1882, by which the property of married women is now regulated, for the Act declares every married woman to be "capable of acquiring, holding, and disposing, by will or otherwise, of" all kinds of property "as her separate property."

In a parenthesis I said just now that land was an exception to the property of a wife that became the husband's. To be accurate I should say something more about this. A husband did not indeed acquire the right to his wife's land, but he did acquire the absolute right to receive all her rents, and to grant leases of her land and houses for such a period as his life should continue. If the wife's property were leasehold, the husband could not only take the rents but absolutely sell the leaseholds, only he could not deal with them by his will. The legal theory which underlay all these ancient ideas was that a man was entitled to be indemnified by his wife's property for his liability to pay any debts she had incurred before the marriage—rather a slender thread to hang such a burden upon. The Act of 1870 dispossessed the husband of any right to the rents of the lands, etc., to which a lady married after the date of that Act (9th August, 1870) should succeed as heiress. Since 1882 a husband has, with the important limitation to be stated later, no sort of control over his wife's property during her life, nor if she choose to make a will, after her death. On the other hand, a husband is not now liable to pay the debts incurred by his wife before marriage except to such an amount as he may have actually received from her; but she may be sued for her own debts, and her "separate" property may be seized for payment of them.

This leads to another set of considerations. Wives used to be free to run into debt with no fear of any consequences except "a row in the house." It was very unpleasant for a husband to be called upon to pay debts of which he knew nothing, and as a rule he made a great row—and paid. The fact that he might have successfully resisted payment for anything beyond "necessaries" did not mollify his wrath or tighten his purse-strings—a lawsuit is a kind of cure which is often worse than paying-up. Now, wives ought to remember, that not only are their husbands not liable for more than "necessary" debts incurred by them, but their own separate property is liable for all the debts they contract, and for all contracts which they make. And, whereas they used to enjoy immunity from bankruptcy, now they may even be made bankrupt when trading separately from their husbands.

I must retrace my steps now a little way. I have said that every married woman is capable of acquiring, holding and disposing of all kinds of property. But how, you may ask, about property which one acquired before this beneficent Act? As to this there are two distinct classes of persons. (1.) If you were married before 1st January, 1883, your husband had acquired on his marriage to you (subject, of course, to any settlement you may have made), all such rights as the law then conferred on a husband in respect of his wife's existing property. And the Act did not dispossess him of any rights which he had so acquired. But property acquired by you after 31st December, 1882 (say under the will of a father or relative dying after that date), would be subject to the new law, and your husband would have no right to or over it. (2.) The second class of persons comprises all married after 31st December, 1882. As regards them (subject, as before, to any settlement that may have been made on the marriage), the wife's property then in possession, or thereafter acquired, is wholly and absolutely hers—her separate property.

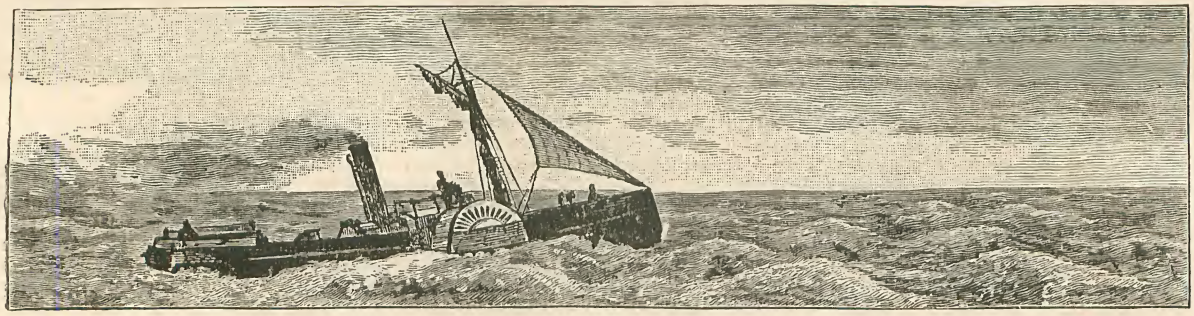
It must be clearly borne in mind that the law made by Act of Parliament on the subject now under consideration is always applicable only to those cases in which no provision is made by the mutual arrangement of the parties. Marriage arrangements are usually made by way of settlement, and the property of both the spouses is dealt with by such settlements so far as they may extend. The general scheme of a settlement is that the wife's property is made her separate property, of which the income is to be her own during her life, and the capital is reserved for the children, the husband often taking the income after his wife's death if he survive her; and the husband's property (or such of it as may be arranged) is tied up so that he gets the income during his life, the wife gets it afterwards if she survives, and the children get the capital. The means of thus tying up or settling property is to transfer it to trustees—one or two friends of the husband and one or two friends of the wife—who have to receive the income and pay it over and see to its ultimate disposition. If any of the trustees die, new trustees have to be appointed in their stead, and the property transferred to them. This is a rather clumsy and expensive method of dealing with a small amount of property. But it presents this great element of safety—that the parties are protected from themselves and from each other. Love, or coaxing, or cajolery, or ill usage, are of no avail to get a wife to give or lend her money to her husband, whereas, if one trusted to the mere law of separate property, and the wife were by any means coerced or persuaded to put her property into some speculation, in most cases it would be lost. Of course there is a certain risk as well as trouble and expense connected with settlements. It is not easy to get trustees; sometimes trustees "go wrong," and the trust property is lost or put in jeopardy; but though one hears of such cases with a frequency that is almost alarming, yet the number of them is really very small, and the proportion quite infinitesimal; and when Parliament sees fit to elaborate a scheme of official trusteeship, the risk of such matters will be reduced to nothing for those who may avail themselves of that method, and it is already far on the way to being established. The desirability of a settlement is but little reduced by the "separate property" law. No doubt part of the scheme of that law recognises that a wife may be properly and legally treated as her husband's creditor; but, on the other hand, it is distinctly laid down in the Act that when a wife is admitted as a creditor of her husband (in case of his bankruptcy) she is to be postponed to all his other creditors, whether the money lent by her was lent for the purposes of trade or business or for any other purpose. So she not only gets no preference, but she must actually lose her money altogether unless, after all the other creditors are satisfied, there is something left for her. There is thus no means so available for securing her fortune as the old-fashioned method of settlement, by which trustees are interposed between the temptation of speculation and the weakness of human nature.

It may seem that under this law, so far as it has been stated, there is a great door open for fraud: a husband might put his property into his wife's name and leave nothing for his other creditors. The hand of the law is not so short that there are no means of obviating such frauds, and they are liable not only to be discovered, but also to be punished with severity. On the other hand, it is not usually difficult to trace money or property backwards, so that a wife may establish her proper claim to it if it is her own. And it is particularly provided that as regards any property (stock or shares) which stood in a wife's name on 1st January, 1883, or which may afterwards be or have been purchased as an investment in her name, all such property is to be deemed her own separate property unless the contrary is shown. This is the case not only as regards property standing in her sole name, but also as regards that of which she is possessed jointly with any other persons. In the good old days prior to 1870 a wife was not allowed to transfer shares under any circumstances without her husband's concurrence; nor, until 1883, could she act as executor or trustee — the husband had the whole control, and, from the other point of view, to bear the whole burden and responsibility of the trusts. Now the wife is free to act as an independent human being in all these matters.

I have already said that a wife may now be legally recognised as a creditor of her husband. It results that in any such case she may sue him if necessary to invoke the aid of the courts in protection and for the security of her separate property. And not only may she take civil proceedings (as they are termed when taken in the county courts and ordinary law courts), but she may resort even to proceedings which may be termed uncivil, and are known as criminal proceedings. There is, however, a limitation to such a course, for while you are living with your husband you may not prosecute him criminally for appropriating your personal belongings, and, in fact, unless he has actually left or deserted you, or is about to leave or desert you, when he annexes your separate property you must have recourse to the civil remedy for restitution or compensation. It used to be the law that no one could give evidence against his or her spouse, but an exception is now made when the wife's own property is the subject of proceedings.

One very important piece of new law was made by the Act of 1870 with the view of enabling provident persons to effect insurances which should be practically inalienable, and of which, therefore, no settlement should be necessary. A husband (actual or intending) may insure his life, and express in the policy at the time of its being taken out that it is for the benefit of his wife or of his children, or of both wife and children, or any of them. A wife (actual or intending) may also insure her life in a similar way, expressing that it is for the benefit of her husband or of her children, or of both husband and children, or any of them. Such a policy creates a trust for the benefit of the persons indicated in it, and the insurer may by a memorandum declare who are to be trustees of the insurance money; and when this becomes payable, it will be held either by the insurance company or by the trustees upon trust for the persons entitled under the policy. This is a most useful and beneficial arrangement. The person effecting such an insurance can never sell or part with the policy until the beneficiaries (or persons for whose benefit it is taken out) are all dead; neither will it ever be deemed to be part of his property for any purpose (even if he becomes bankrupt), and on his death no probate or other duty is claimable in respect of it. For persons who wish by insurance to make provision for the future of those dear to them no scheme can be so beneficial as this, and I commend it very earnestly to the consideration of those about to marry.

In order to render this survey of the Married Women's Property Acts complete, it remains to be noted that in providing for the benefit of wives in so many respects some liabilities have been laid upon them besides those already noted; one is a liability to maintain their husbands when they become chargeable to the parish; and another is a liability to maintain their own children and grandchildren under similar circumstances; only this liability is not to devolve upon them in any degree in exoneration of their husbands. I hope none of you will ever have occasion to face such liabilities at the instance of any guardians whomsoever.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—We thank you for the report of the "Governesses' Home," of which Miss Pryde is the Principal, at 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, and where you say you have been so comfortable and happy. That French lessons are given free of charge by a Parisian lady (who can speak no English), is certainly a great consideration. Having given the address, and your experience in favour of the institution, we need add no more.

C. JAMESON.—There is the London National Training School for Cookery, in Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The training for the post of Cookery Instructor is 21 guineas for full course of twenty weeks; plain cookery, 8 guineas for fourteen weeks. Ladies studying at South Kensington can be boarded at Miss Wustney's Kindergarten School, 58, Pen-y-wern Road, Earl's Court; also at Worthington House, 179, Fulborough Road, South Kensington, S.W.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MADELINE.—1. Grease can be taken out of carpets with a hot iron laid on some brown paper. 2. The old-fashioned method of recolouring brown holland, after washing it, was to boil it with some clean hay in plenty of water, but at present many people use annotto, viz., one ounce of annotto, three quarts of water, and two ounces of potash. Stir up, and mix for five minutes. Then put in the linen, and afterwards dip into cold water, and if not dark enough, put through again, being careful to rinse afterwards. 3. The secret of washing flannels of all kind is to avoid using either *hot* or *cold* water to them. Both hot and cold water cause the flannel to shrink very suddenly, making it discoloured, and causing it to retain the soap, with the certain consequence that it dries as hard as a piece of pasteboard. Neither should flannels nor blankets be rubbed with soap, but you must prepare a soap jelly for them, allowing a pound of soap for each blanket. The soap jelly is made by cutting the soap into small pieces, and adding to it three quarts of water and a quarter of an ounce of borax. Put this into a saucepan and stir it till melted; pour it then (after boiling up) into a basin to cool. Mix this with the water in which you wash your blankets, rub them well, and rinse in several waters.

JOHN M. (Southsea).—We were interested in your letter, and to hear that you commenced poultry-keeping in consequence of reading our articles on the industry. Of course the first outlay made in building the hen-houses must be deducted from the expenses in the future; and apart from this, we think your first year's trial was decidedly a success—the ordinary expenses amounting to about £5 for cost of stock, food, &c., and your profits on *that* amount about £8. That our scheme turned out so profitable gives us great pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INVALID.—Yes, there is a "House of Rest" at Pau, 32, Rue de Bordeaux. It is open to persons of all nationalities and all denominations. They pay from £1 to £1 10s. weekly, for which they have board, lodging, wine, lights, servants' attendance, and medical attendance. Fires in bedrooms and laundress only, are extras.

SNARK.—You did very wrong in making such a promise. Your friend will be a minor for the next five years, and no engagement on her part is legally or religiously binding. The man who has obtained such a promise from her is most dishonourable, and has been guilty of a very unmanly act in inducing a girl to set aside her duty to her parents, keep up a wicked course of deception, and risk her future happiness, before she has come to years of discretion. Such a promise on your part to sustain her in her undutiful conduct is a worse act in the keeping than in the breaking of it.

MURIEL D'A.—No young man should marry as early as twenty-one. Were he at least twenty-five it might be less risk, as men develop later than women, and their taste changes, and their judgment in a matter so serious as a choice made for life. The disparity is on the wrong side; but three years would not signify much had the man arrived at a mature judgment, after having met many women, and had some experience of life and its many and varied difficulties. We should recommend a year or two for reflection, for the greater safety of both.

ELAINE.—No daughter of the house, whether married or unmarried, should be served at table before a guest, unless the latter be a child or young school girl not yet "out."

XIT PUFFET and SHANG SHANG.—The words *à propos* are French, and mean "in reference to,"—"being on this subject, I may name one connected with it, or of a similar nature." Ajax was the name of two Greek heroes, who were distinguished at the Siege of Troy. "Ajax the less" was the son of Oileus, King of the Locrians, and remarkable for fleetness of foot and courage, next in reputation to Achilles. Athena caused him to be drowned on his return from Troy on account of his seizure of Cassandra. "Ajax the greater," son of Telamon, King of Salamis, excelled all the Greeks in stature, and was second only to Achilles in personal beauty. On the occasion of his death, Achilles and Ulysses contended for his armour, and the former, being defeated, killed himself.

KATIE A.—You complain of a very contemptible and revolting habit of "picking at and eating" whatever you can get at, and which you have no right to touch. At twenty-three years of age you have indeed cause to be ashamed of such a nasty dishonest practice; and if so utterly without self-control, we can only advise you to confess your vice to your mistress or mother, and request them to keep every article of food out of your way under lock and key.

ALICE PARRIS.—It is said that paraffin is beneficial to the hair, but we think it too dangerous to be recommended. If brushing your hair impregnated with it near a candle, your head would be in a blaze at once.

M. A. DE HOGENDORP (The Hague).—The homes for poor ladies and governesses are so many and various as to their objects and regulations that it is difficult to select from the list. Some are partially free; some supply board with lodging and attendance; some are places of rest for a time; others permanent. Some supply unfurnished rooms, coal, and gas light; some give pensions also; but most of them are only eligible for those who already have an income of £20 or £25 per annum. Others again charge a small sum weekly for board, lodging, and attendance. You might write for rules to Miss Mason, 7 and 8, Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn, London; to Miss Alcock, 22, Somerset Street, Secretary of the "Ladies' Home," 53, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, London; or to the Secretary, "Ladies' Home," 14, Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, London; or to Miss Robertson, 11, Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill, London. If we knew exactly what you want we could select better.

ROSEBUD "wants to know why novel reading is bad." The true answer seems to be, that this kind of reading leads to false views of life. In one of Susanna Wesley's letters to her son, she says: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things . . . . that thing is *sin to you*, however innocent it may be in itself." This sentence is the answer to many of our questions on the wrongs and rights of things, and forms an excellent rule by which to guide ourselves when in doubt.

POLLY and SISTER LA.—The flower you enclose is, we think, a vetch. You will find this family in your little manual.

A. S. ROBINSON.—We must demur in responding to your request to recommend any ostensibly religious society of the doctrinal sentiments of which we are ignorant. The frequent recurrence of the expression, "loyal obedience to the *Spirit* of Christ," instead of "obedience to *Christ Himself*," raises a doubt. We hear much of the imitation of Christ, and He is, doubtless, our Divine example. But our feeble efforts to do so, even if we attained to the highest degree of personal holiness, would still be finite, and therefore imperfect; and thus we need the Atonement for the past, present, and future. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," and no ordinary sacrifice could satisfy the Holy One, "in whose pure eyes the heavens are not clean." We are liberal so far as the question of "Church and Dissent" is concerned; but a confession of Christ as the Second Person in the Divine Trinity, and Salvation through His Atonement, accepted by faith, and that a "living faith" that "works by love," and "brings forth fruit meet for repentance," are the *only* doctrines on which a true "Christian brotherhood" can be recognised, notwithstanding minor differences. We leave it to you to decide whether your society could be supported by us.

SAUCEBOX.—The clergy of the National Church of England, whether rectors or curates, indiscriminately are called "clergymen." The religious officers of all the dissenting denominations are called "ministers."

LARA.—According to McGillivray, the nightingale arrives in England about the middle of April, or, were the weather severe, a little later. The male birds come first, and the females follow some eight or ten days after, doubtless when lodgings have been secured by the gentlemen. They settle in the southern, eastern, and midland counties, and even as far north as York and Carlisle; but none visit Cornwall or Wales, nor do they migrate to Scotland. Curiously enough, they arrive singly in France, and leave in the same solitary way about the middle of August, when they travel to Africa or Asia. Their favourite retreat is in rose bushes, where they sing all night in the south of France.

TUESDAY'S GIRL.—We do not continue to repeat our answers respecting freckles, nor any advice on the subject of the complexion, hair, teeth, or hands. The volumes are already well supplied with both articles and answers on all these subjects.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.—There is no more harm in your writing a text, as a heading to your letter to your young friends, than to hang a card with one illuminated upon your bed-room wall. With regard to your "telling them what you think about anything you hear against God's Holy Word," it depends on whether they said what was wrong themselves or whether it were anyone else. If they did, you were quite right to reprove them in a gentle, humble way, and teach them better if possible. If it were someone else it would be unwise to put such thoughts into their heads. Never repeat what is wrong. May God's Holy Spirit help and teach you ever.

JANE E.—A man's professional title should always be prefixed to his name in both speaking to and of him.

ANNIE M. KIMBER.—The climate of Canada is not too cold for canaries, at least, in settled parts of the Dominion. On the contrary, they fly about in a wild state, as we have seen in the county of Oxford, Ontario. Whether they would do well in Labrador, or up in the Hudson's Bay Territory, and parts as cold, is another matter.

ROSALIND.—In the highest circles to put the point of a knife to your mouth would be quite inadmissible. When eating hot cakes, or bread and butter, take off one glove.

A TIRED ONE does not seem to know her own mind, and we cannot make it up for her. She must try to be honest and straightforward with herself, as well as with her parents and her lover.



VOL. XII. No. 567.] NOVEMBER 8, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"EVENTIDE."

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

IT is eventide, and the shadows fall
Through the deep'ning gloom,
While the firelight flickers and dies again
In the lonely room;
And my heart is sad in the dark'ning hour,
With a sense of doom.

It is eventide—still the clouds o'erspread
With their wreathèd wings;
But a silver light, like a lamp of God,
Its own brightness brings;
And my heart is calm'd with a restful joy,
As the vesper rings.



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It is eventide in our lives on earth,
When the light fades fast;
When we think with fear of the sombre eve,
And the night at last;
When our hearts are faint, and our hands are weak,
And the day is past.

In our eventide, give us light, good Lord,
On our heavenward way;
For the path is steep and the river dark
Where our feet would stray;
But that light shall shine like a pearly star
In the realms of day.



AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

BREAKFAST AT REDFERN HOUSE.

ANNETTE was an early riser; she had slept soundly in her new luxurious bed, and awoke refreshed and full of energy. When she had dressed herself carefully, and had disposed of her scanty stock of clothing in the big wardrobe that seemed to swallow it up, she was at a loss what to do. She had read her chapter in the new Bible—with her mother's worn old Bible lying all the time on her lap—but there were no other books, and no work that she could do. She would have liked to have used her pretty blotting-case, but no one would expect a letter. Perhaps she could find her way to her Cousin Averil's sitting-room—there would be plenty of books there.

Annette had just reached the hall when the sound of a piano from a room near excited her curiosity. Perhaps Miss Jones was practising, and would tell her what to do. As she opened the door Lottie looked up and nodded, while she finished her scale.

"Good morning, Miss Ramsay," she said, at last, as Annette stood by the piano looking with some envy at her brisk little fingers. "I hardly expected to see you before the breakfast-bell rang. So you have found your way in here."

"Am I wrong to come here?" asked Annette, looking round the bright home-like apartment, with its well-littered work-tables and handsomely-filled book-shelves. "I was about to find my cousin's room, only the sound of the piano attracted me. How beautifully you play, Miss Jones! Your fingers seem to fly over the keys. For myself, I have never learnt music"—somewhat mournfully.

"Oh, I was only playing my scales," returned Lottie, carelessly. "Yes, you were quite right to come here; no one goes to Averil's room without permission. It is her private sitting-room, you see, and I dare say she is reading there now. This is the morning-room, where everyone sits, and works, and writes their letters."

"Morning-room! Is there then a room for evening?" asked Annette, in such a puzzled tone that Lottie could not help laughing.

"Well, there is the drawing-room, you know, and we certainly use that of an evening—that is, when we entertain visitors. Would you like to see it?" and Lottie, who was a little weary of her scales, rose with alacrity. She was beginning to think Annette a very amusing person. She thoroughly enjoyed the air of wonder with which she regarded everything.

"But this room is magnificent. I have never seen so grand a room," she kept repeating at intervals.

"Yes, it looks very nice when it is lighted up," replied Lottie, nonchalantly. "Averil has the art of making all her rooms look comfortable and home-like. There is nothing stiff even in this one. Some people's drawing-rooms always have an unused look, just as though no one ever lived in them."

"Two fireplaces, and all those big windows, and a floor so long that one could dance over it. Ah! I thought that was a stranger, that girl in black, with the pale face, and I see it is I myself!" and Annette stood before the glass panel gravely regarding herself, while Lottie watched her in some amusement.

"I think you will know yourself again," she said a little sarcastically. But the sarcasm was lost on Annette, who was still contemplating her image with the utmost seriousness.

"Forgive me if I keep you too long," she returned; "but until this moment I do not think I have ever seen myself clearly; that is why I interview myself as I would a stranger. It is good, it is wholesome, to realise that one has no claims to admiration—a pale, long face—— Bah! You shall take my place, Miss Lottie—the big glass will be more pleased to reflect you."

The little compliment pleased Lottie, though she pretended to laugh it off. "You are not fair to yourself," she said, blushing. "The glass has not seen you talk. When people are animated they look better. No one can judge of themselves. Averil always speaks of herself as an ugly little thing; it is a sort of craze with her to think she shocks people at first sight. But there are times, I assure you, when I almost think she is beautiful. Oh! there is the breakfast-bell. I am so glad, for I am as hungry as a hunter. Come along, Miss Ramsay; we shall find Averil at her post."

Averil, who was almost hidden behind the big urn, looked up from her letters, and gave Annette a kind welcome.

"Have you slept well, dear? I think you look more rested. Mrs. Willmot, this is my cousin, Annette Ramsay"—addressing a tall, fine-looking woman in widow's dress, who was reading the paper in the window.

"Oh, indeed," she returned, rather coolly, holding out her plump white hand as she spoke, but without advancing a step. "I hope you are very well, Miss Ramsay."

"I am always well, thank you," returned Annette, shrinking a little from the keen scrutiny of those handsome hazel eyes. It must be confessed Mrs. Willmot's reception was somewhat chilling. "To that lady I am an unwelcome visitor," she thought; for the girl was tolerably shrewd and clear-sighted.

"Come and sit by me, Annette," observed Averil, quickly. "Lottie, will you help Annette to some of that omelet? The others are not down—we generally begin without them. I wonder how you felt when you woke up in a strange room this morning, and if you wished yourself back in the Rue St. Joseph."

Annette was about to disclaim this notion somewhat eagerly when Mrs. Willmot's clear metallic voice struck in—

"I cannot think why the girls are not down. We were home last night at a ridiculously early hour. There is not the slightest excuse for being so late. Lottie, do go up and hurry them. Georgina is getting into lax ways. I am always telling her that early rising is the best *cosmétique* for the complexion. I do not know if you have noticed it, Averil, but Georgie is getting positively fat."

"No, I cannot say that I have noticed it," returned Averil, rather curtly. "They are not later than usual. I hope they will not keep Lottie, or her breakfast will get cold." But Mrs. Willmot interrupted her; this time she spoke in a decidedly injured voice.

"My dear Averil, it is too bad! The toast is hard again. I cannot possibly eat it. Really Mrs. Adams is growing more careless every day."

"I am so sorry. Annette, would you mind ringing the bell, and I will order some fresh toast to be made." Averil spoke with the utmost good humour, but as she gave the order Mrs. Willmot's cloudy brow did not relax, and Roberts had hardly closed the door before she burst out again.

"It is really shameful, Averil, to see how you are duped by your servants. Look at the wages you give Mrs. Adams—nearly double what I used to pay Ransome—and she is growing more neglectful every day! Why, the lobster cutlets the other day were not fit to eat, and she had flavoured the white soup wrongly. How you can put up with

such an incompetent person just because she is a respectable woman passes my comprehension. In my opinion old servants are mistakes. Of course you shake your head. One might as well talk to the wind. It is a little hard that at my age and with all my experience you will never consent to be guided by me in such matters."

Averil elevated her eyebrows slightly. "I am afraid, my dear Mrs. Willmot, that on these points we must agree to differ, as you well know, for we have often discussed the matter. Nothing would induce me to part with Mrs. Adams. She is an invaluable servant; she is industrious and economical; and my father always praised her cooking. I think Rodney has infected you with his club notions. He has got it into his head that it is his prerogative as an Englishman to grumble, but I mean to give him a strong hint to hold his tongue before Roberts. By-the-by, Mrs. Willmot"—gliding easily from the vexed topic—"I have two more refusals this morning—from the Farnboroughs and Lathams."

"What are you saying about the Lathams, Averil?" interposed a fresh voice, and a tall, striking-looking girl, the youthful image of her mother, entered the room, followed closely by Lottie.

"Good morning, mother! What are you frowning at?" bestowing a light butterfly kiss rather carelessly as she passed. "Oh!" with a sudden change of tone, and with rather a cool stare at Annette. "This is Miss Ramsay, I suppose. How do you do? Very well, I hope—pleasant journey, and all that sort of thing?" and the young lady swept to her chair with an impertinent *insouciance* of manner that some people thought charming.

"What has become of your sister, Maud?" asked her mother in rather a freezing tone.

"My sister?" with an amused air. "Is it not absurd, Averil, when mother uses that dignified tone. I would not be Georgie for the world at this moment. It is all Dr. Rathbone's fault. He took mother in to dinner last night, and regaled her with all kinds of entertaining speeches. He told her Georgie was getting fat, and that she ought to ride before breakfast. Oh, no, I would not be in Georgie's shoes for the next month!" and Maud drew down the corners of her mouth in a ridiculous manner that nearly convulsed Lottie with suppressed merriment.

"I have often told Georgina that she ought to walk more," returned Averil, rather seriously. "She is too fond of an easy chair, she reads too many novels, and"—but here Mrs. Willmot checked her.

"There now, Maud, you are making Averil severe on Georgina, as usual. You might know by this time how hard she always is on her, and yet no girl ever deserved blame less. I told Dr. Rathbone that it was laughing so much that made her fat. What a disagreeable old man he is. I never saw her in better looks than she was last night. That blue dress suited her admirably. I am sure Captain Beverley thought so, for he was most attentive."

"I can't say I noticed it," replied Maud, coldly. "Have the Lathams really refused, Averil? What a pity."

Mrs. Willmot looked a little alarmed at her daughter's heightened colour and evident vexation

"Oh, the room will be crowded as it is," she said soothingly. "It does not matter about the Lathams. Mrs. Mortimer was telling me last night, Maudie, that she never saw you look to more advantage. 'Georgina is very much improved,' she said, 'and you have reason to be proud of them both, but in my opinion Georgina will never hold a candle to her sister—she has not Maud's beautiful figure, you see.'"

"My dear Mrs. Willmot, is it not a pity"—but here Averil stopped and bit her lip, while Maud bridled her long neck, and tried not to look pleased at this foolish flattery.

Just then another interruption occurred. The door opened rather noisily, and a fine, buxom girl, with a broad, heavy type of face, and a profusion of light flaxen hair, made her appearance.

"Good morning, good people all!" she said airily, as she subsided into a vacant chair. "Lottie, will you please cut me some of that ham? I am literally starving, for Captain Beverley gave me no time to eat my dinner. Why are you looking so glum, Averil? Oh, I see. I have forgotten my manners. Miss Ramsay, please excuse me. I completely overlooked you;" and Georgina, feeling that she had made a graceful apology, turned her shoulder on Annette, and applied herself to her breakfast.

"Averil!" exclaimed Maud at this moment, "I suppose we can have the carriage this afternoon. We want to pay some calls?"

"I am very sorry, Maud," began Averil, in a hesitating voice, "but my cousin has some shopping to do."

"There are excellent shops in High Street," responded the young lady in the coolest manner. "Miss Ramsay will find all she wants at Siemans and Little, or there is Barker," with a supercilious glance at Annette's neat black dress.

"I am afraid, all the same, that you cannot have the carriage this afternoon, Maud."

"Not have it!" and here Maud looked excessively put out. "Averil, I did not think you could be so inconsiderate. Mamma has all these calls owing, and they positively must be paid, and to-morrow we are going to that garden party at Richmond, and the next day is Sunday, and Monday is Lady Morrison's At Home, Tuesday is ours, and——"

Annette, who had listened to this expostulation in puzzled silence, suddenly interposed.

"The carriage, my cousin!" she said in some surprise. "What is it that I want with a carriage? Surely I can walk, and then this young lady will not be inconvenienced. Oh, yes, that is best, and I can walk."

But here Lottie nudged her impressively, and Averil said, a little sadly, "But I cannot walk, Annette—at least, very little walking knocks me up."

"But is it absolutely necessary for Miss Ramsay's shopping to be done to-day?" asked Maud, rather disdainfully.

"Say no, my cousin," whispered Annette, with a pained flush. But Averil smiled back at her and said "Hush!"

"I think it is you who are inconsiderate, Maud," she said very quietly. "Yes, it is absolutely necessary that Annette should not be disappointed. But as your heart seems set on paying these visits you may have the carriage, and we will manage with a hansom. Please say no more about it," as Maud certainly had the grace to look a little ashamed of herself. "Annette will not mind, I am sure. Now will one of you two girls look after Rodney when he comes down. I want Lottie to finish her practising before Herr Ludwig comes. Come, Lottie! come, Annette!" and Averil beckoned to them.

As soon as the door closed behind them Lottie burst into an indignant remonstrance. "Oh, Averil, how can you put up with it? It is really too bad of Maud; and for aunt to encourage her in such impertinence!"

"Please, Lottie, dear, let the subject drop," and Averil's mouth had a weary curve. "Time is too precious, and you and I have far too much to do to waste it on such trifles. Annette, do you think you will be dull in my sitting-room. I have my letters to write, and all sorts of business."

"I shall not be dull if I can see you," returned Annette, simply. "Since my mother's death I have worked alone. Alone! Ah! what a bitter word. One is slow in learning it. Often I have forgotten—I have lost myself in some dream. 'Is it so, mother,' I would say, and raise my head. Alas! there were only the dark corners, the empty chair—no answering smile to greet me. Oh, my cousin, I see I make you sad with my little retrospect. But it was only to prove to you that I shall be gay—what you call cheerful—by comparison."

Averil did not answer for a moment—when she next spoke it was to question Annette about the torn lace flounce she was to mend for Lottie.

Annette was eager to begin her task; she wanted to show these dear people that there was something she could do. "It is play to me," she said, with innocent egotism. "You shall see, and Miss Lottie too, that I can work well. 'One need not starve when one has ten fingers,' as poor Clotilde says. Ah! poor Clotilde, she is peeling her onions now, and perhaps saying a prayer for me in her heart. Hold! I am a sad chatterbox. I will not speak again for an hour"—and for a wonder Annette contrived to keep her word. But though Annette's tongue was silent her thoughts were busy enough. Again and again she raised her dark eyes from her embroidery, and fixed them on the quiet figure before her, on the grave, intent face, on the small, busy hands, as Averil wrote letters, added up bills, or made entries in her house-keeping book.

(To be continued.)

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

It appears that gowns decorated with braid, or gold embroidery, will obtain a yet higher place in popular favour as the winter season draws near, and it therefore occurs to us that a suggestion for the trimming of such a dress, to be worked by themselves, will not come amiss to our girls; accordingly we give a design which it will not be difficult for such as are accustomed to draw patterns for their own embroidery to work out.

The full-sized section of the vandyke pattern which is shown in Fig. 1 is the design which is carried through the entire trimming of the dress. It may be worked at once on the material, but is equally suitable for appliqué, and in the latter form would, we think, be most manageable by the worker. Supposing the gown to be ornamented to be of black cloth, the pattern would be outlined with Japanese gold thread, which should be of the best quality, or it will soon tarnish and spoil



FIG. 3.



FIG. 1.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY ON SKIRT OF FIG. 3.

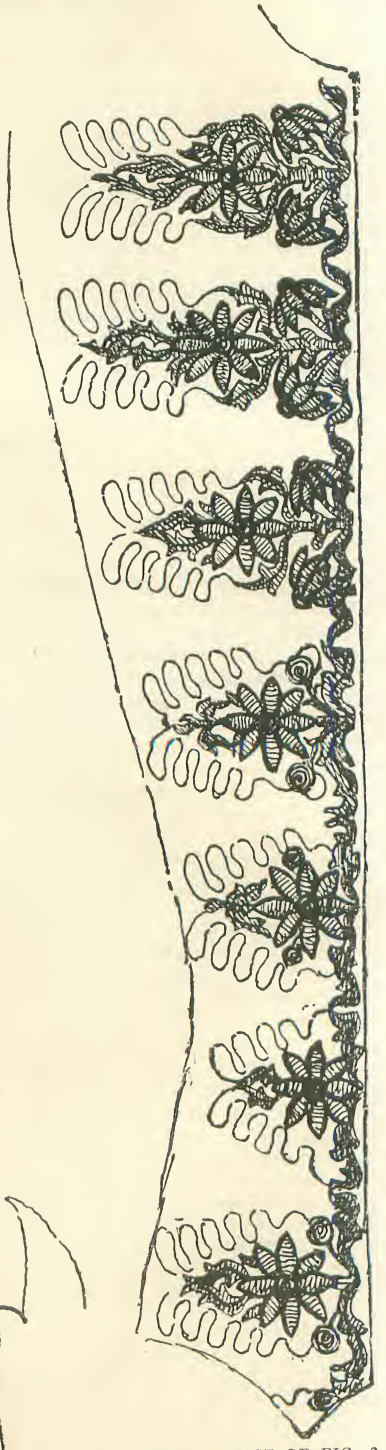


FIG. 2.—VEST OF FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.—POST-CARD CASE.

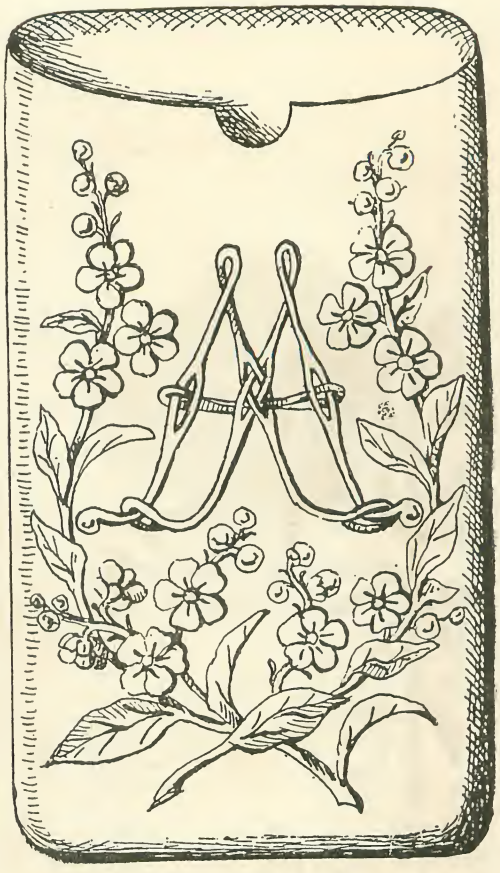


FIG. 5.—CIGAR CASE.

the effect of the whole; and if it is being worked in appliqué, we advise that the outline and the outlying tendrils—which are also of gold thread—should be added after the design is attached to the material. The leaves and stalks are filled in in satin stitch with three shades of gold-coloured silk—red, green, and yellow gold, which when well blended are strikingly pretty and harmonious in effect. The daisies, if liked, may be filled in with a silvery shade of grey silk; their entres and the buds are formed by working Japanese gold thread round and round, and may be slightly raised by the introduction underneath of a scrap of yellow cloth.

This will make a very handsome trimming for the bottom of a skirt, or a side panel may be formed of it by arranging two stripes of embroidery so that the vandykes will lie in and out, and fit into each other; but in this case the outlying tendrils will be best omitted. A vest, collar and cuffs can be arranged with very little difficulty by reducing and graduating the design, which may be adapted to any style of making-up desired by the worker. Such a trimming is, of course, most suitable for a tailor-made gown of plain dark cloth.

In Figs. 4, 5, and 6 we have endeavoured to place before our girls some suggestions for small articles suitable for presents, which we venture to think will prove acceptable. The material of which they are made being kid, renders them more of a novelty. The kid must be fine, and of delicate neutral tints, such as pale green or grey. The embroidery in each case is solidly worked in crewel stitch with various shades of silk; it is as easily worked upon as any other material, but it must be stretched in a frame. We have seen such ornamental trifles as the calendar and post-card case worked also on parchment, and no more charming wedding present could well be conceived than a set of small articles so worked for a writing-table, etc.

We do not, however, think that it would be advisable for even the cleverest of our girls to attempt to make them up at home, and suggest that some well-known firm be employed to mount things of the kind.

Being all worked in the same manner in natural colours, we have not thought it necessary to give a separate description of each of these three designs.

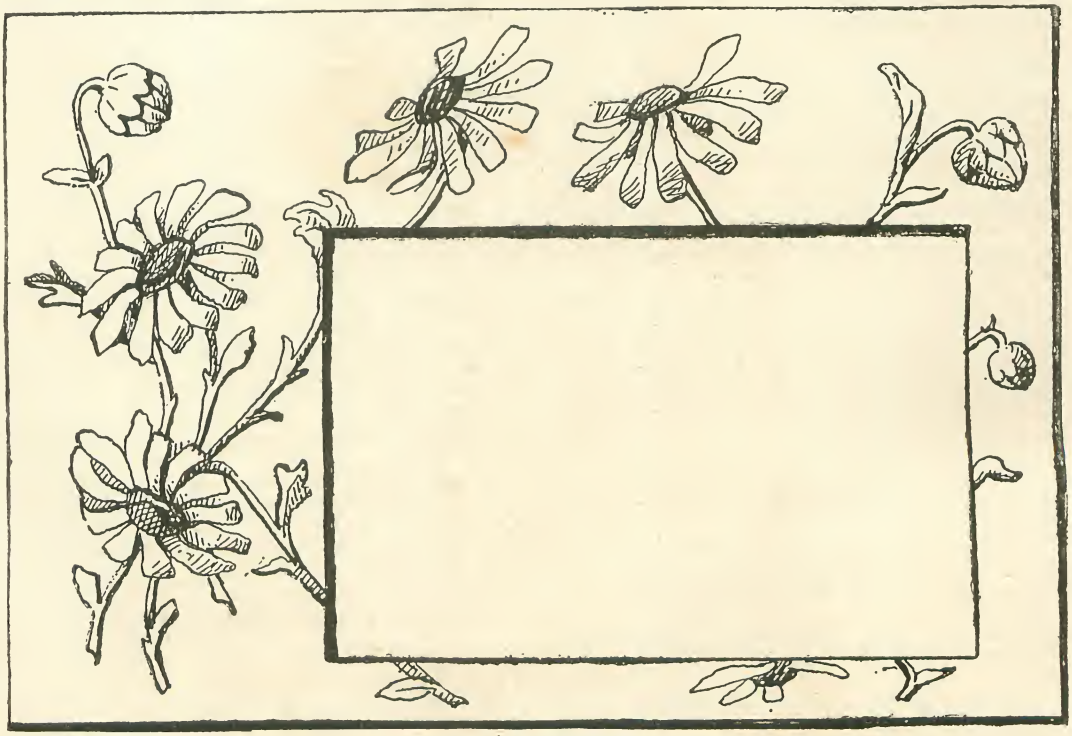


FIG. 6.—CALENDAR.

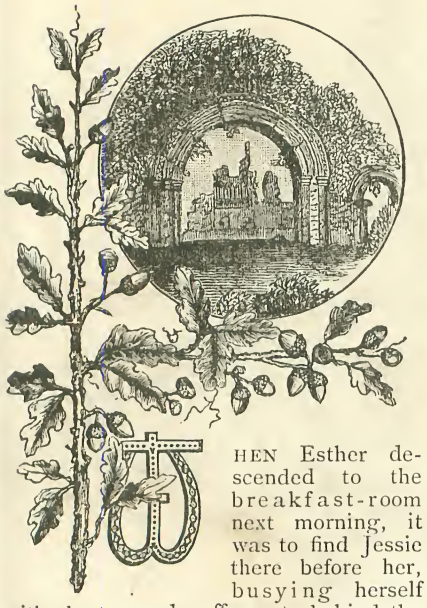
GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.



WHEN Esther descended to the breakfast-room next morning, it was to find Jessie there before her, busying herself with the tea and coffee pots behind the steaming urn, whilst Dacre lounged in an easy chair beside the fire with the newspaper in his hand. It occurred to the mind of the young aunt at that moment that the objection felt by the boy and girl to her intrusion into the house was not altogether unnatural. From their point of view it would be a very pleasant thing to have practically unlimited control over everything, take their meals together in simple state, and feel that there was no hand upon the reins save that of the over-indulgent old grandmother. She felt almost an interloper as she advanced towards them with a pleasant greeting on her lips. Jessie looked up half jealously, so obviously afraid of being deposed from her position as tea-maker that Esther could not forbear a smile. Dacre saw it all; it was little that escaped his sharp eyes, and he said, with lazy sarcasm—

"I advise you to let her stay where she is if you want her to be down in time. The only consideration that gets Jessie out of her bed in time for breakfast is the hope of retaining her position behind the urn. Can't see the attraction myself—but she loves it."

"And I shall be very glad to be spared the trouble. So whenever Jessie is down punctually she shall be the tea-maker."

"It seems more right for me to be here," said the girl, whose colour had risen slightly; "for after all I am the daughter of the house, and if I had been just a little older we should not have needed anybody else to come and stay here."

Dacre laughed, and so did Esther herself, which seemed to surprise him; but he said nothing, and Esther asked—

"When do you have prayers? Before or after breakfast? And whose office is it to read them in your parents' absence?"

There was something rather contemptuous and insolent in Dacre's laugh, whilst Jessie coloured up, and answered quickly—

"Oh, we don't have prayers here ever. Mamma says it isn't convenient, and papa does not like the bother. You know that sort of thing is going out of fashion now. I don't think many people we know have them except the Chesters, and Mrs. Chester is one of the old-fashioned people, who go on just the same as they did when they were children."

Esther made no reply to this rather involved explanation as she took her seat at the table. It was not for her to criticise to their children the habits and customs imposed by the parents; but she could not restrain a slight sigh as she thought how different the tone of that house might be had Rosamond held fast to the teaching in which she had been brought up. And as she thus mused she saw that Dacre's eyes were fixed on her face with his faintly satirical smile. She roused herself to change the subject.

"Do none of the others come to breakfast downstairs?"

"Oh, no; they have breakfast earlier in the nursery. Dacre ought to be there really, but he always will do as he chooses. He ought to be off almost directly; but he is such a dawdler. He hardly ever starts with Humphrey."

Dacre was leisurely discussing his breakfast, for which he appeared to have but little appetite. He looked pale, and there were dark shadows beneath his eyes; but Esther knew him too little to be certain whether this might not be always the case with him. Humphrey put his head in at the door in the course of a few minutes to say he was off, and ask if Dacre were coming with him. When he saw his aunt he came and shook hands, which neither the elder brother nor sister had done, and as he stood beside her chair, answering a few questions about the tutor to whom they were going, and the boys who shared their studies, Dacre swallowed down his coffee, and professed himself ready to accompany his brother.

"I've got your books all done up ready for you," said Humphrey, as they went out. "But I say, Dacre, you haven't done a bit of your preparation, and that's the third time this week too."

Dacre's answer was nothing but a laugh, and the boys passed on out of earshot.

"That is sure to be the way all the time papa is away," said Jessie. "Dacre will never do a thing. He is always as tiresome as he can be. But papa has great influence over him, and if a complaint comes there is a big row, and things go better for a bit. Dacre is so clever that he can almost keep his place without working at home, and he presumes upon it. But when it is essays and that kind of thing, and he won't write his, then he is bound to get into a row, as the boys call it."

"He does not look at all well," said Esther.

"Oh, Dacre never is well exactly; but it doesn't do to take any notice—it makes him so savage. I fancy he has one of his fits of neuralgia coming on; he often has them when the wind keeps in the east, and then he can't read or work, or anything like that. He can hardly see out of his eyes at all. But one would never know. He goes on just the same, only that he is rather more impudent and disagreeable than usual, and nobody can do anything with him."

Esther was growing more and more pained and surprised at the state of things she found in her sister's house; but she kept her feelings to herself, and as they rose from breakfast she said—

"And how do you spend your mornings, Jessie? Perhaps we might do some reading or study together. I suppose you do not waste all your time in amusement, even though you have left the school-room."

Jessie's pretty face clouded over. She put on one of her little "fine lady" airs.

"Oh, I assure you I have plenty to do. Pray don't trouble yourself about me. I have grandmother to read to and look after, and my music to practise, and ever so many little duties to attend to. You will find you have plenty on your hands, Aunt Essie, without troubling yourself over me. I do as I like with my time now that my education is finished."

Esther could not restrain a smile as the expression passed Jessie's lips, but she did not press the matter farther then. A visit to Lady Eleanora in her own room, followed by one to the store-room with the housekeeper, and a lengthy interview with that august individual, made a large slice into the morning, and went far to convince Esther that the task she had undertaken would prove no sinecure. It was evident that waste, extravagance, and a certain amount of insubordination were the rule of that house, and that Lady Eleanora knew it and disapproved. It was plain too that she saw no way of checking, in the absence of Rosamond, what *she* was too idle to combat, whilst she had the sense to see that, if unchecked, it would probably increase in the absence of the master, and might assume proportions that would threaten the comfort of all concerned. Esther had plenty of force of character and courage, and would not have hesitated to carry out any reforms that might have been suggested or approved by the dowager; but she did not

see her way to acting single-handed in the matter, and Lady Eleanora was one of those difficult persons who, whilst seeing faults clearly enough in those belonging to her, cannot endure to hear criticisms of them passed by others. This intolerance extended even to household matters, and though she would complain to Esther of many abuses that she would like to see checked, yet she would look haughty and offended if the girl suggested any method of altering old-established ways with that end in view, and reply, that it would never do for a stranger—an inexperienced stranger—to upset traditions which had so long been the rule of the house. In fact, it was perfectly plain that there was some kind of jealousy at work where Esther was concerned, and she, seeing that this was the case, ceased to offer suggestions, and prepared, for the first few weeks at any rate, to act exclusively under orders, taking the active offices upon her own shoulders, but letting the authority rest in the hands of Lady Eleanora.

Esther felt that it might be best so, for had she been in real authority she would certainly have made a clean sweep of many of the servants in the house. It did not take her many days to find out that the French maid Thérèse had a very undesirable influence over Jessie, and was far more intimate with her young mistress than was at all advisable; whilst several of the men-servants were so culpably idle and careless that they exerted a bad influence over the rest, and one groom, who seemed to have the sole care of the boys' and children's ponies, had such an essentially bad face, and such a swaggering and off-hand manner, that Esther would have discharged him on the spot the very first time she had occasion to address him had he been in truth one of her servants.

The only satisfaction she found during these first days was in her interviews with Miss Fisher, the governess. If not a strong-minded woman, she was at least thoroughly conscientious, and spoke feelingly to Esther about her young charges.

"They have fine intellects and, on the whole, not such bad dispositions; but they have never been taught to govern themselves, or to deny themselves, or to think seriously in any way. I try to instil as much as I can, but Beatrix turns everything into ridicule; whilst Ethel, who is really the cleverer and more thoughtful, has caught up far too much of the critical, not to say sceptical, spirit that governs the house; and her brother Dacre suggests all kinds of doubts and difficulties such as never should enter a child's mind, and which I find it really hard to answer. She sees this, and gets into careless and irreverent ways. I am so thankful that, with your arrival, there will be some more serious influence brought to bear upon their minds."

Esther wondered how far she would have any influence. So far she seemed to be making but little way. Trixie avoided her, was flippant to the verge of rudeness whenever they did meet, and indicated as far as possible by her manner that she did not recognise her aunt's authority, and was going to copy Dacre in all things. Ethel, though less outwardly rude, showed plainly that she was bored and impatient whenever her aunt tried to make friends. She would always find some excuse for bolting off in another direction, and Jessie and Humphrey were the only members of the household from whom Esther ever received a smile or pleasant word.

Miss Fisher had said that she had found it impossible to remain a resident member of a household where such open laxity was encouraged as it was at Greyfriars, and Esther understood her at the time, and did so still better when the first Sunday of her visit there came round.

She and Jessie breakfasted alone that morning. Dacre, Jessie said, often went to the nursery on Sundays, and his movements were never to be depended on. She was dressed with even more care than usual, and though Esther had teased her several times already upon her overweening love for dress, and her anxiety that everyone belonging to her should show to the greatest advantage, she could not help expressing a hope that her aunt's bonnet would be such as to give satisfaction to the neighbourhood, and seemed to think that one main reason for going to church was to show off her best and prettiest clothes in the eyes of the whole parish.

Esther admitted that she liked to see people dressed on Sundays with perhaps a little extra care, out of respect to the day; but when she went on to add that, after all, this was not the matter of the first importance, Jessie's attention flagged at once, and the few words of good advice which followed were speedily interrupted with the eager question—

"I hope it is a London-made bonnet, Aunt Esther? You know everybody will be taking stock of you to-day, and if they like you they will come all the sooner to call. And so much depends upon the style of a bonnet—almost more than a dress even."

Esther bit her lip, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be vexed, and sincerely pitying the poor child who had nothing better to think of than her own clothes and those of her neighbour. Wishful to put a stop to the conversation, she stepped into the hall and wandered out into the garden, and there the sound of laughing voices attracted her attention, and she bent her steps to the spot from which the sounds proceeded. In a few moments she had passed a belt of evergreens, and had come full in sight of the tennis courts, which during the past week had been carefully mown and marked. And in one court were the two boys in their shirt-sleeves playing an animated contest one against the other, whilst in the other the girls were similarly employed, though their game was carried on in a much less energetic and skilful fashion.

Esther paused a moment in a sort of dismay. She had come from a home and a neighbourhood where a due and fitting reverence had always been paid to God's day, and the sight of these games carried on on Sunday gave her a kind of shock. And yet she knew that, if they had been permitted by the parents, it was hardly her place to interfere, and realised better, perhaps, than she had ever done before, the difficulty of impressing upon the young that there are many, many things, not in the least wrong in themselves, that are not fitting to be done upon the day set apart by God for His own special service. Children ought to be brought up with an instinctive reverence for the day, and if that reverence be not early instilled, nothing is more difficult than to graft it in afterwards. For the specious argument, that if the thing is innocent in itself it cannot be wrong to do it on Sunday, comes all too readily to the lips, and for those who have not been taught to love the day for its very hallowed quiet and sense of restful peace, every answer to such an objection sounds like what people are so fond of condemning as "mere Sabbatarianism."

There was something in Dacre's face as he watched her approach, and in the redoubled energy he threw into his game, which told Esther that he knew well such a display would not be pleasing to her. But it chanced that the contest was just over as she approached, and when Humphrey turned and saw her he ran up with his morning greeting, and cried eagerly—

"Oh, Aunt Esther, do you like tennis? The courts are playing so well! Will you have a game with us? There is lots of time before church."

"No, thank you, Humphrey; I never play tennis on Sunday. But I shall be pleased to have a game with you another day," and as Humphrey looked up surprised, Dacre called impatiently to him to begin another sett.

"Is it really wrong?" he asked, looking up candidly. "Everard always stops us if he comes, and says he hates to see that sort of thing. But Dacre always laughs, and says it is because his mother is such an old Quaker, and he has been brought up at her apron-strings. But that is all nonsense. Everard is the jolliest and manliest fellow going, and Dacre knows it. Perhaps he is right after all."

"Are you coming?" cried Dacre, impatiently."

"No, I don't think I am," answered Humphrey, who looked very hot, whilst Dacre was as white as a sheet. "I think you've played enough. I'll go round the garden with Aunt Esther instead, and show her my new brood of chickens."

"We'll play you, Dacre," cried Trixie, entering at once into the spirit of the scene, its by-play included. "Ethel and I against you, so as to be more fair. Come along!"

In a moment the game had begun with unnatural vigour and excitement on both sides. Esther turned away with a sort of sigh.

"It is so stupid of Dacre to play in that way," said Jessie, who had come up. "He will make himself ill, and he knows it. Papa never lets him play singles when he is here. But he will not listen to a word anybody else says. He'll be knocked up for the rest of the







THE BROOK'S STORY.

By G. WEATHERLY.

The brooklet ripples on its way,
  And whispers, as it goes,
The tale Old Ages knew so well,
  That still the Present knows!
"Ripple and flow!" it seems to say;
"The same old song I sing to-day—
Of Love and Hope, of Joy and Woe!
Ripple and flow! Ripple and flow!

"It seems to me but yesterday
  That on my banks they met!
He gathered sweet wild flowers for her:
  I see her blushes yet!
Ripple and flow! 'Twas e'er the way!
The same old song I sing to-day—
Of Love that makes two fond hearts glow!
Ripple and flow! Ripple and flow!

"Now, robed in black, she comes again—
  All full of tears her eyes;
But Faith and Hope are with her yet—
  'Thy will be done,' she cries.
Ripple and flow! 'Twas e'er the way!
The same old song I sing to-day—
Of Love and Hope, of Joy and Woe!
Ripple and flow! Ripple and flow!"

day; and I like him to be in church with us. Then Everard sometimes walks home with us, and comes in to luncheon, if his mother has a visitor staying with her, as she often does."

It seemed as if Jessie had spoken the truth, for when they came back Dacre was lying under a tree looking excessively exhausted, though he would not admit that he was even tired, and set advice and sympathy at defiance in his most self-contained way. No one could wish him to come to church as he was, and when they started they left him in the garden, despite the chill of the east wind, with a French novel in his hand, at which Esther looked with a vague sense of disapproval, feeling sure it was anything but desirable reading at any time, and he, noticing her look, smiled in his enigmatic fashion, and said she might have it to read in the afternoon herself, as he should then have finished with it.

"Never mind him," said Jessie, leading the way with her aunt, so as to ensure having her for a listener. "Oh, you need not be afraid about the girls. Humphrey will bring them in time. He is always to be depended upon, and they will do anything for him, though they call Dacre their favourite. I want to tell you about the people in church. We have a very nice pew, where everybody can see us, and we can see everybody. That's why one has to be so careful to look nice and stylish on Sunday. You will see Everard and his mother almost opposite, and just behind them are the Lelands. The Lelands have a very pretty place about two miles off. Maud is one of my particular friends. The big family you will see rather farther down are the Flemyngs. They are very rich, but not so well born. Papa does not care to encourage them too much; but the boys are very intimate, and like them awfully, because there are such a lot of boys there, and there is always some fun going on. One of the sons is at Eton, in the same house as Cuthbert, and two go to Harmer, to Dacre's tutor, so there are always meetings going on. Half the mischief Dacre gets into is concocted at the Flemyngs, though I believe he is mostly the ringleader and ruling spirit. It is he and Cuthbert who are always over there—when papa does not stop it. Humphrey says they are rather 'a caddy lot,' though Dacre boxes his ears if he hears him. And oh, do you know, Aunt Essie, the Easter holidays will be beginning almost directly, and then we shall have Cuthbert at home too."

(*To be continued.*)



"WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS IN THE WORLD."

By MEDICUS.

If, girls, this paper of mine is found to be somewhat deficient in those bright flashes of genius that so often emanate from my lightning-tipped pen—ahem! there is nothing like having a good opinion of oneself, is there?—but what I mean to say is this—if my paper of to-day seems to you somewhat duller than usual, some of the readers of the "Girl's Own" are partially to blame for it. Mind, I only say "partially." But I must explain.

"O! had I a cave on some far distant shore." That is what I feel inclined to sing or to say at this very moment. But I haven't got a cave. On the contrary, I am writing, or trying to write, on the drawing-room balcony of one of the finest old houses in the vicinity of London. A beautiful vista of wooded lawn, flower gardens, and archery ground is stretched out before me, a kind of fairy forest in fact, in which only last night elves were gambolling in the bright moonlight. Very substantial elves they were; but never mind, there they were, and, worse luck, there they are now, readers of the Girl's Own Paper every one of them, from the wee peat-high lass, who prefers looking at the pictures, to the tall and stately maiden, who reads "Medicus," and tries to profit by his health-sermons. Do you begin to see where my difficulties come in? I am supposed to be able to write away and "never mind the children." "Oh, dear me, no," I tell my kindly hostess, "the noise of their gambolling will not affect me in the slightest. It is just such sounds as these an author loves. They are not at all confusing, and don't interfere in the slightest with my feast of reason and flow of soul. Don't mention it, my lady!"

Well, they have a pony down there, two of my readers are on its back, two more are leading it, and two whooping it up. Another Girl's Own Paper reader is practising with a bow and arrows, there is a target half-way between me and the stand, but as most of the arrows are coming this way, I feel in momentary jeopardy of having an eye shot out. Can it be possible she is doing it on purp—— No, no, I can't believe that, but the little minx really looks mischievous enough for anything.

There is a huge Newfoundland dog down there also, and a fox-terrier called Ronald. Viking and Ronald are having a game of their own over the lawns and round the shrubbery beds, and across the flower-borders they rush and they run like a hairy hurricane, Ronald biting Viking's heels, Viking suddenly rolling on his back and kicking Ronnie sky-high. Great fun I'm sure, but hardly conducive to quiet thought! But to add to the pretty confusion, there is the musical but apparently senseless and ceaseless clamour of a peal of bells that, in a square church tower yonder, overhang the grounds.

"What are those bells cling-clanging for to-day?" I ask.

"Oh, it is the rector's birthday. And they are supposed to be the nicest little peal of bells anywhere near."

"Indeed," I remark drily. I dare not add another word, for I feel inclined to say very disagreeable things about those bells. Anyhow, couldn't the rector have managed—— Hallo! Ethel has sent an arrow through Viking's tail, and Mabel has tumbled down out of the big mulberry tree. Well, I don't mean to run and pick her up, not if she falls out of fifty mulberry trees. Many a girl has fallen out of a mulberry tree ere now, and lived happy ever afterwards. Besides, what business had Mabel to get up that ladder into the mulberry tree? It was only last evening that I was talking about mulberries. "Mulberries," I said, "are worse than Christmas pudding, and often entail days in bed, pills at bed time, with physic to follow in the morning."

There! Mabel has been raised to her feet again, none the worse apparently for descending without a parachute. She is receiving the congratulations of my other readers at her narrow escape, and condolences on the state of her white dress. White did I say? Well, it was white, but now it is beautifully variegated with splashes of red and brown, for fallen mulberries are queer things to roll in when one has a white dress on. Well, I'm glad I didn't run and pick Mabel up.

And this reminds me, I did pick one of my readers up early in August last. I think indeed it would be a funny part of England, or Scotland either, in which you could fall in with no readers of the Girl's Own Paper. I meet them everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is known to not a few that I have a plan for spending an enjoyable few months in summer that it would be difficult indeed to beat. I am the owner of perhaps the largest, and people do say the most beautiful, caravan on the road, and in this I just wander away in summer, accompanied by two faithful servants, two bonnie black horses, and a trusty dog. I wander away anywhere, so long as I am among the woods or the forests, by tarn or stream, or mountain or moorland, all among the ferns and all among the flowers, I do not mind where it is, and the more lonesome the better. Dear me, what a deal of strange adventures I do meet to be sure, in a journey like that, for example, I have just come off, namely, five hundred miles through East Anglia, Kent, and Surrey. I meet very many of my readers by the way, and many a huge and lovely bouquet of flowers graces the saloon and cabin and *coupé* of the "Wanderer" that had been culled by their fair fingers. I am never averse to such visitors, I can assure you, whether they bring flowers or not. Have they not a claim on me? I should think they had indeed. Sometimes, by no means seldom, my visitors say, as they look round on the flower-bedecked saloon of my "home upon wheels," "Why, it is like a little fairyland!" Well, now, while, as tradespeople say, I take this opportunity of thanking those of my readers I met while touring for many a little thoughtful courtesy, I may tell them that it is quite as much with the view of giving them pleasure as pleasing myself that the interior of my good caravan is kept up "like a little fairyland." What more can I say than that to prove that between a popular author and his readers there exists a

tie or bond of union that is far more real than most people imagine.

But about the picking-up adventure? What about that, you ask me? Well, it happened on the very second or third day after I had started. We were trotting along a piece of somewhat rough but by no means uninteresting road, through a well-treed and pretty country, when on ahead of us I espied—what a nice old-fashioned poetical kind of a verb that "espied" is—I espied a fair maid bounding along on the top of a fiery steed. The fiery steed in this case was simply a tricycle. I was just wondering to myself if such exercise on so warm a day and on a road so dusty was quite healthful for one so young and—she must pardon me for adding—so fragile, when, thinking she might better herself by taking the foot-path, the rider swerved aside, and next moment was thrown against the embankment. Waiting a few seconds in the hopes of seeing her get up, and noticing that instead of this she remained on the ground pressing her ankle in evident pain, I jumped off the *coupé* and hastened to her assistance. The ankle was more bruised than sprained, but to ride another yard would have been not only impolitic but impossible. I sent my secretary, therefore, to leave her tricycle at the only cottage in sight; and the back steps of the caravan being let down, I assisted her up and ensconced her on the sofa, and then on we jogged again. I happened to be passing the very village she was bound for; but I must do myself the credit to say that, had I not been, I should have gone out of my way to take my young reader there. Perhaps the very novelty of her situation—for the whole adventure had a smack of mediæval romance about it—went far to banish the pain; besides, I kept her talking, and in about an hour's time she was safe in harbour. That is all the story, only I may say that I think this young lady was a fair specimen of what the readers of our pet paper generally are—well-educated, intelligent, and interesting. I might add pretty, but I do not wish to make anyone proud. But I will say this, that as there can be no beauty without health, neither can there be health without the beauty that depends upon the clear sparkling eye, the pure complexion, and the soft sheeny hair. And is not this the beauty I am always preaching about, always telling you all how to acquire, always tuning my harp to sing the praises of, tuning the harp of Hygeia? And this harp has ten strings, and the names of these strings are as follows:—Temperance, exercise, recreation, fresh air, ventilation, pure water, the bath, good books, good food, and good sleep.

Ah! if we could all of us learn to play well on this harp, how well and how happy we should be. And if—— Hullo! Who comes here. It is little Linda W——. Slowly up from the green and sunlit lawn she comes, and her usually bright and merry face is now as sad as sad can be. Mirth no longer dances round her lips, nor plays at hide-and-seek in her eyes. She is nursing her left hand, which is rolled in a white handkerchief, and this white handkerchief is deeply stained with blood. She seems striving not to cry.

Now little Linda W—— is a favourite of mine, and right well she knows it.

So I hasten to meet her, and tenderly assist her on to the balcony.

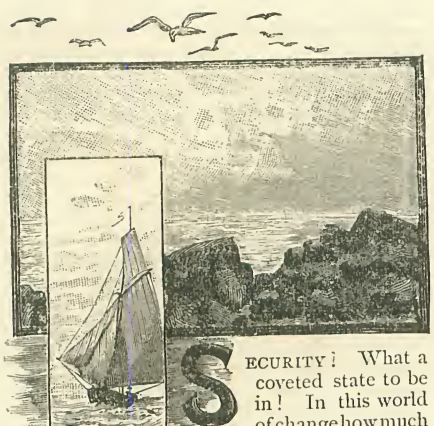
"Dear child!" I say, "what have you done to your hand; and how did you do it? Cut yourself to the very bones, I suppose?"

As I speak I gently undo the bandaging handkerchief, and lo and behold! never a cut nor scar is here. Only the blood of the mulberry fruit. And I make a spring to catch a lock of her sunny hair, and away she runs backwards, laughing and poking fun and red-stained fingers at me, and half a dozen others join the chorus, as I resume my pen and try to write my health-sermon.

But my demoralisation is complete. I can't write now if I would; I wouldn't write now if I could. I sat down with the best intentions in the world. I commenced my work with a fair amount of cheerfulness, considering everything, and determined to say that which should be worthy of handing down to posterity after benefiting the present generation. But what with those cling-clanging bells, that galloping pony, those romping children, and those rollicking dogs, to say nothing of the occasional erratic flight of an arrow athwart my massive brow, who could, would, or should write? That's what I want to know. Happy thought! I'll go and pick mulberries. Mulberries are really not such bad eating after all.

Why, come to think of it, even this short paper may do some good. If it has served to amuse you, time has been well spent in reading it. And believe me when I tell you that recreation and amusement are a *sine quâ non* of perfect health. *Au revoir!*

SECURITY.



SECURITY! What a coveted state to be in! In this world of change how much everyone wishes it, yearns for it, fights for it, and even prays for it as an aid to a higher spiritual life!

What untold miseries are contemplated during an unwelcome removal from one house to another! How a busy professional man hates the insecurity of disordered papers! And how the housewife dreads the coming confusion of all her domestic details!

No one knows, excepting him who actually experiences them, how wearing to the mind and body are the trials of an artist who exists upon what are known as "pot-boilers"—pictures hastily done, without any other object or ambition than is connected with the food that the price of them will help him to. O, if he could but be secure for a few months from the anxieties that depress him and totally unfit him for serious work—what a prince he would feel himself to be! and how merrily would the wheels of Time spin round! What smiles, unforced and full of sunshine, he would constantly present to his much-tried and worn-out wife! O, what a change would show itself in his world to make him happier!

But if this blessing be accorded to him, are we sure that nothing else would arise to make him feel his insecurity? No!—

"What's to come is still unsure."

It frequently is found among our friends that those fortunate men who have safe properties, permanent situations, or stocks in the Three-and-a-half's, are those who experience restlessness of a much worse kind than does the "pot-boiling" artist, literary hack, or others of equally uncertain avocations. The changes of this mortal life are so astonishing that we sometimes dread the coming of to-morrow that will bring a something we know not what. Perhaps even the friend or wife of our bosom will appear different—yea, the very one whom God gave us to be our helpmeet.

Yes; the seasons change, nature changes, and even our very bodies change, and we find change and insecurity our chief bugbears. We insure our goods and our lives, though against monetary loss only; but who can help us to insure the good opinion and love of friends, and the safety of our health and happiness, the rightness of our walk in life, and a persistence in it when that right path is found?

Change and insecurity produces to many at times a feeling of unrest that is well-nigh intolerable; and how all, young as well as old, long and actively search for some haven of rest, where the turbulent surges of life do not perpetually toss and tumble the frail bark about. With this Eldorado in view, how we go on collecting books, treasures, money, friends, with a view to enjoying them more perfectly in security on some future day! We are always waiting for such a May day as this—

"Waiting, sad, dejected, weary
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Sunset evenings, sun-bright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary
Waiting for the May."

Well do we remember once being greatly affected with the earnest tones of a certain young clergyman who was beseeching his hearers to lay up treasures above; and when we came to know him more, and accidentally his pocket Bible came into our possession, we saw written on the fly-leaf these words—

"To Wilfrid ————,
"With love from
"————."

And underneath, in a shaky masculine hand, the words—

"Change and decay in all around I see:
O, Thou Who changest not, abide with me!"

The secret of his life, and the secret of his eloquent pleading, seemed to be explained, for had he not tried a mortal and found her "wanting," and turned for securer love to Him Who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?

Complete insurance, therefore, against the miseries of temporal and permanent insecurity is only to be found in perfect trust and reliance in the One above all worlds, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, whose Arm alone is sufficient, and whose defence of us is sure. Let us then

Work for Him truly in life's daily task,
And what the future hides, nor fear, nor ask;
Seek His will only, leave to Him the rest,
And toil or suffer as shall please Him best.

C. P.

OUR HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

TO DURNESS.

BEING so far north as Tongue, we thought we should like to see Cape Wrath, and begged Mr. Campbell, our host, to make arrangements for the journey.

We started from our hotel in a dog-cart about midday, and drove to the ferry on the Kyle. Here we ran up a scarlet flag as a signal, and, having unharnessed the horse, sat for three-quarters of an hour awaiting the ferryman.

On asking if they had seen the signal, and why they had kept us waiting so long, the answer was, "Ou ay, but we were just at dinner"—evidently a sufficient answer for reasonable beings.

I could not help thinking of the traveller of a hundred years ago, who, being kept a long time waiting for the ferryman, wished him employment in his trade in the regions below; and of the irritable man, with whom we sympathised, who said, "Because the gentlemen whom Achilles dismissed to the navigation of the Styx were obliged to wait shivering in the cold till Charon chose to admit them, must we wait in rain and cold till he of the Kyle chooses to see and hear?"

At length we were on the other side, and having paid four shillings and fourpence halfpenny for the crossing of our three selves and the coachman, cart and horse, we were soon on our way to Durness, where we were to stop for the night.

Our drive lay through a wild country, but fortunately on a good road. Formerly there was no road westward between Tongue and Erribol, and he who wished to go from one to the other had to engage a guide to lead him over the eight miles of bog.

We passed but few houses, and were more and more struck with the grand, almost savage, beauty of the scenery, into which a certain picturesqueness was introduced by the one or two gipsy encampments on the way. We were strongly reminded of Dr. Johnson's description of his tour in the Highlands: "I sat down on a green bank, with a stream running at my feet, in the midst of savage solitude, with mountains before me and on either hand, covered with heath."

At rare intervals we passed a shepherd's house, or saw in the distance the peat smoke from his chimney. It seemed to us that the life of a Sutherland shepherd must be almost appalling in its loneliness—out all day on the hills alone with his sheep and his collies, no human being to speak with for weeks together except he have wife and children. And as to the life of the wife, it must be even more dreary than her husband's.

One told us she was often very frightened at the visits of tramps and gipsies in her husband's absence.

The children, if there be any, see no face but that of father and mother; but they look happy and healthy playing before the door, and certainly it is no small advantage that they are removed far from the dirt, smoke, and noise of the great world.

The shepherds as a body are well educated, intelligent, and moral; their food is simple and abundant, consisting of milk, oatmeal, and mutton; and the air they breathe is so fresh and pure that there can be none to surpass it in the wide world.

The hills of Scotland were not always so lonely—the people used to form the wealth of the chief, and the stronger and more numerous they were the greater his importance.

It is different now, when sixty or seventy thousand acres are often let to one man for sheep-walks.*

There is an old prophecy that the Highlands would be overrun and ruined by a race of white dwarfs, which the Highlanders believe to have been fulfilled by the introduction of sheep. A crofter, giving us his opinion upon things in general, said, "The Highlands are turned into a manufactory for making beef and mutton for the English market."

On we drove till we reached the Hope River ferry. Anything more romantic and majestic than the rugged precipitous Ben Hope,† its lone loch and sparkling river, as they appear at this spot to the traveller, would be difficult to find.

"There's nothing left to Fancy's guess;
You see that all is loveliness."

We crossed the river, without unharnessing the horse, on a large flat boat, moved from one bank to the other by means of a windlass and chain underneath the boat, and connected with the banks: it is called the "Hope chain boat ferry."

We paid one shilling and eightpence, the sum demanded, and went on our way to Loch Erribol, through scenery growing ever grander and more beautiful.

The approach to this lake through steep walls of rock reminded us greatly of that to Riva, in Austrian Italy.

This loch, one of the finest and safest roads for shipping in Europe, is about ten miles long and from one to four miles in breadth. The water is deep, and its saltness is much the same as that of the ocean. It is by no means deficient in grandeur of aspect, for the elegant and lofty form of Ben Hope is seen rising at the further extremity, and at the other some wild Alpine scenery.‡

Here we took leave of the dog-cart, which, after an hour's rest for man and horse, would return to Tongue, and descended a very steep pair of steps into a sailing boat, which conveyed us in an hour and a half to the other side for the small sum of one shilling and threepence.

Here a wagonette awaited us from the hotel at Durness, and during the eight miles' drive we caught lovely glimpses of a summer sea playing in caverns and among the rocks and in bays of silver sand; and alas! we passed some wretched hovels of the crofters quite unfit for human habitation.

We reached the hotel in time for the evening meal, having performed the journey from Tongue, a distance of eighteen miles, without the slightest fatigue or inconvenience; and certainly for beauty, variety, and grandeur it was a journey not to be excelled anywhere.

The roads, which are very good indeed, are mostly the work of this century, for previous to 1811 there were no formed roads in Sutherlandshire except the one from Bonar Bridge to Tongue.

The hotel was very full, and rooms had been prepared for us at the top of the house—the very quaintest little rooms possible; they were like ships' cabins, with sky-lights, sloping roofs, and beds let into the wall. There was one great fault about them, however—the beds and bedding were full of fat moths.

The telegraph wires end here, but it is proposed to carry them to Cape Wrath.

Late in the evening we walked down to the sands and watched the magnificent sunset over the sea. The water was a deep ultramarine blue, with steep black rocks springing out of it, and forming innumerable small bays and coves floored with the finest and softest silver sand.

Over all the sunset cast a gold and crimson tint, shading off into pearly pink and tender lemon; and then as we sat there the evening star twinkled and sparkled in a sea of pure pale green, and the sunset became only a memory.



TONGUE.

* Three acres to a sheep may always be reckoned.

† It is said that Ben Hope always gives warning of a coming storm by making a peculiar hollow sound.

‡ Loch Erribol penetrates inland to the roots of a group of wild mountains.—*Geikie.*

It was an ideal evening, and we were able to enjoy it to the utmost, for it keeps light in this far-off northern region until midnight in the month of August.

There is a great lack of trees in Durness, as in most parts of the Highlands; but there are wonderful caves, deep ravines, and fissures, which are only what we expect in a limestone district such as this. The most remarkable of these is Smo; it may be approached either by sea or by a pathway from the road. We took the last method of reaching it, and descended about a hundred yards down to the shore. After crossing a rivulet and walking a few steps we found ourselves in this grand and magnificent cave. We held our breath with wonder as we noticed the Gothic-like transverse arches and its immense height and width, which in some places measured a hundred feet. It seemed to us exactly like a scene in Rider Haggard's *She*.

As we stood the noise of the waterfall stole upon our ears, and our voices echoed and re-echoed. There are two other caves leading out of this, but they can be penetrated only with great difficulty. Of course tradition has handed down these caves as the homes of fairies and spirits of the dark, and we do not wonder at it.

Sir Walter Scott visited them in 1814, and was delighted with them.

The rocky headlands jutting out into the sea at Durness are very bold and abrupt. We saw boys making their way up and down precipices, moving from shelf to shelf and crevice to crevice as easily as if they were on even ground.

The country round is full of magnificent wild scenery, and the sheltered little sandy bays are excellent for bathing.

There are one or two drawbacks to the perfect enjoyment of Durness,—one is that the storms from the north-west drive in the sand to such an extent that serious injury is done to the farms, and the second is the miserable dwelling-places of the crofters, which are constructed without any regard to health or decency—a marked contrast, indeed, to those in Tongue. It is no unusual circumstance to find the same roof covering the cattle, the poultry, and the human beings.

It cannot be necessary that filth and darkness should reign in these hovels, and it was with something like displeasure that we turned from the glorious views without to the wretchedness within.

The home of the crofter, together with his natural indolence of character, does not allow him to enjoy the advantages within his reach, nor combat the evils to which he is exposed.

The Duke has afforded many of the crofters the means of emigrating, and, strange to say, that in another country they have put their shoulder to the wheel and are doing well, having given up the spiritless, idle sort of life they had fallen into here.

The crofters stand greatly in need of instruction in the laws of health and cleanliness, and in the use of common things. They are very prejudiced, and often refuse food which lies at their door. For example, neither the poor nor the "better-off" will touch mushrooms; indeed, they can scarcely be brought to cook them for the English who go out to pull them for themselves.

We were so surprised to find that very few of the crofters could swim, notwithstanding that they have the sea and the lochs all about them.

One tries to account for the poverty of the people when dwelling amongst them, and we came to the conclusion that the soil in Sutherland is not adapted for a numerous population. There is not enough to feed the people on: all necessary grain even has to be imported. True, the bays are full of fish, but there is no market for the surplus, and no means of conveying it to distant towns; and the worst of it is that the men are just content to get a mere existence out of their bit of land—called here a croft—the smallness of which prevents a proper rotation of crops.

We must not forget to state that while walking along the sands we listened a long time to the bag-pipes, and were particularly struck with their melancholy cadence, and thought how true the words of Geikie were when he said: "A plaintive wail seems ever to rise as their undertone—we seem to hear the solemn surge of the Atlantic breakers, or the moan of the wind across the desolate moors."

Before going to bed we made arrangements with the landlord for our journey on the morrow to Cape Wrath, which we were looking forward to with pleasure.

(*To be continued.*)

VALÉRIE;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUSSIAN GIRL.

A TRUE STORY.

By ANNIE M. LAINSON.

CHAPTER II.



FROM Perma to Tobolsk is nearly nine hundred versts; the roads are good, the fields fertile and well cultivated, and the way is through Russian and Tartar villages, where the inhabitants look happier than you would suppose possible so near the borders of Siberia — that land full of the abominations of desolation.

Farther on the town of Perma still more astonished the eyes of the simple girl, to whom even the most trifling necessaries appeared elegant. But its streets shocked her ideas of niceness by their dirtiness, mansion and cottage alike, surrounded with an air of fetid pestilential vapour, being enclosed with swamps and undrained marshes, while here and there sombre forests for miles gave this place a desolate aspect; and at times they were stopped by inundations, and had to retrace their steps in a sidelong direction. But notwithstanding all this Valérie was so delighted to have got thus far on her perilous journey that she began to think that she had even exaggerated the dangers of the voyage.

Truly the weather was unusually fine, and she had not always now to go on foot, for they often encountered both carts and chariots, the occupants of which, seeing her foot-sore and weary, would ask her to mount their carriages. Valérie accepted these offers with gratitude, for in them she saw daily the hand of a Heavenly Father caring for His forlorn child.

But now came a time of trial. Ere they reached Casan they got once more into the dreary morass, and the old man, the faithful servitor, the companion of her journey, was taken ill. He fell, and could proceed no further.

"My dear young mistress," he cried, as he sank upon the glistening snow, "what will you do now? God help you, my dear young mistress!"

"Ah, dear Caesar!" she cried, "do not fear, my poor old friend. You shall not die, but live and declare the goodness of God." And she took his aged head upon her knees and bade him take courage.

"Ah! no, my young lady; my work on earth is done!" he cried feebly; "but a better preserver will be yours." And so saying, his head fell back, and with one faint sigh his spirit departed.

Some peasants passing just then were attracted by the cries of Valérie, and asked her in Russian what she desired.

But French had been the language in which she conversed with her parents. Although she knew the Russian of the courts in its pure diction, yet this peasant jargon was to her a strange tongue. However, she pointed to the corpse by her side and made them understand that she wanted it carried to the nearest hut.

They were very kind, and although it was some distance they regarded her wish. But the people of the cabin, seeing the old man was dead, refused to allow the dead body to enter the house for fear of being defiled thereby, as they were Jews, and it was therefore buried outside. But they took poor Valérie in and were very good to her; but she wept, and could not be comforted for the loss of her humble friend.

Once more Valérie continued her solitary way, and as she went she shed tears afresh; but to all she was an object of curiosity as well as pity.

Ah! she little knew till the old man was gone from how much he had spared her. If a peasant stopped or questioned her rudely the sight of her aged companion at once commanded respect; but now, if tired and asked to ride by any passer-by, she dared not accept for fear of injury or insult; besides, she had but three roubles left, and to eke this out she therefore begged shelter only at the poorest cabins, content with the meanest accommodation and the coarsest food so that she might but pay her way.

Travelling thus slowly she did not arrive in Casan till the first days of October. A strong wind from the north-west had been blowing many days, and the River Volga was so clogged with ice as to render her journey across almost impracticable. She begged of the boatmen to take her across, but they refused, telling her it was impossible.

"How long will it be before it is navigable?" she asked.

"At least two weeks," they said.

"I pray you," she replied, in a beseeching voice, "in the name of God above help me to cross the river. I have come all the way from Tobolsk, and I am going to St. Petersburg to ask pardon of the Emperor for my father, who

is an exile in Siberia, and I have so little money that if I stay two weeks at Casan I shall have nothing wherewith to continue my journey."

These words touched one old boatman; he took Valérie by the hand. "Come!" said he, "I will take you over. You are a good girl, and love your father, and Heaven will protect you."

He rowed her as far over as he could, and then, taking the young girl in his arms, he stepped from block to block of ice, and, wonderful to relate, reached the other side in safety.

Valérie, full of gratitude, after thanking him with a glad heart, would have pressed money upon him.

"Poor girl!" said the old boatman, as she took out her purse. "Think you that I will touch a penny of your little store? No! I will wish you God speed, and trust that the Emperor may indeed be gracious to your father."

The air still was clear and serene, but the wind now blew from the north-east, and it was bitterly cold.

After having walked for four hours without stopping, Valérie felt terribly tired. No house was anywhere to be seen, and she was compelled to sit down at the foot of a hillock, which to a small extent sheltered her from the piercing wind.

Near her was a forest of oak trees. Until she crossed the River Volga she had never seen an oak, and although they had lost much of their verdure, to her unaccustomed eyes they seemed perfection after the sterile firs and other hardy, gloomy trees familiar to the land of her exile; but they made her think how far away from home she was.

"When, oh, when shall I see my dear ones again?" she cried. "When shall I embrace them once more?" she added, as the towers and minarets of Casan gleamed upon her in the distance beneath the setting sun.

She encountered many strange sights along this road, especially strings of exiles, loaded with chains, and galled by the whip of the driver bound for the same land whither she must soon retrace her weary footsteps.

At other times grand chariots passed her, and as some noble figure recalled the image of her revered father she would burst into tears; but for these poor unfortunates her tears flowed like rain. Alas! pity was all she had to bestow.

One day a dreadful snowstorm came on, and so darkened the air that Valérie could not see the path, and she was forced to stop and take refuge in a large cave until the fury of the elements had in a small degree subsided. As she sat with her head in her hands she heard a confused noise not far off, and the sound of voices. She hurried as well as she could to where she thought the sounds proceeded, and there in the high road she saw a vehicle overturned and broken, and a little farther on a cottage. Here she hastened and begged their hospitality. An old woman opened the door.

"Poor child!" cried she, "whence come you in such a storm as this? And who and what are you?"

Valérie replied, as usual, that she was



ST. NICHOLAS GATE, MOSCOW.

travelling to St. Petersburg, and told for what purpose.

"How white you are with snow," said the good dame. "Warm thyself and take the little I can offer with a welcome," as she set before her some bread and milk, which seemed a feast to the famished maiden.

The storm subsiding, she hastened on, notwithstanding that the kind hostess bade her stay. Along the high roads went Valérie, which, as they are formed by Government, are in tolerably good condition, though now hard and frozen like glass; but by-and-by snowdrifts blocked up the route, and she did not know which was the right one to take.

It was a wild scene—snow as far as the eye could reach glistened in the sunshine, and not a creature was near. Behind her was the marsh which she had crossed, and in front forest upon forest met her timid gaze. The day began to decline, and, tired and cold, she lay her down in the snow, thinking indeed that her last hour had come. All at once she heard the sound of voices, and some men came along. She advanced towards them, at first with joy; then their savage air and ferocious looks filled her with alarm, and she cried to God to guard her as He had done hitherto.

Meanwhile the troup advanced and stopped before Valérie, regarding her evidently with curiosity as to how she came into that savage region. The young girl lowered her eyes, and in a trembling voice answered her usual answer. The men, astonished, questioned her still closer, and then wished to know what money she had with her. She showed them her last coin.

"That is all I possess," she cried, with tears.

At these words the robbers looked at one another. They were not touched, they were not moved, but there was something supernatural to their ignorant minds about this beautiful girl so full of her holy mission, that they cried one to another—

"Let her alone! let her alone! for God is most surely with her!"

Valérie rose and fled as fast as her feet would carry her, and entered the dreadful gloom of the forests—they, full of the thoughts of elves and supernatural beings, forbore to pursue her, and when their footsteps died away in the distance, although once more alone, she fell down upon her knees and gave thanks to heaven for this great deliverance. Thus casting her cares upon God, new vigour seemed to return to her weary frame, she once more entered the high road, and went on towards Pokrof. Soon she saw the River Volga again, which flows by this town, and here she found also a convent of Sisters of the Poor. Here she knocked and begged shelter, which was never asked in vain. Oh, how glad was poor Valérie to reach this safe retreat, where she might rest without fear, eat of their simple fare, and wash off the sad traces of her long journey.

The simple story of her wanderings interested these good sisters, and much they admired the filial devotion which had overcome such unheard-of difficulties.

And thus rested and refreshed in mind and body, she started forth again upon the road to Moscow.

She was now astonished beyond measure at the number of persons she saw, the fine carriages, handsome mansions, churches, and spires in the distance; and the nearer she got to the great city the more the crowds seemed to increase. But in spite of the grandeur of the surroundings Valérie was not humiliated by her poverty, and when passers-by wondered at her journey, and praised her, she would answer in simple tones that "it was nothing but what it was her duty to do for the best, the most devoted of parents."

Meanwhile, as she entered the city the bells all commenced to ring, and she heard the name of the Emperor mentioned on every hand. Never had such a noise assailed her ears, and she demanded to know the cause.

"The Emperor will make his entry into Moscow to-day," replied the crowds.

"Why," replied she, "I always thought the Emperor lived at St. Petersburg."

They shrugged their shoulders with an air of wonder and pity, and cried—

"What! Have you not heard that Alexander is to-morrow to be crowned at Moscow?"

Valérie clasped her hands to heaven. Ah! now was her time. "Ah! my father and mother," she cried, "in spirit I can feel you are with me now, and praying for success upon my enterprise."

As she entered the capital of Muscovy what wonderful sights met her eyes—superb palaces decorated with royal magnificence, the crowds so thick in the streets that it was with difficulty she made her way among them, and above their heads rang still the bells, while the domes of numberless churches shone like molten gold in the morning sun. In the distance the country was lovely—woods and fields of such beauty as her eyes had never looked upon before.

She rested a few moments on the seats in the grand promenade; carriages went and came, and soldiers on horseback, and all was gay as a marriage bell, and the enormous one at the cathedral still poured forth its sonorous chimes.

Here as she approached the Kremlin the tumult was so great that she stood aside.

But night approached, and poor Valérie had nowhere in this vast city where she might lay her head. The young girl seated herself near the large fire in the Place du Kremlin. She wept in silence with heart oppressed, not even having the courage to eat a piece of bread that a woman had given her as she passed a cottage in the early morning. She was reduced to such extreme misery that she held out her hand to a passer-by.

"In the name of the father whom you love, and of the mother who bore you, give me, I pray you, sufficient to get me a lodging for this one night."

"Young girl," replied the stranger, "you ought to be ashamed to beg at your age. Why do you not work? I do not like beggars," and so he passed by.

The unfortunate girl raised her eyes to heaven, and, strengthened by the voice within her, which whispered, "God will not forsake you," she reiterated her feeble plaint as one and another passed by. At last some soldiers asked her what she did there. The cold and savage glance of those guards filled her heart with terror. They repeated their questions with insolent familiarity, unmoved by her tears.

"I come from Tobolsk," she cried, "to ask my father's pardon of the Emperor."

At these words the coarse soldiers laughed aloud. "On foot!" they cried. "Ridiculous! What a joke!" calling one and another of their companions.

"O, God of my father!" she said, "come to my help—do not abandon poor Valérie!"

A crowd assembled around her.

"She lies!" they cried. "Her story is impossible."

Extending her arm to the now starlit sky, in all its northern brilliancy, she exclaimed—

"God is my witness I lie not! I came on foot from Siberia to sue pardon for my exiled father."

One woman came forward in the crowd.

"I am the portress," she said, "at the Hotel St. Basile. I will take care of this young woman for to-night."

Valérie embraced her protector, and clung to her as though nothing could tear her away.

"My poor girl," said the kind woman, "come with me. I have only one little room, but such as I have you are welcome to it. Come, my dear—you are trembling all over. At your age and with your face it is not safe for you to be in the streets at this hour."

She sat down by the humble fire, and the repast was to her a veritable feast, so long had she tasted nothing but bread and water.

Her simple story was soon told.

"Sleep now, my girl, and to-morrow we will see what we can do. My son is in the guards which surround the Emperor, and I will do my best to gain you admittance to him when he goes to be crowned in state to-morrow."

Valérie could scarcely express her thanks so much was she touched—so near to the end of her hopes, and yet her heart failed her.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Lively and Interesting.

"Miss Montgomery is a very sharp-spoken girl," said Jones to one of his friends.

"Yes; it has struck me so."

"Do you think she is a woman who would make home happy?"

"I couldn't say as to that; but I think you could count on her to make it lively and interesting."

A Musical Degree for Handel.—When people asked Handel to take the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford the great composer flashed forth this gleaming repartee: "Vatt! I trow away my money for dat vich the blockhead vish? I no vant."

Our Life.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moment's all our store;
The next, should Heaven allow:
Then, this will be no more:
So all our life is but one present now.
Congreve.

In Pursuit of Truth.—In proportion as we love truth more and victory less we shall become anxious to know what it is which leads our opponents to think as they do.

Happiness.—The happiness of life is so delicate a thing that it shrinks away even upon thinking of it.

In Embarrassed Circumstances.

Wife (*tenderly*): "Do you remember, George, how embarrassed you were when you proposed to me?"

Mr. Hardup: "No, dear; I've been so embarrassed since we were married that I have forgotten all about it."

The Secret Out.

Mrs. Proudfoot: "I have at last consented to my daughter's marriage with George. You know he saved her from drowning while bathing."

Little Tommy (*interrupting*): "Sister told me it was a put-up job."

TINNED NOVELTIES.



THE secret of good cooking is economy, and we should always remember that economy is a duty. An important question, however, is—What is economy? It is sometimes easier to describe what a thing is by saying what it is not, though some may object to a definition like the first one in Euclid, which describes a point by telling us what it hasn't, but fails to tell us what it has. There is no economy in having food so coarse that we cannot eat it. There is no economy in having wine so cheap and so sour that we cannot drink it without being ill. There is no real economy in being mean, and unnecessarily stinting ourselves, the result being that we pay double to the doctor what we have saved from the butcher. The truest economy is that which makes the best use of everything. Too often people who mean well are extravagant without knowing it, simply because they are ignorant. Poor people throw away the shells of the peas. Baron Rothschild's cook would rub them all through a wire sieve to make green pea soup. The highest form of economy is to be able to use up everything.

A short time back it came to our knowledge that the poor in the south of Cornwall, where fish is very cheap, were in the habit of throwing away not only the cods' roes but the liver; yet these roes are so nice that now they are preserved in tins. It will be remembered that in our last article on "Tinned Novelties" we had opened a tin of cods' roes and described how to make two dishes; as these tins contain a considerable quantity of roe we very probably have got some left over.

Of course the question arises, What are we to do with it? Throw it away? No; this is waste. Have the same dish two days running? No; this is bad management. Cods' roes in tins make a most delicious dish for breakfast; a single tin probably contains about three breakfast-cups full. We have described how to deal with two cups—now for the third. Take a breakfast-cupful of the mixture—that is, the roe—break it up with a fork, removing the pieces of skin, put it in a small enamelled saucepan with a little butter, add a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little white pepper. Stir this mixture over the fire until it is very hot. Sufficient butter must be added to make the mixture of the consistency of thick bread-sauce. Spread this quickly over some fresh-made hot toast. It must be served quickly. Cut lemon and cayenne pepper should be sent to table with it. Of course this dish could be served for lunch, tea, or supper; but it is not altogether adapted to act as a substitute for fish at dinner. If introduced at dinner it might possibly be brought in at the finish as a savoury similar to a "Scotch Woodcock."

Perhaps some of you will remember that, when describing how to make a mayonnaise salad with Norwegian Lax, I neglected to tell you how to use up all the materials we employed. I wonder if it occurred to any of you: it was certainly only a trifle; but then economy consists of remembering trifles. What are we to do with the white of egg that was probably left in a teacup. A good cook of course would know how to use it to clear stock or soup or aspic jelly, or to clear any other kind of jelly; but in the present day it is better and easier to buy our jelly in bottles, and it is not in ordinary houses an every-day custom to have clear soup. Now what can we do with this one solitary white of egg?

We can make a nice, pretty-looking dish of most delicious little biscuits, and the cost will be twopence—in other words, half a pound of powdered sugar. Powdered sugar is generally about fourpence per pound, although with a pestle and mortar and patience it can be made at home for twopence-halfpenny a pound.

The receipt is a very simple one, and I don't think you can fail. Proceed as follows: Put the white of egg in a large basin capable of holding a quart; beat the white of egg to a stiff froth with a fork—use a silver fork, or, better still, a wooden one, but don't use a steel fork—now gradually add the powdered sugar, say a tablespoonful at a time. We must, however, think of the flavouring. Essence of almonds is, perhaps, best of all, only be careful not to put too much; sixty drops will be plenty, and this had better be measured in a medicine glass. It is best to add the essence of almonds at starting, when you first begin to beat up the white of egg to a froth. There are other ways of flavouring these little biscuits, but we will speak of this by-and-by. You will find that one white of egg will admit the mixing in of quite half a pound of what grocers call castor sugar, and the whole will gradually assume the appearance of a thick white paste. Next, take some sheets of white paper and place them on a baking sheet: it is generally best to pull the shelf out of the oven. Next take a small spoon (an egg-spoon or salt-spoon) and drop small portions about the size of a shilling on to the paper, keeping them half an inch apart, as when they are put in the oven they swell, and are apt to run together. Now put the baking sheet back in the oven; it does not want a roasting oven, but a very slack one. Keep them in the oven for about a quarter of an hour. The time will of course vary with the state of the oven, but as a rule as soon as these little biscuits begin to turn colour they are done. The colour will be a light fawn colour. Now take them out of the oven, let them get cold (which they will do in less than half an hour), remove them from the paper with a knife, being careful not to break them. Probably you will be able to make from seventy to eighty with this one white of egg. They look very pretty, and can be used to ornament other dishes, as well as served in a dish by themselves. They are of course very light and unsubstantial; but then they are very pretty and very cheap, and they also give very little trouble.

There are several variations of these little biscuits; first, with regard to flavouring, and secondly, with regard to colour. The flavouring can be varied by adding essence of vanilla, or any kind of essence instead of essence of almonds. Perhaps a still better plan of varying the flavour is to take an orange instead of any bottled essence; and we carry out our ideas of economy by using up what most people throw away, namely, the orange peel. Before commencing to make the biscuits take an orange, and get a dozen lumps of sugar and rub these lumps on the outside of the orange. The orange is as good as ever, only it wants eating immediately, as it gets flabby under the process, and looks like a sickly, consumptive orange that wants sea-air. Now pound these lumps of sugar, and mix them in gradually with the powdered sugar. You must mix it very thoroughly, or the biscuits will be flavoured unequally. By this means you will make orange biscuits. You can proceed in exactly the same manner with a lemon, only the lemon must be a fresh one, with a hard, white skin, or, still better, with a white skin containing streaks of green. These green lemons are the best for all cooking purposes, and Sir Henry Thompson calls attention to the fact in his admirable articles on "Food and Feeding," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* review.

With regard to colour, you can have half white and half pink. After you have used up about half the mixture and dropped it on to the sheets of paper, you can add a few drops of cochineal to what is left in the basin, and beat it up for a minute or two more. A very few drops of cochineal will be found sufficient. Or if by chance you possess a bottle of vegetable colouring matter, you can make some of the biscuits green and some yellow. In the case of using these little biscuits for ornamenting other dishes, you can by this means have some of the cheapest ornaments for sweets that we know of. If by chance you have a dish of spinach in the house, after you have drained off the spinach you can place it in a cloth and twist the cloth and squeeze out a spoonful of juice, which will be a bright green. A teaspoonful will be ample, and it is of course perfectly wholesome and tasteless when mixed with all this sugar. This will colour the biscuits a bright green.

A very nice tinned novelty has lately been introduced under the name of *haricôts flageolets*. These are very different from the *haricôts verts*, which are simply what we know as French beans. Of course, French beans are easily obtained throughout the summer in this country, and no one would have tinned vegetables when they could get fresh. Ordinary haricot beans, as met with in England, are the white dried beans; they are very nice and very economical, and it is a pity they are not more often used. *Haricôts flageolets* in tins are these beans fresh. They are like the ordinary white beans in shape, only they are green and tender. They are often met with abroad, but I cannot recall having met with them fresh in this country. Consequently, a tin of these beans enables you to send to table a dish that is essentially foreign; and as a tin does not cost more than eightpence or ninepence, we cannot call it an expensive dish. Of course this vegetable can be served as a dish by itself, or it can be handed round with hot meat, like vegetables usually are.

French cooks generally use *haricôts flageolets* for dishes of various kinds, to which is added saddle of mutton *à la Brétonne*. This was a favourite dish of the late

Mons. Francatelli. It was simply a braised saddle surrounded by a border of these beans. Suppose you have the remains of a cold neck of mutton, or a loin of mutton which has been carved haunch fashion, which is the most economical way, as very often people leave the end on their plates. Cut all the meat from the bone, and put the bones, after breaking them, on to stew, to make a little gravy. Slice up a couple of onions and fry them a light brown, moisten them with a little gravy, and then rub through a wire sieve. This very nice and simple sauce is called Sauce Brétonne. Many simple sauces sound much grander in French than they do in English. Boiled rabbit and onion sauce sounds very homely, and much less aristocratic than *Lapin à la Soubise*, but it is the same thing. So we will call our cold mutton warmed up with this tin of beans *Ragoût de mouton à la Brétonne*. The beans can be made hot in the tin before it is opened by placing the tin in a saucepan of cold water and waiting till the water has boiled for about five minutes. Then open the tin and turn the contents into a hot vegetable dish, after draining off the liquor. If the beans are going to be served as a dish by themselves, as they do in France, add a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, a saltspoonful of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. As, however, it is going to be served as a border for the *ragoût*, they had better be kept plain. As of course the gravy is to a certain extent greasy, no butter will be required.

It is as well to bear in mind, however, that there is a good deal of difference between English hashed mutton and a French *ragoût*, the difference being all in favour of the latter. The point is the gravy—the English pale and thin, the French thick and dark. The thickness is best obtained by boiling the gravy till there is only a little left; but then it is little and good. The fact of rubbing the onions through a wire sieve is generally sufficient to make the gravy thick; but then we want fried onions, not burnt onions. In England we make what the French call caramel. As we want it in a spoon, it is usual each time to spoil a spoon and waste a lot of sugar, the cook also generally losing a lot of time as well as her temper.

You have no idea what a saving it is in the long run to have caramel ready-made in a bottle. Every high-class restaurant in Paris uses caramel in bottle, under the name of Parisienne Essence; it is sold by every good grocer, and costs ninepence. A little goes a long way—a teaspoonful will colour a quart. A few drops will be sufficient to make our hashed mutton into *Ragoût à la Brétonne*, besides the saving in iron spoons, burnt fingers, flushed faces, etc. The pieces of mutton should be added to this small quantity of rich dark gravy, and made hot. The appearance should be, not pieces of meat floating in weak beef-tea, but luscious lumps of meat covered with a sort of rich dark glue. Having placed the haricot beans in a good-sized vegetable dish, make a sort of well in the centre, and pour the *ragoût* into it. Just before sending the dish to table sprinkle a teaspoonful of coarsely-chopped parsley over the whole.

You must bear in mind that it is very important to get this gravy the consistency of treacle, so that it clings to the pieces of meat. Were the gravy thin so that it runs about the dish, it would spoil the flavour of the beans. You must remember, also, that you want very little gravy. Each piece of meat should look as if it had been dipped into the glue-pot. Now, it would not do to thicken this gravy with flour, or burnt flour, or brown roux, which of course is simply flour fried brown in butter. What we must use to thicken the gravy is cornflour. Suppose we have some fairly clear gravy, if we thicken it with ordinary flour it becomes opaque; if, on the other hand, we thicken it with cornflour, it retains its transparency. It is very important that this should be borne in mind in good cooking. Suppose, for instance, we have a sweetbread which has been baked in the oven, and we get a teacupful of bright gravy. We can darken the gravy with burnt sugar or half-a-dozen drops of Parisienne Essence, or, better still, a teaspoonful of Extract of Meat. Now suppose we thicken this teacupful of gravy with cornflour, and make it almost as thick as a cup of ordinary arrowroot, and pour this over the sweetbread—what a difference it makes in appearances. It is this sort of gravy, only with a couple of fried onions rubbed through a wire sieve added, that we want for our *ragoût*. It does not cost more, but what it requires is care and taste.

In conclusion, let me remind you that a similar dish, *Ragoût de mouton à la Brétonne*, can be made from the ordinary dried white beans. Of course these require soaking over night, and then they must be boiled till they are tender, which generally takes about a couple of hours; but this varies with the state of the beans. Some chopped parsley must be sprinkled round the border of white beans in order to make the dish look pretty. There is still one more very economical way of having this dish—the economy consists in using up materials too often wasted. The material we refer to is broad beans that have got a trifle too old. Broad beans of course when they are young are sent to table whole, but when they get a trifle old they get too tough to be served this way. When this is the case throw the beans into cold water and let them come to the boil, boil for about an hour, then rub off the skins and mash the beans with a little butter or fat from fried bacon, and if you can afford the time, rub them through a wire sieve. This makes an admirable border of beans. Of course a little spinach juice would improve the colour materially; and where there is a garden it would be worth while to boil a handful of spinach and rub through the wire sieve with the beans.

The *ragoût* must be placed in the middle of this green border. You can ornament the centre where the meat is with a little chopped parsley, and the green border by sprinkling over it a little chopped hard-boiled white of egg; the yolk can be powdered and sprinkled with it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNION.—You will need cool dress, as the weather in South America is very hot indeed. But there is a rainy season, which requires warmer dresses, such as cashmere.

CLARE (Bermuda).—The only way to hear of such a school would be by advertising for it and exchanging references. We think it would not be found in London, however.

AN INDEPENDENT GIRL.—We are of opinion that you may be safely guided in your conduct by your father and mother, who appear to be quite capable of attending to their duties regarding you. Most so-called "friends," and "friendly advice," may be safely disregarded if a girl be fortunate in having good parents. Alas! for our poor human nature, that motives should be so bad, and people ever so ready to think and see evil where none exists.

A WOULD-BE CYCLIST.—We are informed that the most comfortable dress is a "divided skirt," and over it an ordinary dress-skirt, made in box pleats all round at the top, and of the usual length. A blouse is the best form of bodice. Why not try brown? The colour of the eyes is said to be the most becoming hue we can select.

DAPHNE.—We cannot recommend you to emigrate to Canada, as there are so very few openings for English or any other clerks (male or female) even for their own native competitors. Middle-aged women between forty and sixty, who are good cooks, housekeepers, and nurses, might find employment, and might also settle themselves by meeting with well-to-do farmers or storekeepers. Perhaps the best course for you to pursue is to apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, W. They will give both advice, letters of introduction, and in some cases obtain pecuniary assistance to intending emigrants in every capacity.

LEMONADE is thanked for her kind expressions of obligation, on her mother's part and her own, for the benefit they have both derived from reading our Answers to Correspondents. We also feel obliged to her for the recipe added for making lemonade.

SARAH COOPER appears to have no ear. She writes to say that she has found a word to rhyme with "mouth," and gives the name "Booth!" That will not do, Sarah; "smooth" would be a good one for the name you suggest, certainly not "mouth."

A. W. M.—Get a manual of private prayer; any friend in England would get it for you if you wrote and told your requirements.

PI.—We have read your letter with attention and thought, and first we disapproved of your thinking of marriage while yet a minor. But if you be quite sure of both yourself and the girl you love, an engagement might be for the happiness of both. If, as we say, you be quite certain, two years would not be too long to wait, and you would be far wiser in making the delay. Your letter is good and sensible, and we are sure the girl will have a kind and sensible husband.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—"Shattered" is not a suitable word to apply to a flower which has simply dropped its petals. That word signifies "broken with violence," and is also more applicable to a hard firm substance, and not a delicate fragile thing, that a touch might destroy, or the slightest summer breeze might blow away.

DAY.—There is probably some foundation of fact for all the legends of King Arthur and his knights.

PANSY.—The secret of pressing flowers seems to be to change the blotting paper in which they are placed sufficiently often.

FRANCAISE.—We hear that the type-writing business is largely over-stocked with both learners and teachers, and that there is not enough work for all.

A DAUGHTER OF WALES.—We think that when you have learnt to dress hair, and have got your hands into good order, you would be eligible for a situation as lady's maid. After having been employed as a general servant they must naturally be rather rough, and nor fit to dress a lady, not handle her hair, or delicate things. Keep the nails carefully trimmed, and grease your hands at night after washing, and wear loose chamois leather gloves in bed till they become quite soft. We cannot tell what wages you may be offered, having never had any experience as a lady's maid. Take what you can get at first, and study well the article, "Duties of Servants," G.O.P., page 534, vol. ii., which gives instruction in this branch. We are gratified by your kind letter.

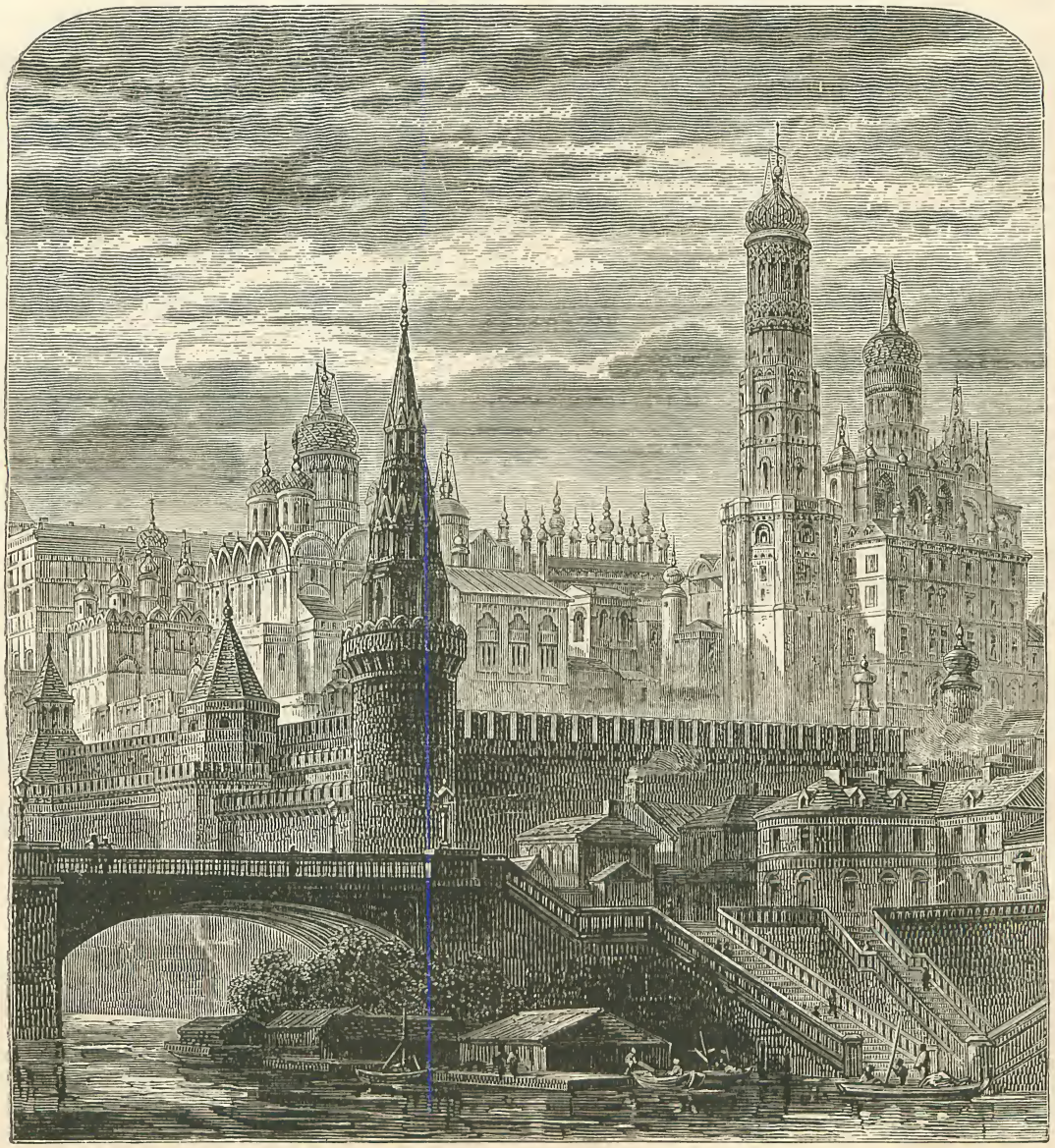
REBECCA.—With reference to the teachings of the Old Testament, you cannot always apply the Jewish law to Christian use, nor forget the greater amount of liberty under the Christian Dispensation compared to what is conceded under that of Moses. This is more particularly to be remembered in reference to children. Always beware of making religious studies, prayers, services, and duties, distasteful and irksome to them. Do all you can to represent their Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus in colours the most lovable and attractive to them, so as to invite their confidence in prayer, and enable them to realise that the Heavenly Home will be far happier than the happiest on earth on account of His presence. Teach them to do their duty to their parents and teachers, and to be helpful and kind to all, honest and truthful, so as to please Him, and then leave the rest to their individual perceptions of what is right in minor things. Even grown people when truly God-fearing do not all think exactly alike on matters of Christian obligations and liberty.

A CANADIAN LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—Many thanks for your kind letter.



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VALÉRIE;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A RUSSIAN GIRL.



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CHAPTER III.

But after a night's repose her courage revived with morning light. She arose and washed and dressed with care, and changed her wardrobe from the store she carried in her bag. This done, and her beautiful hair falling like a golden aureole around her, she made her way upon the arm of her friend to the doors of the grand old cathedral. Outside the crowd was almost alarming, and the firing of artillery and the ringing of the bells resounded on every side; but by the kindness of the guard (son of the portress) they were admitted by a side door into the sacred edifice. The temple was lighted with a thousand flambeaux, and decorated with splendid embellishments.

On a shining throne surmounted with a rich daïs they could see the Emperor and his young wife, clad in magnificent robes, and sparkling with precious stones, and to the eyes of Valérie they seemed like beings celestial.

Prostrated before her august husband, the young wife received from his hands the imperial crown, and placed it upon her bowed head in token of their eternal union. Then the Archbishop made a splendid speech, in which he declared the Emperor to be the lawfully crowned potentate of all the Russias.

At the very moment when the Emperor pronounced the solemn words, and vowed to devote his life to the happiness and welfare of his people, Valérie thought the time had come for her petition, and, breaking through the guards which surrounded the splendid throne, "Mercy! mercy!" she cried.

This interruption caused dissatisfaction among the crowd, and the soldiers rushed forward to drag Valérie from the sacred edifice.

But the Emperor on a day like this was not to be implored in vain; he sent one of his officers to know what the young woman wanted.

The officer obeyed. He left the church; he heard the suppliant accents of the unfortunate girl in the midst of the guards. He quickened his steps, for surely he knew that voice; he exclaimed—

"'Tis Valérie! It is she!"

The young girl could scarcely believe her good fortune; she hardly dared to hope that Mons. Gustave de Novich—for it was he—would be able to save her father. Meanwhile his voice, his figure she could not mistake; but her courage failed her, she could not speak, but lifted her eyes and hands with sweet imploring gestures, as though beseeching him to open to her the gates of heaven.

"Valérie!" cried he. "Is it really you I behold? From whence do you come?"

"From Tobolsk."

"What! alone, and on foot!" cried the young officer, trembling with agitation as he gazed upon the heroic girl. "Come, come, Valérie!" he cried, "I will myself present you to the Emperor. Raise your voice, sweet girl; address him; be not afraid," and he conducted Valérie back again into the church just as the Emperor and his retinue were passing out to their chariots.

He held the hand of Valérie, and together they knelt before the Autocrat of all the Russias.

"Sire, listen, listen to the voice of misfortune and virtue. You see before you the daughter of the unfortunate Count Pietrus Nicaloff. She has come from the deserts of Ischim, where for so many years her parents have languished in exile. She has journeyed without aid and alone, except an old serving man, who died at the commencement of the journey. She has borne poverty, misery, insult, dangers of all kinds, that at your feet she might implore her father's pardon."

Valérie raised her hands towards him, and with the tears running down her pale cheeks cried out—

"Pardon! pardon! sire. Have mercy upon my dear father!"

The Emperor was thunderstruck at these words, and touched by the artless tale. He had a great dislike to Pietrus Nicaloff, but at that moment all was forgotten. Surely the father of such a daughter could not be guilty of the crime of which spies had accused him, but had it been so, even Alexander at that time would have pardoned him.

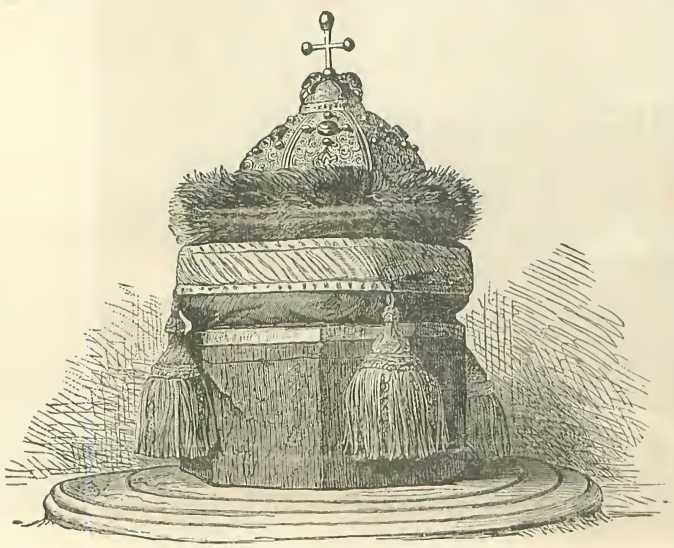
"Rise up, my child," he cried. "Your father is a free man. His daughter's prayers have won his pardon."

Valérie heard no more,—at these wondrous words she fell unconscious into the arms of Mons. de Novich.

When she recovered she found herself in the cathedral before the throne, and Mons. de Novich on his knees beside her.

"Now, dearest," said he, as he raised her from the ground, "my happiness and yours is complete. See, the Emperor has pardoned your father."

Valérie had never told herself that she loved him, but she came to associate the first sentiments of her heart with the greatest happiness of her life, and all her thoughts were blended with his name.



IMPERIAL CROWN.

Many days passed by in the humble abode of her friend the portress; but Valérie was happy and at rest, her mission was accomplished, her life work done, and she began to feel weak and faint. But one morning Mons. de Novich brought a parchment signed with the imperial seal.

"Here," said he, "is the order to my father to set yours at liberty, for he, you know, is the Governor of Tobolsk."

The young girl pressed the parchment to her lips and burst into tears.

"But this is not all," replied Gustave de Novich, with emotion. "Our magnanimous Emperor is not content with setting your father at liberty, he returns him his dignity, his rank, and his estates. The courier with this good news starts to-morrow, and I have obtained permission to accompany him."

"And I also," said Valérie.

"You too, most certainly, dear Valérie. From whose mouth should he hear his pardon if not from yours, oh most devoted of daughters? To-morrow you shall start post-haste."

"From the first day I saw you you have shown me nothing but kindness," she cried. "You gave me my father's life, you saved my own, and now you bring me the pardon I have come so many miles to crave."

"Ah, Valérie, but I ask a price for it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, turning pale.

"I will tell you," he cried, "my beloved, in the presence of your father."

Before quitting Moscow Valérie had most liberally recompensed the kind portress, and had provided herself with a maid in the person of her friend's daughter, to accompany her upon the long journey.

As they passed Casan in the beautiful carriage which the Emperor's goodness had provided, she was enabled also to reward the old boatman for all his kindness.

Valérie was so anxious to reach her parents as soon as possible that she stopped not night or day except to change horses at each stage. She wished to visit the grave of poor old Caesar, but it could not be found; but she ordered a cross to be erected near the spot where he died, "to his faithful memory."

But we must hasten on.

At last, after many weary days of travelling, they were once more in the province of Tobolsk, in Siberia, and one morning in early spring they reached the little cabin by the lake, and there, after hardships, dangers, and fatigues, Valérie was clasped once more in her father and mother's arms.

"Your pardon, your pardon, my father!" cried the delighted girl, holding up the parchment before him, signed with the Emperor's seal, and as he could not speak for joy and the transport that filled his soul, Mons. de Novich took his hand and cried—

"Oh, my father, you have another child. Permit me to ask of you, Pietrus Nicaloff, and the Countess his wife, the hand of their beloved and heroic daughter."

A bright flush suffused the beautiful countenance of Valérie as her Gustave spoke, and she hid her blushing face upon her dark-eyed lover's breast, while his strong arm supported her.

"She is yours, my son," said the father and mother both; "and if prayers can bring down blessings upon your union, rest assured they shall be yours. Let us embrace our son and daughter!"

Language would fail me to tell the happiness which filled the hearts of all present as after a few days' rest they returned once more to their native land, leaving behind them the dreary wastes, the eternal snows, and all the sterile surroundings of Siberia.

Beloved and respected by their friends, surrounded with wealth, they lived in peace and affluence.

Pure and stainless in character as ever, Valérie participated in their happiness. She lived as before, for them and for God. Trusting in His good hand which had led her so far, she enjoyed the uninterrupted blessing of a happy domestic felicity with her beloved Gustave de Novich, the son of her father's oldest friend.

Thus endeth this true story.

Annie M. Lainson.

"VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ,"
AND
POEMS OF THE BRIC-À-BRAC SCHOOL.

By GLEESON WHITE, Author of "Some Poetry we Read," "Poets Oversea," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.



IT would be interesting to trace the presence of this school at least as far back as the literature of Greece. There are examples undoubtedly in Anacreon and Theocritus, amid the poets of the Anthology — Meleager, Rufinus, and the rest. We should find it flourishing in perfect growth in the odes of Horace and the epigrams of Martial. The whole of Provençal poetry trembles upon its border line, and not seldom comes into the pleasaunce itself. Among the Persian poets, whose influence so largely coloured the literature of the Troubadours — if modern historians err not — there are examples in Hafiz certainly, and possibly in the "Gulestan" of Sadi. Zoheir—whose Arabic *Vers de Société* of the thirteenth century were set forth in a capital paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1872—must not be forgotten.

In France, the Pleiades of the sixteenth century—Ronsard, Du Bellay, Voiture, and a score of others—left a number of dainty trifles of this school. In Italy, Petrarch at times forgets his greater passion to write graceful badinage in sonnet shape.

In England, from Skelton (1463-1529)—if not earlier—Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Walter Suckling, Lovelace, Matthew Prior, swell the list of its champions. Dorset, Swift, Congreve, Gay, Pope, and Cowper pass on the torch to Lauder and Praed without break until Thackeray is reached, with the moderns who yet provoke our admiration by their charming lyrics.

Whether it is poetry or not, there is little doubt that it is sometimes immortal verse, so far as modern art may claim that dignity. Not long since, when the works that had absolutely achieved immortality were examined and a hypothetical list drawn up, a lyric by Herrick was held to have claims that dozens of English classics and venerated masterpieces failed to show.

A bubble, or a roseleaf, may float longer down the stream of Time than ponderous barks carefully ballasted, and with sails that are trimmed to catch the breath of popular favour. They ground and run high and dry, or sink to the apathetic embrace of the passive mud, while the trifles, the paper boats, the faded roses, or the couplet on a scrap of paper, are borne on and on to future ages.

To take an example and scientifically dissect it were a foregone absurdity. The charm of such a lyric is the effect of the complete thing. Why this line has a tender pathos that almost draws forth a tear, while the next bubbles over with innocent humour, is not easily proven. The ingenious people who theorise upon humour, who torture poor little witticisms to discover wherein they are comical, and what is our one reason for being amused at any joke, may be left to their fell work. "We learn not nor shall learn the lesson that will laugh the world away;" but, on the other hand, a laugh or a smile helps on the sterner work of the world despite all the statistics of political economists. To question the ultimate utility of these trifles were as foolish as to doubt the economy of flowers in the universe. Milton's great epic may have roused superb emotions in many a heart, but "Go, Lovely Rose," by Waller, has probably done more to lighten the load of everyday life than Milton. Still, it must not be forgotten that we are apt to include short lyrics and dainty poems in this order that have no right therein, or rather, that we have no right to imprison them in its bounds, for they are *poems*, and as such above all class distinction.

Mr. Locker omits Dekker's exquisite lyric from his collection:—

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden numbers:
O sweet content?
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed:
O punishment?
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers,
O sweet content, O sweet, O sweet content?
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest Labour bears a lovely face.

Then hey, nonny, nonny, hey, nonny, nonny!
Canst drink the waters of the crispice spring,
O sweet content?
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sinks't in thine own tears
O punishment?
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king,
O sweet content!—etc.

It is good to mark the limit by setting such a poem side by side with those quoted elsewhere, and to see how slight a touch decides its exclusion from pure *Vers de Société*.

"'John Gilpin,'" the same authority assures us "is too broadly and simply humorous. Swift's 'Lines on the Death of Marlborough,' and Byron's 'Windsor Poetics,' are too savage and truculent; Cowper's 'My Mare' is far too pathetic; Herrick's lyrics 'To Blossoms' and 'Daffodils' are too elevated; 'Sally in our Alley' is too homely; while the 'Rape of the Lock,' which would otherwise be one of the finest specimens of *Vers de Société* in any language, must be excluded on account of its length, which renders it much too important."

Yet, with all deference to authority that must needs be unquestioned, there is no need to limit it entirely to poems of the class whereof this, by the once popular Thomas Haynes Bayley, may be taken as a fair example:—

Lord Henry has written a novel,
A story of elegant life;
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife;
No trash, such as pathos and passion,
Fine feelings, expression, and wit;
But all about people of Fashion—
Come, look at his caps, how they fit.

O, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white.
But past are thy terrible touches;
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
Of titles: "I give you my word,
My lady, you're looking delightful."
"O, dear, do you think so, my lord?"
"You've heard of the Marquis's marriage,
The bride with her jewels new set,
Four horses, new travelling carriage,
And *déjeûner à la fourchette*."

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken;
We trace all her ins and her outs;
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life.

We may not judge these by rule of thumb. Size has nothing to do with Art. A sonnet is more monumental than one of Praed's lengthy but delightful "Everyday Characters." Yet *Vers de Société* should be in brief compass, although brevity is not alone sufficient for the purpose.

This, by a writer of delicious trifles, has the note that is in sympathy with to-day, and, like Mr. Calverly's University verses, has the peculiar touch that exactly suits its theme.

AD CHLOEM, M.A.

(*Fresh from her Cambridge Examination.*)

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose;

And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know
Nobody knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your Algebra and Greek
Perfect are;

And that loving, lustrous eye
Recognises in the sky
Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate.

But for your cerulean hue
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
Then some day

I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
Magistra.

Here is another, from a newer writer, in somewhat kindred mood—Mr. Owen Seaman, whose *With Double Pipes* is in every way a memorable little book. For the more comic aspect of *Vers de Société* it would be hard to find a better example than is found in the following mock plea for trigamy.

I've been trying to fashion a wifely ideal,
And find that my tastes are so far from concise
That, to marry completely no fewer than three'll
Suffice.

I've subjected my views to severe atmospheric
Compression; but still in defiance of force,
They distinctly fall under three heads, like a cleric
Discourse.

My *first* must be Fashion's own fancy-bred daughter,
Proud, peerless, and perfect—in fact, *comme il faut;*
A beauty and wit of the very first water—
For show.

But these beauties that serve to make all the men jealous,
Once face them alone in the family cot!
Heaven's angels incarnate, the novelists tell us,
They're not.

But so much for appearances; now for my *second;*
My lovee, the wife of my home and my heart,
Of all fortune and fate of my life to be reckoned
A part.

She must know all the needs of a rational being,
Be skilled to keep council, to comfort, or coax,
And, above all things else, be accomplished at seeing
My jokes.

I complete the *ménage* by including one other
With all the domestic prestige of a hen
As my housekeeper, nurse, or, it may be, a mother
Of men.

Total *three!* and the virtues all well represented—
With fewer than this such a thing can't be done,
Though I've known married men who declare they're contented
With one.

Would you hunt during harvest, or hay-make in winter?
And how can one woman expect to combine
Certain qualifications essentially inter-
Necine?

You may say that my prospects are (legally) sunless;
I state that I find them as clear as can be—
I will marry *no* wife, since I can't do with one less
Than Three.

The wit of this needs no comment: as whimsical and well wrought as Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*, it is done in a way that marks it off comic verse, even such perfect verse as the *Bab Ballads* or Bret Harte's *Heathen Chinee*.

Walter Savage Landor was a large contributor to the literature of the subject. Space permits only a short extract, and not one of his very best; yet the hand of a master is seen, and the style that has raised a commonplace idea by the dignified ease of its treatment deserves study, for the liberty of these verses may easily become ungoverned license, fatal to the distinction they should possess.

Why, why repine, my gentle friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lead,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this or in some other spot
I know they'll shine again.

For a specimen of the broadly humorous treated so neatly that it escapes vulgarity, and becomes a type of the daring that a scholar may venture with success, but is certain disaster to any other who attempts, these "Lines," suggested by the Fourteenth of February, deserve quotation. Mr. Calverly was always evolving unexpected rhymes, but the first pair herein are among his most surprising exploits.

Since his death it would be hard to parallel his work. Although Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Departmental Ditties* is equal in many respects, there is a grim note below that Calverly never echoed.

Ere the morn the east has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there
(As they did in Watts's Hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew,
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops:
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"
And the hour suggests eloping—
Fly my thoughts to you again.

* * * *

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poisoned cup:
Tell me I may tell the chymist
NOT to make that arsenic up!
Else this heart shall soon cease throbbing,
And when, musing o'er my bones,
Travellers ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told "Miss Sarah J——s."

Probably in no mood is the *Vers de Société* so distinctly separate from other classes of poetry as when its author "laughs over some things because he does not want you to notice that he is crying." Herein, too, it echoes the tone of Society—the Vere de Vere repose—but not the heartlessness which a somewhat disappointed young man hurled at the head of poor Lady Clara. To-day the languid light of their proud eyes may be wearied of the rolling hours, but as a class Society can be no more reasonably deemed without feeling that the most melodramatic Eastender. But Society seeks to hide its emotion, and this restraint finds charming expression in the school that writes for its delectation. Whether "The Tired Musician" of Mr. Austin Dobson is a true specimen of *Vers de Société* may be open to doubt, for some hold that a *poem* is too great a thing to be enrolled therein.

For brevity, grace of expression, and choice of subject, it comes well within the limits we have tried to discover; and whether we consider the beauty it has realised or the dangers it has escaped, it is a triumph of one who is often supposed to be of the *debonair* school only.

To remember the undue sentimentality of Dickens' "Death of Little Nell," and the mawkish tone that, if "Little Lord Fauntleroy" itself escapes, is a terrible force in the thousand-and-one imitations of that baby earl—makes one shudder at a child-hero, whether dying, or living to set a noble example to his forebears; to think of all the lyrics of dying choristers and dying beggar-boys, and then to find the theme made into a tiny masterpiece, is in itself a good lesson that the manner of the saying is often more important than the thing said.

He had played for his lordship's *levée*,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright;
And they said—too late—"He is weary;
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained chord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!"—was the last that he said.

The exquisite art of this little lyric, its ease and simplicity, may cause a careless reader to see nothing specially remarkable in it. But if you realise how near sheer baldness it is, how dangerously it borders on mawkish sentiment, how fatally easy it would have been to sneer at the "cruel ladyship," or to cry shame on the parents—in short, how every part of the subject lends itself to the style made popular by Mr. G. R. Sims, and laughable by Mr. Anstey's parodies. Then, noting this to be absolutely sure that the little poem has in it the real sob of tears, the tender music of "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," or, "My True Love hath My Heart"; and by its humanity avoids hysterics or philosophy equally, then one feels that it is great, and of its order second to none.

Mr. Andrew Lang has done many good things in this school. His "Art's Martyr" and "Rondeaus of the Galleries," his ballades and translations, plead for a liberal quotation; but it may not be why this one is such an excellent example of the grace of Mr. Lang's verse, and such an exhaustive description not only of Mr. Dobson's poems, but of the whole school of modern "Bric-à-Brac" verse, that it must be included here.

AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE.

A little of Horace, a little of Prior,
A sketch of a Milkmaid, a lay of the Squire—
These, these are "on draught 'At the Sign of the Lyre!'"

A child in Blue Ribbons that sings to herself,
A talk of the Books on the Sheraton shelf,
A sword of the Stuarts, a wig of the Guelph,

A *lai*, a *pantoum*, a *ballade*, a *rondeau*,
A pastel by Greuze, and a sketch by Moreau,
And the chimes of the rhymes that sing sweet as they go,

A fan, and a folio, a ringlet, a glove,
'Neath a dance by Laguerre on the ceiling above,
And a dream of the days when the bard was in love,

A scent of dead roses, a glance at a pun,
A toss of old powder, a glint of the sun,
They meet in the volume that Dobson has done!

If there's more that the heart of a man can desire,
He may search, in his Swinburne, for fury and fire;
If he's wise—he'll alight at "The Sign of the Lyre!"

Of those who are writing still, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the latest recruit, has done admirable things. Mr. Ashby Sterry, who has devoted nearly all his talent to this domain of poesy, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, who in his "Harlequinade" and "Hafiz in London" has a way of his own—and a very charming way it is—and the works of not a few others, would lengthen this gossip indefinitely. The American contingent, who are a very important group, have been noticed before, and so much space in this magazine has already been devoted to the

ballade—rondeau—triolet, and the rest of the set forms, that nothing more must be said here. Yet the importance of the *Vers de Société* among this group must not be estimated by the omission. Indeed, one superlatively fine example pleads for quotation, as in all respects it is in touch with our subject. Mr. W. E. Henley's *Book of Verses* has quietly and without ostentation taken one of the first places in modern poetry. The growth of its popularity has been compared not inaptly to the cult of *Omar Khayyam*. Like a message in the mystic East, it is passed on from one to the other, until in an incredibly short time every one in sympathy has heard the news. So "The Hospital Verses"—the lyrics that can be only paralleled by Heine, and the delightful creatures in the old forms—are the favourites of everyone who has read the book. Yet if any who read this should not be possessed of that volume, the perusal of the following should lead them to become so :—

OF A TOYOKUNI COLOUR-PRINT.

Was I a Samurai renowned,
  Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion angular and profound?
  A priest? A porter? Child, although
I have forgotten clean, I know
  That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry-orchards blow,
  I loved you once in old Japan.

As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
  And hugely sashed, with pins arow,
Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
  Demure, inviting, even so
When merry maids in Miyako
  To feel the sweet o' the year began,
And green gardens to overflow,
  I loved you once in old Japan.

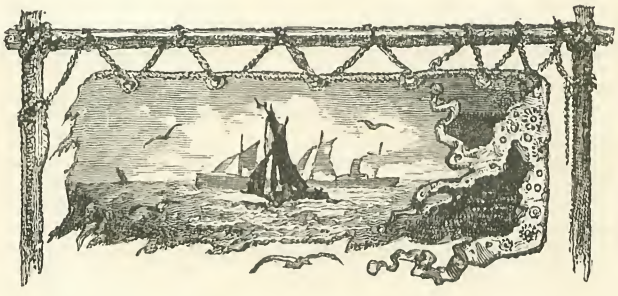
Clear shine the hills; the rice fields round
  Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
  Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo!
Touched with the sundown's spirit and glow
  I see you turn with flirted fan
Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow . . . .
  I loved you once in old Japan.

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago;
  But thus I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show
  I loved you once in old Japan.

From our standpoint to-day this may be claimed as a perfect specimen of *Vers de Société*—although it knows nothing of Society—and is perhaps more poetry than verse. Yet its touch has the distinction and its style the direct simplicity that fits it to be an inimitable model.

To look upon the rise of *Vers de Société*, notwithstanding its beauty and power, as the last words of the period producing it, is tempting. So often at the decadence of a great epoch of song these dainty things have foretold the end that one is in danger of straining the analogy. Yet when, after a great outburst of song, all the grave subjects seem completely exhausted, the artistic convention and splendour of diction is lavished upon trifles. Yet these *bibelots* mark the period, and are often prized more than more important poems which they have succeeded. It is too late in this paper to touch the subject, fascinating though it be, and a quotation from an old writer may well be the last word, both as a warning to those who carp at small things, and a motto for those who essay to produce them—"Though a little thing gives perfection, perfection is not a little thing."

[THE END.]



"PASSING RICH WITH FORTY POUNDS A YEAR."



THE following interesting letter has lately been received by the Editor:—

Dear Mr. Editor,—The very practical article in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for July on "Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year," was eagerly read by me, as the problem of how to make that sum do as much as possible is one that I try to solve each year. It is not, however, always necessary to be banished into the depths of the country, as is the opinion of your writer, although the apportioning of the money may be more difficult. To bring it to a successful issue it is necessary to be able to cook well, making much of little; also to know something of the arts of dressmaking and millinery; one should be a good housekeeper, for the one room must be kept at the perfection of neatness and wholesomeness, and on my plan very little attendance can be had. But may I, dear Mr. Editor, give you briefly my experience?

I have one good-sized room in the house of a gardener living near a London suburb, who has a wife and one child. These people we knew in better days through having plants for our house from them, and when left alone, and making enquiries for a suitable room, I was pleased to find that they wished to let their largest room. My first care was to get it prettily furnished, and in such a manner that it could in five minutes be converted into a bedroom. With the aid of an excellent saddle-bag couch, which looks handsome by day and opens to form a bed at night, and a deep, old-fashioned cupboard which serves as dressing-room and wardrobe, this was done, and it is a most "inviting-looking" room, its two windows being covered outside with creepers. For this room and the sweeping of it, which is all the attendance that I require, I pay £8 a year, which includes the use of the kitchen for my cooking when I wish. Food is a large item, but 5s. a week affords plenty of nourishing and tempting food. Fruit enters largely into my dietary (your writer mentions it not), which helps in large measure to keep my health good, so £1 is all that is put by for sickness, and of that only a few shillings get used; but that I allow to accumulate. Charity comes next on the list, for which £2 15s. is allowed. Dress comes to £6, which by contriving is made to include an evening and a tennis dress. Laundress is usually £1 10s. Travelling, stationery, and literature are covered by £3, out of which I contrive to get some good holidays by using excursion trains; this year going to see a sister in Scotland, last year going to Antwerp, and I usually run down to Nottingham (where a brother is living) once a year. For concerts and lectures 10s. is allowed. I give a small children's party and two musical evenings in the winter, and a good many friends come in to tea during the year; then my Sunday-school class spends an evening with me at Christmas, and to the girls at the "Evening Home," at which I am a worker, I give a simple evening treat. For all this I put apart £1, which is supplemented by something saved each week from the food money, which is easily done. For the little parties my kind landlady lends me her sitting-room and a bedroom, and as she will take no money for this, neither for helping on these occasions, I am glad to be able to give her an equivalent in teaching her girl (for whom they are ambitious) French and drawing. Fire and light claim £2 12s., while 10s. is put by for renewing any household thing. Thus is my income spent with the exception of 3s., which is saved so as to keep within my income, but which serves for pocket-money the succeeding year.

I have not got so far as to say that these economies are pleasant, but when the little words "you must" stood out so distinctly, two other little fellows, "you can," stepped out beside them, and are now close companions.

Dear Mr. Editor, if you have read so far your patience is indeed great, and I am grateful for it. May I just say that your paper is as much appreciated by me as if I were sixteen instead of thirty-six. With kindest regards,

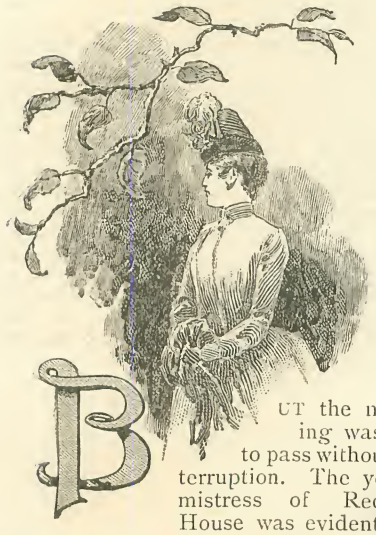
I am, sincerely yours,
MONA D.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

RODNEY MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.



BUT the morning was not to pass without interruption. The young mistress of Redfern House was evidently a woman of business. First, a stout, comely-looking woman demanded admittance, and had a long and evidently a most important interview. Annette, in her sunny corner, could only hear a word or two—mayonnaise, apricot tart, and so on. Evidently Averil was making out the *menu*. Then when Mrs. Adams was dismissed Unwin took her place, and again snatches of conversation reached Annette's ears; they seemed to be discussing some charitable case, for soup and linen were mentioned. "You will go yourself, Unwin," she heard Averil say. "My time is fully occupied to-day; but if you find out that they are really deserving people, I will call myself to-morrow. In any case a little soup and a few comforts will do no harm, for the woman is certainly very ill." "Very well, ma'am: I will pack a basket, and ——" Here her voice dropped, but there was a great deal more said before Unwin left Averil to resume her letter-writing.

Again there was silence, only broken by the trills of the bullfinch. Averil's pen travelled rapidly over the paper; then she stopped and appeared to listen, and a moment afterwards rose with a quick exclamation of annoyance.

"What can she have heard"? thought Annette. But her curiosity was soon gratified. Averil had forgotten to close the door behind her, and the next moment Annette heard her speaking to Lottie.

"Why have you stopped playing, Lottie? It is not eleven o'clock. I thought you told me that you particularly wanted two hours."

"Yes, I did say so, but aunt wants some letters written, and Maud says she is too busy to do them. Never mind, Averil; don't trouble about it. I shall only get a scolding from Herr Ludwig because my piece is not perfect."

"Go back to your playing, Lottie. I will speak to Mrs. Willmot. Now, don't argue; it is only waste of time, and you know you have promised to be guided by me. Quick—march!" Here the drawing-room door closed in a summary manner.

A heavy footfall in the passage outside—the talk begins again. Annette pricks up her ears. Yes, she is behind the scenes; she is beginning to learn the ways of the household.

"Mrs. Willmot, I want to speak to you"—in Averil's voice. "Why is Lottie always to be interrupted? I thought it was understood between us that she was to have time for her practising. Herr Ludwig is an expensive master; it is throwing my money away unless she prepares properly for her lesson. Last week he was very angry because she played her piece so imperfectly."

"I am sure I do not know why you are telling me all this, Averil. I am not aware that I am interrupting Lottie."

"Maud has just asked her to write some letters."

"Oh, I forgot. I remember now that both the girls told me that they were too busy; and really Georgina is so careless, and writes such a shocking hand, that I never care to ask her."

"But Maud is always writing to someone."

"Yes; and everyone says how clever and amusing her letters are. But really she is quite cross if I beg her to answer a few notes. Girls are so selfish; they never will take trouble for other people."

"I think you should insist on Maud making herself useful. I suppose we should all grow selfish if we yielded to the feeling. Indeed, Lottie must not be disturbed—another scolding from Herr Ludwig would dishearten her. If no one else will write your letters I must offer my services."

"You, Averil! What nonsense. Thank you, I prefer to manage my own business"—very stiffly. "I suppose the letters can wait." Here there was a slow sweep of a dress over the floor, and the next moment Averil re-entered.

Annette looked at her wistfully, but said nothing, and again the soothing stillness prevailed. The black poodle slumbered peacefully; Annette worked on busily—her task was nearly finished. She made up her mind, when it was completed, that she would slip through the open window and explore the green winding path that looked so pleasant. A garden was a novelty to her, and the sight of the trimly-shaven lawn and gay flower-beds was wonderfully pleasant to her eyes.

Another tap at the door—a quick imperative tap—followed by the entrance of a fair, boyish-looking young man, dressed in the height of fashion.

"I say, Averil, are you very busy? I want to speak to you"—and then he checked himself as he caught sight of Annette.

"I beg your pardon. I had no idea you had anyone with you," honouring Annette with rather a cool, supercilious stare as he spoke.

"Good morning, Rodney. This is my cousin, Miss Ramsay. You knew yesterday that she was expected. Annette, this is Mr. Seymour, my stepmother's son."

Annette acknowledged the introduction with rather a haughty bend of her head—the little lace-mender had her pride. These Seymours were not gracious in their reception of her. Each one in turn had informed her by their manner that she was an unwelcome guest. Good; she would keep herself to herself—they should not be inconvenienced by her. A naughty little sparkle came into Annette's brown eyes.

"If it please you, my cousin, I will take a turn in that pleasant garden," she said rather primly. "I have finished the sprig, and Miss Jones will not know where it has been mended, and then I shall be in no one's way."

"Please do not disturb yourself on my account, Miss Ramsay," began Rodney. But Annette did not give him time to finish. She had had enough of these Seymours, she told herself, as she brushed a thread or two from her black dress. She did not even wait for Averil's permission, but ran down the steps followed by the poodle, who was enchanted at the prospect of a game. Annette had never found out that she had a temper till that minute. "One must grow tall to stand on tip-toe with these English," she said, with a little toss of her head, as she walked down the shrubbery.

Rodney lolled against the window-frame and watched her rather lazily. "What a very energetic young person," he muttered. Then aloud—"It must be an awful bore for you, Averil, having a poor relation turning up in this unexpected fashion."

"I am not so sure that Annette will prove a bore," replied Averil, rather coolly. "I am very pleased with the little I have seen of her. In spite of poverty and hard work she seems to have a great deal of refinement. She is clever and amusing, and I have discovered that she is an excellent companion."

"Indeed! The girls did not seem much impressed by her at breakfast. It is a pity she is not better looking. She has a half-starved sort of appearance. But if you are pleased, and all that——"

"Rodney!"—a little impatiently—"did you come to my room to discuss my cousin's merits and demerits?"

"No, indeed. How sharp you are, Averil! You are always down on a fellow before he can get a word in. There is no particular hurry, is there?"—fingering the rosebud in his buttonhole in a way that provoked Averil.

"No hurry for you"—rather sarcasti-

cally; "but, if you will excuse me for mentioning it, I am very much pressed for time myself, so please let me know what you want as quickly as possible."

"Well, you might be a little more gracious, Ave"—in rather a sulky tone. "I don't often take up your precious time, do I?" Then, as she made no answer, he went on in the same drawling fashion, "The fact is, I am a bit hard up, and I dare not let the mater know it. She cut up rough last time, and if there is anything I hate it is a scene—my nerves won't stand it."

Averil sat down and folded her hands on her lap in a resigned way. Her manner said mutely that this was exactly what she expected to hear. She looked such a little creature—so absurdly childish—beside the tall lazy figure that was propping itself against the wall; but there was nothing childish in the small resolute face. Rodney seemed to find the silence trying. He shifted from one foot to the other, and pulled his moustache as he furtively eyed her.

"Can't you speak a word to a fellow," he said, when the situation became intolerable.

Averil flashed a look at him. "Oh, dear, yes; a thousand words if you like," she returned scornfully. "The question is, whether the *fellow* will like them."

"Come now, Ave, don't be so confoundedly hard on me. You are such a good-natured little soul, and have so often helped me, that you are not going to turn rusty now."

"Does it never strike you"—in a keen, incisive voice—"that there are limits even to good nature; that I may possibly have conscientious scruples about throwing my money away on a spendthrift? Now, please do not interrupt me, Rodney; I must speak, even if the truth is not to your taste. I am not one to prophesy smooth things. You have come to tell me that you have exceeded your allowance, that you are in debt again, and that you dare not apply to your mother; and I tell you in return that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Of course I must bear anything that you choose to say, if I put myself in this position." And here Rodney seemed to gulp down something.

Averil's voice softened unconsciously. "Rodney, it is for your good I am speaking. I have no wish to be hard on you or anyone, but I cannot see you ruining yourself without a word of remonstrance. How long do you mean to go on like this, living upon"—she was going to say "me," but hastily substituted the word "mother?"

Rodney coloured as though he understood her.

"If only something would turn up," he muttered. "It is just like my luck, failing to pass that examination."

"When people do not work is it a surprising fact that they cannot pass an examination? Ill-luck—something to turn up!" still more impatiently. "How I hate those phrases. The very cant of the idler. Is there anything in this world worth having that can be procured without effort—without downright labour? 'By the sweat of your brow shall you eat bread.' Why should you be exempt, Rodney, from the common burden of humanity?"

"Oh, come, don't preach, Ave. Who says that I don't mean to work?"

"Did you work at Oxford? Are you working now?"

"Perhaps not. But I am young; and even the mater says there is plenty of time. You need not grudge me a little amusement. I'll work fast enough by and by."

"My dear," replied Averil, with a quaint motherliness that set oddly upon her. 'By and by' is a dangerous ally. 'Now' is a stouter fellow, and a better staff for a young man. You know what Mr. Harland says, 'The longer you wait for work the less you will feel inclined for it when it comes. Idleness never improved any one.'"

"How doth the little busy bee, improve each shining hour," drawled Rodney, who was getting weary of this lecture.

"Exactly so. And you have not stored a bit of honey yet. Now, Rodney, in spite of your impatience, I must beg you to listen to me a moment. I will help you this once."

"Oh, thanks awfully! I always knew you were a brick, Averil."

"This once"—holding up her finger impressively. "But, Rodney, never again. I tell you my conscience will not allow me to do it. I cannot throw away good money that might help worthy people in paying the debts of an extremely idle young man, and so encourage him to contract more."

"Upon my word, Averil!" in an affronted voice.

"My dear boy, I am stating the sober truth. You are an idle young man; and you are far too fond of pleasure. All the Seymours are."

"You are vastly complimentary to the family"—relapsing into sulkiness. "Why don't you turn us out? You are not bound to put up with us. Come now, Averil, answer that if you can?"

"I could answer it easily"—looking at him with an expression of sadness. "But silence is golden, Rodney. But do not try me too much. There are times, I do not deny it, when I long to run away from you all."

"Well, you are awfully good to us"—in a penitent tone. "I often tell the girls what a little brick you are. I know we are a troublesome lot. It is our up-bringing, as Aunt Dinah calls it. The mater has spared the rod and spoiled the child, don't you know. Awful nuisance that."

Averil smiled. In her heart Rodney was her favourite—weak, self-indulgent, and easily led. He was not without good impulses, and he was not so hopelessly selfish as the others.

"Now tell me what you want, and I will write the cheque," she observed, resuming her businesslike manner; "or, better still, let me have your bills."

"Oh, of course, if you do not trust me!" and Rodney looked hurt and mortified.

"Very well, I will. Now then!" and as Rodney whispered the amount in her ear she merely elevated her eyebrows, but made no remarks as she wrote the cheque and passed it to him. She checked his profuse thanks.

"Never mind about that. I never care much for words. If you want to please me, if you have the faintest wish to preserve my respect, you will look out seriously for a berth. *You will ask* Mr. Harland to help you. Do, Rodney; *do*, my dear boy; and I shall still live to be proud of you."

Rodney tried to laugh at her earnestness, but it was easy to see that his light, facile nature was touched.

"Well, I will see about it. Don't bother yourself, Ave. I never was worth the trouble. You are a good little soul, and I am awfully obliged to you. I am indeed. Oh, there is the young woman—the cousin I mean. And I may as well take myself off." And Rodney sauntered off.

"Are you alone? Then I need not fear to interrupt you?" began Annette. Then she stopped, and regarded Averil with close attention. "Ah! you are tired, my cousin. You have grown quite pale and fatigued during my absence. I will take a book to that shady garden-seat."

"No, no! I will put away my letters. I have had so many interruptions. Indeed, I must talk to you, Annette. That is part of my business for this morning. Shall we go up to your room? I want you to tell me exactly what you require for renovating your wardrobe, just as you would have told your mother? You are still in mourning, of course. It is only six months since you lost her."

"Only six months! To me it seems like six years. Yes, I will keep to my black gown; any colour would dazzle me too much. You are in black, too, my cousin!"

"Yes, but this is not mourning. I think I dislike any colour for myself. Unwin sees to my dresses. When she thinks I want a new one she tells me so. I should never remember it myself. But, strange to say, it is always a pleasure to me to see people round me well-dressed."

"That is because you have an artistic taste. Miss Jones dresses well. I was remarking on her gown this morning."

"Oh, yes! Lottie has excellent taste. And then she knows she is pretty."

Averil could have said more on this subject, but she was singularly uncommunicative on the subject of her own good deeds. Lottie would have waxed eloquent on the theme. She could have informed Annette of a time when the little schoolgirl had shed hot tears of humiliation and shame over the outgrown shabby gown, with the inkstain dropped by a malicious schoolmate on one of the breadths; days when faded ribbons and mended gloves were the order of the day; when Lottie's piteous petitions for a new frock, even for new boots, were refused on the score of reckless extravagance.

Lottie's sweet youth had been embittered by these minor vexations, these galling restrictions enforced by unloving tyranny and despotism. In a thousand ways she had been made to suffer for being an incumbrance. The bright,

lively girl, conscious of latent talents, and yearning for a higher education and self-culture, was literally starved and repressed in her intellectual faculties—reduced to a dull level of small, grinding duties. Lottie had good masters in the school at Stoke Newington, but as she lacked time for preparation, their lessons yielded scant profit. She had to teach history and geography to the young ones, to help them with their sums, their mending, to overlook their practising. The young pupil teacher was the drudge of the whole school. And yet even there she won golden opinions. It was Averil who was her benefactor, whose sympathy and ready affection smoothed her daily life. It was Averil who watched over her in a hundred ways.

Lottie had still much to bear from her aunt's selfish caprices, but her life was a far happier one now. The shabby gowns were things of the past. Averil had taken that matter in hand. Lottie's fresh, dainty toilettes often caused a remonstrance from Mrs. Willmot, and a sneering remark from Maud or Georgina. Her neglected musical powers were cultivated by the eminent Herr Ludwig. Lottie was not ungrateful for all this kindness. Her loving nature blossomed into fresh sweetness, and she repaid Averil by the devotion of her young girlish heart—"my sweet Saint Averil," as she often called her.

(To be continued.)

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY.



THE church, which was about a mile's walk from Greyfriars—though the road lay mostly through the park, and was pleasant and shady—was a fine old Gothic building that pleased Esther's eye. She waited at the porch till her party was assembled, and marshalled the younger ones in front whilst she followed with Jessie. Trixie exchanged a friendly nod, more vehement than was quite decorous in such a place, with a plain but intelligent-looking girl who was seated in a pew amidst a number of tall boys, whilst Ethel and Humphrey looked across to their opposite neighbours in the chancel and smiled at them. The eldest sister, on the contrary, put on an air of extreme devoutness, and knelt long with her delicate lace-edged handkerchief pressed to her face. She looked neither to the right nor left when she rose from her knees, but turned her attention to finding her places in the richly-bound Church-service before her. After what she had said on the subject of dress and their neighbours, and her apparent anxiety as to the impression her own new dress and Esther's bonnet were to produce, this absorption in the service surprised her aunt, who hoped it was genuine: but the flutter which passed through Jessie, and the rising colour in her cheeks when Everard Chester and his mother made their appearance, told a different tale; and Esther had to make an effort to concentrate her own attention upon the beautiful words of prayer and praise which shortly commenced sounding, trying not to let the obvious inattention or the almost equally obvious self-consciousness of her companions distract her from her customary devotions.

But their seats were not in a good position for hearing the sermon, and Esther found her thoughts wandering somewhat as the rather dry and long-winded discourse proceeded. She could not help looking across at the sweet face of Mrs. Chester, with its calm, decided features, so like those of her son, its beautiful clear blue eyes, and its frame of soft and abundant white hair, that lay in waves on each side of her face, contrasting strongly with the extreme blackness of the delicately-arched eyebrows and long lashes. The resemblance between mother and son was strong, as was the bond that existed between them. To-day they were not alone in their seats—a fine-looking, grey-headed man, of military aspect and bearing, sat with them. Afterwards Esther learned that he was General Moltbury, Mrs. Chester's brother, who was often a visitor at the Hall.

Behind these three persons sat a regular family party, comprising father, mother, two daughters, and two sons. Very elegant and stylish were the ladies of this household, and Esther easily recognised in them the Lelands, of whom Jessie had spoken.

She would have hardly noticed the Flemyng family farther down the church had it not been for the perpetual system of telegraphy that passed between Trixie and one or two of the party in that pew. It was quietly done, but was perfectly obvious to those around her; and the glances with which Esther tried to check the girl were returned by a cool, smiling stare, that had in its expression much of Dacre's insolence and hardihood. When the young aunt looked at the row of faces in that large family party she could not but feel that there was little to like in what she saw. The father had the expression of self-satisfaction and indolence, which not unfrequently follows upon the realisation of dreams of wealth after years of striving; and his wife was a red-faced, over-dressed woman, who appeared to take life exactly as it came to her. There was more intelligence and mind in the faces of some of the children, but in most cases it took the form of a sort of recklessness and jovial carelessness, which had already left its mark upon them; and Esther felt that if these were the most intimate friends of her nephews and nieces, her task would not be made any the lighter for her.

When the service was over Trixie made a bolt out of the pew before anyone else had moved, and Esther found her in the churchyard in an animated talk with the dark-browed girl who had been signalling so much to her in church. Both girls turned their backs deliberately upon her as she appeared; but Esther had no intention of interfering, and her attention was claimed at that moment by Jessie.

"Mrs. Leland would like to know you, Aunt Essie," she said. "You know she and mamma are great friends." And the next moment Esther found herself exchanging bows with some of the elegant family she had seen in church, and was receiving Mrs. Leland's sympathy for her on account of the difficulties imposed by her sister's sudden departure, together with her assurances of an early call, during which to improve an acquaintance she was longing to make. Jessie meantime was talking with the utmost animation to a tall and very well-dressed girl, who appeared to be a little her senior, and when Esther had reached the churchyard gate, and had succeeded in gathering her party together, she eagerly seized her by the arm and walked on in advance of the rest.

"Oh, Aunt Essie," she cried, almost panting in her excitement, "did you hear what Maud said? There is to be a fancy dress ball at Lady Easterby's in May, when the eldest son comes of age. Maud knows all about it, for she was spending the day with Constance on Friday, and heard everything. And oh, Aunt Essie, of course they will invite you and me, and oh! do say we may go? Do, do, please! I have longed all my



"THIS ABSORPTION SURPRISED HER AUNT."

life for a fancy ball. Oh, you will let me go, will you not?"

"But, my dear child, you are not out yet. How can you expect to go to balls?"

Jessie's face fell, and clouded sadly.

"But, Aunt Essie, I *ought* to be out. I am more than seventeen. If papa and mamma had gone to London this spring they would have taken me, and I should have come out then. Oh, I must go to Lady Easterby's. I shall be in despair to lose such a chance. Oh, do say you will take me—do, please, darling Aunt Essie!"

"My dear child, I can make no promises of that kind. You must ask your grandmother's permission. I do not think your parents would wish you to go to any entertainment of that kind for the first time without their escort. As for me, I shall certainly not go unless it were to *chaperon* you; and, unless I am very much mistaken, Lady Eleanora will not hear of such a thing. Seventeen is full young to come out. You will have plenty of time before you for all such amusements. Do not be in such a hurry to throw away your youth. You will never catch it up again."

Esther spoke playfully, but Jessie was too young to appreciate the truth of her words. Tears of mortification stood in her eyes.

"But a fancy ball, Aunt Essie, and such a thing has never been in these parts for I don't know when, and I have always longed to see one! Oh, if you only knew you would not be so unkind! You might take my side. Grandmamma does not like to say no. She might be coaxed if we both tried her."

"Jessie, dear, I don't want to seem hard-hearted, but I do not think your parents would wish you to go, and unless you had their full and free consent I could not be comfortable to take you, unless Lady Eleanora takes a very different view of the case from mine. You ought to know better than I do what is etiquette in such matters. But I should not have fancied it would be thought right for you to appear for the first time at such an entertainment without your parents, and before they have sanctioned your introduction to society."

Jessie looked more sullen than Esther had ever seen her; but she could not say more just then, for there was the sound of a firm and familiar footfall approaching from behind, and the sunshine had all come back as she turned to greet Everard Chester, who had come up from behind, and had overtaken them halfway across the park.

"Good morning, Jessie! Good morning, Miss Egerton! I thought I would just step across and see what Dacre is about. He was not at church. Does that mean he is ill, or insubordinate—or both?"

"I do not know. I should be very much obliged if you would help me to a better understanding of him," answered Esther, whilst Jessie began one of her long strings of grievances about Dacre's rudeness and unsociability. "He perplexes me more than any of the others—and that is saying a good deal. I should be very grateful if you would tell me how to manage him."

Everard almost laughed, his kindly face lighting up pleasantly. "I should be a clever fellow if I could tell you that, Miss Egerton. But I can tell you this much for your consolation, if consolation it is—that Dacre has a very fine nature, though at present it seems as if his fine qualities would only lead him more astray than the more commonplace ones of his brothers. It is often the way with the most fertile soils; they grow weeds most abundantly until they are properly tilled, and the weeds eradicated, a process which, in Dacre's case, is one of peculiar difficulty, and no one has done much to help him so far. That boy has never been given a standard outside himself to look up to and strive after. So what can one expect of him?"

Esther looked up with a quiet sense of comprehension and sympathy. Everard coloured, and said, smiling frankly—

"I beg your pardon. I forgot that I was speaking to so near a relative. You are such a stranger here that it is difficult to realise you are Mrs. Overton's sister. I did not mean to criticise her method of education to you."

But Esther's smile showed that she was not offended. It was a relief to find anyone who entered into her feelings and understood something of her difficulties.

"They have all an idea that I have come amongst them as a sort of spy and spoil-sport, so that I get no chance of seeing their best side," she answered in a low voice, for she did not wish Jessie to hear too much. "And I have not been used to boys. My own brother grew up as my best friend and companion, and he never gave me any experiences like my sister's sons seem disposed to do. Humphrey is manageable, but Dacre is an enigma, and I hear there is another to appear shortly."

"Cuthbert is more commonplace than Dacre, and the Easter holidays are short. The novelty of home has hardly time to wear off. Still I'm afraid you will have some trouble with both. They are always getting with the Flemyng boys, and then most undesirable plots are concocted. But anything I can do to help I will."

Esther thanked him gratefully, but Jessie no longer permitted her to monopolise the conversation. Plainly, she considered her aunt decidedly in the way when Everard was there. She asked him to lunch with the air of the mistress of the house, and though he looked at Esther before accepting, Jessie did not appear to know that anything beside her good word was needful. She chattered to him the whole way home, and he answered her with brotherly good-nature, though he insisted in including Esther in the conversation, with that instinct of good breeding that Jessie, with all her dainty prettiness and fine ideas about propriety, decidedly lacked. Youth might be her excuse, but the probability seemed to be that she was too self-centred to have thought to spare for anybody but herself.

They found Dacre in the garden, very much where they had left him, looking as white and defiant as before. He rose on seeing who was with them, and a little tinge of red showed in his cheek as Everard picked up the paper-backed book beside him and turned its leaves with a look of stern contempt. He made no comment, but with a quick motion of his strong arm pitched the obnoxious volume across the lawn and into the lake which lay below it. He gave Dacre a look, and Esther thought he was about to rebuke him, but all he said was—

"I can see you have not read a word to-day, so I trust it was only a piece of bravado that made you bring out such a book. But if you do have any regard for yourself, or if you value my friendship, never let me see you with such another in your hands. Rank poison would do you less harm."

And then they all walked together to the house.

Lady Eleanora seemed to take it for granted that Everard had come to lunch—it was plain that his doing so was almost a custom. And very glad were they all of his presence that day, for in the middle of the meal Dacre suddenly got up and walked out, and Lady Eleanora gave an anxious sigh.

"He is going to have one of his attacks again. I knew he would if he would play tennis and lounge about in the east wind, as he has been doing these last few days. But young people always think the summer has come when the sun shines and the birds sing. And Dacre is the most foolhardy of all, and he never will see a doctor."

"I will see to him," said Everard, rising. "I saw he could not hold out much longer when we found him in the garden."

"It is so tiresome and stupid of Dacre," said Jessie, irritably. "He will go and do the very things that make him ill. I'm sure I can't think how anyone can be so stupid, for he has the most awful attacks of pain when he gets regular neuralgia, and nothing does him any good. One would think he liked a fuss and all that sort of thing; but he positively hates it. And now he'll just go and take Everard's whole afternoon, and we shan't see him at all. And I'm sure its dull enough now mamma's away without that."

"If Dacre will be a donkey he deserves to suffer for it," said Trixie, with the stern decision of youth. "I'm sorry he's going to be knocked up, because he plays tennis so splendidly, and he's always ready; but I suppose he's tired of lessons, and wants to get an extra week's holiday. He won't go back now to Dr. Ridley's till after Easter, I expect."

"I suppose not," answered Humphrey. "He's been doing no good there this last three days. The old doctor will be glad enough to be rid of him. Dacre is most outrageously idle. I'd expel him if I were his boss; I'd not put up with him."

Esther listened to all that passed without the sense of wonder that she had felt at first at the matter-of-fact and unsympathetic fashion in which these brothers and sisters spoke of one

another. But when lunch was over she went in search of Dacre. She could not forget that, in some sort, her's was now the mother's place, and that in any case where there was sickness or suffering in a house it was the woman's place to be at hand.

Dacre was in the library, which had been darkened so that only a few rays of light gleamed in, making visible the inmates and their occupation. The boy was lying on the sofa, breathing slowly and in deep gasps, whilst Everard stood over him applying some pungent-smelling drug to his temples, and speaking now and then in quiet, kindly tones.

He looked up at Esther's approach, and said, with a grave smile—

"He will be better shortly, and a cup of strong coffee would then do him good. He has run down for want of food, as he often lets himself do at such times. You will have to learn how to treat these attacks if you are to remain here long. He will have no physician but me, and I am not always on the spot."

Dacre's eyes opened with something of their old flashing defiance, but closed almost immediately, whilst an increased whiteness spread over his face. Everard frowned, and motioned to Esther to give him brandy, which stood ready to hand, and for several minutes they were both fully occupied with the boy, who looked ill enough to alarm Esther not a little.

It was a strange Sunday afternoon that Esther spent, shut up in the darkened room with her nephew and Everard Chester; but she was growing used to strange things at Greyfriars. When at length, after a long period of patient effort on the young man's part, ably seconded by Esther, the worst of the pain had passed, and Dacre had sunk into the sleep of exhaustion, Everard, looking down into the beautiful face, calm now in the relaxation of repose, said with a smile and a quick look at Esther—

"One would not think, to look at him now, that there are times when he seems compounded of every evil quality which a boy of his age can possess."

"No, indeed. I feel, and have felt all along, that there is something in him very attractive and very interesting. I would give anything to win his confidence and affection; but I fear that I never shall."

"I do not know. Dacre has more heart than he wishes anyone to know. And his health is in part the cause of his intense 'contrariness,' as his nurse used to call it. He is a keen observer, and has a peculiarly sensitive disposition, and an unerring instinct for detecting what is really true. If you are fortunate enough to be able to love him, he will repay your love in time. It is this that gives me my power over him, such as it is. I am really attached to him, though no one tells him of his faults more curtly than I do. But he knows that I am his true friend, and he trusts me. If you can have patience with his faults, his outrageous insolence and open defiance, and keep in mind the fact that sometimes when he is most exasperating it is because he is really racked with pain, though he will never let you know it until he is actually worn out, as to-day, you will be able to think him a little less unendurable, and give him the genuine affection and friendship which in time will win his heart, though almost against his will at first."

Esther's answer was a smile. It was the first really encouraging word she had heard concerning Dacre, and his face, as she saw it then, was one to excite both tenderness and compassion. Everard had to go, but he left a ray of brightness behind him; and when, after a long watching beside him, her patient woke up with a very different look when he saw who was with him, she was not disconcerted.

"I daresay you mean well," said Dacre, sharply, as he dragged himself slowly to his feet, a dazed look in his eyes, though he was fully himself again, "but you were brought here to look after the kids, and not to bother my life out of me. I know how to take care of myself, and I'll trouble you to mind your own business in the future."

"My business is to look after sick people as much as anything else," answered Esther, who knew that nothing was to be gained by giving way beyond a certain point; "but you are better now, so I will not trouble you any more. I have no wish to be a plague, but I shall do my duty by all of you whenever I see the need."

Dacre looked full at his young aunt, and she returned the look by a clear, fearless smile. For a second neither moved nor spoke, and then the boy slowly dragged himself from the room. Esther smiled again to herself as she said—

"I mean some day to be friends in spite of everything."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Great Men and Little Folks.

Charles Dickens expressed a true affection for children when he said, "I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

Thackeray used to feel his eyes grow dim when they gazed on little children; and Sir Walter Scott loved to have them about him. Victor Hugo had a passion for infancy that led him continually to celebrate it in verse and prose. Two of the most beautiful of Charles Lamb's essays, "Dream Children" and the "Child Angel," bear reference to childhood. As for the poet Shelley, he believed that children bring with them revelations from the unseen world. An earlier poet, William Blake, has inaugurated the poetry of childhood as a distinct literary branch.

Musical Progress.

"How are you getting on with the piano?" asked Alphonso of his best girl.

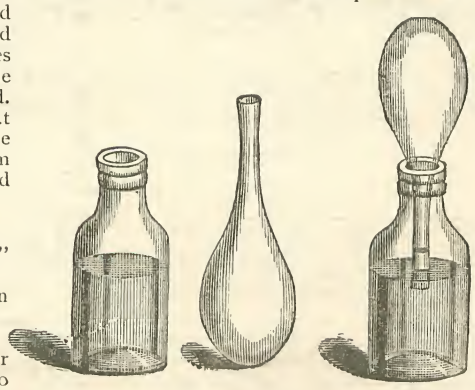
"Oh, very well; I can see great progress in my work."

"How is that?"

"Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practise. The next people stayed a month, the next ten weeks, and the family there now have remained nearly six months."

The Beautiful Soul.—The palm tree is the true emblem of a beautiful soul, with no rough bark or branches, but crowned with thick leaves and rich fruit.

A Home-made Barometer.—This barometer can be constructed in five minutes by anyone. The requirements are few and easily obtained. Given a wide-mouthed pickle bottle or glass jar, a clean Venetian oil-flask, and half a pint of water, and the materials are all told. Then pour the water into the jar until it is two-thirds full, insert the oil-flask upside down



into the jar so that the neck of the flask just enters the water, and the instrument is complete. If the weather is going to be fine, the water will rise in the oil-flask; and if wet is coming, the water will fall. The accompanying illustration will show very clearly how the thing is done.

Proverbs of Montenegro.

It is better to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

Every time the sheep bleats she loses a mouthful.

Marry with your ears and not with your eyes.

Even his own tail is a burden to the weary fox.

If you are going to visit the wolf, take your dogs with you.

What is the use of a fine collar if it strangles me?

The fugitive only covers one mile; the pursuer twenty in seeking him.

Winning the Prize.

It cannot be too often repeated that
Every one can win who tries,
For the struggle is the prize.

Charade I.

My second oft protects my first from harm
In genial autumn, when the season's warm;
(But 'twixt the two if you sharp contact make,
You'll not forget the sudden twinge and ache,
But be more careful for your temper's sake).
My whole is a rugged, rocky wild,
And is our "Island's bulwark" styled;
Scant agriculture on her surface sleeps,
While she rich treasure in her bosom keeps.

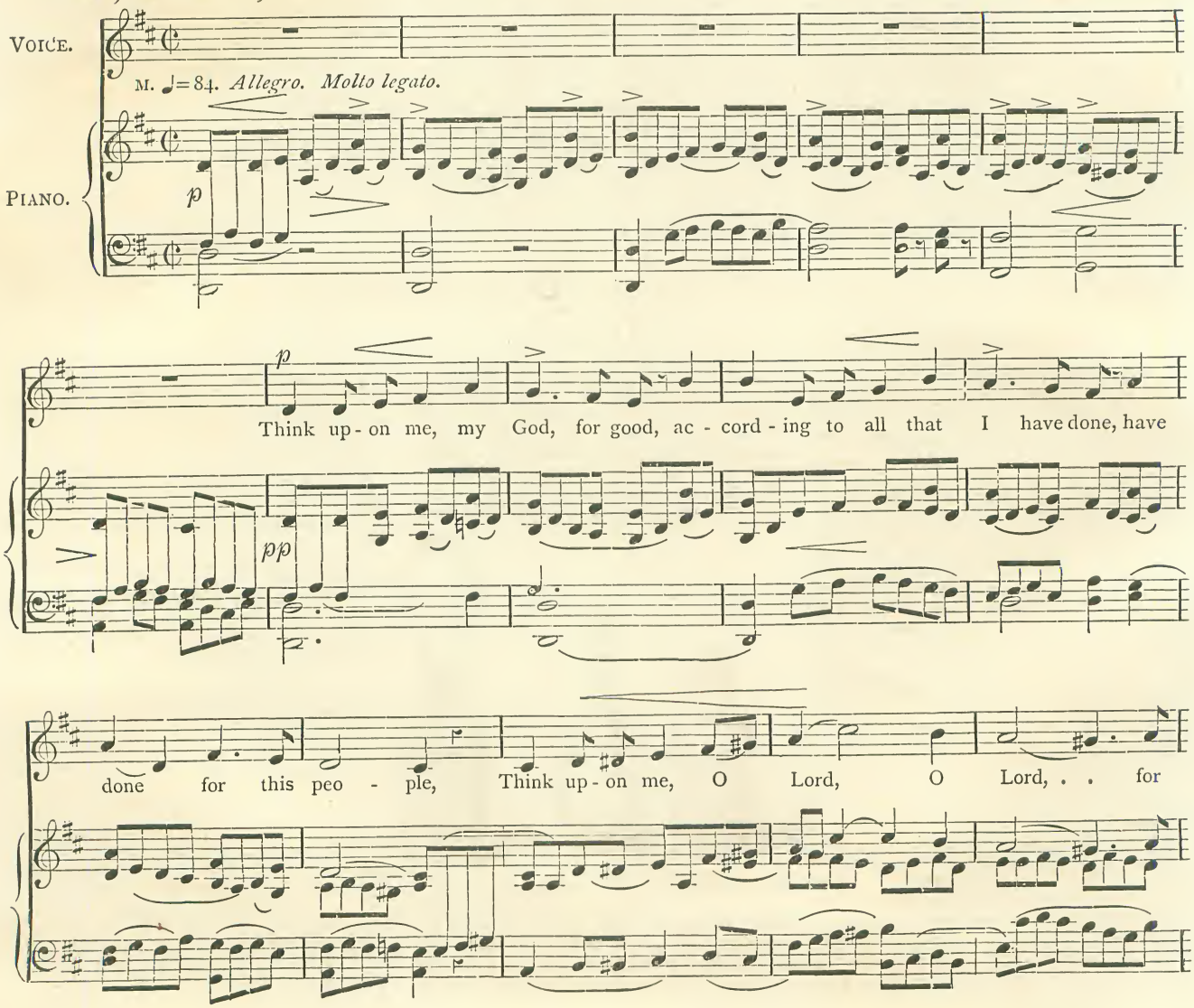
Ximena.

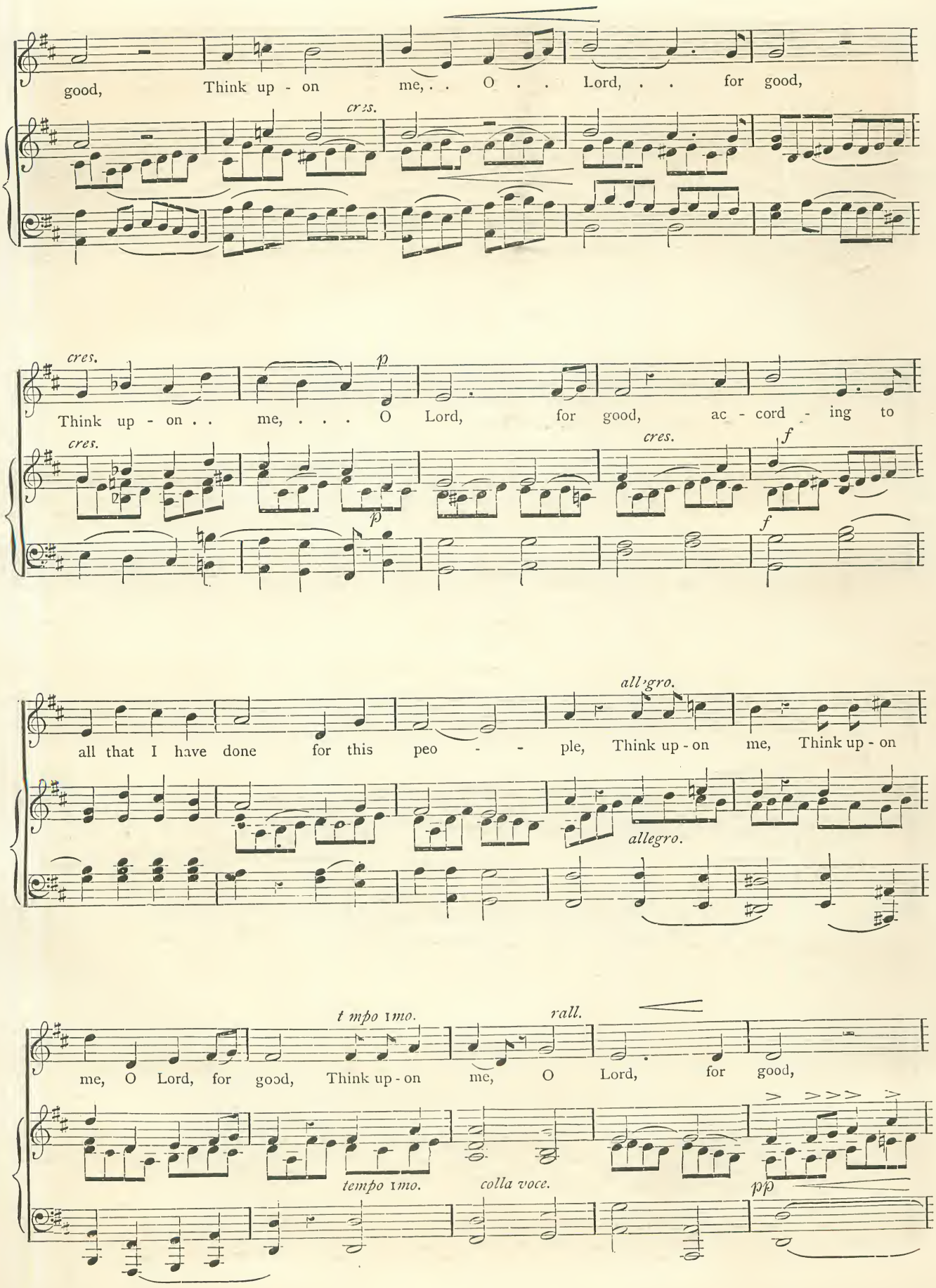


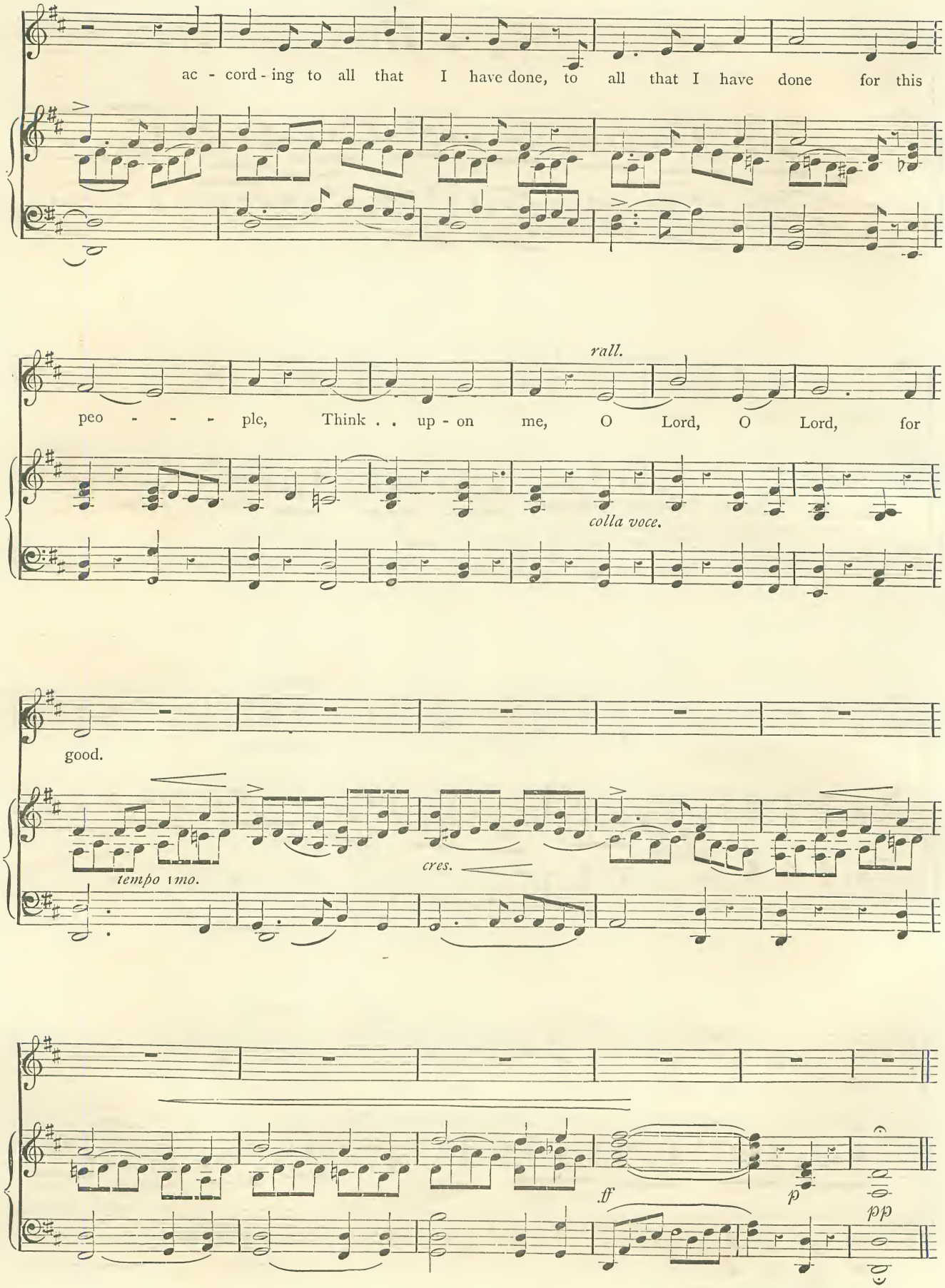
"THINK UPON ME."—(Sacred Air.)

Sung by Mr. Santley.

Words from Neh. v. 19. *Music by* C. A. Macirone.




good, Think up - on me, . . O . . Lord, . . for good,
cres.
cres.
Think up - on . . me, . . . O Lord, for good, ac - cord - ing to
p
cres.
cres.
f
p
f
all that I have done for this peo - - ple, Think up - on me, Think up - on
all'gro.
allegro.
me, O Lord, for good, Think up - on me, O Lord, for good,
tempo 1mo.
rall.
tempo 1mo.
colla voce.
pp


ac - cord - ing to all that I have done, to all that I have done for this
rall.
peo - - - - ple, Think . . up - on me, O Lord, O Lord, for
colla voce.
good.
tempo I mo.
cres.
ff
p
pp

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING FOR GIRLS.



I AM certain that there are many girls, old and young, among the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER who, at all events sometimes, suffer from that most terrible of complaints—*ennui*. It is to these I humbly present myself as a physician with a cure for their sickness. I am fearful of degenerating into a bore; but, even at the risk of so doing, I venture to plead my hobby as a sovereign remedy for the evil I have mentioned. In these days of women's competition with men there can be no need for me to point out any new field for women's employment; so I merely suggest, as one who has tried its effects, that autograph collecting should be given a trial as an intellectual and yet simple amusement—a light occupation, of the same description as stamp or crest collecting, far more interesting than either if one sets about it properly, and one that carries with it, or should do so, the proud consciousness of being as it were a guardian for the materials of history. Another advantage, though one that I do not care to insist on, is that it is instructive to an extraordinary degree. The reason I do not insist on the last is that I fear girls, old and young, and, in fact, people in general, do not like the idea of instructive games or recreations; they savour too much of the sugar-coated pill, the jam with the powder—hideous recollection of infancy. But it is not so with autograph collecting—autograph collecting proper that is. Knowledge is gained, but gained, as it were, unconsciously; you do not feel in the least bored by it. On the contrary, some old and formerly deemed dry description of an episode in our history becomes suddenly of tenfold interest when resting by one's volume is a tattered old letter written by the hero of the event himself, possibly referring to the very incident, which naturally enhances its value immensely. Every single reference to him is, for the future, carefully hunted out and annotated for reference. Then there is always the cherished hope of the genuine collector to look forward to, viz., the possibility of turning up a letter or document that may throw some entirely new light on a vexed question of history, or reveal some hitherto unknown motives for action. Or, what can be more fascinating than to place one of Pope's witty and sparkling epistles, brimming over with mirth and good-fellowship, beside one of Johnson's laboured letters, deep and clever enough in all conscience? But see the difference in style of the two writings to begin with; the light, somewhat straggly writing of Pope marks him out at once as Johnson's anti-type, Johnson's writing being regular and black, and absolutely redolent of the man himself. But I must not wander off into these long disquisitions, or my readers will turn over in disgust, and away goes any chance of making converts to my hobby. Many and many a time, far oftener than you would think, have valuable manuscripts been chanced upon when the lucky finder least expected it. And alas! many and many a time, as one can easily imagine, have ignorance and carelessness combined to finish the work begun by the damp and the rats. There is a famous story of how Sir Robert Cotton, the father of autograph collectors, discovered a tailor in the very act of clipping an original copy of Magna Charta into measures. At Leeds Castle, Kent, many years ago, some fortunate individuals purchased a box apparently filled with old coloured paving-tiles. On removing the top layer of tiles, a mass of manuscripts of the time of the Civil War was found, which had evidently been stowed in the box, with the tiles above them, in order to conceal them. They were afterwards famous as the Fairfax MSS. A hundred and fifty years ago some plaster fell from a ceiling in Lincoln's Inn, and behold! the long-lost State papers of Thurloe, Secretary to the Lord Protector Cromwell, are exposed to view. Such instances could easily be multiplied, but these will suffice to show that one need never despair of coming suddenly upon such treasure trove.

An article in the *Archivist* (a little quarterly journal devoted to MSS. and autographs) recently gave a list of hunting grounds for collectors. The writer was a well-known connoisseur and collector. He places Paris in the front rank of such places, for the reason that a very large number of MSS. which are known to have existed there have now disappeared. This is not, to my mind, wholly satisfactory proof that Paris may yet contain them, although I certainly concede that it should be one of the first places to search for them. At all events, I hope I have said enough to show that autograph collecting may be made interesting. Now for a little more practical instruction how to set about it. First of all let the young collector disabuse her mind of the very common idea that an "autograph" is necessarily a "signature;" any Greek or Latin scholar, on thinking, will remember that one may write (graph) anything oneself (auto) without it necessarily being his name. The words "Paris Exhibition," for example, written in my handwriting, are my autograph, although William Jones may be my name. For shortness, of course, people talk about a person's autograph; they do not say his autograph signature, although as a matter of fact, if a distinguished person be asked for his autograph he usually writes the date of his visit—if he is on a visit—and finishes by signing his name to authenticate it. It may seem useless to many to make such a fuss about a comparatively small matter, but until you collect autographs you can have no idea to what extent this notion prevails. Therefore, remember that in most cases not only is a mere signature of very little interest, but it is as a rule of absolutely no value as an autograph whatever. Of course in the case of an autograph signature of, say, Dean Swift or Queen Elizabeth—two very scarce personages in the autograph line—even a signature, if of undoubted authenticity, becomes of great value. But even then unless it is affixed to a document, for example, which would substantiate its genuineness, it is a most difficult thing to prove the authenticity in case you desire to dispose of it. Rather than allow the owner to cut the signature off a letter for me I have more than once refused the gift politely until such time as the letter becomes of no value or interest to the owner, when it may fall into my hands whole and unmutilated. Now for a short explanation of the few terms used among collectors. An "autograph letter signed" is always called an "A.L.S."; "L.S." stands for "letter signed"; "A.D.S." for an autograph document signed; "D.S" stands for documents signed, and so on.

Another strict rule is, or should be, observed, never to stick in autographs as you would stamps or crests; not only does it lessen their value by rendering it impossible or very difficult to take them out without injuring them; but in case you want to alter the position, or look at the back, or exchange for a better specimen, you find it involves the partial destruction or hiding of the old specimen. I know of many fine collections containing otherwise beautiful letters, that have been ruined by the ignorance or foolishness of an earlier collector. Mount them in any way you think best, either with cut slits in the page of the album, or, better still, the paper corners sold for the purpose. To revert for a moment to another plausible argument often advanced against collecting, viz., where should they get the autographs from? how should they start their collection? they don't know any famous men; where would they be likely to find autograph letters? To this I reply, autograph collecting is a matter of patience. You certainly won't form a fine collection in a week, or a month, or even a year, unless you are a rich person, with unlimited cash to spend. But then, what kind of collection can be formed in such a time as I have mentioned?—not even stamps or crests, certainly not eggs or butterflies, for many of these latter are only to be procured in certain spots, perchance inaccessible or dangerous to any but experienced or professional collectors. No; you must learn to wait, or you will never learn the art or pleasure of the true collector. Half the pleasure of the thing is got by anticipation. There are places in my album for letters of most fabulous rarity, which I, Micawber like, am always waiting for something to turn up and fill.

A word of encouragement. It is a most astonishing thing what numbers of people have one or two old letters from famous people stowed away in remote boxes and desks, tied up with the usual piece of soiled ribbon, together with a programme of some long-ago amateur charades, or other entertainments of the home circle; a faded photograph or two; perchance a lock of hair in a piece of tissue paper, and some verses written by an early adorer (if the desk be that of a lady), or an effusion of one's own that we never dared send and yet thought too much of to throw away, if that of a gentleman. It does not require much persuasion as a rule to induce these good people to "fork out" and rummage about for more, especially if it is pointed out that an honoured place in a beautiful album is waiting for the old letters, with the name and title of the person who gave it to the present owner underneath, and a description of the way it fell into his or her hands. Many and many a time have I come across really old and valuable letters stowed away in some corner of an old desk or writing-case. And this brings me to another rule for the young collector. Never under any circumstances let an opportunity pass of examining any old bundles of letters or papers—written papers that is—that you may chance to come across. Examine each one carefully and separately: if it is not writen by a famous person it may possibly refer to some historic event in which the writer took an active though an obscure part. Think, for example, how interesting it would be to find a letter of any one of the officers or men who fought at Trafalgar or Waterloo, giving an account of the battle. It would always possess an intrinsic

value of its own which nothing could rob it of. Never mind how "unlikely" it is that you may find anything "good" in an old box or desk; if I may say so, it is just those "unlikely" places that are the most likely. I myself once found a lot of State papers, one hundred and eighty years old, under the hay in a farmyard loft. They were not lying in a likely place either; they were mixed up with old numbers of the *Illustrated London News* or *Graphic*: but under those old newspapers were some letters which are now the pride and joy of my collection.

And now I come to what is a delicate point for genuine collectors—it is the reproaches that are hurled against them, collectively and individually, by various persons, eminent and otherwise, who have been pestered by beggars for their autographs. When I have spoken of genuine collectors, I wish to distinguish them from the people who will write to a popular artist or successful actor for no other reason than an insane desire to possess a slip of paper signed by the popular idol. They do not, as a rule, care twopence for any other kind of autographs. If I were to offer them Addison's or Newton's at a gift they would probably turn up their noses at them; and moreover, when they get the desired reply they only keep them littering about in a drawer, or at best insert them in their photograph album, with a photo of the person himself, as if to deceive people into the idea that the portrait was presented to them by him. I freely confess that as a boy I committed this very absurdity myself; but I erred from ignorance. I should blush at the bare idea of doing such a thing now. I hope that no sensible person will think of including the genuine autograph lover who searches through old albums, pokes about in ancient chests, dives into old desks, nay, burrows into what are apparently rubbish heaps, in search of treasures, with Mr. Grossmith's "pestilential nuisances who write for autographs." Mind, I don't see any objection to asking a friend who has known or been in correspondence with celebrated people for a specimen of the letters of his friend: that to a certain extent is justifiable, for in nine cases out of ten they would only be thrown into the fire when a clearance took place. On the contrary, I think it is part of the duty of collectors to save, as far as possible, these interesting and often precious relics from destruction. It is a mistake in that case to lose anything through the want of asking.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

TAM O' SHANTER.—It would be more easy to play the pianoforte agreeably than the violin. The latter would require a longer experience and more perfect ear, as you would have to make the notes, whereas those of the piano are made for you.

"A STITCH IN TIME" tells us that she has heard of two girls who suffered from curvature of the spine from playing the violin, as she also herself experienced. Now, one swallow does not make a summer, and when she considers the hundreds and thousands of persons throughout all Europe, as well as our own country, who play that instrument and have no curvature, we think we may fairly regard these cases as exceptional. Very young or delicate girls, and others having a predisposition to curvature from weakness of the spine and hereditary unhealthiness, growing too fast, or practising too long, might well be recommended to play the piano instead. Students of the violin or harp must only watch their backs, and rest after short lessons.

AMY HILL.—1. See our article on the "Duties of Servants," in which you will find full instructions for a lady's maid. 2. Write to a music-seller, such as Novello; ask for a good manual, and the price of any he may name.

H. D. MILLS.—No birds sing while moulting, and if your canary be a female it will never sing much.

ESCA will find plenty of advice on the subject of stammering given from time to time in answer to correspondents. If a bad case, a professional had better be engaged to give a few lessons.

WORK.

NINA W.—Sixpence an hour is the usual price for such needlework when performed at home. But fourpence an hour might pay you if the quilt should prove a long business. At any rate, keep a careful account of the time spent in doing it, and you will soon know what to charge.

CLARA DE VERE, C.B., EVELYN ALLEMBY, PATTY.—We can only advise you to advertise for what you need. There is no "royal road" to finding employment or selling work except by personal exertion, by advertising, or, in case of an artist, taking your work round and showing it to the various publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATHLEEN'S HANDFUL.—The fact that you so earnestly *desire* to love your Heavenly Father and your Saviour is an evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart. So is that feeling of unhappiness at your coldness. This should cheer and give you courage, and aid you in persevering prayer. Our Blessed Lord says: "Him that cometh unto Me I will *in no wise* cast out"; and again, we have the assurance that "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God through Him." Think of His love and His power and willingness to save you, and rest all your hopes on Him, your unworthiness not being taken into account so long, of course, as you sincerely strive to please Him and seek His aid in so doing.

EDITHA.—"The Scripture-Reading, etc., Prayer Union" is under the direction of the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent; the "Headquarters," at Exeter Hall, W.C. There is also "The Bible Guild" (in connection with the "Christian Women's Education Union"), Honorary Secretary, Mrs. C. H. Waller, 16, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N. Another society is called "The Bible and Prayer Union," under the direction of the Rev. T. Richardson, Vicar of St. Benet's, Mile End Road, E. This is a very widely extensive society. Bishops of the English and Moravian Churches, Zenana and other missionaries, and all classes of workers of all sections of the Church of Christ, have joined, and many missionaries have been led to go out to Central Africa, Japan, and elsewhere, through this Union. There are branches in Australia, Canada, Ceylon, the Argentine Republic, New Zealand, China, Finland, Sweden, Syria, the United States, the South Sea Islands, Tasmania, India, Switzerland, Germany, and elsewhere.

MAD CAP had better show the protuberance on her nose to the doctor who saw it in the first instance. We could not prescribe for what we have not seen, knowing nothing of the owner's constitution.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We can only advise you to keep your head up after meals, especially dinner, and abstain from reading and employing your mind in study for an hour if possible.

"GULIA."—We should advise you to be careful how you do anything culpably clandestine and foolish likewise. Your parents' right is God-given, so they are the proper confidants of every girl.

A READER.—The complaint of which you write could not, we think, be cured by local applications. It arises from some constitutional defect, and needs medical treatment of the general health.

MAUD C.—The name "thimble" is derived from the Scotch *thummel*, from thumb-bell, a bell-shaped shield originally worn on the thumb; sailors and, we believe, shoemakers still use them. It is to the Dutch that the invention of thimbles appears to be due; and in the year 1695 an establishment for their manufacture was opened at Islington by one John Lofting, a Dutchman. In the fourteenth century they were made of leather, a leather guard covering the palm of the hand being still in use by men. Afterwards, in the same century, when metal was substituted for leather, the name "thimble" was adopted. Shakespeare speaks of them in *King John*:—

> "Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets change,
> Their needles into lances."

There is an allusion to them, likewise, in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

NIL DESPERANDUM could certainly have "The Girls' Own Indoor Book" forwarded to her by post to Philadelphia. We are glad that you agree with the majority of our correspondents, that this magazine is of so "great value to all girls."

MYRTLE.—There are several training homes for intending female missionaries, and they may not all have the same standard of eligibility as to age. You are too young at nineteen, but with your parents' approval your studies might begin.

JOSEPHINE.—It is wrong to repeat profane remarks. The representation of the happiness of the redeemed, consisting of "Sitting on a cold cloud and singing all day," is well hackneyed amongst those who have turned their backs on the Heavenly City. Just as the birds sing of their own free will, and as a vent for their happiness, so "the children of the Resurrection" "sing for joy of heart" in a feeling of bliss inconceivable to us. And as to sitting still with nothing to do, it is utterly contrary to scriptural truth. This may be gathered from several statements. Those who employed their talents well in this world were to be made "rulers over five (or ten) cities." How much is comprehended in these words! The Apostle says, "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" And our Lord says that His twelve Apostles shall "sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." There will be no stagnation, no idleness, yet no experience of fatigue, nor disappointment in any work appointed.

PATIENCE.—We regret that the verses sent to us are not suitable for this paper. They lack originality; and the composition needs revision.

PODGE.—You seem to misquote the forty-sixth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Acts: "Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said . . . ."

GELEHRT.—1. You are not entitled to ask more than one question. A writer who assumes a *nom de plume* must have his secrecy respected by his editor or publisher.—2. If your friend be the bridegroom, it is to him that your wedding gift should be presented.—3. On no account read stray books on theology; only those recommended by your parents, your clergyman (or minister), or friends whose sentiments agree with theirs. We are not surprised that your "mind is in a muddle," especially if they be German books.

LE NEZ EN L'AIR.—1. The Ta-kiang, or "Canton River," is 920 English miles long; the Menam of Siam about 920; Jordan, 300; the Kizil Irmak of Turkey, 580; the Amu Daria of Turkestan, 1350. It is against our view of the character and object of our Correspondence to answer what may be called school examination questions. It encourages laziness, for the students should study and make their own researches, and not hand over a work of time and trouble to someone else.—2. We refer you to former answers and articles by "Medicus" on the subjects of the complexion, hair, and hands.

SHY GIRL.—1. There is a great difference between being "talkative" and being able to converse agreeably. Read our article on this art, which has been republished in "The Girls' Own Indoor Book." Consider the age and tastes and occupation of the person to whom you should try to make yourself pleasant, and either tell them something that they would feel an interest in hearing—something you have read, seen, or heard—or ask them questions about subjects with which they are connected.—2. Do not on any account write any larger, or you will have to use leaves from a copybook instead of note-paper.

NURSIE.—Wash off all the caterpillars with a garden hose containing tobacco juice, or salt and water. Then surround the shrub with a border of quicklime, and they will not cross over that boundary.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.



CHAPTER VII.

TURBULENT SPIRITS.

"I KNOW one thing," cried Trixie, flinging high up in the air the book she had just closed with a bang; "I mean to have a real proper holiday, and I won't be interfered with by Aunt Esther or any other aunt in the wide world!"

Ethel was executing a sort of triumphant hornpipe, which she had commenced as soon as the door had closed upon the back of the governess, who had departed, not for the day only, but for the three weeks liberally allowed by the parents as the period of the Easter holidays. Ethel was fond of her books, and a clever child; but what child does not rejoice in holiday times, especially when the first flush of warm spring weather is waking up the world to its loveliest, freshest beauty?

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"Interfered with! I should just think not!" she answered, with an equal show of determination. "What is the good of getting rid of papa, and his rules and scoldings, if we are to be under the thumb of a stupid aunt we never saw in our lives before? I mean to have a jolly time, and do exactly as I like—as the boys do."

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves," said a new voice, in the low, languid tones that seemed at decided variance with the words. "Have your fling, my children, before the yoke is fitted to your innocent necks; for, if I am not much mistaken, our respected aunt means to be the mistress here, or to know the reason why."

Trixie went off into a fit of laughter.

"I should think you would pretty soon show her that, Dacre."

Dacre crossed his hands behind his head and looked reflectively at the ceiling. He was lying on the couch by the fire, looking very white and weak, as indeed he was; but the acute stage of the attack had passed, and only the subsequent exhaustion remained. He had been exceedingly ill for a whole week, and had fallen under Esther's care a good deal more than he had bargained for. Hence perhaps his increased respect for her powers of government, and a slightly less contemptuous manner of speaking of her. To her face he preserved his old nonchalant insolence in full measure; but she never betrayed that it hurt her; and he had before this been known to speak up for her behind her back, greatly to the surprise of the girls, who looked upon him as their natural champion when a revolt against lawful authority was in prospect.

"Well, I don't know that she means to interfere more than is the nature of an old maid. I suppose they are made like that. She thinks she was brought here for the sole reason of worrying us, and that if she doesn't do her duty she will be betraying trust."

"Well, I know I won't be worried by her, nor ordered about either. I mean to have a jolly time with Jenny. We have no end of ideas in our heads. I think I shall go and stay there perhaps. That would be the best fun of all. They are going to do the jolliest things when all the boys are at home. For one thing, there's going to be a tremendous rat hunt. I *do* want to see that. I mean to go too."

Dacre's eyes flashed open with one of his keenest looks; his brow contracted sharply.

"You'd best do nothing of the kind, Trix," he said. "That kind of thing isn't for girls."

Trixie tossed her head defiantly.

"I know that's what boys always say. They want to have all the fun to themselves; but I don't see it, and Jenny doesn't either. Her brothers aren't such selfish things as most brothers. They let her into their fun, and I'm going with her. It's to be a regular 'drive' of rats, as she calls it, and they will have all the dogs, and see if they can't kill heaps. You know you will go, Dacre, and so shall I."

Dacre's face was still dark; but all he said was—

"You know father would see you farther if he were here."

Trixie laughed audaciously.

"That's just the best of it. He isn't here, so we can do as we like. He wouldn't have let you play tennis till you made yourself ill, and I don't know that he would let you go any more than me if you did not do it on the sly. He doesn't like the Flemyngs, and he's got all kind of tiresome notions in his head. But you go there all the same, and so shall I—when I've got the chance."

"If Aunt Esther will allow you."

Trixie's laugh was full of derision.

"Come, Dacre, surely *you're* not going to come Aunt Esther over us? You don't mean to say that she has got over on the soft side of you whilst you have been ill. I never heard of such a thing!"

The girl went off into a fit of laughter, and the boy flushed hotly. The taunt was just such a one as to be most keenly irritating to him.

"How can you be such a donkey?" he cried, with unwonted heat. "But no fellow likes to see his sister going on like Jenny Flemyng. Why, she's the talk of the place, or will be when she gets a little older, if she will do everything the boys do. But girls always do think it so fine to be like boys; they don't know what fools they make of themselves generally."

A quarrel was plainly brewing—it did not take much to raise one between Dacre and Trixie; but for the time being it was averted by the entrance of Jessie in her riding habit, looking very pretty, hotly flushed, and with something rather triumphant in her expression.

"Have you been out riding?" asked Ethel.

"Yes; with Aunt Esther. She rides well—better than mamma, I think, for she isn't a bit nervous. And, Dacre, she has given that horrid groom you like so much a good set-down, and I hope it will do him good. He has been simply insufferable since papa has been away!"

Dacre looked up quickly, the cloud deepening on his brow.

"Do you mean Miller?" he asked sharply, for Miller was his own especial favourite amongst the outdoor servants; and though discouraged by his father from being much in the stables, Dacre was very fond of spending his spare time there in company with that man.

"Yes," answered Jessie, "I do mean Miller. I've often told you how abominably insolent he is, and you only laugh, and say he never is to you. I should have told papa before now only I knew you would be in such a rage if he was sent away; and he was never quite so bad as long as they were at home. But on Sunday, when we came out of church, I saw him lounging about the public-house in the village with a lot of horrid-looking men. And I know Aunt Esther saw him too, and he never even touched his hat, but stared at us with his pipe in his mouth; and if I'd been mistress of the house I'd have given him warning then. But he got a good set-down to-day."

"How?" asked Dacre, who was sitting up and looking very much awake indeed now.

"Well, when it was time for the horses he brought them round, and though he was dressed to go with us you never saw such a figure as he was. Papa would have discharged him on the spot. His coat was not brushed, and his boots were all muddy, and he had not shaved himself, and he looked just disgusting. I was dreadfully afraid that Aunt Esther would not know or mind, for of course some people don't notice such things, and let their servants go all anyhow, and I should not have dared to say a word. But when she came out she looked him all over, and just said very quietly, 'Take the horses back, Miller, and make yourself fit to be seen. We will wait for half an hour. We cannot go out in such a guise.' He looked most awfully taken aback and crestfallen, and for once in his life he had nothing to say; but there was a look in his eye, as he went back to the stables, that made me know he meant mischief."

"Well," said Dacre, who was listening attentively with a gleam in his eye, "and what form did his mischief take?"

"Well, when he came back in half an hour he was as trim and neat himself as possible—you know he can look the smartest of all the men if he chooses—but I saw by his face that he had done something, and that made me look at the horses. You know Aunt Esther was to have mamma's chestnut, and that was the horse he brought the first time. But I was almost certain when he came round again that he had put the saddle on the chestnut colt that was bought to match Rufus when mamma drives double, and that had not been ridden much, and has never carried a lady. They are so much alike that I could not be sure, but I thought so, and said so to Miller; but he said, 'Oh, no, it was madam's saddle horse,' and Aunt Esther looked at him and patted him, and said she would ride him, as he seemed to have no vice about him."

"And which was it?" asked Ethel with interest. The others would not assume any interest in a story concerning their aunt.

"It was the colt. I knew it the moment she tried to mount, for he was frightened when she put up her hand to the saddle, and if she had not been very quick and Miller very clever at mounting she never would have got up at all. Of course she did not know, as she had never seen how quietly mamma's horse stands when anyone mounts, and she did not seem to mind his flinging about rather. But I was frightened, for I did not know what he would do, or whether she could manage him."

"And did she?"

"Yes, very cleverly indeed. She wasn't in the least afraid, and when I told her quietly that I was sure there was some trick, and that she had got a young thing not really broken to lady's saddle work, all she said was that we would take quiet roads, and that she would keep a careful eye upon him.

Really he was very good, and was only nervous and fidgety and excited when we went any pace; but Aunt Esther managed him very cleverly, and you ought to have seen Miller's face when she dismounted and gave him the reins. I could not hear what she said, but I think he felt that he had had very much the worst of it *that* time, and I am very glad."

Dacre listened in silence, and when the story was over went out of the room, and was seen no more for some time.

Esther was growing to feel more at home in her new position. She had been called upon by several of the neighbours; and with Jessie friendly relations had been established, though there was a sense of friction sometimes, especially when any passing allusion to the fancy ball showed her niece's ardent desire to go to be quite unshaken. So far Esther had not really discussed the matter. The invitations had not been sent out yet, and it was possible that in the absence of the mistress, Greyfriars would not be included. Esther wished that this solution of the difficulty might be the one offered; but Jessie was certain she would be asked, and Esther began to think so herself when Lady Easterby called upon her in due course, and brought her pretty daughter with her, who was at once carried off into a corner by Jessie, and involved in a long and eager conversation.

This happened on the day following the adventure with the horse, and shortly before Cuthbert's return from Eton. Lady Eleanora was in a gracious mood, and Esther felt less like an outsider than she sometimes did. Her conversation was always original, and her unconscious dignity seemed to please Lady Easterby. When conversation had flowed for some time, she turned to Esther and said—

"I hope we shall see you at our *fête* on the twenty-fifth of next month. It is early to speak of it yet; but as it is to be rather a special affair, we have it in our minds a good deal. My eldest boy will come of age then, and we are to celebrate the day in a sort of pseudo-mediæval fashion that is dear to the hearts of young people. There will be something going on almost the whole day. I hope we shall see you and Jessie in the afternoon for the tilting and the games my brothers and sons and nephews are getting up. And you, if you can manage to do so, must remain for the fancy dress ball that is to close the proceedings, though I suppose Jessie must go home with her brothers, as she has not reached the age for such gaieties. Poor dear child! it would have been a nice occasion for her to make her *début;* but I suppose that must not be till her mother's return."

"No; decidedly not," answered Lady Eleanora. "Her father was very resolved upon that point. He thinks eighteen full young to come out, and Jessie will not be eighteen till the autumn. She must not attempt the ball; but there is no reason why she should not be present at the afternoon *fête* with her brothers and sisters and aunt, since you so kindly wish to have them all."

"And if you will excuse me," said Esther, smiling, "I will return with Jessie after the earlier part of the *fête*. I have a strong objection to balls myself, and I think Jessie will feel the disappointment less if no one from the house goes."

Lady Easterby smiled pleasantly. "Of course that must be as you wish. You certainly look rather youthful to dispense with a *chaperon* yourself. But if you remained and dressed at my house you would be taken for one of the house party. Let it be as you think best. Only I do not see why Miss Jessie should grudge you the sight of the pretty dresses, and the enjoyment of it all, just because she has to wait awhile herself for such things."

Esther smiled; but as tea was brought in, and the two girls returned from their isolation, the conversation passed to other channels, and in a short time the visitors took their departure. Jessie's face wore an excited look, and her aunt expected that she would at once begin to tease her grandmother to let her go to the ball. But she said not a word on the subject, and very soon left the room. And then it was that Esther was let in somewhat behind the scenes by Lady Eleanora.

"It would never do," she said, "to countenance the least little impropriety, or to stretch a point with regard to Jessie when the Easterbys are in the case. The Countess is a very sweet woman; but naturally she has the rather strict ideas of her class with regard to the bringing up of girls, and has never permitted the least infringement of rigid rule with regard to her own daughters. And young Lord Derwent, whose majority is to be celebrated on that day, is something of a martinet in his own way, despite his youthful looks and his small stock of experience. He has the pattern of his sisters before his eyes, and more charming and refined girls it would be hard to find anywhere. It has helped to make our young Viscount mighty fastidious and particular; and it would be a thousand pities if anything were to happen to make him think less well of Jessie. For latterly he has been very attentive to her when they have met. And of course such a union as that would be a source of great gratification to the whole family."

Esther looked quickly at the speaker as she said, "Oh, is that likely to be so? I have not heard Jessie speak much of these people—not so much as of others."

Lady Eleanora's smile was a little peculiar. "That is quite possible. Our nearer neighbours are more immediately in her thoughts. But if you were to see her with Lord Derwent I do not think you would consider her indifferent to him."

Esther had before her mind the recollection of Jessie's eagerness to attract Everard Chester's attention to herself, and her very obvious pleasure in his society, and wondered if she were one of those girls of whom she had read, who have a natural spice of coquetry in them, and can hardly help trying to win regard and admiration from all they meet. The poor child's training was just such as would be likely to develop such a trait in her, but it seemed a sad thing that she should have no higher aims inculcated than that of making a good marriage, and of getting on in the world.

Meanwhile, in the sanctuary of her own room, Jessie was standing before her mirror, her pretty rippling hair falling around her shoulders, a quaint rich white brocade dress, made in the fashion of some bygone age, draped upon her graceful figure by the skilful hands of Thérèse, who was chattering volubly to her young mistress in her broken English and rapid French.

Jessie's face wore a self-satisfied expression as she feasted her eyes upon the charming reflection in the glass. "Yes, Thérèse, that looks almost perfect. And you think you can do the pearl embroidery from the picture? Oh, how delightfully clever you are! Am I certain of going? Oh, yes, quite certain. Lady Constance has told me who are invited, and Mrs. Flemyng is one of them. I was quite afraid she might not be asked to the ball, for they are not in their set. But this *fête* is to be less exclusive than some. And then Walter Flemyng pulled Arthur Langton out of the river at Oxford the other day, and but for him he might have been drowned. So they are more cordial with them than usual. And if Mrs. Flemyng is invited she is certain to go. And if she goes she will take me. She is not a stupid stick-in-the-mud like Aunt Esther, with her old-fashioned ideas, or grandmother, who thinks girls are babies till they are ever so old—too old to care for fun."

Thérèse was all sympathy with her young mistress, and full of voluble assertions that it would be a shame for a pretty, charming young lady, with such a ravishing *toilette*, to stay away, and that when she was of an age to go everywhere under proper escort. And there followed many hints and insinuations, all in the worst possible taste, about what desolation the handsome Viscount would feel if she were not there. And poor, pretty, vain Jessie blushed and bridled and took it all in, and enjoyed by anticipation all the triumph of her first ball, taken under such romantic circumstances, and almost fancied that the *dénouement* would follow as fast in her case as in that of the fairy Cinderella, to whom Thérèse was fond of likening her.

Did the Lady Constance Langton know what was purposed by mademoiselle for that night? No. Jessie had been too much afraid for her secret to let it out to anyone. And the maid praised her discretion. And so all Esther's work of trying to bring the girl's mind to a higher level was undone behind her back; and throughout the house the spirit of rebellion and insubordination stalked rampant, urging almost every member of the youthful contingent to celebrate their holiday time by some act of flagrant insubordination.

(To be continued.)

MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

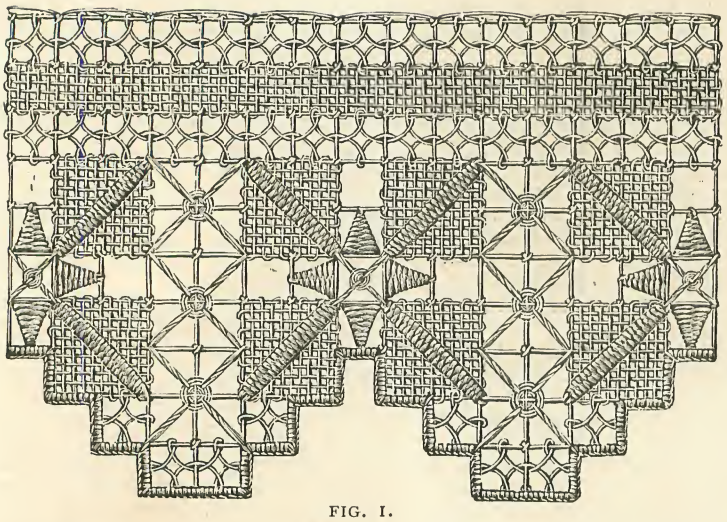


FIG. 1.

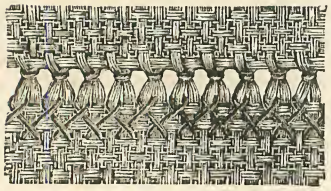


FIG. 1.

FIG. 1.—BORDERING LACE IN GUIPURE D'ART, AND INSERTION IN PUNTO TIRATO.

THESE two patterns are so plainly illustrated, that all who have had any practice in the work need only follow the designs given.

FIG. 2.—WORK BAG.

This elegant bag, suitable for holding delicate fancy work, is made of thick black satin, embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks. The lining is a red-brown satin. Three quarters of a yard of satin, eleven inches wide, will be required for the bag, with the same quantity of the brown lining.

Fold the satin in half, and leave four inches for the bottom of the bag. Draw the pattern on the satin across the lower part of the bag very carefully, so that the plain space is kept an even width. The centre strip of embroidery is on ribbon velvet, which, when worked, is tacked on the satin above the lower band of embroidery with small stitches of fine black silk. Great care must be taken to make the stripes meet exactly when the bag is made up. The space to be covered with the velvet band must be accurately ascertained and marked before drawing the upper embroidery pattern on the satin. The work is sometimes done in a frame to prevent the danger of puckering the satin; but we think a simpler way is to tack it, stretched tightly, on a piece of fine leather or *toile cirée*. The triangles on the upper and lower edges of the straight band are worked in satin-stitch, over a filling, to give a nice raised appearance. The silks used for the embroidery are: grey-blue, mahogany-brown, light yellow-green, dark leaf-green, in the following order—blue*, brown, light green, dark green, brown, light green, blue; repeat from*.

The opposite triangles correspond in colours. The four-leaved figures between are also in satin stitch, but are edged with double cordonnet stitch. The colours of these are arranged as follows: the first, light green with brown edge; the second, blue with brown; the third, brown with edge of fine gold thread. The same arrangement of colours takes place in the three-leaved figures below; but these correspond in shade with those to which they lie in a slanting direction. The central line of the vandyked row is worked in satin stitch in dark green silk. The rows of chain stitch on each side of this, as well as those running along the edges of the stripes, and forming the frame to the four-leaved figures, are made of gold thread in crochet,



FIG. 2.

and fastened to the material with one stitch of cardinal-red silk in every chain stitch. Rows of silk cord are placed parallel with the straight rows of crochet chain. The lowest is a medium olive-green silk, sewed on with overcast stitches of gold silk; the upper, medium old red with gold. The two cords bordering the velvet band have a centre one of finer



FIG. 2.

gold colour cord, with same shade of silk. The three-leaved figures which form the outer edges of the whole pattern are green, with gold veinings, and the sprigs of gold thread. The band of velvet is embroidered in a similar manner with gold thread and silks. The cross-shaped figure is cut out in cardboard, tacked on, and entirely worked over with gold thread. A gilt spangle forms the centre, and is sewed on with a centre knot stitch of red silk. The four surrounding spangles have knots of gold thread. The four-leaved figures are worked across in plaited stitch in red silk, edged round with gold thread. The little leaves in the angles are light olive. The three-leaved figures are of blue silk, edged with gold. The remaining leaves are alternately dark and light green and gold. The stalks, cordonnet stitch in gold, the spangles having red and blue knots.

The bag must now be carefully folded to join each band evenly, and stitched up, leaving two inches open at the top of the seams. Make a second bag the same size of the brown satin, and placing the black one in it so that the right sides are together, the wrong sides outside, stitch round the upper edge. When this is finished, turn them right way outside, sew a fine gold cord round the top and make a runner at the bottom of the opening for the drawing-strings of gold cord, tied together in double bows, the ends left hanging, and each finished off with a gold acorn in a cup of knitted black silk. A similar acorn is placed on the top of each seam of the bag. Each side of the seams is trimmed with a crochet border made as follows:—2 rows of double crochet the length required; a third row also of double crochet, but between every third and fourth stitch, 5 chain, forming a little purl edge. The three rows are repeated on the other side of the foundation chain, so that each edge is purled.

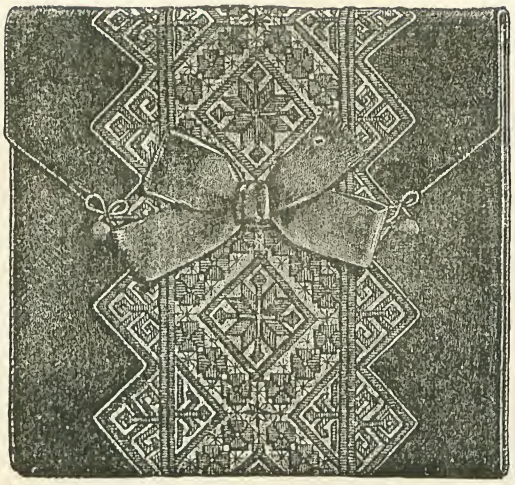


FIG. 3.

simply pinked out. The buttons match the claret colour. Two loose satin bags are put just above the quilted pocket on which the flaps are buttoned. These bags are made with a runner for a narrow elastic. A few stitches at the back will keep them in place on the lining. The two pockets with flaps at the other end are separated by a band of satin over a firm piece of stiff muslin, on which a stout piece of ribbon to match is stitched in compartments to hold the different articles to be placed in the divisions. The edges of each bag and the seams are stitched by machine. The lining is backed with stiff muslin, and the different pockets are all stitched on before it is joined to the plush, on which the embroidery has been neatly sewn, under a gold cord. The flap of the *necessaire* is shaped as shown, and finished off with a gold cord on all the edges. A claret-coloured ribbon bow and ends is placed on the flap, and small fancy gilt buttons fasten it at each corner.

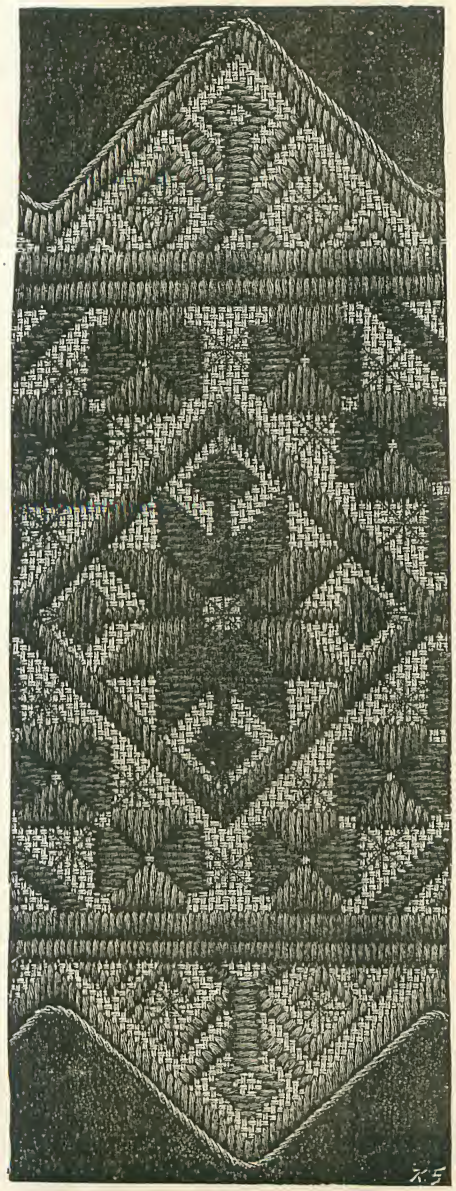


FIG. 3.

FIG. 3.—A VERY USEFUL NECESSAIRE FOR LADY'S WORK-TABLE.

The embroidered band on this convenient work-case is worked on a cream-coloured fine silk canvas, or any silk material with threads sufficiently even to be counted. The pattern is worked in satin stitch in two thread filoselle, claret colour; and the small stars between the thick embroidery are worked with twisted gold thread. The detail of the pattern is plainly shown in the illustration.

The material for the outside of the *necessaire* is of claret silk plush; and the linings and fittings are all made of old coloured satin. The pocket in the centre of the lining is made of quilted satin, slightly wadded, and lined with satin, and has two flaps at the top interlined with stiff muslin. The two small squares fastened on the quilted satin are made of double flannel, and serve for holding a few needles.

These squares are either finished round with wide-apart button-hole stitches in claret-coloured silk, or

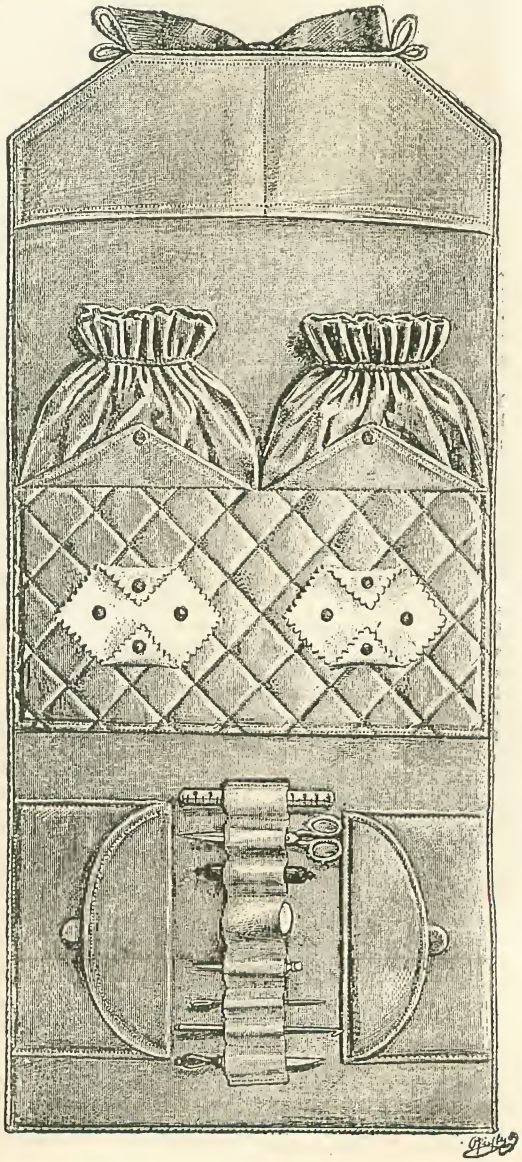


FIG. 3.

HIGH FAILURE.

A STORY IN THREE SCRAPS.

"How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes."—*Epic of Hades.*



REGULAR Jack!" Everybody had called him that since he had had any individuality at all. No other name would have suited him half so well—suited the bright, open, sunny English face; the kindly, happy-hearted nature; the quick, generous heart.

And upon this Christmas night, in Mrs. Tremayne's bright, pleasant drawing-room, Jack Dalkeith was, as usual, one of the brightest and happiest guests. He was thoroughly at home in that big, homely room; but then Jack had a way of making himself quickly at home everywhere. He was so free from affectation and self-consciousness, so cheery always, that he was a general favourite.

A big, miscellaneous party had assembled at Mrs. Tremayne's that Christmas evening. She was a genial, motherly-hearted woman, who took under her wing various young men who were working in different ways in London, far away from home and friends. Perhaps her house was the more attractive that Margaret Tremayne possessed a large portion of the same grace and sweetness which characterised her mother; and her gentle, womanly ways had a wonderfully refining, softening influence on all the men who came in contact with her.

She was absolutely free from all coquettishness, and looked on her mother's "boys" in such frank, friendly fashion that Mrs. Tremayne felt she was not doing a foolish thing in being a good deal less unconventional than her neighbours. That her conduct was looked upon by these latter as "odd," Mrs. Tremayne did not mind in the least.

Since the day—long years ago now—that her husband and her only son had been in the list of "killed," in a war which had desolated many a fair English home, she had done all she could for the young fellows of her own class, who, she felt, needed mothering and help as much as their poorer brethren.

To-night her party looked the happiest imaginable.

She herself was in her armchair by the cheery fire, surrounded by a bright, chattering group, whilst at the piano Margaret sat playing Christmas carols, with Jack Dalkeith on one side of her, and Herbert Raeburn, a young barrister, on the other.

Margaret's face was lighted up by the charm of the music, and looked its very sweetest. She was not a pretty girl, yet hers was a face one could not but look at over and over again with strangely growing admiration. The gray eyes were so earnest and true, the mouth had such a resolute curve, yet the smile was so sweet, that it was a face which all who knew it well loved; and Jack Dalkeith loved it.

Their intercourse had always been so frank and simple, that he did not in the very least know whether she cared for him otherwise than as a very great friend. They had never overstepped the bounds of friendship; only Jack knew, in his secret heart, that this fair, gracious girl was the woman whom of all others he longed to make his wife.

He was a clever young doctor, with every chance of rising and doing well in his profession, and with too much native honesty not to be aware of the fact. So he meant before very long to ask Margaret if she would share his life with him.

Presently Herbert Raeburn moved away from the piano, and Margaret, still passing her hands softly over the keys, turned her face up to Jack, with the words—

"How has Paradise Court been lately?"

Jack's bright face clouded, and a shadow came into the clear blue eyes.

"Paradise Court is a most disheartening place," he answered. "They are so terribly indifferent, those poor things! You see, they cannot understand the beauty of goodness; how should they? They uncommonly seldom see beauty of any sort."

"But that girl whom you doctored, and who got well, don't they see anything to be grateful for in that? Are they not all fond of you, Jack?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I am afraid not. You see, they think curing people is my trade, and consequently they don't set much store by it. I would give anything to help those people!" he exclaimed suddenly, after a pause, a look of passionate tenderness spreading over his face.

Long afterwards those words came back to the girl's mind with a strange pang of mingled sorrow and triumph.

Paradise Court was a certain squalid corner of London into which Jack, as a doctor, had been admitted, and in which his thoughts and heart were very much centred; and Margaret was always interested in its welfare.

"Poor Jack!" she answered his last words; "it is disheartening for you; but perhaps, after all, you will make something of the work. Results are always slow in coming. But I am so glad you have begun any work of this kind at all."

"So am I; it makes one realise what other lives are. I shall be eternally grateful to Langdale for having asked me to go and see a case in that part of his parish, just a year ago. A whole year! And nothing to show for it," he added somewhat sadly.

"There will be something to show, I am sure," Margaret said, as she rose from her seat, and smiled her sweet, hopeful smile.

* * * * *

It was the day after Christmas, a bright, sunshiny December day. Overhead the sky was of that pale blue, which even though it has a wintry look, yet possesses a peculiar beauty of its own.

The joy of Christmas still hung over everything, and the men and women in the busy London streets seemed to have more brightness than usual upon their faces.

Hurrying down a bustling thoroughfare, in one of the least aristocratic parts of the metropolis, Jack Dalkeith noticed the kind of radiance about every one, and he himself walked along quickly, with a smile hovering upon his lips.

The fresh, crisp air made him feel peculiarly blithe and happy. He was so strong and young, with such a long, happy vista of life stretching before him.

How good it was just to be alive! How good, too, to let his thoughts dwell upon a certain sweet girl-face which he should see this evening! And then he fell to wondering what her answer would be to a question he meant to ask her; and from that a fair picture rose before his mind of a possible home of his own, where a wife would always be waiting for him when he came in from his work.

But suddenly his thoughts were interrupted. The touch of a hand on his arm brought him back abruptly to the present of a crowded London street, and, looking down, he saw a miserable shivering child, whom he recognised as an inhabitant of Paradise Court.

"Please, doctor, I was on the way to fetch you. Will you come at once? Father's took awful bad, and we don't know what to do."

Jack paused a moment, and hurriedly thought over his afternoon plans. Yes; the things he had intended doing were not absolute necessities; but this, for all he could tell, might be a matter of life and death.

So with the ragged child pattering at his heels, he walked rapidly on to the entrance of Paradise Court.

The court which bore this name was strangely unlike our ideas of Paradise. Surrounded by high, black houses, set so close together that the sky between them seemed the merest strip of colour, filled with the sound of women's stormy voices and children's wailing cries, it was anything but peaceful or fair.

Outside the doors of the houses a few men were lounging, either smoking or quarrelling; whilst in the gutter were playing little children, whose faces were worn and old and weary, like the faces of old men and women.

The court was dirty, and full of foul smells and fouller language. It was no wonder that even Jack's heart sank a little as he came out of the bright freshness of the winter's afternoon into the stagnation and misery of this sad place. He followed his little companion across the court, saying a friendly word to those he passed, but meeting with little or no response, till he reached a low, wretched doorway leading into a miserable room. Where a window had once been was now a mass of rags; the floor and walls were begrimed with dirt; and no furniture was in the room, excepting a rickety old table and a three-legged chair.

In one corner was a bundle of rags, and upon it lay a man with closed eyes, and a look upon his face of extreme agony.

The atmosphere was such as to make Jack, used though he was to such things, draw back, but in a moment he had braced himself up, and moved towards the miserable so-called bed. A wretched, worn woman nodded in answer to his kindly greeting.

Did it strike her, I wonder, what a contrast his strong figure and sunshiny face were to the misery about him!

A great pang of pain shot through Jack's

heart when he saw a sprig of holly stuck above the mantelshelf, just a piece picked up probably from the street, and the only sign within of happy Christmas time that was going on without.

It did not take Jack long to discover that the unfortunate man he had come to see was suffering from diphtheria in its most acute form; and with a strange, nameless fear at his heart he told the wife that he must go to fetch something which he hoped might relieve his patient. There was no time to be lost, but he had no instruments with him, and he knew that only one possibility of saving his patient's life was left to him, and that possibility involved terrible risk to himself as well as to the sufferer.

He walked rapidly away, with ever that nameless dread in his heart, even a half shrinking from what he was about to do.

"I am a coward," he muttered to himself, and as he said the words, he paused for a second on one of the bridges that span the Thames, and stood looking across the river. Passers-by would have noticed nothing peculiar about the strong young figure leaning over the bridge. They would only have seen a face with a resolute curve round the mouth, a strange light in the keen blue eyes.

How fair and lovely the river looked to Jack in the fading winter sunset!

Away in the west the sky was golden, and standing in strong relief against it was the forest of masts which lined the river on either side.

Jack saw it all, and felt the keen air, which was so invigorating and fresh—felt the life-blood strong in every vein, and with a little gasp of pain he exclaimed, "I cannot." It was a terrible struggle to fight out. He knew that one thing, and only one, could save the life of the man in Paradise Court, and that one thing meant fearful risk to his own life—nay, it meant almost certain death.

Why should he do it? The passionate question surged up in his heart. Looked at purely from a professional point of view, the operation need not be performed. Was his life to be risked for that other miserable life, which, after all, he might not save. He could not do it; no, he could not leave this fair, sunshiny world. And then there rose before him the face of the girl he loved, and the struggle grew fiercer. It was a terrible temptation, a terrible struggle. And then he raised his head and looked out on the river once more.

The golden tint in the sky was fading fast away, but its parting rays fell, as he looked, upon the cross on the dome of St. Paul's. Clearly and distinctly the sign of our faith was upraised in the golden light, and Jack looked at it as if fascinated.

"For whom Christ died." The words seemed to ring in his ears over and over again; though he could not in the least remember where they came from, yet they seemed to shine out upon him from that cross against the sunset sky. In a kind of dream he thought of Christmas Day so lately passed, of the Life lived upon earth eighteen hundred years ago; of the wonderful Sacrifice of that life, "for us men, and for our salvation;" and a sudden wave of thankfulness for that wondrous love swept over him, and with it a great longing to do something as a sign of that thankfulness.

With this longing came the thought of the wretched lives in Paradise Court. Ah! if he could but save that man's life, might it not do some good amongst that misery and sin?

For Christ's sake he would do it. The victory was won.

All this had taken but a few seconds to think out, and he turned away quickly, with a shining light upon his face. As he turned he heard a familiar voice at his side. "Why, Jack!" and there beside him stood Margaret. Her mother was speaking to a friend, and she had caught sight of Jack, and turned to speak to him. "You look as if you had just made up your mind to something," she said, with a smile.

"I have," he answered, almost abruptly.

How much harder the sacrifice seemed now!

The girl saw that he was troubled, and as they walked slowly across the bridge, she said gently, with an old friend's right:—

"Tell me." And he told her, very quickly, that he was going to perform an operation in Paradise Court which had in it a good deal of danger. At first she thought he meant danger to the patient; but suddenly, with a woman's quick instinct, she guessed that he meant something more, and with an agonising pain at her heart, she exclaimed:—

"Danger to you?"

"Yes," he replied simply.

And, true woman that she was, she said nothing to dissuade him. She somehow understood, in a kind of flash of understanding, how much life meant for him, how much love for her was mingled with it.

And in that supreme moment she realised, too, how she loved him; but she would not make his work harder by letting him see a sign of it in her deep, sweet eyes. She only looked straight into his face, and said softly:—

"God bless you, Jack."

* * * *

"Jack Dalkeith dead? My dear fellow, I saw him on Christmas Day, and he was as well as I am myself."

"Well, it's true; and the sting of it is, that he met his death in the Quixotic attempt to save a life—and failed," and the speaker's voice quivered.

These two had been fellow-students of Jack's, and it seemed simply impossible to believe the news which had fallen upon them like a thunder-clap.

Jack dead? He had been the life of them all; so winning, so bright, so unselfish; it was impossible that he could be lying dead in his quiet lodgings.

He was so full of life always; and now he was dead, and the life he had risked his own to save had passed away as well.

"If it had not all been a failure, one would have felt the miserable sting of it less," exclaimed the second of the two speakers again; "but to think of his life wasted in vain! It is terrible—terrible"—and, strong man though he was, the young fellow buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

Margaret Tremayne will never forget that New Year's Day. It seemed to pass in one long, dreary dream; and life looked like a long, wearisome desert to be crossed, from which all the sunshine and glory had departed. And then, too, the worst sting in the pain was the failure of that great sacrifice.

Two lives lost! and one, it seemed, so thrown away.

The day wore slowly on—the weary, weary day; and Margaret was sitting alone before the drawing-room fire, when a sudden strange inspiration came into her mind. Her mother was out, so there was no one to consult, but she felt as if she must do what she had to do quickly.

She hurriedly wrapped herself in a long dark cloak, and put on her simplest hat, and then walked out into the sunshine of the New Year's afternoon.

Never pausing for an instant, she hurried through the busy streets, on and on, until she reached the grimy entrance of Paradise Court. She had never entered it before, her work had lain in other places; but now she walked quietly down it, with such a light upon her face that the rough, evil-looking men standing about turned to watch her as she passed.

By dint of inquiry she found the wretched room in which the man lay for whom Jack had given his life.

No thought of possible infection crossed her mind; she only saw the miserable woman crouching by the fireplace, with a bowed look of utter despair; and moving across the room, she laid her hand on the poor creature's arm.

"I am so sorry," she said.

The woman just lifted her head, and asked sullenly:—

"Who are you?"

"I have come to tell you how sorry I am," the girl said again. "And oh! I do know how it feels."'

"You!" and the tone became scornful.

"Do you not know," the girl went on softly, "do you not know the doctor died to try and save your husband?"

"What?" almost shrieked the woman, and there was a movement amongst the little crowd of people who had followed the stranger to the door. And the roughest man amongst them came and touched Margaret on the shoulder.

"He's not dead—our doctor!" he said.

What wonderful strength had come to the girl who loved him!

"Yes," she replied, standing in the middle of the room and facing the listening crowd, "yes, he risked his own life to try and save a life—and he has failed." Her voice quivered and broke; "but, oh! he loved you all so much, and he did want to help you."

Another stir ran through the listening people, and the rough man who had spoken grasped at the table, and then burst into a wild, stormy passion of tears and sobs.

"I never took no notice of him," Margaret heard him say, "and now I sha'n't see his face no more, and he was like the sunshine here."

The words seemed to awake all his companions to the realisation of what had happened, and they seemed, too, to realise, now they had lost it, what that life had been in their dreary court.

It was long before Margaret could get away, but when at last she did, that rough man followed her to the entrance of the court, and again laying his hand on her arm, said, in a curiously softened voice:—

"Miss, I were a beast to him when he lived—I'd give my life to get him back." And from that day the roughest man in Paradise Court was Margaret's most faithful adherent.

Jack's death made a profound impression upon him. It was the first glimpse the poor fellow had ever had, in his dreary life, of the beauty of goodness and self-sacrifice; and Margaret's teaching and influence strengthened this impression, until it grew to be something deep and lasting.

Somehow the whole court was thrilled through and through by that heroic death, which, nevertheless, had seemed a failure; and though, of course, sin and misery did not pass away, yet a change was perceptible in more than one of the wretched inmates.

"Seemed a failure!" Yes, but it was only seeming. The sacrifice of that Christmastide did work which perhaps long years of labour could never have wrought.

Christmastide, with all its joy, is surely the foreshadowing of that grandest of all sacrifices which we remember on Good Friday—the sacrifice which at the time must have seemed to those heart-sore disciples so like failure.

We have much to learn in our lives, and one of our lessons, not the least amongst them perhaps is this, that

"High failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes."

VERA.

MY GARDEN.

By RUTH LAMB.

You call this spot my garden fair,
This tiniest patch of ground,
With centre plot of greenest grass,
And flower-decked border round.
You forget my larger garden
Which stretches miles away;
I could not reach its borders on
The longest summer day.

In spring the primrose stars my banks,
And, growing at my feet,
The violet calls me from the moss,
By voiceless perfume sweet.
I've acres of fair meadow land
Where flowers of every hue
Grow with the grass, wave in the breeze,
And glitter with the dew.

When these fair flowers have lost their lives
Beneath the mower's hand,
I've others, shining 'mid the corn,
And brightening the land.
Some weave their garlands round the hedge;
Some, modest, hide below;
Then later, when Old Winter comes,
The thorns are all aglow;

For berry takes the place of bloom;
My garden still is fair,
And, before Winter flies again,
The snowdrop will be there.
Brave little flower! It lifts its face
To turn mine to the light;
It speaks, "Dark days are speeding fast—
Hope on, and do the right."

The trees are mine. Yes, every one;
Those stately trees and tall;
I pause beneath their rustling shade,
I love them one and all;
I rest upon their moss-grown trunks,
When fierce the noon-tide beams,
And oft the music of their leaves
Has changed my thoughts to dreams.

"You may not fell one." True, but then
I would not if I could;
My hand shall never rend a bough
From all the leafy wood.

Trees may be silent, yet I hear
A voice in every tree;
For some were old when I was young,
And some have grown with me.

Ay, you may laugh. Mock if you will,
When thus I make my claim.
The fields are mine; the woods are mine,
In all but just the name.
They yield me beauty, perfume, shade,
They fill my heart with joy;
One thing alone you claim beside—
The power to destroy.

You may be rich, and call me poor;
Well, put this to the test;
Of all good gifts I share with you
The fairest and the best.
What worldly wisdom cannot know,
Or sordid natures prize,
Is mine, by God-given power to grasp
The good that round me lies.

I've shown you plainly—have I not?—
That while this plot is small,
I own a wider garden than
"My Lady's" at the Hall.
I think sometimes her flowers stretch
Their heads that I may see,
And I'm pretty sure the gardener
Has clipped the hedge for me.

The very breeze is kind, as well,
And waves the trees aside,
So that their leafy branches
The flowers may not hide.
I have miles and miles of gardens,
And I share "My Lady's" too,
Though I never fee a gardener,
Or make a great ado.

If one plant does not blossom, and
Another grows too tall;
With gladden'd eyes I still can see
Beauty in each and all.
You dwell beneath a stately roof—
My cottage is hard by—
Amidst your splendour may you be
As blest and rich as I.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WILL YOU TAKE BACK THOSE WORDS, MAUD?"

A VERY few minutes were sufficient for the inspection of Annette's scanty stock of clothes. Averil's eyes grew misty over the little pile of coarse neatly-mended linen; the worn shoes, the pitiful contrivances, gave more than one pang to her warm heart.

"How can she contrive to look so ladylike," she thought, as she remarked the frayed edges of her black gown; "none of them seem to have noticed that indefinable air that stamps her as a true gentlewoman. I wish Maud and Georgina had half such good manners; but they are thorough girls of the period."

Annette looked at her wistfully when the brief survey was over.

"I told you the truth, my cousin, did I not, when I said I was poor? In the Rue St. Joseph it did not seem to matter, but here among all these fine people I do not love to be shabby."

"Oh, we will alter all that," returned Averil, cheerfully. "I shall give you the same outfit I gave Lottie when she first came to live here. As I am to enact the part of fairy godmother, I am sorry that the pumpkin coach is wanting, but we shall do very well, I dare say." And then as she went to her room she reproached herself secretly for not being sufficiently grateful for her riches. "How often I have complained of the burden of my wealth," she said to herself. "How often I have longed to shift my responsibilities, and to betake myself to a cottage with Lottie and Unwin. Why am I so impatient, so cowardly? I ought to rejoice at the richness of the talent entrusted to me. 'Give an account of thy stewardship.' Yes, those awful words will one day sound in my ears. So much has been given me, that surely much will be required. Oh, what a poor creature I



"I PAUSE BENEATH THEIR RUSTLING SHADE."

am, for I would willingly, thrice willingly give it all if only I could be like other girls." Here she caught sight of herself in the glass, and a flush came into her pale sad face. "No one—no one guesses my weakness; even Unwin, dear soul, only thinks I am tired and far from strong. But One knows," raising her eyes reverently, "and He who has laid this cross upon me will surely help me to carry it more bravely to the end." And then she whispered softly—

"Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear;
And, dear Lord, the chiefest
Grace to persevere."

That afternoon Annette thought she was in fairyland. If Averil had been a benevolent fairy and had waved her magic wand, she could not have worked greater wonders, and yet it was all so quietly done. Averil seemed to know just what she wanted, and her orders were executed in a marvellous way. They went to a linen-warehouse first, and then drove to a dressmaker.

"Mrs. Stephens will know exactly what to get us," Averil remarked in the hansom. "As you are in mourning there will be no need to select shades. She will take your measure and show us a few stuffs. We shall not be fatigued with looking over fashion books; Annette, you must not be afraid of speaking. If any material takes your fancy, please tell me so without reserve. Lottie always chooses her own gowns, and she has very pretty taste." But in spite of this kindly permission Annette could not bring herself to speak, except at the last, when Averil felt a timid touch on her arm.

"Do not give me so much," she pleaded in a grave tone of remonstrance. "My cousin, you are too extravagant. I shall ruin you. How many more dresses? One for morning and one for the promenade, and a dinner dress, and yet another. Why should I have that other, cousin Averil?"

"Why! Because you will have to look your best on Tuesday when all my friends are coming," returned Averil, smiling. "My dear Annette, you have no idea of the crowds that are invited. The grenadine is for that occasion. Now you must have a hat and jacket; and then there are boots and shoes. Come; we have no time to waste in talking," and again they jumped into the hansom.

More purchases—gloves, a sunshade, even an umbrella; then two weary jaded beings were driven back through the sweet evening air. Averil leant back in the corner of the hansom, with closed eyes, almost too tired to speak. Her frail form ached with fatigue, but her heart felt peaceful and at rest; she had forgotten herself in giving pleasure to another, and the reward of unselfishness was hers already. Annette was silent too; her heart was too full for speech. "For what is it that I can say," she thought; "to thank is only to give words. I must wait and prove my gratitude in other ways," and Annette's girlish bosom throbbed with sweet warm feelings. Already she loved her cousin, already her orphaned heart seemed to cleave to her. "If thou hadst known her, thou wouldst have loved her too, my mother," she thought, as her dark eyes were fixed on the blue cloud-flecked sky.

As Annette sprang lightly from the hansom and ran up the steps of Redfern House, she noticed how slowly and stiffly Averil moved after her. "Oh, you are tired, tired," she said remorsefully. "Miss Jones will tell me I have killed you."

"Lottie knows better than that. I am so often tired, Annette. Why, Roberts,"—interrupting herself—"that is surely not the gong, it is only just seven."

Roberts looked embarrassed. "The young ladies have ordered dinner half an hour earlier," he said in rather a hesitating fashion. "I told them, ma'am, that half-past seven was the hour mentioned, but Miss Maud said——"

"Do you mean that dinner is actually served?" and a slight frown crossed Averil's brow. "Annette,"—turning to her cousin—"there is no time to dress; will you please take off your hat, and come down into the dining-room."

Annette obeyed, but as she took her place at the dinner-table beside Lottie, she looked round her somewhat bewildered. "They must be going to a party," she thought. Even Lottie was in white, the table was dressed with flowers, surely it must be a fête day.

Averil came in by-and-by and took her place. She looked unusually grave. Mrs. Willmot gave a deprecating cough, and threw back her voluminous cap-strings.

"I hope, my dear Averil, that the little change in the programme has not inconvenienced you," she said, in a tone intended to be propitiatory, "but Maud said that she was sure you had forgotten the concert at the Albert Hall."

"It was Maud's doing then. At least I need not apologise for my walking-dress." But though she said no more, Mrs. Willmot glanced nervously at her daughters, and Maud tossed her head in a supercilious way; only Rodney seemed at his ease. Lottie looked red and uncomfortable until Averil began talking to her.

"Are you going to the concert too, Lottie?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Not if you want me," returned Lottie, anxiously. "Only as there was a vacant seat in the box, aunt said I might as well go. I only knew about it an hour ago. I had no idea at luncheon."

"My dear, there is no reason why you should not enjoy the treat, and you have never heard Madame Patey—go, by all means. Annette and I are both so tired that we should not be good company; indeed I mean to give her a book for the rest of the evening."

"Then you do not mind—oh, I am so glad," and Lottie's brow grew clear in a moment. She began to chatter to Annette about this wonderful concert, and about the singers.

"What a fuss you make about it, Lottie," observed Maud, who seemed somewhat out of temper. "Miss Ramsay will think you have never been to a concert before."

"I have not been to many, and I think concerts are the most heavenly things in existence; there is nothing on earth I love better than music."

"Except a few superlatives," was the sarcastic rejoinder, and somehow Lottie's innocent enthusiasm seemed quenched in a moment.

"What's up with you girls?" remarked Rodney, lazily, as the conversation flagged at this point. "Lots of people talk in superlatives, so you need not be down on Lottie. You and Georgie are always awfully in love with something or other. It is awfully nice of you, you know."

Maud gave him a withering glance, but made no answer, and he rattled on in his good-humoured boyish way. He even addressed Annette once or twice, as though to make amends for his sisters' indifference. Neither Maud nor Georgina seemed disposed to trouble themselves about her. In their eyes, she was only an encumbrance—another applicant for Averil's bounty. They had not been consulted in the matter. Averil rarely consulted anyone. If they had been asked for their opinion of this new inmate of Redfern House, they would have termed her "a plain, uninteresting, shabby little thing," for the Miss Seymours were never sparing of their adjectives. Lottie they tolerated. Lottie knew how to make herself useful. They would have been at a loss without her; in many ways she was invaluable. They had no maid. Mrs. Willmot's means could not afford such an extravagance, with Rodney's college debts to pay and a hundred private expenses. Lottie had excellent taste. She was clever, and knew how to use her needle. She could turn a dress, and arrange a drapery: she could advise them on the choice of a trimming. It needed all Averil's skilful management to prevent Lottie from becoming a perfect drudge. Many a task of mending was privately performed by Unwin, or one of Averil's *protégées*, to give Lottie leisure for her beloved music. When it was possible to secure an hour from interruption, Averil read French and history with her. The poor girl felt her imperfect education bitterly, and Averil's strong will was set on raising her to her own level.

"Is a bright, intelligent creature like Lottie to degenerate into a mere lady's maid?" she would say to herself. "We must all serve our apprenticeship. God forbid that I should hinder her from making herself useful, but there are limits to everything; only Maud and Georgina do not seem to recognise the fact. Why are some natures so selfish? I suppose their mother has spoilt them. Some people would say that I was spoilt too, for I generally get my own way. Dear father! as though he ever refused me anything! As they left the dining-room, Annette lingered for a moment to admire a fine bronze figure. The hall was somewhat dark, and in the summer twilight she was unperceived by

Averil, who had just joined Maud at the foot of the staircase.

"Maud, I want to speak to you for a moment. What has happened just now must never occur again." Averil spoke with a decision that was not to be mistaken, and Maud looked excessively offended.

"I am sure I do not know why you are making all this fuss, Averil. What does such a little thing signify? One would think from your manner that I had committed some crime in asking Mrs. Adams to serve dinner half an hour earlier."

"It was taking a great liberty, Maud: a liberty that must never be repeated in my house. No one shall contradict the mistress's orders. Mrs. Adams will be taught that she must only take orders from me. I am sorry to have to speak like this, but you give me no option. This sort of thing has occurred too often; I am resolved to put a stop to it."

"It is mamma who ought to be mistress of the house," returned Maud, passionately. "I wonder you are not ashamed to put her in such a position. You treat us all like children, and you are only a girl yourself."

"I shall not reply to you, Maud—recriminations are useless. You can ask yourself, and I can safely leave it to your conscience to answer, whether one of you has received anything but kindness at my hands. And what do you give me in return? Do you ever consult my taste, my pleasures? Do you care for anything but your own wishes?"

"You have everything," in the same proud, passionate tone. "How can you expect us not to envy you, Averil? We are dependent on you, and I hate dependence—just because mamma was cheated out of her rights."

"Maud," in a voice so hard and cold that Annette scarcely recognised it, "I can bear much, but there are limits to my generosity. Will you take back that speech, or shall I go to your mother?"

"I declare you are too bad, Averil," bursting into indignant tears. "You are using your power mercilessly."

"Will you take back those words, Maud?"

"As though I meant them"—dashing her tears away. "Of course; I know the money is yours."

"You are wrong, it is not mine; it is no more mine than any other gift I possess. I do not desire it—it is more a burden than a pleasure. At times it is almost an unbearable responsibility. Not that I expect you to believe me," rather sadly.

"Well, you know you are odd enough for anything. I never knew anyone like you, Averil."

"Are you quite sure you know me, Maud? Have you ever tried really to know me? I am perfectly aware what you and Georgina think of me. Oh, yes! I am odd, eccentric—none of your friends understand me."

"Oh, don't let us quarrel," returned Maud, impatiently. She had recovered her temper, at least outwardly, for she thought it would be more politic to keep the peace. "Of course, we never shall agree in things. I love society, and you only care to associate with dowdy, frumpish people. In your place, I should keep open house—I should never be alone. But there! one might as well argue with the wind." And Maud shrugged her shoulders and ran upstairs, leaving Averil still standing there. Annette heaved a heavy sigh as she moved slowly away; there was something indescribably pathetic in the small slender figure, the drooping head, the tightly locked hands.

"Oh, they are cruel, these people!" exclaimed Annette, half aloud. "They care not to understand—they have no kindness in their hearts." But in spite of her sympathy and youthful indignation, she did not venture for a long time to follow her cousin; she moved about uneasily, taking up a book and laying it down again. She saw the party drive off to the concert. Lottie kissed her hand to her, with a beaming smile, as she passed. "She would not look so happy if she had heard that talk," thought Annette. And then she could bear the solitude of the big rooms no longer. And though her heart beat a little quickly at her own temerity, she crossed the dusky hall again, and tapped softly at the door of her cousin's room Perhaps that light tap was inaudible, for there was no answer, and Annette timidly entered. The moon had risen, and a flood of silvery beams was pouring into the open window, beside which Averil sat. For the moment Annette thought she was asleep; she was lying back in her chair with closed eyes, but as Annette advanced noiselessly, she was shocked to see a large tear steal down her cheek, followed by another.

Annette's affectionate heart could not bear the sight. She startled Averil by stooping over her to kiss it away.

"Annette," in rather an embarrassed voice. "My dear, why have you followed me?" But this delicate hint that she would rather be alone was lost on Annette.

"Don't be vexed with me, my cousin. I came because I overheard, and because I was sorry for you. Indeed, I did not like you to be alone, and Miss Jones was not here to comfort you. Oh, you have been shedding tears! It was cruel—cruel to speak to you like that. You did well to be angry."

"Oh, Annette, please hush! You must not say such things; it is never well to be angry. I ought to know Maud by this time; she has a bad temper when she is put out; she does not always measure her words. Do you know why I am so unhappy? Not because of what Maud said, but because I cannot forgive myself for being so hard. Oh, I am proud, terribly proud, and sometimes they make me suffer; but I do not often forget myself. I think"—with a little sob—"that I was too tired; one can bear so little when the body is weak."

"My poor dear"—three little words; but the sympathetic tone was infinitely soothing to Averil's sore spirit.

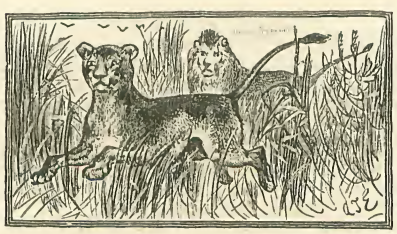
"Do not pity me too much; I deserve to suffer; I had no right to be so angry."

"But, my cousin, surely Miss Seymour was in the wrong to contradict your orders?"

"Most certainly; but I could have told her so more quietly. I was right to reprove her, but I ought not to have suffered her to provoke me. Annette, if only one could be sweet-tempered! One has to fight such a hard battle sometimes—and oh, I am so tired of it all!"

"You are young, and have much to bear," returned Annette, in her serious way. "And always goodness is difficult. How well do I remember my mother speaking to me on this subject. One day, as we sat together at our work, she surprised me by telling me that her temper was naturally a bad one. Never shall I forget my astonishment. No, it could not be possible. 'Seest thou, Annette,' she said—for we talked often in the language of our adopted country—'I have taught myself by God's help to control it when I was young. When I first married I was very hasty, and would say bitter things when others displeased me; but one day I said to myself, "Felicia"—my mother's name was Felicia—"thou art growing sharper every day. People will cease soon to love thee. Thy tongue should be thy servant, not thy master."' My cousin, never have I heard an irritable word from my mother's lips: her patience and sweetness were wonderful. Do you care to know how she cured herself? When her husband, her child, her servant, or perhaps some troublesome neighbour, provoked her, she would be silent a moment, then she would reply. And always she repeated the same words in her heart, 'deliver us from evil;' that was her charm of charms, as she called it. But it answered well."

(*To be continued.*)



"WEDDING 'AT HOMES'" FOR PEOPLE OF SMALL INCOMES.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.



THIS article, like "Hints on an Inexpensive Trousseau," is intended for those whose income is not of the largest, but who wish to make the best of the little they have to spare.

Now that fashionable weddings so seldom take place in the morning, the expense and difficulties of a smart wedding-breakfast are quite dispensed with, and game, ices, and unlimited champagne are quite a thing of the past, or at least quite unnecessary.

But I am not writing for people who think that a cup of indifferent tea, or worse than indifferent lukewarm coffee, and a wedge of bridecake, or a flake of bread-and-butter, are quite enough to offer even their friends who drive in from a distance to see dear "Milly" or dear "George" married!

No; surely if at any time honour should be done to the dear son or daughter, and the resources of the household taxed to the utmost, it is at this, the wedding time. And besides this, the father and mother of the bride are naturally anxious to make the best of themselves and their belongings before the members of the other family that is to be so closely united with them.

We will suppose, then, that the wedding is to take place in the country—in a vicarage or other house containing three sitting-rooms of average size on the ground floor.

The greater part of the furniture should be removed from the study and drawing-room the day before, to transform the smaller room into the "present show-room," and the larger one into a reception-room for the guests, with plenty of chairs and ottomans round the walls, but no tables or knick-knacks as traps for the unwary left in the room.

If it is a summer wedding, I should remove fender and fire-irons, and fill in the hearthstone with a layer of dried moss—to be bought in penny packets. And upon the moss, or rather in it, stand small cups and jars full of scarlet poppies, purple irises, or tall white dog-daisies, and disguise the whole fire-place with tall fronds of bracken. This looks very well, and gives an air of artistic arrangement to the room at once.

Arrange the presents on a table in the centre of the small room as prettily as possible, with the giver's name on each one, as, unless you have a garden, the only amusement you can offer your guests is that of looking at the wedding gifts. Of course, if you are blessed with a garden, have tennis and archery going, or croquet for the elders and rounders for the younger members of the party.

Supposing the wedding to take place at two o'clock, the guests must all go straight to the church, and the house-party, bridesmaids, and relations be driven there also, the bridesmaids taking their stand in the church porch to await the coming of the bride and the relative who is to give her away. But as this paper does not concern the wedding, but merely the "At Home" afterwards, we will imagine the return of the whole party back to the old home, the bride and her relations rather tearful and excited, and the bridegroom striving to appear cool and collected, but very anxious to have all the fuss over and get safely away.

The bride is now the cynosure of all eyes, and has to display herself in all her wedding finery, and then go off to the dining-room to cut the cake with her husband.

The dining-room should also have been stripped of all superfluous furniture, and have a long table at the far end of the room, behind which stand the two or three women-servants in pretty white caps and aprons. Never attempt to go in for hired waiters; the men will only be a nuisance to you and look pretentious; and, if people would only believe it, women are far pleasanter as attendants.

Have a spotless damask cloth covering the table, and let the silver be brilliant, and the glass and china as sparkling as possible. Do not attempt to give wines of any kind. Have coffee at one end and tea at the other of the table, with a maid to pour out at each end, and the third, to wash up the cups and spoons, in the background.

Your eatables should be brown and white thin bread-and-butter, rolled, to go with the coffee and tea; dainty sandwiches of different descriptions; cucumber or tomatoes, sliced very thin, between bread-and-butter, or more elaborate ones such as these:—

VICTORIA SANDWICHES.

For twenty-four persons—Wash forty-eight anchovies, bone them, take out the backbones, and divide them in halves; cut an equal number of thin slices of brown bread-and-butter; put between two slices alternate layers of hard-boiled eggs, cut in thin slices, mustard and cress cut small, and the anchovies. Press the slices closely together, and with a sharp knife cut them into small squares. Serve on a napkin, and garnish with parsley.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.

Cut some slices of thin bread-and-butter and put the following mixture on each slice:—Bone and pass through a sieve twelve sardines, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and a nice bit of butter; add some finely-chopped parsley, and season highly with black pepper and cayenne; mix all well together. Cut the sandwiches into oblong shapes, and serve with cress or lettuce in the middle.

You will want one or two more pretty savouries. A good aspic jelly may be made thus:—

SAVOURY JELLY.

Any amount of remnants of poultry and game can be cut into small dice, mixed with quarters of hard-boiled eggs, and put into moulds filled up with savoury jelly, which can just as well be made of gelatine dissolved in stock as of calves' feet. This, if duly seasoned with plenty of pepper and not too much salt, is delicious. Instead of poultry scraps, well-picked shrimps or prawns make a pleasant change.

ANCHOVY EGGS.

Boil the eggs hard; when cold, shell them, and cut in half lengthways; take out the yolks and pass them through a sieve, and to every egg add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, cayenne pepper, and a small piece of butter; beat all together and replace in the whites. These eggs should be served on fried rounds of bread.

Do not trouble to have any sweets except cakes and buns. The following recipes are particularly good ones.

GOOD BUNS.

Two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a cup of yeast, a quarter of a pound of picked currants. When well mixed cover them over, and put them by the fire to rise, after which make into buns and put them before the fire for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven

GINGER DROPS.

Eight ounces of grated sugar, the white of one egg well beaten, two full teaspoonfuls of essence of ginger; mix well, and drop on white paper with a good large teaspoon. Bake in a very moderate oven about ten minutes. The drops are done as soon as they can be nicely taken off the paper.

If the wedding takes place in the fruit season, nothing is nicer than a fruit salad, which looks very smart in a large glass bowl.

FRUIT SALAD.

Place a layer of oranges or strawberries at the bottom of a salad bowl, and sift white sugar over them. Then put a layer of raspberries and sift sugar, then currants—red or white—and sugar, and so on till the dish is full. Then pour a wine-glass of Marsala and half a glass of brandy over the whole, and leave for at least six hours. A little ice improves it greatly.

Do not think it necessary to have a gigantic wedding-cake, but have a small one, simply iced, of about twenty pounds, for the centre of the table. You hire the ornaments for the cake at the shop where you buy it, as well as the cake boxes you will want for sending cake away to your friends. Only send to your near relations who have been unable to attend the wedding, for lavish cake-sending is unnecessary and extravagant. Put a card in each box—

"*With* MR. *and* MRS. ——— ———
Compliments."

Then a word as to the cards of invitation, which are the most usual to send out when issuing invitations for the wedding. You may either use the simple form—

MR. *and* MRS. JONES.
MRS. WALKER AT HOME.
June 10th. .S.V.P.

or the more elaborate one—

MR. *and* MRS. WALKER

request the pleasure of MR. *and* MRS. JONES'S *company at the marriage of their daughter,*

MISS ETHEL WALKER,
to
MR. FRANCIS HANSON,

at St. Mary's Church, Linden, on Tuesday, June 10*th.*

Do not send cards after the wedding; the custom is vulgar and out of date.

After the bride has cut the cake, she retires to take off her finery and put on her travelling dress, and this is the time when a little good music will relieve the monotony of the proceedings. You are sure to have a girl among the guests who is willing to sing or play; but unless the music is first-rate, avoid it as you would the plague.

Remember that the bride's father provides the wedding carriages, and the one in which the happy pair start for the station; no doubt some kind friend who is happy enough to possess a landau and pair of horses will be only too glad to help by lending them for the occasion.

Another matter to which no attention is often paid is the clothing of the wedding guests.

To my mind there is nothing so painful as seeing the whole of the house-party in gowns of green and blue, or even if they have selected pretty colours, the shade of one lady's gown killing that of her next neighbour.

My idea is, that the hostess should give a hint to those near relations who are quartered in the house that the wedding is to be a heliotrope one, or a "vieux rose" one, as the case may be; so that in buying their gowns the ladies might be guided as to the colour, and so be in a certain sort of harmony.

Thus a very pretty, harmonious wedding would be where the bride was in white silk or muslin; the bridesmaids in white gowns, with pale mauve trimmings; the bride's mother in silver poplin or dead grey silk, with a bonnet composed of pale lilacs; the bridegroom's mother in deep heliotrope velvet; and the rest of the relations in harmonising colours, with posies and ribbons all alike—of lilacs, violets, or heather.

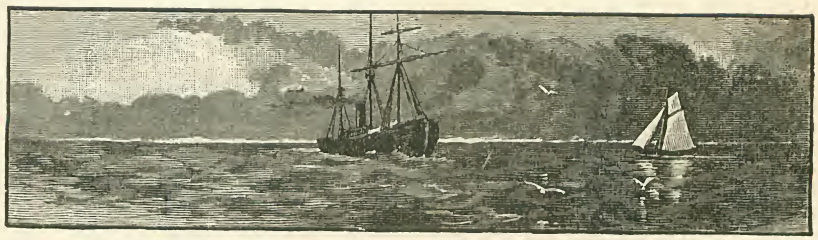
Even if the dresses have, of necessity, to be of the cheapest materials, let the cashmeres or alpacas blend artistically. With the present fashions, and the present shades of colouring, bad and inartistic dressing is quite an unpardonable sin.

Do not allow the bride to take much luggage with her, but send all her boxes straight to her new home. It is a great mistake to be overcrowded with luggage on a honeymoon.

She will want two day-gowns—a simple one for walks and excursions and one better one—and a tea-gown for *table d'hôte* or evening wear.

When the bride and bridegroom have driven off it is the signal for the wedding guests to depart, which they do after a few words of congratulation to their hostess. People often complain that they do not know what to say on these occasions; but a pretty little speech as to the bride's looks, and the success of the whole entertainment, can surely not be very difficult to frame.

If these few hints are carried out as far as possible, I think that the "Wedding 'At Home'" will be certainly voted a success by all who have the pleasure of attending it.



A VOYAGE FOR HEALTH.

I.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR THE VOYAGE.

A VERY favourite method of treatment for many ailments is what is called a "long sea voyage." People who are worn out from overwork of mind or body, and those suffering with graver diseases, such as consumption, are frequently ordered to avail themselves of the health-giving effects to be obtained by a long sojourn on the mighty ocean. Few, perhaps, of our girls will have occasion to undertake this sort of journey on their own account, but it may fall to the lot of many to accompany some relative, father, mother, or brother in a sea voyage, and it is with a view of helping such that I wish to point out the various advantages to be obtained; how to both obtain them and how to avoid the many possible discomforts which may occur in the course of such an undertaking. A very favourite voyage among the "long voyages" is that to Australia, and any one who has travelled out to that colony cannot but be struck by the number of invalids on board.

The first considerations which have to be made are the season at which to take the voyage, and the route. The favourite route is that through the Suez Canal and Red Sea, though many people, especially those going to New Zealand, go by way of the Cape. If the Red Sea route be chosen, the months of May, June, July, August and September should be avoided, as in those months the heat in the Red Sea may be very great indeed. A very good month to start in is February or March. Then, again, as to ships: there are many excellent English lines, foremost among which are the Peninsular and Oriental, and the Orient Companies, by the Red Sea route, and the Shaw Saville ships by the Cape route. These ships are of noble size and excellent appointments, and are commanded by officers of exceptional ability. Many invalids may, however, dread the "fearful Bay of Biscay," and for such there is a very good alternative. Starting from London by the Continental express, Paris may be arrived at in about eight hours. Here a rest should be made, and then taking train from the P. L. M. (Paris-Lyon-Mediterranée) station, Marseilles can be made for either by a direct route or by breaking the journey again at Dijon. The hotels at Marseilles are excellent, and the two best, the Grand Hôtel de Louvre et de la Paix, and the Hôtel de Nouilles, are situated in the main thoroughfare, which is called the Cannalieu. That useful institution, Cook's Office, is also in the same street. At Marseilles the main choice of steamers lies between the P. and O. or the Messageries Maritimes, a French company of deservedly great reputation. The Orient vessels do not call at this port but at Naples.

A new train has lately been added by which passengers can go right down to Brindisi and join the P. and O. at that point. Having chosen your ship, it becomes necessary to choose your cabin, and this is a thing in which great care and experience are necessary. It is very rarely worth while for an invalid or weakly person to travel by steamer in any other than a first-class cabin; of course, for those who are strong and accustomed to sea-travelling, the second-class cabin and accommodation may be ample. But those who take a sea-voyage in order to regain health for the most part stand in need of all the comforts of location and food that can be procured. Having then decided on a first-class cabin, it becomes necessary to book your places as soon as possible, as very often berths are booked for months in advance, and unless you are early in your application for places you will have little or no choice for cabins. The question of deck-cabins is one which must be considered. There is no doubt that they are cooler in the tropical parts of the voyage, but when rough weather comes, if it does come, they frequently have to be vacated by their occupants, who "seek seclusion" below. On the whole, I think a "downstairs" cabin is the best, all things considered. In many ships there are two sets of cabins, an outer row and an inner row; one of the outer cabins should, if possible, be chosen, as the lighting and ventilation are much better and more under the control of the occupant. Cross-berths, *i.e.* berths running in the transverse axis of the vessel, should be avoided, as when the vessel rolls the body of the occupant is moved in his long axis, and this motion is, above all, unpleasant, and one may be literally alternately "on one's head and one's heels." The amount of available room will vary as the number of passengers, but in an "empty" ship a double-berthed cabin may often be secured for an extra charge, though they can generally be obtained by paying fifty per cent. on the ordinary first-class fare. The cabin should be as much as possible amidships, and not too near the engines.

If a cabin be taken near the screw the movement in rough weather is simply unbearable, and when, as often happens, the screw is elevated out of the water and flies round, the sensation of the passenger in a cabin far aft is like being violently kicked all over. Sleep is impossible. Again, one side of the ship is the best side, and that is the side which gets the morning sun. If the opposite side be chosen, its disadvantages will immediately be apparent in entering a hot climate; the afternoon sun leaves the cabin in a state of great heat for the night, whereas the cabins on the other side have had time, in some measure, to cool down.

Of course, before starting, having taken your berths, the question will naturally arise, "What clothes and appurtenances shall I take?" This is an all-important point, and on its wise solution will, to a great degree, depend the happiness or discomfort of the voyage; for it is by attention to these things that your journey becomes pleasurable and beneficial, and by neglect of them that it is a wretched failure.

First, as to clothing. It must be remembered that a great variety of temperature may have to be encountered, and that, therefore, the clothing taken must be such as to enable the traveller to withstand any excessive degree of heat or cold. In the voyage to Australia, the Mediterranean Sea may be quite chilly, whilst directly Port Said is passed an oppressive heat may supervene.

It must be remembered, also, in choosing one's outfit, that very little can be done on most ships in the way of washing, and that little will be, in nearly all instances, confined to such things as require no ironing. Flannel underclothing, then, should be taken for the most part, and linen things which require ironing should be eschewed. Thin merino underclothes may, in the warmer latitudes, take the place of flannel. White suits and dresses will be necessary, and hats of light colour, slight weight, and broad brims. A "puggaree" will often be found serviceable. A white umbrella should be taken, as, if you land in the tropics *en route*, it will be necessary as a protection against the sun. Shoes with india-rubber soles—deck shoes—are necessary; for to attempt to walk in boots with ordinary leather soles is oftentimes a hazardous and well-nigh impossible proceeding. It will be found that shoes having only india-rubber soles make the feet unpleasantly hot. This is not the case if the rubber sole be fixed on to a thin leather sole. Again, the shoes should have heels, as a flat shoe throws a great strain on the arch of the foot, and as one often walks several miles a day up and down the decks, the foot may become sprained and painful. Collars and cuffs are often a great puzzle, especially to the male portion of the community in the tropics. No sooner is a clean collar put on than it is wet through with perspiration. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by using the so-called "celluloid" collars and cuffs. These always look clean and nice, and are not affected by perspiration. Moreover, it is easy to wash them with a little soap and water, and then, having dried them with a towel, they are again ready for use. These collars and cuffs are not very expensive, and half-a-dozen collars, and the same number of pairs of cuffs, should serve for the voyage out and back.

A great deal of one's comfort on board depends upon the sort of nights one passes. Now, at first it is very difficult for any one unaccustomed to sea travelling to secure a comfortable sleep at night. As I have said previously, athwartship berths should be avoided. The pillows on board are often of a "penitentiary" description, and are less characterised by softness than by durability and unyielding hardness. It is therefore a very good thing to take pillows, or, at any rate, cushions, with you. People can often sink to sleep if they only have a soft pillow or cushion, and they are of great use, not only in the cabin, but in saloons, or on deck. Coloured cushions are the best, as they do not show the effects of dirt. Very comfortable air-cushions are now to be obtained; they are of special use on a voyage, because they are so very easily carried. They are now made in a sort of silk, and can be folded up and kept in a little leather pouch which is sold with them.

A "deck-chair" is an indispensable luxury, and I think that the best form that can be chosen is a long wicker one, with a graduating head-rest, and of sufficient length to enable the traveller to lie down at full length. With a good deck-chair and a comfortable cushion, and by the aid of a book of no particular interest, many an hour of happy oblivion may be passed on deck.

Another thing that must not be forgotten is the "hold-all." This is a useful article consisting of a compendium of pockets to hold comb and brush and other toilet necessaries. It is generally made of some strong material, edged with some pretty colour; this, when nailed up on the side of the cabin, keeps all one's toilet properties safe in the event of considerable movement in that part of the vessel. And while speaking of this, let me say a word or two about the cabin. You are going to live in this cabin for five or six weeks, and it is as well to make it as comfortable and bright as possible; therefore, a few photographs of places and people at home hung up on the sides of the cabin, and a few books, will often make your temporary lodging look homely and happy.

As sometimes very wet weather is encountered, it is as well, if you desire to get fresh air in spite of the weather, to have with you a mackintosh. There is always a doctor on board ship who will attend any case of illness that may arise during the voyage, and as the competition on our great English lines for these posts is excessively keen, the gentlemen for the most part who take the post of ship-surgeon are highly capable men. Still there are many little inconveniences and discomforts which are very worrying to oneself, but which one hardly feels justified in bringing before the notice of the doctor. Foremost among them is headache. It is of inestimable comfort to have a little of good eau-de-cologne in a bottle with a spray producer; also a very useful thing is a case or stick of "Menthol." This substance may be rubbed over the forehead and behind the ears, and then on a spongeful of water (cold) being applied to the head, a sensation of intense cold is produced.

This headache may be associated with other irregularities, and to relieve these a few tabloids of Hascura Sagrada taken at night are very serviceable as a mild laxative. In sea-sickness many drugs have been vaunted as specific in their action.

Foremost, perhaps, among them are cocaine and antipyrin. These drugs should never be taken except under doctor's orders; the best thing to be done until he arrives is to lie down in one's berth and drink small quantities of iced champagne. One can often minimise the effects of sea-sickness by taking a calomel pill the night before starting and Epsom salts in the morning after. One is often very prone to eat too much and take too little exercise on board; and indigestion may be the unpleasant result. A little brandy in a flask should always be carried as part and parcel of the private medical armamentarium.

Coloured or tinted glasses for the eyes will be found of great use in the hot countries, where there is much reflection of the sun's rays; and on board a good pair of strong binocular field-glasses is a never-failing source of amusement, pleasure and instruction. And you must either have a pair of your own, which is a great comfort, or borrow from others, which is a cause of annoyance to all concerned.

Bearing in mind the fact that cold weather may be met with at some time of the voyage, it is well to carry cloaks and overcoats sufficiently thick to withstand it. Another very valuable article is Keating's Insect Powder, as one frequently has to deal not only with cockroaches, but also with mosquitoes. To attack the former a little should be sprinkled about the places that they visit, and a little burnt in a spoon within your mosquito-curtains kills any that may have got in. Ere you have been long in the tropics you will appreciate the Chinaman's good sense in always having a fur, and a good large fur should form part of your equipment.

Those who are fond of afternoon tea should, if possible, take their own tea with them, as the tea on board ship may not come up to their idea of that beverage. Of course there is always a difficulty in the matter of fresh milk, as "the cow" is generally kept for infants and people who are very seriously ill. Still, if you have good tea you will be much sought after, and your society will be worth cultivating.

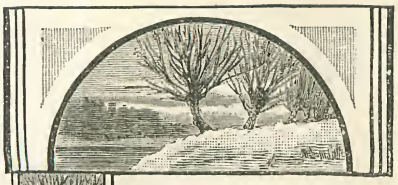
At a future date I shall, I hope, be able to add to these remarks, and also to give some idea of life on board ship, so that my readers may be in a position to take full advantage of the opportunities offered both in regaining health and enjoying themselves.

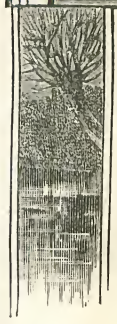
W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.





RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

MUSIC.

UNDINE.—To play the guitar well is not of easy accomplishment, but it is sooner learnt than the violin. As to deciding about the comparative "niceness" of the two, one might suit you better than the other, of which you alone could be the judge. If you sing well, the guitar might be the best; if you do not sing, the violin might be preferable.

ART.

MARION EVIL.—We have pleasure in naming your drawing society, more especially as it does a double service to its members, helping them not only to more efficiency in their art, but likewise to the sale of their drawings. Besides this, prizes are given for the best works. We wish your society much success, as "Our Girls" are ever asking how they can earn money while living at home. Any readers who wish to apply for the rules must send a stamped and addressed envelope to the Hon. Sec., Miss Marion Evil, 26, Collingham Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

TROTTY.—For a beginner it would be easier to draw from a model than any living—and therefore moving—thing. There is no reason, however, for prohibiting your drawing from life if you feel sufficiently advanced to do so.

RHODA.—There is a house of residence for women students of University College; address the Principal, Miss Grove, College Hall, Byng Place, London, W.C. There is another quite near University College—Russell House, Tavistock Square, W.C., Principal, Miss Mary Cail. This institution is entirely under private management. As an art student of the "Slade School," this might suit you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWEET BELLE MAHONE.—Read the articles by "Medicus" on the subject of the complexion and skin. We are glad that you give the same kind testimony for which we have just thanked S. A. C.

INQUIRER.—It has not been decided to what tree "Gopher wood," of which the Ark was constructed, was made, but it is supposed to have been one of the coniferous family. With our signification of the word "grove," exemplified by the lines of trees planted round places of heathen worship on the high grounds, we can realise your difficulty in understanding the statement, "And he brought out the grove from the House of the Lord, and burned it . . . . and stamped it small to powder" (2 Kings xxiii. v. 6). But the word "asheerah," translated "grove," is identified by Gesenius with the name Astarte, or Ashteroth (the supposed wife of the god of the Philistines, Baal). This deity was symbolically represented on the ruins of Nineveh as a tree, and it was her image, either in form as a woman or a tree, that was "taken out of the House of the Lord."

EVIE AND DOTTIE.—We are of your opinion; nevertheless the title was given because he refused to renounce that form of the Christian faith and government to which he belonged, and was pledged by his oaths.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—You had better write or call for a prospectus of the Baths, both at King Street, St. Pancras, and at 2, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W. The hours at which classes are held, and the accommodation made for girls who are occupied in business all day, will be named. Write and tell them what you have told us.

EUGÈNE.—Your father's rheumatism not appearing to be influenced by the weather, should be treated by a special dietary. He is taking too much meat, we imagine. Let him leave it off entirely, and take vegetables, milk puddings, fish, poultry, fruit, lentil and vegetable soups, sometimes varying them by meat soups, or by a mixture of both. Haricot beans, American preserved Indian corn (dressed like haricot beans), bread, butter, and cheese. There is an abundance of nourishing and agreeable food besides meat which is very bad for rheumatism. You had better procure woollen combinations, or woollen vests and drawers, for night wear.

SEEK.—All baptised Christians are not "converted." These latter are like those who, as the Bible says, "gave their own selves to the Lord" of their own free will, through the constraining power of His divine grace. The invitation to the wedding feast was given to many by Him who "would have all men to be saved," and is "not willing that any should perish." But these, elected into church privileges, "made light of it," and prayed to be excused, while others were "compelled to come in;" "plucked" forcibly, "as brands from the burning." You are searching into "deep things," and should handle them very carefully. Enough for you to know that you have been "called," and invited to that marriage feast. Pray for grace to respond to that call, both "in will and deed."

S. A. C.—Your verses show a Christian spirit, and correct views of truth. We can understand that "your friends are pleased with them." We thank you for telling us that the advice we gave has been so helpful to you.

MARJORIE.—Were you to grow hyacinths of different colours in a cellar, completely excluding the light, the leaves would be pale, but the flowers would blossom in their proper colours. Make the experiment yourself. Although deprived of the advantage of a garden or hothouse, a lover of botany may enjoy the study in many little practical ways.

DOLLY.—If your dog's ear be inflamed, and he continually shakes his head and passes his paw over it, we should think that he had canker of the ear, which, if not checked, will develop into ulceration and suppuration. Show him to a veterinary surgeon, and give him light nutritious food, with as much green vegetables (boiled) as he can eat.

MISS TANNER (Cornwall).—We thank you for your recommendation of the Home established in Paris by Miss Pryde "for benevolent purposes," "not being limited" to "the shelter and assistance of governesses only." We only acknowledge your letter, as we have just answered one on the same subject, and given the address of Miss Pryde, 152, Rue de la Pompe, Paris.

A. G. M. B. HILLS.—We have no receipt for the removal of moles. To remove warts, tie a silk thread tightly round, close to and level with the surface of the skin, and they will fall off in a few days. If large protuberances, go to a surgeon. Some recommend the use of a caustic pencil, but "a little girl" might object to the pain of removing a wart in this way.

MALVINA.—If the skin of the face be badly burnt by the sun, and the outer cuticle hanging loose like scraps of tissue paper, keep it well bathed with sage-tea, and lay the wet leaves upon the injured places.

LITTLE NELL.—It is not required of you to "like" persons that are unlovely in character, mischief-makers, evil-livers, or who dislike you. To "love your enemies" means to determine, by God's grace, to speak no evil of them, to do them no injury, to do them Christian service (should the opportunity present itself), to pray for them and their conversion, to confess to your Heavenly Father all unkindly feelings towards them, and, asking His pardon and grace, you may present yourself at the Lord's Table in perfect peace.

A. G. P. will find an account of an "American Fair" in a recent number of the "G.O.P."

MARIQUITA.—We are very glad that you derive so much comfort and help from our magazine. The "science of trees" is that of botany, which includes also every plant and weed that grows.

MARRON.—Cut a small piece out of the hard shell or covering of the chestnuts, and boil them slowly, as if they were potatoes, until quite tender and disposed to burst; open where cut.

SEVENTEEN, MINUS THE SWEETNESS.—Certainly you should not eat tea-leaves. You are in a bad state of health or you would not be influenced by morbid and unwholesome fancies. Consult a doctor, and he may prescribe something to correct what is wrong with you.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—Your mackintosh will become soft the next time you are out in the rain. You had better leave it alone.

BEATRICE L.—"Sloyd" means a carefully-graduated system of manual work of a variety of kinds, instituted for educational purposes, and of Scandinavian origin. It might be well for you to pay a visit to the Sloyd Institute at 106, Great Portland Street, W., and have an interview with, and further explanations from, Miss Evelyn Chapman, or the instructor left in charge. There is another school at 115, Vassal Road, S.W.

LUCY enquires "how she can cure herself of the bad habit of reading in bed?" Simply by obedience to your mother, and not doing so. She did right in "slapping you well when she caught you at it," for at fifteen you were old enough to know that you risked setting fire to the house through the chance of falling asleep. At seventeen we think your conduct more disgraceful still, for you are growing up disobedient, selfish, and very careless of your sight, which is one of the "talents" of which you will have to give an account hereafter. Ask your mother to take away your candle every night, or get a maid to do so, if you have no strength of principle.

L. E. C.—"Bow Bells" are the bells of Bow Church, Cheapside. The great bell of the Houses of Parliament is called "Big Ben," "Great Peter" is that of York Minster, "Great Tom" of Lincoln and of Oxford. But "The Monarch," of Moscow, is the largest in the world, twenty-one feet in height and diameter, and weighing 193 tons. It fell down and was injured in 1737, during a fire, and remained partially buried until, in 1837, it was raised, and now forms the dome of a chapel. The value of the metal only of this wonderful bell, calculated at its lowest cost, amounts to £66,565.

HELEN WOLFF has fallen into the error of the majority of our correspondents who ask for answers given many times already. St. Valentine's Day is (according to Fosbroke) "a Christian commutation of the ceremony in the 'Lupercalia' in honour of Juno and Februata, when the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. It was continued by the ladies, who, on the contrary, chose knights for a twelvemonth, mostly during carnival time." Preserved in the library of the British Museum you may find the earliest known poetical valentines, consisting of those written by Charles, Duke of Orleans when a prisoner, taken at the battle of Agincourt, October 25th, 1415. St. Valentine, who was selected as a "patron saint," was a martyr who gave his life for his Christian faith at Rome about the year 270.

AGNES PERRIN.—On the chance of your seeing an answer to your letter of some months ago we give a few words now, first thanking you for your kind offer of doing any commission in return. You asked of us what would be contrary to our rules to do, *i.e.* to recommend you a publisher for your little fairy tales in verse. Wishing to oblige you, the letter was put aside for consideration, and then out of sight. We regret to say that such tales are at present so abundant, and all so beautifully illustrated, that we could not encourage you to expect their success, even if accepted by a publisher.

WESTWARD HO!—There are no free nor any assisted or nominated passages to Canada at present. If you wish to take an intermediate passage your ticket will cost £6 6s., or by steerage £4; children under twelve years half-price, and under one year, 10s. You will require one warm dress, a pair of outdoor shoes or boots, a thick jacket or cloak, a rug, underclothing, a woollen scarf and gloves, and a closely-fitting hat for the voyage. For after arrival you will require another warm dress, a second pair of stout shoes, a cotton dress, and three or four articles of each kind of underclothing. Take out a sewing machine, and likewise a good piece of flannel, a piece of cotton print, and all necessary sewing materials, needles, and pins. Remember that, roughly speaking, clothing is 10 per cent. (or 2s. in the pound) dearer in small towns in the Manitoba district, and 20 per cent. dearer than in England. We advise you to consult the *Canada Handbook*, price one penny, post free.

HIA FRASER.—Your quotation is from Alexander Smith's *Life Drama*—

"We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet!
One little hour, and then away they speed,
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more."

HILDAGONDA.—The term "Moonraker," as applied to the peasantry of Wiltshire, is derived from an old legend. It affirms that a farmer's wife once took a rake to rake the moon from a river where she was reflected, under the delusion that it was a cream cheese. But the self-evident fabrication of the original story is proved by the fact that, like the sun, the reflection does not take a circular form, and never could have looked like a cream cheese.

CLYTIE.—The reception of guests after a wedding is exactly like any other reception.



MEMORIES OF A LIFE.

By G. WEATHERLY.

I see her as a toddling child,
Who in the sunshine laughed and smiled,
Enjoying life without pretence—
A picture of pure innocence.

I see her in her early youth,
Her face the very home of truth
And sweet unselfishness, that strove
To lose itself in acts of love.

I see her in her maidenhood,
When knowledge of the higher good,
The truer life, endowed her face
With softer light, more tender grace.

I see her in her matron days,
A sunbeam in Life's darker ways—
Such sympathy she ever had
With sick and desolate and sad.

I see her in her later years,
Passing through many a vale of tears,
And yet withal you e'er could trace
Peace written on her wrinkled face.

Now, leaning on a daughter dear,
And a wee Annie playing near,
Just as she once had loved to do,
She passes down the avenue;

And a glad smile is on her face,
That lights it still with old-time grace
For lo! she fears not coming night:
"At eventide there shall be light!"



VOL. XII.—No. 570.] NOVEMBER 29, 1890. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR GENTLEWOMEN.



"ON THE SUNNY LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE."

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At the present time, when so many educated and refined ladies are obliged to earn their own living, it is pleasant to know that a new opening for them has been started, and that a good living can be made by those who carry out their work on the right system. Miss Grace Harriman's scheme of market gardening as an employment for gentlewomen has already been proved.

A pretty, artistic house, built under the direction of Miss Harriman, stands at the foot of one of the green slopes of Harrow-on-the-Hill, surrounded by a sunny garden, with a plantation of dwarf apple-trees: lettuces, beet-roots, peas, and many other vegetables growing beneath them, all seem to prosper. It was here that the experiment of market gardening was tried.

It must not be supposed that any hard physical work would be required. All the work can be easily done by a woman, with the exception of the winter digging and the pruning, and it has the advantage over some indoor occupations of being much more healthy; and to those who have a natural taste for gardening it is a real pleasure.

On the sunny lawn in front of the house, after five o'clock tea, Miss Harriman explained the practical part of her scheme.

"In the first place, I should take plots of ground in different parts of the country, and should want six ladies for each plot of three acres, to do the gardening. On this ground I should build a house something after this style, but larger, which should be a pleasant and refined home for the lady horticulturists, each having her combined sitting and bedroom, with general dining and drawing-rooms; on the north boundary a good orchard-house, for growing peaches, apricots, etc.; and in summer, when these fruit-trees are in the open, the houses are devoted to tomatoes, cucumbers, and flowers. These orchard houses are most profitable, and, if well managed, will grow three crops a year. The ground itself, at £150 the acre, would cost £450, which I propose to raise in ninety £5 shares.

"One of the new sites selected is in South Derbyshire. An influential *clientèle* is already secured for those gardens started this autumn, a ready and expeditious market being the vital point of success."

"But how will you manage the sale of your produce, Miss Harriman?"

"I have thought of that, and I intend to dispense with the middleman, and deal with the customers through a lady agent, who would live in the town and receive orders direct from the customers."

As we walked down the sloping garden path Miss Harriman pointed to the flourishing little apple-trees laden with fruit which were planted sixteen months ago.

"I have consulted some eminent practical gardeners, who all agree as to the success of my scheme.

"Ladies of education and refinement, with £100 capital, which will be fully secured to them on real property, may obtain paying, pleasant employment and a good home. For the £100 she puts in the industry she receives in return her training, board, and five per cent. interest on her money the first year.

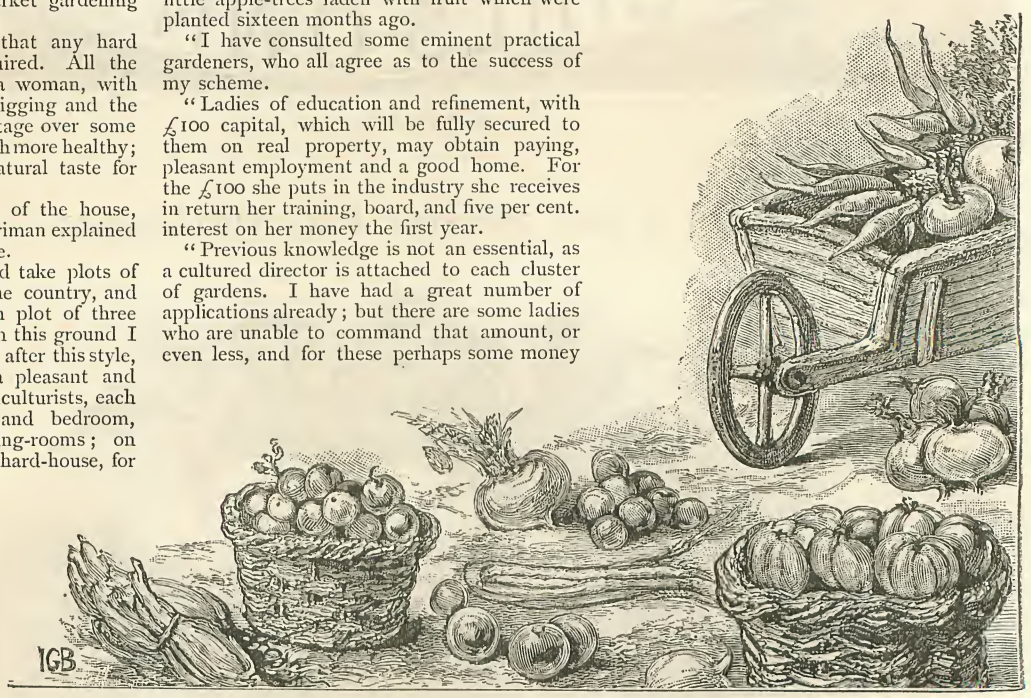
"Previous knowledge is not an essential, as a cultured director is attached to each cluster of gardens. I have had a great number of applications already; but there are some ladies who are unable to command that amount, or even less, and for these perhaps some money could be loaned, and by the time the capital was repaid, with five per cent. interest, the workers would become owners of the ground.

"Letters addressed to me will receive attention and an early reply.

"The ladies devote about five hours a day to their work in the open, their frames, and in the orchard-house. In bad weather nothing is expected to be done out of doors."

"This seems very bright and practical, Miss Harriman. How they will enjoy the re-creation after the day's work—tennis, new books from the Library, music and companionship, and other means to satisfy a cultured taste, without which the mind and heart starves!"

J. G. B.



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BIBLE READING AND BIBLE STUDY.

By MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

PART II.



In a former paper we tried honestly to face the fact that for many who know that it is their duty to read the Bible regularly, and for many who wish that their reading could be more of a privilege and a pleasure and less of a task, the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, is dull and difficult.

We found, moreover, that one great reason why we do not gain what we should gain from our Bibles is this: We content ourselves with merely *reading* instead of *studying*. Beautiful and wonderful and instructive things abound on each of its sacred pages, but we do not perceive them because we have not the seeing eye and the hearing ear and the understanding heart.

Let me give you a plain instance of what I mean by saying that we may be blind without knowing it, and that then knowledge of our blindness must be the first step to its removal.

There hangs in my study a small copy of one of Turner's famous paintings of Venice. For two or three years I have looked at it every day, and seen, in a general way, that it represents sea and boats and fine buildings. A week or two ago, however, I visited, for the first time, the fascinating city that is designated "the Queen of the Adriatic." Now I look again at my picture, and find that although I thought I knew it well, there are a dozen things in it which I never saw before. Why, here is Santa Maria della Salute, and there is the Campanile, and three of the five domes of S. Mark's Cathedral appear behind the Doge's Palace, and just beyond it is the Bridge of Sighs. There too, is the bridge we so often crossed, and the church my sister sketched, and the black gondolas are waiting at the entrance of the Grand Canal, just where we hired one that moonlight evening. The whole picture is full of fresh charm because I bring fresh knowledge to it.

So with the Bible. It was placed in our hands in earliest childhood, and if it does not attract us now, that is because we have scarcely begun to know it aright, and not because we are too familiar with it already.

I have said that there are two kinds of study by which right knowledge may be won. We will here deal with one, the textual, topical, or detailed study, which may be likened to investigation through a microscope, showing all the minute parts of which a whole is made up.

Let me point out seven varieties of textual study, giving an example of each.

(*a*) Finding out exactly what one verse means ere we pass to the next.—Doubtless you have often repeated in church: "Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns, so let indignation vex him even as a thing that is raw": Psa. lviii. 8. Have you ever tried to understand this? It is no theological mystery, but a homely metaphor taken from the desert life which was familiar to the writer of this Psalm, which is probably an outpouring of David's heart at the time when, as a fugitive from Saul's hatred, he heard of the treacherous designs formed against him by the citizens of Keilah: 1. Sam. xxiii. 7–13. In the clearer and more correct rendering of the Revised Version its

meaning is obvious to any intelligent reader who gives it a little thought. Travellers across the wilderness have gathered sticks and made a fire, and hung over it the pot in which their evening meal is cooking; suddenly, ere their food is reached by the heat, a blast of wind disperses both the dry thorns that are already burning and the green twigs that have not yet kindled. Even so, in a moment, and utterly, shall the wicked be swept away. This is a specimen of hundreds of passages which are meaningless only because we have never enquired into their meaning.

(*b*) Looking up every word we are not sure about, remembering that a word unknown implies a sentence misunderstood.—I heard a well-known preacher say that Christians need not mind about being odd and eccentric, because they are called to be a "peculiar people," quoting 1 Pet. ii. 9. But the Greek word used here has not the modern sense of "peculiar," but its original sense, referring to that kind of personal property or acquirement which is wholly in a man's own power, and cannot be interfered with by another: "Ye belong to Christ (Mk. ix. 41) as His purchased possession," that is what St. Peter means.

(*c*) Using an historical book to discover the point of some passing allusion in Psalm or prophecy.—"The crown of pure gold" mentioned in Psa. xxi. 3, is not a general poetic phrase meaning spiritual blessing, but a plain historical reference to the valuable crown captured from the King of Rabbah, and placed on David's head after the victory this Psalm celebrates (see 2 Sam. xii. 30).

(*d*) Tracing some recurring keynote throughout a book, such as "Witness" in Acts; "Patience" in St. James's Epistle; "Consider" in Haggai and Hebrews; "We know" in St. John's first Epistle, and "They shall know the Lord" in Ezekiel.

(*e*) Following some important word or phrase through the whole Bible, or putting two or three passages in which such a word occurs together.—"Come" is the oft repeated call to salvation; "Go" is the oft repeated call to service; "Be strong" occurs more than twenty times in the Bible in most interesting contexts; St. Paul chronicles six "faithful sayings;" and links together again and again the three Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Love, which he enumerates in 1. Cor. xiii. 13.

(*f*) Marking the significant omissions of Scripture.—Moses leaves out one tribe in his Benediction in Deut. xxxiii.; another tribe is left out in Rev. vii.; three of the kings of Judah are pointedly excluded from Christ's genealogy in Matt. i. One great class of His miracles have no Old Testament parallels.

(*g*) Noting how one incident illustrates another.—His solitary night at Bethel was the turning point in Jacob's life, and there he built an altar. The stones of which he built it had already been used by Abraham (see Gen. xii. 8): the place where he took the Lord for his God was already hallowed by faithful worship. Here are some things for you to look up at once, superficial Bible reader, and when you have done so, you will feel impelled to look up a great many more.

Now I want to say a word to those Bible readers who are not superficial, and of such I am sure there are many among the subscribers to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. To trace one great truth throughout the Bible or throughout one book, and to gather up all the teaching of Scripture upon it, is a difficult process, and not nearly so common as it should be. To catch at phrases torn violently from their contexts, and to form a little patchwork of "texts" that seem to imply something you have been taught to believe, and then to use these as a prop for your own faith, or as weapons to hurl at those who do not think as you do, is a very easy process, and a very common and ensnaring one also.

"Did you take that view to the Bible?" asked an old divine once of a young man who was vehemently urging his ideas.

"Oh, yes," he answered; and the quiet reply was—

"Ah! I thought you had not got it from the Bible!"

So we form a false notion, find a text to fit it which has nothing to do with the matter, and then make the sacred writers responsible for something they never said, and perhaps directly contradict. There is nothing that could not be proved from the Bible if clauses from it are thus used indiscriminately, as I will show you by giving seven statements which no one is likely to gainsay, and then quoting seven "texts"—(1) There is a God. (2) Idols or false Gods are not to be worshipped. (3) A man is greater and better than a beast. (4) After death we reap the result of our lives. (5) God judges us by what we do and not by what we say. (6) He recognises faithful service in men and sinless service in angels. (7) A good end cannot justify bad means.

Now look at these texts—(1) "There is no God": Psa. xiv. 1. (2) "Serve ye everyone his idols": Eze. xx. 39. (3) "A man hath no pre-eminence above a beast": Eccles. iii. 19. (4) "Neither have the dead any more a reward": Eccles. ix. 5. (5) "By thy words thou shalt be justified and condemned": Matt. xii. 37. (6) "God put no trust in His servants, and His angels He charged with folly": Job iv. 18. (7) "Let us do evil that good may come": Rom. iii. 8.

Of course reference to their contexts will show that the first and last of these are quotations made to be refuted; that the second is ironical; that the fifth contains no allusion to lip-service as contrasted with heart-service, but points out the sinfulness of unguarded speech; that the sixth is the falsehood uttered by a tempting spirit; while the remaining passages are from Ecclesiastes. This book is full of assertions that are only true from the point of view expressed in the phrase "Under the sun," which occurs here twenty-nine times, and not elsewhere; but it closes with the assurance that for us there is a God and a home beyond the sun, wherein lies the true explanation of life's perplexities.

But misapplication of texts, as real if not so flagrant as these, is exceedingly common, and is the real secret of many Bible difficulties. The last of these texts was to my knowledge used lately by an infidel lecturer to prove that the Bible is an "immoral book," though happily he was confounded out of his own mouth by a passing Christian, who called upon him to read the context.

This reckless treatment of texts also explains how it is that controversialists on opposite sides both appeal to Scripture until their bewildered hearers are ready to doubt whether its actual teaching can be discovered. I am not going to enter upon any such controversy here, but I will give two examples of contrary views fortified by perverted texts.

"If a man does not believe in Christ, he cannot be a good man at all, or acceptable to God. Not only all who have rejected the Gospel, but all who have never heard it preached, must be in a state of perdition, for St. Paul says, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin'" (Rom. xiv. 23). Even so great a divine as St. Augustine explained the words thus, and the history of persecuted unbelievers shows that this has not only been said, but acted upon. Yet St. Paul is not speaking of faith in Christ at all, but of moral conviction that one is doing right. Nothing, he says, is lawful to any man who doubts its lawfulness. Conscience warns you to refrain. If you do this thing in spite of conscience because it is pleasant, or because other people do it, you sin against God. What St. Paul has to say about heathen who live up to their light he has already said in Rom. ii.; and the statement is very different from the one he is here credited with.

Again:—"It does not matter what a man believes, so long as he leads a good life. So why should we interfere with the creeds of those who are not Christians? For does not St. Peter say, 'In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted?'" (Acts x. 35). The history of indifference to foreign missions shows that this too has not only been said, but acted upon. Yet if Cornelius had nothing to learn from St. Peter, why was the Apostle sent to Cæsarea, and why did he so earnestly obey the summons?

Take another controversy:—"The great authority for our faith is and ought to be the Bible," says the Protestant; "for did not Christ say, 'Search the Scriptures?'" "Nay, the great authority for our faith is and ought to be the Church," says the Roman Catholic; "for did not Christ say, 'Hear the Church?'" Brief examination of the grammar of both sayings indicates, however, that the matter cannot be settled in three words on either side, for neither of these oft-quoted texts is a command at all. The Jews whom Christ addresses in John v. 39 did search the Scriptures, but in a wrong spirit and a wrong way, and so He tells them that although they searched the Word of God (see Revised Version), they were ignorant of its true subject, and missed its true aim. In Matt. xviii. our Lord says, "If a man sins against you, try to restore him to a better mind by private expostulation; then use the influence of two or three others, and finally bring the matter before the whole community to which you belong. If he is still obdurate, you can only treat him as having wilfully excluded himself from you." What has this to do with the claims of the Pope?

How many errors and how many unseemly "religious" wrangles would come to an end if we ceased to misquote? I refer not only to wilful misquotation, but to misquotation in honest ignorance, and to basing truths upon unsuitable texts, as well as to maintaining errors by them. St. Augustine says, "If a man gives a mistaken interpretation which tends to build up love, he goes astray in much the same way as a man who, by mistake, quits the high road, but reaches through the fields the same place to which the road leads." Recollection of many a ramble during last summer's outings will tell you, however, that such turning aside from the right path generally means anxiety, uncertainty, loss of time, separation from companions, omission of many objects of interest, and arrival at the goal benighted and over-weary.

And if your hold upon some truth depends upon one favourite but perverted text, you are in danger of losing both text and truth together some day.

Moreover, without going so far as the preacher who based a good and earnest sermon about the Cross of Christ upon Isaiah's description of the tree chosen by an idolater, for his idol (Isa. xl. 20); or the other preacher, who denounced the stage by reminding his hearers that St. Paul's friends had desired him not to adventure himself into the theatre (Acts xix. 31), we may, by our well-meaning distortions of Holy Writ, prepare stumbling blocks for others, and lessen the force of real arguments.

Some one has said cynically that the clever people have to go about undoing the harm done by the good people. Certainly ignorant Christians, who have never tried to add to their faith and virtue, knowledge, do more harm than they think.

And there is a better way of adding that knowledge than by this purely textual study,

which, as we have seen, is so often misleading. The Bible is not a collection of fragments, to be arranged as we please. It is an organic whole, or rather a beautifully complex structure containing many wholes, each of which has its own symmetry and its own unity. We may liken it to a grand old cathedral reared by the devotion of successive ages. Each columned aisle, each storey of its massive towers, bears the impress of a different generation. Yet all is blended into one harmonious temple, where God dwells, and in which He makes Himself known to man.

So by divers portions and in divers manners divine truth is revealed through the Bible, and what is wanted now is not more commentaries, or more societies, or more religious meetings, but more serious and intelligent effort to study that revelation each for ourselves. If the study seems more difficult than we have hitherto thought it, it will also prove more hopeful. All good books repay the pains and care of the student. How much more will the Book of books do so?

That better way of studying the Bible as a whole will be the theme of my last article, which may, I hope, give you some practical guidance in the matter. Let me conclude this by referring again to our opening illustration of the picture appreciated through acquaintance with its subject.

Learning to know Him of whom the Bible speaks is the true key to learning to care for it. Bible study leads to fresh knowledge of God: knowledge of God leads to fresh Bible study. Seek and ye shall find: having found, seek again.

So it will be to our life's end, for God's commandment is exceeding broad, and His love in Christ passeth knowledge.

(*To be continued.*)



AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

"THANK you, dear. You have done me good," returned Averil, gratefully, when Annette had finished her little story.

"Ah! that is well, my cousin."

"No one has done me so much good before. But, Annette, you must call me Averil. We are strangers no longer. We must be sisters to each other. Lottie, too; there is no need to call her Miss Jones."

"I will remember. I will do anything that pleases you. Every day I shall grow more English. I shall learn your ways."

"I hope you and Lottie will be good friends."

"But why not? Already I feel to love her. She is bright—she has a sweet temper; and then, how she plays!"

"And you long to play too?"

"Surely. And to sing; above all things to sing. Oh, my cousin—I mean Averil—what does that look mean? Is it that you will altogether crush me with kindness? I am to dwell in this fine house, and I am to dress as grandly as the Consul's lady used to dress. And still that is not enough?"

"No, certainly. We must think of better things than clothes. Annette, shall you think me hard if I give you books to read?"

"Books! Ah! they will content me much. Never have I had time to read, except on Sunday."

"Lottie and I read history together. Why should you not join us, Annette? And then I have begun to teach her French. Poor Lottie's education has been sadly neglected. And she is so clever, and feels her deficiencies so deeply."

"Stay, my cousin—I have a notion," and Annette's eyes were sparkling with eagerness. "Already I have an idea. Why should we not make the exchange? Miss Jones—Lottie, I mean—shall teach me my notes in music, and I will read and talk French with her. Ah! that pleases you," as Averil smiled. "You think it a good idea?"

"Excellent! Lottie is used to teaching. You will not need a master for at least a year. But there is only one obstacle to this charming scheme—How is Lottie to find time for all this?"

"I have thought of that too," returned Annette, gravely. "Listen, my cousin. Ah! you shake your head. I shall learn to say Averil by-and-by. For myself, I love work. I can mend, I can darn, even my mother praised me, and she was hard to please. I will share Lottie's tasks. When two work, the labour is sooner ended. We can talk French. Our tongues will be at liberty though our hands are busy. Ah! this too contents you. I am happy that I have already found out a way to please you."

"My dear child!" Averil was almost too touched to say more. She felt a generous delight as this beautiful nature, at once so simple and so childlike, unfolded itself before her. It was her secret trouble that so few natures satisfied and responded to her own. All her life she had hungered and thirsted for sympathy, though she had long ago ceased to expect it. Her father had loved her, but he had formed other ties, regardless of his child's best interests. Averil's home life had always been terribly isolated. Her large nature had been compelled to create its own interests. For Lottie she felt the affection that she would have bestowed on a young sister. Lottie's gay, healthy nature, with its robust sweetness, was a singularly youthful one. She leant on Averil, and depended on her for all her comforts. But it may be doubted if she understood Averil's strange, sensitive temperament. With all Lottie's devotion, her doglike fidelity, her loyal submission, she failed to give Averil what she required.

Annette was young too, but she had been early schooled in adversity, and its bitter lessons had been tempered by the watchful love of an earthly parent. Until lately, Annette had not suffered alone. "My mother and I." In spite of privations, that dual existence had been sweet. Annette's cheek had grown pale and thin, but her heart had kept young. No unkindness had frozen her young energies; no galling restrictions, no want of sympathy, had driven her back upon herself. She was like a closed-up flower; the sunshine would soon open the blossom.

"She is different from Lottie. She is older, graver, more intense," thought Averil. "Last night I thought her interesting; the French word *spirituelle* seemed to express her perfectly: to-night I have found out that there are still depths to be sounded. I must not allow myself to expect too much. She may disappoint me, as others have done. It is not wise to demand too much of human nature. But already I feel to love her."

They did not talk much after this. Averil was obliged to own that she was weary, and that her head ached, and after a little she retired to bed.

Annette was almost too excited to sleep. She had found a way to make herself useful. "Ah! they should see, these dear people, how she could work." Annette was not a bit dismayed at the thought of the task she had set herself; the thin, slender fingers were longing to

achieve those marvellous feats of invisible darning, those dainty hemstitched borders and delicate embroideries. Annette would not be daunted by any amount of dilapidated lace and frayed flounces. Like Julius Cæsar, she was longing for new worlds to conquer—those regions that belonged to her woman's kingdom. "Ah! they shall see! they shall see!" she said to herself a dozen times before she fell asleep.

When Annette entered the dining-room the next morning she was surprised to find Maud occupying Averil's place. Her anxious enquiries were answered carelessly.

"Averil had a headache. She was having breakfast in her own room. Oh, there was no need to be so concerned," as Annette plied her with questions. "Averil was often ailing. She had wretched health. Anyone could see at a glance what a sickly little person she was. It was her own fault. If she would only rest more, and winter abroad, and not be running out in all weathers to see all sorts of people, she would do very well," and here Maud gave her favourite shrug that was so expressive, and turned a cold shoulder on Annette.

No one else addressed her. Mrs. Willmot read her letters, and conversed with her daughters. Lottie scarcely spoke. She ate her breakfast hurriedly, and left the room as soon as possible. Annette followed her.

"Why is it that you are making such haste?" she asked. "Is it that you have your music to practise?"

"No, indeed," returned Lottie, stretching her arms a little wearily; "but I have work to do that will occupy me for the rest of the day. Ah! how I do hate work—at least, how I long sometimes to do something better. Oh, that concert, Miss Ramsay, was glorious! I could scarcely sleep afterwards. I think I am crazy about music. I want to try over something I heard on the grand piano; but Georgina would be so vexed to hear me. She and Maud want their dresses for to-morrow, and there is ever so much to do to them."

"Never mind; I will help you. I will fetch my new work-basket, and you shall show me your room, and you will see how much sooner the work will be done."

"Will you really?"—and Lottie's face brightened, and her dimples came into full play. "How good-natured you are, Miss Ramsay!"

"If I call you Lottie you must say Annette also. Averil, my cousin, thinks it is not well to be stiff. Oh! is this your room? It is almost as pretty as mine. You have a writing-table also; and what a dear little round table for work! Those are the dresses, I suppose?"—looking at some flimsy white garments on the bed, and she listened to Lottie's instructions gravely.

How the girls' tongues unloosed as their needles flew through the soft stuff. Lottie had so much to say about the concert. Her little pleasure-loving soul had been stirred to the depths by that wonderful music.

"There is nothing like it—it is the highest of all the arts!" cried Lottie, with flushing cheeks. "Oh, I know poetry is glorious, and, of course, one must always love beautiful pictures, but, as Averil says, music is the most unearthly of all the arts."

"Did my cousin say that?"

"Yes; you should hear her talk about music. As she says, there is so much about it in the Bible, she thinks it will be one of the chief pleasures in heaven. Don't you know how one reads of the harpers harping with their harps, and the new song before the throne? I remember when we were talking on this subject that Averil showed me a verse about the predicted fall of Babylon, where it said, 'The voice of harpers, and minstrels, and flute players, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more.' Music was a great power even in those days."

"Then you will teach it to me?" asked Annette, and thereupon she unfolded her scheme: how she was to share Lottie's labours; how they were to talk French over their work; and how Averil had promised to read to them when she had time. "We are to form a mutual improvement society, my cousin says; each is to help the other. You will have time for your beloved music. I shall listen to you, and now and then you will give me a lesson. Ah! you do not speak, Lottie, and yet I can see you are well pleased," for Lottie's work had dropped to her lap, and she was regarding Annette with bright, wide open eyes.

"Oh, I am so ashamed of myself," she returned. "Miss Ramsay—Annette, you are heaping coals of fire on my head. Do you know"—with an amusing air of contrition—"that I was dreadfully cross when Averil told me you were coming to live here. I sulked about it nearly all day. 'What do you want with changes?' I said. 'This French cousin will spoil all.' Oh, I was as disagreeable as possible. I was jealous because Averil took such pains with your room. 'How do you know whether you will like her?' I said more than once. But Averil only laughed at my bad humour. 'I can know nothing until I see her,' she returned. 'But all the same, her room shall be as pretty as possible.'"

"Oh, she is an angel! my cousin."

"You would say so if you knew all," was Lottie's reply. "Sometimes I wonder how she can go on living this life that is so uncongenial to her; but I know she does it partly for my sake. I was so miserable until I knew Averil," and here a shade crossed her bright face. "No one seemed to care whether I had proper things or not, and the schoolgirls at Stoke Newington laughed at my shabby frocks, though in a way they were kind to me, and would often give me some of their own things. I pretended not to care, and I would laugh with the rest of them; but I often had a good cry over it in private. I used to dream sometimes that I had a new dress, such a pretty one, and then when I woke the tears would come, because I was so disappointed to find it only a dream. Perhaps it was wrong to fret about it. I wish I could be more like Averil. I think she would wear sackcloth as happily as silk."

"It seems to me that you and I, Lottie, are more earthly minded. I do care exceedingly for nice things."

"Yes; and I used to envy the Israelites. Don't you remember their clothes never wore out in the wilderness. How I used to sigh over those patches. And then the darns! I shall never forget my feelings of supreme content when I found myself the possessor of half-a-dozen bran new stockings."

"Is it that your aunt is so poor?" asked Annette, in a puzzled tone.

Lottie coloured. "Well, you see, she has many expenses, and is not exactly what you call rich. Mr. Willmot left most of his money to Averil. I have heard that there was some mistake. He thought aunt had plenty of money when he married her. And uncle certainly left her a good income. But it seems as though it has dwindled somehow. Rodney costs her a good deal; and Maud and Georgina are extravagant. Perhaps I ought not to tell you all this, but I do not wish you to be hard on them." For Lottie was too generous to blame her relations. In her heart she knew that she owed them little gratitude; that her services fully repaid them for the scanty maintenance—that was all they had given her. It was Averil whose roof sheltered her, who was in reality her benefactor.

Annette read the girl's generous reticence aright. She said no more on that subject; but she recurred regretfully to Lottie's speech about her cousin's uncongenial life.

"I do not understand you," she said, wistfully. "Is it that Monsieur was right, and that my cousin would prefer to live alone. So many people must be trying if one loves quiet. But it seems to me as though she could at all times seclude herself in her own room."

"My dear Annette, you forget Averil is mistress of the house. It would never do to shut herself up in her own apartments. Maud would get the upper hand in a moment. If Averil were not firm—if she did not hold the reins—Redfern House would be a very different place from what it is. The girls are always teazing her to have dinner parties. They want to fill the house; but Averil does so dislike a crowd. She is dreading Tuesday, I know."

"But what is to happen on Tuesday?"

"Oh, only one of these stupid, senseless 'At homes.' A lot of people will come and eat ices and strawberries. There will be music that no one will hear, and a professional is going to sing. Poor dear Averil, she will be as miserable as possible; and the next day she will be ill, and have one of her nervous headaches. But they have teazed her into sending out about two hundred invitations, and so she must go through with it."

"But it is too bad! Monsieur, who is her good friend, should protect her."

"Monsieur!" and Lottie looked mystified. Then a light broke on her. "Do you mean Mr. Harland, Annette?"

"Yes. But I think I must always call him monsieur," returned Annette, softly. "He was so good to me. When

I saw his grey hair and pleasant face I thought it was my cousin Leonard. Picture to yourself my delight in having a friendly hand held out to me. Oh, he was so kind, so fatherly. I have called him monsieur always to myself."

"I wonder what these two young workwomen are chattering so busily about?" asked a quiet voice at this moment, and Averil smiled at them from the threshold. "So the mutual improvement society has begun, eh, Lottie?" as the girls greeted her with delight. "Annette, how fast you work. Why, that dress is nearly done!"

"She is ever so much cleverer than I." returned Lottie, mournfully. "Oh, dear, how quickly the time has passed. Luncheon will be ready directly."

"Never mind; lay those dresses on the bed, and Unwin shall add the finishing touches. You both look as tired as possible. Annette, we really must put some colour into those pale cheeks."

"You have none to spare yourself, my cousin," she replied, with an affectionate glance. Averil looked wan and thin, and there were dark circles round her eyes.

"Come, that is too bad! when my headache has gone, and I expected a compliment. You are as bad as Unwin, who wanted me to go to bed. Now Lottie, I am going to show Annette the parks this afternoon. A drive will do me good; and if you like you shall go too. I shall tell Mrs. Willmot that I want you to act as *cicerone*, as I am not equal to any exertion. We shall not go very early, so you will have time for an hour's practising." But she was not allowed to finish her sentence, for Lottie was kissing her in the most merciless manner.

"You dear, sweet thing! I do so love a drive. And the Park will be so amusing. Perhaps we shall see the Princess of Wales. A concert yesterday; the Park to-day;—really I am getting quite gay!"

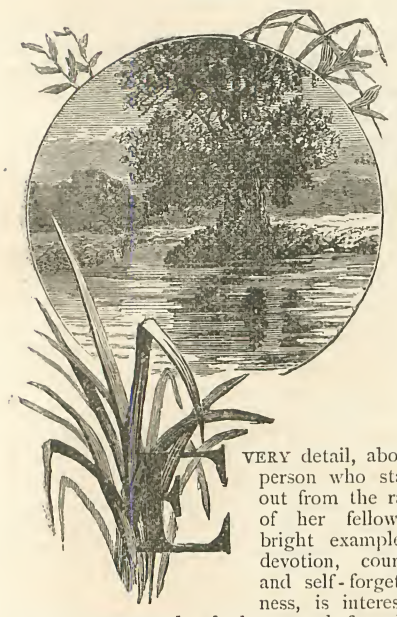
"Are you sure you feel fit to go?" remonstrated Annette. "Lottie, I thought you said my cousin disliked crowds."

"Oh, no! unless I have to entertain them. It is a pretty sight, I assure you; and I too, like Lottie, find it very amusing. It always reminds me of Britain Row in *Vanity Fair*. I am sure my Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain-glory, and Sir Having Greedy, are still to be found in the nineteenth century." And Lottie laughed as though she understood Averil's allusion.

(*To be continued.*)

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

PART II.



EVERY detail, about a person who stands out from the ranks of her fellows a bright example of devotion, courage, and self-forgetfulness, is interesting to the masses who look on, and for whose benefit these rare qualities are exercised. Questions come thick and fast as to her birth, her parentage, her early home, her education, her surroundings, and her preparation for the life which she is living. It is well for the heroine, and for the success of her work, if, when she finds herself in an elevated glass-house, with the light full upon her, she can stand calm and undismayed, and bear with equanimity the curious peering eyes which are looking her through and through to see if she be genuinely true and worthy of the post she occupies.

It is certainly not a bad sign of the age in which we live that heroism, courage, and intellect alone do not satisfy us—we must also have truth, honour, and purity in the person we delight to love and reverence. And whenever the people, or the public, as they are called, take the trouble to come to a conclusion on the worth of a prominent person, their judgment is rarely at fault.

It is not in our power to give any consecutive history of Kate Marsden and her doings, but the few touches we can supply will serve to give an outline which may be filled in as time goes on; and if they do nothing more they will bring us into sympathy with her and her life.

She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Marsden, Solicitor, of 59, Friday Street, Cheapside; her mother, a gentlewoman of the old and most refined school, is still living. There was a large family of children, but all have died of consumption except Kate and one brother.

Her childhood was free and joyous, and to those who have decided that it was a very quiet, thoughtful one, and unlike that of children generally, we shall, I fear, cause a shock by giving the true version, viz., that Kate Marsden was the veriest little pickle possible; indeed, so constantly was she in mischief that whenever she was out of sight her gentle mother would ring the bell and enquire of the servant, "Where is Miss Kitty?"

"Don't know, ma'am."

"Pray go and tell her *she mustn't*."

I have spoken with several people who knew her as a child, and their description of her is that she was utterly fearless, very brave, never quiet, nearly always in mischief, never told a lie, had an intense sympathy for suffering, hated the sight of blood, loved animals, and, in fact, was a noble-minded girl.

Her father dying when she was fifteen, she struck out a career for herself, and determined to be a nurse. She subjected herself to severe training, and in November, 1877, when she was but eighteen, she was considered quite capable, and was sent out, with nine other sisters, to nurse in the Russo-Turkish war. They were attached to the Sixty-eighth Hospital, which belonged to Russia.

Having arrived at Bucharest, they went from place to place—wherever, indeed, their services were needed—but without being told the names of the towns or villages in which they halted, for fear that under the nurse's garb there might lurk spies.

They performed the journeys in rough carts with straw at the bottom, drawn by oxen, and these were generally the only means of transporting the wounded and dying from the field to the hospital.

It must have been a curious sight to watch these young sisters going from hut to hut on their errands of mercy all muffled up, and armed with sticks to keep off the dogs.

Poor young nurses! They too suffered for want of decent food and accommodation. They made their tea in the saucepan which had cooked their midday meal of vegetables and bread, and Kate was often sent out to try and catch a fowl for supper.

That which distressed these sisters most was that they could not keep their hair and bodies free of insects. Each felt so horrified at what she considered an awful disgrace that she was ashamed to mention it to the other for fear she was the only one. At length they found it was a common sorrow, and they mingled their tears and their grief over a single candle in their huts before getting a short sleep.

At length these nurses began to fall into bad health, and two of them became dangerously ill of typhoid fever; and the remainder returning to England, Kate was left to nurse these girls all through their sickness, as well as to help the sick and wounded. The intense strain upon mind and body would have broken down anyone less brave and fearless, but she went on from November to April fulfilling her duties, and carrying with her brightness and consolation wherever she appeared.

It is needless to say that she earned the deep gratitude of the sick and wounded, as well as of the authorities, for her untiring patience, gentleness, perseverance, and brightness in the performance of her duties. For the work done here the Empress of Russia has not only given her the decoration of the Red Cross Society, but has bestowed upon her a special cross of honour.

It was during these months that she first saw a leper. The effect upon her was such that she made a vow that with God's help she would never lose an opportunity of helping lepers wherever she met them.

On her return from the war she became superintendent and head nurse at the Liverpool Woolton Convalescent Institution, where she remained four years and a-half, and on being compelled, through ill-health, to resign her appointment, she received from the ladies' and the gentlemen's committees, and from the nurses and inmates, a hundred pounds, a handsome tricycle, and a beautifully-illuminated address, as a sign of their appreciation of her services.

The chairman, speaking of her, says: "She is, both by birth and education, a lady. She discharged her duties in a most efficient manner;" and further, "She possesses considerable administrative as well as nursing ability." She left here in 1882. Dr. John

Fletcher Little says he had great opportunities of judging of her work at Woolton, and that she is most conscientious, and loves her work for its own sake, and that whatever work she undertakes will be performed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Her next move was to New Zealand, whither she went with her mother to nurse her sister. On her death she became matron of the large hospital at Wellington, and it was here she learned to know Sir William (the then Governor of New Zealand) and Lady Jervois, both of whom have been, and are, her very good friends. Sir William says that she did invaluable service in the hospital and in the maintenance of an ambulance corps at Wellington. Her life, brightness, and hopefulness, her energy and activity in making everybody happy and comfortable was felt over the whole institution.

It was while matron at Wellington she became conscious of the great sufferings caused to the miners and people living far away in the hills from their want of knowledge of ambulance work. They would bring a man many hours' journey to the hospital who had broken a limb without touching it, and, naturally on arriving at the hospital the arm or leg would be so swollen, bruised, and ulcered, that it was almost impossible to touch it.

One day she heard a loud noise outside the hospital, and one of the doctors said, "That must be an Irishman."

"No," said Kate Marsden, "it sounds more like some one in pain."

Down she went in a second, and found a poor man in a cab who had been kicked by a horse, and had sustained a double fracture. His poor leg was hanging straight down, the people not having bound even a handkerchief round it, not from want of thought but entirely from want of knowledge. They often came enormous distances with broken legs unset and suffering intense pain, and it was this state of things which first suggested to her the idea of giving ambulance lectures.

A severe accident occurred to her at this hospital which prevented her remaining longer than the year, and she determined, on the recovery of health and strength, to take up her residence in Nelson, and from there backward and forward to go about in the mining districts and give lectures and practical lessons to the men on the methods to be adopted in case of accident or sickness; and, true to her determination, she spent a whole year in this wonderful work.

It is impossible to say the amount of good done by this brave woman during the year. When it became known that she would visit in the far away districts, and teach the people themselves how to act in case of accident and sickness, she had not much idle time, and the experiences of this year alone, her travels and her interviews, would fill a volume with interesting matter.

She never questioned where she was going, or how; it was quite enough for her that she was wanted. She was fetched sometimes by a couple of men, or she was sent for, and went alone. A two days' journey or a five—it was nothing to her. She was ready when summoned in a few minutes, putting on her bonnet and taking with her, of course, her little medicine chest, and something else which you will not guess—a few pairs of old boots and shoes, without which she rarely took a journey.

She always begged these of her friends, for it frequently happened that she met young Englishmen of good birth tramping along in search of work, and then she never failed to put the question, "Are your feet sore?" to which, as a rule, the answer came, "Yes, indeed they are." In that case she would stop, and attend to and bandage their travel-worn feet, and give them a pair of boots from her stock. We were struck with the Oriental side of this picture, viz., attending to the feet the first thing.

On taking these journeys from one wild spot to another she would trust her purse and anything valuable to the miners who were her guides, and they never betrayed the trust reposed in them.

Kate Marsden saw a good deal of the Maories during these expeditions, and entertains a very high opinion of their kindness, truth, and generosity.

On one occasion she had a long journey, and one beset with danger, to make. She could not afford a conveyance, and asked the Maories to lend her a buggy.

A buggy is a large, cumbersome carriage, very light, having four broad wheels.

They lent her one with pleasure, for she was a great favourite, and with two thoroughbreds off she started alone. On the way she saw a herd of wild bulls coming. She knew her only safety lay in rushing towards them as fast as she could, for if you walk to meet them they will walk to meet you, but if they think you stronger than they, it frightens them. So she stood up, and yelled and cracked her whip and urged her horses on, and succeeded in passing them safely. But further on she came on eight more, with their heads down, and looking dangerous. She lashed her horses, and urged them on, and, being thoroughbred, they simply flew. One of the bulls gored the horse nearest to him, ripping its side, but she dared not pause, and eventually the bulls were left safely behind. That night she slept in the forest alone, after having sewn up her poor horse.

She tells wild and thrilling stories of midnight journeys through trackless bush, solitary night-watches by camp fires, hairbreadth escapes from wild creatures, fording raging torrents, and swimming for life. One is reminded while listening to her of Bret Harte and Rider Haggard.

There is another side to the pictures she draws, a lighter and brighter one—accounts of merry picnics, when all were gay and light-hearted; of Bohemian dinner-parties.

When Kate Marsden left New Zealand Princess Julia, of the Maori pah, or settlement, although she had a bad leg, came all the way from Nelson, and gave her jelly, fruit, a bunch of flowers (exquisite ones), and a bunch of onions! beside other things.

"Harra mai Kiruto!" was the greeting the Maories yelled out to her when she was starting from Nelson for England. There were about thirty of them, and they continued to shout until they reached her. Her mother exclaimed, "Who on earth are these?"

"They are Maories, mother. Do you go on board at once."

"Oh, child, come and hide," said the mother.

"Why?" she replied, and began to call back in a loud, clear voice, "Harra mai Kiruto."

Then they all squatted, and she with them, and they chatted like so many parrots. One said, "You seek (sick), Kate Marsden?"

"Very," was her reply.

"Me hold your headee all the way. Me give skipper hundred pounds to hold your headee."

She explained that six weeks was rather a long time to hold her head. Then they talked and rubbed noses all round, and she, pleading a headache, bade them good-bye, and went on board. They, however, waited on the wharf to see the vessel start.

At length she was once again in England, with her whole heart set upon being of assistance to the lepers; and, as I have before stated, she sought presentation to our Queen to enable her to do this work more thoroughly.

She is very proud of having been presented. But she says, with an amount of distress, "The dress cost me fifty pounds: think what I could have done with that!" And she further remarked, "If I should not return from Siberia will you give that dress to some poor lady who has to go to Court, and yet cannot afford the expense."

She must have looked very well in her Court gown, which was a pink salmon satin draped with Brussels lace, and ornamented with bouquets of roses mixed with brown leaves.

She wore a simple black silk dress when she was received by the Empress of Russia, and in the little bag she always carries with her she placed her cap, thinking to put it on the last thing before entering the presence. The guard, however, did not like the look of the bag. Seeing this, she put it into their hands, and as they gathered round it somewhat eagerly, she smiled at their surprise in finding only a nurse's cap.

I went to see her off on the *Parramatta*, which was to take her a certain distance on her way to Russia and Siberia. An intelligent good-looking porter came to our assistance at Liverpool Street, and while arranging the luggage said to me, "Are you going very far, ma'am?"

"It is not I who am going, but the other lady."

"Why, she looks so happy, ma'am; not at all as though she were going to foreign parts."

I said, "She is going a very difficult and dangerous journey quite alone, and for the purpose of helping the lepers, and those who may need help."

"Please, ma'am, may I ask what her name is?"

"It is Miss Kate Marsden."

"I've heard her name before." And then he asked, "Shall we read anything about her?"

"Yes," I said. "I think the first notice will be in 'THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER;' but that of course you don't read."

"Indeed I do, ma'am. I take it in regularly."

We have received the following for the working expenses of Miss Marsden's Mission, which sums have been placed in the bank for transmission as required.

	£	s.	d.
C. R. S.	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Simmons . ..	1	1	0



DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

FELT hats are quite the order of the day, and they are worn of all hues, from green to a tan colour, or pale yellowish grey, and from crimson, scarlet, navy blue, and grey, to terra-cotta. The hat itself is nothing but a flat circle of felt, and in some houses they give it the appropriate name of *plateau*. The edges are either plain or scalloped. It is astonishing to see what a multitude of shapes they can be turned into by the skilful hands of the practised milliner; and she bends them into pleats in front, and turns them up at the back or side, so as to make them becoming to any face. Ribbon-wire of the same colour as the felt is sewn under the brim, and this assists in retaining it in its place where bent.

Flowers have retired for the season, and in their stead we have feathers, jet, and velvet, and, I am sorry to say, a multitude of birds and wings; which prove that we women are still helping in the slaughter of innocent creatures to decorate our hats and bonnets, and that, when we lend ourselves to this, we are quite on a par with the savage, decked in his scalps. These felt hats are very cheap, and if the home milliner be at all clever, she will find no difficulty in manipulating them. Terry velvet is much used for trimming hats and bonnets, and there are some pretty ribbons that are "Terry" on one side, and plain velvet on the other. Black Astrachan is used to trim the pale-coloured felt hats, and all the trimmings are slightly higher at the back than in the front. Bonnets are very, very small, and seem to have but little shape; and they are pinned on the top of the clustered puffs of the hair, and consist of a little lace, a few autumn flowers, or a little brightly-hued velvet.

There is not much appreciable change in the fashion of the skirts of dresses: they are still very plain, and have a scanty amount of



ON THE BORDERS OF THE SERPENTINE.



TWO NEW WINTER GOWNS.



THE NEW SLEEVES.

material in them. On all sides we hear prophecies of a return of flounces; and on some of the newest dresses there are three small frills, or a single flounce. The thick materials now worn do not, however, lend themselves to flounces; and there seem only such things as cashmere, nuns' veiling, and other thin woollens that are suited to them. I have no doubt that where thin materials can be worn, flounces will be much adopted.

Many of the skirts of very thick material seem to have no foundation-skirts, even when they are cut in imitation of tabs at the edge, in which case the jacket is also tabbed or castellated like the battlements of a castle or tower. The three-quarter-length "Newmarket" jackets are worn by many people, and the ladies' tailors are generally making them for all their walking dresses. They are trying to wear, and are only becoming to the tall and the slight in figure. All the skirts for walking use are cut much shorter, and quite clear the ground—a great comfort to have escaped from those odious skirts that just dragged along, leaving a cloud of dust behind them, and the skirts being too narrow to allow of their being held up.

The hems of skirts are much trimmed; and Astrachan and plain cloth of a colour differing from the dress are principally used: the top edge is cut out in scallops, or some other form, and a cord is then laid along the edge.

The sleeves of our gowns are not materially altered, and we still cling to the full Venetian sleeve. Tight sleeves are raised high on the shoulder, and have two or three closely-fitting folds, while all sleeves are long to the wrists.

There is a little feeling towards the enlarging of the very plain skirts that have been worn all the summer at the feet, thus making them a trifle more bell-shaped; and the three little gathered flounces, which seem the universal rule with all plain skirts of unfigured material, add to this new effect. Kilting is not seen on any of the new things, and seems to have no place save as the hem ruches or frillings of all well-made gowns, whether of silk or woollen materials. Silk ruches are put inside the hems of gowns to prevent their clinging too closely to the stockings. But unless the gowns are made short enough, they are anything but comfortable to wear, and increase the weight of the skirt.

Blouse bodices will probably be worn through the winter, and the nearest shape is the yoked one, a novel effect being given to them by turning the edge of the blouse up underneath, and gathering it, thus making a kind of puffed basque below the waist-belt; but this belt is rarely round. It is made with tab-like ends, which are crossed at the front and back, or made as a point only in the front, and with a rosette at the back. One novelty consists in having the bodice made with no belt and no basque—merely turned under and



THE NEW SASH OF PASSEMENTERIE.



THE NEW CLOAK.
(*Paper pattern.*)

hemmed all round, with no cording at the edge.

Homespuns of Scotch and Irish manufacture will be more used than smooth-faced cloths for the winter, and the trimmings, if any, will be velvet. The colour that will be most worn will be brown, in all varieties of shades; they will be mixed with positive colours, such as yellow, flame, and orange colour, blue, and dark crimson. Besides brown we shall see mulberry, raisin, beetroot; marone and copper beech; and probably all shades of the new type of terra-cotta. Violet tones are still seen, and in clover-blossom we shall probably find a becoming shade for our winter bonnets. Then there is heather, a kind of crimson violet, which is very pretty; and a new blue called "pottery"; Assyrian, Image, Mummy, and Egyptian, from its greenish cast of colour. There is a talk of coloured cloth jackets being worn, such as bottle-green and drab, and that they are to be very long in the skirts, with single shoulder-capes. There are some pretty circular cloaks lined with colours, and some small jacket-like mantles, called Spencers, with short sleeves reaching only to the tip of the elbow.

The Spanish, or Toreador, hats are much seen, and seem to me to be trying, unless carefully put on; and the hair should not be rough and tousled, or they would look both ugly and fast. On some heads, however, they prove becoming and perfectly lady-like; and the black ones are to be the most recommended. In our picture of the borders of the Serpentine, the centre figure wears one of these hats, of a very pretty shape, and simple trimming at the same time; wide enough in the brim to be a certain amount of protection to the face. This sketch shows all the newest cloaks, both loose and tight fitting.

There are numbers of new woollens in which the leading feature is the rough surface, which is what is called *frise*. This appears in wafers, *fleurs de lys*, crescents, and stripes. Then there are shadowy patterns which are designed, and which appear to cast a shadow below them. Some of the roughest materials are more like blankets than cloths, so rough and hairy are the surfaces. Plaids and tartans are also seen for walking gowns, and our illustrations show how they are made up. Velvet and *passementerie* are used as *appliquéd* trimmings very largely, and they can be bought in sets of trimmings, to be used on any gown.

The new wide sash of *passementerie* is shown in one of our illustrations; and it seems probable that this style of making gowns will be an extremely popular one all the winter, as it is very becoming. In the same picture an example of the velvet *appliqué*, for neck and waist trimming, is seen.

The new black silks, with small coloured sprays of flowers, or an all-over pattern of single flowers, such as ox-eye daisies, or a forget-me-not, or rosebud, are very pretty. They have been worn most in France, but the Princess of Wales has been wearing a charming one, with a design of a single daisy on it.

Some of the brocaded silks are remarkably handsome, both in design and colour. The new idea of this season is to outline the design in a different colour, such as a pattern of black bamboo leaves on a black ground, outlined with lettuce green. Spots seem in great favour still, and for silks they vary in size, from a wafer to a florin; the ground being of satin or silk, and the spots of velvet.

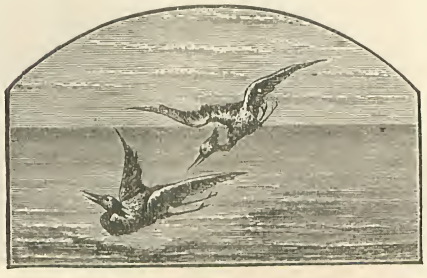
There seem to be more fur jackets worn this year than I have seen for some years past; and I am sorry to see so much seal-skin, in view of the recent disclosures of the wholesale slaughter of these poor creatures in Alaska. The newest fur cape is a complete V-shaped plastron, the back and fronts being equal in size. The collars are all high, and made of double fur, so that they will roll over and show only fur, or stand up round the throat. Feather boas, both of ostrich or of cocks' feathers, are very much seen—more so than fur. But as they are very expensive they will remain amongst those who have very deep purses, and do not mind spending the contents on the decoration of their persons.

It would be impossible to enumerate the jackets that are worn besides the Newmarket, which I have mentioned. They are of all styles, tight-fitting, double-breasted, open fronts, and long waistcoats; and those also trimmed with Astrachan, and with Astrachan sleeves, collar, and cuffs, as well as waistcoat. Some of the prettiest have the loose blouse-sleeves, or a puffed sleeve and a deep cuff.

The paper pattern chosen for the month is one of the new yoked cloaks, the yoke being at both back and front, and the collar raised high at the back. Our pattern gives the simplest form—one that can be made up in any different and more ornamental style. It is in five pieces, being just half the cloak, and is of medium size—thirty-six inches round the bust. A double width cloth should be used for it, the amount needed being from three yards to six yards, single width.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and *revers*, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, and new jacket with *revers*.



GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLIDAY TIME.



RANDMAMMA, is Aunt Esther to interfere with every single thing we do?" asked Trixie, with a toss of her handsome head. "Mamma never bothered us in holiday time. We always did just what we liked, and had plenty of fun. Is Aunt Esther to go and spoil everything with her poking and prying? For if she is I'd as soon have lessons. Holidays were meant for fun."

"Well, my dear, and I am sure I have no objection to your fun," answered Lady Eleanora, indulgently. "I like young people to be merry. What does your aunt find fault with?"

Trixie tossed her head again, and kept to generalities.

"Oh, she's so tiresome every way. She is always interfering. She does so love to show she thinks herself boss—I mean mistress—of everything and everybody. She rowed Dacre's groom the other day, and made him awfully angry, and Thérèse says that she's insufferable, with all her stuck-up airs. And, granny, she told me the other day that I was not even a lady—that was a pretty thing to say, was it not?"

Lady Eleanora's face flushed somewhat. That an Egerton should dare to make a remark of that kind to one of her grandchildren was the sort of affront the old lady was most prone to resent. At all times she was disposed to stand by her son's children when there was any collision between them and their aunt; and Trixie had taken the surest means of gaining her for an ally.

"And what is it that you want to do, my dear, that your aunt objects to? If I think her objection groundless I will ask her to reconsider it."

"Oh, thank you, granny dear; you are always sensible and kind! I don't want to do anything so very particular—only go over pretty often to see Jenny Flemyng, and stay the night sometimes. Aunt Esther seems to think I can never go unless she will take me, and I'd rather not go at all than go like that. I hate being dressed up, and paying a sort of good-little-girl call. I like to go for a whole long day, and have a lot of fun. Please, grandmamma, say I may?"

Lady Eleanora hesitated for a moment. Truth to tell, the Flemyngs were no favourites of hers. She was a fastidious and a well-bred woman herself, and had been annoyed when the acquaintance between the two families had been commenced. But her daughter-in-law and Mrs. Flemyng, different as they were in appearance and antecedents, had taken a great liking for each other, and the children of both houses were strongly attached, so that an intimacy had gradually grown up, despite the cold water thrown upon it by Lady Eleanora and Mr. Overton. Yet with the contrariness so often seen in people, especially as they grow old, Lady Eleanora felt nettled that Esther should be disposed to criticise unfavourably persons with whom her sister was pleased to associate. And this sense of irritation, unreasonable as it was, helped Trixie's suit better than anything else.

"Has your mother ever made any objection to your going to spend your holiday time with Jenny Flemyng?"

"No, never. She does not mind what we do. She likes Jenny. She is fond of them all. I told Aunt Esther so."

"And what did she say?"

"She said that I might do anything I had leave to do from my parents; but when it came to staying away from the house, she must use her own discretion, and she should not like me to go. She suggested that I should ask you to invite Jenny here instead; but that would not be at all the same thing."

Secretly Lady Eleanora thought it would be a much better thing, but she did not choose to say so to Trixie.

"I will speak to your aunt," she said. "I do not see why holidays should not be holidays for young people."

"Oh, thank you, granny! Dacre said you were sure to take our part—at least, he said so some time ago. He has been rather cross himself lately. I'm glad Cuthbert is coming home so soon."

At that moment Esther herself came into the room, and Trixie at once burst out with what was in her mind, not heeding or caring that her aunt had come in to speak upon some matter of business.

"Oh, Aunt Esther, grandmamma says I may go to the Flemyngs as much as I like. I told you mamma always let me, and she says I may. We are to do as we like in the holidays, and have our fun. I told you so, only you would not believe me."

Esther looked for a moment into the handsome triumphant face of the girl, and then smiled quietly as she said—

"Very well, Trixie. Of course whatever your grandmother gives you leave to do you can do. I have no desire to interfere with your enjoyment, as I have told you before. Run away now, dear, for I want to talk to your grandmother."

Trixie ran off in manifest exultation, and Lady Eleanora, whose face was slightly flushed, said in her stately way—

"It never answers with high-spirited children to draw the rein too tight. It is the mistake that the inexperienced always makes; but it does not answer in the long run. A little liberty in holiday time helps to settle rather than unsettle the mind. It would not answer with those children to fetter them too much."

Esther made a little expressive gesture with her hands.

"Please do not think I resent any decision of yours, Lady Eleanora. I am glad to be spared responsibility. I dislike the office of trying to control turbulent spirits, and if you are satisfied that they are only acting in accordance with their parents' wishes, of course there is nothing more to be said." And dismissing that subject as if it were done with, Esther began upon the one she had in hand. But Lady Eleanora was not entirely satisfied, and when the besiness was settled she returned once more to the charge.

"About Trixie. I think she might have her own way as to this little visit to her friend. It will be a great pleasure to her, and, indeed, it does not do to curb such children too much. You must see for yourself what high spirits they have."

"Yes," answered Esther, with a slight smile, "they do not give the impression of knowing much about curbing. We must hope they will grow up to exemplify the virtues of the new-fashioned system, of giving them their heads as the best means of breaking them in."

And she left the room as quietly as she had come, perfectly good-tempered and perfectly self-possessed; but it was some time before the pink flush died out of Lady Eleanora's face. Yet she would not go back from her word, and no hindrance was placed in the triumphant Trixie's way when she openly announced her intention of staying at the Flemyngs "as long as she chose; for granny was on her side, and had shut Aunt Esther up."

Cuthbert's arrival was hailed as something of an event by the whole family, He was a tall, handsome boy, fair and frank-faced, though with no small idea of his own importance as son and heir. But Eton had so far knocked the "bumptiousness" out of him that his self-assertion was not unpleasant; his manners were good, and he was a much more *boyish* boy than Dacre had ever been.

"Ha, Aunt Esther!" was his greeting to her, "so you and I are to be master and mistress of this establishment and its unruly contingent of kids! And, by Jove! how young you do look! It seems absurd to call you aunt. I should like to call you Esther if you did not think it cheeky of me. You look much more like a fellow's sister than his aunt. I like the looks of you—I do really. And I expected an old frump—aunt has such a frumpy sound about it."

Esther could not help laughing, and Cuthbert laughed with her.

"So long as you *treat* me with proper respect, Cuthbert, I care very little what you call me," answered she, feeling that this great manly fellow *was* rather big for a nephew, despite his boyish speech; and there was something pleasant in the friendly frankness with which he had met her. It was like Humphrey's in its way, but was the more welcome as coming from one whose presence in the house she had looked forward to with some dread.

But Cuthbert was just reaching the stage when the society of womankind had ceased to be a bore, and was rather attractive than otherwise; and when he heard that he and Esther had been invited to a luncheon party at the Flemyngs the next day, and that Lady Eleanora had decreed the invitation should be accepted, he showed no disposition to shirk, but said he was quite ready to escort her, and that he would take her about all over the country now that he was at home.

"I know Dacre hasn't shown you a thing; he's not the fellow to do a good turn to anybody. But we'll let him go his own way, and have a good time on our own account. There are lots of places you ought to see all round Greyfriars. You'll let me be your *cicerone*, won't you, Esther?"

This was said at dinner-time, and evoked a short laugh from Dacre, who was now degraded to the side of the table, whilst Cuthbert took the master's place at the foot. Since Esther had taken upon herself to rebuke his servant (Dacre looked upon Miller as his own especial property), and had told the boy that she would not put up with any impertinence from him again, all the ground that she hoped had been gained —when he was so unwell and had submitted to her ministrations—had been lost again. Dacre was as independent and insolent as ever, and had already drawn down upon his head a sharp rebuke from Cuthbert for the way in which he had spoken to his aunt.

"Dacre wants the nonsense knocked out of him at school," remarked Cuthbert rather grandly, as he and Esther drove off next day to keep their appointment at the Flemyngs. "He's too cheeky by half, and too clever to be caught tripping. It did him a lot of good when he did get a bit of school discipline; but he always knocked up and had to go home, and now all the good he's got is wearing off. It's a pity granny spoils him so. But I believe she's rather afraid of him. People have a way of being afraid of Dacre; but I shall see he behaves himself to you. By the way, where is Trix? I've not seen her since I got home?"

"You can see her to-day if you wish. She is staying with her friend Jenny Flemyng."

"I hope she won't turn into a tomboy then. Jenny is an awful imp. I should hate to have a sister of mine like that. I'd just as soon Trix was not such a chum of hers. It's all very well for us boys to do things, but its disgusting to have one's sister trying to copy one in everything, as that Jenny Flemyng does. Her brothers don't seem to mind. But I know I'd teach Miss Trix a thing or two if she tried it on."

Esther was amused all the way by Cuthbert's talk. On the whole she agreed with him in what he said, but his grand air of judicial severity tickled her, as did his genuine belief in his own position as master of the house.

The luncheon party passed off pleasantly enough. It was the more pleasant for Esther that Everard Chester was her neighbour at table, and that afterwards he introduced her to his mother, with whom she struck up an immediate friendship. Hitherto they had not met, for though Mrs. Chester had called, and Esther had returned the visit, they had been unfortunate in finding each other out. Now they made amends for lost time by becoming pleasantly intimate with unusual rapidity, and as some of Mrs. Flemyng's guests were not altogether congenial, the two ladies spent most of their time together.

When the men joined them shortly afterwards, it was proposed that those who were disposed should make a tour of the gardens, which were extensive and well kept. Almost all the party availed themselves of the suggestion, as the day was temptingly warm and bright. And after the round had been made the company stood or sat about on the lawn, reluctant, as it seemed, to lose the beauty of the spring day by going indoors.

And then it was that something happened which roused Cuthbert's dire displeasure, and amused some of the guests and shocked others, according as they were predisposed to judge such matters.

Nothing had so far been seen of the young people of the family, but all in a moment a tremendous clamour arose from the direction of the stable-yard, and as all heads were turned in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, a still stranger sight met the eye. First there came a number of rats —quite a dozen as it seemed—with all the terriers in full cry after them, as they made for the water. And behind the dogs came a screaming, yelling crew of boys and girls, armed with sticks, with which they aimed blows at such of the wretched creatures as they could reach. And in the midst of this motley crew, her hair flying down her back, her cheeks crimson with excitement, was Trixie herself, plainly distinguishable by her pretty light dress, altogether unsuitable for such an occasion, as well as by her great fleetness and activity, which kept her well in the foremost rank. The young hunters were by this time so mad with excitement that the sight of the well-dressed company had not the smallest effect in restraining them. Indeed, the presence of spectators seemed rather to add fuel to the flame of their eagerness, and redoubling their shouts and cries, they sped onwards after their flying victims. Mr. and Mrs. Flemyng laughed with complacent indulgence, and remarked on the high spirit of their boys and girls; and some of the guests laughed with them, whilst others remarked that exhibitions like that were better confined to boys alone, and to the stables themselves, and wondered that Mrs. Flemyng allowed her daughter to be so exclusively with her brothers. Killing rats might be a very necessary thing, and though not an elevating pastime, might be excusable for boys, but it certainly was not a sport for girls to share in.

As for Cuthbert, he was simply furious. He knew that his sister had been seen and recognised by the whole company, and that looks of amusement or commiseration were being exchanged. Cuthbert had heard himself and his family criticised before now by their friends on account of their unruly ways. Once he had rather gloried in it, but he was beginning to see that such remarks were not always meant as compliments, and for Trixie to make such an exhibition of herself was simply intolerable. He felt he should never be able to hold up his head again.

Certainly it was time to assert his authority as elder brother, and with an exclamation of indignation and disgust he marched off after the retreating crowd, and to Esther's surprise, when the carriage was announced she found Trixie seated beside the groom on the back seat, whilst Cuthbert, with brow as black as night, was already on the driving-box with the reins in his hands.

"I'm just going to take her home, to see what granny will say to such goings on," he said, evidently still in a towering passion. "I am perfectly disgusted, and so would any fellow be. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, miss."

But Trixie only tossed her head defiantly, though Esther fancied she was a little ashamed; and she herself changed the subject, as this one was not certainly the one to be discussed in the hearing of a servant. For her part Esther was more grieved than surprised. She had felt certain that a visit to such a house would be followed by some undesirable exhibition.

But Trixie's cheeks were rather flushed as Cuthbert gripped her arm tightly and led her into the presence of Lady Eleanora, who was, as it chanced, already downstairs—Jessie and Dacre with her—having their afternoon tea. The story of Trixie's enormity did not lose anything in Cuthbert's telling, and the grandmother sat aghast, whilst Dacre's face put on a scornful look, as he said—

"I told you it was not an amusement for ladies. But then you appear not to consider yourself one. Only next time you need not be so furious if you are told your conduct is unladylike."

"Beatrix," said Lady Eleanora, with all the sternness she could command —and that was a good deal—"what do you mean by daring to make such an exhibition of yourself? I am perfectly shocked! I do not know what your father will say!"

"It is perfectly disgusting!" cried Jessie. "How could you be so horrid and so brazen? Fancy showing yourself like that to all the people! Why, they will never forget it—you will be marked for life!"

"How could we tell that they would come and rush out that way?" was the

retort, half-angry, half-ashamed. "We meant them to stay in the yard, but one of the doors was open, and they got out somehow. Of course the dogs gave chase and so did we. We had killed a lot, and we wanted to get the rest."

"Go to your room at once, Beatrix," said Lady Eleanora, sternly. "I wonder you dare to stand trying to face us after such a disgraceful exhibition. If that is what you mean to do when you ask leave to spend your holiday with your friend, I shall know better how to answer such requests another time. I am exceedingly displeased with you. You know you have behaved disgracefully. As Jessie truly says, things like that stamp a girl, and are not forgotten. It will be always remembered against you how you were seen. Bah! I cannot talk about it! Go away to your room, and I shall punish you severely!"

Trix was not easily subdued, but the feeling that the whole family was against her cowed her for the moment. She marched away beneath the torrent of angry words from Cuthbert, and cutting ones from Dacre; whilst Lady Eleanora, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, remarked, with a sigh and a keen glance at Esther, that "such things never happened when the mother was at home; but there seemed no influence of any kind over the children now."

"It never does to tell girls they are not ladies," she remarked. "It wounds their self-esteem, and they break out like this."

Esther knew what that meant. She had had the same thing thrown in her teeth before; she smiled as she replied—

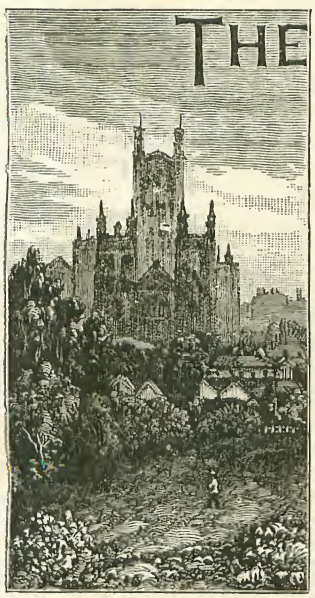
"I never said that to Trixie, though she chose to interpret it so. All I ever said was that her conduct might and ought to be more ladylike; and after the demonstration of to-day I think that fact requires no farther proof. But I never meant to hurt the child's feelings."

"Trixie is very proud and sensitive," said the grandmother, already disposed to be on the defensive. "But, as I say, nothing ever goes right in the house when the father and mother are away. I suspect this is only the beginning of troubles."

(*To be continued.*)

FAMOUS NATIVES AND RESIDENTS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

RESULTS OF THE COMPETITION.



The proposal for this competition appeared in our number of the 26th of April, and the last day for receiving papers was Michaelmas Day (September 29th). It is now our pleasant duty to report a gratifying and encouraging success. In many previous competitions a larger number have taken part, but in none have girls impressed us more by their ability, not to speak of their painstaking and perseverance. For general excellence, this is one of the best competitions we have ever had.

The small number of competitors may be accounted for by the comparative difficulty of the task that was set them. To succeed required not only plodding earnestness, but an amount of research for which not every one has time, and besides time, it needed a little library of reference, and that is not at everybody's command.

Through their being so good, the papers sent in gave an unusual amount of trouble in classifying them, and we had to fix the standard for prizes and certificates very high indeed. To get a prize, then, is something to be proud of, and a certificate is a guarantee of real excellence. Girls who have failed to obtain either have not necessarily done poor work: over many a paper we had to hesitate long before laying it with a reluctant hand on the pile of the unrewarded.

But to the unsuccessful, as we pointed out in April, the work itself has been a reward, and they may console themselves with thinking that doing their best this time will lead to doing better on a future occasion. In a sense they have succeeded:—

> "Everyone can win who tries,
> For the struggle is the prize."

To give an example of the spirit with which girls have taken up the competition, we may quote the words of one who writes to us from Jamaica: "I have found," she says, "great pleasure and instruction in reading about the lives of these famous men and women. I wish I had more time to go on with the work before sending this paper away." After alluding to her difficulty in getting books, she adds: "I hope the GIRL'S OWN PAPER will soon publish a notice for another competition. I shall look for one eagerly."

Many papers sent in were prepared with such care as to make us take almost a personal interest in the writers. One girl illuminated her paper in gold; another gave pen-and-ink sketches of points of interest in the cities dealt with; a third showed her good spirits by adding humorous tail-pieces; a fourth embellished her title-page with a map showing the situation of the twenty great cities; three or four gave quotations from famous authors more or less applicable to the different lives; whilst a few—and it was an interesting feature—gave lists of the books they had consulted.

With hardly an exception the best papers in appearance were the best in regard to matter. This was to be expected. A girl who had been diligent in the collection of facts was not likely to be careless about the way in which she presented them to the reader. One would never look for her occupying a place among the slovenly, and writing with a scribble in uneven lines on pages ill-matched and clumsily fastened together.

A fault with several papers was their beginning without a title-page or even a heading to show what they were all about: this gave an abrupt, unfinished air. A nicely-written title-page has a smiling good-morning look, whereas to start with, say, "Aberdeen: John Abercrombie," gives one a shock, and seems something like a breach of etiquette.

Girls were asked to stitch their papers at the *left* hand top corner; two or three overlooked this instruction, and did so at the *right* hand top corner; and we found that the girls are not yet extinct who fail to stitch their papers at all.

The points we took into account in awarding the prizes and certificates were the number of names given, the wise selection of names, the correctness of dates and other facts, fulness of information, neatness of expression and arrangement, and care and good taste shown in writing out the papers.

The total number of names that could be given under the rules was 135, and in proposing the competition we said we did not anticipate that any one would reach this figure. Much to our surprise, many girls did so. It must have taken a good deal of research, and those who persevered till they had the full number we feel convinced can do pretty well anything. Some towns, of course, were much more difficult to fill up than others. London, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge, for example, having a plentiful crop of celebrities, presented no difficulty, but Bradford, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, and one or two others, proved stumbling-blocks to many. Two girls of different ages for the whole twenty towns produced only fifteen names, but one of these had written her paper so beautifully, that merely to see it was a piece of education.

Wisdom in the selection of names was occasionally absent, girls filling up their papers with illustrious obscure people about whom not one person in twenty ever heard or wanted to hear. One competitor made herself conspicuous by devoting her paper almost wholly to about a hundred nonentities. Her extraordinary perversity must have cost her much more trouble than if she had given attention to really famous people.

Considering the large number of facts dealt with, there were surprisingly few errors. With our younger competitors we observed some mistakes in proper names, no doubt because girls were not very familiar with them. A girl, for example, would insist on writing "David Mason" instead of "David Masson"; or "Sir John Herchel," instead of "Sir John Herschel"; or "Sir Robert Steele," for "Sir Richard Steele"; or "John Byron," (the shorthand inventor), for "John Byrom."

Less excusable were the slips in spelling of ordinary words made by many of our younger friends. All those concerned may as well take note never again to write "experiance,"

"testamonial," "proffessor," "emminent," "profitting," "studant," "succeedded," "ocupation," "untill," or "studdied," to name only a few of the words in which they went wrong.

As the correcting spirit is on us, we may add that marks of quotation, commas, full stops, and capital letters have their uses, and that girls ought to try to find out what these uses are.

With our older competitors accuracy was a strong point—wonderfully accurate they were. And it must be allowed that in compiling work it is often difficult to be correct, as two girls discovered who made pathetic complaints that they had got into a fog about dates through finding authorities differ.

The full length for each biographical notice was fixed for a hundred and twenty words. You cannot put everything in this small compass, but some contrived to give a great deal. A girl's ability was shown by her seizing just the prominent and important facts and giving these instead of exhausting her hundred and twenty words in trivial details. Now and again we found a competitor run aground for lack of words before she had got her illustrious character well out of his college days, and so we had only a little bit of a life instead of a bird's-eye view of the whole. Important facts were occasionally omitted, perhaps because there were not words left to tell them in. Was this the reason why a girl, in noticing Charles Lamb, left out all reference to the "Essays of Elia," and another gave a sketch of Lord Byron without so much as mentioning that he wrote poetry?

Our competitors beyond seas hailed from many different quarters of the globe. We had papers from Australia, Canada, the United States, the West Indies, Palestine, South Africa, and many places on the continent of Europe. The special prize to these foreign and Colonial readers goes this time to Calcutta.

We suggested that competitors should place an alphabetical index at the end of their papers. Though this was not made compulsory, nine-tenths of them gave it, which we took to be a convincing proof of the thoroughness and enthusiasm with which girls had prosecuted their work. In three or four instances it was unfinished, whether because girls had tired of it, or delayed till it was too late, we had no means of knowing. One girl, who dated from Hobart, Tasmania, brought her index to a close with the letter "e," adding the words, "Time's up," from which one might safely infer that in her case at least the out-going mail was the obstacle.

The fault many indexes had was that every name was not arranged in strictly alphabetical order—no attempt being made to do more than bring together anyhow all the names beginning with A, all those beginning with B, all those with C, and so on. Now, in making an index it may be useful to explain, for the benefit of those who do not know how, we have to get other letters in their right order as well as the first one.

Suppose a girl put down five names in this order—Allison, Abbot, Addison, Anderson, Abercrombie—that would be wrong. As all these names begin with the same letter, "A," she must look to the second letter and get that in the right alphabetical order. A*b* will come before A*d*, and A*d* before A*l*, and A*l* before A*n*. But there are two names beginning with Ab. We must look for these to the third letter: Ab*b* will go before Ab*e*. The right order of the five names will then be—Abbot, Abercrombie, Addison, Allison, Anderson.

In compiling an index the handiest way is to write it out in any order, then take a pair of scissors and cut it up, and having done that, arrange the different lines on the table in their right order. The lines can then be pasted down or you can make a clean copy.

Girls were instructed to have written on the back of the last leaf of each paper sent in a certificate to the effect that it was their own work. In previous competitions these plain directions have been occasionally misunderstood, and so it has happened in this one. Instead of having the certificate written once, as was our intention, one girl has had it written no fewer than a hundred and seven times. Thus, in place of writing thirty-five words, which would have been enough, her mother has written three thousand seven hundred and forty-five words! It is a waste of labour dreadful to think about. In another case the certificate appeared eighty-five times; in a third sixty-two times; in a fourth fifty-five times.

The following table shows the number of papers sent in and the proportion of awards. We may mention that three papers were received which we were unable to classify for lack of information. Two of them gave no names, and afforded not the slightest clue to the identity of the writer. The third (G. B., Birmingham) failed to state the age of the competitor.

Age of Competitor.	How many sent in.	Prizes.	Foreign Competitors' Prize.	Certificates.		
				1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
11	1	—	—	—	—	—
12	2	—	—	—	—	—
13	21	1	—	2	2	3
14	27	1	—	2	3	4
15	39	1	—	3	4	6
16	43	1	—	4	5	11
17	66	1	—	6	7	9
18	63	1	—	5	9	10
19	60	1	—	6	7	11
20	54	1	1	3	6	12
21	36	1	—	3	4	6
22	34	1	—	3	3	7
23	21	1	—	1	1	4
24	4	—	—	1	—	—
25	1	—	—	1	—	—
26	3	—	—	1	—	—
28	1	—	—	—	—	—
29	2	—	—	1	—	—
?	3	—	—	—	—	—
Totals.	481	11	1	42	51	83

THE FOREIGN COMPETITORS' SPECIAL PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Dover, Grace J. (20 years of age), Calcutta.

GENERAL LIST OF PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE HOLDERS.

ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificate.

Knight, Margaret Hilda, Langport, Somerset.

TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificates.

McCowan, Dora, Melbourne, Australia.
Monilpied, Lydie Rachel de, Nottingham.

THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (One Guinea).

Giles, Evelyn Mary, Lyncombe, Bath.

First Class Certificates.

Vinson, Annie Charlotte, High Barnet.
Leech, Emily, Kentish Town, N.W.

Second Class Certificates.

Gore, Kathleen Amy, Wandsworth, S.W.
Heaster, Ethel Mary, Braintree, Essex.

Third Class Certificates.

Arthur, Minnie Louise, Glasgow.
Mottram, Jane Elizabeth, Bredbury, near Stockport.
Gummer, Anna M., Georgetown, B. Guiana.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (One Guinea).

Ayton, Minna Gertrude, Hobart, Tasmania.

First Class Certificates.

Groves, Mabel Constance, Weymouth.
Cabban, Dorothy M., Greenwich, S.E.

Second Class Certificates.

Kempson, Mabel Adeline, Erdington.
Thompson, Rose Alice, Rotherhithe, S.E.
Weston, Blanche Marion Percy, East Sheen

Third Class Certificates.

Oliver, Kate Eveleen, Stonygate, Leicester.
Crichton, Annie Fonseca, St. John's, Antigua.
Ashton, Violet, Darwen, Lancs.
Hunter, Mary Maud, Sydenham, S.E.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (One Guinea).

Eglington, Mabel May, Kerdistone, Reepham.

First Class Certificates.

Wilkinson, Bertha E., Royston.
Edwards, Mabel Josephine, Leamington.
Rae, Helen Edith, Pittville.

Second Class Certificates.

Morris, Winifred Beatrice, Dunedin, New Zealand.
Sutton, Gertrude, Leicester.
McRitchie, Margaret J. H., Cupar, Fife.
Kennedy, Eleanor Stuart Lang, Glasgow.

Third Class Certificates.

Johnson, Mabel Georgina C., Brighton.
Bolton, Edith Helen, Hull.
Hodgson, Grace Elizabeth, Leicester.
Rutkowska, Sophie de, Halifax.
Raw, Mary, Blackhill.
Claye, Ellen, Stockport.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (One Guinea).

Dodd, Constance, Croydon, S.E.

First Class Certificates.

Walker, Grace Winifred, Nottingham.
Yeoman, Ellen Mary, Wanstrow.
Hawker, Lilian Alice A. M., Bracknell.
Seward, Florence Helen, Petersfield.

Second Class Certificates.

O'Neill, Florence Marguerite, Edgbaston.
Smith, Ella Mary, Dilesyn R.S.O.
Nevill, Dorothy Katharine, Norwich.
Sharp, Grace, Reading.
Brown, Laura, New Kent Road, S.E.

Third Class Certificates.

Burgoyne, Margaret E., Chatham.
Baddeley, Edith Helen, Coventry.
Pousford, Gertrude Lee, Lee, S.E.
Forrester, Ethel Monypenny Grant, Edinburgh.
Fryer, Nellie, Ayr, N.B.
Bower, Frances Susannah, Bishops' Sutton.
Rowland, Ethel, Pontypridd.
Edwards, Frances Mabel, Derby.
Soper, Bertha Philpott, Wanstead.
Ashton, Kathleen, Darwen.
Martin, Eleanor Mary, Cosham.

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (One Guinea).

May, Letitia Evelyn, Alton.

First Class Certificates.

Piat, Hélène, Paris, France.
Stockings, Elsie Young, Stony Stratford.
Burton, Bessie Louise, Balham, S.W.
Horton, Amanda Sanders, Chelsea, S.W.
Lowman, Florence Sophia, Southampton.
Adams, Helen Agnes, Bury St. Edmunds.

Second Class Certificates.

Ben-Oliel, Evangeline Agnes, Jerusalem.
Robertson, Marion, Glanton R.S.O.
Poland, Hannah, Maida Hill, W.
Greasbey, Florence Mary, Morton Grange.
Orton, Edith, Leamington.
Norman, Grace Florence, Jersey.
Hancock, Emmeline C., Stapleton.

Third Class Certificates.

McKnight, Annie, Burwash.
George, Mary Ann, Elgin.
Briggs, Annie Maud, Manchester.
Whitmell, Annie Mary, Northampton.
Baird, Agnes Ramsey, Whitehaven.
Bush, Fanny, Paulton.
Aston, Helen Millicent, Primrose Hill, N.W.
Davie, Annie Elizabeth, Shepton Mallet.
Williams, Gwendolen, Swansea.

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Hordern, Florence Ethel Holt, Edgerton.

First Class Certificates.

German, Lelia Catherine, Ashby-de-la-Zouche.
Willoughby, Theodora, Montague Square, W.
Goulding, Winifred, Holloway, N.
Burnett, Jessie Sarah, Stoke Newington, N.E.
Wilson, Eva Mary St. Michael, Edinburgh.

Second Class Certificates.

McKenzie, Evelyn L., Dawlish.
Kennedy, Lizzie, Partick.
Fleming, Elizabeth, Auckland, New Zealand.
Ransome, Ethel Margaret, Hest Bank.
Barlow, Mary, Muswell Hill, N.
Fairweather, Hewson, York.
Birks, Annie, Middlesburgh.
Brown, Jennie, Hammersmith, W.
Koszelstein, Gertrude Marie, S. Wimbledon.

Third Class Certificates.

Beveridge, Eliza, Kensington, W.
Lapsell, Edith, Redhill.
Hooper, Gertrude Mary, Streatham, S.W.
Smith, Lucy Eveline, Laurence, New Zealand.
King, Alice Mary, Wolverton.
Arthur, Annie Marshall, Glasgow.
Sommerville, Mary, Port Glasgow.
Jell, Ida E., Croydon, S.E.
Cranfield, Kitty, Brixton, S.W.
Parsons, Sarah Mabel Gage, Solihull.

NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Hatch, Agnes Mary, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

First Class Certificates.

Blagbrough, Alice Isabel, Manningham.
James, Margaret, Harborne.
Neal, Edith Annie, King's Lynn.
Offin, Jessie, Loughton.
Robertson, Clara Jane, Glanton R.S.O.
Ravaison, Amy Chrissie, Kilburn, N.W.

Second Class Certificates.

Parry, Winifred, Kingsdown.
Ducrôt, Amy Joselyn, Douglas, Co. Cork.
Hewitt, Edith Annie, Bolton-le-Moors.
Appleton, Frances Mary, Stroud Green, N.
Jarvis, Mary, N. Kensington, W.
Wainwright, Phœbe, Ormskirk.
Harte, Maud, Kensington, W.

Third Class Certificates.

Allen, Mary, Elgin., I. W.
Scott, Mary Jane, Nr. Newport., I. W.
Tranter, Caroline Amelia, Fulham, S.W.
Thomas, Mary, Bristol.
Cassin, Mary Frederica, Antigua, West Indies.
Ahier, Isabel Mary, St. Saviours, Jersey.
Burton, Ada Rose, New Southgate, N.
Duff, Alexandra Maud, Champion Park, S.E.
Trail, Jessie, Fraserburgh.
Davie, Harriet K., Shepton Mallet.
Brown, Annie Lester, Ipswich.

TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Hatch, Hilda Margaret, Wandsworth Common.

First Class Certificates.

Jarret, Margaret, Croydon, S.E.
Kidney, Margaret Helen, Manchester.
Tipper, Jane Emma, Moseley.

Second Class Certificates.

Maunsell, Violet Madeline, Jamaica.
Wiber, Bella, Dublin.
Smith, Elizabeth Caroline, Kidderminster.
Hagley, Rosa Kate, Clifton, Bristol.
Oldham, Emily Ada, Leyton.
Williams, Eva Constance, Birkenhead.

Third Class Certificates.

Padmore, Christine Augusta, Moseley.
Mason, Ethel, Lillington.
Baldwin, Emily Kate, Ipswich.
Hopps, Winifred, Leeds.
Taylor, Ethel Madeleine, Bengal, India.
Riley, Emily Kate, Sydenham, S.E.
Phelps, Edith Anne, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
Wake, Lucy Mabel, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.
Beachell, Ethel, Rawcliffe Bridge.
Murray, Lizzie C., Owen Sound, Canada.
Frisby, Maude Southell, Leamington Spa.
Dawson, Emma Louisa, Headingly.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Jowett, Edith Bland, Idle.

First Class Certificates.

Jephson, Emily, S. Croydon, S.E.
Callum, Edith Lilian, Tadcaster.
Bates, Sarah Elizabeth Jane, Edgbaston.

Second Class Certificates.

Smith, Helen, Farnham.
Phillips, Alice Maude, Alvechurch.
Hooper, Frances Dora, Streatham, S.W.
Leicester, Florence M., W. Dulwich, S.E.

Third Class Certificates.

Nash, Amy, Peckham, S.E.
Bashall, Maryden, Holland Villas Road.
Hudson, Edith, Madras, India.
Knight, Georgina Ada, Leamington.
Lewis, Alice May, Nottingham.
Shipley, Emma, Gt. Yarmouth.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Blagbrough, Florence, Bradford.

First Class Certificates.

Warsell, Edith, Lytton, Australia.
Brown, Alice Mary, Brisbane, Queensland.
Taylor, Agnes Elizabeth, Lee, S.E.

Second Class Certificates.

Sedgmond, Minnie, Plymouth.
Knight, Sarah Annie, Leamington.
Howe, Evelyn May, Norfolk.

Third Class Certificates.

Cantrell, Margaret F., Slough.
Braine, Eleanor Christiana, Stevenage.
Duerden, Marion Isabella, St. George's, Burmuda.
Lemon, Blanche, Chipping Sodbury.
Pollock, Julia Mary, Leeds.
Shacklock, Mary Elizabeth, Mansfield.
Watson, Agnes Gertrude, West Cowes.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

Prize (*One Guinea*).

Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fareham.

First Class Certificate.

Grove, Lily May, East Sheen.

Second Class Certificate.

Groves, Sarah Caroline, Eastbourne.

Third Class Certificates.

Warner, Gertrude, Bombay, India.
Greenidge, Laura Maria, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, W. I.
Eglington, Florence, Gt. Yarmouth.
Harding, Laura Eliza, Shepton Mallet.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificate.

Dean, Marian Sarah Jane, Urmston.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificate.

Davies, Edith Emma R., Hatton Garden, E.C.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificate.

Wright, Adeline Francesca, Wootton Court.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE.

First Class Certificate.

Hall, Margaret Susanna, St. Michael's Vicarage.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAMIE.—1. There is a world-wide and ecclesiastically-prescribed finger for the wedding ring; but a mere engagement ring may be worn on any finger that it may fit.—2. The master of the house must always be served last, with the exception of sons living in the house, or daughters not yet introduced and "out." When "out" or married the latter are helped first.

MARYAN.—Write to our Manager, Publishing Department, and send the money. Your sister must certainly sign her baptismal name in the marriage register, not a fancy name. Bow when a gentleman raises his hat to you.

GLADYS.—1. The word "Apocalypse" (Latin *Apocalypsis*) means a "disclosure," "discovery," and "revelation."—2. Effervescence by means of the alkaline of the soda and the acid of the bread is essential.

BASHFUL SIXTEEN.—1. No girl should marry until of age, on more than one account.—2. Loss of nervous power, and exhaustion from whatever cause, or hereditary predisposition, will make the hair become grey.

PEGGY.—State the case, explaining the misapprehension, to a mutual friend, expressing your desire for a reconciliation, and asking her kindly offices in bringing it about. That is all that you can do. Your writing is good.

LITTLE BEAUTY.—It is sad that your lack of dignity and maidenly reserve should have encouraged these foolish young men to make personal remarks on you. And it is clear that they thought you a little vain, empty-headed girl, or they would not have presumed to win your favour in such a way. You say that you "looked in the glass a long time," and decided that you were as pretty as they said. Beware of vanity! The description you give of yourself makes us fear for your future career; and the bad writing and bad spelling in which you describe what you think your charms are very disgraceful for a girl supposed to be "out." You were certainly wrong in giving any of these men a rose out of your hair.

ROSE.—Probably your bird's topmost perch on which he roosts is too near the top of the cage, and he rubs off the feathers on the top of his head. We do not think much of your writing.

APIS.—We should say that all the birds you name had their origin in eggs. You speak of them as "British birds," so it cannot be that you want to know their native countries.

MIT, CLAT, KIT.—1. Squinting should be cured in infancy or childhood by covering the eye that looks and turns properly, and thus obliging the eye that is tied to exercise the contracted muscles or tendons. When grown-up it is too late.—2. "Is it not" or "is not" wealth (or any word by "it"), would be correct modes of expression.

B. W. M.—There is no such text as "Be humble." But there is one in 1 Peter V. v. 6: "Humble yourselves," etc., and many that inculcate humility.

SNIPE.—If you drop the name "Maud" in your sentence you will scarcely need to be told that you could not say, "Wake I at eight o'clock!" We should say, "Be so good as to call Miss Maud and me at eight o'clock."

CICELY.—If you have had medical advice and without any benefit we could not venture to prescribe for you. Perhaps you have not followed it very carefully.

SCRIBBLER.—The post service in England under Edward IV., 1481, was carried on by men on horseback, the post-horses being changed at distances of every twenty miles. By this means the king obtained the earliest news of the war with the Scots. An improved system was inaugurated by Richard III. in 1482; and postal communications existed in the United Kingdom between London, Scotland, and Ireland, and all the principal English towns, in 1635 (according to Strype). Queen Elizabeth appointed the first chief post-master in 1581. To Charles I. we owe a further and great improvement in our postal service; and a running post or two were to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, and to go thither and come back again in six days. Also between the Metropolis and West Chester, Holyhead, Ireland, Plymouth, Exeter, etc. The post office, as at present constituted, was founded by Charles II., 1660; and the first penny post, exclusively for London and its suburbs, was established by Mr. Robert Murray, an upholsterer, in 1681.

CONSTANT READER.—You have strung several medical terms together at hazard, but we gather from them that the doctor means your friend has her heart affected, and a hereditary tendency to consumption.

DOROTHY.—1. You are not required to answer letters of condolence at once; but the briefer the delay the Letter. It would be ungracious, not to say ill-bred, to leave such kindly letters unanswered.—2. As to your second question, we must refer you to the clergyman or minister of your own church.

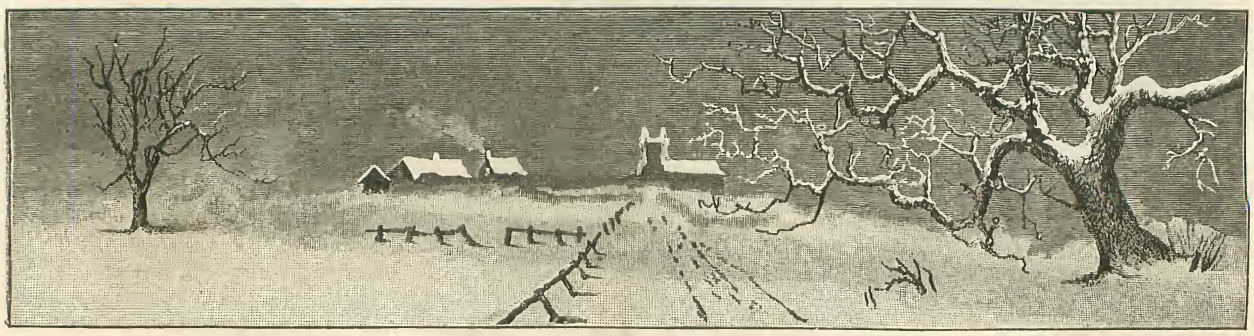
G. C. H.—To obtain a ticket for the use of the Reading Room in the British Museum you must obtain a letter of introduction from a respectable householder (not of a lodging but a private house).

FRITZIE.—1. If born at midnight your birthday is on the 1st, as the last day of the month closed at that time. We thank you for your kind letter.—2. The verses are not correct in composition.

FRANCES.—1. You would do well in sending your pale blue shawl to a cleaner. An inexperienced hand would ruin it.—2. The gentleman should be presented to the lady; so his name should be mentioned first.

WINIFRED.—There is one general rule which applies to every article which might be given as a present. Accept them if you like from women, but not from men unless the man be your father, brother, uncle, or accepted lover.

GERTIE BROWN, WALBURGA, AND EDITH.—Show your eyes to an oculist, or go to an Eye and Ear Infirmary for an opinion and advice.



"VIRGIN SNOW:"

BEING

The Extra Christmas Number of "The Girl's Own Paper,"

Is now ready, and should be immediately procured by bona-fide "Girl's Own Paper" readers before the sale of it is exhausted.

This Number is unusually rich in beautiful stories for fireside reading.

THE NUMBER CANNOT BE REPRINTED.

"VIRGIN SNOW."

How fair the crown
With which the snow yon daring mountain screens,
As if it straight from Heaven had fallen down
To show what whiteness means;
Or how our fallen earth can wear,
A beauty that seemed banished hence
A lingering token here and there
Of the lost garb of innocence.
Yet tell me, is there naught below
Unsullied as the virgin snow?
One thing should just as spotless grow.

A girl's young life;
And all her tender shy imaginings;
Her thoughts; thus prompting to a generous strife
For high and noble things;
Her very looks, now sweetly grave,
Now brimming o'er with honest glee;
Her simple faith in Him Who gave
His life that hers might sinless be.
Oh! girls, if youth be ordered so,
Earth has a goodly sight to show,
Fairer than even VIRGIN SNOW.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece—A MILD CHRISTMAS IN CORNWALL.
Drawn by DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

Introductory Poem.
Madeline's Two Christmas Eves. A Story in Twenty-one Chapters. Illustrated.
Footprints in the Snow. A Poem. By the Rev. S. K. COWAN, M.A.
Tinned Fruits for the Winter, and How to Use Them.
Snowdrops A Poem. By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.
An Alpine Manger. An Analogy.
A Dream. By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.
A Friend in Need. A New Christmas Entertainment. By SOMMERVILLE GIBNEY.
Phil's Primula. A Short Story. By Mrs. ALFRED BETHAM.
Tricked by a Ghost. A Short Story.
The Last Will and Testament of Dame Charlotte Limmerton. A Story. By RUTH LAMB.
An Electric Current.
Dorina's Duty. A Christmas Story. By FRANCIS RAY.
The Mountains. A Poem. By Rev. JOHN KELLY.
The Pedlar. Pastoral. Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.
Our Tractarian Movement. By ANNE BEALE.
Varieties.



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AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



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"IS THIS FOR ME?"

CHAPTER X.

AVERIL AT HOME.

THE next two or three days passed quickly and pleasantly to Annette; "the dear Fairy Order," as Lottie had called her playfully, during their first morning's work together, was already exercising her beneficent sway on her companion's behalf—tasks that would have entailed hours of labour on Lottie were now finished long before the luncheon bell rang. After Annette's long solitary days passed in that dark room in the Rue de Joseph, these two or three hours spent with Lottie, listening to her broken French, and interspersing laughing corrections, seemed merely play-time to Annette.

"Do you know Averil is fitting up a room for us?" remarked Lottie, on the morning of the eventful Tuesday when Averil was to hold her reception, and about a hundred and fifty people had accepted her invitation to come and be bored. "She does not like the idea of our sitting in my bedroom. There is a room that is never used at the end of the corridor, and she is having it repapered, and has chosen such a pretty carpet for it: it is to be half work-room and half study; and the piano that is in Rodney's room is to be taken up there for your use. You see, Averil is so thoughtful, she never forgets anything, and she says it will never do for you to annoy people with practising scales and beginner's exercises down in the morning room."

"Oh, that is wise. I have thought much of this difficulty, Lottie. You are very outspoken—ought you to have told me all this? Did not my cousin mean to give me this little surprise?"

Lottie laughed, but she had the grace to look ashamed of herself.

"My dear Fairy Order," she said, "I never can hold my tongue. Averil thinks I must talk even in my sleep. Well, it was naughty of me to betray Averil's nice little scheme. You must just pretend to be surprised when she shows you the room. You must open your eyes widely, and say——"

"But that would be deceitful," returned Annette, gravely. "You are a funny little person, Lottie; you would even recommend me to deceive! Ah! it is your joke!" as Lottie only laughed again. "You are always so ready with your joke, you will not make me believe you. When Averil shows me the room I shall thank her with all my heart, but I will not be surprised—not one little bit."

"You are very provoking," returned Lottie, pouting. "If you had not darned Maud's white silk stockings so beautifully I would not forgive you so easily. But you are such a dear old fairy. Ah! here comes Averil with Motley's *Dutch Republic;* she is going to read to us for half an hour," for after this pleasant desultory fashion Lottie's education was carried on; but it agreed with her wondrously well—she sipped knowledge as sweetly as a bee sips honey.

Annette felt unusually gay that morning; she found it a little difficult to concentrate her attention on the reading. Downstairs the rooms were decked with flowers, as though for a fête; her new dress had come home, and she was longing to try it on. She wondered how Averil could sit there reading so quietly, as though no hundred and fifty people were coming. "It must be that she wishes to shut out the thought of them all," Annette said to herself, and her shrewd surmise certainly grazed the truth. Averil was nervously dreading the ordeal; with all her passionate desire for human sympathy, her very real love of human kind, these rapid interchanges of compliments, that passed under the name of receptions or At Homes, were singularly distasteful to her. How could conversation be carried on in a crowd? How could one enjoy one's friends when civilities had to be exchanged with strangers. Averil's world was not theirs; her ardent and earnest temperament could only expand in a higher temperature. She had not the graceful art of saying nothings; the trifling coinage of society, its passwords, its gay badinage, were unknown to her. Without being awkward—Averil was never awkward—she was at once too grave and too reserved to make a popular hostess; and though her gatherings were successful, and people liked to come to Redfern House, they were more at their ease with Mrs. Willmot and her daughters. "Such a charming, well-bred woman," was the universal verdict, "such a model stepmother."

Averil could scarcely eat the luncheon that was served, for the sake of convenience, in Rodney's snug little den. The other rooms, with the exception of Averil's, were thrown open *en suite*—tea and ices and strawberries were to be served in the dining-room, the drawing and morning-rooms were for the reception, there were tent-like awnings from the windows, the lawn was dotted over with red-cushioned chairs and Japanese umbrellas, and the grand piano was ready for the professionals.

Annette had put on her pretty black summer dress, and was regarding herself with a grave, satisfied air when Averil entered. She had a little case in her hand, and a tiny bouquet of creamy rosebuds and maidenhair.

"I have come to put the finishing touches to my *débutante*," she said, smiling. "You must have a few flowers to light up your black dress, and I think this will also suit you," and she clasped a little collar of sparkling jet round Annette's throat.

"Is this for me? It is beautiful, beautiful! Never have I possessed an ornament. But you are unadorned, my cousin!" looking at the little child-like figure. Averil's soft black silk was unrelieved by anything except the delicate lace at the throat and wrists: she always dressed very simply, but to-day there was something almost severe in the absence of anything like ornament.

"Do not look at me," she said, hastily. "Unwin always does her best for me, but she has a thankless task, Annette. You look very nice. If you keep near me, I will introduce some people whom I think you will like. Ah, there goes Lottie!" as a white dress floated down the staircase. "We must go down too."

Mrs. Willmot and her daughters were already in the drawing-room, and Rodney was strumming with one hand on the grand piano. Mrs. Willmot put up her eyeglass in rather a puzzled manner as Averil entered with her cousin.

"Who is that distinguished-looking girl in black, Maud?" she asked, in a whisper. Her daughter broke into a scornful laugh.

"Distinguished! My dear mother, are you blind? It is only Miss Ramsay. I suppose Averil has given her a decent frock for the first time in her life. But I can see no such wonderful transformation; she is very plain, poor girl, with her sallow skin and big eyes," and Maud turned her long neck and regarded herself in the glass that hung near them. Her dress fitted to perfection, and was really very tasteful and becoming. True it was not paid for, and she knew that her mother would treat her to an angry lecture on her extravagance; but Maud was quite used to these lectures; she hummed a little air, and moved through the room with that haughty *insouciance* that was considered her style.

It was Lottie who tripped up to Annette, with her girlish, outspoken admiration. Lottie was looking exceedingly pretty: her fresh bloom and bright expression were infinitely more attractive than Maud's cold perfection of feature.

"Does not she look nice?" she whispered in Averil's ear; "there is something very graceful about her. If she were not quite so thin I think she would look almost pretty." But Averil had no time to answer, as two or three guests entered the room that moment. The rooms filled after this. Annette, who had disregarded Averil's request, and had withdrawn into a quiet corner, looked on, well amused. What a gay scene! what a hubbub of voices and light laughter! She could scarcely see Averil's little figure near the door, with her stepmother's portly form behind her, as she received one guest after another.

Lottie was on the lawn in the midst of a bevy of girls, Maud was standing near her talking to a white-haired officer, and Georgina was bandying jests with two young men; neither of them took any notice of her. Presently a stout man with a sandy moustache pushed his way to the piano, and drew off his gloves. There was an instant's silence when he first struck the keys, but after a few minutes the hubbub began again. Very few people listened; only two or three edged their way nearer to the piano, and hemmed in the performer.

Annette stood among them; the sweet sounds had beguiled her from her corner; she stood motionless, entranced, without noticing that Averil was standing just behind her.

"Thank you so much, Herr Faber," observed Averil, gently, as the last crashing chord had been played; but Herr Faber only bowed stiffly as he rose; his small blue eyes looked irritable, and he drew his brows together.

"It is all in the day's work," Annette heard him mutter to a friend. "To make music for those who do not listen! Bah! It is thankless work! Come, my Hermann, we will at least make ourselves scarce until these Goths require us again," which was hardly civil of the Professor, since more than one pair of ears had listened patiently to every note.

"Herr Faber is put out, Frank," observed Averil, in a vexed voice: she was addressing a young man who stood beside her. Annette had looked at him more than once; she had never seen him before, she did not know his name, but she seemed to recognise his face. "We must manage better next time. What shall we do to silence these people? Herr Faber certainly feels himself insulted."

"Shall I stand on a chair and cry 'Silence!' at intervals? I think it would have an effect. Do let me, Averil."

"You absurd boy! No; we must try other means before my favourite signora sings. She has the voice of a lark and the temper of—please find me a simile." But the young man only laughed and shook his head. He had a pleasant face, without being strictly good-looking. And again Annette was tormented by some vague resemblance that seemed to elude her before she could grasp it.

At this moment Averil turned her head and saw her.

"Why, Annette, you were just the person I wanted! Where have you been hiding all this time? Frank, I want you to give my cousin, Miss Ramsay, an ice, or some strawberries. Annette, this is Mr. Frank Harland. You remember our kind old friend, do you not?"

"Do you mean Monsieur?" with a quick flush. "How is it possible that I should ever forget him, my cousin? And you are his son? Ah! that is the likeness then," looking up at the young man a little shyly.

"Oh, I remember; you made my father's acquaintance at Dinan. Yes, I am his son and heir. I only wish I were half as good—eh, Averil?" with a merry glance. "Now, Miss Ramsay, I am to obey orders. Will you allow me to pilot you through this crowd?—it is almost as intricate as a lawyer's brief." And as Annette did not seem quite to understand him, he took her hand and placed it under his arm, and guided her skilfully through the various groups.

"But what a crowd!" were her first words, as he found a seat for her, and ascertained her opinion on the respective merits of vanille, coffee, and strawberry ice.

"Ah! yes; I do so love this sort of entertainment—don't you?" he returned, as he brought her the ice. "People do look so cool and comfortable, penned up like sheep, on a warm summer afternoon. Just standing room, don't you know, and not a seat to be had, except for the dowagers. If I had a wife—but, you see, there is not a Mrs. Frank Harland at present—I should insist on her seeing her friends in detachments, and not *en masse* in this heathenish way. As it is, my mother's tea parties are worth a hundred of these."

"Ah! you have a mother"—with a quick sigh, that made the young man glance first at her and then at her black dress.

"Yes; and I am the happy possessor of four sisters and three young torments of brothers. So you and my father are old acquaintances, Miss Ramsay?"

"Monsieur?" But yes, he was my first friend. Never shall I forget his kindness, his consideration. If I had been a duchess instead of a poor little lace-mender he could not have treated me with greater courtesy. He is what you call an English gentleman."

"Dear old boy, so he is," and Mr. Frank looked as pleased as though he had himself received a compliment.

"Old boy! That is surely not the name for him," she returned, in a rebuking tone, that greatly amused her hearer "I do not like Monsieur to be called thus."

"That is because you are a stranger to our English ways," replied the young man, trying hard to restrain his inward mirth. "Fellows of my age often use these sort of terms. They mean no disrespect. A man like my father never gets old. I believe he has the secret of perpetual youth. He is as young as any of us. It does one good to see his freshness. If I were only half as good!" finished Mr. Frank, in his cordial, hearty way.

Annette looked at him with interest. This eulogy entirely mollified her. "When you are as old as Monsieur some one may call you 'dear old boy' too," she said sedately.

There was no help for it. If Frank must have died for it he could not have helped laughing. He had never met anyone so original as this grave, dark-eyed girl. Her very freshness and absence of coquetry were refreshing contrasts to many girls that he knew.

Coquetry was not in Annette's vocabulary. She had no acquaintance with men, either young or otherwise. A civil word from the English Consul when he saw her in his wife's room; a little friendly conversation with her kind old chaplain—these were her only opportunities. True, there was Clotilde's priest—a thin, brown-faced man, who took snuff, and gave her his blessing. But he was very different from this lively Mr. Frank, with his droll speeches, and his merry laugh, and his "old boy." The young people grew quite friendly and confidential in their snug little corner fenced in by blossoming plants. Annette was so well amused that she was almost sorry when her companion suggested that they should go back to the drawing-room.

"We have lost the signora's song, and there is Herr Faber crashing among the keys again. There are lots of people I know, and to whom I must make myself agreeable. One must not be selfish, Miss Ramsay." But it may be doubted if Annette understood the implied compliment.

(*To be continued.*)

ON BEING A "VISITING LADY."

FEW forms of usefulness amongst the poor, few charitable, Christian undertakings, are, I suppose, more generally misunderstood and misjudged than is that known as "district visiting." For the most part the uninitiated, inexperienced public look upon it as a sort of unwarrantable interference with poor people — an unjustifiable intrusion on them, a-poking the nose into their private concerns and affairs, and an unfair taking advantage of their poverty and lowliness to force oneself upon them, into their poor, shabby dwellings and their unwilling confidence, in order to tract-distribute, advise, preach and teach, and threaten and bribe them into such way of life and religion as each particular visitor may deem most suitable—a direct infringement of rights and liberties, indeed, which every true-born Briton constitutionally resents. In nine cases out of ten, too, the popular idea of a "visiting lady" is a "Mrs. Pardiggle," with her spectacles and sweeping skirts, cold, hard, loud-voiced, unwelcome, doing far more harm than good, ungracious and detestable; the natural result being an instinctive dislike to "district visitors" as a class, just as the admirable, useful institution for children known as the "Band of Hope," may be in disrepute with some, because they are familiar with the same lady's youngest son Alfred, the unwilling, stolidly miserable member of the "Infant Bond of Joy." Even where such prejudice does not obtain, however, it is no uncommon thing to hear people assert that it requires some special sort of capacity, a particular temperament and disposition, a distinct taste for "parish work," in order to become a district visitor; that some people are naturally disqualified for such employment, whilst others are as naturally cut out for it: and, in the comfortable assurance that they themselves do not certainly belong to the latter class, the chances are that we should find in their mind's eye some fancy portrait of a strong-minded, plain-spoken, and plain-featured woman, who denied the softer, more feminine attractions and endowments, "goes in" for rational dress, square-toed boots, felt hats,

woollen gloves and comforters, and general indifference to looks, and district visiting at the same time, and who, full of energy and spirit, throws herself heart and soul into the field of parish work, distributing her tracts, together with unlimited advice and counsel, at all seasonable and unseasonable hours; impervious to hints, to likes or dislikes; thick-skinned, impenetrable, beating up back-sliding Church-goers and truant Sunday scholars; prodding, lecturing, preaching, reproving and scolding; aggressively energetic, yet easily duped and deceived by those cunning and clever enough to find out and play upon her weak points. A young or old woman, in fact, who, having no opportunity or temptation to like other and more pleasing duties, satisfies the innate instincts of her sex by thinking herself of use in "the parish," and in actual touch with "the Church"—I purposely abstain from adding, "the curate"—and who is never better pleased than when she is airing her views at some committee meeting or another on "clothing clubs," "penny banks," "Sunday-schools," "quarterly teas," "mission" or "mothers' meetings," "soup kitchens," "free breakfasts," etc., etc., and who generally "likes that sort of thing."

Now, whatever may have been the experience of others, it has never been my lot, in a moderately large circle of acquaintance amongst "visiting ladies," to meet with one of this sort, I may therefore be excused if I deny distinctly their existence as a class. Nor can I believe that the energy and spirit to "like that sort of thing," that is not inspired and sustained by a deep and very real love to the Master who went about doing good, and a desire to work for Him, and to follow, however far off and weakly, in His steps, could nerve and animate either men or women to undertake the penetrating into the midst of the poverty and wretchedness that lie hidden in our cities, into the grim, unlovely lanes and alleys, into slums and dens of filth and misery, to the bedside of the starving, sick, and dying, into face-to-face contact with crime and degradation and evil of every sort; nor that the word of consolation to the afflicted, the whisper of hope and peace to the sorrowful and heavy laden, the sympathy with those in distress, the friendly caution or advice or reproof to the careless, the pity for the degraded, or the care for the fatherless and widows, could be otherwise than gentle and kind and wise, coming from a heart that has learnt to love and wish to be like Him. The unpleasant, managing man-woman, or curate in petticoats, and the terrible Mrs. Pardiggle, may, perhaps, be met with in some unfortunate districts. Such people do exist; but they must not be accepted as types of a body of earnest, self-denying workers, which numbers hundreds of gentle, humble-minded, lovable and loving, womanly women in its ranks.

Taking "district visiting" in its true sense, it is a great work, for it means stepping over the boundary line that divides so inexorably two great classes, and the holding out the hand of brotherly or sisterly fellowship and sympathy to those who, in their sad, toilsome, unlovely lives look, perhaps not unnaturally, with dissatisfied, cheerless discontent at others so far more favoured and fortunate than themselves; the acknowledgment of our common standpoint and equality before God, our common heirship to His heritage, so often preached amongst us, so often forgotten, and the putting aside, even if only occasionally and for a little while, of all social distinctions, to meet on the wide level of the universal brotherhood of humanity. Strip ourselves of the outward differences that distinguish us, our minds of their advantages of education and enlightenment, and what are we better than they? Are we not, after all, of the same flesh and blood, sons and daughters of one common Father? Is it not the soul alone, in all its naked helplessness, that will one day stand before Him, and the spirit that is nearest in likeness to Him who had not where to lay His head, that will alone enter into His joy? And as without the single, earnest desire to do something for our Master, such undertakings are worse than useless, and can never hope to prosper, so with it, this great missionary work amongst our home heathen can do incalculable good. Who knows even, were it carried systematically and thoroughly throughout the land, but the great question of Socialism might not quietly find its natural solution? Who knows what power the actual contact, and face-to-face, kindly intercourse, and friendly interchange of confidence and sympathy and interest with the poor crowded around us, might not have in removing the misunderstandings and misconceptions which are left unchecked, and unexplained, to fester and gather and rankle in minds prone to judge people and things by what they see and hear around them, rather than by theories, and in turning the cold indifference and careless disregard and dislike of the rich, into something more kindly, more natural, and more Christian? But I am digressing, and must start afresh, my object being merely to say a few words upon the actual work of a "visiting lady," the opportunities for observation as well as for doing good which it offers, and the altogether exceptional and unique insight which it allows into the ideas and opinions and ways of life of the London poor.

One of the most usual objections raised by those who have been urged to employ a little of their spare time in undertaking a district, one which I continually made as an excuse myself before commencing the work, is "an inability to speak to those sort of people," a certainty that "one would be at a loss what to say to them." After a personal experience of four years, however, I can affirm that this is scarcely a drawback to begin with; for the most part all the talking is done on the other side, and to be a good listener, attentive and commonly sympathetic and patient, is, as a rule, all that is required to win the goodwill and open the heart and lips of the average poor woman, whose only solace seems sometimes to consist in detailing her woes, or wrongs, or griefs, or sufferings into just such kindly sympathetic, attentive ears as you can lend her, and who will like you all the better if you do not begin to "talk" to her just at once. A word here and there of pity, or sympathy, or interest, is enough to establish a friendly bond between you—I quote from personal experience only, of course, but I suspect human nature is very much the same everywhere. Hereafter that door will never be shut upon you again at whatever hour you like to knock, and if you are, perhaps, kept waiting a minute or two, it may be only to do you honour by a hasty attempt to tidy up a bit as you are a newcomer; or little Annie or Mary may open the door to you presently with a welcoming smile and a naïve apology, "Mother says she's sorry to have kep' you waiting, miss, but we didn't hear you knock the first time." To begin with, naturally enough, one is looked upon with some amount of shyness, perhaps suspicion, as a sort of interloper, as it were, a stranger on approval; but before long one is received as a friend, looked upon almost as one of the family, and expected and welcomed as freely and unhesitatingly into the kitchen, or parlour, or bedroom, neat and clean, or squalid and untidy, as the case may be, as if one were one of themselves And by-and-by one may know all the family history, all the complaints and diseases, all the trials and troubles, all the names and characters and constitutions of the children; the peculiarities and good points—sometimes, but very rarely, failings and bad points of the husbands, all the drawbacks of the sons-in-law or daughters-in-law; may be holding Clothing and Provident Club money, standing as sponsor to infants, witness at marriages, be the repository of all the secrets; be acting, in fact, in the capacity of banker, lawyer, doctor, head nurse, general adviser, and friend in need and very much indeed, and be altogether as necessary, as natural, and as welcome, as an old, familiar, family friend. And to establish these relations—the desire of every true, earnest worker—no cleverness is required; only a common amount of tact, the ready, quick sympathy and interest which a kindly heart at once can give, supplying instantly and instinctively the kind word at the right moment, the seasonable praise, the gentle reproof, which gives no offence because it is gentle, and is for that reason in nine cases out of ten far more effective than any sharper reprimand. The heart in which a Divine and loving Master is enshrined knows when to utter His name, when to point the sinful or sorrowful or despairing to His feet, and should further knowledge or wisdom or skill be requisite, is there not the parish clergyman to turn to, ready and willing to be at the service of all and any of his faithful co-workers?

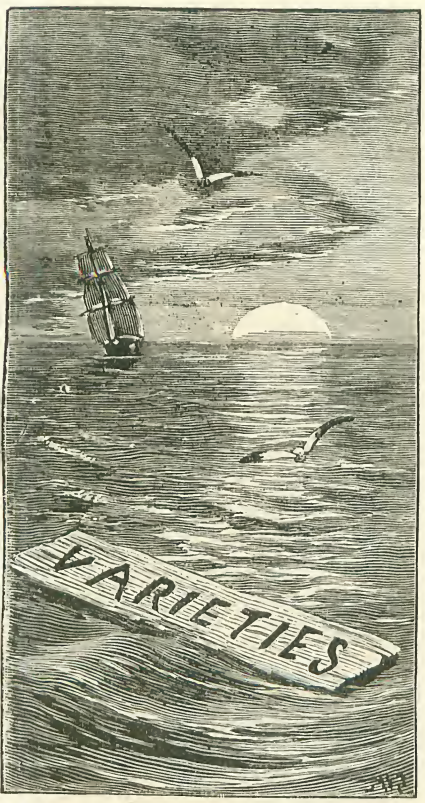
So much for district visiting as a power to establish good and healthful and kindly relations between rich and poor neighbours, as a rule as far divided and as strange to one another as if an ocean rolled between them. Now for a few of the "visiting lady's" experiences.

With very few exceptions, one has to consider and treat the poor—the women portion at least—very like one treats children; that shrewdness and sharpness and general suspicion, which comes from early contact with the world and its wickedness, and which is so characteristic of the London poor, is in no way incompatible with the most wildly irrational reasonings, and the most wonderful and elaborate misconceptions of the simplest facts; and their determination—as it seems to the uninitiated—to take offence at the most out-of-the-way things, and twist insults out of nothing at the slightest provocation, even from relations and the very best of friends and neighbours, is as startling as it is incomprehensible. Manners vary, of course, in this class, as in any other, but it may be taken, I think, as a rule, that the less ceremony you are treated with, the more you are liked, and that to continue the occupation of cleaning, or eating, or washing the children or the clothes, quite undisturbed by your presence, and to allow you to show yourself out, finding your way down the dark passage and opening and shutting the front door as if it were your own, is intended as a sort of compliment. There are exceptions, however, to this unceremonious "Jack Blunt" style, and I have been received and entertained in conversation by an elderly washerwoman, whose husband was a day labourer, and, I fear, given to strong drink, and who came from the washtub to open the door and spare me a few minutes' talk, with all the ease, and natural grace of manner of a high-born lady of the land giving an "At Home." Her only son was a conductor on an omnibus, but he had refined and even scientific tastes; a case of butterflies, carefully preserved and classified, and clumsily framed, hung on the wall of the little parlour, together with a few other insects and stones and skeleton leaves; he was musical also, and played on the concertina, and a bust of Beethoven stood on a shelf near the fireplace. I must confess, however, that this was an exceptional case, and the only one in my district. Everywhere else rough cordiality, displayed by dusting the chair, huddling away

the dirty apron, taking up the baby, scolding the husband, and slapping the noisy children, or by "Jack Blunt" indifference and unconcern, characterised the receptions I met with; and I am sorry to say that the only "lady" that I visited there, called so unanimously by her neighbours, as she informed me, in consequence of her exclusiveness and habit of keeping herself to herself, and who lived in a couple of rooms over a stable, and who, it appeared, had the strange habit of locking herself in when she was about to make a cake for the children, used to be found occasionally in strangely excited conditions, and had very far from the usual manners of her degree.

But odd and pathetic, beautiful, even noble traits meet one here and there; the sad and the ludicrous, tragedy and comedy, jostling each other side by side; humble martyrs and heroes all unconscious of their heroism, stunted growths of beautiful forms that, in freer atmosphere might have blossomed into world-wide beauty and completion. Here a poor, patient, middle-aged man, a helpless invalid, crippled and early laid aside through overwork, exposure, insufficient food, and the effects of an accident consequent on these facts, supported in the bare humble necessaries of life by children scattered far out in the world, struggling for their own scant livelihood, yet resolutely, religiously, putting aside the first hardly-earned shilling to keep father and mother from "the parish," and the poor little home together, where they might turn in sometimes, aside from the hard battle of life, to rest their weary feet awhile on the old familiar hearth; there a mother, haggard, weak, pale with want and hunger, literally dying for her children, starving herself to death, surreptitiously hoarding up every crumb of the food provided for her when out charing, to bring home to the fatherless little ones in the bleak garret, poor little Bill and Pollie, soon to be motherless too, all unconscious of having taken that mother's life. Here again, an old couple clinging to one another after a long, toilsome, joyless life, asking nothing more of an indifferent world than to be allowed to live out of "the house" a little longer, and die together in their one poor room; or a pinched, careworn wife, working early and late to support her children and a helpless, haggard, inert, invalid husband, whom parish and hospital doctors find nothing important the matter with, and yet who resolutely declares he cannot work, and who, though bread is scarce, and firing almost a luxury, and he is a heavy burden on her hard-working hands, and she feels and knows he could be better nursed and fed—perhaps be induced to rouse himself to attempt to get about in the Infirmary, than in her untidy, comfortless room, where he mopes alone day after day in the close atmosphere, whilst she is aching over the wash-tub, yet would not, could not, dare never hint at such a thing herself if he does not offer to go, lest, poor fellow, he should fancy she was beginning to get tired of working for and keeping him all these eighteen months! It is a little world, indeed, a London district, with all the different phases of human character accentuated, as it were, in its poor inhabitants; the good better, the evil worse, than in other classes; not much that is comic or amusing about it after all, perhaps, for the pathetic and the sorrowful hold by far the greater place in the annals of the poor, and tragic elements underlie many a commonplace exterior, and a capacity for terrible yet patient suffering may be discovered in many an unlikely quarter! Many a poor little tragedy in humble life is revealed in an indifferent remark from a neighbour; tragedies surrounded by all the miserable and uninteresting details of poverty and want; even Death itself robbed of its awe and dignity and solemn associations, by the terrible exigencies of common, everyday life! Here is a pathetically ludicrous touch, too, anent some poor labouring Romeo—"My husband's brother's young woman died last week; he buries her to-day, and the suit he bought for the wedding he's wearing for the funeral. He was to have been married this week; and he says he don't think he shall ever set his affections on another girl."

(*To be continued.*)



PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.—A millionaire having engaged recently with a great artist to paint his portrait for one thousand guineas, wrote the next morning to cry off the bargain, because he had seen an enlarged photograph of a friend in Regent Street so very like that he despaired of getting paint to equal it: "Besides which," he added naïvely, "this style costs only five pounds."

THE BRAZEN STATUE.

A brazen statue, the work of a famous sculptor, was melted by a great fire, so that nothing of it was left but a heap of metal. Another artist took this mass, and made from it a new statue, of the same subject, but far superior to the first in beauty.

Envy saw it and gnashed her teeth, but soon found some consolation. "The fellow," said she, "could never have done anything half so good if he had not had the old materials to work upon."

AIDING THE POOR.—Give work rather than alms to the poor. The former drives out indolence, the latter, industry.

QUIET AND REPOSE.—"I become more convinced every day I live," says Lady Blessington, "that quiet and repose are the secrets of happiness, for I never feel so near an approach to this blessing as when in the possession of them. General society is a heavy tax on time and patience, and one that I feel every year less inclination to pay, as I witness the bad effect it produces, not only on the habits, but on the mind."

SONS AND DAUGHTERS.—According to an old German custom, sons walked to church after their fathers, but daughters before their mothers, to show that her eye should never be off them.

THE GREATEST MAN.—"If I am asked," says Sir William Jones, "who is the greatest man? I answer, the best. And if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he that has deserved most of his fellow creatures."

OF A SAVING TURN.—True economy is the child of wisdom and the mother of independence.

THOUGHTS AND WORDS.—Some scientific men declare that it is impossible for us to think without words. That may be, but we all know that it is possible for girls to use words without thinking.

READING THE RULES.

Mrs. de Pink (*reading*): "Never show your temper, no matter what the provocation. Never resent a slight. Never lose your self-poise under trying circumstances. Do your best to make others happy. Forget that you have any wishes except when consulted. Watch every opportunity to be useful to those about you. There are thousands of little ways in which this can be done, without appearing obtrusively polite."

Miss de Pink: "Are those rules for wives?"

Mrs. de Pink (*contemptuously*): "Certainly not. I am reading the latest rules for society *débutantes*."

ANSWER TO CHARADE I. (page 107).

Corn-wall.

CHARADE II.

I, a French town, recall the fame
  Of rights seigneurial long ago,
Or add to mine the river's name,
  Whose limpid waters past me flow.
In England, not a day can pass
  But you behold me in your mansion,
Of wood or iron, steel or brass,
  Of diff'rent sizes and expansion.
The lawyer, hoping to prevail,
  Utters his wily words before me;
The sailor furls or sets his sail
  To catch the wind, and passes o'er me.
One little word now join to me. . . .
  For this, what will not mankind dare?
Track pathless wilds, explore the sea,
  Grope into mines, or mount in air.
Behold the word complete; 'tis one
  We often hear with satisfaction,
And people always think they've done
  A meritorious transaction.
It may be so, I'm not quite sure,
  At least the case invites inspection,
For while a treasure you secure,
  The loser feels a sad reflection.

XIMENA.



OUR CHARADES.

"Now, young people," said Aunt Betsy, the life and soul and leading spirit in all our fun at winter gatherings, "who is going to volunteer to take part in a charade? You are all very hot now, and a little quiet amusement will do you good."

The response to this genial invitation was not, as you might suppose, a chorus of "I will!" A silence reigned supreme, each one looking at some one else, as though everyone expected the others to volunteer. It is surprising how we resemble sheep in the way we want leading. It often requires but one to set the example for the rest to follow suit. So as nobody seemed inclined to offer themselves, I somewhat hesitatingly came forward.

"That's right, Tom; I am glad to see that someone has made an offer, for I know the bidding will go on briskly after this. Now, buyers," continued Aunt Betsy, "don't be backward. Now's your time!"

After this and other vigorous appeals, Madge and Rose, Wilfrid and Fred came forward to enlist under my standard; for Aunt Betsy decided that as I had been the first to respond to her call, I was to be captain of the company. I am afraid I didn't feel very martial or heroic; nor did I think I possessed that commanding air which is said to inspire confidence; but, of course, I kept these doubts to myself. Fortunately, I had taken part in charades on several previous occasions, so I was not an entire novice in the matter.

"Now, you recruits," said Aunt Betsy, addressing us in a soldier-like fashion, "you must swear allegiance to your captain," referring to me; "and learn the first duty of a soldier—obedience."

This we did in a mock heroic fashion, each one kissing the hilt of a wooden sword, a small toy produced for the occasion; and I must confess to feeling prouder and more exalted than I had ever known myself to feel before.

"Away then, and do your captain's bidding, while I arrange the seats and get the audience in the fit state to witness your performance." She might well say this, for the hubbub and noise was almost deafening, as you may imagine when you think of some thirty or forty people, ranging from seven up to—well, I won't say what, talking simultaneously and questioning Aunt Betsy as to "What we were going to do?" and "What charades were?" and "How long we should be?" and many other similar queries. "If you will all sit down and leave off talking I will endeavour to answer your questions, for at present I can't hear myself speak," was her general rejoinder.

Quiet having been restored somewhat, Aunt Betsy told them that we should choose some word of two or three syllables, and should then represent each syllable, and finally the whole word. "And," said Aunt Betsy, in conclusion, "mind and listen very attentively, because we are expected to guess what the word is they have chosen, as they will have to say, at least once, each part of the word, and in the last scene the entire word; so keep your ears and eyes open."

In the meantime we had gone into the next room, and the folding-doors had been closed, and I was left to direct the party what to do and how to do it. The first thing was to select a word, and if there is one thing more difficult than another, it is to get an appropriate one on the spur of the moment. I had determined to have a word of three syllables, so as to make our performance longer, as acting each part of the word and finally the entire word made it as it were four acts. Madge suggested mistletoe, as she said she had acted that word before, but I negatived it as being too apparent, as it would take away the fun of the audience guessing. Wilf thought of portmanteau, but this again was a word that I had seen acted several times before, and therefore lacked novelty.

I had been cudgelling my brains for a

word, when I suddenly thought of black-amoor.

"What do you think of it?" said I, mentioning the word to the others. "Black-a-moor—we can easily represent each syllable, and then the entire word."

It was agreed that it would do; so that important point being settled, the next proceeding was to map out our plans and arrange how we should represent each part of the word.

Rose was the only one of the party who seemed to be diffident, her chief objection being that no one had learnt up their parts. But I was able to convince her that charades were always much better if acted without any previous preparation; as unless you learn a part very thoroughly, it only cramps you in acting, whereas if you rely upon the right thing coming to you when you want it, it is astonishing how ideas do come—often too quickly—and we should succeed very much better as we were than if we had made the most elaborate preparations.

"Now," said I, addressing my company, as Hamlet might have done, only he did it in more poetical language, "we must not make the word too apparent, because they will guess it too readily if you do, therefore you had better leave it to me to give the word to the audience."

"But you must tell us how we are to represent each part of the word first," exclaimed the four in chorus.

After a little consideration it was agreed between us that we should represent the first part of the word in the following manner: Wilfred and Madge were to black their faces with burnt cork, and have some black horse-hair put over their heads to represent the woolly pates for negro and negress. Wilf was to have a long black overcoat, much the worse for wear, an old high hat, and big boots. Madge was to have a red handkerchief round her head, an old print gown, and a gay-coloured parasol. Rose and Fred were to be dressed up in some old-fashioned clothes to give them a quaint appearance, and I was to be the slave-owner. Our plan was this: Madge was to fall in love with Fred, and Rose with Wilfred by way of contrast; the effect of a black skin making love to a white skin we thought would tell well. The two niggers were to speak as Mrs. Beecher Stowe tells us they do in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—"Me no lub nigger," "Me lub white man," etc.

We had arranged that Wilfred was to prefer the coloured girl and Fred the white one, so as to make a case of unrequited affection, and when no settlement could be come to between the parties, and words were running rather high, the slave-owner (taken by myself) was to step in and arbitrate, and settle the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned. Of course, there was no difficulty in bringing in the word "black;" the very scene itself brought it in. Indeed, the chief thing was not to dwell too long upon the word. I must say that we were more expeditious than might appear from reading this, as I impressed upon my company the importance of not keeping the audience waiting too long. It only makes them fidgety, and less inclined to pay attention when we should make our appearance before them.

The scene passed off with great *éclat*, as they all acted well together, and backed each other up in the dialogue. This is a very important part in charades when they are impromptu, as they were in this case. It is comparatively easy to make talk if each one waits for what the other has to say, and does not cut short a speech by a too hasty desire to say something.

Of course the audience, after the scene was over, commenced suggesting what the word was we had acted; but Aunt Betsy told them to wait until the three parts of the word had been acted, and keep their suggestions to themselves until the time came for guessing the word. In the next scene I was to be a deaf old gentleman who had advertised for a companion, male or female, and the other four were to come in one at a time and state their qualifications. Of course, being deaf, it was the most natural thing for me to say, "Eh, what do you say?" to their replies, and make some fun by misunderstanding what they said, as deaf people often do in real life. In reality I was only supposed to be shamming deafness, for when I had tired each one out by my repeated questions and mistakes, and they began to call me an old fool, and other forcible but not very polite epithets, I started up unable to contain myself, and ordered them out of the room.

The third part of the word, "moor," we represented in rather a roundabout manner, for one of the great points in charade acting is to lead the audience off the scent by dwelling on some word that is of no consequence. In this case we got a small boy from the audience to take the part of Oliver Twist, while Madge and Wilf, who had of course washed their faces after the first scene, took the part of Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, while I took the part of the parish overseer. We got three other boys from the audience to sit at the back, and we provided them with basins and wooden spoons, while Madge superintended the giving out of the gruel from a large tub placed on a kitchen chair.

The great point in the scene of course was Oliver's asking for more, and as the boy who did this part had no notion of the word we had to bring in, it came out very ingeniously. Of course Mr. Bumble expressed his indignation at Oliver's insolence in asking for more, especially in the presence of the parish overseer, and he gave the audience a very laughable dissertation on the "ingratitood" of paupers, which Mrs. Corney confirmed by her own experience. This scene delighted the younger members of the audience, especially as Tom took the part of Oliver, which he did with evident relish. I was glad I had utilised some of the juvenile talent, as it made it appear as though all the audience were taking part, and not merely the elder members.

I forgot to mention that Madge wore a very formidable-looking bonnet, with a large frill round it, and a shawl over her shoulders, and she had heightened the realism by reddening her nose and wearing spectacles. Mr. Bumble was made duly portly, and had some red cloth pinned on to his coat, with a yellow band round his hat, and a thick oak stick. Oliver being taken by a very thin boy, became the character, and when the scene concluded we were rewarded by a "call," which we responded to after the clapping had been kept up some minute or two. It did not do, as I observed, to appear too anxious for applause, as an air of *nonchalance* became the occasion, for did it not show that we were used to success?

It now only remained to act the entire word, which presented more difficulties than we had hitherto encountered. "The word black-a-moor must be brought in very gently and appropriately, otherwise it would be noticed at once," for I had caught several whispers from the audience that showed they were on the scent, though the last scene had considerably puzzled them. As the word bore a strong resemblance to the word of the first scene, we had to devise some fresh way of bringing it in. After several suggestions, we at length consolidated our strength, and agreed to the following plan. I had read, in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, the lines—

"The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place."

and I determined to carry the idea suggested by the poet into execution.

I was to be a country showman and magician, and the other four simple maids and swains. I had a small table placed in the middle of the room, upon which I had some bottles, six plates, and a magic wand. I dressed myself as fantastically as I could, with a long wig, hat decorated with ribbons, and a coat stuck all over with quaint symbols and figures. It was arranged that I should give a mock lecture on medicine to the other four, and prescribe love potions for them. I had determined to have an unrehearsed effect in this scene, so when I fetched the plates I had the undersides of two of them smoked over a lamp until they were nice and black. These I kept on the top, and did not let out of my keeping, so that the others might not get an inkling of what I was to do, for I had determined to astonish the players as well as the audience. I told my company to look very sheepish at each other, and to put on a simple air that is supposed to be peculiar to country people. When the doors were thrown open I was in the centre with my table before me, while on my right and left were the two couples. I gave my lecture, explaining it as I went along by reference to my bottles; and after it was over I gave Wilf and Fred the potions I had prepared, which were to make Madge and Rose love them at once, for the two maids were supposed to be rather coldly disposed towards the two swains.

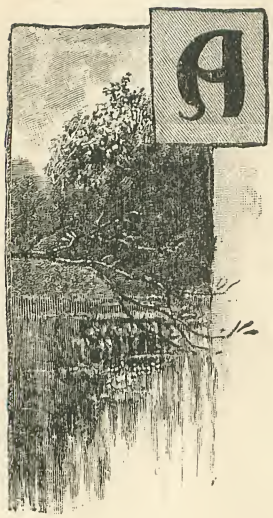
The potions were to be supplemented by an infallible charm, and in order to work it thoroughly, Wilf and Fred were made to stand right in front of the audience while I took my place more towards the side. I gave the two smoked plates to Wilf and Fred, and retained a clean one for myself, giving them particular injunctions not to touch the plates except as I directed them. They were to look straight at me and follow every motion I went through, whereupon I rubbed my finger round the bottom of my plate three times and then drew it down my nose. The result was electrical in the audience when they saw the long black mark right down their faces; and as this was supplemented by others on their cheeks, forehead, and chin, the laughter was louder than ever. Of course, not knowing what was taking place on their faces, they looked so innocent, which greatly helped the effect, and it was only when I announced to the audience that they now represented the word we had chosen for our charade, that it dawned upon them they had been the victims of a joke, a fact borne out when they looked at each other, to their great astonishment and the increased amusement of the audience.

Our part of the work was now over, and it only remained for the audience to guess the word, which they did after a little deliberation, though I thought, after what I had said in the last scene, it would have been at once apparent. Wilf and Fred had a good laugh at the way they had been tricked, and promised to have their revenge upon me the first opportunity. This they did a night or two afterwards by filling my bed with chopped horsehair and salt. Aunt Betsy organised a fresh company to act another charade as a return for the one we had performed, and that too proved a great success. It gave us some trouble in guessing, the honour of its solution falling eventually to Madge, who gave it right as "Shakespeare." We were all heartily obliged to Aunt Betsy for suggesting such an amusement, for though several of the company had taken part in them on previous occasions, no one seemed to think of it until Aunt Betsy came forward, and I can only hope that other people will enjoy theirs as we did our charades.

FRED. MILLER.

'WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH."

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.



AS GOLD by fire is freed from dross,
So—for the Lord of love is He—
Thy heart is purer from the cross
Which thy Creator lays on thee.

Though hid below from human sight,
Angels attend us from above;
And every rock His rod may smite
Pours forth the waters of His love.

Tears are but dews that gently flow
On flowers that claim His fondest care,
And sorrow only looms to show
The glory of the Comforter.

To drink death's bitter cup of gall,
He sent His best-belovèd down;
And even so He loveth all,
And leadeth them from cross to crown.

All things are sent us from above,
And Death is His dear sentinel,
Who chants at night, "From love to love
Pass, ye belovèd; all is well!"

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).

FEW women have been so unhappy and unfortunate from her girlhood till her death, in middle life, as Mary Tudor, Queen of England; few have been more misunderstood. Her kinswoman, Mary Queen of Scots, has been treated as a royal heroine, whose errors have been largely condoned for the sake of her beauty, her womanly fascinations, her struggles against overwhelming odds, her violent death. Her cousin Mary of England's history is little less mournful and tragic. Yet for her harsh rule of five years, the result of her blighted youth, her embittered womanhood, her warped creed, her evil counsellors, little excuse is ever made.

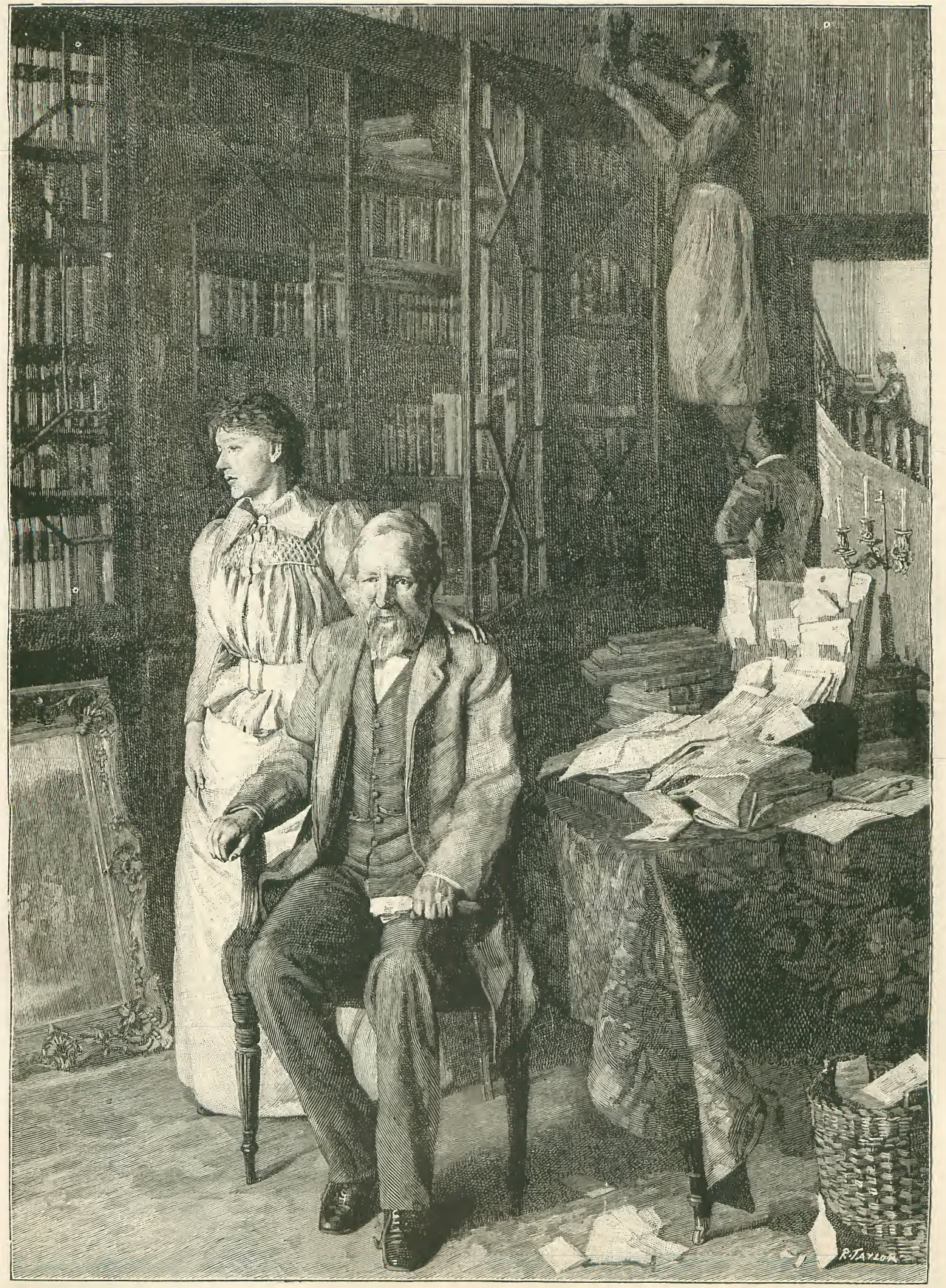
Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon, was born in the palace at Greenwich in February, 1515. She is said to have been healthy as a baby, while she was the only child of Henry and Catherine who outlived infancy. According to the custom of the time, she was committed to the care of her relative, Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, the same Countess whose aged head was held by force on the block till the executioner's axe did its work. Three days after Mary's birth she was baptised with great pomp, Cardinal Wolsey being her godfather. She was named after her Aunt Mary, the Queen-Dowager of France, who gave to the child, on the occasion, a gold pomander. A note to Agnes Strickland's *Queens of England* has supplied us with information as to the nature of this exploded ornament. A pomander was a perforated ball, into which a ball of paste composed of perfumes was introduced. The pomander might either be worn at the girdle or carried in the hand. Although the sex of the child was a disappointment to both parents, there was no lack of fondness for her on the part of her father, any more than of her mother, in her babyhood. She was frequently visited by them, and she was presented with apparent pride to magnates of the Court and to foreign ambassadors—a process which caused some trouble when the little Princess had a separate establishment kept up for her, with Dame Margaret Bryan as "lady mistress," under the control of the Countess of Salisbury. This establishment was generally quartered at Ditton Park, so that Princess Mary had to be rowed across the Thames when her royal parents were at Windsor, and she was a feature in the day's pageants.

At the early age of four the small maiden held something like a court at Richmond, during the absence of the King and Queen at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was visited by the Privy Council, and received foreign visitors of distinction. It was on this occasion that she is said to have accomplished the marvel of playing on the virginal for the company's entertainment—a feat nearly equalling that of another infant phenomenon, who "solved a problem in Euclid, they tell me, before she could speak." The gentleman who witnessed the performance might well style it "a pleasant *pastime*."

There is other evidence, rather more convincing, as to Mary's early taste for music, which was duly cultivated in the course of her carefully-conducted education. She played on the harpsichord when a very little child, according to the testimony of an Italian writer of the day, and she had "a light touch, with much grace and velocity." At the age of nine Mary is said to have been a very attractive child, still rosy, having the dark eyes and hair which were not found in her Spanish mother. She was, as yet, petted and made much of. She was loaded with birthday presents. She had a set of small actors brought down from London to act a child's play for her gratification, and the performance was conducted by the old English dramatist, Heywood. That Mary should stand godmother, at the age of five years, to the first of the crowd of her god-children and name-children sounds less objectionable than the fact—though that, too, had many illustrious precedents—that at the age of six the tiny princess should be formally betrothed to a grave young man of twenty-three, the great Emperor Charles V. of Germany, who came over to England to visit his aunt, Queen Catherine, and to secure the hand of this small cousin. Moreover, the same young man had been betrothed in his youth to another Mary Tudor, little Mary's aunt and namesake, and it was during his stay in England at this time that he became personally acquainted with the first Mary, in the noon of her gracious beauty and sweetness, and of her happiness as a wife and mother, when it was said he betrayed sundry tokens of regret for what he had lost. Another and not less striking picture in its way is Charles's introduction to the second Mary, whom her stately mother led by the hand to the hall-door of the palace to greet her royal suitor, as he landed with King Henry from the barge at the water-stairs. Mary, whose memory was tenacious, was not likely to forget that meeting, or the signing of the marriage treaty at Windsor. She knew that it was the dearest wish of her mother's heart that she—the child—should be Empress of Germany and Queen of Spain, and young as the promised bride was, she never forgot the claim to the proud title. Reserved, morose, self-absorbed, Charles was not a man calculated to win a child's heart; but he was her cousin the Emperor, and Mary was soon to be as grave and self-absorbed, if less sagacious and subtle than he.

It is hard to imagine how history would have unravelled itself if Charles had got his wish that his betrothed bride (whom he pledged himself to marry when she was in her twelfth year), should be sent to Spain and educated there. Mary and her mother were destined to rue sorely the refusal given to this

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, *King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.



"IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION."

proposal. We shall see how, in other circumstances, it was the dream of Mary's forlorn girlhood to escape from her father's jealous supervision, and flee from the England which she had come to regard as the land of her enemies and oppressors, in order to take refuge with her mother's kindred. In the meantime adversity was still unthought of when, as a child of eight, she was an intelligent, industrious pupil reading Latin not only with her mother—who piqued herself on her classical attainments, even when she omitted to make herself mistress of the speech of the country of which she was Queen—but also with her learned tutors, Linacre and Featherstone. From a Spanish authority on education Queen Catherine received hints for her daughter's training which she sedulously followed. These hints forbade all French and Spanish romances, and inculcated the study of the Old and New Testament, the works of the Fathers, selections from the Classics, etc. The one fiction exempted from the general condemnation was the story of "Griselda." Rich dress was tabooed, as well as the recreations of cards, dice, etc.

When Mary was ten years of age, all hopes of her marriage to the Emperor were frustrated by his private betrothal and subsequent marriage to Isabel of Portugal. It is said that when the little Princess was made aware of the faithlessness of her mighty cousin, to whom she had sent, not long before, an emerald ring as a token, the small proud face was observed to grow pale with mortification.

Henry, who was already cherishing the intention of dissolving his marriage with Catherine—an intention which had reached the Emperor's ears—chose to make a great parade of his recognition of Mary as heir-apparent to his throne. He sent her with a large establishment, presided over by Lady Salisbury, to keep house at Ludlow Castle. One would have thought that this selection of a residence for "the Princess of Wales," as Mary was sometimes called, was ill-omened, and that the associations with Ludlow (still remote and inaccessible, not far from the frontiers of the foreign principality of Wales) must have been especially distasteful to Queen Catherine. It was there she had gone, with such difficulty in making the journey into the wilds, a girl-bride accompanied by her boy bridegroom, Arthur Prince of Wales. There the boy and girl lived together just long enough to discover how ill-suited they were to each other; and there that other sickly heir of England died. But there is no sign that Catherine made any remonstrance against her daughter's destination; there is no trace of apprehension on the mother's part, unless in her particular desire that Mary should take regular exercise in gardens, and other "sweet and wholesome places"; that she should occupy herself, without too much fatigue, in practising her music, and studying Latin and French; that she should dance when dancing was in season, and that she should have proper food, "served with comfortable, joyous, and merry communication, in all honourable and virtuous manner."

Mary resided at Ludlow Castle for eighteen months, well away from the growing division between the King and Queen.

Henry's pre-occupation with his own affairs did not prevent him from making energetic efforts to settle Mary in marriage. For this purpose he employed the good offices of the match-making widow, Louise of Savoy, to induce her son Francis I. to give up the marriage, planned when he was in captivity, to the generous and romantic Leonora of Austria, Queen-dowager of Portugal, and sister of Charles V. Failing the suggested alliance with Francis, old enough to be Mary's father, which was a mere attempt to retaliate on the Emperor for his broken troth, there was some talk of a marriage between Mary and Francis's second son, Henry of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. of France, grandson of Louise of Savoy. But this proposal also came to nothing, partly in consequence of the progress which Henry was making in the divorce of Catherine, that must end in depriving Mary of her birthright.

Mary seems to have returned to Court when she was in her twelfth year—the same year in which the Emperor's heir, Philip II. of Spain, was born. From this time, during the short remnant of her mother's reign, Mary took part in the Court galas, not only dancing in the slow and fast dances, but playing in the masques. She appeared thus with five ladies and six gentlemen, all disguised in what was supposed to be Icelandic costume, and "danced lustily" before the French ambassadors.

As a dark side to these gaieties, Mary was now old enough to be acquainted with the proceedings for the disowning and setting aside of the mother whom she loved and honoured. In the girl's loyalty to her mother, and in the recognition of her own rights, which Mary's precocious womanliness would soon see, even without the assistance of others, were being tampered with, she took part with her mother, and made no concealment of her opposition to her father's designs—an innocent partisanship which Henry, with his hot, despotic temper, resented beyond measure. There were a few spasmodic intervals of relenting, and of brief revivals of their earlier relations, such as marked his last intercourse with Queen Catherine; but these soon passed away, and there remained hardly a vestige of Henry's pride in his child, and fondness for her. These honest affections were replaced only too speedily and surely by jealous suspicion and wrathful dislike.

One more prospect of marriage for the young Princess, whose fortunes were still trembling in the balance, is said to have been entertained, not by her father, but by her mother. The future bridegroom was no longer a great foreign emperor, but a simple English gentleman, albeit of princely descent, and a staunch supporter of the old Catholic Church. He was afterwards known as the plotting Cardinal Pole, who, from his palace in Rome, cost his English kindred dear. He was still neither priest nor cardinal. He was an able, accomplished, handsome young man of five and twenty years of age, a son of Mary's governess, the Countess of Salisbury, through her a descendant of the Plantagenets, and a cousin of the Tudors. Between her eleventh and her sixteenth years Mary saw a good deal of Reginald Pole—enough to grow warmly attached to him, as she was to the other members of Lady Salisbury's family.

But whatever might have been Catherine's wishes with the view of keeping her daughter in England, and contracting a marriage for her which would be popular with a large proportion of the people, Reginald Pole took no active step for the fulfilment of the scheme. Indeed, he announced that his destination was the Church, and withdrew from the Court to a Carthusian monastery. Soon afterwards he gave Henry mortal offence by refusing to support him in his plea for a divorce from the Queen.

In 1531 Mary was separated entirely from her mother, and committed to the sole charge of Lady Salisbury, at Beaulieu, otherwise New Hall. Thenceforth Catherine was not permitted to set her longing eyes on her sole surviving child, who was just passing from girlhood to womanhood. The separation was a matter of State policy. The mother and daughter together would have been the rallying point of all the Catholics in England; nevertheless, the act caused a cruel and unnatural breach of family relations.

When Elizabeth was born, Mary, as being nearly allied to the throne, was summoned to Greenwich. Her behaviour on the occasion was very much what might have been expected from a high-spirited girl indignant at her mother's wrongs. Her independent, disapproving bearing was not calculated to recommend her to Queen Anne—as high-spirited as her stepdaughter. Mary distinctly declined to comply with the order, even though it was issued by her father, to give the infant the style of princess. To have done so would have been to consent to the decree which declared that Queen Catherine's marriage was illegal. Mary said she would call the child "sister," but nothing more. Her determination may have accelerated the delivery of the sentence about to be pronounced. Henry had already declared the baby Elizabeth his heiress, and no sooner had Mary returned to Beaulieu than she received the decree of the Privy Council that she was to resign the dignity and state of a princess, and withdraw, in the character of a private gentlewoman, to Hunsdon. Hertford Castle had been the first place fixed upon, but in the end Hunsdon was preferred. There a royal establishment had been formed for the child Elizabeth, and Mary was to occupy an inferior place in the same house.

Mary replied to the message from the Council, delivered to her by her chamberlain, with great intrepidity for a princess not nearly out of her teens. She marvelled at his undertaking to "minish" her state and dignity without a commission signed by the King, or without letters from the King. She wrote both to the Lords in Council and to the King her father, bravely asserting her right, refusing to set it aside by her own act, and dauntlessly signing herself "Mary, Princess."

One is tempted to think that a loop-hole of escape from an awkward predicament presented itself to the blustering King at this time, when Mary's hand was sought in marriage by her cousin, James V. of Scotland, son of Margaret Tudor. But his suit was dismissed as untenable. Mary was compelled to repair to Hunsdon, and to submit to what was to her the humiliation of hearing herself addressed as "the Lady Mary." She saw her suite reduced to one or two domestics, while all the royal honours with which she had been surrounded from her birth were transferred to Elizabeth. By a kind of refinement of persecution, supposed to be due to the vindictive malice of Anne Boleyn, Mary's very ladies, among them her "lady mistress," Dame Margaret Bryan (a good woman, friendly to both sisters), after they had been dismissed by royal authority from Mary's service, were appointed to offices in the little Elizabeth's household. Such treatment was well calculated to arouse strong resentment, and awaken a rancorous grudge in the mind of the injured person; but there is no proof that Mary visited the deprivations she suffered on the unconscious infant to whom she was made to feel herself in all respects inferior and subservient. On the contrary, the girl is said to have been fond of the child whom she was willing to call sister. Mary, in her honesty and fearlessness, was still able to be magnanimous.

There is a curious and rather comical difference of opinion between two chroniclers of Mary's in order to account for a considerable item in her expenses at this date. No less than £25—a larger sum then than now—was claimed and granted annually in addition to the money already allowed for the maintenance of the household of Princess Elizabeth. This £25 was expressly stated to have been spent on meat breakfasts and suppers for the Lady Mary. On this assertion Mr. Froude appears to have founded his opinion that Mary, in spite, or probably because of, her ill-health, ate largely of meat—in fact, was "a voracious eater."

Miss Strickland, in standing up for the honour of her sex and of one of her princesses, took a different view, not without some ground also, of the cause of this undeniably large charge and of the reason assigned for it. She reminded her readers of the chines of beef and the measures of ale dealt out for the breakfasts of the maids-of-honour in Henry's reign. She pointed to the circumstance that these substantial diets of food were to revert to the ladies' men and maid-servants, and to their dogs. Therefore she drew the deduction that Mary's meat breakfasts and dinners sufficed in turn for her waiting-women and serving-men—such domestics as she was not forbidden to keep, like any other gentlewoman, though she was deprived of the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting of a princess. Nevertheless, Mr. Froude held to the conviction that Mary "ate like a man."

Miss Strickland might be right. Mary may have been unjustly accused of a gigantic, what may be classed as a truculent, appetite for a woman; at the same time it sounds strange that special meals of fresh meat instead of stock-fish should have been procured, largely for the ordinary domestics of a lady who was to be treated as a private gentlewoman. May not something have been implied as to the coarser practice of her predecessor, when Elizabeth's courtiers dwelt so emphatically on her delicate and dainty habits and her extreme moderation with regard to animal food?

Mary had few visitors at Hunsdon, and these were narrowly watched. She was not permitted to write letters or to receive them without supervision and reservation; but she was by no means without resources to cause the slowly dragging hours to pass more quickly. She was a good musician and a good embroideress. She could speak no less than four languages—English, Latin, French, and Spanish. She could read Italian, and had some acquaintance with Greek. Mary was not only one of the learned women of her generation, she was decidedly intellectual. In person she had not yet lost all the bloom and grace of youth. She was short, with a tendency to squareness both in figure and face, like her mother. She had one of the large foreheads so plentiful among her contemporaries; in Mary's case it was beetle-browed. Her childish rosiness had long ago faded, and the pale face, which was not without a delicate colour at times, was rapidly growing sallow, but it was not yet pinched or haggard. Her hair, unlike her mother's, was dark, as one fancies the hair of a girl of Spanish descent likely to be; but it was frequently superseded by a golden-red wig, representing the original colour of Henry's hair, which was a fashionable colour, and one worn by the courtiers in compliment to the King. Those fine firm lips of Mary's had not become bloodless or fallen into the straight hard lines which are considered to betoken a bigoted and implacable temper. The eyes, which have been described as "pale, cold, and relentless" were in reality beautiful dark brown eyes, in keeping with the dark hair. They went far to redeem the defects of Mary's face while she was still young. These defects were intensified by the flight of time, the ravages of disease, fatal mistakes, and miserable failures, until Mary's personal attractions, like her virtues, have been wholly forgotten. The eyes, though short-sighted, were bright and steady, and absolutely pathetic in their quick, keen appeals.

Mary's voice was singularly deep for a woman's voice, and what was deep in youth grew gruff in later years.

Queen Catherine and her daughter were parted for the six years that the Queen survived the separation. During these years Mary never wavered in her duty and devotion to her mother, whom, in spite of the girl's eager entreaty, she was not suffered to visit even at the last. But the death of Queen Catherine in 1536, however great the grief to Mary, wrought a beneficial change in her fortunes. The bone of contention, if one may so speak, between father and daughter was removed. The chief obstacle to her submitting to be set aside, and to the renouncing of her claims, no longer existed. For Mary, with all her desperate adherence to what she considered just and right, and her tenacity in not giving up a single point of conscience—as it seemed to her, never showed any great regard for her own interest and advantage, which she frequently imperilled by her rigid adherence to a principle, and her determination to take her own way in what she was persuaded was the path of duty and religion.

The downfall of Anne Boleyn was a still more powerful means of reinstating Mary to some extent in her father's favour, for Anne's child, Elizabeth, shared in her mother's disgrace. Catherine of Arragon seems always to have inculcated on Mary the obligation of deferring to her father and King, in every case except where her conscience and her religion forbade her. The Emperor, her chief friend and ally, gave her the same advice. The new Queen, Jane Seymour, had known Mary as a child and as a young girl, and had a great affection for her. Above all there was no longer a rival queen to whom Mary was bound by every natural tie. She made overtures to mollifying her father and regaining his regard both through the minister Cromwell and through the Queen her stepmother. Finally, on receiving permission, she addressed Henry himself. Her appeals to him were couched in the humblest, most respectful language. She begged to be forgiven for her offences: she refrained from signing herself "Princess." She even put her hand to the resignation of her birthright, and accepted the designation and position of the Lady Mary, as if reckless of her rights, now that Queen Catherine was no longer alive to be injured and wounded by their repudiation; and as if weary of the vain altercation in which she was so ill-matched with the King and his Council, she signed herself, in addressing the King, his "humble and obedient servant, daughter, and bondswoman, Mary."

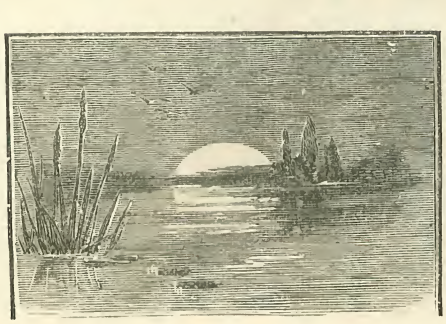
Henry was not easily propitiated. Mary had to copy letters dictated to her by Cromwell, conveying her implicit submission to the King, her father. She was in no cheerful mood when she went through the task because of the pain in her head, and the teeth which troubled her "so sore," that she had "but small rest day and night." She had to receive a visit from Queen Jane's brother, Edward, Lord Beauchamp, the Lord Chamberlain, to accept from him a gift of a riding-horse, and to furnish him with a list of the clothes she needed for her proper appearance at Court, as a substitute for the mourning which she still wore for her mother. Perhaps, in spite of her submission, she hinted how much the suggestion went against the grain with her, when she wrote in reply that the King's highness's favour was such good clothing unto her that she desired no more, and so she had written to his Grace, resting wholly on him, and willing to wear whatever his Grace should appoint her.

At the critical moment Mary demurred at signing away her right to the throne; but an angry, well-nigh savage, letter from Cromwell, who had supported her hitherto, overcame her reluctance. Her household was then re-established, still at Hunsdon, and still in the same house with her young sister, who was now in her turn deprived of the title of princess. In the letters which Mary wrote on the subject there is a great deal to her credit. She shows herself not only sensible and straightforward, but well-nigh scornful, as far as she dared, of this bandying about, and giving and withholding of the title of princess. She is faithful in her wish to have her former servants reinstated in their offices—above all in her consideration for her mother's old servants. She is more than kind in saying a word to the King in disinterested praise of Anne Boleyn's motherless little daughter. Long afterwards Mary persisted in still applying the term "her Grace" to Elizabeth.

Mary kept house jointly with her sister for several years. The elder sister led a quiet, and what may have been a pleasant life, according to the rules laid down for her. She read the Bible for herself, and she read the daily service with her chaplain, studied, worked at her embroidery, and cultivated her musical talent. Her playing on the lute, the harpsichord, and the virginal was highly praised by competent judges.

From the time she was twenty-one Mary was again permitted to appear at Court. Henry treated her with courtesy, if with no great renewal of affection. Her friend Queen Jane supported her in all respects. The girl-Princess's bearing was sufficient in itself to disarm censure. The one error which the record of her privy purse expenses shows is gambling. Wise and studious as she was, she did not escape the prevailing passion. Her losses at cards were considerable for her sex and years; so were the losses from the wagers she laid, chiefly in connection with the game of bowls, which she played with other ladies on the smooth sward of the bowling-greens. But the same trustworthy record also testifies to her generosity in the gifts she made, from her not too ample funds, to her relations and friends, and in her charity to the poor, especially to poor prisoners.

(*To be continued.*)



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

CHAPTER I.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.
— C. F. ALEXANDER.

I WAS the youngest of a family of five, and we were orphans. Our father, James Stuart, had died about a year before the time at which my story begins, and our mother about nine years previously.

My eldest sister, Amy, was now about twenty-one. She and I had not much in common, as she was of a reserved nature, and even her closest friends were compelled to acknowledge that she was cold and unapproachable. My next sister, Rachel, was of quite a different disposition. She was so sweet-natured and sympathetic that I invariably made her my *confidante*, and entrusted her with all my childish secrets and ambitions, the chief of which was that I might become a musician. From five years of age I had shown a decided talent for music. This Rachel had greatly encouraged, and taught me to the best of her ability until I was thirteen years old, when I was handed over to the care of the organist of our church, Mr. Neville, for more advanced study.

To return to our family. Next to Rachel came my brother Douglas, a grave, studious boy of seventeen; then came David, a lively, laughter-loving boy of fifteen, who was at school at Winchester College. He was my favourite playmate and greatest tease, and I always looked forward to his holidays with great eagerness; lastly, myself, Madeleine, a restless maiden of thirteen, who never seemed to be still for any length of time except when listening to the music of the organ. At such times I have known myself to sit in rapt silence for nearly an hour.

We had not many acquaintances in Harleigh, but those we had were real friends, chief of which were the Rev. Paul Harvey and his wife.

Our garden adjoined that of the Vicarage.



Our father's small fortune had been divided among us, a certain sum being set aside for the boys' education.

* * * *

Christmas drew near, with all its attendant pleasures and duties; but it would not be a gay season for us, as a year had not passed since the death of our father, and we had not the least heart to have all things as in past years. However, we did not forget our usual custom of making and taking toys to the Children's Hospital in the neighbouring town of Handley. It was owing to this practice that an event happened which seemed to end a chapter of my life. My sisters thought I had arrived at an age to give up toys and playthings, and that I might send them to the hospital this Christmas; but although I was willing to give up everything else, I could not bring myself to part with my much-loved doll, a gift of my father's, which was my sole companion while David was away at school.

Amy tried to laugh me into giving it up by telling me what a baby I was, and that a girl in her "teens" ought not to think of anything else but lessons and accomplishments. Rachel did not tease. She took me for a walk, and talked about the happiness of giving to others, reminding me that "Inasmuch as I did it unto one of the least of Christ's little ones, I did it unto Him."

"I do like giving my other toys away," I said; "but it is just this one that I can't like to give."

"But there cannot be much pleasure in giving away what you don't want," said Rachel. "Your other toys are not nearly so good as this, and I thought you would like to give your best for *His* sake."

I could not help seeing the truth of this, and I did not want to appear selfish. Still, a great struggle was going on within me, and it would need more than these quiet words to uproot my selfishness, for selfishness it was. Rachel saw this, and wisely left me alone, talking cheerfully of the prospect of the boys' return, and other little Christmas matters, until we reached home.

The next day, as both Amy and Rachel were too busy to take me for a walk, and I did not care to go far alone, I went into the church.

St. Aidan's stood on the right hand of the vicarage and our house on the left. I knew I should find Mr. Neville there practising. Of course I had my doll with me. I had often crept in before like this, and I think it was partly this that had given me such an intense desire to become a musician. Especially did I long for the time to come when I might become an organist. I used to sit in a pew near the north door, and as the sounds rolled down the empty church, a feeling of great peace would steal into my heart.

After practising various Christmas music, Mr. Neville arranged his stops with great care, as if he wished to have perfect harmony. Then softly and sweetly a few chords came, and he began to sing, in a clear, pathetic tenor voice, "My God, my Father, while I stray."

Every word seemed to be impressed on my mind until he came to the verse—

"If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
Thy will be done."

Then, like a flash, it came to me that nothing that I had was my own, and that perhaps "my God, my Father," was asking me to give up "what most I prized," to see if I would listen to His voice. In a few minutes

my mind was made up. I could not keep my best from Him who gave me all.

So snatching up my doll from the seat beside me, I ran home and into the dining-room, where I knew I should find Rachel, and, putting the doll on her lap, said—

"There it is; take it, and I hope I shall never be so selfish again."

Rachel put down her needlework, and threw her arm round me, saying—

"I am so glad, Madie dear; now you will know the sweetness of self-denial. But I hope you will come to the hospital and give it yourself when you have made it a new frock, and then the lesson of unselfishness will be more deeply impressed upon you."

So a few days after we went to the hospital, and I have never since regretted giving my doll away, especially when I remember the eager look of gladness on the face of the little girl to whom I gave it.

I think I never enjoyed my holidays so much as at that time, with David for my constant companion, teaching me to skate while the frost lasted, and taking me for long walks when the ice would no longer bear.

CHAPTER II.

When dreams of folly cloud my mind
And prompt to sins unknown,
The dream dissolve, the chain unbind,
And make me all Thine own.

DURING the next eight years few events of any importance occurred in our home life. The first was that Rachel left us for New Zealand.

The Rev. Cuthbert Harvey, or Bertie as we had been wont to call him in his earlier days, the Vicar's son, being imbued with the spirit of his namesake, St. Cuthbert, of Lindisfarne, had been to New Zealand as a missionary, and returned after five years' work to see if he could not carry our Rachel back with him. Of course he was successful, especially as Rachel had always had a missionary spirit, and Bertie had shared it with her in their youthful days. The next thing was that I began to learn the organ, and when Mr. Neville saw how I put my whole soul into it, and made rapid progress, he jestingly said, "You would soon be able to take my place if I were to break down, Miss Madeleine."

He was not a man much given to praise, so I knew I must have made considerable progress, and it spurred me on to fresh efforts.

My brother Douglas had chosen for his profession electrical engineering. He was offered a very good post in Montreal, which he accepted, so that by the time my twenty-first birthday came, on St. Nicholas' Day, our family at Harleigh was reduced to three, and that was only when David was at home. He had always wished to be a clergyman, and now was to be ordained at Christmas. His first curacy was to be in London, and Amy was going to keep house for him. Of course they wanted me to go and live with them; but I was of an independent spirit, and wanted to go on with my musical studies under Mr. Neville. Moreover, a few days after my birthday I had met a charming Frenchwoman who had put other plans before me. It was at a musical evening.

After having heard me play she came up and introduced herself as Madame Durand, saying she had known my parents years ago in France.

My parents having spent their early married life abroad, I was not surprised to hear this, and we soon got into conversation.

"Mademoiselle will permit me to say that she has a charming touch on the pianoforte."

I instinctively felt that this was mere flattery; but she chattered on in her broken English, and I soon found myself telling her all my difficulties.

"But what plans then have you made?" she asked.

"I have not made any yet, but I shall have to do so before the end of the year," I replied.

"*Eh bien!* mademoiselle. Come with me to Paris. I have a friend with whom you could reside, and you shall study at the Conservatoire de Musique in return for a little assistance at our *réunions musicales*."

This offer seemed very tempting, especially as I remembered that a young French friend of my father's, who had stayed with us years before, had studied at the Conservatoire de Paris, and was now organist of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Boulogne, although only the same age as David. I thought of the advantages and disadvantages. This would mean giving up my quiet home life and going to live in the midst of strangers, in the very centre of gaiety and worldliness; but, on the other hand, Madame Durand urged that I should give up my whole time to music, would have the best of professors, and would meet the *élite* of musical society in Paris.

"I will not ask your answer now," she said. "You will think of it, and let me know in a few days' time."

When I got home I found a note awaiting me, which for the time completely banished Paris from my mind. It was from our curate, the Rev. Marcus Temple, and ran as follows:—

DEAR MISS STUART,—I regret to have to tell you that Mr. Neville has met with an accident, and sprained his wrist. He will not be able to use it for some weeks, and is in great distress about the Christmas music. The boys must be practised for the anthems, carols, etc. I can direct the singing. Will you kindly undertake the organ for us? If you will, you will lift a great burden from off our minds.

Yours very truly, MARCUS TEMPLE.

The Vicarage, December 10, 18—.

Of course I had only one answer, and I at once sent in a note saying I should be pleased to do all I could for them.

The Vicar's health had given way, and he had been compelled to go abroad for six months, leaving Mr. Temple in charge of the parish. And it was well cared for, for he was the most hard-working curate we had ever had, never sparing himself, but thinking only that the King's business required haste. When I went to bed that night I bethought me of the Paris project, and I reckoned that I should be able to fulfil my promise to Mr. Temple as well as prepare for my flitting.

It was not without some pain that I prepared to tear myself from my birthplace; and yet there are few young people who do not care for novelty and change, and I had always longed to go abroad and see more of life.

As to advice, I did not know where to go for it. David was away studying for his final examination, and I did not like to write and worry him. I did not ask Amy, for she was not over fond of music, and had never understood my passion for it; and I knew she would tell me I was a silly girl wanting to have my own way. Of course Rachel was out of the question, as it would be more than four months before I could get an answer from her. Besides, I thought that as I was of age I ought to be able to decide for myself. I did not stop to consider whether this were "the path marked out for me." So the next day I wrote to Madame Durand accepting her offer, saying I should be ready to start early in the New Year. When I had made all my arrangements with her I resolved to put off telling Amy and David till after Christmas; for, although I kept before my mind the intoxicating delights of being always surrounded by music and musicians, and how I should triumphantly come back in a year's time a finished musician, I was not at all happy in spite of my endeavours to think myself so. I was afraid, too, that they would try to dissuade me from going, so I resolved not to tell them until it was too late to draw back.

(*To be continued.*)

GREYFRIARS

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc

CHAPTER IX.

PROBLEMS.

"IF boys do it, why shouldn't girls?"

"Because it's perfectly disgusting and horrid, and everybody knows it."

"Everybody doesn't know it. I call it all nonsense to make such a fuss. Girls have as much right to fun as boys."

"Nobody will ever speak to you again—they will never forget it."

"I don't care if they don't. I have my own friends."

"You will grow up with a bad name. Nobody will ever look at you."

"I'm sure I don't care."

"You will care some day. You will be sorry enough then."

"I'm sure I sha'n't."

"I tell you you will. Why, *I* shall be almost ashamed to be seen for the next weeks. I shall always be afraid what they will be thinking."

"That's because you are such a ridiculous little donkey. I wouldn't be such a mass of affectation for something."

"I wouldn't be such a disgusting tom-boy."

"I'd ten times rather be a tom-boy than have nothing to think of but fine clothes and fal-lals, and how to catch a husband. People laugh just as much at that as at anything; and when there's a man in the room with you you're perfectly ridiculous. Everybody knows that."

"How dare you say such things?"

"You don't suppose I'm frightened at you. You know it's all true."

"It isn't."

"It is—and you know it."

"How dare you say such things?"

"I dare very well. I've as much right to speak as you have."

It was at this moment that Esther thought best to interpose. The dialogue had been carried on beneath the window of her room, and she had heard every word. Stepping out on to the little balcony she confronted the two angry sisters, who with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes were facing each other like ruffled pigeons.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked Esther quietly. "You are making a great clatter out there."

"Oh, Aunt Essie, do tell Trix that she has no right to be so insolent. I am older than she, and she is in disgrace. And she goes on as if nothing had happened, and says the most impertinent things."

Trixie's laugh was full of defiance.

"She says that because the cap fits, and she does not like it."

Jessie's face was so full of anger that Esther closed the discussion by saying—

"Suppose you come and talk to me, Trixie. I want to say a few things to you. Will you come up to my room now?"

Trixie shrugged her shoulders, and looked as though she would have refused if she had dared. But Esther had begun to exercise a sort of quiet authority in the house, and the girl came to her slowly and reluctantly, though assuming something of careless defiance in her air as she advanced. Esther had not yet said a word to her on the subject of her exhibition of the previous day, for the girl had been well lectured in other quarters. Indeed, it seemed to Esther that almost too much had been made of the escapade in one way, whilst the most serious aspect of it, to her mind, had been passed over in silence. She was wondering how she could broach the subject on this side, when Trixie smoothed her way by one of her abrupt speeches.

"I suppose you think it your duty to go at me too—so say away, I am getting quite hardened. I know it all beforehand. I have made an awful exhibition of myself, and disgraced my family, and nobody will ever think of me except as a horrid tom-boy all the rest of my days. I know it all by heart, you see, and I don't care a bit."

"I am sorry you do not care a bit, for it is a pity to be too much the tom-boy at your age, and a greater pity to grow careless of other people's feelings; but at the same time I do not think myself that being a tom-boy is quite such a dreadful thing as Jessie does. I can remember the time when I did everything my brother did, and was a bit of a tom-boy myself," and Esther smiled in a way that brought a sudden brightness to Trixie's defiant face.

"What a comfort to hear somebody talk sense—and the last person one would have expected too!" said the girl. "Why, Aunt Esther, have you really the sense not to think it matters so dreadfully much what people say?"

"Well, Trixie, we ought to give a certain consideration to the feelings and opinions of our friends; but life would hardly be worth having if we lived in a sort of bondage to what everybody about us thought. And we could never please everybody if we tried ever so. You know the fable of the man who tried—and it is very true of us in life. We have a better standard than that to go by."

Trixie looked up quickly. "What do you mean? If we don't bother ourselves to please other people, I suppose we may please ourselves?"

"Yes, in as far as we can do so, and do what we know to be right at the same time. What we have to think of is to keep ourselves away from the things that our consciences tell us are wrong, and if we honestly do that, we need not be in much fear of what other people may choose to say or think."

"Well, I call that a sensible way of looking at things," answered Trixie, more graciously than usual. "And I'm sure my conscience did not tell me that it was wrong to kill rats."

Esther could not forbear a smile.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the girl.

"I did not mean to laugh. I want to speak seriously, Trixie, if you will listen. Did you think when you were rushing about with a great stick, in that crew of noisy boys, that you were doing what your parents would approve, or would have permitted had they been here to be consulted?"

Trixie's face changed; she shifted from one foot to another.

"There wasn't any harm in it, Aunt Esther."

"That is not what I asked you, Trixie. I asked if your parents would have let you take part in such a pastime if they had been consulted?"

The girl, if reckless and careless, was at least truthful, and she answered frankly enough—

"No, of course they would not."

"And can you do with a clear conscience the things you know your father and mother would forbid if they were here?"

"But why should they forbid things that are not wrong?"

"My dear child, that is rather beside the point; but I will answer you as well as I can. There are numbers of things in the world that are not wrong, and yet are not at all suitable or becoming for everyone to do. For instance, there have been ladies who have travelled all through wild countries on horseback sitting man-fashion for convenience, and no one would be so foolish as to call it wrong to do so. But do you think it would be nice or becoming for you or your sisters to go about in that fashion here?"

Trixie was surprised into a sudden laugh, but Esther continued gravely and gently—

"And when we are young, Trixie, it is not for us to question the decisions our parents make for us. Our duty is simply to obey. We may or may not think their rules needful, but the chances are that, as we grow older, we shall see that they were really right and wise, whatever we may think now. But what we have to do at your age is just to let them judge for us, and submit ourselves to them; and I am sure you must know that there is something not quite honourable in doing in their absence what you would not venture to do when they are here."

Trixie flushed scarlet.

"I did not think of that, Aunt Esther. I should hate to be dishonourable."

"I am sure you would, Trixie; and I believe you were led away by high spirit and love of fun, and never thought of the other sin. But if you tried to think a little more before you acted, and let your conscience speak to you, and tell you where you ought to stop short, you would be saved from a good deal of the trouble that boisterous spirits lead young people into. There is plenty of fun to be had without overstepping bounds, and you will really be happier in doing what your parents would wish, than by scandalising them and other folks too."

"Oh, yes, I don't mind allowing it, if you put things like *that*, and don't try to make out that being seen by people makes the harm of the thing. And Aunt Esther, isn't it just as bad to be so crammed full of vanity and silliness, like Jessie, as to be more like me and Ethel? Why, Jessie has just as many faults as we have; and, as Dacre says, she would flirt with an old broomstick if it were only dressed up to look like a man. Isn't that as bad as romping too much?"

"Well, we need hardly go into that, Trixie. Jessie's faults and failings are no concern of ours just now. Picking holes in other people is a favourite way of excusing our own faults, but not a very wise or logical one, I think."

Trixie laughed; her good temper was a pleasant surprise to Esther.

"Well, perhaps not; and I don't want to be a tell-tale or anything of that sort. But, Aunt Esther, I do believe there's a tremendous piece of mischief brewing amongst the boys. I don't know what it is, for none of them will tell me; and Jenny doesn't know either. But the Flemyng boys are all in it; and I believe that Miller has got something to do with it too. He was always over with the boys when I was there, and that always looks like mischief. Cuthbert and Dacre are sure to be in it."

"Cuthbert seems less fond of mischief than Dacre."

"Oh, is he though? You think so because he puts on such grown-up airs for your benefit; but he loves to be in the thick of everything, I can tell you. And I know it must be pretty bad because they all keep it so close."

Esther looked grave, but did not know how to interfere. Trixie had spoken out in an impulse of confidence; and it was something to have made a step in the liking of one of the more turbulent spirits of the house; but Dacre continued as much of an enigma as ever, and if there were mischief brewing it was kept so very quiet that there seemed no way of getting an inkling into proceedings.

Cuthbert, after the first two days, was very little at home, and Dacre was always with him. Esther knew nothing of their movements, and when she asked questions at the dinner-table she was put off with general answers or with

some of Dacre's spicily-flavoured replies, at which Cuthbert was beginning to laugh, though he always spoke politely to his aunt himself, and was rather partial to her company when not otherwise engaged. Jessie was more preoccupied than was her wont, and appealed to her grandmother most piteously when Esther made a real effort to get her to employ a small part of her time in some really useful way, either reading instructive books, or practising to some purpose, or improving her knowledge of drawing or languages. The injudicious and over-indulgent Lady Eleanora took her part against Esther, telling her, with some slight asperity, that with so lovely and accomplished a girl no farther drilling was needed—Jessie had sufficient love for music and art to improve herself at her own will. Esther smiled when this was said, and pressed Jessie no more. But one day when the Chesters were dining at Greyfriars, and the girl had gone rather falteringly through some one of her pieces for the benefit of Everard, who was passionately fond of music, his remark at the conclusion sent a flush of mortification to her face.

"Really, Jessie, a schoolgirl would do better than that. What an idle child you must be not even to keep up your music better, when it is such a showy accomplishment—and you like show!"

And then he turned to Esther and asked her to play or sing, whilst Jessie looked on in a sort of dumb amaze, for she had chosen to take it for granted that her aunt had no accomplishments, and Esther had never obtruded her talents. But as a matter of fact these were of no mean order, and had been most carefully trained by years of patient labour. She played and sang beautifully, and with the ease and accuracy that only comes as the result of earnest effort. Both their guests listened with extreme pleasure; and Jessie sat by unnoticed and deeply mortified.

When at last Esther left the piano she found herself subjected to close enquiries from her niece.

"How long did you practise, Aunt Essie, when you were learning the piano?"

"A great many more hours than you would care to do. When I was having lessons my master would accept nothing under four a day."

"Oh, dear! And can't one play like that without all that fag?"

"Some people have more natural ability than others; but no one can play accurately and well without long and hard practice."

"Oh, dear! I thought that being fond of music and all that would make it come easier to one somehow. I am very musical. I can't think why I can't play as well as you."

Esther could not forbear a smile.

"Correct musical feeling, Jessie, will not strengthen the muscles of your hand, and until you have full control over *them* you can never be a good pianist. Scales and exercises—exercises and scales—nothing can enable you to dispense with these if you want a firm, light touch, and the power of rapid and accurate playing. Nothing in the world is learnt without pains and practice, and music least of all."

Everard laughed, and made a gesture of approval.

"Take that moral to heart, Jessie, and learn a little perseverance. It is a quality in which you are sadly lacking."

Jessie was not fond of good advice, though she took it more gracefully from Everard than she would have done from another, and Lady Eleanora remarked incisively, for she was rather annoyed—

"Jessie will do better when she has her mother at home. She needs the stimulus of example and appreciation, which only a mother can give. Between mother and daughter there is never any rivalry."

Esther was growing used to Lady Eleanora's peculiar method of showing her instinctive hostility. On the face of things they were good friends, but there was an undercurrent of dislike on one side that was never entirely hidden. The grandmother could not endure to hear any of the children blamed, however much they deserved it. She might scold them herself, but the moment Esther opened her lips with a criticism the cudgels were immediately taken up.

"What has become of the boys?" asked Everard, by way of changing the conversation. "I have seen nothing of them this last hour."

But nobody knew anything about them. They were not in the house; but that was nothing unusual. And though Esther felt a qualm of uneasiness she said nothing to her companions. Humphrey came down by-and-by to ask Everard to come and look at a model ship he was building; but he knew nothing of his brothers' movements, except that they were certain to be at the Flemyngs.

"They are always there now, concocting some mischief or other; but they don't take me into their confidence," he said. "They are very full of something just now, but I don't know what it is. I don't think Dacre half likes it either; but he *will* go with the others. He seems to have bad dreams at night. He's always calling out in his sleep, and waking me up. I've taken to keep the door between our rooms shut, and then I don't hear him."

Everard frowned as he bent over the clever little model, and gave a touch here and there to show where improvements might be made. As he and Esther returned to the drawing-room he said—

"That is just Dacre's way. He will do everything the other boys do, though he hates it the whole time, and it sets every nerve on edge. He cannot bear not to stand what they do, and goes to everything just to harden himself. With his native sensitiveness and refinement the pressure he puts upon himself is tremendous, and he suffers horribly both at the time and afterwards. But that only makes him the more resolved to go through with it. He has the most extraordinary temperament and disposition—almost as if there were two distinct natures within him. Unluckily his will is almost always on the side of the more unworthy of the two. How to treat him is a serious problem which has never yet been solved."

"But what can he be doing just now? What *do* boys do when they get into mischief?"

"What don't they do? would be the better question," answered Everard, smiling. "They have a variety of ways of doing it. Last summer it was coursing that took up the best of their time, and nearly drove Dacre into a nervous fever; and once they got to pigeon-shooting. And all those pastimes bring them into the very lowest company. What they are after now I have not the least idea. But if it will be any relief to you I will try to find out."

"Oh, thank you," answered Esther. "It would be the greatest relief, especially if we could put a stop to anything wrong. It does not seem right that boys of their age should be out in the evenings, and not return till the house has been long asleep. But Lady Eleanora seems not to mind. And if I speak she tells me that high-spirited lads will not suffer themselves to be tied to my apron-strings."

Everard knew Lady Eleanora well, and was not surprised. "She has done as much as the parents towards making them what they are. Let us hope she may not have cause bitterly to repent it one of these days."

Esther went to bed that night with a rather heavy heart. She had slept long, as it seemed, when unwonted sounds in the house disturbed her, and she sat up in bed to listen.

(*To be continued.*)





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—We recommend you to apply to Mr. Middlemore, St. Luke's Road, Birmingham, for all information on the subject of a Home in Canada for the training of boys in farming. He is constantly taking out numbers of them.

GLADYS.—As you are living in a country town, we think your best way of learning shorthand would be by correspondence. You could obtain all particulars from Mr. Isaac Pitman, Professor of Shorthand, Bath.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—It is not necessary that your daughter should become a kitchenmaid to learn cookery. The National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., charges eight guineas for fourteen weeks' instruction of a practical as well as theoretical character. The course of training given for the post of cookery instructor in all branches is twenty-guineas for twenty weeks. There are other schools in London and in the provincial towns. The directors of the Palk Memorial Lodging-house and School of Cookery, St. George's Place, Houndwell, Southampton, train for domestic service, and give courses of demonstration and practice lessons.

TOEF.—1. We have pleasure in making our readers acquainted with your society for the study of German by correspondence. It is well to have such for the benefit of beginners and self-educated girls, who cannot afford professional instruction. Direct to the Secretary, Victoria Society, Mount Lucas, Philipstown, King's Co., Ireland. The term begins on September 9th; subscription 2s.; stamped envelope for rules.—2. We have societies for the study of French and other languages on our list. Address Miss Hedge, the Hon. Sec. of Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence, Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea Road, Southsea, Hants; also, the Manager, Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E.

DOLLY.—We are not in the habit of recommending the publications of other firms, but there is a little book which was published in 1856 by Marcus and John Sullivan, Dublin, and which has the name of the Longmans (Paternoster Row), which, if you could still procure it, would help you to acquire the art of spelling, and aid you to teach your pupils. It is called *The Spelling Book Superseded*, by Robert Sullivan, LL.D. In this little manual a list is given of all the irregular and difficult words in the language, and the Latin and Greek roots.

HOUSEKEEPING.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—To remove marking-ink from linen is an accomplishment which we teach to no one—when to do so it is made public to, it may be, dishonest readers. We have more than once been asked for a recipe, but have never given it. If marking your own linen, take care not to make mistakes, nor drop the ink about. We also object to giving a recipe for burning out moles. If a very unsightly one, show it to a doctor. Your spelling needs much correction.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DUTCH GIRL.—We have already published papers on "A Tour in Northern Italy," and "A Tour in Central Italy." Hearty thanks for your kind offer and kind expressions.

L. B. S. M. D.—You may be suffering from hay-fever. A visit to the seaside is a good method of cure, but we recommend you to get a doctor's opinion.

L. B.—You cannot add to your Christian names given at your baptism, and registered likewise by the parish authorities. But you may call yourself what you like; and this is continually done in the way of pet names and nicknames of the real baptismal name.

GRETSCHEN.—Heligoland may have some little history, but none of any special interest. Its name has some reference to its conversion to Christianity in the 7th century by St. Willibrond ("Holy Land"). Its ancient name was "Fostisland," and it belonged to Slesvig until taken by us in 1807. Most of the inhabitants are Frisians, and have peculiarities of dialect and costume; and by occupation they are chiefly pilots or lobster-fishers. It was a great resort of smugglers during the blockade of 1812. The island is not volcanic; it is composed of marl and hard red clay, and occupies an area of about one-fifth of a square mile. The inhabitants anciently worshipped the Saxon goddess Hertha.

A. W.—The gilding on the leaves of your book has probably become tarnished through exposure to damp. It would be easy to have them re-gilt at a bookbinders.

HAPPY OWNER OF TEN VOLS.—Sick and delicate people should never imagine that they "can do nothing" in the service of their Heavenly Master. To many, the patient endurance of enforced inaction is a more difficult work than to go forth as a missionary among the heathen. Do you remember the passage, "Their strength is to sit still"? This may be understood in several ways—primarily to leave your difficulties in the hands of the Lord, who is "our strength," and without whose aid we can accomplish nothing. Let Him work in you, and be willing that He should set you the sort of passive work that He deems best for you. Triumphs over impatience, over temper, over rebellion, over the pride that makes you restive in being required to "be still, and know that I am God," your Father, Ruler, Saviour. Remember that if His power be infinite, His love is infinite too. See Prov. xvi. 32.

E. G. W.—1. If you have a damp hand your keys will always be black. You can only rub them with emery-paper to brighten them.—2. The soles of your boots have been unevenly put together. Get the shoemaker to do what he can.

TEMPTED AND TRIED.—If your husband have deserted you for no fault of your own, and taken away your child, you ought to take counsel with a magistrate, and institute a search for him on the child's account. It is a duty with which the text you quote in 1 Cor. vii. 15 does not interfere.

MAMIE THORNE.—1. We cannot oblige you by telling you "how to kill a frog." Curb your curiosity, and control your fancy for the dissecting knife—even if you are a medical student.—2. *We are unable* to give any further advice on the subject of blushing for no cause than you will find on reference to our "Answers," many times repeated.

H. M. C. F.—See Prov. xxiv. 12, 2 Cor. xi. 11, Rev. xx. 12, 13, Rom. ii. 6, 7. You should get a Concordance; it would help you much in your study of the Scriptures, and is of use to prevent making wrong quotations, and yours are not quite correct, as you will see. We have published one by the Rev. Dr. John Eadie, D.D.

VICTORINA would have to advertise in the local papers for employment in copying. It is very seldom that anyone obtains work of this kind, because those who have much to do employ a clerk in their own offices.

WAITING.—Avoid the streets where you are annoyed, and always look straight before you, or on the opposite side, when passing any man. Never look at them when near enough to be stared at in an impertinent and obtrusive way; and when possible to have a friend with you, never walk alone.

A GIRL IN NEED OF HELP.—A "mother's help" is expected to do anything required of her—to assist her employer in her home duties, to sew, help in taking charge of her children, write letters, do commissions, take messages, etc. The duties of a nursery governess generally include the dressing of the children and walking out with them, together with teaching all the branches of an English education, rudimentary music, French, and, if there be little boys, Latin also. But the requirements of the family must naturally be a matter of arrangement. Take care, likewise, to have a clear understanding, by letter, as to your holidays—when to be taken, for how long, and whether, in the event of your wishing to remain at the house of your employer on any such occasion, you would be at liberty to do so. It might be that your own friends could not receive you, and then you would incur the expense of a lodging.

AMY WHITTLE.—Your quotation is incorrect. It is taken from Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, an old writer who flourished between 1600 and 1680.

> "He that complies against his will,
> Is of his own opinion still."
> [Part III., Canto III.

A. C.—It is quite impossible for us to define the cause of your shortness of breath, and, consequently, to suggest any way of alleviating the discomfort. You should see a medical man.

E. S.—1. The bride purchases her wedding-dress out of the allowance made by her father for her *trousseau*: that is, provided no member of her own family gives it to her as a wedding gift. The bride's father, or one of her grand-parents, often chooses the wedding-dress as their present.—2. A bedroom and sitting-room could be furnished for £10 or any sum upwards.



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CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.



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IN Norway, Christmas is kept with true Christian charity that it would be well for other nations to adopt. There they bear in mind those angelic words, "On earth peace, good will toward men." One sees a bright fire in the most miserable hut, as in the noble mansion, and the sound of joyful mirth escapes through the fissures of the thatched roof. Open house is the order of the day. The doors of all the houses are thrown open, and every passer-by has his place at the table and by the fireside. In many parts of Norway the traveller is not allowed to pay for his board and lodging on the day, even at the inns. Not only men, but even birds and animals, are made to rejoice on Christmas Day. All the animals are feasted, and on the roofs of the barns are suspended poles, to which are attached fine ears of corn. The labourers engaged on the farms ask and receive from the farmers sheaves of corn, which they fasten on the roofs of their cabins, that the birds may come and sing and enjoy themselves there.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"A PLAIN, HOMELY LITTLE BODY."

AT their entrance into the dining-room Frank Harland found himself surrounded by a group of friends. As one of them addressed him, Annette, with much tact, slipped away with a softly-whispered excuse. She had caught sight of Averil at the other end of the room.

Averil beckoned her to a chair beside her. "What have you done with Frank?" she asked, smiling. "I thought I put you in his charge. Ah! there he is with the Courtlands, surrounded as usual. He is a general favourite."

"One need not wonder at that," returned Annette, sedately. "I have never talked to any young man before, but I found him very pleasant. He has been telling me about Monsieur and his mother. He seems to have a happy home, my cousin."

"Yes, Grey-Mount is a dear old house; and all the Harlands are nice. They are very dear friends of mine, Annette, and one day I must take you to see them. A day at Grey-Mount always does me good. And there is another place—— Well, Frank"—as that individual made his way to them rather hastily.

"I have shaken off that young puppy, Fred Courtland. I hate fellows who scent themselves. Faugh! You have been talking for the last two hours, and I daresay no one has thought of getting you a cup of tea."

"No, never mind," returned Averil, smiling. "The signora is going to sing again, and I must not leave the room just now. No, indeed, Frank," as he seemed determined to argue the point. "Let me listen to her first, and then I will go with you."

"All right. But please understand that I am to have the monopoly of your conversation. No followers allowed at present." And to Annette's amusement he coolly took up his position so as to fence Averil completely from notice, and his monopoly of conversation consisted of an unbroken silence. Averil seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. She leant back in her chair and listened to the song, and a more rested look came upon her face as the high, pure notes of the signora's voice floated through the room.

Some degree of attention was paid to the gifted young vocalist; but just at the last a group outside the window beside which Frank Harland was standing began talking rather too audibly.

"Miss Seymour," observed a languid, drawling voice, "I wish you would inform me where I can find my hostess. It is awkward, to say the least of it, when one has no conception of a person."

"I do not see her at present," returned Maud, coldly. "It will not be easy to find her in this crowd. A very small person in black. That is the only description I can give you, Captain Faucit. A plain, homely little body like Miss Willmot is not very easy to describe."

"No, indeed"—and here Mrs. Willmot's smooth voice chimed in. "My stepdaughter is a sad invalid, Captain Faucit. Dear Averil is quite a recluse. One cannot wonder at it"—dropping her voice, although every word was distinctly audible. "With her affliction, poor girl, her want of health, and her deformity, the world offers few attractions."

"Now for the tea, Averil!" exclaimed Mr. Frank, briskly. He had set his teeth hard for a moment, and his hand was clenched, as though it longed to do injury to some one; but the next moment he was leaning over Averil's chair with a gentle, brotherly sort of freedom. "Come," he said, touching her cold little hand. "A cup of strong tea—that is my mother's panacea for all ills."

Averil rose and took his arm without a word. There was a dark, pained flush on her face, a strained look in her eyes, as though the cruel words had gone home. Annette looked after her pitifully. She could see that kind Mr. Frank was still talking to her. He was very tall, and had to stoop a good deal. "A plain, homely body, indeed," groaned Annette. "And she looked so sweet just now. Deformity! Oh, what a wicked, wicked lie!" For once Annette did not measure her words. "What did it matter, such a little thing as that? What does it matter that she is not as tall and straight as Lottie, when everyone loves her!"

Annette's pleasure in the *fête* was over. She could hardly keep her tears back as she sat there. Where was Lottie? She had not once come across her. But even as the *thought* passed through her mind Lottie waved to her gaily. She was sitting under the awning with a merry group of girls, and seemed happy and well amused. Annette felt far too miserable to join them. The room was thinning now. The professionals had gone. A little later on she saw Averil glide quietly to her stepmother's side, as the guests made their adieux. The next moment Mr. Frank came up to her corner. "I must be going too," he said rather gravely. "I hope everyone has had as pleasant an afternoon as I have"—but he spoke without his old gaiety.

"The afternoon is spoilt to me," returned Annette, with more vehemence than caution. "Mr. Frank Harland, why is it that people are so cruel? Why do they hurt my cousin, who has the goodness of an angel? This is all they give her in return for so much generosity."

Frank Harland's lips twitched a little under the brown moustache. "You must not ask me, Miss Ramsay," he said, hurriedly. "I can't help it if people will be such brutes. I beg your pardon—I believe it was a lady who spoke. I only know I had to pull myself up pretty tight. That fellow, Faucit, spoke to her just now. I longed to kick him.'

"I do not like these Seymours," returned Annette, with the same frankness with which she would have talked to Lottie. "They take too much, and they give nothing back. Every day my cousin has much to bear—to suffer. If she were not a good Christian she would not be so patient."

"Ask my father what he thinks of Averil," was Frank's reply. "Oh, I know all about it. It pretty nearly sickens me to see the airs they all give themselves. If they would only treat her decently! Miss Jones knows my opinion—we have often talked about it. Good-bye Miss Ramsay. I daresay we shall meet again soon," and he shook hands with her heartily.

"She is not a bad sort, and she is fond of Averil already," he thought, for the Harlands, from the eldest to the youngest, were staunch to Averil, and Frank especially had a brotherly affection for the gentle little creature.

Annette after all did not tell Lottie. Lottie was so gay, so excited, so full of the afternoon's delights, that she had not the heart to damp her; and when Lottie said, "And you have enjoyed yourself too, Annette?" she only answered rather soberly: "Yes, very much." But she hardly dared look at Averil that evening, the shade was still so deep in her eyes, and the grave measured tones spoke so clearly to her ears of repressed melancholy. Only when she bade her good night Averil detained her.

"Annette, I understand," she said softly; "but there is no need to take it so much to heart."

Annette started.

"What is it you mean, my cousin? I have said nothing."

"No; only you have looked so sorry for me all the evening. My stepmother meant nothing—it was only her way. If only"—here she caught her breath, as though something stabbed her—"if only Frank had not heard her! My dear, there are tears in your eyes! Why, what nonsense! As though I am not used to it by this time. No, I am not deformed—there was no need to put it quite so strongly—but a little crooked creature such as I am has long outlived vanity."

"My cousin, you shall not talk so—it hurts me. To me you are beautiful, and Lottie says so too."

Averil laughed a little mirthless laugh; she was so tired, so worn out with all sorts of conflicting feelings, that she felt she must laugh or cry, but Annette's grieved look seemed to rebuke her.

"I meant it—I meant it truly," she said.

"Thank you, dear. What a blessing love is so blind sometimes. Well, I hope to be beautiful some day"—and here her eyes softened; "there will be no little homely bodies in Heaven, Annette."

"There will be no cruel words either, my cousin."

"Hush! you are as bad as Frank. They did not mean to be cruel. Mrs. Willmot thinks so much of good looks. All her children are handsome. She is a good-looking woman herself. She attaches too much importance to outward appearance. Personally she means me no unkindness."

Annette was silent; if she had known these words, she would have quoted them: "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." What utter want of delicacy to speak of the daughter of her dead husband in such contemptuously pitying terms to a stranger!

Averil seemed battling with some unusual mood, for she continued quickly, almost impatiently—

"Do not think that I am not grateful to you for your sympathy; but you must not spoil me; one wants to be strengthened, not weakened. There was a noted saint once—his name was Francis Xavier—and his prayer used to be: 'Lord, remove not this cross until it has worked that in me for which Thou didst send it.' It was a grand prayer, Annette—it included so much."

"My cousin, we are not saints; few of us could say that prayer."

"No, but we must all try our poor little best; we must not feed our pride and self love. Now bid me good night, and put all speeches, unkind or otherwise, out of your head," and Averil kissed her affectionately.

There was a saying that Averil greatly loved, and which is generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis: "I have sought rest everywhere, and have found it nowhere save in a little corner with a little book."

How often during the last five years she had entered her room, feeling bruised and weary from contact with hard, uncongenial natures, and had risen from her knees feeling quieted and refreshed. This night, when Unwin had left her, she opened a favourite book that always lay beside her Bible; its title had attracted her—*Weariness*—and in its kindly, consoling pages she had found endless comfort. A passage she had marked and re-marked now met her eye: "Night after night, as you lie down to rest, the weary day ended, think that a day offered to God in weariness and quiet endurance, may bring you fuller joy than the brightest, happiest seasons of enjoyment can do; and when morning brings a fresh beginning, it may be of weariness of body and spirit, strive to hear the voice of God saying: 'My son, it is thus I will that thou shouldst serve me. If I will that thy service be weary, and lifeless, and deficient in all earthly reward and pleasure, what is that to thee, so long as it is My will? What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Follow thou Me without questioning the love which inflicts this weariness and sadness, and seeming privation of all thou most delightest in.'"

Averil closed the book, and sat motionless for awhile. Outside, the summer moonlight was steeping everything in its pure white light, the night dews were bathing the sleeping flowers.

"I have not been good to-day," she said presently. "What does it matter if he heard it! It is better so—it makes no difference. I will not let this fatal sadness conquer me. To-morrow I will go down to the Dove-cote, and I will take Annette;" and with this resolution Averil slept.

The next morning, as Annette was standing by her window watching a pair of quarrelsome sparrows, who had fallen out over a mouldy crust, and who were pecking at each other's soft feathered bodies with angry defiant chirps, there was a tap at her door, and Averil entered fully dressed, without a trace of last night's cloud on her serene face.

"Good morning, Annette! Are you nearly ready? for I have ordered an early breakfast for you and Lottie and myself. I am going a little way into the country to see some friends of mine, and if you like the idea you shall go with me."

"Oh, that is good—delightful! What friends are these, my cousin? Is it Monsieur and——"

"My dear child!"—and Averil could not forbear a smile—"the Harlands are not my only friends. I see you are pining for a sight of Monsieur, as you persist in calling him, so I shall have to take you to Grey-Mount. But to-day I am going to my Dove-cote. No; you shall not ask me any questions. Wait until you see my friends. Now, you must hurry, for the gong will sound in less than ten minutes; and the carriage will be round at half-past nine. Put on your new cambric—we are going to have a hot day."

Annette was not long in finishing her toilet; but Averil and Lottie were already seated at the breakfast table. Lottie made a little grimace when she saw Annette.

"What a charming day you are going to have. I do love the Dove-cote! Averil is very disagreeable not to invite me too."

"But are you not going, Lottie?" and Annette regarded her with some surprise. But Averil answered for her.

"No, dear; it is your turn to-day, and Lottie is only pretending to be vexed. She knows she has far too much to do. There are letters to be written, and Georgina wants her to go with her to Kew, as Maud is engaged. Lottie will enjoy that, especially as she will meet some of her own friends."

"Oh, that is all very well, grumbled Lottie, who looked as fresh and bright as the morning. "But I would rather be with you and Annette. I don't care about the Courtlands, and unless Mr. Frank will be there——"

"He will be there," returned Averil, quickly, "He told me so yesterday. And his friend, Mr. Chesterton, will be there too. Lottie, you are getting up a grievance for nothing. The party will be as nice as possible."

But Lottie made no answer, and she was remarkably silent the remainder of the meal.

"Is life to be one *fête?*" thought Annette, as she put on her new shady hat, and selected a pair of gloves from the smart little case on her toilet table. No more mended finger-tips, no more frayed and faded ribbons for the young lace-mender. "Tell me, my cousin—are your friends grand?" she asked, as the carriage bore them swiftly in the direction of Paddington. But Averil refused to answer. "You shall judge of my friends when you see them, Annette. They are very dear friends. I call them my family. Some of the happiest hours of my life—and, thank God, I have had many happy hours—have been spent at the Dove-cote."

"It is, then, dearer to you than Grey-Mount!"

Averil hesitated; she was half-annoyed, half-amused at this curious pertinacity on her cousin's part. "Comparisons are odious," she said, lightly. "One does not measure one's friendship. Mr. Harland is my very good friend; but still"—with a thoughtful look, and a sigh that was quickly repressed—"I am happier at the Dove-cote." Here the carriage stopped, and in the bustle of taking tickets, and finding a less crowded compartment, the subject dropped.

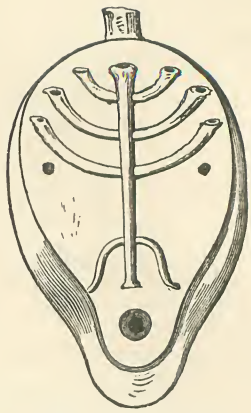
(To be continued.)



TERRA-COTTA LAMP.



MONOGRAM MEANING THE NAME OF CHRIST.

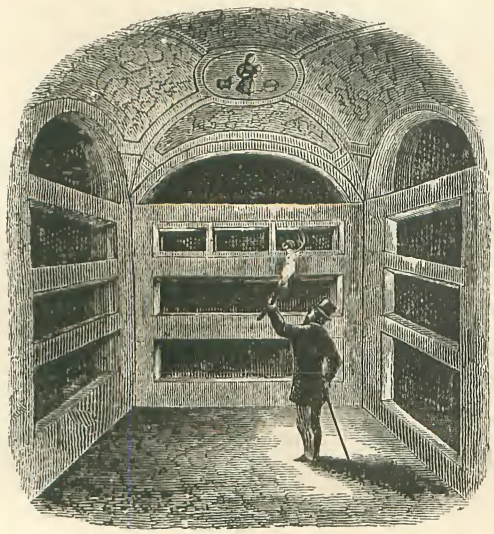


TERRA-COTTA LAMP.

CHRISTIAN ART IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

WHENEVER any great change has passed over the nations of the world, whether of an artistic, literary, or political character, the two opposing influences have gone on side by side until the stronger—the one that is instinct with life and purpose—has developed its strength. They ebb and flow together, and then the wash of the waves leaves only the drift-weed and wreckage of the one on the shore. Thus it was in the history of Greek, or pagan, and Christian art. Greek art, like the dying swan, gave out one of its sweetest notes at the end; and in the figure of Antinous a new impulse was given to its waning *technique*. With the death of Phidias its decline may be said to have begun; and when the crisis of the world's history had been struck on the dial-plate of eternity, and the darkness of midnight fallen on one human Soul, it, like all else, stood aside, and bowed its head in lowly submission. Thus has it ever to be, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new;" and though at first sight this may be a painful truth, yet fundamentally it is necessary, and in accordance with the moral constitution of humanity. Christianity shook the world to its very centre, and brought in, for all mankind, a truer, purer, "golden age" than ever was planned by Zeus on Olympus. Every domestic, civic, and political relation was changed; and art, too, although on the wane, felt the breathings of a new life. At the moment of change everything seemed paralysed; but after men began to see clearly in the new light, a feeling arose that Christianity might enlist art under her banner. Before any new power, however, can make real progress in art, it has to be entwined round the national life, and for this reason. Christian art in its infancy was hardly able to stand alone. At first it followed out Greek ideas and traditions, and was merely imitative.

Greek art made an end worthy of its great exponents—Phydias, Praxiteles, and Apelles; and to the very last it merited the name of an art. Its strong point became its weakness; and is not this a great vital truth embedded in the very soil of our moral nature? Its perfect forms and love of the beautiful degraded into a sensual feeling and love of luxury, that soon hurried it to its grave. The living image became fossilised, and no human ingenuity could restore its vitality. One great distinction between Christian and pagan art lies in this fact, that to the Greek mind beauty and perfection of form was everything, while the Christian artist tried to express something more than mere beauty. He was conscious of a great immortality for man, and he tried to express it in his art.



A CUBICULUM WITH TOMBS.

Symbolism enters largely into the art of the fifth century, for Christianity was timid, and fearful of expressing itself in anything but allegory. There is a glimmering of this in the Catacombs, both in the choice of Christian subjects and the adaptation of pagan myths. Biblical characters, especially Old Testament personages, prefigure actions and events in Christ's life, and the lamb, dove, peacock, palm-tree, "Agape," or feast of love, are typical of that redemption of love which a divine heart has planned. Adam asleep in the Garden, with Eve taken out of his side, was supposed to represent the death of Christ; and Ezekiel in the Valley of Dry Bones shadowed forth Christ's redemptive power. There was no historical portrait of Christ, and early artists, feeling after His divinity, sought to realise that without proper reference to His humanity. The youthful ideal type of Christ, as well as the bearded form, is characteristic of the catacombs and mosaics, while the more solemn representation had a place in mediæval art. Because the art of the fifth century refused to portray Christ's death and passion, and thereby lost much grandeur and dignity of feeling, it is by no means to be called unchristian. The hill stream is not expected to have the depth of current of the ocean river; but has it not a grace and purity, an aloneness and sense of the infinite and ethereal peaks, that the other, on account of its increased volume, has lost?

One of the earliest examples of Christian art are the sculptured sarcophagi, alike pagan and Christian; but it is only the latter that concern us here. The best known sarcophagus is that of Junius Bassus, at St. Peter's, and is supposed to date from the fourth century. The sculpture on these sarcophagi is very rude and rough, but the Christian workman has made a slight attempt at picturesque effect and composition. One great distinctive feature of these ghastly coffins, is the feeling after expression, both in the face and action of the figures. Heroic myths and Scriptural ideas are often strangely intermingled, for classical genii are seated on the vine branches, engaged in vintage operations, while other members of pagan mythology are seen below. The art of the sarcophagi affected the cheerful side of Christianity; all mention of Christ's death, mockery, and crucifixion being tacitly avoided. Christ is sometimes found under the form of Prometheus. Moses, or Peter striking the rock of the New Testament, and Daniel in the lions' den, are favourite subjects. The great outstanding peculiarity of these sarcophagi is the absence of symbolical allusion.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the forms of early art was that found in the Catacombs of Rome. It is purely classical, although Christian themes are treated and symbols are frequently employed. The cross is generally disguised under the form of an anchor; the dove expresses man's longing for immortality, and fish are typical of Christ. This rather quaint idea originated in the fact, that the initial letters of Christ's full title as Saviour of the world, form the Greek word for fish. Classical and Christian legends play hide and seek with each other, for if the artist finds a Hellenic story to suit his purpose, he coolly

takes possession of it; and thus under the guise of Orpheus, or Hermes, carrying a lamb on his shoulder, Christ, as the Good Shepherd, is found. The favourite symbols are fruits, flowers, birds, and wreaths. As in the sarcophagi, scenes from Christ's life, Daniel in the lions' den, and Jonah on his perilous voyage, bulk largely. The catacomb art is essentially cheerful and pleasing in character, although not wanting in vigour and uniqueness of detail. It is the art of charity and faith—the art of men who believed in an All-Father and a life hereafter. The subtler side of Christianity was left untouched. They only entered the vestibule, and there stood trembling, as if afraid of that "holy ground" where they would have to tread barefoot. This art concerned itself with decorative and symbolical forms, as well as pictures from real life and sacred history. Christ's sufferings, along with those of the martyrs, are put aside altogether, for to those early labourers death was only a passing to the other side, and accordingly they presented it in its most cheerful aspect.

Wall-painting in the catacombs declined in the fourth century, and although the handling is vague, the outlines are bold, and the management of the nude is well done. The Madonna is represented in the "attitude of adoration," as it has been called, and, indeed, this is the normal position of saints in fifth century art.

The most famous catacomb is that of St. Calisto, on the Appian Way; and, thanks to the explorations of Giovanni de Rossi, it is the only one that is at all familiar. It is only in the subjects chosen that a Christian feeling is perceptible in these cubicula. The manner of work, and the conception and *technique*, are very much those of classical antiquity.

Art now comes forth into the open air, in the mosaics of Ravenna, and they may be called the "epic" expression of art, as the catacomb paintings correspond to the lyric feeling. In the one all is the joy and freedom of nature—of moss-haunted burn and whispering trees; but the other is the monumental grandeur of mountain peaks, that seek to know the unsearchable secrets of the clouds. The symbolism almost goes hand in hand with that in the catacombs. These mosaics at Ravenna divide themselves into three periods; but the most valuable and most characteristic of the whole cycle are to be found in the Catholic Baptistery and the Mausoleum, and comprise the baptism of Jesus in the Jordan; the Good Shepherd enthroned in a meadow and surrounded by his flock; and the martyrdom of St. Laurence. The shades of green are beautiful, graduating from the palest tints to the deepest sea-green; and these mosaic pictures gleam like dewdrops on the opening flowers, blending these old Italian basilicas into one harmonious whole. The pureness and richness of the colours are lost in the next period, and the figures show traces of Byzantine handicraft in their stiffness and conventionality. The handling is well defined, the management of the drapery good, and the feeling after expression is well brought out; and altogether we feel that we have left the catacombs behind, and are among more fully-developed conceptions. There is another very fine mosaic in the church of St. Pudentiana, at Rome—Christ seated on the clouds, encircled by the twelve Apostles with their symbols, and although it cannot be compared with the Ravennese pictures, yet it is worthy of attention.

Consular diptychs, or writing-tablets, were in vogue about this time. They are interesting, because they bear the date upon them, and give us a notion of their whereabouts. They were generally given to the consul on his investiture with office, and as a whole they show very good workmanship. The articles of church furniture also afforded scope for the skill of the artist. Much of it was made about this time, as the cross and the altar, but the artificer in gold and enamel work is chiefly responsible for them. The cross in the catacombs is not of early antiquity. At Ravenna it stood simply as the symbol of Christ, and not as the token of His death; and altogether it does not figure much in fifth century art.

The art of illumination is one of the oldest and most interesting subjects that have occupied the artist. Brought into being by that mysterious people of old, the Egyptians, it has come further down the centuries, and had a more important life than any of the other seven arts. Gold and silver decorations were first introduced in Egypt, and the chrysographi are mentioned in the second century. There are two celebrated manuscripts that appeared in the fourth century, the "Dioskorides" of Vienna, and the Virgil of the Vatican. Belonging to the fifth century is the Book of Genesis, which is preserved at Vienna, and which shows slight classical feeling and good expression, as well as attempts at landscape. To Irish monks, however, must be given a high place in the matter of illumination; for from the quiet cloister life of their sea-washed isle they sent forth a style of manuscript decoration which has made these old weather-beaten figures



THE FISH, OR SIGN OF CHRIST.

quite famous. The ribbon ornamentation might be the keynote of their work, for spiral lines, diagonal lines, zig-zag twists and turns, and lacertine tongues, all run over their pages in the most complicated fashion. Tongues are lengthened to an enormous extent, passing from the extremity of one creature to form the beginning of another, of a more grotesque appearance, if possible. These fairy twistings and lacertine methods give a humorous effect which is almost a relief after the waving ribbons. Floral ornamentation is conspicuous by its absence, as more of the native than Byzantine element prevails in their work. The human figure is their weak point, and in its peculiar proportions it is difficult to see much resemblance unless one is gifted with a "seven-leagued" imagination. Pen drawings and miniatures totally unfitted these monkish artists from doing justice to the "human form divine;" but this can be almost overlooked when their other good qualities are kept in view. When we remember that they made all their own materials, we ought to do all honour to those industrious workmen of long ago. The principal examples of this style are to be seen in the Saxon period, when Cuthbert and his brethren flourished at Lindisfarne.

The impression that this fifth century work leaves on the mind is, that it is the production of simple, pious souls, who wished others to believe what was so much to themselves. The treatment for the most part is purely decorative; and simplicity, combined with devout feeling, is one of its special characteristics. No individual genius rises up to express itself in its lettered symbols; and these strivings after art are but the "distant melody" that floats down from that dusky time, to which we ought to listen reverently. It is like the lilt of the soft-eyed Italian, as he plays on the hillside at eventide, with the gathering hush of the dying day and the eternal silences all about him. It is the far-away echo from the purple Apennines of that new gospel of painting of which Cimabue, Giotto, Raphael, and Michael Angelo are the ministers.

R. C. J.



AN ORANTE, OR WOMAN ENGAGED IN PRAYER.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ALL IN CATACOMBS.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT POCKET-MONEY.



"A PENNY in pocket," according to the proverb, "is a good companion." Another old saw says that it is better than a friend at court. And so it is. A friend at court may prove unkind, and look too much after her own interest to remember ours, but a penny in pocket is our obedient servant, always at command. It is a good wish, therefore, for girls, that pocket-money may never fail them, and that they may go on slipping in their fingers and always finding something.

It is a still better wish that, having pulled out the something—whether it be a penny or a *shilling*—*they may spend it with common-sense.* To fool away money needs no teaching, but to spend it wisely is so difficult, that no amount of writing can tell how difficult it is. To find that out needs actual practice, and the lessons taught by many mistakes.

"Oh," says a girl, "what does it matter? It is only pocket-money, and how we spend it must be of little consequence." You are all wrong, Molly, and fine goings on there would be if we took you for an authority.

In everything we do at school we are forming habits that are to stick to us to the end of life. At present, in fact, we are in many ways just rehearsing what we are going to act when we get out on the wide stage of the world. Watch a girl spending her pocket-money, and it needs no great foresight to predict what she will be later on—a saver or a waster, generous or selfish, liberal or mean. If she spends like a little goose, a hundred to one she will play ducks and drakes with the house-money when she grows up. Were I a man do you think I would like to wed such a girl? No, thank you; she would remain on the shelf for me.

The rules of prudence which are to guide us in after life must be practised when we are young, and whoever wants to be a wise manager of pounds, shillings, and pence must begin to be so quite early. Ability of this sort is even more useful now than it used to be. Many of you, girls, will one of these days be earning your own living, and making sums perhaps that would have astonished your great grandmothers. Now, what we acquire by exertion we want to spend with pleasure, and there is no real pleasure to be got out of any expenditure but what is sensible.

The worst of pocket-money is, that we have no trouble to earn it. Lightly come, lightly go. The first shop window, the first pastry-cook, the first good bargain, and we have another illustration of how a fool and her money are soon parted. Money that we make for ourselves is not so readily wiled out of our possession. We take a firm grip of it, for we know what it cost.

But girls should consider that, if the making of their pocket-money cost them nothing, it cost something to those to whose generosity they owe it. And for this reason they should act as if they felt the responsibility of spending it. Such a display of good sense will be a great gratification to all connected with them, and that should be a sufficient reward even if they do not meet with the good fortune of Maria, whose father the other day was so pleased with her discretion in money matters that he doubled her allowance.

Some, alas! are regular spendthrifts, possessed of a mania for buying, and never easy till their purse is empty, and never contented then till it is filled again. Of this sort is Caroline, who, when she has spent all her pocket-money, is in the habit of writing letters to her numerous relations, from her grandmother downwards, begging for assistance. What she gets by these pathetic appeals we don't know, but it must be something considerable, or she would not have treated her fast friends, Julia and Susan, last week to a bountiful repast of hot-house grapes. To her, and all her spendthrift class we say, Waste not, want not, which of all the proverbs of prudence is the one they need most to have impressed on their memories.

Caroline's hot-house grapes remind us that it is a question what proportion of one's pocket-money may fairly be spent in dainties in the eating line. It is wonderful how much is frittered away on such things, having no result but the temporary gratification of the palate. Such an expenditure does not recommend itself to reason, and girls about to invest in sweets and such like would do well to pause, and consider whether they could not get on a great deal better without them. In the school Jane is at, the rule is, that no girl is to spend more than threepence a week in sweets. Jane, however, who has a mania for them, gets three girls without a sweet tooth to buy for her, and by that ingenious plan gets a shilling's worth, and all the while cheats herself into the belief that she is doing the proper thing by obeying the rule. In too many cases the love of dainties is a form of selfish indulgence which, instead of helping one to succeed in life, is a stepping-stone to complete failure.

But what is a wise expenditure of pocket-money? Every girl must answer that for herself; and there will be about as many varieties of answers as there are girls. What would be wise for one is not always wise for another, for the circumstances of individuals differ, not to speak of their tastes. At the same time there are a few general rules which every sensible girl will go by who wishes to prove herself a model economist.

For one thing, she will always ask her purse what she can afford to buy, and never spend beyond her means. This is a common error, and the source of a great deal of misery in the world. It is hardly to be credited how slow people are to learn from the philosophy of Mr. Micawber, that if any one has £20 a year for her income, and spends £19 19s. 6d., she will be happy, but that if she spends £20 1s. she will be miserable.

Our sensible girl will not be caught by good bargains either, and purchase things she does not want merely because they are cheap—a temptation to which foolish people most often succumb.

She will spend on the useful first and on the ornamental afterwards, and not reverse the order, like some working-girls we have met, who were great in feathers but deficient in underclothing.

Then she will spend, when she has the chance, in buying knowledge, and improving her taste. Tickets to concerts, lectures, art exhibitions, and such like, are good investments, and give a great deal more lasting pleasure than Neapolitan ices or cakes of Scotch shortbread.

She will try to make every penny purchase a penny's worth, and not despise it because it is such a humble coin. Few people have a proper respect for pence, or have any notion what a power lies in littles. A book was once written showing how a penny became a thousand pounds, and in these days of unremunerative farming the cultivation of coppers may be recommended as a sure method of attaining to fortune. It is not so much the amount as the use that is made of it.

For another thing, she will not keep all her pocket-money to herself, but will use it to promote the happiness of her companions. In this way she will learn economy by being generous, for if we are going to give, we must begin by saving. A girl who, loving only herself, spends only on herself, has gone astray on the road to happiness. The money that brings the most joyful moments and the pleasantest recollections is that which is spent not on ourselves, but on other people.

Pocket-money is given with the intention that it should be spent, and so we have more chance of learning from it the art of sensible expenditure than that of sensible saving. Sometimes, however, a girl will go on for a while saving all she gets with a view to buying something which otherwise would be beyond her means. This is a practice from which she may learn a good deal—patience, for example, and perseverance, and self-denial. Saving for a sensible purpose in youth will lead to the cheerful exercise of prudence a little later on, when people lay by against age and want.

It is a different affair from the trick of hoarding for hoarding's sake, which shows itself in some girls very early, and which cannot be spoken too strongly against. They say magpies do it with silver spoons and other glittering things, and it may be a fitting amusement for magpies, but for rational beings—no. Who could possibly love a scraper? Preserve us all from being hoarding and miserly, in case we should end like a girl

we knew, who saw both her parents die deprived of every comfort that could soothe their last moments, and, coming shortly afterwards to die herself, confessed to the clergyman who waited on her death-bed that she had hidden away several hundred pounds, saved when her family were in flourishing circumstances.

Whilst spending one's pocket-money, care must be taken not to spend more than it amounts to, and so land in debt. Credit is, unfortunately, easy to obtain from shopkeepers, especially when one's parents are known to be able to pay the bills. And if shopkeepers insist on ready cash, school companions are often to be found good-natured enough to lend, though some—Alice for instance, whose father is a banker—show a mercantile instinct after an amount of interest that varies in proportion to the security. But begin, girls, with the determination never to run in debt, and stick to that resolution as long as you live. Never take credit from any one on any pretext whatever. "I have discovered the philosopher's stone," says an American orator. "It consists in four short words: Pay as you go." "Pay as you go, and what you're worth you'll know;" and better a hundred times go without things you would like to buy than ask anyone for a loan. "He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," says Poor Richard, and Shakespeare gives us the common result of both borrowing and lending:—

"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

A useful rule in connection with all expenditure is to keep a note of it, writing down at stated intervals exactly how the money has been paid away. This shows you whether you are carrying on wisely or foolishly, and is a wonderful check on extravagance. A girl feels rather ashamed of herself when, on adding up her book at the end of a year, she finds that seventeen times as much has gone for chocolate creams as for church collections. The cash-book also impresses on our minds a fact which otherwise it would be difficult to realise—that little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many make great waste. It is the halfpenny for this and the penny for that which, though apparently nothing at the time, run away with money far more than the big payments.

"What a fuss," says Annie, "to make about money." My dear Annie, a great part of the unhappiness of the world is caused by carelessness about money. Money is no trifle. Without it we cannot lead rational lives, or ever be really independent. We must not set our hearts on it, but we must recognise its true value, and know wisely how to use it.

And that we may back ourselves up by reference to a great name, we shall conclude this article by a quotation from Dr. Johnson. He knew the value of money, for he had suffered in early life from the want of it, and was always counselling his friends and readers to be economical, and so give a wide berth to poverty.

"Poverty," says he, "takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Resolve, then, not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. *Frugality* is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others who wants help himself: we must have enough before we have to spare."

And again he remarks: "Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult. . . . . All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor."

VARIETIES.

On a Visit of Sympathy.

First Sister: "Why don't you cry?"
Second Sister: "Can't. Left my embroidered handkerchief at home."

Self-Deception.—With all the duplicity of this wicked world, few of us succeed in deceiving others so completely as we succeed, without effort, in deceiving ourselves.

Flowers for Company.

If girls wish to get into the very best company possible, we do not know of any pleasanter way than is detailed in this beautiful passage from a German poet:—

"A flower do but place near thy window glass,
And through it no image of evil shall pass.
Abroad must thou go? On thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not an angel is there;
Forget not to water, at break of the day,
The lilies, and thou shalt be fairer than they;
Place a rose near thy bed nightly, sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee on roses to sleep."

Brought to the Test.

"The wise man is never deceived by appearances."

This was a maxim of the Stoics. Ptolemy Philadelphus, having once enticed a stray Stoic, Sphærus, to his table, presented him with some artificial pomegranates, and while the teeth of the philosopher was deeply imbedded in the wax, begged to know, not in the most courtly tone, what he then thought of his maxim.

A Handsome Legacy.—A famous Frenchman put this pithy clause in his will—"To my steward I leave nothing, because he has been in my service eighteen years."

A Dog Story.

Many remarkable stories about dogs are no doubt authentic, but the following is perhaps too good to be true:—

A family let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady, who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but as the dog was also fond of the chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window, and the lady would take possession of the chair.

One day the dog entered the room, and found the lady in possession of the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

Young and Old.—An old woman says she was born at the wrong time. "When I was young," she said, "young women were of no account; and now I am old, old women are of no account."

A Proud Girl.

A proud Welsh girl at school, hearing that an English duke employed six men cooks during the period that he kept open house, or rather open castle, in the north, sneered at the alleged magnificence.

"My father does better than that," said Mary ap Llewelyn. "At our last party, before I left Cmydrdlmnynddryd, we had twenty-four cooks all employed in dressing the supper."

This would have gone down easily, and Mary ap Llewellyn would have established her paternal magnificence, had not an inquiring schoolfellow discovered the real state of the case, and announced to the rest that, though the Welsh girl had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which she alluded, consisted of twenty-four of her near relations, and that everyone toasted his or her own cheese.

Music.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low;
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wound.
—*Pope.*

Dwelling in Doubt.—Surely God hath made man to dwell in doubt that he might be awed into goodness and into a dependence on His providence.—*Owen Feltham.*

Historical Arithmorems.

(1.) 655 a e e o r.—The fearless translator of the Bible in troublous times.

(2.) 151 r a a.—A barbarian chieftain who sacked Rome.

(3.) 151 s a a.—A French seaport that figures much in English history.

(4.) 151 r y.—An African bishop of the fifth century.

(5.) 1165 e e.—A noble Scottish family, a scion of which was the devoted servant of Mary Queen of Scots.

(6.) 7 e.—A large and populous city, for many years the successful rival of Rome.

(7.) 1602 n o.—The famous preacher of the fifteenth century, who founded several religious orders, of which the principal duty was to preach against heretics.

(8.) 1602 e.—A wealthy reigning family, amongst the members of which were many celebrated personages, without whom the history of France and Italy, from the fourteenth to the seventeeth century, would be incomplete.

(9.) 2012 n a.—The gigantic Goth, raised to the imperial throne by the enthusiastic Roman soldiery, who named him their "Ajax," their "Hercules."

(10.) 1051 t u a.—The country promised by an oracle to a fugitive who should build a city there, and found a kingdom.

(11). 61 c f.—The governor who trembled at the words of his prisoner.

Ximena.

MY PETITION.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

Give me the power to bless!
I may be but a violet by the way,
Yet I may cheer some little child, and say
That God is good:
And, carried home, I may repeat the tale,
Until some weak one's faith, about to fail,
In doubtful mood,
Shall rise again and blossom, sweet once more,
Filled with the fragrance of a heavenly store.

Give me the power to bless!
I may be but a cuckoo in life's wood,
But I can echo that the Lord is good,
And tell of Spring.
I may not with the nightingale compete,
And pour my praise in music rich and sweet;
I may not sing;
Yet I may bless some weary passer-by,
And kindle hopes that summer days draw nigh.

Give me the power to bless!
I may be but a cloud upon life's sky,
Borne of the wind, and flitting swiftly by;
Yet I may bless,
And scatter rain-drops on the drooping earth,
Till it rejoices in responsive mirth,
O'er its distress:
Giving myself, until I pass away
In bounteous blessing 'mid the sun-parched day.

Give me the power to bless!
A weeping cloud, where sympathy is asked:
A flower, that in Thy sunlight long has basked:
A wayside song;
I care not which, if only I may prove
A blessing to the dear ones of my love
Amid life's throng;
For some are very precious. Grant no less
Than what I ask Thee, Lord—the power to bless.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

CHAPTER III.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

CHRISTMAS EVE had come, and with it David; but although I was glad to see him, and he was just the same as he had always been, only a trifle graver as the time of his ordination drew near (it was to be on S. Stephen's day), I felt a sort of constraint in his presence. I had a feeling that he knew I was keeping back something from him. I was glad when the time came for me to go to the church for the final practice of the carols; and it was almost a relief when I heard that Mr. Temple was not able to superintend the singing that afternoon. I did not wish to meet any one, and my attention would be more wholly occupied playing and directing, so that I should be able to forget myself and my cares for a time.

We had so much to practice, that by the time we had finished the church was all in darkness except for the lights in the chancel.

Having dismissed the boys, and wishing to put off going home to meet David as long as possible, I sat down at the organ again, and played hymn after hymn. Then I played my favourite anthem, Myles Foster's setting of Cowper's beautiful hymn—

"O for a closer walk with God,"

and as I played the words seemed to come with fresh meaning to my heart—

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

I could not finish, for I knew then that I was making an idol of music; and how could I have that "closer walk" if that were still upon the throne of my heart? I buried my face in my hands, and prayed as I had never done before—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

Once more music had been God's messenger to me. I knew then that I must not go to Paris.

Raising my head, I found Mr. Temple standing near.

"Are you in trouble, Miss Stuart?" he asked, coming to my side. "Can I help you?"

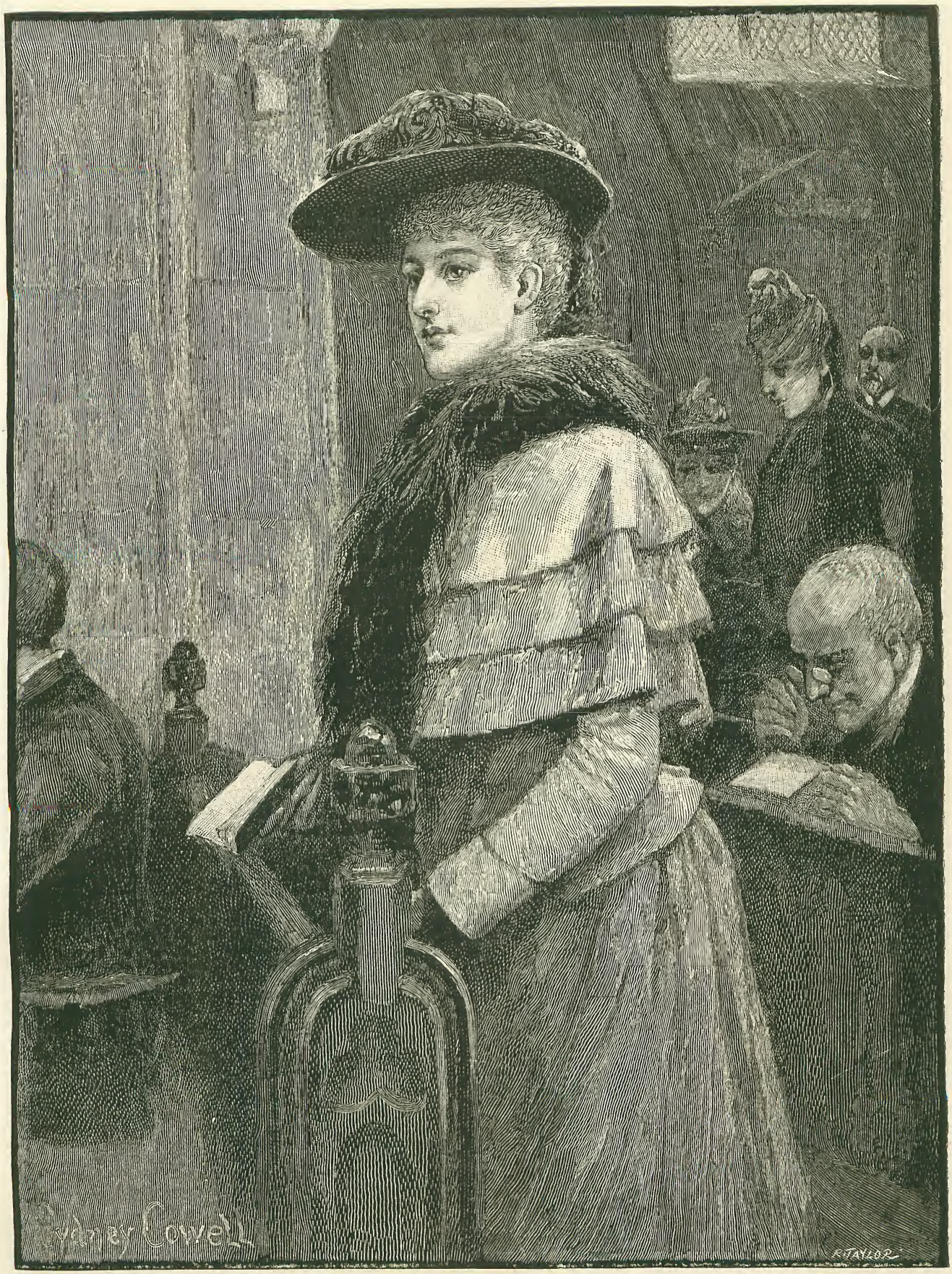
"I was in trouble," I replied, "but it is over now. I have had a very great temptation, and was nearly overcome by it, but the words of this anthem have helped me to conquer."

"I had a message from Mr. Neville for you," he said, "and hearing you were still playing, I came into the church and sat down to wait until you had finished. But you did not finish, and you seemed to be in trouble. Will you not tell me why? Perhaps I can help you."

So I told him the whole story, and he listened to the end without speaking. Then he said—

"I think I can find a way out of your difficulty. I am quite sure you are right in deciding not to go to Paris. But now for your message. Mr. Neville went out for a short walk this morning, and, not having fully recovered from the shock of his accident, slipped on the frosty pavement and fell, dislocating the arm he had already sprained. Of course this will necessitate rest for some time, and there is no one in whose hands he would so gladly leave the organ as yours. Will you do this for us?"

"I should be delighted to do so if I could," I replied, "but you know David is going to London at the New Year, and as soon as his house is ready Amy is going to keep house for him, and as I am not going to Paris now I shall have to go too."



MY PETITION.

He looked thoughtful at this, but only said—

"At least you will take it until you go?"

"Oh! yes, I can do that."

He walked with me as far as our gate.

"You will tell your brother what you have told me?" he said. "You will feel happier, and he will be sure to sympathise, and tell you what to do."

"Yes, I will; but I must first go and write to Madame Durand, to tell her how I have altered my mind."

Then we parted, he, as I afterwards learnt, to go to his aunt, Mrs. Maxwell, who had lately come to live in a large house at the other end of the village, with a plan that had come into his head while we were talking (but of that more hereafter); I, to write my letter.

When I had written it, and dressed for tea, I went down to the library, where I found David sitting by the fire reading. Amy was out. Taking a footstool and sitting by his side, I told him all.

"I am sorry you have had a secret from me, Madie," he said gravely. "You never had one before."

"I know; but I was afraid you would have so much to think of with your examinations, and I did not want to worry you. Besides, I thought you might try to dissuade me."

"Anything concerning my little sister could never be a worry to me. But I am not sorry this has happened. It is often in this way that our Father proves His children. You will never have a secret from me again, will you?"

"No, oh, no! You don't know how miserable I have been. I almost dreaded your coming home, although I wanted you so much."

And then I told him of Mr. Neville's fresh accident, and other little things, until we heard Amy's voice calling us to tea.

I went to bed that Christmas Eve with my heart more full of peace and happiness than I could ever remember it had been before.

(*To be concluded.*)

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER X.

REVELATIONS.

THE unwonted sounds in the house still continued. Esther was certain that something was going on. It could hardly be robbers—there was not enough stealthiness for that. It flashed across her in a moment that it must be the boys returned from their evening of amusement or dissipation.

She struck a match and looked at her watch; it was past two o'clock in the morning. Much scandalised, and very uneasy at such a late return on the part of her nephews, Esther rose and commenced dressing rapidly. She was not wishful to interfere needlessly, but there was something so brazen about this uproar in the house at the dead of night that she felt some kind of notice must be taken of it. Her rooms were the only ones in which a noise in the dining-room was likely to be heard, and probably no one else in the house was aware that anything unusual was going on. But the longer Esther listened the more convinced she was that some interference was needed, and by the time she was completely dressed her blood was up, and she felt courage sufficient to carry her through any task, however unpleasant.

The house was dark, but the bright moonlight pouring in through an uncurtained window in the corridor gave light sufficient to show the way downstairs, and from beneath the dining-room door streamed a bright line of light. There were loud laughing voices plainly audible, as well as the clatter of plates and glasses. Esther had a shrewd suspicion that there were more persons present than her two nephews, and her heart beat rather fast as she turned the handle and opened the door. She made so little sound, and the room was so large, that for a short space her entrance was not heeded, and she had full leisure to take in the details of the scene before her eyes.

The table was roughly laid with such things as the boys had been able to lay hands upon, and they had plainly pillaged the larder for food, as there was no lack of provisions, which were being discussed with hearty appetite. Cuthbert was in his own place at the foot of the table, and there were three of the Flemyng boys in the company; but what disgusted Esther more than all was the presence of the man Miller in the room, seated at a table as if he were an equal; and it was plain, from his flushed face and the huskiness of his loud-pitched voice, that he had been drinking deeply. Indeed, the boys were themselves so excited as to awaken Esther's deepest anxiety. The only one who was not joining in the laughter and excited discussion was Dacre, who was not at table at all, but was lying back in an arm-chair beside the fireplace, with closed eyes and a face as white as death, though nobody appeared to be taking the smallest notice of him.

Deeply pained, and not a little disgusted, Esther moved quietly forward until her presence was noticed by those at table, upon whom a sudden silence fell. Cuthbert had the manners to rise, and the other boys followed his example; but Miller was too much the worse for drink to do anything but sit and stare with a stupid insolence, and it was to him that Esther's first words were addressed.

She had been invested with full authority, by a written mandate from her brother-in-law, over the whole of the domestic establishment, and though she had hitherto taken no step without the full approbation and co-operation of Lady Eleanora, she felt that the time had now come when she must assert herself. She looked full at the man, who, despite his bravado, cowered somewhat beneath her gaze, and said—

"Leave the room this moment, Miller. And this day month you leave the house for good."

For a moment it seemed as if Miller intended to defy her, and Esther was for that moment rather fearful that she might have undertaken more than she had authority to enforce. But a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all, and Miller had more reason that Esther knew of to fear his master's displeasure should this night's proceedings come to his ears. He glanced at Cuthbert, as if to see whether there was any help in that quarter; but the boy was looking terribly crestfallen and ashamed, and it was plain that Esther had the game in her own hands. The groom rose and slunk off like a beaten hound, and the Flemyng boys, who had drawn together in a shamefaced sort of way, bid a hasty and unceremonious good night, and hurried off without waiting for any dismissal.

Esther was left face to face with her eldest nephew, whose flushed face and uneasy looks bespoke a very disturbed state of mind.

"Cuthbert," said Esther, gravely, "what does this mean?"

"I—I didn't know it was so late," stammered the boy. "We got together larking, you know. I—I hadn't an idea how time was going. I won't do it again—I really won't. And do, please, promise not to tell father about to-night. I don't know what he'd say if he found out. I'm awfully sorry, I really am. It was Miller who took us. But I'll never go to such a blackguard hole again—never."

Esther's fears were rather increased than allayed by this speech.

"Where is it you have been, Cuthbert?"

The boy saw then that he had betrayed himself, and tried to draw back. He recollected that Esther could know nothing but what he told her himself.

"Oh, nowhere particular; only to a sort of place Miller knows, where they have entertainments and things. But I didn't know we'd stayed so late. And as you have sent Miller away, it can't happen again. I hope you won't make a row about it this time, Esther dear."

Esther was hardly in the mood for blandishments; but she dropped the subject, and turned towards Dacre.

"What is the matter with your brother?"

"Oh, Dacre always shuts up like that after a little fun. You needn't mind him; he'll be all right by morning. We told him he'd better keep away, but

he would come. 'You know what Dacre is."

Esther did not feel that she knew anything of the kind, but it was useless to argue the matter farther then. The only thing was to get both boys to their rooms as quickly and quietly as possible.

"If you will take your brother upstairs, I will put out the lights," she said, knowing how useless it would be to address Dacre herself. He had probably heard all that passed, but he gave no sign of understanding anything, beyond the fact that he pulled himself slowly to his feet, and made his way with uncertain steps to the door. Esther was very uneasy about him, despite Cuthbert's off-hand assurance that he would be all right after a night's rest; and finding herself too much disturbed to think of sleep, she presently stole to Dacre's door and listened to hear if he were moving about. But all was intensely still, and with a steady, noiseless hand she turned the handle and looked in. The boy was lying dressed on his bed, and his eyes were wide open in a fixed stare of horror that made her blood curdle, though she knew not why. Dacre was not a pleasant person to approach, as she well knew, in many of his inscrutable moods, but she felt that she could not leave him alone with that look of terror on his face. As she advanced towards him he gave a wild start, and uttered a smothered cry, plainly showing some painful tension of the nerves; but controlling himself by a violent effort he pulled himself into a sitting posture, and asked, with mock politeness—

"To what may I attribute the honour of this visit?"

"I was afraid from your looks that you had one of your neuralgic headaches," said Esther, quietly. "I came to see if I could do anything for you. I hoped you would be in bed."

"No, thank you," answered Dacre. She hardly knew to which part of her speech these words were the reply. "I have had enough of bed for some time to come."

"What do you mean? You ought to have been asleep long ago."

"That's the last thing I wish for," answered Dacre, strangely. "I should like someone to read to me all night to keep me awake."

Esther looked at him keenly. There was something in his face she had never seen there before, and she was uneasy.

"If you will go to bed, Dacre, I will gladly come back and read to you. I do not feel much like sleep myself, and it might soothe both of us. Will you let me?"

She expected a scornful denial, but as usual the unexpected was Dacre's *rôle*.

"Will you really? Do you mean it? Oh, then I will do so directly. I was only afraid to undress lest it should make me sleepy."

Esther left him for a short time, and came back armed with one of the nerve tonics that had been recommended for him, and had done him good before, and he swallowed it with unwonted docility. Some of the nervous horror had come back into his face, as she saw at a glance, and there was real relief, apparently, in her presence. It perplexed her very much in one so self-contained and proud as Dacre; but she could not regret that it was so. Anything was welcome that would break down the barrier that severed her from this strange boy, in whom she could not but take such interest.

It was as strange a night as Esther had ever spent, sitting at the boy's bedside and reading to him a story of adventure such as the young find so attractive, Dacre trying hard, as she could see, to fix his attention and lose himself in the excitement of the thrilling narrative, whilst ever and anon his thoughts would stray back to that other subject he was plainly trying to forget, and she was made aware of it by the nervous clutching at the bed-clothes, and sometimes by a smothered exclamation that sounded like one of horror. If by chance he dropped off to sleep—as, with all his wish to the contrary, he could not help doing occasionally—these symptoms recurred in an exaggerated form, and he grew so restless and feverish towards morning that Esther was very uneasy, and when the sounds about the house told her that day had really come, she got Dacre to release her from her long vigil, and repaired to Lady Eleanora's room to tell her tale and ask advice.

The grandmother was thoroughly roused by what she heard, and for once took Esther's view of the case entirely, forgetting her jealousy of criticism from that quarter. She not only approved Esther's act in giving the servant warning, but declared he should not remain another night on the place: he should have his wages, and be sent off then and there. A week's notice, she said, was sufficient for a groom who was paid by the week, and he should have his money and board wage and be dispatched forthwith. She would give immediate orders about it. And the boys must be severely reprimanded. As for Dacre, it was useless to send for the doctor; he never would see him when he came, unless his father were on the spot to enforce submission, and then he was so utterly silent and obstinate that it was labour thrown away to try and get anything out of him. The only person of any use on such occasions was Everard Chester, who with his medical knowledge and his influence over the boy was of far more service than any doctor; and he was such a very intimate friend and near neighbour that Lady Eleanora had no scruple about sending for him whenever a difficulty like this arose. Humphrey was dispatched to tell him what had happened, and ask him to come over, and very soon he was standing beside Dacre's bed, whilst the boy, whose rapidly-changing colour and harsh breathing bespoke both fever and chest derangement, was plainly afraid to meet his eye, and had quite lost his customary air of cool bravado.

Esther was glad to leave her patient in such capable hands and go about her daily duties, and she did not see Everard again till he sought her out as she was giving Jessie some hints as to her music, which, for a wonder, the girl had solicited, seemingly under an impulse of unwonted diligence. His grave face and air of preoccupation warned Esther that he had made some unwelcome discovery. He sent Jessie off with small ceremony, rather to that young lady's disgust, and then addressed himself to her aunt.

"I have got to the bottom of it, Miss Egerton, and the only possible excuse for the boys is that they are really too young to understand fully what they were doing when they let themselves be taken to such a place. It is a revelation to me that such horrible spectacles *can* go on in this century, and in a quiet little town like Harmer; but there are blackguards all the world over, and abuses of which society knows nothing, or tries not to know. Last night, it seems, there was, in some low place in a secluded alley, a dog and man fight, and that creature Miller—who ought to have been dismissed long ago— together with another such fellow in the service of the Flemyngs, put it into the boys' heads that it would be a fine thing to see, and they all went, thinking, of course, that it was spirited and manly, and proof of emancipation. Well, I think they had the grace to be well sickened, and Cuthbert himself allowed that he'd never have gone near the place if he'd known what it would be like. I think he's learnt a lesson that may chance to do him good; and as for Dacre, he's hardly had a *quiet night's* rest since the matter was first proposed, feeling an intense horror of the whole thing, which only made him the more resolute to go, to prove that he could conquer himself and not be mastered by his nerves. It is all in a piece with his general conduct and temperament, and he will have to pay the penalty now. He has taken cold with the heat and vile atmosphere of the fœtid den in which the contest took place, and he will have time to repent of his folly before he is fit to be about again. Poor fellow! I do not mean to speak harshly of him. I have always maintained that there is a great deal of good in him under all that defiance and insubordination; but he makes everything harder for himself by playing such tricks with his health, and, if he does not take care, he will reduce himself to the state of a chronic invalid, whose life will be only a burden to himself and all about him,"

"I have always liked Dacre," said Esther, "though he gives more anxiety than all the rest put together. *But I* am dreadfully shocked by what you have told me. Do you think it is my duty to let their parents know?"

"In the long run it would certainly not be right to keep it from them; but it must rest with you and Lady Eleanora whether or not you make the communication by letter. The best thing would be for the boys to write themselves, and say how sorry they are—for I am certain they are both very sorry, though it is not their way to say such things openly—but whether they will or not is another question."

"And do you think Dacre is going to be ill?"

"He will have one of the bad coughs that pull him down considerably; but

the worst he will have to bear will result from his own fancies, and the images that will haunt him at night. If anything can be done to turn his mind into another and healthier channel, and keep him from brooding over horrors, as he is so prone to do, it will aid his recovery more than anything. I do not know whether your ingenuity, Miss Egerton, can suggest anything. I have run through my resources long ago; and Dacre, though he takes up a new idea with gusto, soon tires of it."

"I'm afraid he does not like me with him, except under very unusual circumstances."

Everard smiled a little.

"Well, he has a way of behaving worst to his best friends. But he really did speak gratefully of you, and called you 'a brick as women go,' which, from Dacre, is high praise. You may make your way yet with him even if you do not make rapid way."

Everard went off, promising to look in again before night, and then Jessie came back, looking rather cross and offended.

"Really, Aunt Essie," she said, with a little toss of her head, "I do think it's rather odd the way you try to get Everard all to yourself. He's much more my friend than yours, and I don't see why I should always be sent away so that you can talk to him."

"Always? My dear Jessie, I do not think it ever happened before."

"Well, if I'm not sent away, I'm always made to feel like a little girl, whilst you talk all kinds of stupid sensible things that I can't join in. I call it too bad. I didn't think you'd want to show off like that and get all the attention when you came. I don't call it at all nice or kind."

"My dear child, I am very sorry if I have done anything that has hurt your feelings; but just now it was Mr. Chester who wanted to tell me something not fit for you to hear. And another time, if you feel yourself left out in the cold, don't be afraid to come and join in the talk. I am sure we none of us want you to be slighted. But when Mrs. Chester and your grandmother are both joining in it, as last night, it is likely to get a little bit over your head; but I would gladly try to include you if you would listen and like to join."

But this was not what Jessie wanted.

"Everard used to come over to me, and sit with me away from the rest, and we had a nice time all to ourselves. He never does so now."

"Don't be silly, Jessie," smiled Esther. "You sound like a jealous young lady out of a novel. You know Mr. Chester is almost a stranger to me, and when we are such a small party he could hardly do as he can when there are a dozen people in the room, as you say there so often are when your parents are at home."

But Esther's first words had brought a quick flush to Jessie's face.

"Jealous? Whoever said I was jealous? Do you suppose I care two straws what Everard thinks? Why, he is only a country squire, who was brought up for a doctor. As if I cared for him! If you had gone into society with us you would have known better than that. Everard, indeed! Why, when I go to Lady Easterby's, and Lord Derwent is there, he never speaks to or looks at anybody else," and Jessie's pretty face took a look of self-conscious vanity that was sadly out of keeping with her years.

"What very bad manners he must have," was Esther's quiet remark, as she rose to go to Dacre, leaving Jessie rather taken aback at the way in which her revelation had been received.

(*To be continued.*)

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

III.



QUAKER has the credit of originating the "Underground Railroad," that famous line which paid no dividend and offered no bond, except "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these." Born and brought up among slavery, Levi Coffin from his boyhood conceived a horror of the system; and when he moved North to set up in business, first at Newport, Indiana, then at Cincinnati, his back door was always as open as his heart to the hunted fugitive, and he knew where to find means of passing on such a one to freedom, often with personal perils and adventures which alone would fill a volume. As it came to be known what this clandestine occupation was which he practised so diligently at the risk of his worldly prosperity, scarcely a week passed without his aid being sought for fugitives; once twenty-eight came to his house together, where as many as seventeen have been harboured at the same time; and in all he is said to have helped no less than three thousand slaves to liberty. The story of Eliza Harris in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a true one; and the good Quakers who received her were Levi Coffin and his wife.

Baffled slave-holders declared that Levi Coffin must have an underground railroad to Canada, since they never could get the slightest trace of fugitives once in his hands, so adroitly did he manage their further flight. This nickname stuck, tickling the practical American mind; it was soon adopted as a title of honour by its "President's" colleagues and imitators, and became the familiar title of that great secret society which for many years carried on an active business in forwarding black goods from the South to the North. Many, if not most, of its members were Quakers — perhaps the only instance of cautious Friends mixing themselves up with a secret society—but no Mediæval brotherhood of cloaked or masked conspirators could have more romantic records.

The great centre of the "Underground Railroad" work was Philadelphia, that "city of brotherly love," where surely the oppressed slave might look to find friends, and did not look in vain. Here was formed a Vigilance Committee of earnest Abolitionists, who for more than a quarter of a century found no lack of work in ministering to the needs of fugitives in the same spirit as inspired Levi Coffin. Most of these adventurers came destitute and helpless, with everything to be done for them. They had to be fed and clothed, often, as the first step, to be cleansed from the disgusting slough of their slavery; many had to be nursed, worn out by excessive fatigue, or bringing with them unhealed wounds which they had received in some desperate struggle on the road. They had to be passed on to Canada, or, if they chose to run the risk of remaining in the Free States, to be directed to some comparatively safe asylum, and put in the way of earning a livelihood. Impostors had to be detected, traitors guarded against, spies watched. In many cases help was given to get the lucky runaways' families out of bondage after them. From first to last, it is stated, more than twenty thousand persons were thus aided to freedom in one way or another. And all this charity was done perforce secretly, without the resource of subscription lists, or bazaars, or published reports appealing to benevolence, by the unfailing free-will offerings of men who had no other earthly reward to expect than hatred, and sometimes violence, from the mass of their fellow citizens. Yet the time came when some of these faithful servants of humanity lived to find themselves set in the light of that honour which they never sought.

While its work lasted, naturally the "Underground Railroad" could lay no accounts of it before the public. Even in their communications with each other its chief officers saw well sometimes to write in riddles; they would talk of forwarding "valuable stock," or "a package of merchandise," or advise a correspondent of the safe despatch of "two large and two small hams," phrases quite well understood by those meant to understand. Private records, however, were kept, not indeed from the first, when it was hardly foreseen to what importance the business would grow; and afterwards, in the darkest hour that came before the dawn, fear of mobs for a time kept the philanthropic confederates from trusting much to paper. But for many years the fugitives' stories were carefully collected and preserved. This was mainly the doing of William Still, a coloured man himself, one of the most active managers of the Philadelphia depôt, who in that capacity had the "privilege to see many travellers, to receive from their own lips the most interesting, and in many cases exceedingly thrilling, accounts of their struggles for liberty, and to learn who had held them in bondage, how they had been treated, what prompted them to escape, and whom that were near and dear to them they had left in chains. Their hopes, fears, and sufferings were thus recorded in a book."

When the excitement of the emancipation victory had to some extent calmed down, this



A SLAVE NO LONGER.

book could be published, as it was, under the title of *The Underground Railroad*, forming, even after the compiler has apologised for "frequent abridgments and omissions," an enormous compendium of somewhat undigested materials, authentic but artless *mémoires pour servir* towards a history of the struggle for freedom, its 800 pages hardly to be read through without no small share of that sympathy and patience and unwearied love of the cause which inspired its heroes.

What first set William Still on collecting those narratives was one of the most dramatic incidents in his long experience. There came to him for advice an old black man, who turned out to be his own brother, both of them hitherto strangers to each other. Their mother had been a slave who ran away into New Jersey, following her husband, a freedman. The mother and her children were captured and dragged back to Maryland. Soon afterwards she again ran off to join her husband. This time she had to leave her two little boys, Levin and Peter, behind her. She changed her name, lived obscurely in daily dread of being discovered, and forty years passed, during which William Still was born.

Meanwhile she could hear nothing of her two elder boys, left behind in slavery. They were sold into Alabama, never altogether forgetting the mother from whom they had been torn, when too young to remember all the facts of the case, or even their parents' name. Levin died, but Peter lived to have a family of his own, and so far prospered that he was able to buy his freedom, though not that of his wife and children. At the end of forty years he came to Philadelphia, hoping somehow to hear news of those from whom he had been separated in childhood. He was directed to William Still as agent of the "Underground Railroad," and what must have been his joy to find that at the very outset he had stumbled on an unknown brother!

The story of this romantic meeting naturally excited much interest among the friends of the slave, and a white man, named Seth Concklin, came forward to volunteer his services in bringing off Peter Still's family. The poor negro could not settle quietly among his newfound relatives for thinking of the wife and children he had left behind him.

"I would as soon go out of the world as not go back and do all I can for them," he said. But what could he do? As was done in many other cases, friends might have subscribed to ransom them; but the strict laws of Alabama forbade the emancipation of slaves, either by purchase or by freewill. Peter's own freedom was a matter of secret arrangement with a good Jew named Jacob Friedmann, whom he had trusted to buy himself with his own money, and become his nominal master. He ran some risk in putting such a temptation to any man's honesty, and the Jew, in proving faithful, ran risks for himself by thus conniving at the evasion of the law.

Stealthily, as if he had been a thief, Peter returned home to communicate the wonderful news. But the more he thought over it, the more clearly he saw the hopelessness of getting his family safe away through 1600 miles of danger and difficulties to be dreaded at every step on slave territory. The enterprise must be left to the superior resources of a white man. Reluctantly he once more stole Northwards, agreeing with his wife and children on a token to be brought them by one whom they could trust as the agent of their deliverance.

Now he accepted Seth Concklin's generous offer, which at first he had declined, unwilling that another should run the risk of such peril in a matter most closely concerning him. The peril seemed so great that two or three friends taken into council were for restraining the bold adventurer's zeal; but Concklin himself did not hesitate. With no other motive than sympathy for this separated family he set out to Alabama. Though he knew he might never return, he would not even take leave of his sisters for fear they should seek to dissuade him. He did not come home to dinner one day, and the next certain news they got of him was when a painful tale had to be broken.

Concklin reached Alabama, and put himself into communication with the slave family. He found almost no one on whom he could depend to help him in getting them off. The whole country, he wrote, was inhabited by "Christian wolves." His friends in the North heard from him at intervals, but he could not always put a letter in the post-office without danger of attracting suspicion. He pretended to be a miller looking for work, while he reconnoitred the ground and planned schemes of carrying out his secret intention.

His first plan was audaciously to embark with the family, under the guise of his slaves, on board a steamer for Cincinnati. This was frustrated by the common unpunctuality of Southern steamboats; a day's delay meant ruin. He next resolved on escaping down the Tennessee in a row-boat. All the way to Cincinnati he went to buy a swift skiff. He travelled from first to last some thousands of miles, and spent two or three months among men who might have hung him up to the nearest tree had they guessed his true business. At length the fugitive party got away, the slaves lying down in the bottom of the boat, covered by blankets, whenever there was a chance of detection. Days and nights they rowed hard, came into the Ohio, and got as far as Indiana, where they proposed to go up the stream of the Wabash, making for Canada. At a certain point Concklin was to hand over his convoy to the care of a confederate; then his own unselfish task would be ended.

A letter reached Philadelphia from Indiana giving an account of the adventurous flight so far. Peter Still and his friends were in high hopes soon to hear of the family's safe arrival in Canada. But then came a stunning blow. The papers announced that a white man trying to run away with four negroes had been caught at Vincennes. Another letter from one in the plot put them out of all doubt.

A certain mystery hangs over the end of the story. It appears that at the first Concklin could have got away himself, but would not desert his party. When in custody he was said to have somehow contrived to escape. The next thing heard of him was that he had been found drowned, with his hands and feet in fetters and his skull fractured. Whether this were an accident or a darker fate, it may have saved him from some more miserable death when brought back to Alabama along with the slaves he had so vainly dared and laboured to rescue. "Poor Concklin!" wrote one who had helped him on the way, and many a heart re-echoed the sigh for such a man's loss. "How my heart expanded in love to him as he told me his adventures, his trials, his toils, his fears, and his hopes! After hearing all, and then seeing and communing with the family, now joyful with hopes of soon seeing their husband and father in the land of freedom, now in terror lest the human bloodhounds should be at their heels, I felt as though I could lay down my life in the cause of the oppressed."

Before passing on to some of the escapes chronicled in Mr. Still's huge collection, let us note how the "Underground Railroad" had a down line as well as an up one; that men were busy in forcing and snaring their fellow-creatures into bondage, as others in guiding them out of it. A notorious case of kidnapping was that of Solomon Northrop, as related by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. This man was a free-born coloured citizen of New York, who, in his employment as coachman, went to Washington in 1841, having first taken the precaution to provide himself with papers proving his title to liberty. While there he fell ill, and was visited by some scoundrels who, under the pretence of giving medicine, appear to have drugged him. The next thing he knew was that he found himself chained and handcuffed in a slave pen. The only answer made to his protest was a severe flogging—that would teach him to talk about being a free man! A few days later, having of course had no leave to communicate with his friends or his family, he was shipped off to New Orleans, and sold as a slave in Louisiana, to go through painful experiences like Uncle Tom's on the plantation of Legree.

Fancy the feelings of his wife and children left behind in New York State. If Solomon had not been able to write, they would probably never have heard of him again. From New Orleans came a letter, written on board the ship, to say how he had been kidnapped; but he could not tell where his abductors were taking him. For more than ten years his fate remained a mystery: all that time no trace of him could be found. Then the silence was broken by another letter, perhaps not the only appeal he had sent to his Northern friends, but the first that came to hand. Now that they knew where he was, his old acquaintances and neighbours were not backward in acting on his behalf. Affidavits of his freedom were made by several reputable gentlemen, and legal proceedings undertaken, which resulted in his being restored to liberty. The authoress of *Uncle Tom* admits that such cases were tried fairly enough when once brought into Southern courts; but, as she justly says, for one case that came to light there would be ninety-nine kept in the dark by the helpless ignorance of the victims, the difficulties of communication for illiterate persons, and the obstacles thrown in the way of their obtaining evidence of freedom. Had Solomon Northrop not been an educated man, he might have remained a slave all his days, as good as dead to his dear ones at home. As it was, such a man had to suffer ten years for the wickedness of his kidnappers.

In Levi Coffin's early days, passed in the heart of slavedom, he and his benevolent kinsmen employed an old negro to visit every coffle of slaves that came by, and find out if there were any kidnapped negroes among them. By this agency the crime was occasionally detected, and several victims were rescued from the brink of hopeless slavery. But how many Southern whites were there who bestirred themselves in such matters? And how often would it happen that the kidnapped black had no proof to go upon but his own word, which before a court of slave-holders was worth no more than the bark of a dog! Even at the North the uncertainty of the law was not always a sure protection.

One of the most heartrending stories in all those cruel annals is that told by Levi Coffin of a white man, who grew up without knowing that he was a slave. He was the son of a Virginian planter, by an octoroon woman, almost white. As a mere child his father sent him away to a neighbouring State, where he was educated and taught a trade among people who, no more than himself, suspected that he had a drop of African blood in his veins. He became a shoemaker, a respected citizen, and a member of the Methodist church, and had five or six children before he was made aware of the fate hanging all the time over his head. But his mother had been a slave, and so therefore was he.

In course of time his unknown father died, whose executors had not forgotten the slave-born boy, and supposing that he must have grown into a valuable piece of property, they did not scruple to seek possession of him. It was not without difficulty that they so much as found out where he was. Then the heir

thought best to sell him to a negro trader, avoiding the trouble and scandal of seizing his own half-brother, who, having been free all his life, might well prove hard to hold in bondage.

Unconscious how he was being bought and sold, the still free slave had distress enough already on his hands when this doom burst upon him like a thunderclap. Worn out by watching his sick wife, he had lain down to take a little rest. The slave-dealer's gang rushed into the house, dragged the bewildered man from his bed, and carried him off, bound, after a useless struggle. They showed him the bill of sale, which now for the first time acquainted him with his parentage. Thus, in a few minutes was the happiness of a decent household ruined for ever.

His captors, as we might expect, made haste to get him away from the place where he was known and where even slave-owners could not but be stirred to pity and indignation by this man's hard fate. To make him dark enough for sale in Southern slave markets without question, they stained his face with tan ooze, and kept him tied up in the sun to be burned a shade less white; then, by way of giving him more resemblance to a mulatto, they cut his hair short, and crisped and curled it with a hot iron. So transformed, he was sold in the far South to a harsh master, who undertook to break his spirit.

As we might expect, after some months he ran away, and, with dogs and hunters at his heels, succeeded in flying through thickets and swamps to the neighbourhood of his old home. Alas! he found it desolate. His wife had died a few days after the shock of that terrible night; his children were scattered about among friendly families. What could be done for him was done willingly by his former acquaintances. In the house of one he lay hidden for some days. Another gentleman of influence took up the case, thought his seizure could be proved illegal, consulted lawyers, and instituted proceedings on his behalf. But the poor man's health was broken by anguish of mind and body. Before the question came to trial he had found freedom in the grave.

Was such a tragedy not moving enough to stir the most law-abiding citizen of the North into the work of the "Underground Railroad?"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

FAIRY.—The drawing shows care, but not talent. Your hand-writing is too large, and needs sloping from right to left. It is not graceful. It is not the writing that we should expect from a little "fairy."

EMMOIS had better join an art club, and she will have what she suggests, for the designs are sent round to the members of the club, and instruction is given as well as prizes. We may suggest your applying to Miss Lily S. Poulton, Beechworth, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, or Mrs. Shaw-Hellier, 4, Widcombe Crescent, Bath.

EMMELINE.—It is very sad that so many should need to support themselves by their little accomplishments, as the sale of their work is so uncertain. However, we can suggest application to a drawing society, which not only gives prizes, but helps its members in the sale of their work. For particulars and rules send a stamped and addressed envelope to Miss Marion Evill, 26, Collingham Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

MUSIC.

BAB.—A "psaltery" is a "dulcimer;" and this latter is formed like a triangular chest, strung with wires, and played by striking them with little rods. In giving this description it must be understood that it is not meant to apply exactly to the ancient instrument of which we read in the passage you quote from the Book of Daniel, although it was of the same character. The exact form and compass of this latter is unknown to us. The "sackbut" was a brass wind instrument resembling a trombone. The ancient harps were somewhat like ours, but differed in having no fore-pillar. The invention of the triangular harp is ascribed to the Irish by Vincentio Galilei, who lived in the 16th century, and spoke of the continued excellence attained by them in both making and playing upon it. A coin of Cunobeline bears a figure which shows it to have been in use at the least some twenty-four years before the Christian Era. Dante speaks of the harp being imported from Ireland into Italy. The Welsh harp seems to have been similar to the Irish.

ALPHA, BETA.—We recommend you to join a musical club. This will prove a great help, and you will have all the instruction you need by correspondence. There is a society called the Prize Music Improvement Society, of which the Principal is Miss Graham, 99, Bedford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool. The practising department requires the member to play half an hour daily; fee 1s. per annum; but for lessons in harmony by correspondence you would have to pay a fee of 15s. a quarter. As a governess this might be a desirable outlay, and is small for the science taught. But you should write and state just what you require, sending a stamped envelope.

MAYBLOSSOM.—It is impossible to say how soon you would be a good player. Practice for years would be certain to result in mechanical dexterity, but you might be deficient in all the qualities which make a good musician, and play without taste or feeling, although correctly.

WORK.

ESSIE C. M. W.—1. The back of your cushion might be made of a pretty satteen to match the predominating hues of the work in the front.—2. The felt work is best done with filosele.

NELL.—The best way to obtain patterns for clothes for a small baby is to buy one of each ready-made. They are very cheap, and you can get them to suit any purse.

S. D.—For a trip to Switzerland in August you would need a blue serge dress and jacket, and some cotton and silk blouses, to wear when the weather was hot. If you have a pretty cotton, you would find it useful, and also some better dress, such as a grenadine, cashmere, or delanie, for Sundays.

MAYBLOSSOM.—Kid gloves can be cleaned with benzine, and made to look quite well, at home. You should be careful to do them by day, as the fumes are highly inflammable and dangerous.

MARI.—We do not advise you to spend your money on it. Try and improve where you are by taking some good magazine or paper, and do not think of giving up your situation.

HOUSEKEEPING.

POLLY.—We do not know of any society that teaches housekeeping by correspondence, and, of course, house-cleaning is a department of it. We do not approve of what some call "spring cleaning," as we regard it to be essential that the house should be kept perfectly clean week by week. The cleansing of all the rooms and halls and passages should be divided, and allotted to the several days in each week—the shaking of rugs, the wiping down of the woodwork, dusting of books, cleaning of windows, waxing of floors, and touching them here and there with wood-stain where worn off. Nothing can be more inconvenient than a wholesale "turning of the house out of the windows"; and the draughts throughout the whole place are most dangerous.

H. A.—We should not advise you to wash black serge, but to make a solution of ammonia and water and sponge it well; hang it to drip dry and do not wring it.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—To destroy moth-grubs in carpets, wet a towel and lay it on the infected parts, heat a flat-iron, and then iron the towel upon the carpet. This will destroy them.

BON'S DARLING.—It is very needful to be careful of the soap you use for your face, and you should only use it once a day, in the evening. Put three parts of rosewater to one of glycerine, and when your face is wet in the morning pour a few drops on your hands and rub over your face, then dry very gently with a soft towel. So many people suffer from bad soap, rough towels, and cold winds, that we have given a careful answer, as we know the discomfort.

H. WMS.—The ordinary cheap ice creams are made from cornflour, we believe, boiled with milk, and flavoured with vanilla, lemon, etc., and then frozen. The recipe for making them is, we believe, printed on the package, but if not, that for making blancmange, made a little thinner, would answer very well; more flavouring would be required.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANÇAISE ET NORMANDE.—We are sorry to say that it is against our rules to print the addresses of authors.

SALAMMBO.—We regret to say that it is against our rules to give addresses of shops, and can only say that you might obtain an opinion as to where the photograph may be procured from any music-sellers' shop where Saderewski's music is sold. We think you would have more chance of obtaining it in a music than a photographer's shop. We are glad to hear that you and your friends are so much interested in our "Answers."

ANXIOUS expresses great solicitude over her "pug," but it is not a quadruped, it is her olfactory organ with which she is dissatisfied, which she says is growing both "large and wide." We have heard of certain little instruments designed to improve the form of this little member, which are worn at night, but we by no means recommend them—we only name their existence. Alas! poor anxious puggy! There are matters of more importance than your nose, if a healthy, comfortable, and useful one. Your friends will not care for you the less—and what would a stranger's opinion signify?

AN INDIAN GIRL.—Were the stamps ours we should certainly not send them to a dealer in England by post, but watch for an opportunity for sending them by a reliable private hand—a friend who would retain possession of them until able to dispose of them at a reasonable price, or obtain an opinion, and take them back to you again.

DISCONSOLATE is in a feeble state of health. She should take heat-forming and very nutritious food; avoid going near the fire when just come in from cold, frosty, outside air; rub her nose with both hands to circulate the stagnated blood, which is probably poor and thin, and take regular exercise. Her clothing should be warm, and her inner garment should be a woollen one.—2. Do not look cross when your friends laugh at your expense.

RUBY.—1. The lady left two of her husband's cards, one for you and one for your husband; the same in the other case also. If you call on a married lady without your husband you would leave two of his cards.—2. There is a *Life of Milton*, in five volumes, by Masson, published by Macmillan.

HOUP LA.—The "Roaring Forties" means the degrees between 40 and 50, of North latitude which are so called by sailors because high winds generally prevail in them.

ENQUIRER.—MS. means one manuscript; MSS. means more than one, the last "S" being added to the initials. Pp. means pages, in the same way.

BERYL R.—We fail to understand what you mean by "having been out with a young gentleman for one year," and whether you may then "introduce him to your parents, and afterwards take him to your home!" How came you to have gone about for a whole year with any man who was a stranger to your parents? Did you ask their leave? Surely they would not have permitted such great indiscretion, or trust you with a man of whom they knew nothing?



THE SNOWFLAKE'S SONG.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

You thought the skies were very drear;
You thought a storm was brooding near;
You thought that Heaven wore a frown,
And scowled on vale and thorpe and town,
But all the time the cloud was I,
Waiting the while,
With a laugh and a smile,
To flutter lightly, brightly down.
Yes; all the time the cloud was I.

With Heaven's frown, thy world is bright!
Thy storm hath burst—in flakes of light!
And sweetly, fleetly down below
His blessings, like the snowflakes, flow.
For all the time the cloud was Love,
Weaving for thee
A path to see
Belovèd footprints on the snow!
Yes; all the time the cloud was Love.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

PEACE OR WAR?

FOR the next four days of her life Esther did little but play chess with Dacre. Indeed, it seemed to her that life was little more than one long game of chess. It might not be a very original method of amusing the boy, but it so happened that it was more successful than she had dared to hope when she first brought him a chess puzzle in one of the papers, and suggested that they should try and make it out together. It chanced that Dacre was an enthusiast at chess, and seldom found an antagonist worthy of him. But in Esther he had met his match very fairly; for she and her brother often amused themselves by chess contests in winter evenings, and she played a really scientific game, and played it remarkably well.

Dacre was not exactly ill, but he had a harassing cough, and, for a wonder, seemed rather disposed to keep himself out of the way, either in his own room, or in the nursery, which was little used by the girls in holiday time. Esther sometimes wondered whether he was more ashamed of himself than he liked to confess. He looked nervous, and white, and shaken for a good many days, and had a marked disinclination for being left alone. If not gracious to Esther, he was at least civil, and there were moments when he unbent as he had



ESTHER AND TRIXIE.

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never done before, and when she saw glimpses, beneath the crust of sarcasm or cool indifference, of a warmth of heart and a poetic temperament which she had never suspected at the earlier stage of their acquaintance. In addition to this, Dacre was exceedingly well-read, having made up for what he lacked in the general routine of school-work by a vast amount of desultory reading, which he had assimilated in a fashion that showed his mind to be of no ordinary calibre. Esther was herself something of a student, and could discuss books with him that nobody else in the house had read or thought of reading. Thus the two often got into interesting converse almost before they were aware of it; and Dacre would show flashes of enthusiasm and insight that produced a considerable impression upon Esther. The only subject which she was obliged to avoid with him was that of religion, for the moment it was approached, by ever so small a degree, a change came over the boy; he grew bitter and sarcastic, and there was something so painful in the sneering character of his remarks, that it seemed best to Esther to avoid the topic altogether. Gradually she hoped to see some change in him in this respect; but at present he evidently felt an intense hostility to the very name of Christianity. She could not tell why this was. But there was something in the tone of the whole house only too like what, in Dacre's case, was open enmity; and Esther knew enough of human nature and the world to wish rather to live down such a feeling than to talk it down.

From what she could gather from the confidences made to her by Jessie, in answer to questions whose bearing she hardly understood, the young people generally, and the boys in particular, had been permitted to hear and read far too much of the fashionable scepticism of the day, their father determining from the first not to "bias" them in any way. Consequently they had grown up in extreme laxitude; whilst Dacre, who always took things strongly, had imbibed from some of his books, or the men with whom he had associated, a positive hatred of a creed, which would, as he well knew, condemn in the clearest possible way a great deal in his own conduct, and many of his most cherished feelings. So much Esther was able to gather from her own observations, and from what was dropped by others. The only thing which seemed to her encouraging was that Dacre evidently took life more seriously, and thought more fully than his brothers and sisters, and that his very vehemence and hostility showed in some sort a greater depth of earnestness. There were moments when some thought of extreme beauty would drop from his lips; and he had an intense admiration for heroism in its every form. Esther often thought that he had germs of heroism in his own nature, if he did not allow it to be overlaid with cynical indifference or wild lawlessness, and would give it fair play.

She had him almost to herself during these Easter holidays, for after the event related in the last chapter, Lady Eleanora had taken fright, and had dispatched Cuthbert to London to stay with his aunt, and Humphrey had accompanied him. The two girls behaved better in the absence of their brothers; and as they were very diligently practising for a croquet tournament, which was to be played amongst the boys and girls of the neighbourhood before the holidays ended, they were more out of mischief than usual; and Esther's mind was considerably relieved in consequence.

The chief trouble was Jessie's increasing jealousy at Everard's visits to Dacre, which she declared were always paid when she was out and Esther in, and for which she was disposed to scold her aunt as though she were responsible. Esther was first amused and then a little annoyed, for Dacre's sharp eyes soon detected his sister's vexation, and he would tease her in his quietly merciless way, and sometimes declare that Everard had been talking for hours to them, when perhaps he had only been in the house ten minutes, just in order to see her flush and pout, and poke his fun at her the more her annoyance increased.

"I wish you would not do so, Dacre," said Esther one day. "It is not kind for one thing, and what is much more important, it is a great pity to encourage Jessie in her foolish love of admiration. She is a very pretty girl, and may make a very charming woman as she grows up if she can conquer her little girlish foibles of self-consciousness and affectation. But talk like this is just the worst thing for her; and there is nothing so bad for girls, and nothing that seems to me such bad taste in young people generally, as that silly talk about whether gentlemen admire them or not,—as though that was the thing of the greatest importance in life."

Dacre looked intently at his aunt for a few moments, and then said—

"And don't you think it is? I thought all girls were brought up with the idea that to marry young and marry well was the great aim and object of life."

"I should be very sorry to think so. And Jessie is much too young to trouble herself over any such matter. It is much happier for girls to keep their girlhood as long as possible. Youthful women of the world are not half so happy, nor, if it comes to that, half so attractive, as simple unaffected girls, who keep their youth and their unconsciousness unimpared. And it is often the fault of others—the fault of thoughtless teasing words—that girls are made vain and constrained and self-conscious, when, if they were let alone, they would not be anything of the kind."

Dacre laughed rather scornfully.

"Trust Miss Jessie for knowing all about her own charms, without any prompting. Why, she has been a sort of natural flirt from her cradle, and looks upon every man as lawful prey. I don't suppose she is really sweet on Everard a bit; he's much more like a brother to us, and is ever so much older than she is. But when he's there she can't bear him to look at anybody else; and it's the same with lots of other fellows—it seems born in her. I believe she really cares most for Derwent, who is more her age, though I don't believe he thinks so much of her as mamma and granny hope. But she can't bear not to be first; and it was just the same when she was a tiny child. Mamma encouraged it—she likes to see her the centre of a group of fellows, all admiring her and saying silly things. It makes Jessie perfectly intolerable. But it's thought the right thing, you know."

Esther said nothing, and Dacre, looking reflectingly at her, continued—

"One can see that you have not been brought up like that. You are in some ways almost younger than Jessie, though you have sense, and can talk so that a fellow knows what you mean, and doesn't have to do nothing but try and think of silly compliments and all that kind of trash. Jessie will be an old woman long before she's forty, but I should not wonder if you seemed young when you were really quite old."

Esther laughed at the implied compliment, and asked Dacre if he felt equal to a ride or drive. He had been in for several days, and appeared to have a reluctance to going out; but he was now well enough to do so with advantage, and as the sun shone, and the evening lights and shadows were very beautiful, he decided that he would like to take a ride if his aunt would come with him.

Esther was glad enough to do this; she had been cooped up a good deal during the past days, and it was pleasant to breathe the pure fresh air of spring. She felt, as they rode quietly side by side along the budding lanes, that Dacre was more approachable than he had ever been before. He was a keen observer of nature, and so was she, and there was much to note as they went along of the approach of the spring-tide of the year.

Esther had an errand that took her as far as the outskirts of Harmer, and Dacre grew thoughtful and preoccupied as he approached the town. So far he had not spoken a word in Esther's hearing on the subject of the night's dissipation, which had made so great an impression on him. But she was certain now, by the look upon his face, that he was thinking of it, and she asked gently if he would prefer to turn back—if he were feeling tired.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Only down that next street. I want to ask after a poor woman who came begging the other day, and seemed very ill. I shall not be long, and if you like to be riding slowly home I will soon catch you up."

"You don't mind being alone?"

"Oh, no; the street is a very quiet one. Besides, I have been used to taking care of myself."

"Then I will wait for you here, or just walk slowly backwards. I'm sick of Harmer—I have to ride in and out so much."

Esther was not long gone upon her errand, though rather longer than she thought. She did not see Dacre anywhere along the straight road upon which she had left him, and she was surprised that he should have already got out of sight, as she could see for a considerable distance. She was just pausing to

wonder if he could have changed his mind, and followed and perhaps missed her, when a little boy playing in the road called out that the young gentleman had ridden off alone in quite another direction with a man who had come to speak to him.

Surprised and rather uneasy, Esther turned her horse's head in the direction indicated, and after riding as far as the next corner, she saw something that made her heart sink.

Dacre, with his back to her, was sitting his horse, which was standing at the door of some rather disreputable building in the middle of the street, whilst at his bridle rein, and talking in what seemed an eager and familiar manner, was the man Miller, of whom Esther had seen nothing since he had been summarily dismissed from Greyfriars the previous week. In addition to this, one or two other men were lounging about near at hand, listening, as it seemed, or joining in the talk; and the aspect of the place, and the persons forming the group round Dacre, was altogether so unpleasant, that Esther hesitated about approaching, and wondered if she had not better ride on, and let her nephew follow at his leisure. After the hopes she had been forming, in a half-unconscious way, of a real though unspoken repentance on his part, what she now saw was a great shock. Was Dacre a hypocrite?—or was he a creature of impulse, moved this way and that by the passing feelings of the moment? She did not know, and could not guess. But there was no time to decide on her course of action, for the dismissed servant caught sight of her, and said something to Dacre which caused him to turn quickly round. Then, after a very brief pause, during which he said something in a low tone to Miller, he wheeled his horse sharply round and came up at a brisk trot; but there was a flush on his pale cheek and a light in his eyes that Esther felt boded mischief.

"What do you mean by spying on me like this?" he asked. "Did we not arrange for you to go straight home?"

"We arranged that I should overtake you and ride home with you. When I heard that you had taken another road I naturally followed. I did not know you were doing anything you were ashamed of and wished to conceal."

Dacre's eyes flashed ominously; but experience had taught Esther that the only way with him was to take a high hand.

"I like that," said he, with angry scorn in every inflexion of his voice. "It comes well from you to taunt people with doing things on the sly, and being ashamed of them afterwards. I should like to know what you have been doing yourself?"

"Nothing that I am ashamed of, Dacre, and nothing that I have been keeping as a secret."

"Yes, go on; do not be afraid to tell more untruths. It is all in a piece."

"Hush! Dacre. I cannot permit you to speak in such terms to me. I will trouble you to tell me in plain words of what you complain. You are evidently labouring under a mistake."

"Indeed! I suppose it is a mistake that you have dismissed at an hour's notice one of the most valuable servants we have, and then kept it a secret from me, in case I should talk to granny and get your precious verdict reversed? Who are you that you should turn away our servants at your will? What right have you to interfere in our affairs? And do you think I can't see through the petty spite of selecting Miller as your victim, just because you didn't think him obsequious enough to your ladyship, and because you knew that he was my particular friend?"

"If he were that, Dacre—which I hope was not the case—it was high time such a friendship should be broken. Miller bears a very bad character; and I have your father's authority to use my own discretion in such matters—a discretion I shall not hesitate to act upon in any cases where it seems urgently needed."

Dacre sneered fiercely.

"We are very bold all in a moment; but it looks strange that you had not the courage all this week to tell me what you had done."

"I gave Miller warning in your presence, Dacre. If you did not hear, was that any doing of mine? But whether I told you or not, it is not your place to call me to order; though I will admit willingly, that as the man was in the main your servant, you had a right to expect to hear of his dismissal; and I should certainly have spoken had I believed you to be in ignorance of it."

For a moment Dacre was silent, and then he said defiantly—

"And do you suppose you will gain anything by sending him away in such a fashion as makes it impossible for him to get another place? You people who think yourselves so kind, and good, and religious, are often the hardest and the most cruel in the long run. Miller always told me so; and now its proved. What do you think is to become of the man without employment, and without a character but the one you will give him, or granny at your dictation?"

"If Miller has lost his character, he must take the consequences," answered Esther calmly. "It is not for me to retain his services, or to speak or write untruly, simply because the man, in the face of warnings, chose to commit flagrant breaches of rule, and behave in a fashion that disgraces humanity, let alone the respectability of your father's house. A man must abide by the consequences of his own acts, whether they are good or bad. No other person can save him from them. What a man sows that he must reap."

"Oh! yes; that's all very fine. And what of your fine Christianity and palaver about rescuing lost sheep, or whatever the phrase may be?"

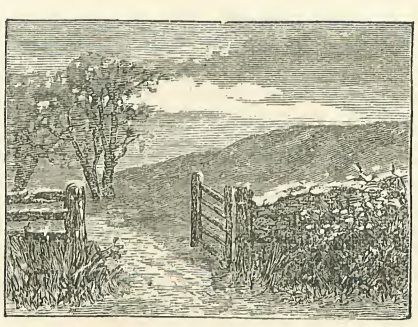
"We can do nothing for those who go astray, so long as they are determined to go on in their sins: it is only when they begin to repent that we can try to help them. Do you think forgiveness is offered, even by God, until it is asked for?"

"Oh, I want nothing of that sort of talk!" cried Dacre, recklessly. "I have heard quite enough of it. It is a tissue of folly and inconsistency all the way through. But I tell you once for all, that if you think your fine exercise of authority is to have any effect upon me, you are very much mistaken. Miller is a capital fellow, and we are great friends; and as I'm not so fond of petty deceit as you are, I don't mind telling you that I shall see just as much of him still as I choose. Some day, perhaps, you may be sorry that you have driven him away from the house."

And Dacre, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off with the obvious intention of distancing pursuit. Esther checked her horse from his effort to follow his companion, and rode gravely and quietly home by herself, thinking seriously of Dacre's words, and wondering if he were in earnest, and would really carry out his threat.

She little knew what were to be the results of this so-called friendship between the ex-groom and his young master.

(*To be continued.*)



THE SPIRIT OF FUN IN LITERATURE AND ART;
OR,
THE WORKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE WORLD LAUGH.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER II.



THE last article we devoted to the Spanish romance of *Don Quixote*, and shall begin now by speaking of a French one which, after *Don Quixote*, is the most widely known of European works of humour. This book is *The Adventures of Gil Blas*.

To show the popularity of this famous book, it may be told that once in a house of great distinction ten gentlemen of taste were asked to frame, each of them, a list of the ten most entertaining works they had read. One work only found its way into each list—it was *Gil Blas*.

The author of *Gil Blas* was Le Sage, who was born in 1668, and died at the age of nearly eighty in 1747. Little is known about his life, and possibly there never was much to tell, for a busy author's career—and he was a very busy author—has ordinarily few events beyond the production of his books.

His character was amiable, but he knew his own value, and let other people know it too. He used to read his plays in fashionable circles before they were publicly performed. On one of these occasions, when engaged to read a piece at the Duchess of Bouillon's, he was unexpectedly detained until a considerable time after the appointed hour. When he came in the Duchess reproached him, as he thought impolitely, for having made the company lose an hour in waiting.

"If so," said Le Sage, "I shall do my best to make it up to them."

He put the play in his pocket and left the house, and nothing could ever induce him to visit the Duchess again.

He was buried at Boulogne, and the following epitaph—more true than epitaphs often are—was set up over his remains: "Under this tomb lies Le Sage, cut off by the shears of cruel Fate; if he was not the friend of Fortune, he was always the friend of Virtue."

Though he did not make much money by them, his writings brought him fame, and were no sooner published than they enjoyed extensive circulation. It is told of one of his books that two noblemen, coming to a bookseller's, found only a single copy remaining which each was for purchasing, and the dispute grew so warm that they were going to decide it by the sword had not the bookseller interfered.

Of all his works *Gil Blas* is by far the most popular. In its production Le Sage spent a long time. The two first parts appeared in 1715—the year of our first Jacobite rebellion—but he did not bring out the third part till 1724, or the fourth till 1735. There have long been translations of it in every European language, and few books have been more frequently quoted. It is acknowledged by everyone to hold up the mirror faithfully to human nature, and to illustrate, in a remarkably happy way, the caprices and infirmities which are common to us all.

The title of the story gives the name of its hero, who, writing in the first person, sets down an account of his career, and affords an insight into all conditions of life, representing each with amazing fidelity and animation. By way of preface there is the following anecdote, which is all the more worth quoting since the moral of it may be applied to the reading of a great many more books than *The Adventures of Gil Blas*.

"Gentle reader," says Gil Blas, "before you hear the history of my life, give me leave to entertain you with a short story.

"Two scholars, on their way from Pennafiel to Salamanca, being thirsty and tired, sat down by a spring they met with on the road. There, while they rested themselves, after having quenched their thirst, they noticed by accident upon a stone that was even with the surface of the ground, some letters already half-effaced by time and the feet of flocks that came to water at the fountain.

"Having washed it, they read these words in the Castilian tongue: 'Here is interred the soul of the Licenciate Peter Garcias.'

"The younger of the two students, being a pert coxcomb, no sooner read this inscription than he cried, with a loud laugh, 'A good joke, in truth! Here is interred the soul—a soul interred! Who on earth could be the author of such a wise epitaph?'

"So saying, he got up and went away, while his companion, who was blessed with a greater share of penetration, said to himself, 'There is certainly some mystery in this affair; I'll stay in order to unriddle it.'

"Accordingly his comrade was no sooner out of sight than he began to dig with his knife all around the stone, and succeeded so well that he got it up, and found beneath it a leathern purse containing a hundred ducats and a card, on which was written the following sentence in Latin: 'Whosoever thou art who hast wit enough to discover the meaning of the inscription, inherit my money, and make a better use of it than I have done.'

"The scholar, rejoicing at his good fortune, placed the stone in its former position, and walked home to Salamanca with the soul of the licenciate in his pocket.

"Of what complexion soever you may be, friendly reader, you will certainly resemble one or other of these two scholars; for if you read my adventures without seeing the moral instruction they contain you will reap no benefit from my labours; but if you read with attention you will find in them, according to the precept of Horace, profit mingled with pleasure."

The hero is certainly not a model to be held up for imitation. He is by nature inclined to be honest, but unfortunately when a suitable opportunity occurs he cannot resist the temptation of being the reverse. Now and then we find him capable of doing brave actions, but he is timid constitutionally. He is shrewd and intelligent, but apt to be deceived by his own vanity. "He has wit enough," says a famous critic, "to make us laugh with him at others, and follies enough to turn the jest frequently against himself. Generous, good-natured, and humane, he has virtues sufficient to make us love him, and as to respect, it is the last thing which he asks at the reader's hand."

It is in *Gil Blas* that we meet with Dr. Sangrado, to whom allusions are frequent in modern literature. This original character is represented as holding it a gross error to think that blood is necessary for the preservation of life: he practises blood-letting for the cure of all sorts of ailments. Gil Blas is his pupil and servant for a time, and receives from him instructions in the healing art—a very simple art according to his account.

"Other physicians," says Dr. Sangrado to our hero, "make it consist in the knowledge of a thousand different sciences; but I intend to go a shorter way to work, and spare thee the trouble of studying pharmacy, anatomy, botany, and physic: know, my friend, all that is required is to bleed the patients and make them drink warm water. This is the secret of curing all the distempers that afflict the human race. Yes! that wonderful secret which I reveal to thee, and which nature, impenetrable to my brethren, hath not been able to hide from my researches, is contained in these two points of plentiful bleeding and frequent draughts of water. I have nothing more to impart: thou knowest physic now to the very bottom."

By the contemporaries of Le Sage the character of Dr. Sangrado was generally thought to be intended for the celebrated Helvetius.

As often-quoted an episode as any in the story is that of the Archbishop of Grenada, from which we may learn that when candid criticism is asked for it is not always wanted. Gil Blas had entered into the service of the archbishop, and he had not been long in this situation when his grace said to him—

"My dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of your zeal is, whenever you perceive my pen smack of old age and my genius flag, don't fail to warn me of it; for I don't trust to my own judgment, which might be led astray by self-love."

Some time afterwards, when our hero was at the very height of favour, the archbishop had a slight shock of apoplexy, and in the first sermon he preached after his recovery everyone noticed signs of failing power.

Gil Blas now thought he would do as he had been ordered. "I represented to myself," he says, "that he could not possibly take it amiss after having exacted it of me in so pressing a manner." He began with a few complimentary phrases, and then told the archbishop that his last discourse had not altogether the energy of previous performances.

"My master," he says, "grew pale at these words, and said, with a forced smile, 'So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this discourse is not to your taste?'

"'I don't say so, sir,' cried I, quite disconcerted; 'I think it excellent, though a little inferior to your other works.'

"'I understand you,' he replied; 'you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.'

"'I should not have been so bold,' said I, 'as to speak so freely if your grace had not commanded me; I do no more therefore than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.'

"'Heaven forbid,' cried he, 'that I should find fault with it. In so doing I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.'

"Though I was put out I tried to find some mitigation in order to set things to rights again; but how is it possible to appease an angry author, one especially who has been accustomed to hear himself praised?

"'Say no more,' said he; 'you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know that I never composed a better discourse than that which you disapprove; for my genius, thank Heaven! has as yet lost nothing of its vigour.

Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go,' added he (pushing me by the shoulders out of his room), 'go, tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Providence conduct you on your way with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas; I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste!'"

Just as one may be a giver of good advice and yet a castaway oneself, so it is possible to be a humorist and the cause of merriment in others and yet lead a very melancholy and depressing life. So it was with Jonathan Swift, the next writer of whom we have to speak. This famous Dean of St. Patrick's was by no means funny in the incidents of his career. For the greater part of his life he was the most wretched and most discontented of men.

Thackeray, in the sketch of Swift in his *English Humourists*, raises the question whether the Dean would have been pleasant to have for a friend. With his tyrannical and overbearing temper—no. "If you had been his inferior in parts, his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you: if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon."

It is told of him that he used to delight in exacting an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and in imposing on all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits without the least regard to their convenience or comfort. When he went anywhere the ordinary forms of society had to give way to his pleasure, and everything, even the domestic arrangements of a family, had to be altered to suit him. If he came to see a friend in the country he would order an old tree to be cut down if it interfered with the view from his window, and was never at ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons on her acquaintances. No one was admitted to terms of intimacy who declined submission to all his whims and absurdities. He used sometimes to chase the Grattans and other accommodating friends through the apartments of the Deanery, and up and downstairs, driving them like horses with a large whip till he thought he had enough of exercise.

All his jests were insolent and coarse. When he first came to his curate's house he announced himself as "his master," took possession of the fireside, and ordered his wife to look after his shirts and stockings. On a young clergyman being introduced to him he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, and said he was in the habit of keeping a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs.

We certainly get out of patience with him for many things, and not least for the cold-blooded way in which he played with the affections of Stella and Vanessa. No person of feeling can read that pathetic story without indignation. It may be that many of the facts of Swift's career are to be explained by that morbid mental twist which landed him at last in insanity. By the keen wit and the masterly style of his works he possesses celebrity, but, as a shrewd critic has said, it was "a celebrity, which through his moral perversities, was not more enviable than the notoriety a man would obtain by being exposed on the pillory."

Such was the man who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*, or, to give the title in full, *The Travels of Lemuel Gulliver into several Remote Nations of the World*, one of the great humorous books of English literature.

The first portion of this famous work appeared in 1726, the rest early in the following year. It at once became popular. "It was a production so new and strange," says Dr. Johnson, "that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made: it was read by the high and low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder."

Swift's chief object in writing *Gulliver's Travels* he tells us himself was "to vex the world rather than divert it." It was meant for a satire, and to show in allegory the hatred and disdain with which the author personally looked on the littleness of human life. Fortunately, however, the world, which ought to have been vexed, chose to be diverted. "Few books," remarks Dr. Garnett, "have added so much to the innocent mirth of mankind as the first two parts of *Gulliver:* the misanthropy is quite overpowered by the fun."

The imaginary hero of the romance, Lemuel Gulliver, is represented as being first a surgeon in London, and afterwards serving in that capacity—and finally as captain—on board ship. Whilst following the sea he came to have four extraordinary voyages, of which he gives an account in his "Travels." This account is written in a matter of fact way that gives it a wonderful air of truthfulness. "The reflections and observations of Gulliver," says Sir Walter Scott, "are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there is such a reality given to his whole person that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe."

In Gulliver's first wonderful voyage he got wrecked on the coast of Lilliput, a country inhabited by pigmies. This voyage is for the most part a satire on the manners and usages of the court of George I. With the Lilliputians Gulliver lived nine months and thirteen days.

The size of this diminutive people may be gathered from the following extract, showing how Gulliver was provided with food and drink. "I had three hundred cooks," he says, "to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand and placed them on the table. A hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted in a very ingenious manner by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe.

"A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far excel ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife."

In his second voyage Gulliver was thrown amongst the people of Brobdingnag, who by way of contrast to the Lilliputians were giants of a tremendous size—about "as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple." After he had been two years in Brobdingnag, the cage in which Gulliver was kept like a tame canary was caught up by a huge bird and dropped into the sea. He was picked up by a passing ship, and so reached home again.

This and the first part make up what is best worth reading in *Gulliver*. It is these two parts which have given delight to young folks—who fortunately do not trouble their heads about the satire—through all generations since they first appeared.

In Gulliver's third voyage he was captured by pirates, set adrift in a small canoe, and came to Laputa, a flying island. Its inhabitants were chiefly speculative philosophers, devoted to mathematics and music. They were an absent-minded race, so much so that they were obliged to employ attendants called "flappers," to rouse them from their profound meditations, when necessary, by striking them gently on the mouth and ears with a peculiar instrument, consisting of a blown bladder with a few pebbles in it, fastened to the end of a stick. The satire here is aimed at philosophers who are not at home upon firm ground, but dwell in the air in a region of vain speculation.

The fourth and last voyage brings Gulliver into the country of the Houyhnhnms, his men having mutinied and set him ashore in an unknown land. This land he finds peopled with a race of horses endowed with reason. The name "Houyhnhnms" seems intended to be suggestive of the *whinnying* of a horse. It is a dissyllable, and may be pronounced "hoo inmz'" or "hoo'-inmz," but the voice should properly be quavered in sounding the "n." This voyage displeases by the degrading representation it gives of human nature. When Thackeray was lecturing on Swift he gave a piece of counsel which girls will be wise to follow. "Some of this audience," said he, "mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say, 'Don't.'"

As a pleasing contrast to the unhappy author of *Gulliver*, we shall devote what remains of this article to Douglas Jerrold, an author much nearer our own time, and one who is generally allowed to have been the greatest wit of his age.

Douglas Jerrold was a native of Sheerness, born in 1803. After being a midshipman in the Royal Navy and subsequently a printer, he had his fate decided for authorship by the success of his drama of *Black-eyed Susan*, written before he came of age. He was a man of a large heart as well as of great original genius. A friend testifies of him that "he never lost an opportunity of labouring in any act of benevolence that his sense of duty set before him: and his last words were those of affection towards all with whom he had been associated in friendship—to him a sacred relation." He died in London on the 8th of June, 1857.

The writings of Douglas Jerrold are full of drollery. The most widely known of them all is his *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*. These lectures were contributed to *Punch*, and are held by some to be perhaps the most attractive series of articles that ever appeared in a periodical. They were originally delivered, we are told, by Mrs. Caudle, in the course of thirty years, between eleven at night and seven in the morning, to her husband, Mr. Job Caudle, "one of the few men whom Nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners."

The first lecture is suggested by Mr. Caudle's lending five pounds to a friend. The next is based on the fact that Mr. Caudle has been at a tavern, and "is enough to poison a woman" with tobacco smoke. Then she finds subjects of complaint and expostulation in his remaining downstairs with a visitor till past one in the morning; in his joining a club—the Skylarks; in his being made a Freemason; in his going to Greenwich Fair, and many things besides.

One of the funniest of the lectures, where all are funny, has its rise in Mr. Caudle's lending an acquaintance the family umbrella, and we shall quote from it, that girls may learn something of the style of the book, and take warning by a woman whose nagging tongue would never lie still.

"That's the third umbrella," says Mrs. Caudle, "gone since Christmas."

"What were you to do?"

"Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle?—I say, do you hear the rain? As I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's Day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it? I say. Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks, and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it?—worse and worse. Cats and dogs—and for six weeks; always six weeks, and no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the dear children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who but their own father?

"But I know why you lent the umbrella—oh, yes! I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow. You knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? A cab indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there's back again. Cabs indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way, and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man . . . .

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread to to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I can't tell; but if I die I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No, and you sha'n't buy one! Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this. If you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all!"

(*To be continued.*)

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOVE-COTE.

THE next hour passed quickly. Averil had her book, and Annette amused herself with looking out of the window. "How could one read," she thought, "when the sun was shining, and the foals were frolicking beside their mothers, and every green field had its picturesque group of feeding cattle and sheep? It was like turning over the pages of a picture book: now they came to a cluster of cottages with a little Norman church, half hidden in trees; then a winding road; a clear, silvery river, with gay little boats floating on it, with fine houses beside it; then another pastoral scene, and so on. Is not the world beautiful?" thought Annette, as the train stopped, and Averil beckoned to her. She was almost sorry that the journey was over.

She heard Averil order a fly, and then followed her into a curious old inn. They sat for a few minutes in a close, stuffy parlour, with a print of the Battle of Trafalgar over the fireplace.

"We have a mile and a-half still to go," Averil said. "If I could only walk through those delicious lanes! But old Jemmy always has to take me. Ah! there comes our chariot. Rather a ramshackle affair, is it not, Annette? But Jemmy and his old mare are both worthy creatures."

Annette had no fault to find with the lumbering, wheezy vehicle; she was looking delightedly at the rich hedgerows with their wealth of wild flowers, at the rustic cottages with their gay little gardens, at the green fields with browsing cattle. Every moment there was something to admire. Presently they came to a sort of hamlet: there was a village inn, with The Duck and Drake swinging on the old signboard, a few scattered cottages, with heavy thatched roofs, and a small green, with snow-white geese waddling over it. Here Jemmy, a grey-haired, wizen-faced man, drew up of his own accord.

"There be the Dove-cote, surely," he said, pointing down a steep lane. "I suppose there be no need to come farther."

"No, the goose green will do. Come for me at the usual time, Jemmy, and wait for me here," and Averil dismissed him with a kindly nod.

Annette was looking round her in some perplexity. There were the inn and the cottages, but where could the Dove-cote be? She could see no house of any pretension, only in the distance, halfway down the lane, there was a low grey roof, half hidden in trees.

"Yes, that is the Dove-cote," observed Averil, walking in her usual slow fashion across the little green, while the geese stretched their long necks and hissed after her. "Is this not a sweet little nook, Annette? How the children do love this lane? It is a perfect playground for them. In autumn, when the blackberries are ripe, you can see them with their little tin pails, scratching themselves with the brambles, and half smothered with travellers' joy. Ah! there is Daddy, sunning himself as usual, with Bob asleep beside him. Well, Annette," unlatching a little white gate as she spoke, "welcome to the Dove-cote."

Annette was a good deal surprised. It was only a cottage after all, or, more correctly speaking, two cottages, for there were two stone porches and two open doors; a long strip of flower garden was on one side, and a still narrower strip of smoothly-mown turf on the other. There was an elm-tree with a circular seat, on which an old man was sitting, and a black terrier was curled up beside him.

"Well, Daddy, where is the Corporal?" asked Averil, in her clear voice as the old man rose up rather stiffly, and leaning on his stick, gave her a military salute. He was a very tall old man, with a long grey beard, and his joints were not so supple as they used to be, for he seemed to support himself with difficulty. As Averil spoke the terrier gave a shrill bark of welcome, and came limping over the grass on three legs, and Annette saw the fourth was missing.

"The Corporal is at work among the cabbages, and Snip is helping him, ma'am. Snip's a terrible hand at digging. Corporal said to me as we were smoking our pipes yesterday, 'Snip's a handy fellow. He will be worth his salt presently. He puts his heart into things, Snip does, if it is pulling up a weed or hoeing a potato-bed. He don't shirk work like other boys of his age, don't Snip."

"I am glad to hear that," returned Averil. "The Corporal is not one to bestow praise where it is not due. I was very anxious about poor Snip. I was rather fearful how he might turn out. It would not do to expect too much, Daddy. A City Arab seldom has his fair chances. If you had told me that he spent his day in turning somersaults and making catherine-wheels of himself among the Corporal's cabbages I should not have been surprised."

The old soldier smiled grimly.

"Well, he has a refresher sometimes, and stands with his heels uppermost when his feelings is too many for him—when he has had his fill of pudding, perhaps. Mother Midge says it is by way of grace. She finds the boy somewhat aggravating in the house. He is better out among the pensioners; the pensioners are not so mortal particular as to manners."

Averil broke into a merry laugh. Daddy was evidently a wag in his way. There was a twinkle in his eye as he patted Bob as though he had enunciated a clever joke.

"We will go to them presently; but we must first pay our respects to Mother Midge. Ah, Methuselah"—as a crippled jackdaw hobbled across the grass, and greeted her hoarsely. "Is he not a wise-looking bird, Annette? He and Bob are such friends. They are like Daddy and the Corporal."

At that moment a little woman in grey, with a droll, weather-beaten face and a pair of spectacles perched on the top of an absurdly small nose, suddenly appeared in one of the porches, and clapped her hands delightedly at the sight of her visitors.

"Dear me! if it is not Miss Willmot," she exclaimed; "and you are as welcome as flowers in May. Come in

out of the sun, my dear, and you shall have a glass of Cherry's milk. She is yielding us a grand supply just now, and, though I say it that should not, I don't believe there is sweeter milk to be found anywhere."

"Wait a moment, Mother Midge," as the little woman was bustling away; "I want you to speak to my new cousin first. Annette, this lady's name is really Bennet—Miss Lydia Bennet—but she is always known amongst us as Mother Midge."

"And it is a name I love, ever since dear little Barty gave it to me. Poor little lamb! But he is better off now."

Mother Midge was no beauty certainly. There was something comical, something altogether incongruous, in the lined forehead and grey hair, and the pert little nose and those bright, kittenish, blue eyes. But she had the sweetest voice in the world.

"But it is so strange a name," objected Annette, in her serious manner.

Averil seemed amused, but Mother Midge gave a little sigh.

"My dear young lady," she said gently, "the name has never seemed droll to me, for it was the last word dear little Barty ever spoke. Shall I tell you about him? Miss Willmot found him—she finds them all. He was a mere baby, and nearly skin and bone when he came here. He and a sister a year or two older were turned on the streets to beg, and the brute who owned them—I believe she called herself their mother, only the dumb beasts have more compassion on their young—had turned them out of doors to sleep. Oh! you look shocked; but one sees such cases in the paper. The little creatures were found on a doorstep one snowy evening, Deb had taken off her frock to wrap round Barty, who was ill and coughing. Well, he did not last long—one could not wonder at that after all that exposure and ill-usage—but we made him very happy as long as he lived. Mother Midge was the name he gave me. No one knew what it meant, but Deb taught it to the others. Well, I was sitting with him on my lap one afternoon—I knew the end was near—and I was talking to him and Deb about Heaven—for they were just like heathens—and, baby as he was, Barty was as clever and acute as possible. Just as I was talking, I felt his little bony hand creep up to my neck; 'I don't want no 'eavens,' he whispered, hoarsely; 'I'd like better to stop along of Deb and Mother Midge.' Those were his last words. But may be he has changed his mind since then," finished the little woman, softly.

"And Deb! Where is Deb?" asked Annette, eagerly.

"Oh, you shall see her presently. Deb is my right hand. Now I must go and fetch you the milk and a slice of home-made cake, for you must be starving."

Annette looked round the room as Mother Midge trotted off. It was a small room, and very simply furnished. There was a square of carpet that did not quite cover the white boards; there were one or two well-worn easy chairs, a comfortable-looking couch, a work-table, and some well-arranged book-shelves.

"This is the Midge's nest," observed Averil, who noticed Annette's perplexity. "Ah! I see you are dying to question me; but there is no time now. Mother Midge is a wonderful woman, though I daresay a certain person, if she knew of her existence, would certainly call her a plain, homely little body. But she has a great soul. She is one of God's heroines!"

"My cousin, forgive me if I am pertinacious. Who are these people? I do not understand."

"Lottie, when she wants to tease me, calls them my waifs and strays. But they are no such things. This is my family. I lead two lives, Annette. When things go wrong with me, and I get out of harmony with my surroundings, I take refuge with Mother Midge and her children. Nothing does me so much good. Hush! not a word of this at Redfern House. No one knows of the Dove-cote but Lottie. Ah! here comes our refreshments. Mind you praise the cake, for if there be one thing on which Mother Midge prides herself it is her seed cake."

Annette ate and drank in a sort of dream. What new views of life were opening before her. This, then, was Averil's secret—the little refuge that the young heiress had provided for a few stricken creatures who had fallen in the battle of life.

Annette was to hear all about it presently; now she could only look round her and wonder, with a sort of touched reverence.

"Now we must go and see Jack," observed Averil, as she swept the crumbs from her lap. "Annette, do you see there are two cottages. We have added a new wing. There was no room big enough for the children, and no place for them to sleep. This is the Corporal's room, as we call it, where the old men sit and smoke their pipes. This"—as they entered a clean, spacious room, with a long table and some forms, and a few gay scripture prints hanging on the walls—"this is where the children live. They are with the Corporal now, all except Jack"—walking up to the window, where there was a small couch covered with a red quilt. "Well, my little man, how does the world go with you?"

"Thank you, ma'am, I'm spry!" returned a small, chirping voice, and a shock head, covered with rough carrotty hair, raised itself from the pillow. Annette gave a pitying exclamation. Could it be a child's face with those hollow, sunken features, those lustreless, staring eyes? A skeleton hand and arm were thrust out from the quilt. "I'm spry, ma'am, and the Dodger is spry too. Come out, you varmint, when the leddy's asking after your 'ealth!"—and Jack, panting, and with infinite difficulty, extracted a miserable-looking grey creature, evidently a veteran who had certainly run the tether of its nine lives, and was much battered in consequence.

"Oh, the Dodger is spry, is he?" observed Averil, with much interest, as the cat purred feebly, and began licking its lean sides. "But I hope both you and he mean to get fatter with all your good living.

"Jack was found in a cellar, Annette," she continued, stroking the shock head tenderly—"in a den of thieves. Some murder had been committed in a drunken brawl. The gang had been obliged to seek a fresh hiding-place, and Jack, who was crippled with hip disease, had been left there, forgotten. The good City missionary who found him, and told me the story, found him lying on a heap of mouldy straw under the grating, with the cat beside him. They were both nearly starved, and half dead with cold—weren't you, Jack?"

"We was, ma'am, just so," was Jack's response. "The Dodger had brought me a mouse, but I could not stomach sich food. Dodger hasn't nothing to say to mice now. He feeds like an alderman, he does. Spry! that ain't the word for it, ma'am—he is just bursting with enjoyment, is the Dodger."

Averil smiled faintly; but as they left the room she said in a low voice, "How long do you think he will last, Mother Midge?" But Mother Midge only shook her head. "The dear Lord only knows that, Miss Willmot. But they are making room for him and the Dodger up there, surely."

Annette opened her eyes rather widely at this remark. But Averil pressed her arm meaningly. "Don't take any notice," she whispered, when the little woman had gone on a few steps. "This is only one of her notions. She will have it that animals are to go to Heaven too. I have never heard her reason it out; but she is very angry if anyone ventures to dispute her theory. 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain,' she says sometimes. 'But it will all be set right some day.' I never argue against people's pet theories when they are as harmless as this."

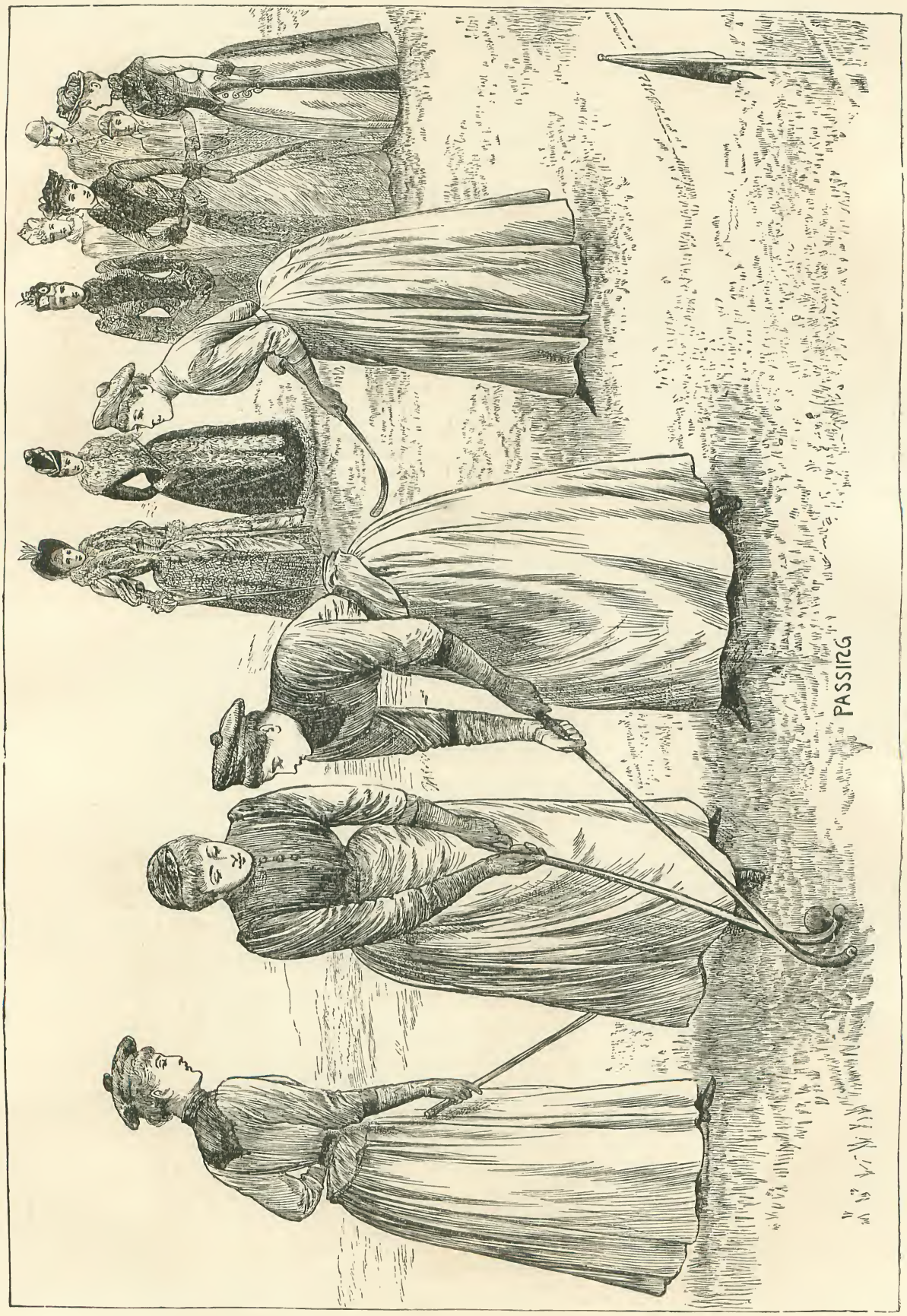
Mother Midge had preceded them into a small kitchen, where a diminutive girl, with a sharp, precocious face, was scouring some tins. A stolid-looking young woman, with rather a vacant expression, was basting a joint. "That's Deb," remarked Averil, with a kindly nod to the little girl, "and this is Molly."

A gleam of pleasure, that seemed to light up the coarse, heavy features, crossed Molly's face at the sight of her.

"I'm fain to see you, ma'am," she muttered, with a curtsey to the strange lady, and then she turned to her basting again.

"Molly does wonders, and she is a first-rate teacher for Deb," observed Mother Midge, as they left the kitchen. "I am not going to tell you Molly's history, Miss Ramsay. I see no use in burdening young minds with over-sorrowful stories. It is grief for her child that has nearly blunted poor Molly's wits. The little one had a sad end. But she is getting over it a little—and Jack does her good. I hope for Molly's sake Jack will be spared, for she just slaves for him. Now we will go out in the kitchen garden and see the Corporal."

(*To be continued.*)


PASSING



GIRLS AT HOCKEY.



BULLYING THE BALL.



A FREE HIT.



THE GOAL KEEPER

HAVING become accustomed to the pleasures of lawn-tennis in summer, the girls of England felt the need of a good game for the winter months—a game which would grant them exercise and excitement, and yet not be beyond the powers of their sex. Hence the present formation of ladies' hockey clubs, which play at Wimbledon, Walton, Hampstead, and elsewhere, and which are daily becoming more numerous and more widely patronised. The game of hockey has never had the publicity it deserves: the books on sports and pastimes usually pass it over in silence, and the encyclopædias give it no mention. This may partly arise from the simplicity of the game, which makes any lengthy treatise on the subject unnecessary: anyway, it was not till 1886 that a central association was formed, and fixed rules printed. Hockey bears a strong resemblance to Association football, the sole aim of the game being to get the ball between the goal post of your adversaries. There should be eleven players on each side—seven forwards and four backs; the forwards are divided into three in the centre and two to each side, those at the sides being called the left and right wings. The backs are divided into two half-backs, one three-quarter, and a goal-keeper. The centres have the best of the game, and should be chosen for their superior strength and skill: on their hits will the goals usually depend. The duty of the wings is to keep the ball to the centre of the ground; the duty of the half-backs to return the ball to the centre when it has got passed them. The three-quarter should be ready to stop a ball that passes the half-backs, and the goal-keeper is the last hope of the team when the ball has got beyond the rest. The poor goal-keeper usually has a very cold and very tiresome post; but one of the advantages of hockey is that it calls for unselfish play and combination. The half-back must learn to pass the ball, the wings must remember to feed the centre, though doubtless the honour of scoring a goal is hard to resist at times. The result of unselfish play is constantly seen on the field, when often the weaker team wins simply because they play well into one another's hands.

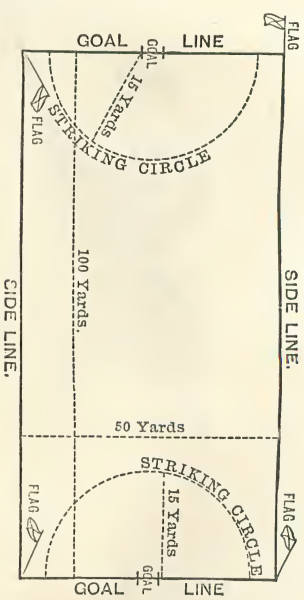
In ladies' matches a tennis ball, or light cork ball, is generally used. Some girls play with a walking-stick, but this is really more dangerous than the proper hockey club, which only costs 5s. The dangers of the game are almost *nil* if only women would keep the rules, which forbid the stick to be raised higher than the shoulder, and forbid the player to play off-side. Another temptation to be resisted by women is to make a graceful courtesy when the ball is approaching, and hide it in the folds of the dress. This manœuvre always arouses the wrath of the sterner sex: so does the habit of screaming, in which some girls indulge. An article in the *Daily Graphic* lately made great fun of a ladies' hockey match; but though a few lady players make themselves ridiculous, the majority play thoroughly and well, and get much enjoyment out of this pastime. There is a small formality in commencing the game, known as "bullying the ball"; the two strikers-off stand opposite one another, the ball being between them; they then tap the ground and cross their sticks three times, and then both hit at the ball. It is well that the players on each side should wear some distinctive mark; for instance, one side could wear red Tam-o'-Shanters and the other blue: this saves confusion if the players are not well known to one another. Otherwise, the costume for the game merely requires to be a sensible one which will not impede movement, strong gloves and boots being a certain protection, though the player of hockey must make up her mind to an occasional blow on ankles or shins. Hockey should be played on a grass field, but it can be played on asphalt or on a broad gravel drive. Nor is it necessary always to have eleven players to each side; good practice and great fun can be got out of an impromptu match with perhaps only nine in a team, and some of these boys. It is always well to have a captain on each side, who will keep the other players up to their work, and call to them to pass if their play is becoming selfish and endangering the chance of a goal. A good captain also will place her team with judgment, choosing those who are quick and small as half-backs, and placing any young lady who is too languid for much running as goal-keeper. We are quite sure that hockey will grow in favour as a winter game for women as it becomes more widely known; it affords healthy exercise and plenty of fun and excitement. There is also a certain amount of courage, endurance, and good temper to be acquired in any game which necessitates combination amongst the players; and these qualities help towards a healthy mind, even as the vigorous exercise helps towards a healthy body.



OUR HALF BACKS



HOCKEY CLUB.



CHAPTER IV.

Then, then shall we know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, our Lord, when we stand face to face :
We shall know how His love went before us each day,
And wonder that ever our eyes turned away.



HRISTMAS DAY dawned clear and frosty. With a happy heart I set out to perform my duties as organist. I was not a little nervous while I was playing the voluntary, but, after an inward prayer for strength, I began the tune of that grand old processional hymn—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,"

and from that time I felt as calm as a child.

Mr. Temple preached, and he took for his text, "Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice." He said : "Joy is one of the characteristics of the Christian life. It is the mark of every true Christian. We can only have this joy by living nearer and more constantly in the Lord's presence. God wants us to have a happy Christmas. If we would spend a happy Christmas we must rejoice in the Lord in praise and prayer."

He did not stop after the service except for the usual Christmas greetings, for he had to hurry off to his aunt's, as he had promised to dine there. We spent a quiet, happy afternoon talking over our plans for the New Year. In the evening we went to church, where we had evening prayer, with carols after. Mr. Neville had secured the services of a solo boy from a cathedral not far distant, and as he sang the solo of—

"It came upon the midnight clear,"

the congregation almost held their breath to hear. It was indeed as if an angel were singing, and mortals were keeping solemn stillness to hear.

When the service was over Mr. Temple overtook us at the church gates, and David asked him home to supper. Amy and I hurried on, as our one domestic had been allowed to go out for the evening.

David took Mr. Temple into the library for a "clergyman's" talk, while Amy and I prepared supper.

The rest of the evening passed in pleasant conversation, and just as Mr. Temple was leaving he said—

"By-the-by, I had nearly forgotten my aunt's message. She wants you all to come to her house on Friday evening. She is going to have a few friends, and will be glad if you will join them. I believe the majority of the guests will arrive about seven o'clock, but my aunt bade me ask you to come to early tea."

This was indeed a pleasure, and we accepted at once. Amy and I had been introduced to Mrs. Maxwell not long before, and I was struck with the quiet gentleness of her face, so I told David he would be sure to like her. This was Tuesday, and David would be home again (after his ordination) on Thursday evening.

On the Friday morning, as I was sitting in the dining-room putting a few touches to the dress I was going to wear that evening, the door opened, and the servant announced "Madame Durand." I had hardly expected this.

As soon as she was seated she plunged into the object of her visit.

"*Eh! bien, Mademoiselle. Qu'est-ce que vous m'avez écrit?* You vill not come to Paris? You cannot come—and why?"

"I cannot come, Madame Durand. It would not be right for me to come, and my friends would not like me to. I am very sorry to disappoint you ; but I am sure you will be able to find someone far better able to please you than I could."

"But I will not take your answer. You *must* come. I will entreat your brother, and he will consent at last."

"But I do not want you to ask my brother. I have given you my answer, and I assure you I cannot come. You would not understand, even if I told you, all my reasons. Please take my decision as final."

"*Mais non, Mademoiselle.* You are unkind—you are *cruelle.* I write to my friend ; I tell her I find a young English lady who plays oh! so *charmant*, and who promise to come back with me to *la belle Paris.* What will she think now? I write again, I tell her the English lady will not come. She will say—her friends will say—the *Anglaises* are false—they never keep their word——"

How much longer she would have gone on talking in her high-pitched voice, and to what extent she would have carried her anathemas of the English, I don't know, for at that moment the door opened and David came in.

"Good morning," he said gently, at the same time regarding Madame Durand with a searching look. He had always been a good reader of character from faces. "So you have come to have it fully explained why my sister cannot accompany you to Paris."

"Madame Durand has come to see if she cannot persuade me to alter my mind," I said. "But I am glad you have come, for now you will tell her how impossible it is for me to do otherwise than as I have determined."

David turned and, in utter contrast to Madame Durand's heated and excited manner, said, "I am very sorry you have had the trouble of coming up here after my sister had written to you. But the facts are these. My sister arranged everything without consulting us ; and of course I could not let her go when I heard of it. She can have masters in London ; but as to letting her go alone to Paris, I would sooner let my right hand be cut off than allow it to happen. Had she gone before I came home I should not have hesitated a moment in fetching her back. Now you will understand how impossible it is for her to go with you."

Madame heard him through without a word. She seemed afraid of him, and only anxious to get away from the house, and David seemed relieved when she was gone.

We went to Mrs. Maxwell's soon after five, and when tea was over, before the other guests arrived, we settled ourselves for a comfortable talk.

Mr. Temple was there, so David and he were soon deeply engaged in conversation, while Amy and Mr. Maxwell and the two little girls, Doris and Muriel, examined a large portfolio of drawings. Mrs. Maxwell drew me down on to the lounge beside her, and, slipping her arm through mine, encouraged me to tell her all about Madame Durand. She said that Mr. Temple had told her a little about it, but she wanted to hear all. When I had finished she said—

"Now I want to tell you of a plan I have in my head. It is about a young friend of mine. You know Doris is very fond of music, and indeed she is really talented—at least *I* think so. On the other hand, Muriel is rather slow at it, and being so delicate I do not want her to be pushed forward. Their governess does not attempt to teach music ; but as she is so excellent on all other points hitherto I have waived it. But I have been thinking how nice it would be if I could find someone who would be a companion for me, as my husband is so much away, and who would at the same time teach the little ones music. If Muriel were drawn into learning it, it would not be so irksome, and Doris's natural talent would be helped forward without undue pressure, as so many teachers use nowadays if they think they have discovered a genius."

She paused as if awaiting my opinion.

"I think it is a charming idea if you can find a suitable person," I replied.

"I have thought of one ; but I do not know whether she would care to do so. I will ask her now. Do you think *you* would try this for a little while?"

"Me!" I exclaimed, in a tone which caused both David and Mr. Temple to look up.

"Oh! Mrs. Maxwell, it would be delightful. But what made you think of me?"

She smiled and said, "Marcus came to see us on Christmas Eve, and was telling me how nearly you went to France——"

"Madame Durand held out such a tempting prospect before me," I said.

"Madame Durand! Josephine Durand!" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell, who had left Amy and the children, and now drew near. "Do you know *her*, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes, Mr. Maxwell. But do you know her too?"

"Indeed I do ; but I know more about her than I care to tell. When I was Consul in Paris I had a case brought before me of this Madame Durand having brought several young English girls over to Paris with a promise of musical employment, and after having helped them to lead a life of frivolous gaiety in the midst of most questionable society, left them to shift for themselves until they could obtain money to get back to England. I managed to get them into respectable temporary engagements with a view to their earning sufficient money to enable them to get back to their native country."

"So that is what you have been saved from, Miss Stuart," said Mrs. Maxwell. "How thankful we must be that it is so."

"Yes, indeed. But I cannot understand how she knew my father and mother in Boulogne."

"Probably she met them one evening at *table d'hôte*, and remembered the name when she heard yours. She gets a commission on each person she succeeds in enticing over to Paris, and that is why she was so loth to let you go."

Mr. Temple and David had now joined us, and their opinions were asked on the question of my staying with Mrs. Maxwell. Mr. Temple said—

"Of course we shall be the gainers if you stay. We could hardly do without our organist now."

David said he should miss me, but if he had one sister with him he must not be selfish if it would be gain to others.

Then we called Amy and the children. Amy thought it would be very nice for me, especially as I could go on studying under Mr. Neville. Doris was delighted at the idea of really learning music, for hitherto she had been allowed to play pretty much as she liked. Muriel threw her arms round me and said—

"I will try to like music, Miss Stuart, if you will teach me."

So it was settled that when David and Amy went to London I should go to Mrs. Maxwell's to stay for an indefinite time.

By this time the other guests began to arrive, and we spent one of the happiest evenings it was ever my lot to spend.

As our ways lay together Mr. Temple walked home with us, and on the way talked of the prospect before me.

"You will find a true friend in my aunt," he said. "She has been like a mother to me, and I am sure you will find it so should you need advice or comfort at any time."

* * * *

So Amy and David went to London. I had happy letters from them from time to time, and I, on my part, sent them news from the old village. And so seven months passed happily. The children's music improved wonderfully, and we had grown very fond of each other, when another change was to come in my life. Mr. Maxwell was appointed to a consulship in India, and was to sail at the end of September. They would have liked me to go with them, but I had a clinging to the old country, neither did I care to go so far from Amy and David.

Mr. Neville was quite well now, and would soon be able to resume his old work, so that I should no longer be needed as organist. David and Amy were going to Switzerland for a month, so I proposed to join them there.

The time rapidly drew near for me to leave Harleigh. On the day before I left I went to S. Aidan's for a last practice, and, it must be confessed, to shed a few tears. Now that the time had come for me to leave my birthplace I was very loth to do so.

I played over all my favourite hymns and anthems, wondering if I should ever see the inside of that church again, for who could tell what might happen when I once left? Ah! who could tell? And even as I thought this the vestry door opened and Mr. Temple came out.

"Miss Stuart," he said, "will you play 'My God, my Father, while I stray'?"

He stood beside me while I did so, and when I had finished I said—

"I suppose this is the last time I shall play on this dear old organ."

"The last time!" he echoed. "Why should it be? Why must it be? Don't you know that I cannot do without you?" And then he told me that it was he who had proposed that I should go to Mrs. Maxwell's. "I could not bear the thought of your going away where I might never see you again. Promise me that you will not go away and leave me."

I promised, for I knew then that if I had gone away from him the very light would have seemed to go out of my life.

"Is not this the most fitting place, my Madeline, in which to seal our vows? Let us thank our Father for his loving guidance and goodness to us both."

So we knelt down, and Marcus lifted up his heart in prayer, thanking God for His goodness in bringing us together, and asking for strength for us both to walk through life according to His word and commandment, and that we might be taught, in all the joys and sorrows of life, to say, "Thy will be done."

Marcus took me straight home to Mrs. Maxwell, and told her I had promised to be her niece and his wife, and she gave us a mother's blessing, for she said—

"You will be more like a son and daughter to me than nephew and niece."

David came to fetch me the next day, and when I told him he said—

"I am so glad, dear Madie. He is the one brother-in-law I would have chosen. I shall not be afraid to trust my little sister to him."

It was arranged that I should live with Amy and David until we were married. We did not have to wait long. Our dear old friend Mr. Harvey died at Mentone in December, and the living of Harleigh was presented to Marcus. He, of course, was impatient to settle down in the Vicarage, and so we were married in the early spring.

And as we look back across the vista of years, we cannot help but sing—

"For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all."

A. MABEL CULVERWELL.

OUR HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

By EMMA BREWER.

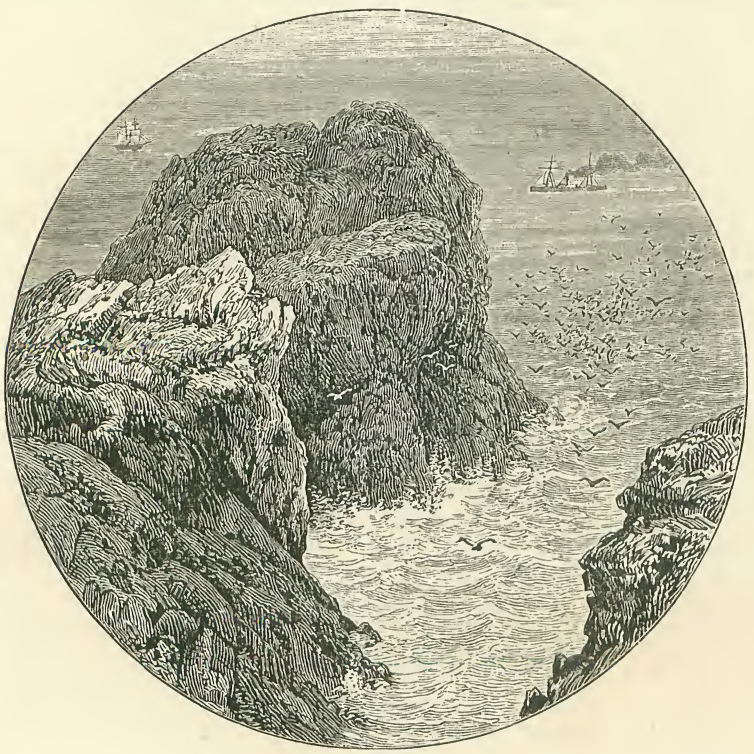
CHAPTER III.

FROM DURNESS TO CAPE WRATH.

"Lands may be fair ayont the sea,
But Hieland hills and lochs for me."

By half-past eight in the morning the dog-cart was at the door to take us to the Durness Kyle, about two miles off. The trap in which we were to be driven to the Cape had been sent off at five in the early morning to meet us on the other side.

It is this variety of boating, walking, and driving which makes travelling in the Highlands so enjoyable.



CAPE WRATH.

Arriving at the Kyle, which is about six miles long and one broad, and possessed of bars and shallows which frequently shift their position with north winds, and which at ebb make the Kyle look like a large field of sand, the coachman whistled for the ferry-boat to come across.

On its arrival, rowed by two Highlanders, an old man and his grandson, we embarked; but little did we know what awaited us. Not being high water it was impossible to reach the pier on the other side, and we ran on to a sand-bank instead, between which and the landing-place was a considerable amount of water.

While we were pondering on our next move the old Highlander coolly stepped into the water up to his waist, and remarked, "Ou ay, I maun jest carry the leddies across." He stood with his back close to the boat, and said calmly, "Jest mount on me back, leddy."

We all hesitated, but the girl friend with us volunteered to be the first, and started. She was much taller than the man, and the rug she carried completely swamped him, while her toes touched the water, whereupon he called out, "Turn yer toes up, leddy."

We are apt to think this sort of thing picturesque and romantic, but that is a delusion, as the reality proved,

By the time the old man came back for a second "leddy" we were perfectly helpless with laughter; still, the second was safely landed in the same fashion; and when it came to my turn I absolutely refused to move until planks were obtained and laid down. This being accomplished, I performed my part less grotesquely than the other two had done.

This Kyle of Durness is of great interest to the geologist, for into its head it receives a little stream which in its previous course through peaty regions has collected organic acids known to be destructive to limestone rocks. On its passage into the Kyle it has

eaten away the base of the low cliffs on either side.

The journey to Cape Wrath was a marvellous one—solitary to a degree : there were but three houses the whole way.

The road was an exceedingly good one, having been formed by the Lighthouse Commissioners in 1828. It is eleven miles long, reaching from the Kyle to the Cape.

This making of roads has had a distinct bearing upon the progress of the north. Without them no country can advance in wealth or comfort.

Up to the end of last century the roads were here little more than cattle or horse tracks, and all the country through which we were now travelling so comfortably was then practically cut off from the rest of the kingdom. It used to take people two months to come from the northern Highlands to London, travelling each day about thirty miles. The ferries and the bridges are much older institutions than the roads, and were well attended to long before highways were thought of.

It was one o'clock before we approached the Cape. The drive had prepared our minds in a measure for something wonderful, but the sight which burst upon us baffles description. It was the most solitary and grand we had ever seen in our lives.

The Cape itself is a superb rock of red granite, rising sheer out of the sea to the height of four hundred and fifty feet, detached and standing some way from the mainland, and covered with sea birds.

On both sides of the Cape there are immense *stacks*—detached gothic-like pillars. They are magnificent, towering in most places from two to seven hundred feet of perpendicular height.

Standing, or rather soaring up into the blue brilliant sky, in the midst of dazzling white buildings surrounded by a wall, is the colossal white lighthouse,* the ultramarine sea stretched out far below, and bounded only by the horizon.

Perched on the edge of the precipitous seagull-haunted rocks the lighthouse looked as though it and all belonging to it would topple over into the ocean; and even as we stood there on a warm summer day it was not difficult to imagine what being there on a stormy winter night would be like. It must be something awful!

A field of yellow and red flowers, or weeds like flowers, was almost a relief from the prevailing blue, white, and green; and as we dismounted and prepared to enter the lighthouse our eyes quite ached with the general brilliancy.

Mrs. Morrison, the wife of the lighthouse-keeper, a kind, charming little woman, came out to receive us, and, taking our wraps, led us into their dwelling-place, which bore marks of refinement throughout. The neat little sitting-room was provided with a piano, a good library, and a tapestry picture representing a scene from the *Lady of the Lake*.

We noticed some books labelled "Northern Lights Lending Library," and on enquiry we learned that a society in Edinburgh supplies books and magazines to all the lighthouses in Scotland, permitting them to keep the former three months and the latter one month, supplying also stamps for their return. They get *Cornhill*, *Chambers' Journal*, and *Illustrated London News* among many others.

As we ascended the steep stairs of the lighthouse we were struck by the spotless cleanliness of all that met our eye. In answer to a question Mr. Morrison told us that in winter it is so cold the glass goes down seventeen degrees below freezing point.

We came out on the tiny balcony, and had a superb view of the black frowning rocks nine hundred feet high.

These form a complete obstacle to the lighthouse people getting fish, although it is all about them in profusion, for no foothold is obtainable from which to cast out lines.

As we stood there gazing across the ocean, it was an odd feeling that nothing stood between us and the North Pole. I do not think I ever felt more impressed with the majesty and power of the Father of the Universe, and the littleness of those things which seem to us so great in our daily life, than I did then.

The view along the coast was unrivalled, and one *stack*, as they call the isolated rocks, was pointed out to us as "the Sutherland shepherd who wants neither meat nor drink," and indeed it bore a rough resemblance to a man, while the small rocks scattered about might be taken for sheep.

Beyond the balcony we climbed up two steep ladders, each steeper than the last, and found ourselves confronted by the huge framework of lamps and reflectors, all dazzlingly bright, made so by rouge and chamois leather.

The lightkeepers watch all night, the two taking it in turn, four hours on duty and four hours off. A whistle from the lighthouse passes into the bedrooms of the dwelling-places on the other side of the pavement, to rouse the men for the watch.

In the winter they keep the light burning sixteen hours, during which time the lamp is twice filled, and five gallons of oil are burnt. There is a flash every two minutes, the lamps being coloured red and white.

Mr. Morrison said they preferred oil to gas —that the latter would be no improvement on the paraffin.

It is very hot up here at night though there are ventilators and a good draught, without which the lamps would not burn.

The day we were there it was very hot in the lantern though all the blinds were drawn. Mr. Morrison said that if the blinds were not closely drawn the hot sun would set the lamps alight striking them through the glass.

Descending into the space below the lantern we saw the clock which keeps *sun time*, and were interested to find a difference of twenty-and-a-half minutes between it and Greenwich time. Here, too, are the works of the lights, which look like the interior of an immense clock.

Stevenson constructed the light; it revolves by clock-work, and is wound up like a clock. While it is going all right a bell rings, so that the lightkeeper can read quietly, for he would know in a moment if anything were wrong by its stopping.*

In this space hung a photograph of a flame of one of the lamps; here also was a book in which visitors write their names—the Lord Provost of London, as they call the Lord Mayor, being duly represented by Sir Henry and Lady Knight.

The Sheriffs and Lord Provosts of Glasgow and Edinburgh come once a year to inspect, and this they do unexpectedly. These northern lighthouses are quite separate from the Trinity Boards. It is scarcely possible to imagine the intensely isolated lives of lighthouse and lightship keepers. The authorities do well to change the men from one lighthouse to another: this is done about once in five years. Mr. Morrison has been in the service twenty-nine years. Take the two families who live here—there is no doctor nearer than Durness, and a steamer enters the creek, two miles from the lighthouse, once a year only with the stores of provisions and necessaries, and their lists for the coming year must be ready to go back.

We were told that one year the Duke of Edinburgh was inspector, and there was no possibility of getting to the lighthouse but by the yearly provision steamer, and Mrs. Morrison told us that what with receiving him who was prince and inspector all in one, and taking in the stores, it was a day of sore perplexity to them.

The length of the coast line of the British islands is about 9392 nautical miles—4469 belonging to Scotland. These are watched over by about six hundred lighthouses and lightships, and are said to be more efficiently lighted than any of similar length in the world.

Notwithstanding that these lighthouses stand on the most exposed and surf-lashed parts of our coasts there is no need to be anxious about the safety of the lighthouse keepers, so securely are they built.

During the summer solstice at Cape Wrath there is literally no night; the sun seems to set and rise almost at one and the same time and place, thus realising the Scriptural phrase, "There shall be no night there."

After we had been minutely through the lighthouse we entered the dwelling-house, and found that Mrs. Morrison had prepared a meal for us with her own hands, reminding us of the welcome given to strangers in old Biblical days—a meal consisting of delicious tea, hot scones and buttermilk, and one which we thoroughly appreciated after the drive in the keen northern air and the fatigue of examining the lighthouse.

We were glad to find that as often as possible the residents at the lighthouse went to church on Sundays at Durness, that being the nearest to them.

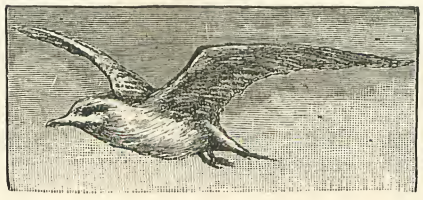
Bidding farewell to these kind, hospitable people, we returned to Durness, and the following day made our way back to Tongue much in the same way as we had come, only that we had to cross Loch Erriboll in a storm, and had sharp showers and wind during our drive; but nothing really mattered, and we quite agreed with Dr. Johnson: "The wind was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whistling of the blast, the fall of the shower, and the roar of the torrents, made a nobler chorus of the rough music of nature than it had ever been my chance to hear before."

The journey from Tongue to Cape Wrath and back cost us, independent of our hotel bill, £4 4*s*. 2*d*. for three people, and included carriages, kyles, etc.

(*To be continued.*)

* Not on the detached rock, as is supposed generally, but on the edge of the mainland. It is of course granite, and was built in 1828.

* Land birds often strike the light, but sea birds rarely, if ever.



REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTMAS

By AN ANGLO CANADIAN.



IN one of the numerous suburbs of London, where so many tasteful and pretty villas abound, I was once the guest in a small household during the Christmas week; and pleasant indeed were the days I passed, sometimes running up to town to select some little offering for one of my friends, or working at the finishing stitches of some fine piece of fancy work, to add to the numerous gifts. My friend had a large party gathered under her small roof, and for each of them some trifle was made or bought; also each of the servants was to be a recipient of a gift, for in English homes none are forgotten, from the least to the greatest, at that glad season; and I looked in amazement as parcel after parcel arrived, and wondered how and where they were all to be distributed; and I was more puzzled than ever when my friend said: "Now I must get the greengrocer to give me a nice clean hamper and cord."

Well, we went to church on the Christmas morning, and heard a delightful sermon preached by the vicar; he dwelt long and lovingly on Christ's own childhood, and ended up by saying Christmas was the children's day, and that all should join in trying to make the day happy to them, that they might therefore be brought to love Christ the more. I grieved over the fact that there were no children in our party, and wondered how my friend would feel at the constant mention of the little ones, not knowing that she was deeply interested in a young fatherless and motherless lad, and had long promised him, if he did well at school, that at some future time she would give him a watch, and she had already invited him to join in our evening's festivity. I might have known her loving nature would not be content till she found some young person to brighten us up, and upon whom she could shower her loving kindness; and after our dinner, which was an excellent one, had been partaken of, and one and all had drunk to the health of our absent friends, we returned to the drawing-room, and there found the little lad smilingly awaiting us.

Having quietly sipped our coffee, and enjoyed a little music, we were suddenly aroused by one of those loud and solemn single knocks that come so unawares to strangers unused to London ways, and directly a maid entered, and said: "If you please, ma'am, there is a carrier at the door with a hamper for you," and my friend smilingly asked her guests, as it was Christmas time, might she bring it in and open it there? and one replied, "Indeed, yes; it is a pleasant surprise for you to get a Christmas hamper so late; and you had better open it at once, for no doubt it is fruit or game from the country." But I had my doubts. I thought it looked strongly like *the hamper* with its green cord that I had noted a few days since. My friend said nothing, but asked the servant to bring her a knife, and, throwing off the lid, displayed innumerable white and brown parcels; and even then few understood that each in the room had a treasure packed away somewhere in the depths of the basket till our friend began to distribute them.

One gentleman got the most lovely knitted silk socks, tied down in a charming little toy hamper so closely with blue ribbons that he never thought of looking into it to see what lay beneath, till some elderly lady said, "Untie the ribbons," and as he did so there lay the pretty soft silk socks; the colour rose into his face as he glanced with a pleased look across to a kindly-looking young lady who sat with her unopened gift in her hand. Her parcel was so tiny that surely nothing but some valuable gem could be inside it; and so it was, for I caught just one glimpse of it, and it shone like gold, and she looked happy.

Our little school-boy, who had stood near the hamper all this time, and handed each parcel as the name was read out, was in a great state of excitement. I had watched his fine open countenance, and his soft grey eyes open with expectancy, as package after package passed through his hands and none came for him. He eyed every little parcel more earnestly than the last, and presently his name was called. But alas! it was a large, bulky package—no precious watch for him this Christmas. But all the same, boy-like, he had soon torn off the wrappings. But behold! inside was another paper, and that was addressed to his friend; and when she had thrown that aside, there was another, this time with my name upon it; and so it changed hands many times, but at last came back to its first owner, and throwing down the last brown paper, a good sized wooden box was displayed, and the lad's face fell more and more as he pulled out wool and paper and paper and wool, till at the very bottom was found a wee case, and opening it, with a cry of joy he held up high above his head the long-wished-for watch! There was a sound of kisses and smothered laughter, and my poor friend was being hugged till she had to cry for mercy.

The servants, who had been told to remain in the room, and had stood together at the door, had each received a gift most suitable, besides all of them getting a sealed envelope, which, from the shape and apparent weight of it, I concluded contained at least five shillings: and one of the maids whispered to me as she passed: "Oh, ma'am, is not the mistress most kind?" And I most heartily agreed with her, for was I not so laden with all sorts of gifts that when at last our gay evening was over I could scarcely climb the stairs to my comfortable bedroom? but when once there stood long looking into the glowing coals, and chanting quietly to myself an old poem that I had once learned as a child of "The Merry Homes of England." And I do not know where my stupid thoughts might have led me if one of my pretty gifts had not fallen from my arms, and in my efforts to save it from the fire recalled my wandering thoughts to the present; and I was not long in getting into my nice warm bed, when I was soon sent fast asleep by the jangling of the Christmas chimes.

Another Christmas, and the sun had just set in one of our small Canadian villages, leaving a trail of beautiful colours behind it on the usual grey-tinted sky of evening, and the one village street was just being lighted with its oil lamps, which burnt most dimly, and were at best few and far between. But though the lights were dim the hearts were light, for it was Christmas Eve. In the little wooden church, by the dim light of a few lanterns and an odd lamp, a number of young people were sticking here and there, in holes bored in the different seats, small branches of the mountain ash, with their scarlet berries, and two or three of the most venturesome spirits had gone so far as to put a few bits in the corners of the sombre old pulpit. But much decoration was deemed unseemly, and not allowed in those primitive times. In the vestry beyond were assembled the doctor's young son, a stalwart young butcher, and a short, bald-headed old man, who on ordinary days mended the villagers' boots and shoes, but who at this time was bringing forth the most doleful groans from a big bass viol in his efforts to keep time with the above-named young gentlemen, who were practising their respective parts in the Psalms and hymn tunes on a flute and violin. These, with a few young girls' voices, comprised the choir; but to-night the young maidens were too busy to join them, and only peeped in as they passed to and fro bearing their little branches to their destination.

In the little frame cottages the mothers were more or less busy preparing the good things for the week, for these kindly people laid in such a store of cakes and pies as would astonish ordinary mortals nowadays. There was the great stone oven to be heated for the dozen of pumpkin pies, and how recklessly the golden cream had been stirred in none but the good mother knew, for had she not a fine brindled cow of her own? and the pies must be extra good this Christmas time, when all the children would be coming home. Then the turkey was well stuffed with savory herbs that she had picked and dried out of her

own nice garden, the apple-cream placed in the big glass dish, and the pudding tied ready for the pot. I was watching our good housewife as she went back and forth in her spotless kitchen, when suddenly I heard the light flying steps of children, and two young creatures, a boy of about five years of age and a little girl of seven, came in so covered with snow that but for their rosy cheeks and chattering tongues I should have taken them for two snow images. They had been out with their sled, as they called it; and had tumbled from it so often in their sliding down hill that all their garments had a firm coating of the glistening snow. As each laid aside comforter, cap, and hood, I saw that the boy had curly brown hair, but the girl's wavy locks were as fair as her face almost, and you could see that she had a sensitive, clinging nature, and I could not help wondering what her future might be. Well, they sat themselves down by the great kitchen fire, where a pot hung on a long crook, or crane, full of boiling lard, waiting for the few remaining crullers to be dropped in it. A great platter of the crisp brown doughnuts was already on the table, which the children eyed so lovingly that their mother gave them each one, and, telling them to go to bed, said—

"For you know, dears, that Christkindchen never comes to fill the stockings of the good little children till they are all asleep."

Then you should have seen the awe that stole into the little girl's face as she turned her fluffy head, and looking up into the broad chimney, said—

"Christkindchen! Christkindchen! we have been good; please put something nice into our stockings, but be very careful of the fire when you come down, or it will burn you."

And Christkindchen heard her and came carefully down, for in the morning both children's stockings were full. But you little people nowadays, who have so many toys, gay picture books, and French sweets, and no end of valuable gifts besides, will laugh when I tell you what trifles gave those little ones of that household long ago so much pleasure. First, in the toes of the little stockings were a few sticks of candy, twisted tightly in paper, a package of blanched almonds, and raisins, and a dolly made of the doughnuts, with allspice eyes, cloves for ears and nose, and a raisin for the mouth; this was prized the most, and carried about all day; and I saw tears shed when one was broken, though comfort was found afterwards in a degree by the eating of it.

One more Christmas and I have done. This time I was in old London again, and it seemed busier and more full than ever—big folk, little folk, fat folk, thin folk, all seeming to vie with each other as to which could hurry over the ground the fastest. There seemed only one place in all that vast city where anyone stood still or where quiet reigned, and that was opposite the Marylebone Soup Kitchen, where groups of emaciated men, a few bedraggled and wan-looking women, and poor little ragged, shivering children, sat upon the curbstone, or leaned against the side of the building or a lamp post, waiting till some belated passer-by would of their plenty give them a penny to get a basin of soup. I had already given away a number of tickets to the man in charge of the place, but it being Christmas Eve, my heart was very pitiful toward the poor hungry creatures, though I had been told that the men were mostly drunkards, who only came there when they had no pence for the public-house. But as I passed along on the pavement I saw a poor little boy crouching near the wall to shield himself from the wind, looking so cold and miserable, and crying bitterly; so I spoke to him and gave him a sixpence. But just as I gave it to him, a tall, gaunt man reached his hand over us and snatched it from him, and before I had quite realised what had happened he had rushed at a mad pace quite out of sight. I was with a friend who knew more of the ways of London than I did, so she urged me to come away at once, or she said we would be mobbed, as by this time several grimy hands were extended in supplication to me; so I walked rather quickly, to be out of their way. But I earnestly hoped some braver spirit than mine would see that the poor little child got his supper before the night fairly closed in. It was very hard to think that in the very midst of such great wealth and comfort hundreds of poor creatures lay cold and unfed when such a trifle would help them.

Christmas morning came, but no bright sun awakened me, for it was foggy; and as we walked to church the fog seemed to penetrate even through our warm cloaks. We found the gas burning in the street, and though all lighted in the church, it seemed very poor and dim. But I forgot all about it in the beautiful service and grand singing, for I supposed the day would clear up later; but instead of doing so the fog became more dense than ever. As we walked home I could not but congratulate myself that I had not to go out to get my Christmas dinner, though several friends were to dine with us. As the hour for dinner approached we observed an anxious look upon the faces of the servants as they came and went about the house. We waited an hour, then another, for our expected guests, and after all our small party of three had to sit down alone; and we even could not have the satisfaction of grumbling, for there was the solemn footman handing dish after dish with as much solemnity as if our eight stranger guests were all there. It was bad indeed for us, but our poor friends had the worst of it, for they all had made the effort to come, and had driven round and round in the pitch darkness of the terrible fog, the gentlemen having even got out of their carriages and carried lights before the coachman. But all to no purpose, for at ten o'clock they found themselves back in the near neighbourhood of their own homes, and were thankful to refresh themselves with cold beef and mutton, and whatever good thing might be found in the larder. But as for a merry Christmas, few had really had it, for the elements had conspired together to prevent it; and almost all the dinner parties on that Christmas day ended more or less as ours had done.

POLITE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

FEW of us would quite agree with Victor Cherbuliez when, speaking through the mouth of one of his characters, he tell us that "Rien n'est plus impertinent qu'une question, car répondre est toujours une fatigue et souvent un embarras"—"Nothing is more impertinent than a question—answering it is always fatiguing, and frequently embarrassing."

Too often, with persons of scanty ideas and meagre power of expressing themselves, a running fire of questions is the only way of keeping up conversation, while even with our greatest men, intelligent questions happily put have been known to act as an intellectual stimulus, and to issue in such brilliant outpourings as the world would not willingly lose.

At the same time, it is an indisputable fact that in our journey through life we are constantly exposed to a great many questions which are distinctly offensive. Unfortunately, too, it is not only with persons who are deficient in breeding, and strangers to the niceties of social life, that such questions are matter of daily occurrence—they may be put unwittingly by the very politest of people.

It is therefore of no little importance, if we would avoid on the one hand answering these questions, and on the other transgressing any of the laws of courtesy, that we should give some little thought to the different methods of dealing with these objectionable experiences. It is easy enough, perhaps, to avoid answering an impertinent question when the circumstances are such that a polite snub is not undesirable or inadmissible. But when the necessity for refusing to answer coexists with a strong desire not to offend, then the difficulties in the way are very considerable. So indeed they are in those cases where the question has been prompted by no malicious feeling, and where it would seriously discompose the guiltless blunderers if their *gaucherie* were made evident.

Raillery sometimes affords a valuable means of escape from the difficulties of the position, as when, for instance, one lady having been asked by another where she had bought her delicious fish, replied that she hadn't bought it at all. "The fishmonger, when he heard you were coming to lunch, presented it to me. Unlike Dr. Faustus, my fishmonger absolutely refused to sell his sole (soul)." As a matter of fact, the much lauded fish had come off the truck of an itinerant vendor of "Mackerel all alive, oh!" but motives of false shame made the lady interrogated dislike to avow this.

Everyone is familiar with the nursery formula for dealing with any indiscreet query as to a person's age. But people who would scarcely care to answer that they were as old as their tongue and a little older than their teeth might with advantage borrow a hint from the young married woman, whose precise age had been a subject of much discussion before some friend, more daring than the rest, hazarded a point blank enquiry—"How old are you?" "How old am I!" she echoed gaily; "let me see. Why, with my new bonnet and best gown on I am only seventeen. On the other hand, when I swathe myself in a shiny mackintosh, and poise a deerstalker's cap on the back of my head, I am not a day younger than fifty. My actual age, as you know, is somewhere between those limits."

One other way of dealing lightly with this question as to age, when it is a woman who is victimised by it, is to say laughingly—"Oh, we women are supposed to be only as old as we look. You do not need to ask me, therefore; you have simply to look at me." Yet another way, likely to be popular with those who rejoice in a good French accent, and are pleased at any opportunity of displaying it, is to rattle off some appropriate French quotation, prefacing it with the statement that you don't see why people should ever want to know anybody's age, since—

"Aux âmes bien nées,
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années";

or you may remark, that when you die no one will be able to say of you, as the French poet did of the young girl—

"Et Rose, elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin!"

Still another way is to answer with a touch of melancholy—"Alas! I am old enough to have been chief mourner at the funeral of many hopes," when the interrogator will probably feel that his or her question has set you on a track of sad reminiscences, and in curiously wondering what these dead and gone hopes can possibly have been will cease to speculate over your age. On the whole, however, a tone of cheerful banter best befits answers to the question, "How old are you?" and selection may be recommended from among the following: "Young enough to have preserved many illusions, one of which is, that a woman is always permitted to keep her years a profound secret"; or, "If I told my age to-day, ten years hence I might regret it"; or, "Women, like music, should never be dated;" or, "To tell you the truth, I have now arrived at that age when questions about age are always to be evaded." If the indiscreet friend persists further, and says, "But what age is that?" one has only to answer, "Why, the age that I am, to be sure," and so the discussion terminates in a circle.

While raillery, in many cases, is a very effective weapon, it must be sparingly used with those whose age, station, or intellect lift them above one's own level. Even with one's equals, too, one may not always *choose* to resort to it. There are occasions when it is well to signify disapproval of an impertinent question, and to administer an unmistakable rebuff. But even then it is best to inflict the snub in a perfectly polite manner, so that the blame which attaches to the offender's rudeness may not also be extended to one's own curtness.

"Will you accept Captain Vavasour if he proposes to you?" said an illbred young girl to a friend of hers who had been singled out by the captain as the object of many attentions.

"My dear Celia," was the cutting reply, given in gentle but firm tones, "that is one of those questions which are seldom asked——" She paused, then added, with significant emphasis—"and never answered."

Nothing in its way could have been more admirable than this particular rejoinder, which in its cold reproof but absolute courtesy must have effectually put the flippant interrogator to the blush. This same answer, given in a slightly different tone, may be used too in those cases where the feelings of the person have to be considered. It is what one may call a colourless answer, which can be made to gently check or to harshly repress, according to the manner in which it is delivered.

Another colourless answer which can be returned to all questions, prefaced with an "If you will forgive my asking," is the following: "I could forgive you for asking, but not myself for answering." A slight modification of this same idea is to be found in the well-known rejoinder which a volatile young widow elicited from a man of the world whom she had been pestering to answer a very indiscreet question.

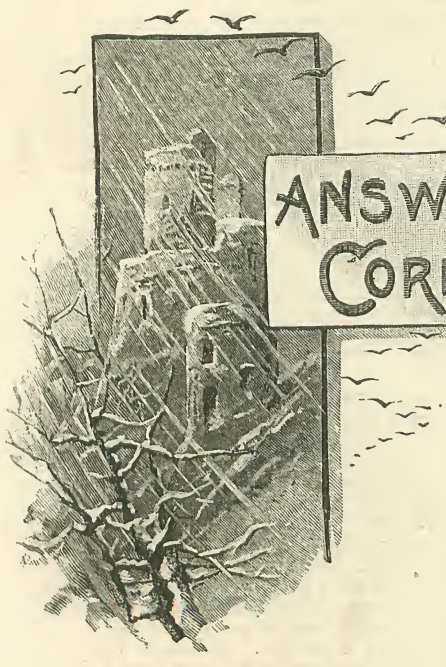
"My dear Mrs. ——," he cried; "the world pardons the woman who asks these questions, but not the man who answers them."

It is not a bad plan when anyone, by way of an afterthought, after putting an impertinent question, murmurs apologetically, "Pray don't tell me if you would rather not," to seize the offered road of escape, and to say, "I will be as frank as you are considerate—I would rather not."

Sometimes, too, the Yankee plan of meeting a question with a question can be successfully tried, and you may say, "What makes you ask?" when, if the reply be, "Oh, simply for curiosity," the answer, "So bad a reason doesn't deserve an answer," will be found to be very adequate.

But after the above simple hints everyone's own sagacity will be equal to discovering methods of politely answering impertinent questions, or, to be more accurate, methods of not answering them. I may remark, in conclusion, though, that just as much practice in exercise and gymnastics leads to ease in ordinary walking, so much taxing one's ingenuity over appropriate answers to hypothetical, silly, or impertinent questions will ensure great facility in dealing with the usual commonplaces of every-day inquisitorial blundering.

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.



MISCELLANEOUS.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH.—1. We can only suggest to you a plan which we have proposed to others. Pray daily for God's grace to curb your hasty temper; count sixty before you reply to what may have annoyed you; and should you be doubtful as to whether you either spoke or looked crossly, make an apology.—2. We do not advertise any kind of soap.

K. E. D.—1. Most clubs possess a few books, and all are anxious to form good libraries. But we do not think that all have them.—2. We are not acquainted with any club for women in Kensington. There is one in Soho which is not named in either of our articles on the subject.

GRACIE P.—1. We think the verses very amusing, but not poetry. We cannot say what you will be when you are "grown up" at all, but hope you will be good, the best of all things to become.

M. GREENLAW.—There are very few openings for companions. To be qualified for such a position a young woman should be very well educated and very well bred.

NORFOLK LASSIE.—Yes; *Noah's Ark* is published separately by Messrs. F. Warne & Co.

MONICA.—1. We are unable to tell you whether you have any "coat of arms." Your father may have had no right to them or they would be on old seals and plate belonging to your family. If you send in a pedigree of your descent to the Heralds' College, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., the matter will be enquired into. But you had better first ask what the fees would be, as they might be very expensive. You can adopt a "device" and have it on a seal, and on your writing-paper, which costs no more than the engraving at a stationer's; and no tax is claimed for that, as for armorial bearings.—2. When a girl has been introduced into society her name should be engraved on her mother's card, underneath her name. If the friend be out when you call, leave your card.

PRIMROSE.—Confide the whole case to your mother, and when the man comes to the house you can let him see that his presence does not occupy your thoughts without showing him any rudeness, or neglecting any little acts of ordinary hospitality. Do not let him go the length of making a proposal.

E. H.—Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin was the second wife of the poet Shelley. She was born in 1797, married in 1816, published *Frankenstein* in the same year, and edited her husband's poetical works in 1839. Seventeen years after he was drowned when sailing from Leghorn to Lerici. She also published some essays and posthumous poems of his. Amongst her own works were *Valperga*, *The Last Man*, *Ladore*, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, and biographies of foreign men of letters and artists. She died in 1851, aged fifty-four.

BABY must excuse our declining to describe her character by her writing. Certainly you should not allow any man, not your father, uncle, or brother, to accompany you to school.—2. The 26th of February, 1873, was a Wednesday.

BLACK EYES.—For the method which we have given for making a serpent of postage stamps, see our new volume, "How to Make Common Things," p. 55. If you have the "G. O. P.," Vol. III., you will find the original Article, "More Occupations for Invalids," pp. 332 and 333.

LONG 31ST asks a question which is scarcely suitable, since she can learn all that we can tell her in the *History of Greece*. Alexander III. was surnamed "the Great" because he was a great conqueror. He was the son of Philip of Macedon, born at Pella B.C. 356, and his mother was Olympias, daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus. He had a splendid education. Leonidas, Lysimachus, and Aristotle were his masters. He died of a drinking-bout after a few days' illness, B.C. 323, and was buried in a golden coffin at Alexandria by Ptolemy, and divine honours were paid to him in Egypt and in other countries. The sarcophagus in which the coffin was placed has been in the British Museum since 1802. Dr. E. D. Clarke published a dissertation upon it in 1805, having, through his exertions, had it surrendered to the English by the French Army.

A READER wishes to know of "any cure for sunken eyes." Certainly not. People are often born with small eyes, and we know of no method for bringing them forward. Nothing could be arranged behind them to give them prominence. But you may at least feel glad to reflect that little "pigs' eyes," lying deep in their sockets, are preferable to protruding eyes, which not only distress their owner but all who see them.

DAISY.—If you wish to know the difference of time between the various countries and principal cities of the world you should pay a visit to the Crystal Palace, take a note-book, and make entries of all, as they appear indicated on a dial or table in the astronomical department. Australia is our antipodes, or exactly the opposite side of the world to our own country. When it is noon here it is midnight there; when summer here it is winter there. You should study a manual of astronomy. We have published some illustrated books on the subject.

MINONETA.—1. In addressing a peeress you should put "The Countess of B.," not "Lady B.," unless the wife of a baronet or knight. If the wife of a baron, "The Lady B."—2. "Ogilvy" is accented on the first letter. The family derives its pedigree from the Mormaers of Angus, one of the seven great hereditary chiefs of Scotland, who in the 11th century exchanged that designation for the title of Earl.

GOLENDDYDD.—The 40th, 43rd, 55th, and 60th chapters of Isaiah are thought to be the finest, we believe, but the imagery and poetry of the whole book are very grand.

MISS M. E. JONES.—We believe that the Ladies' Dress Reform Association has an office or representative at 22, Berners Street.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.



All rights reserved.] "'I AM NEARLY TWENTY-SIX,' ANSWERED ESTHER."

CHAPTER XI.

COUNTER-INFLUENCE.

"REALLY I heard such dismal accounts of the way things were going at Greyfriars that I felt I must just run down to see if I could not help to set them right. I hope you will not think I have the least wish to interfere. But you know, my dear, you are very young and inexperienced; and my brother's children are not like ordinary boys and girls, and require exceptional management. If it would have been possible to do so, I would have come to introduce you to your refractory nieces and nephews, who would not take the same liberties with me as they no doubt do with a younger and more inexperienced aunt. But after Cuthbert's account of the way things were going, I could not help running down to see if I could not put matters straight for you. And in the autumn, I have no doubt, I shall be able to come down on a long visit, as our dear Jessie wished. But of course the claims of society, and one's duties to one's own daughters, must come before everything else."

This torrent of words, together with much more in the same strain, was poured into Esther's ears by a tall, stout, commanding-looking lady, richly dressed in shot silk and velvet, whom she had found installed in the drawing-room on her return from a pleasant afternoon spent with Mrs. Chester, and whom Jessie introduced as her aunt, Mrs. Gostling, the aunt with whom Cuthbert had been staying, though he was now safely back at Eton.

Esther had had no warning of this visit, which was announced to Lady Eleanora by a telegram that only came a couple of hours before the guest herself. She was not quite certain if she relished the new importation, but she was as cordial as she knew how to be, and thanked her for her kind intentions in coming.

"Oh, of course my brother's children come next with me to my own, and it makes me wretched to feel they are running into all sorts of harm. Pray do not think for a moment that I wish to impute the least blame to you. But of

course you cannot have experience, and nothing can fill the place of the mother's watchful eye. Jessie tells me that Dacre has twice been ill during the last few weeks. I am afraid that boy will never live if more care cannot be taken of him. Do you have a doctor for him?"

"Dacre will not see a doctor. But Mr. Chester is very kind in coming to see him if he is ailing. He seems to understand him very well, and has great influence over him—at least, more than anybody else; and he is almost as good as a doctor, by what people say."

Mrs. Gostling arched her eye-brows, and her face took a different expression. "I heard something about that too. But, my dear—if you will permit me to call you that on such short acquaintance—you look so very like what dear Rosamund did when I knew her first. Do you think it is quite wise to have that young man so much about the house, considering that there is not a gentleman here now?"

Esther's face did not change one whit. "It is not any doing of mine that he comes, Mrs. Gostling,' she said with the utmost quietude. "It appears to be an old-established custom. Lady Eleanora seems very grateful to him for continuing his visits, and doing what he can for Dacre. It is a great relief that there is anyone who can control him and enforce submission."

"Ah, yes! I have no doubt that all that is very true. At the same time, it does not do to forget that you are a young and attractive woman, and that in a small country place people are fond of gossip."

Esther smiled, the more so as she felt Mrs. Gostling's eyes fixed upon her rather narrowly.

"I am afraid Jessie is something of a little gossip," she answered, quietly. "But I have not come across much of that kind of thing so far. People with interests and occupations of their own have something else to do than give up their time to discussing their neighbours' affairs."

But at that moment an interruption came in the entrance of Dacre himself, who, though nominally back with his tutor, had a way of turning up at unexpected moments, and was often home long before Humphrey. He looked surprised to see his aunt, and shook hands in a manly way, quite ignoring the embrace which she was visibly willing to bestow upon him.

"My dear boy, how dreadfully delicate you are looking. I was afraid it would be so with your dear mother away. That is partly why I have come now, to see if I cannot devise some better way of taking care of you. Would you like to come back with me to London? Egbert is at school, but the little boys are at home, as well as Bertha and May. Bertha is here with me. She wanted a few days with Jessie. What do you say to coming home with us when we go?"

"Not at any price, thank you," answered the boy, with prompt decision. "I hate London, and always did."

"But I should take care of you, and you might keep well there."

"I am well here," answered Dacre. "And as for that, Aunt Esther takes lots more care of me than anybody else ever did. It's a perfect nuisance being coddled up as she and Everard coddle me. You needn't be afraid on that score."

"Still, I think it would be much better for you to come away with me," persisted his aunt. "I have heard things that make me anxious, and I should be much happier to have you under my own care. I am sure you give your Aunt Esther a very great deal of trouble and anxiety."

Dacre shrugged his shoulders, and gave a quick look at Esther, which had a gleam of humour and fellow-feeling in it, and she answered by a smile.

"Oh, I'm made like that. I bother everybody. But Aunt Esther doesn't mind. We get on as well as can be expected; and Everard tells her how to manage me. You needn't be at all anxious. We do very well, don't we, Aunt Esther?"

Esther was a good deal surprised by this sudden access of kindliness in Dacre's manner, and listened to the fencing that went on between him and his aunt with some amusement, and not an entire comprehension. She did not greatly like Mrs. Gostling, and felt that she would have gladly been saved this visit, kindly though it might be meant; but she wondered why, when the lady had swept out of the room to return to Lady Eleanora, Dacre threw himself back in his chair in a fit of silent laughter, and executed a sort of pantomime which was quite unintelligible to her.

"What an awful lark," he said at length.

"What is the lark?" asked Esther, still perplexed.

"Why, do you mean to say you don't know what the old girl has really come here for?"

"Dacre, you should not speak of your aunt like that. She has come to see if she cannot do something to help me, for she knows I have not as much experience in managing a large household as she has. It is very kind of her."

"Now, Aunt Esther, don't you pretend that you swallow all that palaver. You know very well it isn't that. She has just come to spy out the land, and see what you are really like. For she has taken a fright at what Cuthbert has said about you; and she is awfully afraid you will just upset one of the most cherished plans of her heart."

"Really, Dacre, you are talking great nonsense. I have not a notion what you mean."

"That's because you are so awfully green, or because you haven't seen enough of her manœuvres before. Have you seen that precious daughter of hers? No! Oh, wait till you do, and you'll feel really sorry for her. She's just like a lump of lead on her mother's hands. I don't know what it is about her, but she's as heavy as lead and as dull as ditch water. She's been in the market these three years—and is still on sale."

"Really, Dacre, I wish you would not use such expressions."

"Well, that's what it comes to, you know. She's been out three seasons, and has never had a bite; and though she is good-looking in a way, nobody was ever yet found to admire her; and latterly they have been concocting a plan for bringing her down here to throw at Everard's head. I don't exactly know why he is to be the victim, except that he cares less for brilliance than for sterling worth; and our aunt, as she can't find one in her daughter, pretends that she is brimming over with the other. But at any rate she and mamma hatched a nice little plot between them for Bertha's benefit; and now she is in a fright lest before the autumn comes—and she wants to have a try at one more London season before quite giving up the hope of a title for her heavy artillery—Everard should have found metal more attractive elsewhere, and should not fall into the neatly-baited trap. Now do you understand? I saw it all in a moment, especially her wanting to take me away. As a rule she'd as soon have a wild unicorn in her house as me; but anything to keep Everard away from Greyfriars, and give her an excuse for asking him to her house if ever he is in town."

Esther hardly knew whether to laugh or to be angry. She had long ago found it hopeless to try and check Dacre's freedom of speech. It was a habit of years, and had become second nature. The whole thing was vexatious and annoying, and a great offence to her good taste; but after all the boy was not to blame for the state of affairs, and possibly forewarned might be forearmed. At least, it was just as well to know how the undercurrents of the house were setting.

"Well, Dacre, I hope you exaggerate matters. It is very difficult to believe all you say; but please have the good sense to keep quiet and say nothing more to anybody. I don't like silly talk of that kind, as you very well know; and it is very bad for the girls to have such thoughts put into their heads."

"I don't think girls want any putting—they are all there to start with," answered Dacre, laughing. "Never mind, Aunt Esther; you sha'n't be bullied by Aunt Gostling. I'll take care of you. I think it's a mean trick, first to decline to come herself, and then to swoop down and badger you. I'll give her a taste of my tongue if she is offensive."

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind, Dacre," answered Esther, laughing, her gratitude for his promised championship overweighed by dread of some of his intolerable impertinence, the blame of which would very likely be laid at her door, as his illness and the brother's escapade had already been.

And Esther was soon to find that she was tacitly held responsible for all that was amiss at Greyfriars. It was Lady Eleanora's way to oppose any kind of reform, and then to lament that things went all wrong in the absence of the proper authorities. So far as Esther was able to gather from independent and impartial sources, things were not worse under her rule than at other times. The spirit of laxness and partial insubordination seemed to be the pre-

vailing atmosphere of the house, and one which she was not permitted to check. It therefore seemed to her simply absurd to hold her responsible for the natural outcome of a state of affairs she had no power to stop; and she kept her temper and her serenity marvellously under the cuts and veiled taunts levelled at her by Mrs. Gostling during the half-hour before dinner during which the three ladies were alone together. It did cross her mind whether or not she should offer to abdicate, and take herself away from Greyfriars; but that seemed like a desertion of her post from unworthy motives; for it also crossed her mind that Mrs. Gostling might be trying to work her quietly out, and her pride and determination of character alike revolted from being thus made a tool of. Dacre's hints had not been without their effect. She felt certain that in the autumn, when it suited Mrs. Gostling to migrate with her family to Greyfriars, she would very much rather find Esther gone, so that the reins of government might fall entirely into her own hands. It seemed as if this brief visit were made partly with the object of alarming or irritating Esther, so that she might be the more ready to leave when she knew the enemy was about to arrive and remain for a considerable period. It might only be a fancy on her part, but she could not entirely shake it off.

Just before dinner was announced the two girls came in together. Esther was rather surprised, after Dacre's strictures, to find the cousin so attractive and so animated. At the first glance no one would have called her dull or heavy, and it was some little while before Esther could define the cause for the lack of popularity which had beset the steps of this really handsome girl. Gradually, as she came to analyse the impression produced, she laid it down to the kind of training received, and the life she had led. As an eldest daughter, and a remarkably handsome child and young girl, Bertha had been brought forward in society at a ridiculously early age. There was hardly a time when she was relegated to the healthy seclusion of the schoolroom; she had been her mother's companion from her babyhood; and, though not introduced nominally into the world before the usual age, she had, as she herself phrased it, "never been in," so that "coming out" was in her case a mere figure of speech. The consequence of this injudicious training had been that she was almost uneducated, and quite uncultured, so far as mental attainments went, that she had only a few very superficial accomplishments, and was utterly unable to sustain a part in any kind of real conversation. To chatter on the trivialities of the hour was about all she could do, and she was so bored and *blasé* with a life that had nothing but pleasure for its aim and object, that she enjoyed nothing in a healthy way, and was always letting this sense of weariness and vacancy of mind be seen. She had never acquired the habit of reading, so that even novels were a bore to her, as indeed they might be to anyone who never by chance read anything else. One saw her at her best at the first introduction, when her handsome face and good manners prepossessed in her favour, though she seemed even then altogether too formed and self-possessed for a girl of two-and-twenty. Afterwards, to try and talk to her became a labour, and Esther understood what her frank boy cousin had meant when he had called her heavy artillery.

But she seemed fond of Jessie, who wanted nothing better than a quiet listener, not eager to bear her share in the talk. The girls sat together at dinner, and talked in undertones, and had got together in the drawing-room, as if to spend the evening in a corner, when Everard chanced to drop in, as he occasionally did at this time, with a note from his mother for Lady Eleanora.

Mrs. Gostling received him very graciously, and he was soon inveigled into a new game the visitors had brought from London, which they said was very amusing, as, indeed, it seemed. The players were the two girls, Dacre, and Everard, and Esther sat and looked on. Bertha, as the only player who knew it, had to exert herself to explain and teach, and was more animated than was her wont, and showed to the best advantage. Everard had a very kindly, pleasant way with all he came across, and to Bertha, as a grown-up young lady, he showed more attention than to Jessie, who was always treated in very sisterly fashion. And it seemed as if Bertha were pleased and flattered, and Esther wondered for a moment if she really did care for Everard, whom she must have met many times before. There was something in her face that seemed to indicate a decided partiality.

Mrs. Gostling was evidently pleased and flattered, and was particularly gracious. Esther saw that she could be a very attractive woman when she chose, though to herself she had not shown the pleasantest side of her character. She drew a little apart, watching the family drama with some amusement, and more conscious of her position as an outsider than she had been before. But she did not mind it; she was quite content to look on and take mental notes; and then there was real gratification in what Dacre did later on, when the game had ended, and he saw that his aunt was, as it were, left out in the cold. It was very little, but just one of those little delicate impulses that showed sometimes what Dacre might be if he gave his better feelings play. He came across and sat down beside her, and forced the rest to include her in the conversation. When Dacre chose he could be brilliant in the extreme, and he chose to exert himself now mainly for Esther's benefit; and as Everard seconded his efforts, and Esther was herself no mean hand at conversation, a brilliant series of sallies began to be interchanged, and such keen remarks and criticisms to pass on the literature and questions of the day, as seldom had a place in Greyfriars, and rapidly reduced Jessie and Bertha to absolute silence. Mrs. Gostling held her own with some success, and Dacre showed a depth of thought, a power of expression, and an amount of reading that quite amazed Esther. It seemed as if Everard thought he had read too much, and checked him sometimes when he spoke out in his more reckless tone; but on the whole he kept within bounds, though showing remarkable originality of mind, and Esther saw him in a new light, and one which she wished was more common.

When the evening was over, Mrs. Gostling lingered a few moments by the fire with Esther, and then asked a question.

"I should very much like to know, Miss Egerton, how it is that at your age—for you cannot be many years older than my daughter—you manage to have read so much, to have acquired the art of talking of what you know, and have found time also to make yourself an accomplished musician, as I am told you are. My daughter has had every advantage—or might have had if she would have availed herself of them—but she knows not one tithe of what you do, and will not make up the deficiency, I fear, as time goes on, and she reaches your present age."

"I am nearly twenty-six," answered Esther, "so I have had a long start: but then I never went into society as a girl. I was kept at my books in the schoolroom, and never thought of anything beyond them; and my ambition was to keep up with my brother till after he had been to the University. My music was my recreation, and in our quiet life there was too little visiting for that to be a serious hindrance. I may be wrong, but my own idea is that it is a pity for girls to be introduced to society too young. It unsettles their minds, interrupts their studies, and they lose those habits of concentration which are so difficult to acquire later. And I do not think they really enjoy society as it should be enjoyed, until they can go into it with formed minds, and some opinions of their own worth listening to."

Mrs. Gostling sighed, and turned quickly away. Esther did not know whether or not her remarks had been taken in good part, but she had given a plain answer to a plain question, and could do no more. She might have felt that her theory was strengthened had she heard the goodnight words exchanged by the cousins at their door.

"Then you would do it if you were me, Bertha?"

"Oh, yes! I would certainly do it if you want to. One never enjoys things half so much afterwards as one does at first. When you are as old as I am you will be tired of everything."

(*To be continued.*)

SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD;
OR,
OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.

PART II.



MEDICAL.

In my last review of the several types represented by our English-speaking girlhood, the "Muscular" and the "Æsthetic" persuasions passed before me. The next in order are the "Scholastic," "Scientific," and "Literary."

I acknowledge to a feeling of great respect for the undoubted ability, and dauntless courage and perseverance, that have shone out in so remarkable a manner amongst the first-named class. Against the bitterest opposition and prejudice they continue to win their way upwards to the highest limit of efficiency and of distinction in point of fact, although the reward of scholastic titles be not always conceded when honestly and brilliantly won. They have demonstrated the fact, that the small and delicate brain of their sex is capable of as high cultivation, to be followed by as valuable results, as that of their brothers.

I would here draw special attention to the fact, that those who have honestly attained to the top round of the ladder are too large-minded to be vain, or to adopt the supercilious airs of those who have simply "crammed" (like a large proportion of their youthful fellow-students of the other sex), or adopt the style of "blue stockings," and make themselves tiresome by pronouncing crude opinions *ex cathedra*, and disputing those of everyone else, till voted a nuisance by all who hear them. The most contemptible vanity can alone be charged with the effort to pass examinations by the assistance of highly-paid tutors (otherwise termed "coaches"). No genuine, careful study, and thorough digestion of the needs-be, of axioms propounded; no experimental working-out of problems and scientific theories; no patient week by week and month by month expenditure of time, so to learn as to be able to teach, so to learn as to remember for ever and aye.

The cramming system is simply a disgraceful fraud. It passes off the mere gilding of base metal for gold. It is of no sort of value to those who need to make their bread out of their attainments, since they cannot retain in their memories, even if they could understand, their studies; and of the money spent on their education their parents are shamefully defrauded.

I am not finding fault with the hard-working "coaches," who have made honest work of their own studies, and attained their creditable position as competent teachers by genuine industry and natural ability. They render all the assistance in their power to such who desire it, and it is not for them to enquire whether their pupils be dishonest in their work. I would only draw attention to the fact, that amongst the "sweet girl graduates" we see a leaven of pitiful shams, as we do amongst their brothers.

For my own part, I should respect and much prefer a thoroughly idle, pleasure-seeking girl, who made no pretensions to being other than a "Mayfly," to one who plumed herself on her academical status, and the certificates obtained through false pretences.

Like their sisters of the type yclept "Æsthetic," some of these scholastic damsels adopt a description of semi-masculine attire—a somewhat queer turn-out, and, methinks, a little too childish and feeble to be consistent in the votaries of science and general scholastic learning. Even on the kindly faces of those who appreciate their talent and honest work, they might sometimes see an almost imperceptible smile lurking at the corners of the mouth, at weakness unconsciously exhibited. Devote your time and all your patience, my "sweet girl graduates," to regular work, and obtain the aid of a tutor if you can afford it; but deport yourselves like graceful, self-respecting women, and do not feel degraded by, and ashamed of, the distinctive dress that marks your sex, for in trying to ape a masculine style you dishonour it. I do not mean to imply that our dress could not be improved and modified in the interests of health and economy. All I recommend is this—to avoid eccentricity, and a desire to discard all appearance of the essentially feminine for that which is distinctively masculine.

* * * *

I might have included amongst the several types of girlhood one of which this allusion to costume has just reminded me. My readers will recognise it as one not to be omitted—the "Sporting and horsey girl." Many amongst the thoroughly well-bred and graceful of our sex "ride to hounds" with their male relatives. I have lived for years in a hunting neighbourhood, and know that they may do so, and distinguish themselves as splendid horsewomen, and yet remain perfectly uncontaminated by the associations of the stable, and who never were, nor appeared to be, unsexed by their pursuits. They were essentially feminine, and could not appear, speak, nor act in any way derogatory to the natural refinement of their sex.

But oh! the mawkish, sickly little "manikin" objects that ape a feeble resemblance to a different sex! How truly ashamed I feel of them! They present a most humiliating spectacle; while the stronger and more "swaggering" in style revolt one by their coarseness. As to the spectacle of a woman handling a gun unless for purposes of defence, it is past all comment and beyond all censure of mine. To fire at a mark, or a sham bird, is harmless enough; though the use of a bow and arrows is far more graceful and suitable for them. It is against nature for a woman to kill any living thing for mere sport.

Perhaps there are some who have read the recent strictures, by a Mr. Richardson, on the intense and rabid desire evidenced by a large proportion of his own sex "to kill something." For the benefit of those who have not read his suggestions to sufferers from this mania, I may retail them. He proposes that it may be gratified by "shooting some of the old broken-down omnibus horses." They might add, moreover, something to their means by entering into an agreement with the knackers to put an end to miserable lives. Now, let it be understood that, although I quote this philanthropist's opinions, I give none of my own in reference to the sports of men. It is with women that I have to deal; and I sincerely hope that English girls will never follow in the steps of some of our foreign neighbours, and go out to shoot, instead of merely to pick up, the game that has fallen to the gun of husband or brother.

The most innocent and unobjectionable confusion between the two sexes is to be seen in some of the "Buried Cities" of Holland. According to the reports of a lady exploring those little-frequented localities, at least by foreigners, it appears that boys and girls are dressed alike until upwards of eight years of age. Their costume consists of a gay-looking bodice, and a dark full skirt. As the traveller seemed to imagine that the rising generation were all of the female sex, the guide enquired "whether we thought that one sturdy little scholar were a boy or a girl?" The traveller replied, "A girl." Upon which he directed her attention to a small red-and-white crown-piece at the back of its cap. It was the badge of his masculine sex. "Girls' caps are plain," he replied.

I think that perhaps I should have classed our "Medical Women" side by side with the "Scientific." In their case no "cramming" could be chargeable. Their work must be *genuine;* their practical demonstrations *en evidence* to their examiners. No superficial attainments could obtain for them the "license to kill" (to use a pet phrase amongst the "Medicos"). The profession is of a painful, arduous, and intensely anxious character; and those of our young women who qualify for it successfully are gifted with natural capabilities



ÆSTHETIC.

and special talent, ensuring a career of efficiency and distinction.

The profession of anatomy, surgery, and medicine has been glorified in the teachings and practice of some of the most distinguished women of bygone times, especially in Italy. And truly one would far rather have trusted health and life to their skill and delicate hands than to the dreadful "horse-doctoring" of the English "barber-surgeons," who monopolised the art of the leech in this country for so long a period. Women are undoubtedly nurses by nature. They are gifted with quick perceptive faculties and a singular degree of intuition, as well as with a delicacy of touch, that are essentially characteristic of their sex, and of extreme value as qualifications for such a profession.

A few words must now be devoted to the type "Literary." It is a curious fact that an impression exists almost universally amongst our very young girls, that they are embryo authors, and not only so, but poets. It seems to be a necessary vent to their feelings to pour forth all their hopes, sorrows, affections, and religious aspirations in verse. It is a harmless recreation; but I would counsel them, if of a literary turn of mind, to study the rules of both lyrical composition and of prose, and thus, whether in maturer years they attain to the status of authorship or not, they may write and converse in good Saxon-English, and learn to employ the words that best express their ideas, and aptly represent the most delicate shades of thought. Moreover, they will be able the better to appreciate the language of our standard authors, both in prose and poetry. How very little of enjoyment a visitor to one of our galleries must have who looks at each work of art as a child would look at the glaring daubs presented to him in a coloured alphabet, without the least understanding of art, or appreciation of colour and form. And so I counsel them to read the best authors, and learn all that our useful friend, Dr. Eadie, can teach them in his *Handbook of the English Tongue*.

Excellent works, instructive, artistic, scientific, poetical, astronomical, and on all the "ologies," on nursing, and social economy, owe their origin to women's clever and cultured brains; and I think I may fairly say of them, as a distinct class, that literary women are neither ostentatious nor vainglorious, neither do they (as a general and distinctive characteristic) adopt a style of exterior that is otherwise than attractive. Doubtless there are shams and would-be literary women and poetasters. Some of these latter aspirants to fame are represented by the laurel-crowned, high-stepping, bunchy-footed "Miss Bunion," who figured so conspicuously at the inimitable "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," together with the fly-away, die-away, frivelling "Miss Meggot." There are likewise the hard-featured, be-spectacled lean kine, with unkempt hair, ever eagerly watching for new and original ideas, which in all probability make themselves scarce! But, so far as my personal experience has impressed me, literary women of the genuine sort are dressed simply, and often in very good taste; and though sometimes rather silent than the reverse, they assume no airs of superiority over those of their sisters who are less gifted than themselves.

The art of the Painter and Sculptor has no selfish tendency. This alone is a great recommendation to its pursuit. They work silently, and their quiet efforts after superior excellence in their art, and a distinguished name, are not carried on at the expense of the student's or writer's brain-work, or what would be more cruel still, at that of the nerves, repose, or sleep of some hapless invalid. Our girl artists have no special peculiarities of dress: they are perhaps somewhat untidy, at least in their studios; a habit once acquired and indulged in being likely to extend into the private dwelling-rooms. In the galleries where they work in public, both at home, and abroad, they are sometimes a queer and heterogeneous-looking community. The old ladies are amusingly eccentric, without adopting any distinctive style, and the young somewhat careless as to how they look. But these are only my own observations, and my opportunities for seeing them at work have not been extensive. I like what little I have known of them, and rejoice when I can, as an art critic, say a few words in praise of their oftentimes beautiful work, when I visit a gallery on the successively recurring "Press days."

Musicians, as a rule, are very genial, good-natured, light-hearted folk, and more especially those who are professional vocalists. But O! the torment they oftentimes inflict on their neighbours, whether they be professional or amateurs, by cruelly persisting in a continuous harping on certain passages. They nearly drive their unfortunate neighbours out of their houses. Troublesome passages should be frequently changed for others, so as to relieve their nerves. Insulators should be placed under the feet of the piano, and they



POLITICAL.

also on a thick rug, and the instrument be placed away from any wall connected with the house of a neighbour.

Why do our musical girls go on so relentlessly with their desultory strumming, or tramping, like cart-horses, over the keys? Do they never bethink them of the dwellers on the under floor? Do they ever make it a point to ascertain at what hours the music mania asserts itself on the other side of their hapless next neighbours? Those only who have resided, as a sandwich, between the cross-fire of two pianos, or two sopranos of the singing sisterhood, can at all appreciate the pandemonium to which they are condemned! There is too much of self amongst us all; but the painful demonstration of this fact is more prominently noticeable amongst this class, as a matter of course.

I do not deny that quite as beautiful examples of kindly thoughtfulness for others may be found amongst singers and instrumentalists as could be found amongst artists and others. I only wish to draw the attention of young lovers of music to the nuisance their hobby may be made to others. In personal appearance this class is usually devoid of eccentricities. They affect no peculiarities, and are dressed according to the fashions of the time, though I should consider that of the professional musician a little in excess of what I should myself consider in good taste. But for this there may be reasons of their own, into which I have not been initiated.

The "Political" sisterhood comes next in the order given. Now, I am of opinion that those individuals who have the training of children committed to them, would err very grievously if, from an early period of a child's existence, it were not taught to love its country, to feel a reverence for its rulers and its laws; and more than this, to extend its interest and closest sympathies to that "Greater Britain," which comprises all those friends and fellow-countrymen constrained to seek a living beyond the sea-girt shores of our dear old island home. Politics are by no means outside a woman's sphere of influence; and her work would grievously lack completion were she to exclude it from the list of the necessary items of a general education. But "stump oratory" may safely be regarded as quite beyond the limits of a woman's social work. What could be more revoltingly unnatural than the grim, ungainly spectacle of a woman haranguing a mob?—a woman engaged in exciting the passions of socialistic and unprincipled men; exciting them to deeds of violence and insubordination, instead of entering their homesteads in private as messengers of harmony and peace.

It may perhaps be a recognised fact, that all great and important reforms have been primarily brought about by the exaggerated zeal and excessive action taken by their earliest pioneers. Such, in the cause of women, in its varied departments, are those whom we know as the "Screaming Sisterhood." I should not select my own familiar friend and associate from the rank of that unsexed confederation, and I strongly advise my young women readers to beware of earning such unenviable notoriety as theirs. To say the least in reference to these rampant agitators, while conceding that the elements of truth and justice underlie many of their theories and demands, they are assuredly inspired with "a zeal not according to knowledge." They injure their cause by much exaggeration and bluster, in appealing to the ignorant and untrained; and they are deficient in those attributes of self-respect, delicacy of feeling, and deference to orthodox authority, which have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of womanhood in general.

Some of my girl friends may remember the pretty old fable of the combat between the sun and the wind to constrain a man to take off his cloak. It was not the fury of the violent blast that tore it from his shoulders. That caused him to wrap it the more closely around him. But the genial and gentle influences of the sunshine made him willingly relax his hold, and drop it from him. What a lesson may be learnt from this, my readers! Apply it, so far as it may be applied, in any case in which you feel an interest.

Before concluding my description of the type so nicknamed, I must warn my readers that it has been very unjustly applied in a large proportion of cases. Those opposed to any reform as regards the work, the improvement, and general influence of the sex, seem to feel a mischievous pleasure in classing all such reformers under one and the same opprobrious designation.

For myself, I certainly do not refer to those quiet, strong- (though sober) minded women who convene meetings in suitable rooms to discuss and speak on subjects connected with the well-being of their sex. The persons to whom I apply the term of satire abovenamed are the women who follow in the wake of Louise Michel—"stump orators" who harangue mobs and outdoor assemblies of the people.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

BABY'S MISSION.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.



ELSIE LUDLOW sat leaning her head on her hand, with a weary expression on her face, and traces of lately-shed tears in her eyes. There did not seem to be any particular cause of grief in her surroundings. The room was prettily furnished, and the window looked out upon a garden sweet with spring flowers; the sky was blue, the sunshine lit up the pleasant scene, and birds' songs filled the air. It was the sort of day on which everyone ought to be glad; but Elsie's face was like a November cloud in its gloom and depression.

A baby's cry broke in upon her reverie, and, getting up from her chair, she went over to a little cradle which stood on the other side of the room, and taking her baby in her arms, began to soothe it; but not a ray of light broke over her face as she did so, and as soon as it was quieted, she laid it down again and went back to her old position by the window.

There had been a time when Elsie was as light-hearted as any girl could be, and when life seemed to her perfectly easy and delightful; but it was her own self-will that she had to thank for her present unhappiness. Horace Ludlow asked her to be his wife, and though her parents warned her that she knew far too little about him to risk her life in his keeping, she would not listen to any good advice, but took her own way in spite of everything.

And what was it now that she had to complain of? Horace was a good fellow enough; he worked hard, and kept his wife in comfort and plenty; he was quiet, steady, and industrious—and yet she was not satisfied. She could not have told what she wanted, but now that the excitement and novelty of her marriage had worn off, and she was obliged to settle down to the duties of everyday existence, she craved for something to give her life the stimulus it seemed to lack. Of course she would not confess it, but she knew now that her father and mother were right, and that a marriage without true love can never be a happy one, whatever other advantages it may possess. Incompatibility of tastes and ideas may seem a very slight matter at first, but it is *enough to make two lives* miserable in the end.

Horace never quarrelled—he was far too good-natured for that; but it was his very good-nature that irritated his wife. If he too had seemed to lack something in their daily life, Elsie would not have chafed nearly so much; but he never appeared to her to notice their want of unity and confidence. He went to his office after breakfast, and came back at night with the same calm, imperturbable demeanour. He spent the evening over his books, and read paragraphs out of the newspaper to his wife as though there were nothing else to be desired in the world. There was nothing to blame him for; he was simply dull, humdrum, orderly, and respectable, but Elsie felt at times as though she could bear the quiet atmosphere of their life no longer.

Horace was utterly unused to the ways of women; he had no sisters of his own, and he had never mixed much in ladies' society. When Elsie was wayward and petulant, he thought it was only the ordinary habit of her sex, and creaked about on tiptoe under the idea that she had a headache. It was no use to be cross with such a man; but instead of being thankful for his kindness, Elsie used to wish that she could annoy him. If once she could really rouse him she thought they might understand each other better. Something did rouse him at last, but the result did not satisfy his wife. It was when Horace first held his little baby daughter in his arms that his whole soul woke up within him, and as he kissed the soft tiny face a strange feeling rushed through his being that made his voice tremble and his eyes grow dim.

Elsie saw it. She knew at once that her husband had a heart after all, and that the passionate emotion she had striven in vain to reach was touched in a moment by the baby's unconscious hands. She saw it, and she was more unhappy than ever. It seems a strange thing for a mother to be jealous of her own child, but Elsie had never cared for children. Their helpless little ways had no charm for her; she disliked the trouble of them, and thought of them as encumbrances and not as blessings. She had no clue, therefore, to the joy that thrilled through her husband's heart when he looked at his child, and felt all the pride of possession. She was fond of the little thing, but it was always a relief to her when the nurse had got it, and she had quite a feeling of vexation when she found that Horace's first question was always for baby now, and not for herself. She had been used to think that his care and consideration were rather wearisome than otherwise, and answer crossly when he enquired anxiously after her health; but now that it was evident that baby came first in all his thoughts, she missed his solicitude, and wished for it back again.

"I don't think baby looks very well," he had said on this particular morning, as he looked fondly down at his little nine weeks' old daughter as she lay in the cradle.

"You are always thinking that," said Elsie, carelessly. "She's all right."

"I shall send the doctor round this morning," said Horace, with a sternness in his tone that his wife had never heard in the old days. "You think of no one but yourself, Elsie."

His words cut her to the quick, and after he had gone out she sat down and cried with anger and mortification. "I can never love Horace now," she thought. She little guessed that her very longing for his kindness was a sign of wakening love in her heart.

She knew nothing about babies, and had not an idea whether the child was ill or not; it was fretful, but then she thought it always was fretful, and she paid but little attention to it.

The doctor came in presently, and did not seem greatly concerned by its condition. "Keep it warm," was his principal injunction.

"And that I was doing before," thought Elsie, rather indignantly.

In the afternoon a friend came to call, and persuaded Elsie to go out with her to do some shopping.

"I don't think I ought to go," said Elsie, doubtfully. "Baby is not very well, and I hardly like to leave her."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Winton. "What is the good of having a nurse if one is to be tied in that way? Really, when I see the slaves that some people are to their children I am thankful I never had any."

There was a sale going on at one of the large drapers' shops in the town, and Elsie was so interested in her purchases that she was amazed to find how time had slipped away.

"I must hurry back," she said, when she saw how late it was, and not all Mrs. Winton's persuasions could induce her to stay out a moment longer.

"How is baby?" was her first question when she got home.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the nurse, who had not had much more experience than her mistress. "She's been screaming most of the afternoon, and I can't get her quiet."

Elsie hurried upstairs, and the first sight that met her eyes was the baby lying stiff and convulsed in the cradle.

"Run for the doctor, nurse," she cried. "Don't lose a moment. Oh, what shall I do with her!"

The nurse had started off to fetch the doctor as soon as her mistress had spoken, and there was no one to answer Elsie's question or to aid her with advice. She had not an idea what steps to take, and the moments seemed like hours till the nurse came back.

"I can't find him," she said. "He has gone out of town, and they don't expect him back to-night. Who shall I go for?"

"I will go myself," said Elsie, desperately. "You stay with her, and I will be back directly."

Oh, how she wished that she had not wasted all her time in fretting over her unhappy lot! If she had thought more about the little one whom she had been inclined to look upon as a trouble, she would have known what to do in this terrible emergency. It was no use to waste her time in vain regrets, however, and she rushed into the town as fast as her feet could carry her. The first doctor she went to was out, but she found one at last, and told him her story as well as she could while they hastened back to the house.

"How is baby now?" she said, as she entered the nursery.

"Oh, she looks much better. She is not nearly so stiff, and she is lying quite comfortable now."

The doctor took no notice of the nurse's words. He gave one look at the little face upon the pillow, felt the tiny wrist with his finger, and then turned away for a minute.

"You can easily give her something to make her well, can you not?" exclaimed Elsie, taking fright at his silence.

He turned and looked at her with a peculiar expression upon his face. "No," he said, in a tone that sounded gruff, though it was really full of sympathy. "I cannot do anything—the baby is dead."

Elsie never knew what came next—the room seemed suddenly to turn into a dark cavern and swallow her up. There was a sound like rushing water in her ears, and then everything slipped away from her, and she felt herself going down—down, until she felt nothing more. The moment she came to herself, however, she knew all that had happened. Long before she had recovered her powers enough to speak the thought rushed in upon her—"What will Horace say? What will he think?"

She struggled hard to speak, and at last her words came back to her. "Go and tell my husband!" she said, motioning towards the door.

"You are not fit to be left," said the doctor doubtfully, looking at her wild eyes and pale, terrified face.

"Go! go!" cried Elsie, more vehemently,

as her strength returned. "There is no time to lose. And oh, I cannot meet him!"

The doctor saw that there was something that he did not understand, and that the only way to quiet her would be to obey her; so taking the address of Horace's office, he started off on his mission.

"Leave me alone!" said Elsie, the moment that he was gone; and the nurse, who was crying bitterly by the cradle, went out of the room, frightened by her mistress's strange demeanour.

As soon as she was alone Elsie got up slowly and with difficulty, for her head was still weak, and went across to the cradle. The baby was lying with its little waxen hands outside the coverlet, its lips just parted, and a faint tinge of colour in its sweet face. But Elsie never doubted the doctor's words for a moment. The baby was dead; she knew it—it was just what she deserved: and what would Horace say?

She felt as though her misery must break her heart as she knelt there, and yet she did not shed a tear; she was turned to stone with the anguish that filled her whole being. The moments seemed to pass as slowly as hours; she thought she had been kneeling there all night when the clock struck seven, and she could hardly realise that it was no later than the usual hour at which her husband returned home. She shuddered afresh at the thought of meeting him. She could not analyse her feelings; she only knew that her darling was dead—dead, perhaps, by her neglect—and her heart sank at the thought of his grief and anger. She trembled at every sound, thinking that it was his footstep. But when at last he did come he entered so quietly that she did not hear him. The nurse had left the door unlatched when she went out of the room, and Horace, pushing it gently open, saw his wife kneeling by the cradle, her hands clasped together, and an expression of utter despair upon her face.

"What is the matter, Elsie?" he said.

Elsie started to her feet; a cry broke from her lips and rang through the silent room. Then turning from him she hid her face in her hands.

"What is the matter?" asked Horace again.

"Did you not meet the doctor?" asked Elsie, breathlessly.

"No. Is baby worse? Tell me, Elsie!"

Elsie could not speak. She pointed to the cradle, and like a flash of lightning Horace guessed the whole truth. He flung himself down by his little dead daughter and burst into an agony of tears. Elsie walked away to the window with a strange feeling at her heart. She wondered if she was going mad; she could hear her husband's heartbroken sobs, but she did not feel the slightest inclination to cry. She felt only that they had come to the end of everything. Horace had never loved her, but now he would hate her, and life was so dark that she could not even realise what it was that had so suddenly come upon her. She had had a faint hope lately that their baby might bring them nearer together, but that was all over now. It might have been, but God had taken her away, and there was no hope any more.

Suddenly, as she stood there in the depth of her despair, she felt an arm put round her, and heard a voice in her ear. "Elsie, my darling, you must come and lie down; you look so dreadfully ill."

"Horace!" she exclaimed. "How can you speak to me like that?"

"What do you mean?" asked Horace, gently. His face was very pale, and his eyelids were heavy and red; but he had recovered his composure, and was the strong self-contained man again.

"I thought you would never love me now," cried Elsie. "I did not mean to neglect her, Horace! Oh, I did not, God knows! I would give my life if she were only alive again! I wish I were dead too!"

She shivered convulsively, and tried to draw away from him, but Horace held her closer in his arms. "You must not speak so," he said. "You are all I have left."

His words broke through the icy despair that lay upon Elsie's heart, and hiding her face upon his shoulder she burst into a flood of tears. It was not till she had told her husband the whole truth that she could feel a moment's peace. But Horace had not a word of blame for her. He could not blame her when her grief was so great; and terrible as his own sorrow was, he knew that he had never been so near to his wife before as he was that night when they knelt side by side by the lifeless form of their little one.

No other children ever came to bless that sorrowing home; but baby's mission was not ended when her brief life on earth was over. Short as they were, those nine weeks had not been lived in vain. The little unconscious child had left an abiding influence behind her which had power to mould the lives of the parents she had never even recognised. Hers is an unfinished story, for it is still being carried on in some far region out of sight. But the work she was sent on earth to do was completed far more perfectly than that of many who have been accounted saints of men. A common love, a common grief, had drawn together the hearts that had as yet found no bond of union, and blended the two lives into one harmonious whole.

Elsie sought scope for her newly awakened sympathies in caring for the neglected children in homes less prosperous than her own, and Horace's bitter disappointment was soothed as he watched and aided his wife's loving labours. There is a wound in both their hearts that aches still, and will ache as long as they live upon this earth; but they have learnt the true meaning of life and love, and numbers of those whom they have helped in their time of need would, if they knew all the story, give thanks with their whole hearts for The Baby's Mission.

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

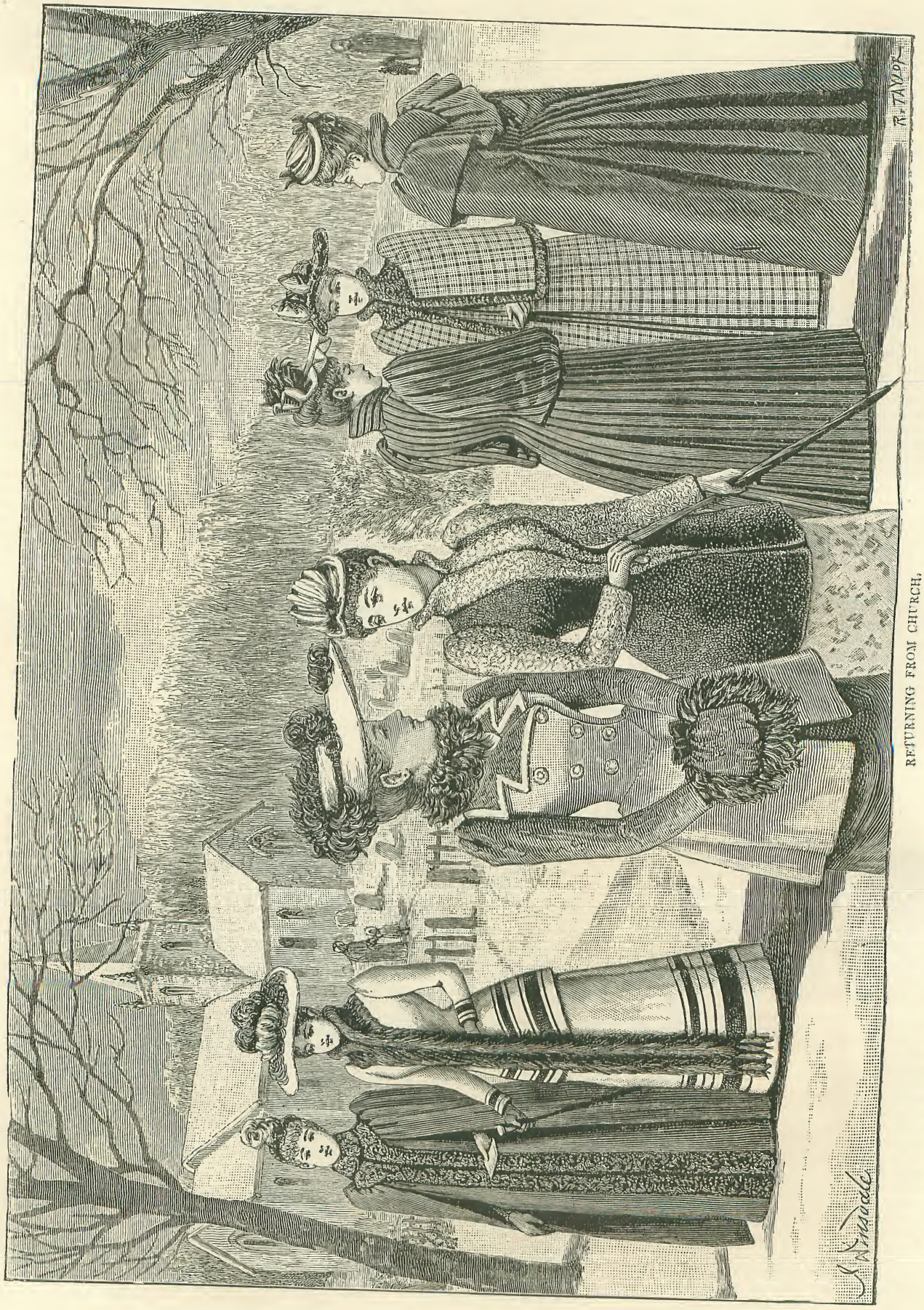
THE EMANCIPATION OF SEAMSTRESSES.

By ANNE BEALE.

As some enquiries and suggestions have been made concerning the article in the November number of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, headed as above, it is considered expedient to give a few more particulars of the Co-operative Needlewomen's Association. In the first place, it is asked whether the Association mends as well as makes garments? We give the answer in the words of one of its rules:—"Repairing of all kinds will be undertaken at moderate charges." The enquirer was interested in the condition of young men, who, not being taught the use of the needle, are sometimes at their wits' end to know where to get their stockings darned or their shirts fronted. Such "unfortunates," then, as have neither wife, mother, nor sister to help them, cannot do better than employ the needlewomen assembled at 4, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. By so doing they will aid in putting down the sweating system; since we have heard of late that the middlemen come between employer and employed even in the matter of repairs.

Another kind and interested friend enquires if the Association will supply small as well as large orders. We venture to quote his words: "I refer more particularly to such articles as collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs. My idea is that there are hundreds of young men that would gladly order these articles by the dozen if they could order first-hand." Again we answer the question from the rules and price-list of the Association, which will be sent gladly on application. Under the heading "Shirts and Collars," a long list is given, in which it is plainly stated that collars and wristbands are sold by the dozen, and shirts either singly or in numbers, according to order. "Pocket-handkerchiefs" are not mentioned, but they would doubtless be supplied. As orders are greatly needed to maintain the Association, we trust that our readers will kindly make these facts known. The charges are reasonable, and "Experienced needlewomen in finest and plain hand-sewing in shirts and collars, and in all kinds of work, are employed. A capable forewoman overlooks each branch of the work. Estimates are given if required. Work cut out may be sent, or materials with patterns and directions. A competent person will call upon anyone who may desire for measurements, fitting, instructions, etc." (The lines between the inverted commas are quoted from the rules.)

The last-mentioned enquirer suggests that "It would be a good thing if general purchasers could be furnished with a list of retailing houses in every town in the kingdom where sweating is not practised." This would involve much labour and probably some animadversion; but it is in the power of each individual to help to suppress this awful system. If everyone would seek to employ and personally pay the worker, and would not purchase the over cheap articles which are literally the blood of the sweated, much would be done. There should be a co-operation of employer as well as employed, and all honour to those tradesmen who have "come out" from the ranks of the torturers. "We want a continual dropping fire," says Mr. Walter Besant, in a letter now before us on this subject; and if we all contributed our quota of powder we might keep it up. We want more workrooms where the women can get a fair wage for their day's work; but these cannot be established or maintained without money. If the two already "set a-going" in east and west could be deluged with orders, then others might be taken in different neighbourhoods, and permanent good done to the over-tasked, half-starved seamstresses of this great Babylon. Surely the outcry on the sweating system will not be allowed to die away into a mere whisper, as so many popular outcries have done. We would gladly do all in our power to give it a clarion-tongue which shall resound to the ends of the earth.



RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



TWO HATS AND A BONNET.

We have had such a number of autumn weddings, and have trenched so far on the early days of winter as to run into December. Thus it may be well to mention the kind of dresses which seemed to prevail at them, as a guide for those of our readers who may find it useful to know something about it, either as guests or as participators in the ceremony. Some years ago it was always thought to bode ill-luck in every way to see a black gown at a wedding; and we have heard of very angry feelings being manifested by some people when a guest came thus appareled. Time, the great smoother away of difficulties, has altered all this, and we can now wear black at that function as well as on any other occasion. At a recent wedding there were certainly a dozen guests in black, in most cases relieved by some kind of trimming. White lace formed a lovely one for one dress; gold braiding on white cloth and gold braiding on scarlet cloth formed that of two black gowns which were tailor-made, and a handsome black velvet was relieved by a tartan-velvet plastron and sleeves, which looked very well indeed, and was, I should think, of Parisian origin, as the French dressmakers make far more use of tartans this winter as trimmings than we do. In fact, I think plaids and tartans find more acceptance amongst French ladies than amongst us, and gay and startling colours are better liked in dress. The traditional Frenchwoman with her black walking costume has quite vanished from the streets of Paris.

The general *résumé* of fashions given by our illustrations of the month will be found most accurate, and, so far as possible, everything pretty will be found in them. High collars and ruffs are important features both of indoor and out-of-door dress, and the ruffs especially give a style and elegance to any costume. In case of net or chiffon ruffs they can be made at home at a small expense, and so can those of pinked-out silk to match any gown. Any of them are pretty for evening or indoor use, and will serve to refresh a worn out robe. Those in feathers and fur are most expensive. The former are very warm, and quite suitable for winter weather.

In the two figures marked as "Two Winter Gowns," two very pretty costumes are shown, which can be copied without much trouble.



TWO WINTER GOWNS.

The standing figure wears a cloth gown with bias bands of velvet trimming round the almost plain skirt, velvet sleeves, and collar. The deep fringe which goes round the basque is a novelty which proves very becoming to most figures. The plush mantle of the sitting figure shows exactly the shape and style of the more expensive capes of sealskin and beaver. They are very handsome indeed, and large enough to be worn without a mantle or jacket. The dress beneath is a homespun made up on the bias entirely.

The illustration of "Two Hats and a Bonnet" shows how much ostrich plumes are used in trimming both hats and bonnets. The fancy for putting on the trimming for both quite at the back is giving way, and the latest show that it is gradually coming to the front as well, mixed with folds of ribbon, or a bias piece of velvet made into bows which are massive and heavy.

The selection of colours for the winter is very wide; and I think blue is as much, if not more, worn as any other hue after its eclipse of late years. Boulak, or image blue, a blue-green, seems the most worn with black. But there is a deeper shade, called "jay," which is very much more becoming to the wearer. "Solferino," and a kind of magenta—as I mentioned in my last article—are both to be seen again; and mandarin and Espagnole yellows, a scarlet called "ibis," and a shade called "groseille," are all used on bonnets and hats, but are hidden, as it were, or used very moderately. The basis of the bonnet is always a neutral tint—black, grey, or brown; and these vivid hues are used as "touches" only. Fur edgings and trimmings to both hats and bonnets are very general, the trimmings in this case being fur aigrettes, or feather pom-pons of a bright colour. Black cock's feathers are in great request, and so, I am sorry to say, are the poor birds; though I take great comfort from the thought that many of them are capital imitations, made by clever Parisian fingers, the butterflies and humming-birds being quite marvellous in their fidelity to nature.

While on the subject of colours, I forgot to mention that there is a new chocolate-brown called "python" which would be very pretty for gowns, and a grey-blue called "Syren;" also a brownish-yellowish colour, which is best described by its name, "Burton ale." All these are new, and it will be useful to bear them in mind for new gowns later on in the season.

Cloth is the great material for hats that are unblocked; and we have the wonderful "plate" of felt, which can be manipulated by clever fingers into either a bonnet or hat. One almost wonders how they stay on the head; and it is evidently only the numberless hat-pins that keep them in place.

In the way of making dresses, the jacket-bodices with deep basques and of the most severe plainness in cut are the most worn and admired. The English bodices are cut with a seam at the waist; but the French prefer to cut them with no seam, and all in one with the bodice, the English mode being the most becoming to the figure. Very deep coat-bodices are sometimes seen that almost look like a second skirt; and these are generally open in front, with a Louis XVI. waistcoat, which is richly trimmed with embroidery and lace. The basque of English gowns is usually opened-up at the back, like a man's morning coat, and this gives room for the gathers of



NEW CAPE.

the skirt underneath to expand, and gives a little fulness at the back, thus taking away from the long straight lines.

The style of skirts continues the same. They are narrow and flat, and as long as the long coat bodices are in vogue they will continue to be the same as they are, as they sit so much better. Some of the new skirts of thick materials are once more gored, and all dresses of "princess" style are gored in as closely as possible, as far as the knee, below which they are allowed to spring out a little. All skirts have tapes and runners to tie the fulness in closely at the back; but steels and dress-pads are things of the past, and I should advise my readers who are of an economical turn of mind to collect these cast-off mattresses, and make a pillow case of ticking, and turn out their contents into it. They were generally made of the very best hair, and they form a very good hair pillow. Some years ago it was all the fashion amongst doctors to order hair-pillows to sleepless and headachy patients.

With heavy woollen materials the back breadths are generally mounted in two narrow box pleats of treble thickness, or else in kilt pleats which meet in the centre. A single box pleat is also sometimes seen on the gowns made by fashionable ladies' tailors, but this is too severe a style for most people. All the softer materials—woollens, silks, and even velvets—are gathered; but the gathers are large, and a lining is put in to make them look rounded and full.

A new back for the jacket-bodice has made its appearance, with many side pieces, and very much cutting in it. But I fancy the ordinary home-dressmaker will not feel inclined to try it, as it will be difficult both to cut and to fit. Sleeves continue to be cut high, and many of them are braided, or made in stripes, or wound round in a kind of spiral effect.

The yoke method of trimming bodices remains very popular, and the yoke and sleeves are often made of the same material, the yoke following round the arms and being sewn in with the sleeves. This is, for some people, a very unbecoming style, so it should be adopted with great care; if the figure be too thin it will not look well.

In the large picture we have every kind of cloak and jacket shown which are at all worn this winter, so it will not be difficult to see what is pretty and what is not. For travelling and driving, the long cloaks are excellent, but they lack the smartness and youthful appearance of the jacket, nor are they so good or so healthful for walking wear, and make our exercise too much a matter of form to be good for us. They, as well as fur and fur-lined jackets, produce over-heating in walking, and give a feeling of fatigue. So it is well if, in going into the country, we provide ourselves with a warm close-fitting jacket, to make sure that we get the proper amount of exercise and fresh air during our trip. Too large a hat is not good for the country in the winter either, as it resists the wind and fatigues us too. So we must choose a plain and close-fitting felt, with a plain band, and altogether as simple as we can obtain: I notice this year there are numbers of these for sale everywhere.

The paper pattern selected for the month is one of a new cape with a high collar and a pointed yoke. This shape, if lengthened, will form one of the new mantles which are now often seen made of the material of the dress. The yoke and collar may be made of plush or imitation astrachan, and the flounce or lower part of cloth. About a yard of double width, and one yard of plush or astrachan, would be enough to make this comfortable garment. The yoke must be lined with silk and the flounce also, or it will lack sufficient warmth. This pattern may be had, price 1s., from the address below.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, and new jacket with revers.

SOME FOREIGN SWEET DISHES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

FRIED RICE.

Prepare rice and milk with a little salt, as for a rice pudding, and cook till firm. Then sprinkle a wooden board with flour, spread on it the rice about the thickness of a finger, sift over it flour, and then lightly roll with a rolling-pin so that the rice is quite even. When it is cold cut it into squares, and fry a golden colour. As soon as they are done sprinkle with sugar, and serve hot or cold, with a spoonful of apricot jam on each, or with a cream sauce handed in a sauce-boat.

CLARET SHAPE.

Stew five ounces of sago in three-quarters of a pint of claret until the sago becomes quite transparent, add to this, when done, as much wine, sugar, and rum as is liked for flavouring, and cook these together until the mixture begins to get thick; then pour into a mould and let it stand all night in a cool place. Turn out on a dish and serve with whipped cream round it.

"AUFLAUF" OF JELLY.

Take a quarter of a pound of good jelly—the remains of a shape will do—and two ounces of sifted sugar; beat them well together for half an hour. Take the whites of nine eggs, beat them till stiff, stir into the jelly lightly, and immediately put into a silver or china dish and bake in the oven (which must not be too hot) for nearly half an hour, until it becomes a nice golden colour. One can tell best that the "Auflauf" is done if, when the dish is held a little on one side, it does not run out, but remains firm.

ITALIAN CREAM CHEESE.

One and a half pints of thick sweet cream, three lemons, of which the rind must be rubbed on sugar, as much sugar as is liked, and the juice of the lemons pressed through a cloth, and four tablespoonfuls of rum. Whisk altogether in a basin until it is firm, then spread a piece of muslin in the colander, and pour the mixture in, spread it quite even with a spoon, and stand for a night in a cool place. The colander must be stood on a plate to catch the liquid that will drop from the cheese, and before serving the cheese it must be carefully turned out of the colander on to a flat plate.

A VOYAGE FOR HEALTH.

II.

HOW TO TAKE THE VOYAGE.



IN my last chat with you I endeavoured to give you some idea of the best means of preparing for a sea voyage, and the readiest methods of ensuring comfort during that voyage. Assuming, then, that you have got a suitable cabin, and all those little necessaries and comforts which I touched upon, let me try and tell you what sort of an experience yours ought to be, and how you can make the most of the health-restoring properties which you seek for in this method of travelling.

I know of no more enjoyable a voyage than that from Marseilles to Sydney, by the steamers of the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes. Pray do not say, as many do who have never travelled: "Oh, I should not care to sail with a French captain!" This is the greatest mistake in the world, as all the captains on this great line are certificated captains of the French navy, and consequently are masters of the art of navigation.

Again, in the French Messageries line all the seamen are French and not Lascars. Overcoming your insular prejudices, if any you have, consent then to imagine that you are travelling from Marseilles to Sydney.

First of all, let us look to our purses, and see what expenses we shall incur. The ticket from London to Marseilles costs £5 for the first-class and £4 for the second. This, of course, is a reduced fare, and is granted only to those sailing for ports beyond Suez. These tickets may be obtained at various offices in London. Now as to your passage money. You will necessarily travel first-class, and the single first-class fare from Marseilles to Sydney is £65. If you care to take a return ticket you may take one, available for nine months, for £105, or for twelve months for £115. These fares include a berth in a cabin, and all your meals and ordinary table wine, claret, with sherry or Marsala at dinner, or you can have lemonade for the asking. But it must not be supposed that your liabilities end here. There is generally a "steward's fund," to which you are expected to contribute a guinea, and your cabin steward will expect half a guinea, and the bath-room steward five shillings. Of course, any washing you may wish to have done will be charged for on a fixed scale, but you should try to be independent of the ship's laundress altogether.

Let me now tell you about your food. You will find that after the first day or so you have got a much greater appetite than ever you thought possible, and this appetite, judiciously satisfied, is one of the greatest beneficial elements of a long sea voyage.

Your stewardess will bring you tea, coffee, or chocolate, with a little bread-and-butter, into your cabin at any time between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. Your bathroom stewardess will then prepare your bath (of which more anon), and you will dress.

Breakfast is generally taken by the English passengers at nine o'clock, the French taking theirs later. All conceivable delicacies are prepared for breakfast—fruit, oysters, prawns, curries, omelettes, ragoûts, mayonnaises, and other dishes generally being to hand. At one o'clock there is a cold lunch, or "Tiffen," as it is called. At half-past four afternoon tea is served, at half-past six an excellent dinner, and at eight tea.

So you see that as far as food is concerned you suffer no neglect in these steamers. Now a word about the bath. Your own experience will soon tell you whether you can take the salt-water bath with impunity. For many people it is just the thing, especially in the tropics, to bring on that most wretched condition of the skin known as "prickly heat." The inconceivable misery of anyone who has a bad attack of "prickly heat" cannot be imagined, much less described, and I trust that it may never be the fate of any young girl-readers to encounter this scourge. I should in any case advise you to have a can of fresh water to throw over you after the salt bath and shower, or, dispensing altogether with the sea-bath, have your fresh water in a sitz bath. Should you, in spite of these precautions, fall a prey, the best thing is to dab the skin on going to bed with a soft handkerchief soaked in eau-de-cologne.

Now as to the much-dreaded sea-sickness. Anyone whose only experience has been the crossing of the English Channel may well look forward with feelings of unmitigated dread to a prospect of six weeks of such wretchedness as may be experienced in that one hour or so. It will be a great relief to such to be told that on the great ocean steamers such an experience is the exception and not the rule in the voyage to Australia. In the first place, that most perfect exciting cause of nausea, the smell of rancid oil, is reduced to a minimum, and in the second place, the large floating hotel of the ocean is not nearly so lively as the comparatively small craft which ply between England and France. Still, there are occasions even on the most tranquil voyage when the more sensitive of us are affected; but fortunately they are few and far between. I hinted in my former article as to the best thing to be done on these truly trying occasions. You will soon learn how to "walk the decks," but after the first day's exercise do not be surprised if you are stiff and sore about the hips, as to walk on board ship requires the use of many muscles in balancing which we are not accustomed to use.

Some controversy has lately taken place as to whether it is better for an invalid to travel by steamship or sailing vessel. I think that we must be guided in our decision, in this as in many other instances, by the individual case and the particular wants and capabilities of each person. If we assume that the traveller is merely "brain-tired," but otherwise of good physique, and capable of "roughing it," then perhaps the lazy motion of the sailing vessel, the absence of the throbbing and noise of the engines, may be important things to be considered. But if, in addition, he requires delicate food, and such things as ice in the tropics when he may be becalmed, then let him seek one of those great floating palaces, the ocean steamers.

There is no greater mistake, in the majority of instances, than to imagine the board-ship is a good place for mental work. I know of no place or condition of things where the desire for mental rest is stronger. Many people start out with good intentions and big books, or other forms of work, only to realise that the waves will not allow you to behave exactly as though you were on *terra firma*. The only form of reading that the greater part of the ship's community is equal to is narrative; and here I may mention that there is generally a good lending library on board; and any light literature that you may happen to take with you on board may very well be left ther for your successors, who will bless you for your charity. Some form of fancy-work you will of course take with you.

And now a few words about friendships and acquaintances. You will find that before the ship has been many days at sea the passengers have divided up into cliques, or parties. Now board-ship friendships are very peculiar and special in kind, for the person who is your dear friend on board may sever that bond of friendship at one blow on reaching his or her destination.

It is therefore the passenger who is pleasant to all and not too friendly with any who is on the whole the happiest, and on whom the blight of ships' "tittle-tattle" descends least frequently. Be, therefore, amiable and affable to all your fellow-passengers, but do not let your name be too much associated with that of any other.

It is a great help and solace to keep an account of each day at sea, therefore you should buy a good manuscript book, and keep a journal of events: besides giving you something to do each evening, it may prove valuable in the future for the help of your friends.

Now as to the various amusements and distractions on board. There is frequently an amusement committee, who design amusement and arrange everything. One of the daily events of the voyage on most ships is the "Calcutta Sweep" on the run: this is a form of gambling much in vogue, especially on English ships. The distance which the steamer has traversed during the preceding twenty-four hours is posted up each day at twelve noon. The sweep consists in buying a number which is drawn haphazard; the tickets are generally a franc, a shilling, or a rupee each: you may buy as many tickets as you like. After each passenger has purchased a ticket they are all put up for auction and sold by one of the passengers, who generally acts as auctioneer. The various passengers then bid for those tickets having numbers near to the probable number of miles that the vessel will have run. Sometimes the tickets are sold at twenty shillings each. Half the purchase-money of the auction goes to the original possessor of the ticket in each case, and the one who becomes the possessor of the ticket having the number of miles which the ship has run on it takes the "pool." Great fun is too got out of the auction, especially if there is a good auctioneer.

"Bull" is a very good recreation, and is frequently played in the afternoons. A large square green board, having white lines drawn across it so as to form a series of squares, is placed on the deck, and the players throw on to this circular discs of india-rubber. The squares have various numbers on, and in this way a score is made. Two of the squares have no number but a letter "B," and should the player throw the india-rubber "dump" into one of these squares, her previous "score" is "wiped off."

Various games with rope-quoits are played, and one in which three buckets are used causes great amusement. The most favourite game on board is, I think, cricket; balls are made of rope and covered with wash-leather, and most exciting games are sometimes played. Occasionally sports are instituted—potato races, tugs-o'-war, and other trials of strength and skill. So much, then, for the outdoor amusements. Within-doors chess, draughts, backgammon, and halma are the favourite games. The most

charming amusement, though, and one which never fails, is music, and a good piano is to be found on almost every steamer. Concerts are often given and private theatricals got up, though the latter on board ship are dangerous, frequently leading to unpleasantness and quarrelling. Dances are frequent, and there are also all kinds of play with cards or dice, including betting, going on among those whose evil habits are indulged, whether on land or at sea.

Your binocular glasses will be a great amusement, as with them you may investigate objects that you pass—the various coasts, ships, lighthouses, etc. Once a week there is a fire drill on board, in which the men go through all the necessary evolutions in case of fire, and on every Sunday morning the officers inspect the whole ship.

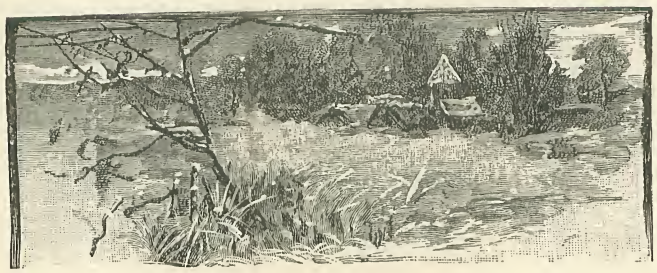
The electric light and bells are a great l oon, but I would caution you against reading too much by the light, as it very soon tries the eyes and causes headache. Sleeplessness is sometimes complained of on board, and is generally due to insufficient exercise. The remedy for this is evident. Sunday on board is generally very peaceful, quiet, and pleasant. Of course on a French ship mass is said in the morning, and the English service is read in the afternoon. On the English ships a very good little organ is frequently found in the saloon where service is held.

Three officers only dine with the passengers in the French ships; they are the commandant (captain), the doctor, and the commissaire, or purser. A great deal of your comfort depends upon your treatment of these gentlemen, so you should never for your own sake let any personal feeling influence your behaviour to them. They are generally gentlemanly and obliging in all that they may do; but as they have to arbitrate in many little matters they may become a trifle dogmatic and dictatorial; but this has to be overlooked.

In a short time I shall hope to tell you of some of the places of interest which one passes in a voyage to Australia, and of the best way of spending one's time till the return voyage.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

(*To be concluded.*)



AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOTHER MIDGE AND THE CORPORAL.

A LONG sloping piece of ground behind the two cottages had been laid out as a kitchen garden. The trim condition of the beds, the neatly-weeded paths, all bore traces of the Corporal's industry. But neither he nor his assistants were to be seen. An overturned basket, with a hoe and a rake lying beside it, and a boy's battered straw hat, alone bore evidence of the morning's work. The bees were hovering over the thyme, and a little white rabbit, that had escaped from its hutch, was feasting on one of the finest cabbages.

"Where can they be?" asked Averil; and Mother Midge, whose sharp ears had caught the sound of voices, suggested they were in the field with the pensioners, a surmise which proved to be perfectly correct.

The field lay on the other side of the lane. It was a large field, and boasted of a cow-house and a couple of sheds. The Corporal was sitting on the gate, with a small group of boys round him, whom he seemed haranguing. He had taken his pipe out of his mouth, and was gesticulating with it. He was a small, wiry man, with grey stubbly hair, and a pair of twinkling black eyes. He had a large nose and a deep voice, which were the only big things about him.

"It is no good you youngsters argufying with me," the Corporal was saying, with an appearance of great severity. "What I say I sticks to. That 'ere boy is a bully"—pointing to a small lad with the innocent eyes of a cherub.

"Please, Mr. Corporal, I b'ain't that," replied the child, with a terrified sniff.

"Don't you bandy words with me," continued the Corporal, sternly. "The boy who shies stones at old Billy ought to be made an example of—that is what I say."

"Please, sir, it was only fun," stammered the culprit. "Billy knows I would not hurt him."

"What is the matter, Corporal?" interposed Averil, briskly. "Tim hasn't got into mischief again, has he?" laying her hand caressingly on the curly head.

"Servant, ma'am"—and the Corporal saluted her stiffly. "It is all along of Billy's snorting, and scampering, and kicking up his hoofs, that I knew that mischief was going on. That boy"—pointing to the still sniffing cherub—"goes without his pudding to-day. Look at Billy, ma'am, and if ever a horse is injured in his tenderest feelings that horse is Billy. He can't stomach the sweetest patch of grass he is that wounded—and all along of Tim."

"Oh, fie, Tim!" was all Averil ventured to say—for the Corporal was a severe disciplinarian, and allowed no infraction of rules. Any want of kindness to the pensioners was always punished severely.

"Go back to your weeding, sir," continued the Corporal, and Tim slunk away. Averil looked after him regretfully. "Is he not a pretty boy?" she whispered, so that the others could not hear her. "He is the Corporal's favourite, though you would not think so to hear him. Tim and his hurdy-gurdy and monkey came here a year ago. He was found sitting beside a dry ditch one winter evening—his drunken father was lying at the bottom. It was impossible to say whether Tim or the monkey looked most miserable. The poor things were half-starved, and had been cruelly used. Topsy—that is the monkey—is in one of the sheds. Now, if there is a thing in the world Tim loves it is his monkey. Half Tim's grief at the loss of his pudding will be that Topsy will forfeit his share. Topsy is one of our pensioners. That is Billy"—pointing to a lean old horse at the farther end of the field. Two donkeys and an old goat were feeding near him. A toothless old sheepdog, and a yellow mongrel with half a tail, were lying on a mat in front of the shed, basking in the sunshine.

"The pensioners are all old then, my cousin?"

"Billy is old, and Floss, the sheep dog, and Nanny also. Anyhow, my pensioners all have a history. They have been through the furnace of affliction—even that lame duck. Only Cherry, and the cocks and hens, have led a happy existence. The Dove-cote has its rules, and one of these is, kindness towards our four-legged pensioners."

"It is a good rule. Your pensioners seem well content. Who are these other boys?"

Evidently the Corporal thought Annette's question was addressed to him, for he struck in briskly—

"This is Snip, ma'am"—pointing to a sturdy looking lad, with a merry face. "This is the fellow who aggravates our feelings by making a spread-eagle of

himself, and walking down the paths with his feet in the air and Bob barking alongside of him. Not but what Snip can do his fair share of work too. I'd back that boy for hoeing a bed or training a creeper against any gardener in the land"—this in a loud aside, that was perfectly audible to the grinning Snip. "Then there's Dick"—singling out the next, a shambling, awkward boy, with a vacant, gentle face. "Dick is the fellow who minds the pensioners. Who says Dick isn't bright when he can milk Cherry and harness Mike and Floss. Law bless you, if all the boys were as clever as Dick we should do well. Dick has nothing to say to book-learning"—dropping his voice mysteriously. "Too many kicks in early life have put a stop to that. Dick couldn't spell his own name—couldn't answer a question without a stutter. But he is a rare one among the animals. The worst of it is, he gets into a rage if he sees anyone else misuse them. He had collared Tim, and would have made an end of him in no time if Billy had not snorted and kicked up his heels."

Dick seemed perfectly impervious to the Corporal's criticism. He shambled away in an aimless manner.

"There is only wee Robbie left," interrupted Mother Midge, as the Corporal laid down his empty pipe and paused for breath. "He is our baby now, since dear little Barty left us. There are two other graves besides his. We call them gardens. We cannot hinder some of our doves from flying away. Look at him!" as the little creature rubbed his face lovingly against her gown. "That is his way of showing affection, for wee Robbie is deaf and dumb."

Averil sat down and lifted him on to her lap, while the Corporal made his salute, and hurried after his boys.

"He does not grow much," she said, touching his cheek softly. "Annette, we have no idea of his age. He is just wee Robbie. He is almost as small as he was that day when we first saw him," and Averil gave a faint shudder at the remembrance.

"Did you find this little one also, my cousin?"

"Yes," returned Averil, rocking him in her arms, while a soft pitying look came into her eyes. "I have spoken to you once or twice of a city missionary who tells me of cases. His name is Stevenson; he is a good man, and we are great friends. I was with him one day. I had just been to see Daddy, who was very ill. We were passing a public-house—it was in Whitechapel, but I forget the name; it is unfamiliar to me. It was a wretched street, and the public-house was one of the lowest of its kind. Just as we were passing, a miserable-looking tramp, with a child in her arms, reeled out of the doorway. A man was following her. There was some quarrel; she put down the child on the pavement and flew at the man with the ferocity of a wild cat. Mr. Stevenson wanted me to move on, but I had caught sight of the child's face, and it seemed to rivet me—such a white baby face, with such a dumb agonised terror stamped on it. 'The child! we cannot leave the child!' I kept saying. But Mr. Stevenson prevailed on me to take refuge in a shop near. A crowd was collecting, there was no policeman, and no attempt was being made to stop the drunken brawl. An hour later Mr. Stevenson entered with a shocked face. He had the child in his arms; it looked half dead with fright. 'It is too horrible,' he said. 'The woman is dead. No one would interfere, and the brute—they say it is her husband—gave her a push, and she fell and struck her head against the curb. They have taken the man into custody. He is too drunk to know what has happened. Here is the child. They tell me he is a deaf mute. Did ever anyone see such a pitiful sight in a Christian country. Alas! that such things should be' I was sitting by Daddy's fireside. The Corporal got me some water, and we washed the poor little creature (for he was in the most filthy condition), and wrapped him up in an old shawl, and gave him some warm bread and milk. His baby breath reeked of gin. But he was famished, and took the warm food greedily. There was no Mother Midge then. The Dove-cote was not in existence. I was obliged to leave him with the Corporal until I could find someone to take care of him. Oh, there is the dinner bell! Do you hear the boys scampering to the house? We must follow them, or the Corporal will have said grace."

It was a curious dinner party, but Averil looked happier than Annette had ever seen her, as she sat between wee Robbie and Deb. The Corporal sat at one end of the table, with Mother Midge opposite to him. Deb and Snip waited on everyone. And several of the pensioners, including Topsy and the lame jackdaw, were waiting for their portion of the meal.

The boys were on their best behaviour before Averil. Even Snip did not venture on one summersault. Tim's face grew a little sorrowful when he caught sight of the pudding. A lean brown arm was already clutching his coat-sleeve, and the monkey's melancholy eyes were fixed on his empty plate.

"Topsy shall have some of mine," whispered Averil. And Tim's face cleared like magic.

When dinner was over, the boys rushed off to play in the field, and the Corporal and Daddy lighted their pipes and strolled to the gate to overlook them. Mother Midge was busy, and Averil proposed that she and Annette should sit under the elm tree.

"Everything goes on just as usual when I am here," she explained. "By-and-by the boys will come to their lessons. The Corporal teaches them to read and write. I have not shown you my bedroom, Annette. I often spend a night or two here. The thought of my Dove-cote helps me over my worst times."

"Will you tell me how you came to think of it first, my cousin."

"Well, it is not much of a story. There were the two old men, you see. Oh, I forgot! I never told you about them. Mr. Stevenson had found them out. One day as we were talking, he told me of an old soldier who was very ill, and who was living in a miserable garret. 'He has a friend with him,' he said. 'an old soldier too—an ingenious fellow, who supports them both by carving little wooden toys and selling them. They are not related to each other, only old comrades. And it is wonderful how neat and ship-shape the place is. The Corporal is as handy as a woman. I wish you would go and see them, Miss Willmot. They seem to me fine fellows, the Corporal especially.'

"Fine fellows, indeed! Would you believe it, Annette, that the Corporal was living on tea and bread, and working eighteen hours out of the twenty-four to keep himself and his old chum from the disgrace of the workhouse? 'It is not the place for Her Majesty's soldiers, ma'am,' observed the Corporal to me. 'I think it would break Daddy's heart to take his medals into that sort of place. No, ma'am, asking your pardon. The workhouse and the jail are not for the likes of us. We don't mind starving a bit if we can keep a roof over our heads. If only Daddy could work! But when rheumatics gets into the bones there's no getting it out again.' Well, I took a fancy to these brave, kindly old men. I thought it was a noble thing for the Corporal to be starving himself for his friend. If you want heroism, you will find it among the poor. I used to go and see them constantly. I sent in a doctor for Daddy, and nourishing food, and warm blankets, and some fuel for the fireless grate. But I think some good tobacco from Mr. Harland pleased them most. It seemed to make a different man of Daddy. Well, I did not see my way clear at first. I had found wee Robbie, and the Corporal was minding him. They were still in their miserable garret. Then all at once the thought came to me, Why should not Mother Midge take care of them all?"

"Then you knew her also."

"Oh, yes, I knew her. She was one of Mr. Stevenson's friends, and I had already heard her history. Hers is such a sad story. There are no happy stories at the Dove-cote. She was the youngest of a large family. Her father was a lawyer. He was a bad, dishonest man, and very brutal to his wife and daughters. He has even turned them out of doors, when he was in one of his mad rages. He was taken up at last for disposing of some trust money. I think he speculated with it. But before the trial came on he died from some short inflammatory illness. Mother Midge was hardly grown up then. But she has a keen recollection of all that miserable time. The mother sank into a chronic invalid. One of her daughters was crippled; the rest worked at dressmaking and millinery. Once they kept a little school. But the name of Bennet was against them. They had no friends; people seemed to be shy of them. Years of struggle followed, during which first one, then another, succumbed. They were all delicate except Mother Midge. She was the youngest and sturdiest of them all. When I first knew her she was all alone. Her last sister was just buried. She was working for a ladies' outfitting shop, and was very poorly paid. Her eyesight too was failing,

partly from impure air and insufficient food. I thought, Why should not Lydia Bennet make a home for my dear old men. I spoke to Mr. Harland, and he humoured my fancy. Dear father was just dead, and he thought the plan would occupy my thoughts a little. He bought the cottages for me, and the field, and I furnished a few rooms. Mother Midge took possession, and then came the two old men and wee Robbie. Barty and Deb came next. It is only a family, Annette. We do not pretend to do great things. Three of my children—little Barty, and Freddy, and Nan, have left us—flown away, as Mother Midge says. Jack will be the next to go. We have room for two more. And as the pensioners die off we shall replace them. You have no idea how wisely Mother Midge and the Corporal rule. These neglected children learn to obey, and soon discover that their happiness consists in keeping the rules. We allow no idleness. Every child feels that he earns his or her daily bread. Even Dick, with his limited intellect, has work that he can do. Ah! there they go to their lessons," as the little knot of lads hurried past, with the Corporal at their head. And then came Mother Midge with her knitting, and wee Robbie. "No one can teach wee Robbie anything. But in his own way he is as happy as the day is long."

(*To be continued.*)

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

WHILE we are awaiting news from Russia of Miss Kate Marsden and her mission it may be of interest to know something of her journey thither.

It is two months since she left by the *Parramatta* for Alexandria: her opinion of life on board ship is that it is made up of stupidity and laziness for the passengers, cleaning, scrubbing, and preparing of meals for the crew, and that the officers live their own life apart from everyone.

There were a good many Lascars employed on the *Parramatta*, and she was interested in watching them. They worked steadily for about ten minutes and then quietly basked in the sunshine, and by their movements it was quite easy to tell when an officer was approaching or disappearing, the sign being that they would work as if life depended upon it as he drew near, and as soon as he moved to a distance they again basked in the sun and were happy.

At times when the young people among the passengers were enjoying themselves on deck, the elder ones would sit and look on, some doubtless thinking of the past, and some carried away by the thought of the perils the future might have in store for them, yet knowing all the time that they could not cross the bridge till they came to it.

The ship arrived at Malta about five in the morning, but many of the passengers were up at three and on deck, watching the setting of the lovely moon. "It was perfect as she neared the water; her colour changed to a lovely golden-orange, and then she just dipped down into a bed of exquisitely-tinted clouds, which for a time quietly and gently hid her from sight. In a few minutes the whole horizon was tinted with a soft delicate hue. It was a sight never to be forgotten." Gazing upon the whole scene, Miss Kate Marsden says she felt instinctively her soul brought nearer to God, the Father of the Universe. Later, another faint silver road was noticed on the sea, which was really the reflection of a star so brilliant as to cast all the others of the firmament into shade. They stood and watched the day dawn, and as soon as anchor was cast, Miss Marsden, with a few other passengers, finding there would be time, went on shore to get a glimpse of Malta. She thought it looked so odd to see English names in such a very foreign-looking place; and she was specially delighted with St. Joseph's Church.

An unusual incident occurred between Brindisi and Alexandria. A sailing vessel in the distance appeared to be making for the ship in which Miss Kate Marsden was passenger—the *Parramatta* having been left at Brindisi. The boat looked lovely in the sun with all sails full set, but as it came near a call was heard from it, and the men were signalling. By the aid of glasses it was seen that she was crowded with men and boats, and that the former were doing their best to attract attention. The captain at once gave orders to heave-to, and altered the course of his vessel so as to reach her. By this time all the passengers were running to see what was the matter, and all available glasses were brought into use. "One of our boats," says Miss Marsden, "was quickly manned and lowered, and away it went, leaving us all intensely excited. Every few minutes we had to change our places as the vessels became separated by the wind and waves, and I being tall, could just look over their heads." When the boat returned they learned that it was a foreign sailing ship with a number of men whose occupation was sponge gathering, and that the small boats attached to her were necessary for their calling. The poor fellows had been fifteen days trying to find their port, which was somewhere near Candia; they had also lost their chart, and had been five days without water. The captain ordered their casks to be filled, sent them two bags of biscuits, several bottles of vinegar,* and a chart. One of the passengers speaking their language went in the boat and explained to them. The crew were very grateful, and sent six sponges just as they had been gathered, one for the captain, and one to each of the sailors who had manned the little boat. Miss Kate Marsden bought one of them from a sailor for two shillings, and photographed the boat.

The short time she was in Alexandria was very much occupied. Of course she went to see Pompey's Pillar, and on the way passed through streets crowded by specimens from almost every nation: the roads, she said, were very sandy, and not well kept. She met droves of camels, goats, and donkeys, and men carrying skins filled with water. Her driver shouted to avoid running into people, but they all took it very quietly. They also passed groups of Arabs sitting down, Turks smoking, and a few Mohamedans going through their form of worship utterly lost to the outside world. To get to the Pillar she had to walk up a bank, and found that high strong boots, a light dress, and umbrella lined with green, were quite right for the expedition. At the foot of the Pillar were women lying and sitting half asleep, stupefied by smoking opium. The Pillar does not look so grand at a distance, but as Miss Marsden says, once get close to it, and you are filled with awe at the gigantic work. It is in three pieces, making a height from base to summit of about ninety-nine feet: the centre is a magnificent specimen of granite twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference, and over seventy feet high.

Not far from the Pillar is the cemetery, and being Thursday when Miss Marsden visited it, all the women that could be spared were there wailing. They seemed quite at home among the tombs, which were like small houses; some were praying, some wailing, and others lying apparently asleep. On her way she drove along a canal, and saw the perfect way each little garden is irrigated, viz., by making a trench all round each bed, with an inlet from the canal and one outlet; and starting the water from the highest point, the whole garden is flooded daily. She noticed the women washing their clothes with stones, and thought they did it in a most inelegant manner.

She visited the German Hospital in Alexandria. Of its kind she says it is perfect and wonderfully clean: the floors are inlaid with a composition which resembles different marbles: it is always cool, and very easy to keep clean. The Sisters are homely, kind people, and the patients well cared for.

On returning to the hotel from Pompey's Pillar, she met two men running rapidly down the principal street followed by a grand carriage: this is an old custom still kept up by the great people, although it has outgrown its use, which was to clear the road for the carriage at a time when there were no footpaths, and the roads were the only means of traffic for pedestrians.

Miss Kate Marsden spent a very interesting day outside Alexandria. Having taken a return ticket for Schutz, she left by train soon after breakfast, laden with umbrella, glasses, and photo apparatus. The train wound its way through a kind of waste, then through pretty townships, with date trees in full bearing and palms growing up among them — the beauty of all was increased by the natives in their picturesque costumes. At the station she was met by Mr. Anderson, two donkeys, and two donkey boys. "I eyed the creatures carefully, and wondered whether anything with such slender legs could possibly carry me," says Miss Marsden. She mounted, however, and started at a quick run, and by the time the ride was accomplished she says every bone in her body ached.

The Andersons' house was in view at last, and very pretty indeed it looked—the one green home-like spot in the place. Mrs. Anderson, a pretty, delicate little woman, welcomed her, and all went within. The rooms were large and high, and a breeze running right through; the hall was a good size, and the drawing-room opposite to it extended out into the garden. Soda-water into which lemons were squeezed was brought in, and found to be very refreshing. The lunch was well cooked by a native servant, and well served by another native.

It was three o'clock before they were ready to start on an expedition agreed upon. The sun was decidedly hot when they mounted the donkeys again. They rode a long distance through what was formerly a large lake, but which is now drained by the energy and perseverance of a Mr. Grant. The ground is watered by a system of irrigation from the

* A little vinegar in water makes it go twice as far, and all soldiers and sailors use it in this way when water is scarce.

Nile to clear it of the salt, and in a few years' time it will, in all probability, be a thriving city. It is bounded by a canal and railway, and being near Alexandria, will prove a splendid market for fruit and vegetables. The ground is very rich indeed with deposits from the Nile, and as soon as the salt is got rid of it is expected to be wonderfully productive. A large English company is doing the work, and owns the land.

"We rode," says Miss Kate Marsden, "partly upon the bank of the canal, and met camels laden with stones and wood: these animals are dangerous, and often bite one before it is possible to prevent it; therefore we kept our distance." One house was pointed out to her as of great interest. It appears that while digging out the canal the work-people came across an old village, and put the huge masses of stone, which must have been about two thousand years old, on one side. All the broken pots they put into a mass, and made a kind of concrete of it, and with these stones and pots of far-away ages they constructed a modern house.

On returning to the home of the Andersons they were met by Mrs. Anderson and her baby, the ayah decked out in a red Indian silk dress trimmed with a yellow border, and the old Scotch nurse of seventy-five in her useful Scotch clothes: they made such a pretty picture that Miss Kate Marsden, with Mr. Anderson's help, photographed them as they stood. They came out well; but the ayah was greatly disappointed that the colours in her dress did not appear.

When she started again for the station it was nine o'clock, and quite dark; therefore, on mounting the donkeys each had to carry a lantern. In a very lonely part of the road she heard a mixture of sounds of all sorts of rough music and whistling and chirruping of birds. Mr Anderson explained that it was a Bedouin wedding, and that this kind of festivity was kept up sometimes for three days. Their tents are made of filthy rags and camels' skins stitched together: they lie upon a little straw, and live upon theft—not very nice neighbours for the Andersons.

Arriving once again at Alexandria, she made her way to the hotel, sore, as she says, from head to foot. She found a card on her table saying the Khediva would receive her on the morrow. The Khediva is the wife of the Khedive. They lead a very simple, good life, and their Court is more like the residence of English gentle-people. Miss Kate Marsden gives a very amusing account of the difficulty she found herself in as regards dress suitable to appear in. She had only her Jaeger dress, which was splendid for the journey, but scarcely the exact costume to wear at a Royal reception. However, she appeared in the grey Jaeger dress; and all would have passed muster but for her boots, thick, high, and clumsy, made expressly to resist snow. Still, they had to be worn—she had no others. Arriving at the Palace, which was painted white, she got out of the carriage and walked through the outer hall, which was very prettily decorated with green creepers; the floor was a kind of mosaic made of stones in two colours, all turned on their sides, not *flat* mosaics, such as we always see. In the inner hall, which was plain, were several maids waiting to show one upstairs. They were all dressed alike in plain black and white print. There seemed to be no men at all on this side of the Palace. Miss Kate Marsden was struck with the remarkable plainness and simplicity of all parts of the Palace. The only pretty room was the centre one upstairs, which had some exquisite mirrors and candelabra. The floor was inlaid and polished, and strips of carpet were laid about where one was likely to walk. This was a sort of waiting-room for those who were to see the Khediva. The lady who presented Miss Kate Marsden went first and shook hands with the Khediva, then followed Miss Kate Marsden. The Khediva stood to receive her, shook hands, and handed her to a seat on her right. Her Majesty is very good-looking, kind and genial in her manner, with bright brown expressive eyes, and a good figure, well dressed in black. After sitting a few minutes some maids brought in little cups without handles, on stands, filled with some liquid unknown—it might be perfume or coffee; and it was not till her Majesty took one up and drank its contents that Miss Marsden knew what was expected of her, and she did the same. When the reception was over, her Majesty again shook hands; and as she passed into the pretty centre room, the "Master of Ceremonies," a lady of high rank, came forward and talked with her, and put her quite at ease, while she drew from her something of her Mission, which is always uppermost in her heart.

The next day she put together her belongings and started for Jaffa and Jerusalem. Her dragoman passed her at the Custom-house, and then put her in a little boat which took her to the Russian steamer in which she was to make the voyage.

All interested in her work will be glad to hear that since the first article appeared the writer has received the following subscriptions, which have been paid into the bank:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Henry Simmons . .	1	0	0
C. R. S.	5	0	0
Dr. Samuel Smiles . .	5	5	0
Mrs. Faulkner . . .	2	2	0
Per Mrs. Brewer . . .	2	12	6
Sale of needlework, per Mrs. Brewer . . .	0	11	0
Mr. S. Morley, per Mr. Scott	10	0	0
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TO THE NEW YEAR.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

O, WISE New Year, with your pen of gold,
And your fast-sealed volume of Time,
What tales you will write, ere your hand grows old,
Of scenes to your magical gaze unrolled!
What records never to mortal told
Of conquest and deed sublime!

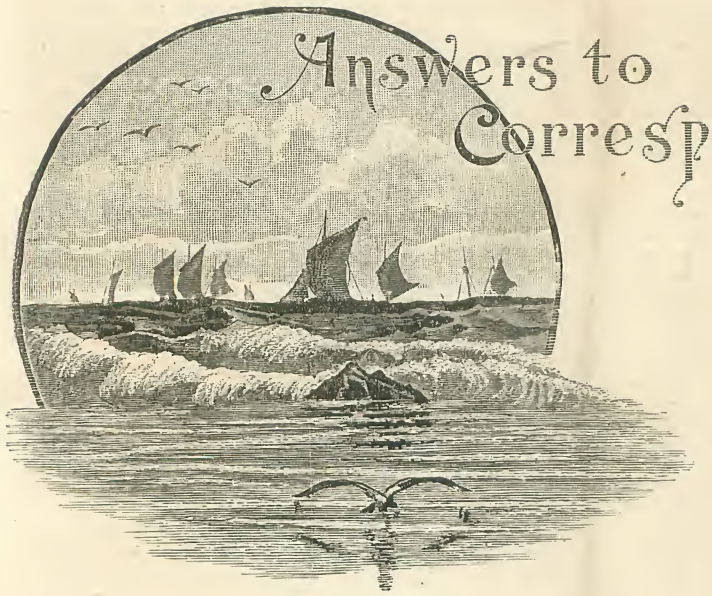
Your first fair page will be surely filled
With purpose and hope and aim,
With good resolves, by the feeble willed,
To fade, alas! by life's testing chilled,
And die, forgotten, ere throstles build
And crocus spires are aflame.

You will write the tale, as the days go on,
Of this marvellous world of ours;
How the trees of the forest are clothed upon,
And bird songs wake when the rains are gone,
And the fields, by the goodness of God o'ershone,
Are broidered anew with flowers.

You will write, O scribe of the patient hand,
Of conflicts by men unseen,
Of Greathearts, wrestling alone and grand,
Where the powers of sin in their legions stand;
Of others, who wait on their Lord's command
In the stillness of homes serene.

And if, for some, ere you pass away,
The page shall be rent apart,
And Death shall finish all you would say,
Where stricken mourners for comfort pray,
And lilies of peace in farewell lay,
Above the God-stilled heart,

It will not matter, though incomplete
The record on earth below,
If only there, where the victors meet,
And the hitherto of the years repeat,
They write, in token of triumph sweet,
The "Blessed" that angels know!



Answers to Correspondents

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH VIOLETS.—1. "Ult." is a contraction of ultimo, meaning the last, or the last month. "Inst." stands for instant, the present month. "Prox." stands for proximo, or the next month.—2. We should advise you to choose amongst the many excellent reciters now published.

E. E. C.—If you desire a situation as stewardess you should apply to all the great shipping firms for passenger steam vessels, and ascertain their several terms, and await a vacancy.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—Mary is supposed to mean "bitter" in Hebrew, or "star of the sea" in Latin.

B. A. S.—We suppose it was painted with luminous paint, and so showed in the darkness.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We should think a long sea voyage or complete change of air would do you good. It is evident your general health is in fault, as the hair fell probably from nervous failure and weakness.

THE NAILER.—1. You should say "With pleasure," in such cases as being asked, "May I take you down to tea," or anything of the sort.—2. Exercise, a proper diet, bathing, and good temper, seem to be some of the great requisites for beauty.

LAURA ANNE could make postage stamp snakes, cover plates, or make screens of her postage stamps. They are not good for anything else.

QUEENIE VIOLET must learn to write better before she could be an authoress, and had better stay on continually at school, as she is only thirteen.

TRANSVAAL.—1. It is impossible to give an exact account of the duties of matrons and under-matrons in schools, for they differ in different places. As a rule you may conclude that any and all of the duties of the mother, nurse, and housekeeper fall on them. The mending of the clothes, both of the boys and the house, falls very often on the under-matron entirely.—2. The name Allen, Alan, and Allan, has had a number of derivations given to it: the most probable seems that it is a corruption of "Ælianus," a Latin name which is said to mean "cheerful."

THEKLA.—Let the gentleman visitor take care of his own hat, or say, "Will you not put your hat down," or something of that sort, in case tea is brought in.

A. W. L.—Nearly every merchant and firm have their own ways of bookkeeping, and so have hotels. If you learn bookkeeping thoroughly you will have little difficulty in acquainting yourself with special routines and methods.

LILY, M. S. W., A WILD ROSE, EROS.—The lines have little original thought, but no doubt they amuse you to write. In straining our thoughts to a future life we must be careful we do not forget the practice of the duties of daily life. This is our training-school.

SWEETBRIAR.—1. We cannot give addresses. You had better consult a hairdresser as to the best way of wearing your hair. The more loosely put up (without looking rough and unkempt) the better, so as to enable the hair to grow freely. It should never be strained tightly.—2. Your painted cards must be offered for sale to some vendor of such, for Easter and Christmas seasons or birthdays. If approved they will give you trade orders.

TOBY.—Daily washing of the hair is considered injurious to it, as it needs the natural grease that nature supplies, and of this it would be deprived.

M. D. L.—Your verses show a very religious spirit; with practice you will probably improve. Meantime you enjoy the pleasure of composition.

BOTANIST.—We are unable to tell you the origin of the name given to the *Cercis Siliquastrum* of Linnæus, *i.e.*, the "Judas tree." It is certainly a native of Palestine; and in the Kew Herbarium specimens are to be seen collected near Nazareth and elsewhere in the Holy Land. But it is found in many parts of Europe in North America, in Greece, and in Japan. About 300 years ago it was introduced into England, and a notice was made of it in Gerard's *Herbal* of 1597, by the name of "Judas." But, excepting that it may have appeared specially suited, through the stiffness of its branches, for the dreadful purpose for which the Traitor required a tree, we can find no explanation of the name given to it.

N. E. P.—1. Your idea of taking notes is a good one.—2. You must try and get a few good lessons, we think.

EEL AND RAL.—Nothing could more completely stamp a man as not having been brought up amongst gentlefolk as to say, "Yes, miss." The surname should be added, but very sparingly used, and not after the words "yes" or "no"; a word or two should, nevertheless, be appended, such as, "I think so," or, "So I have heard," etc., or the reply would be too abrupt and rough.

LILAC.—1. Vaseline is petroleum in pomade.—2. The 25th of September, 1869, was a Saturday.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—There is the St. John's Home for Convalescent and Delicate Children, 12 & 13, College Road, Brighton, on payment of 8s. 6d. or 10s. weekly. Write to the Superintendent, Miss Jane Borradaile. Also the London and Dover Convalescent Home, at 7s. 6d. for Children. Apply to Dr. Steele, Guy's Hospital, London. A return ticket from and back to London is issued to patients at 5s. If you or a friend were to show the boy at the hospital it would be well. But write first.

"HOME IMPROVER."—Paint the washstand with Aspinall's Enamel to make the furniture as marbly as possible; if not, make it entirely white. With pretty crockery this would look very well. The piece of wood you speak of could be coloured some pretty colour; it need not be the same as furniture; black would do, or white even.

IGNORAMUS.—Thanksgiving Day in America would be nearly represented by a harvest festival here. It is the greatest event of the year in some of the States. It is generally kept in November, when the crops are in, the day being fixed by the Government; and the 4th of July is the day of what is called the "Declaration of Independence," when they declared their intention of separating finally from Great Britain.

A LEARNER.—We require a certain amount of each kind of food every twenty-four hours. A grown man is said to require 4 ozs. of flesh formers, 12 ozs. of starchy foods, 5 oz. of fat, 2 oz. of sugar, and 1 oz. of mineral food. Blood is composed as follows:—"In every 100 parts 79 parts are water, and the remaining 21 parts are made up of the four organic elements.

JESSIE.—Grass, to be preserved for ornamental use, must be gathered before it is ripe or goes to seed, and carefully and slowly dried in a dry room. It can be dyed with all of Judson's dyes, and made any colour. Another way of preserving it is to dip it when dry into a weak solution of gum arabic, shaking it lightly through the water, and doing the same to dry it. This gives it a shiny appearance, and preserves it a long time.

INA.—We cannot help you as regards your first query. The name "Corinna" is Greek. She was a Greek poetess of Bœotia, who gained a victory over Pindar at the public games, B.C. 490. See Tennyson's "Princess," III. The name is also that of the heroine of a play called *The Confederacy*, by Sir John Vanburgh; and Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, the book on which much of her fame rests, is the French version of the name. So you have several distinguished predecessors.

MABEL.—You should either place yourself under the direction of the Young Women's Christian Association, Regent Street, or else apply to the Church Emigration Society, Miss C. E. Denison, Hon. Sec. of the Ladies' Committee, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W. The office of the Society is at 49, Victoria Street, S.W. A "protected party," under the care of the Society's Matron, was sent out towards the end of October last year.

AURORA CLEMENTS.—You would be more likely to find what you want in a book than in a reciter. Try Dickens and other authors. Your difficulty will be to find suitable conversation for so many.

A. B. C.—Your letter was unpaid, and cost us twopence. The Patent Office is at 25, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; hours from 10 to 4. You must supply full specifications. You will find full information on the duration of patents in *Whitaker's Almanack*, and the price of the stamps also.

A. W. C.—The very objectionable symptom which you name is the result of ill-digested food. Be careful of what you eat; and take nothing late at night, when everyone is more or less tired, and unable to digest. Eat slowly, and masticate slowly. A teaspoonful of dry prepared charcoal taken daily is considered by many a most efficient remedy for such a complaint. Most chemists could supply you with a bottle if you explained to them that it was for internal use.

M. A. DICKENSON.—The historical theory which you name was taken up rather warmly by a limited number of persons, but we do not think there are many now of that way of thinking. The English are a mixed race—of that there can be no reasonable question. But the origin of individual families may be traced to certain special nationalities.

M. WEST, NELLIE, AND BLANCHE VIVIAN.—Your verses are quite unsuitable. "M. West" is quite regardless of the rules of composition. But endeavouring to write verses is a harmless diversion.

E. DE GRANDEVILLE.—We have given a long list of women's Christian names, and their significations. You will find them by referring to our Indexes. The Irish word for a lake (lough) is generally pronounced "lock," but should have a gutteral sound. The latter cannot be, in all cases, represented by letters.

GLADYS H.—A marriage at a Registry Office, if all be properly carried out, is legally binding; but many prefer to go through the religious ceremony afterwards. The clergyman should, of course, be informed of the previous act, and consulted before required to sanctify the union by a religious service.

LACHLAN (Australia).—Should our correspondent, who signed herself "Lois Roset," and whom we answered in March, 1890, at page 336, under "Miscellaneous," read this, and be disposed to write again and give her address, it would greatly oblige "Lachlan," that name having been her sister's before marriage. "Lachlan's" address is Angora, Booligal, New South Wales. "Lachlan" believes her to be her uncle's daughter.

WALTER KREUSE (Yew Tree Farm, Leeds, near Maidstone, Yorkshire).—We are much interested in your effort to assist others in the study of the Holy Scriptures by a system of marking passages bearing on special truths and doctrines in coloured inks. We agree with you as to the interest felt in such a work, and the advantage it is to have the eye attracted to the subjects sought for before the passages have been read. They are thus found in a moment, without necessary reference to a concordance. The idea of employing one, or perhaps two, coloured inks has occurred to ourselves, although a variety of colour to indicate differences of subject has not been adopted by us. We give your address for the benefit of any who would like to see your printed instructions.

NANCY cannot venture to call on old residents, but she might name her wish for youthful companionship to her clergyman or minister, and he might arrange with his wife to introduce her to some suitable acquaintances.—2. Get a piece of the wall-paper and paste it over the hole.

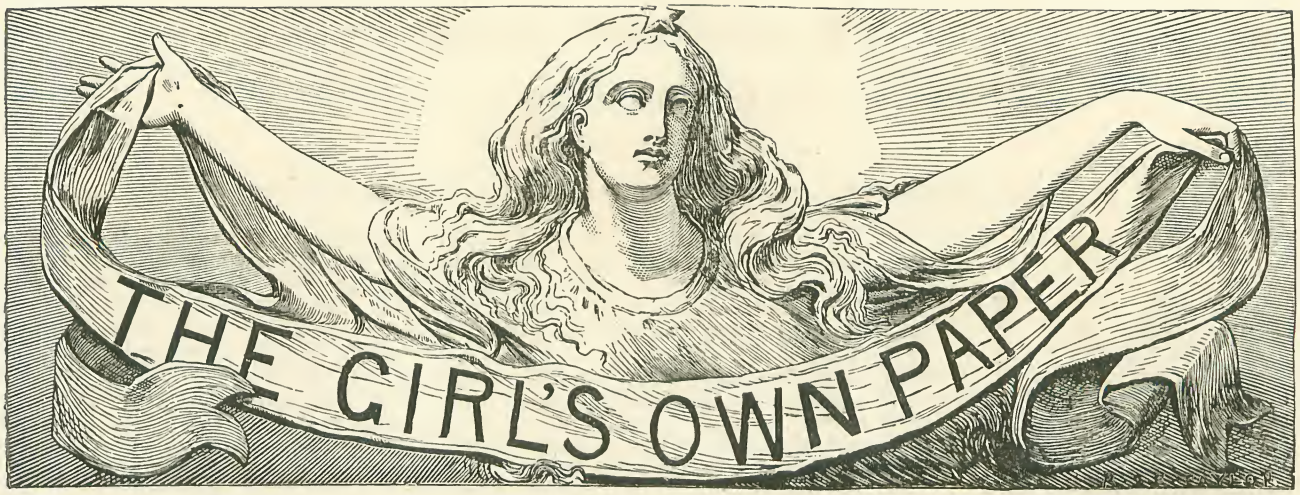
W. ISAAC.—Yes, we have had an article on the subject of "Women as Debaters."

OUR PAINTING COMPETITION.

NOTE.—The outline impression of Miss Kate Greenaway's picture given with this part is the only outline to be used by competitors, and is to be filled in only in water colours, in imitation of the painting issued with our December monthly part.

The copies are to be extracted carefully from the part of the magazine, and sent between boards and flat, by bookpost, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Letters sent with the paintings will not be read.

Only the work of the Prize Winners and those receiving Honourable Mention will be returned to the competitors, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.



VOL. XII.—No. 575.] JANUARY 3, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

I WONDER!

By H. CATTERSON SMITH.

I WONDER if in after years
It will be mine to know
The sweet enthralment of that love
Which does through fiction flow.

I wonder if, when heart shall ache
And throb in every vein,
I still shall feel the having loved
Were all in all to gain.

I wonder, when the hand of Fate
Shall draw Life's curtain by,
If then more clearly I shall know
Its wherefore and its why.

I wonder if I then shall gain
Desire devoutly prayed,
And, after waiting, clearer see
That love alone delayed.

* * * *

Stay, dearest child; put down the book,
And banish from your sight
All that o'er childish happiness
Would cast unhealthy blight;
All that in midst of home and love,
In any way you find,
Would take from you God's dearest gift—
A pure, contented mind.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERTHA.



"I SAY, Bertha!" cried Trixie, getting her cousin into the nursery and closing the door upon her, "do tell us what you do at your house on Sundays? We used to have all kinds of fun here; but that tiresome Aunt Esther throws a wet blanket over everything, and I don't mean to stand it much longer. You have fun on Sundays, don't you?"

"Oh, as much fun as we have other days," answered Bertha without any animation. "People come in and see us, or we go to see some of our friends who are 'At Home' that day. It isn't any fun, but it is the custom."

"Well, I should call it fun, and so would Ethel. I vote we ask friends here for Sunday. Aunt Gostling would not mind, would she?"

"Mamma? Oh, no. She's used to that kind of thing. She says things have changed so much the last few years. Nobody bothers about being quiet on Sunday as they did once. But you don't invite parties yourself, do you, Trix?"

"Oh, Dacre will ask his friends, and Jessie too. It's such fun doing as Aunt Esther doesn't like, when we have somebody to back us. She wants things a great deal too much her own way, and granny shilly-shallies, and doesn't stand up for us as we think she ought. Now that you are here Aunt Esther daren't sit upon us as she loves to do."

"Does she sit upon you?" asked Bertha. "I shouldn't think you made a very comfortable seat." And at that Ethel and Trix both went off into a fit of laughter, and Trix cried—

"Oh, we lead her a life sometimes; but not half such a one as we meant to somehow. I don't quite know how it is, but she has a way of getting the best of it with us. Dacre isn't as much good as we hoped. He declared he'd drive her away within a month, and he doesn't seem any nearer doing it than he did at first. Sometimes I think he is going over to the enemy; but I don't think he *can* really be as stupid as all that. But he let her nurse him when he was ill, which astonished us all very much. Dacre is such a queer boy. One never knows what he will do and say next."

"He seems to like your aunt," said Bertha, "and so do I. I should be sorry if she went away. I should like her to be here when we come in the autumn. I think she is very nice."

"*Do* you?" questioned Trixie, in astonishment. "Well, I don't. I think she is much too precise."

Bertha made no answer, but her face was a little less indifferent than it was habitually.

There was something of an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy in the house during the next few days. Esther was aware of it without knowing the cause or seeking to know it; for in Mrs. Gostling's presence there she abdicated as much authority as she could, feeling that the other aunt had the prior claim to the children's obedience. She was not sorry that their week's visit was nearly at an end, though, as she said to herself many times, she had no real cause of complaint. Mrs. Gostling was very polite in the main; and though Esther saw little of Bertha, who spent most of her time with Jessie, she had a feeling of liking and compassion for the girl which she hardly understood, and which did not promise to ripen to anything, as they seldom met save at meals, and then the girl hardly spoke a word unless she was pointedly addressed.

"I hear the children are expecting a little gathering of friends to-morrow," said Mrs. Gostling on Saturday night. "I am glad of it, for I am afraid they are getting rather moped in the absence of their parents. I never knew Greyfriars so dull or quiet before."

Esther looked up in some surprise. It was the first she heard of the matter.

"I did not know," she said. "They have not consulted me."

"Indeed!" answered Mrs. Gostling. "Well, they named it to me, and, I suppose, to their grandmother also. Perhaps they are a little afraid of you. But I assure you, my dear Miss Egerton, it does not do to be too strict and repressive with young people in these days. They have more independence of mind and resolution than we had at their age; and the feelings of the age have changed so much in many ways. I saw no objection to a little harmless gaiety with their young friends, and, I suppose, they took that for consent. Of course you do not object—at least, I trust not?"

"Well, as the thing is done, and the guests are coming, it would be useless to raise objections," answered Esther, with one of her clear full glances, perfectly free from annoyance or temper; "and I am the last person to wish that Sunday should be made a day of penance to young people, or to object to pleasant association with neighbours or friends. At the same time, since you ask the question, I will not attempt to deny that I have a feeling for passing the day quietly, and in such a way as is best calculated to keep alive the true Sabbath feeling; and to one of my training and habits there is something rather painful in seeing it made a day of pure amusement, as I believe is very common now. It is not that I speak in any spirit of condemnation, but simply mean that my own quiet Sundays, divided between church and books, and with every kind of work—even the work of entertaining one's friends—put entirely on one side, have been days of such pure happiness to me, that it is impossible to enter into the feelings of those who call such days intolerably dull, and argue that if Sunday is to be enjoyed it must be spent very differently. I daresay I am very old-fashioned," concluded Esther, with a smile; "but I have been brought up to old-fashioned ways, and I have never yet found any new fashions suit me quite so well."

Mrs. Gostling smiled in a half-compassionate way; but Esther saw that Bertha's dark eyes were fixed upon her in a glance of keener scrutiny than she had believed those eyes were capable of. For a moment she thought the girl was about to speak; but the impulse appeared to pass, and the subject was allowed to drop with Mrs. Gostling's final remark, that it did not do to draw the reins too tight.

The following day was very fine and bright, and the children's young companions gathered in a very fair muster. The Flemyngs preponderated over all other families, with the natural consequence that there was abundance of noise, and a certain amount of squabbling and shouting, which appeared the inseparable adjuncts of any pastime in which they took a part. Dacre was in one of his wild, reckless moods, and Trixie soon lost all control over herself, and became the regular little hoyden she generally did when thrown much into the society of her dearly-beloved Jenny. Esther was not wanted to help to entertain the guests, and she had taken her books as usual into the shrubbery, where there was a favourite tree trained into a sort of arbour, from which a lovely view could be obtained, and where she was fond of sitting when not otherwise occupied, or forced within doors by weather. The noise from the garden did not disturb her here, and she remained in her retreat for some time, till the lengthening shadows warned her of the approach of evening, and she thought she might be needed to help with the tea.

The scene that met her eyes as she approached the lawn was a little painful to her, though she tried to make excuses for the young people, who were only following the example set by their elders, and acting as they had been tacitly taught. The two tennis-courts were in

full play, both matches seeming very exciting, by the shouts and exclamations of players and spectators. Other noisy games were being carried on in different parts of the garden, and Trixie was rushing about in the wildest excitement, which seemed to redouble as soon as she saw her aunt. Esther was aware that she provoked in Trixie a spirit of defiance and hostility; but she had not learnt how to allay it. Sometimes for a few days the girl would behave better; but the old insubordination would be certain to break out before long; and when the fit was on it lasted a considerable time.

Jessie, who did not care for noisy children's parties, was sitting in the drawing-room with her grandmother and aunt, whilst Bertha sat apart with a book she was not reading, looking on at the games with the apathetic gaze Esther knew so well now. Rather to her surprise, as soon as the girl saw her, she rose and crossed the lawn and stood at her side, not speaking in the first instance, though Esther was certain she had come with the intention of saying something.

As it was she had to open the conversation herself. "They seem to be enjoying themselves," she remarked.

"Yes, I suppose so, if noise is any guarantee;" and then, with a sudden change of manner, she added abruptly, "You do not like this kind of thing, Miss Egerton. Why not?"

Esther hesitated a moment, glanced at the girl, and then said gently—

"I was differently brought up. I was taught to have a different standard; but I think, as your mother sees nothing to object to, that we had better perhaps not discuss the matter. I never like to say in set terms that one thing is right and another wrong, for almost anything in the world—*almost* anything—can be done in a right spirit. But I have not been used, as you have, to see such things on a Sunday, and I will not deny that it grates upon me, as it does not perhaps on you who are used to it."

Bertha gave her a quick look; she hesitated whether to speak, and then said in the same abrupt way—

"Do you think one hates it any the less for being used to it?"

Esther was less surprised than she would have been a few days ago. Some instinct had warned her before now that Bertha was not happy, and that she had been on the verge of a confidence before this.

"Shall we take a turn together, Bertha, as we do not seem wanted here?" asked Esther, smiling. "We can have a little talk together if you like. Did you want to say anything? I should be so glad to help you if I could."

Bertha drew her breath with a quick gasp, and said—

"Can you tell me how to make my life tolerable? At present it is the most miserable existence in the world."

"I should be very sorry indeed to believe that, Bertha; but it is bad enough not to be happy, and not to feel interested in what goes on round you."

"That is just it. How can one be interested in it? There is nothing talked of or thought of from morning till night but how to amuse oneself, and how to make the time pass, what dresses one shall wear, and whom one shall marry when one has the chance. I liked it for a little while. It was entertaining and amusing, and I thought everybody was nice, and that it would be delightful to go on so always. And now I am sick to death of everything, and I haven't a resource in the world; for I can do nothing well enough to be a pleasure, and I get sick of trying to forget myself in novels. And as for doing anything the least bit useful, for one thing I don't know how, and for another, mamma wouldn't hear of it. She says it is bad enough my losing all my animation without being eccentric too. But how can one go on being animated when one hates and loathes it all, and is sick to death of every single thing one has ever done in all one's life?"

And Bertha wound up this very comprehensive question with a sigh so lugubrious that Esther could not but smile, though she was sincerely sorry for the girl.

"Well, Bertha, that is certainly a very doleful tale, and, if it is true, I am very sorry for you. But you are not very old yet, and I do not think the case is hopeless. Have you *no* study that interests you, or an interest in music or drawing that might help you to pass your time more pleasantly? I quite agree with you that nothing is more really depressing or wearisome than making the pursuit of pleasure the great business of life."

Bertha looked pleased at this concession.

"I'm so glad you do understand that much, because some people can't see what one means when one says so. I thought you would—you seem to understand most things like that."

"I can understand it very well, though I have never experienced it; but I cannot think that there may not be a remedy. Have you ever tried to find one?"

"Yes; but I never have. I don't know how it is. I suppose it is perhaps because no one at home is intellectual, or fond of reading, or anything of that sort; but I cannot take any real interest in books. I never did much, and since I have been dragged out at nights five or six evenings in the week, I seem to have no head left. I do so wonder how you manage to keep your freshness, and have so many interests in life. I feel that in about two years more I shall be pretty well a pillar of salt, or a mummy, or something nice and useful like that."

Esther laughed again, but her face was full of sympathy; and Bertha, waxing more confidential as the ice was broken, went on again more gravely and earnestly—

"I sometimes think if I could really have an object in life I should do better. Once, after I had been ill, I was sent away to a dear old lady—the only one of mamma's friends who would have me when I was in an infectious state. She was a Quaker, and so good and sweet—though I had always heard her spoken of with a sort of contempt; and in her house I began to see things differently, and went home with new ideas—you know what I mean—and a wish really to do some good in the world. I had realised, as I never had done at home, that there was something *behind* it all—that there *might* be something to live for; but when I tried to talk to mamma she only seemed vexed, and told me the feeling would go off, and I should take up my old pleasures with the more zest after this break, and that it never did for a girl to be eccentric, or to set herself up as having a mission in life. I knew then that she wanted me to marry a horrid rich young man, who had been paying me some attentions before I was ill; but I think I lost all my good looks then, and I know I lost all my pleasure in such things; and nobody ever cared for me again, and I never cared for anybody. I hated it then, and I hate it now. There is only one thing I should like to do—only one thing that would make me happy, and that I shall never, never be able to do."

"And what is that?"

"To be a nurse in a children's hospital. I once told Mr. Chester how much I should like it. He is the only person in the world who ever talks to me as if I were a rational human being, and I like him very much. He was very kind, and said he did not see why I should not do it if I wished, as so many girls do now; but I know mamma would be wild at the bare idea; and if I do it I shall have to run away from home, and then, perhaps, they would not take me in. So I suppose I must just make up my mind to go on in the old way until I get so absolutely old, and ugly, and useless that I shall be let alone, and nobody will want me or care for me, and I shall just vegetate for the rest of my life."

"Well, that is not an enlivening prospect for you, Bertha, and is a little premature, seeing that you are still only two-and-twenty. I do not know whether you have confided in me with the idea of getting any good advice; but I think I could recommend something a little more enlivening than that."

"I wish you would advise me," answered Bertha, more eagerly than was her wont. "People have advised me before now—but it always comes to the same thing—Marry, and you will be all right; but I cannot see why marrying a man you don't care two straws for should be a royal road out of all difficulties."

"Nor I," answered Esther, laughing. "Not having experienced matrimony, I am not in a position to recommend it; but I have one piece of advice, and it is this—Go back home in as cheerful a spirit as possible. Try to think that your lot has been chosen for you, and that therefore there must be *some* duties and pleasures to sweeten it, if you can only find them. Do not make up your mind to dislike everything and everybody, just because you have a wish to be elsewhere. Girls in society can be useful in their own way; and if you try to look on the bright side of things, and to interest yourself in the affairs of others,

since your own are not interesting, you may soon find that everything is not as colourless as you think now. At any rate, give it one more good trial. Try to please your parents, and to find some sphere of usefulness which shall not annoy your mother, and yet give scope for your superfluous energies. Try this honestly, and then if, after you come here in the autumn, you really find that you cannot be happy at home, and that your life seems wasting, and if you have by that time a sister who can take your place as her mother's companion, then I will speak to Lady Eleanora about your wish to go into a hospital, and perhaps she will persuade your parents to allow it. I have found her very reasonable in the main, and she has a wonderful gift of reading character, and great influence with her children. If we can get her on our side, I should not wonder if we succeed after all. But mind, Bertha, I will do nothing for you unless I have good testimony from others that you have really done your best to conquer your depression and apathy, and to interest yourself in the life to which you were born. Nothing is so necessary in a nurse as self-restraint and cheerfulness in the most uncomfortable circumstances, as well as that quality of perseverance which you will have to show you possess. Why, my dear child"—for the undemonstrative Bertha had actually flung her arms about Esther's neck—"remember you are a long way from the accomplishment of your object yet."

"Oh, but I don't care for that. You have given me the first real bit of hope I have ever had all these years. Now I feel as if I had an object to live for."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BIBLE READING AND BIBLE STUDY.

By MARY L. G. PETRIE, B.A.

PART III.



FOLLOWING story is told of the great Scottish author, Thomas Carlyle. He was on a visit to the Provost of Kirkcaldy, who asked his guest one morning to read at family worship ere he offered up prayer. Carlyle opened the Bible at the first chapter of Job, and began to read it slowly and intelligently, pausing now and again to meditate on some striking clause, and take in its whole meaning. He turned one page, then another. No one dared to interrupt him, and his face was getting all aglow. The servants wondered, the Provost was "dumfoondert"; but on he went, and quietly closed the volume at the end of the forty-second chapter, with the remark, "That is a marvellous, life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." He did not understand why the Provost never asked him to read prayers again.

I have not told this as a "good story" to make you smile; for Carlyle was reading Job in the right way, if not at the most suitable time. That grand poem deals throughout with one large problem, which its prose prologue states. Job and his friends discuss this each from a different point of view, and there is some truth, but not the whole truth, in what they have to say. Then Elihu takes higher ground, and brings forward new considerations. Finally, the whole truth is set forth by God Himself. The poem is one sustained and complex argument, and therefore detached morsels of it are as meaningless as fragments of mosaic taken haphazard out of an intricate pattern.

And what Carlyle said of Job is true of each book of the Bible, and of the Bible as a whole. To appreciate it we must read it through, and then we cannot fail to find it an intensely interesting book. We arrive at this conclusion in our third paper, having shown in two former ones, first, that *indifference* to the Bible is caused by passively reading it instead of actively studying it, and secondly, that, while detailed or textual study is good, general or historical study is far better.

For that study we start from two principles. Here is the first: The New Testament is latent in the Old; the Old Testament is laid open in the New. This was finely expressed by a divine of old; and in these days, when so many girls learn Latin as a matter of course, I need not shrink from quoting his exact words, as they lose a good deal in translation:—"Novum Testamentum in Vetere latet: Vetus in Novo patet." Each is the key to the other. What better guide could we have to Leviticus than Hebrews? The New Testament explains the Old; while, on the other hand, the common attempt and common failure to understand the New Testament without referring it to the Old at every point, reminds one of endeavouring to gain an idea of the human frame without learning anything about the skeleton.

Here is the second principle: Everything in the Bible was in the first instance spoken to or written for a particular people in a particular place, under particular circumstances. We must begin by ascertaining what meaning it could have conveyed to those who first heard or read it, ere we ask what meaning it may possibly be made to convey to us. For us it may have a fulness of meaning that it could not have for its own age, but that fuller meaning grows out of the plain original meaning, and cannot be taken independently. The application of this principle clears up many a disputed passage.

We must also remember, that while there are religions that rest upon philosophical treatises expounding abstract ideas, our religion is based upon great facts. Its history is the history of God's dealings with men through a long series of ages, and even its most abstruse doctrines grow out of historical events, and are set forth in an historical way.

Now, if you wanted to find out all you could about the life of a given man, or the story of a given nation, from a miscellaneous mass of letters and memoranda, your first impulse would be to sort these according to their dates, noting every allusion in the undated ones that enabled you to conjecture when it was written, nay even every suggestive peculiarity of handwriting or paper. Until it was thus classified, much of your information would be useless, and most of it would be misleading.

Long years ago the Bible was arranged, not with a view to its historical order, but so as to group together books of similar character, or to call attention to those of special importance. The largest prophetical books, which are among the latest, were placed before the smaller ones; the longer of St. Paul's epistles were made to precede the shorter ones, which are both earlier and later than they.

What is the result for the average reader who plods steadily through the Bible from the Pentateuch to the Apocalypse? Up to the end of II. Kings we are carried fairly down the stream of time. Then, when mention of Evil-Merodach, who died in B.C. 559, has brought us within a quarter of a century of the return of the Jews from captivity, we are suddenly hurried back to Adam. Again, when Esther has told us about the monarch whom the Greeks defeated at Salamis, and introduced such familiar names as Persia and India, when sacred and ancient history is beginning to be closely linked with secular and modern, Job transports us to the Patriarchal age 1,000 years earlier. Only in a very rough and general way can we say that the Psalter places the oldest Psalms first and the newest last. After the closing Hallelujahs of that book echo days later than those of Malachi, Proverbs takes us back to the reign of Solomon. It is, however, in the Prophets that the confusion of chronology is greatest. Zerubbabel had brought the Jews to Jerusalem when Daniel laid down his pen. Jeroboam II. was on the throne of the Ten Tribes 250 years before, when Hosea took his pen up. Obadiah probably denounced Edom in the year Jerusalem fell (B.C. 588). Jonah 200 years earlier took a message to Nineveh, which had utterly passed away ere Jerusalem was threatened. Finally, St. Paul wrote to the Colossians from his Roman prison eleven years after he wrote to the Thessalonians from Corinth; and those years had brought many changes both to him and to the church. Yet Colossians comes first. Can we wonder that the Bible is puzzling when we read it thus?

But just as it is easier to base a doctrine on one verse or on a string of indiscriminate texts than to take in the bearing and purpose of a book, it is easier to read on mechanically from Genesis i. to Revelation xxii. than to find out when, where, by whom, wherefore, and under what circumstances each part of the Bible was written. No one ever yet arrived at a place worth reaching without having to climb the Hill Difficulty on the way; so if we will not make an effort to understand the Bible, we can only go on in the old dull road through historical books that seem full of lifeless details, to prophetic books that seem full of incomprehensible allusions. The pieces of our dissected map have been thrown confusedly into two heaps, and we can make nothing of either until we bring it into relation with the other.

Let me now sketch the true chronological order of the Bible. There is a gap of about a century between Genesis l. and Exodus i. So when you leave the times of the Patriarchs with Genesis, read Job as an illustration of them.

Dean Stanley calls Psalm xc. the funeral hymn of Moses, which has since become the

funeral hymn of the world; so read it after the account of his death in Deut. xxxiv.

The events described in Judges xvii.–xxi. and Ruth seem to have taken place before Gideon was born; so read these portions between Judges v. and Judges vi.

Thus far our task has been simple. With certain interpolations we have gone straight on from Genesis to 1. Samuel xvii. But now we have to put together, chapter by chapter, the four Books of Kings and the two Books of Chronicles, and to take in illustration of them the Psalms ordered in their historical sequence. One hundred and one Psalms have headings which may most of them be depended upon, though later than the Psalms themselves. These guide us as to their date, and so do allusions in many of the remaining forty-nine. The dateless Psalms also image the characteristics of special periods. Those who have never enquired into the chronology of the Psalms can have little idea of the new enjoyment with which one sings them in church when one can recall the circumstances under which each was penned, and trace through their exultant and sorrowful tones the hopes and fears of the nation and of its greatest men through each phase of their history.

The perplexing story of Solomon's reign is likewise explained when we place beside it his three books—the Song of Songs, uttering the brilliant promise of his youth; Proverbs, gathering up the mature experience of his prosperous middle life; and Ecclesiastes, commemorating the repentance of his sad old age.

When we come to the age of written prophecy, we find a commentary of priceless value therein upon all that the historians tell. The story of Sennacherib's invasion is, for instance, one of the most striking in the Bible. And when we read the first half of Isaiah in its right order, we can, as it were, live through that time year by year, and recognise it as one of the most thrilling episodes in all history. The Prophets fall into three distinct groups, separated from each other by two half centuries of silence. Each prophet has his own manner and his own matter, and writes with a view to a particular state of affairs.

With this mere hint, however, we must pass on to the New Testament. Here the four Evangelists should be harmonised so as to gain a clear idea of our Lord's life as a whole. And if no part of the Bible suffers more from its present arrangement than St. Paul's epistles, no biography becomes more fascinating than his when St. Luke's story is supplemented at every point by the self-revelation of his own epistles. Of all past heroes David and St. Paul are those with whom we may become most intimately acquainted.

I am persuaded that if this kind of Bible study were more common, Sunday, the day that brings us most leisure for it, would soon be the shortest and most happily-filled day in the week for all of us. Instead of depending upon an idle "religious" story-book to fill up its hours, we could go on year after year with no time and no wish for other Sunday reading than our Bibles. And we should not only gain much for ourselves from such study: every Christian who reads the Bible with his head as well as his heart can help in gainsaying the rash assumptions of adverse critics, and in removing stumbling-blocks out of the paths of his fellow Christians. Lastly, not a few have been led on from a purely historical interest in the Bible to a far higher one.

For I am not putting forth a paper scheme, or speaking of my own personal experience only. I could tell you of many young students who have found entirely new enjoyment from the Bible when they have been furnished with those external helps to reading in the way I have sketched, which many have neither leisure nor books to make out for themselves. This brings me to the story of "The Chronological Scripture Cycle," which in 1888 grew out of the "College by Post."

I need not dwell here upon the "College by Post," or "Student's Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union" (to quote that full official title which is now generally replaced by a more familiar designation), for it has often been mentioned in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and was fully described in the number for March 12, 1887. Suffice it then to say that its aim is twofold, viz., to encourage cultivation of the intellect and love of knowledge for its own sake among girls who are no longer receiving regular instruction at home or at school, and who have little opportunity for availing themselves of professional tuition, by enabling them to continue their studies under guidance of non-professional teachers, who have, for the most part, had college training themselves; and also to encourage among a still larger circle of girls and women systematic study of the Bible.

I began to organise this College in 1881, being then a young student myself in the early stage of my own college career. Between 2000 and 3000 students have now joined its classes, and 148 teachers from University and Westfield Colleges, London; Girton and Newnham Colleges, Cambridge; Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls, Oxford; and Cheltenham College, etc., have joined its staff.

The instruction is given entirely by correspondence, and is adapted therefore only to those who have education enough to follow this method. Students are admitted early in January, May, and September, the lists for each term being closed as soon as vacancies are filled up. None are admitted under sixteen years of age. All further particulars may be had by application to me, enclosing a stamped envelope.

From the first all students have promised to give half an hour daily to Bible study. During more than six years our Scripture classes were organised on the basis of four schemes of reading, each of which joins us to organisations larger than our own, viz., (*a*) The Lectionary of the Church of England; (*b*) The Bible and Prayer Union, organised by the Rev. Thomas Richardson; (*c*) The Christian Progress Union, organised by the Rev. Ernest Boys; (*d*) The Bible study plan, varying from year to year, of the Young Women's Christian Association. Each of these plans had its advantages, but none completely met our special needs as students, and three involved subscriptions to another union, and a somewhat perplexing double membership. Then a holiday season spent on the beautiful west coast of Scotland in the beautiful Jubilee summer, gave me leisure to gather up the experience of these six years, and think out a fifth scheme, which would be wholly our own. I intended to form two small classes for it, and to prepare MS. papers for their use. But the announcement of the new "Chronological Scripture Cycle" brought names in for it by the score, and on February 1st, 1888, we began the reading with eight classes. At present, of our forty Scripture classes, twenty-eight are C. S. C. classes, and a demand for second and enlarged editions of all the earlier papers is delaying the issue of the final paper of the series.

After a while requests for the papers began to reach me from people who could not join our classes as students, such as married ladies with numerous family and household and social duties; gentlemen (whom our scheme had not, of course, included in its original design), teachers of large Bible classes, and missionaries in distant lands.

So the scheme has already extended beyond the "College by Post" from which it sprang. Besides our twenty-eight classes of Students, there is now an outer circle of some 400 Readers, and within the last few months the C. S. C. set has gone to France, Switzerland, Denmark, Syria, India, Singapore, Australia, Japan, Canada, the United States, Jamaica, and Lagos.

This C. S. C. set consists of a tabular scheme on card, and twelve papers, about 220 pages in all. The tabular scheme divides the whole Bible into nine portions of about 132 chapters each, so that it may be read through in chronological order in *any* three years, or in nine of our college terms. All who begin the course, therefore, begin it at the beginning, and each contingent that joins is at a different stage. There is an introductory paper, a paper for each term, and an extra Paper on the Psalms and also on the Gospels. These render the reader independent of any other books besides the Bible and the Appendix to it in the "Oxford Bible for Teachers" (which is published separately at the Clarendon Press for 1*s*.). A series of helpful questions concludes each term's paper.

The C. S. C. scheme may be taken up in two different ways. First, as a *Student*. This involves joining one of the Scripture classes in the "College by Post" for three years, giving half-an-hour daily, and working under the guidance of a teacher, who corrects answers sent in to the questions, and helps the student in all difficulties. We hope to give prizes to those Students who work out all the nine examination papers of the course well. Students are admitted three times a year, as I have already explained, and for them the price of the C. S. C. set is 1*s*., which scarcely covers the cost of printing. There is also an entrance subscription and annual subscription of 1*s*. towards expenses of postage, etc. Secondly, as a *Reader*. This involves writing for admission to the outer circle of the C. S. C., which may be joined at any time, and subscribing 2*s*. for the C. S. C. set, and 3*d*. for its postage. Any surplus over cost of printing will go towards the prizes. Readers are not bound by the rules of the "College by Post," and do not, of course, receive nearly as much help as Students in following out the course.

Such in brief is the scheme, of necessity a less simple one than those of the Bible and Prayer Union and Christian Progress Union, by which the Bible is read straight through. And, therefore, although its papers are made as plain as possible, it is less adapted to children, and persons of very slender education. It is, however, more stimulating to the earnest young student, whose allotted daily half-hour has in many cases grown into an hour through the ever-increasing interest of the work.

One word as to our subject in its wider aspect, and I have done. The word is not mine, but that of one of the greatest theologians of the Early Church, Athanasius. In the treatise on the Incarnation which he addressed, nearly 1700 years ago, to Macarius, a convert from heathenism, he says that the truth is not to be fully learned from his or any man's exposition of it. "But thou, O Christ-loving man, taking the idea from this, wilt, if thou readest the writings of the Scriptures, and genuinely devotest thy mind to them, know from them more perfectly and distinctly the accuracy of what has been stated. For they were spoken and written by God through men who were divines. But for the investigation and true knowledge of the Scriptures, there is need of a good life, and a pure soul, and Christian virtue, in order that the mind, guiding its path by means of it, may be able to attain what it grasps at, and comprehend it as far as it is within the reach of human nature to learn concerning God the Word. For without a pure mind, and the imitation of the life led by the saints, one could not apprehend the words of the saints."

CANDIES AND SWEETIES MADE AT HOME.

In the present article I propose to have a little talk with girls about making sweeties. Yet I have no intention to discuss the making of toffee and similar delights. I am ambitious, and desire rather to deal with much more pretentious sweeties, such as marrons glacés and cream walnuts. These superior sweeties are not so very difficult to make if one knows how to set about the business; and if patience and care be bestowed upon them they are most excellent. Made at home, of the best materials, and eaten in reason, they are not unwholesome—indeed, marrons glacés are quite nourishing—yet they are so delicious that no one can help enjoying them. They are also particularly suited for presentation, and girls who can make them need never be at a loss what to provide as a Christmas, Easter, or birthday gift for friends or relatives who have a sweet tooth. If these dainties had to be bought they would cost a good deal, but made at home they would cost little money—only time and care. Therefore, it is well worth while to learn how to make them; and I am sure that girls who will pay attention and master the details of the process will be delighted with the result.

The making of sweeties, it will be understood, is not exactly cookery, and there are numbers of very able cooks who know nothing about it; also, it is not exactly confectionery, but it occupies a sort of borderland between the two. It is, however, most fascinating work; and as a girl said who not long ago experimented in it, "Boiling sugar is quite exciting—one never knows what is going to happen with it, and the twists and turns it takes are most unexpected. Yet when you do exactly as you are told things are sure to come right in the end, because the sweeties you spoil are almost as delicious as the sweeties that are a success, while one is at liberty to hand spoilt goods round for the benefit of the community." This is a very excellent statement of the case.

First, then, let us take marrons glacés, and it just occurs to me to say, "Do all girls know what marrons glacés are?" If, however, those who do not know will go to a high-class shop (the dainties are not sold by small dealers), and ask for marrons glacés they will have offered to them a number of dark-brown, shiny, queer-shaped balls, which look like chestnuts boiled and coated with varnish. That is exactly what they are, only the varnish is made of sugar, and the chestnuts are cooked; and their taste is most delicious. These marrons are suitable for private delectation, and for dessert. Placed on a fancy dish they constitute a most valuable addition to the dessert course. Yet the price usually asked for them is three shillings a pound, and there are not many in a pound!

Professional confectioners would probably regard with a little scorn humble individuals who proposed to dabble in the mysteries of sugar boiling with ordinary kitchen tools, and in a homely sort of way. They would say that it was necessary to have various utensils—a proper sugar boiler, a spatula, a saccharometer for testing the condition of the sugar, a marble slab, a drying closet, and so on. We propose, however, to dispense with these "necessaries." We shall attempt only sweeties which can be made with tools that are to be found in every kitchen. A saucepan will serve us as a sugar boiler, a tablespoon will do instead of a spatula, we shall let our common sense be a substitute for the saccharometer, and a pudding basin or greased plate will do for us in the place of a marble slab. Thus provided, we shall manage very well.

With regard to the saucepan. A correct sugar boiler is generally made of untinned copper. Francatelli, however, says that "a candying pan" should be made of block tin measuring about fourteen inches by eight inches, and two inches deep; that the sides should be rather on the slant, with a small funnel-like tube in one of the angles or corners of the pan; and that if you require several of these pans for making any large quantity of candies, it becomes necessary to have the funnel-shaped tubes placed at different corners—on the right of one pan and the left corner of the other, so that when placed upon each other the excess of sugar may easily drain off. A pan of this description few people possess, but almost everyone has a block tin or a plain iron saucepan, and either will answer the purpose. An enamelled saucepan is not very suitable, it is so liable to burn; but perhaps the best of all (if we work with a closed stove) is an earthenware saucepan of the sort which are much more common than they used to be, and which dainty cooks always like because they can be so readily cleaned.

The sugar which we use must be of the very best: to attempt work of this sort with common sugar would be to court disaster. Therefore, we must have either the best lump sugar or the best granulated sugar. Icing sugar will not do at all. It is frequently made up with starchy matter, and this would entirely disturb our reckoning. Moreover, when the best loaf sugar is used for home-made candies, it is quite allowable to dispense with clarification, and this saves much trouble. To clarify sugar is to boil it with white of egg and water, and to keep removing the scum as it rises until it is quite pure. If, however, we get the best refined sugar, it is purified from the first, and it is scarcely likely that amateurs would improve it by trying to make it better.

When experimenting in work that is unusual, it is always wise to try our hand, in the first instance, with small quantities; then if we come to grief we do not have very much waste. Let us, therefore, suppose that we have collected the materials required for our experiment, viz., a block tin or a very clean iron saucepan, a pound of sugar, a jug of water, two pounds of fine sound chestnuts, a basin containing brown sugar, a few thin wooden skewers about eight inches long, and a good fresh lemon. How shall we proceed?

Make an incision in the outer skin only of the chestnuts, and boil them till they are tender, but not soft. At this early stage it is very easy to make a mistake. We want to keep the chestnuts whole, and if we boil them even a little bit too much, they break into small pieces. Yet if they are not boiled enough they will not taste as they should. We have to try them to see if they are ready. When they have their skins on it is, of course, not easy to ascertain their condition. Therefore many people roast instead of boiling the nuts. Roasted chestnuts do not smash so easily as boiled chestnuts. Others put them into boiling water, take off the outer skin, then boil them again until ready, after which the inner skin is removed. The best way, however, is to boil them till tender, then put them into cold water for a little while, and afterwards peel away both the inner and the outer skin. In any case, it has to be remembered that it is most desirable to keep the nuts whole, and that when cooked they readily fall to pieces. Therefore they should be taken up when under cooked rather than over cooked. They are sufficiently cooked when a knitting needle will pierce them easily. The time required depends on the size and quality of the chestnuts: it would not be safe to try to give information on this point, because nuts vary so much. The slit made in the skin before commencing proceedings will prevent bursting. Also, girls should be careful to procure the best nuts. Inferior nuts have an internal division; the finest sorts are quite entire when shelled, and the difference is important.

The chestnuts being ready, our next point is the sugar. We put a pound of sugar and half a pint of water in the saucepan and set it on the fire. Until it is dissolved we may stir it; but after it has boiled we must on no account stir it, and we must move it about as little as possible. When it has boiled ten minutes we dip a fork into it. So long as the syrup, after it has run off, leaves only a drop of syrup behind, we let it continue to boil. In a minute or two, however, when we hold it in the air, there will be seen a long silvery hair. Now we say that the candy begins to "hair," and this is a term that is to be borne in mind. We now squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, or add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar: watch it still more closely and let it boil rapidly for a minute or two. We have ready a cup of cold water, and keep dropping therein a morsel of the syrup. When it sets in the water like toffee, so that it leaves the finger clear, and so that a morsel tried with the teeth feels brittle, it has arrived at the degree of boiling known as the "crack" or the "snap," and is ready for our purpose.

What we now have to do is to dip our boiled chestnuts into the hot candy, and turn them over in it to coat them entirely, and dry them in the air. We shall have to be very quick in our movements, because, though the sugar is in good condition now, it will very quickly deteriorate. Now it is quite clear and bright, but it will very shortly begin to get thick and look white; then it will not do for our chestnuts. However, in order that we may make the most of it while it is right, we must have everything ready to our hand; the brown sugar in a bowl (we shall have to stick the skewers which hold the chestnuts in this, so that the syrup may dry without having the varnish spoilt), and the skewers with a chestnut stuck upon each laid by the side. We must put the pan containing the syrup either in a vessel containing boiling water, or in some situation where it will not cool readily, and if we can get a friend to come and help so that we may get as many chestnuts varnished as possible before the sugar cools, so much the better. The varnish is to be very thin, and there is to be no portion of the nut left untouched. We dip the nut upon the skewer in and out of the syrup, taking care to cool it entirely, and we let it remain on the skewer till it is dry. If we can so arrange matters that we can give the chestnuts a second coating they will look so much handsomer.

Expeditious though we may be, it is to be expected that before our task is complete the sugar will be unworkable. In this case we may put the saucepan on the fire and melt it. It cannot, however, be melted more than once, for it will get hard, and when remelted it will be very liable to burn. Therefore, what we have to do is to make all the haste we can in coating the chestnuts in the first instance. After a little practice we shall probably be dexterous enough to glacer all our chestnuts whole. While we are new to the business, however, we shall probably smash a few. Yet even under these circumstances we need not have waste. All we have to do is to boil up what syrup remains with a little cold water "to the ball"—that is, until a little dropped in water can be gathered up like a soft ball. Pour this boiling hot over the nuts and stir until cool; then turn upon a well-greased dish. Broken into knobly pieces this candy will be much appreciated by the young folks.

If we wished we might substitute another sort of nut for chestnuts in following the above method, and the result would in every

case be satisfactory. Walnuts, filberts, hazel-nuts, almonds, Brazil nuts, might all be glazed thus. They would not need to be boiled previously, as chestnuts do, but they would have to be dried, and in some cases peeled. Therefore they would need to be made ready two or three days before being used, and left exposed to the air. If glacé when newly taken out of the shell their oiliness would prevent success. Fruits also, such as oranges, greengages, plums, cherries, dates, and even red currants, may be treated thus, and would be a great delicacy. In short, if girls once manage to make marrons glacés properly they can make a dozen sweeties in the same way.

When making marrons glacés experienced cooks frequently put the chestnuts in liquid syrup after cooking them, and boil the syrup afresh every day for three or four days, so as to permeate them with the sugar before varnishing them. The method is superior undoubtedly; but it is much more troublesome and tedious, and when the other way is successfully managed, the result leaves very little to be desired. The repeated soaking in syrup is more necessary when the chestnuts are roasted than it is when they are boiled. Having managed our chestnuts, we now proceed a step further, and attempt what are known sometimes as creamed walnuts, sometimes as caramel walnuts, sometimes as American walnuts. Kiln-dried walnuts would be the best for the purpose; but if these cannot be had, the kernels must be at least thoroughly dry. Pick the walnuts from the shell, divide them into halves, and keep the halves as whole as possible. Boil the sugar and water as before, until a fine silky hair hangs from the end of a fork that is dipped into it. Of course, do not stir it after the sugar has melted. Watch it closely, and in a second or two try it by dropping half a teaspoonful into a little cold water. If it can be taken from the bottom in a ball lift it from the fire and set it in a dry place (not in water that is, or on the sink, but in an airy place) to cool. Do not stir it or shake it whilst it cools, and try its condition by dipping the tip of the finger into it. It should look like thick clear syrup, and have only a sort of skin on the top. Stir it with a spoon for a few minutes. It will gradually begin to look milky, and will grow thicker, until it looks almost like lard. When it is so stiff that it can no longer be stirred with a spoon, put the hands to it, and knead it as one would knead dough, until it is a smooth compact mass. If it grains, or looks as if it were turning to sugar again, it has been boiled too long, and must have water added to it and be boiled all over again. If it does not thicken as described, but remains liquid, it has not been boiled long enough, and should be set on the fire again. If it is as it should be, it is what is called fondant, or French icing, and can be used for many purposes. Also, if pressed into a jar and covered with oiled paper it will remain good for weeks.

We must suppose, however, that we do not want to keep it but to use it for the walnuts. In this case we take a piece of the fondant about the size of an almond and work and press it with the hands till it is a sort of oval roll, and then press two halved walnuts firmly in on each side and show a little of the paste between the halved nuts. Afterwards put them where they can dry till the cream is quite firm. If preferred, the paste can be used for what is known as fondant icing. Doubtless girls have often seen at the confectioners cakes made of Genoese paste, and coated with icing of various colours which added greatly to their appearance. This coating was simply fondant. We may put three separate tablespoonfuls of the fondant in three cups, set these one at a time in a saucepan of boiling water, and keep stirring until it runs. If the fondant were melted without being stirred, it would simply return to syrup; stirring it, however, causes it to remain creamy. When melted we can put either a few drops of cochineal to it to make it pink, a little saffron water to make it yellow, or a little melted unsweetened chocolate to make chocolate icing. The addition of strawberry juice and cochineal would produce strawberry icing; the addition of raspberry juice and cochineal would make raspberry icing; of grated orange peel and juice, orange icing; lemon peel and juice, lemon icing; liqueur of any sort, liqueur icing; and white icing by leaving the fondant unchanged. A handsome dish of iced cakes may, of course, be made by colouring the cakes differently, but in this case the various colours would need to be finished off one at a time, one colour being disposed of before the other was melted, otherwise the fondant would stiffen, and so cease to be workable.

To melt the fondant we simply put a little in a cup, set it in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire, and stir it till it looks like cream. If we did not stir it would return to syrup. To use the fondant as icing we simply take the melted sugar and pour it over the cakes, so that it covers their surface entirely. If it stiffens while we are at work, we dip a knife in boiling water and make it smooth by means of the knife. If it is not stiff we can simply move the cakes slantwise backwards and forwards to let the cream run over the surface.

Nuts daintily prepared according to the method described will keep well if put into a closely-covered box where the air cannot get to them. When to be presented to friends they should be put into a fancy box made of paper or stiff cardboard, and tied with China ribbon. When packed in an open box each nut should be placed in a little envelope of white paper, and this will keep them from sticking together.

It is very much to be hoped that girls who try to make these sweeties will not be discouraged if they do not succeed perfectly the first thing. As already stated, sweeties are not difficult to make; but also they are not easy. If they were they would not be so expensive to buy. Of the two sorts I think the walnuts are the easier, because the syrup of the marrons gets out of condition so speedily, and we have to be so very quick with them. A little practice, however, soon conquers difficulties. Of the girls I know who have experimented in these sweeties, the one who was the most successful carried on her operations in her own bedroom with a spirit-lamp and a small saucepan. She said that when she was not quite sure of herself she could get on best when no one was watching her. I fancy other girls have the same feeling.

There are a good many very sensible individuals who have a great objection to sweeties of every sort. They say that sweeties bring on toothache and produce indigestion, and that to spend money upon them is wasteful. Yet we invariably find that young folks like sweeties. When they have a little money to spare, and can reconcile it with their consciences to indulge, they are almost sure to possess themselves of a packet of dainty morsels, and these are reserved for private consumption or handed round amongst friends, according to the disposition of the owner.

The sensible individuals are quite right in their opinion, however. Common sweeties are very harmful; and it would be difficult to calculate the mischief they do. They not only injure the teeth and disturb digestion, but they destroy the taste for plain wholesome food, and make those who are in the habit of eating them fastidious and unhealthy. Their unwholesomeness is, however, very largely increased by their impurity. Manufacturers are now so skilful that, when they lack principle, there is no knowing what they will do, and individuals who trust to them never know what they swallow. Here is a remark taken from the *South Kensington Science Handbook on Food*, which contains a little information concerning the flavourers used for cheap confectionery, which throws light on the subject so far as sweeties are concerned:—

"There are now known many artificial products, chiefly the so-called compound ethers, which resemble very closely indeed in taste and smell the natural flavours of certain fruits. The so-called essence of jargonelle pears is a spirituous solution of the acetate of amyl; it is employed in flavouring confectionery, especially pear drops. Unfortunately it is used too freely, and is seldom sufficiently pure for this purpose. Apple oil is chiefly valerate of amyl, pine-apple oil is butyrate of ethyl and butyrate of propyl, and grape or cognac oil is a mixture of several compound artificial ethers. Many other flavourers of similar character have been artificially prepared. They are much used by the makers of cheap confectionery."

To know that chemicals of this description enter into the composition of sweeties does not make us long for them. When consuming them we consume we know not what. If we could procure sweeties that were absolutely pure we should probably find that they were tolerably harmless, and so we might gratify our taste with impunity. Pure sugar, pure natural products, cannot be particularly hurtful. Also, it is very certain that pure sweeties are in the market. The only objection to them is that they are generally costly. If we could obtain pure sweeties without paying such high prices for them, it would indeed be agreeable. The advantage belonging to the dainties we have been talking about is that they are not only harmless, but cheap. They cost very little though they are so delicious, and all they want are care and patience. The probability is that they never will be low in price because they call for so much attention, and so far as I know they cannot be made by machinery. Care and patience, however, and perseverance also, *must* be bestowed upon them.

Some time ago an American writer named Mrs. Helen Alice Nitsch, now unfortunately no longer living, devoted a good deal of attention to the subject of candy making. It was through reading what she had to say that I first began to take an interest in them. This Mrs. Nitsch was, however, besides being a clever cook, a very good woman, and she had a great desire to help women to help themselves. She had a notion that girls might make dainties of this sort and of other sorts, such as jams, pickles, and home-made cakes, not merely for pleasure but for profit, and she induced a good many women to manufacture dainties and sell them for a fair price in their own neighbourhood. One wonders whether it would be possible for English girls who want a little pocket money to do the same thing. At any rate, it is very certain that there are a good many housekeepers who very much prefer home-made dainties to what are known as "bought dainties." If girls could arrange to make goods of this kind at home in a thoroughly superior way, and get a sale for them, they might earn money very comfortably. At the present time there is no accomplishment known that is more universally appreciated and more useful than skill in cookery, and girls who are possessed of it never need be at a loss at least for employment. By simply using their fingers they may always make themselves useful wherever they are; and if, in addition, they could earn a little hard cash should the need for it arise, surely they need not object. The arrangement of the detail of business of this kind must, however, be made by girls themselves. The suggestions given here are intended only to put them in the way of doing the work.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.



A RUSTIC BEAUTY.

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

ADOWN the quaint uneven street
That cuts the ancient town in twain,
Worn by the tread of plodding feet—
The weight of many a groaning wain—

Came pretty Blanche with 'kerchief'd hair,
And eyes brimm'd o'er with sunny charm,
Her load of fragrant linen fair
Poised lightly on her sunbrown'd arm.

She passed my window day by day—
The village beauty, fresh and sweet;
It was as though a sunbeam stray
Shone out across the narrow street.

Her eyes were blue as summer skies,
And moorland winds had kissed her cheek,
And nut-brown curls, that truant wise
Her 'kerchief fleck'd with ruddy streak.

Sometimes I saw her face flush o'er
With warmer rose, and then I knew
The garden-lad was at the door,
By which the China roses grew.

And in my window-seat above
I wove an idyl for the twain,
Of Springtide hope, and Summer love,
And Autumn's wealth of harvest grain.



ROSE DUDLEY'S VENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PAST.

IT was breaking-up day at Merton House School. The girls were standing about in couples and groups, with few exceptions with bright, eager, laughing faces. Here and there a pair of confidential friends spoke in low tones; but from almost every part of the large room, merry outspoken chatter could be heard.

"I am to have a pony of my own, my very own, these holidays—papa promised me," cried one happy young girl.

"Oh, no, really!" came in a chorus.

"Uncle Herbert and cousin John are coming back, and will spend nearly all the summer with papa and mamma," said another, with excited voice and pleasure-shining eyes.

The answer was lost in a burst of exclamations from another lively group. Endless was the babel of young tongues, pleasing and enlivening the scene. Annie Leigh, however, although one of the happiest among them, did not forget that there was one girl there who must be feeling as much, perhaps more, pain as pleasure by these evidences of happy family life.

"Rose, Rose dear," she said, joining a tall, slim girl, who was standing looking out on to the garden, "don't forget that you are to spend a long time with us. Mamma is going to write to Mrs. Dudley at once. She will spare you to us I know."

She drew her out into the garden, pretending not to notice that tears had started to Rose Dudley's blue eyes.

"Yes, Annie; auntie will spare me to you. It is very good, though, of Mrs. Leigh to——"

"Good! Not the least. Mamma is accustomed to such a tribe of us, that the more girls we are in the house the happier she is," cried Annie Leigh, who knew well, however, why her mother made such a point of having Rose so much with them.

Mrs. Leigh's kind motherly heart felt for the desolate girl who had never known a mother's or father's love, nor the fun and happiness from mirth-loving united brothers and sisters.

Rose Dudley had been brought up from babyhood by "Aunt Hester," the childless widow of her father's only brother.

"Well, good-bye for the present, Rose," said Annie, kissing her affectionately.

After this there were general leave-takings between teachers, pupils, and friends, and by-and-by Rose Dudley found herself in a second-class carriage opposite her aunt's maid, travelling swiftly towards her home—a kindly one, yet not her rightful home, as will be seen.

* * * *

At the garden-gate of Cedar Cottage stood Mrs. Dudley, an elderly, delicate-looking lady, listening for the first sounds of wheels which would herald the arrival of her niece. She loved Rose as a daughter, pity for her sad position having ripened into a strong and enduring love.

"Welcome home, my darling," she said, as Rose rushed out of the fly, leaving it to drag up the gravel path with luggage and maid. They embraced warmly, and then Mrs. Dudley held the girl at arm's length and looked her up and down with affection and admiration. "Rose, how bonnie you have become." And well she might say so, for Rose was an unusually pretty girl, with, moreover, a very amiable and sweet face. She was just eighteen, and her schooldays were now over. "You have grown such a great piece, dear; you must stop now," said Aunt Hester, smiling, while the girl linked her arm in hers, and the two walked up the path together.

"Yes, auntie; I am not going to grow any more. I am just your height now, and that has always been my ambition from a child." Mrs. Dudley gave an affectionate pat to the little hand on her arm, and then they walked in. "I am home for good now. You won't get rid of me any more. Oh, yes, you will—I forgot."

"An invitation, eh?"

"Yes. Mrs. Leigh is going to write to you."

"Well, darling, I must not keep you all to myself. I shall certainly spare you to my old friend. And now, run and get ready for tea."

Rose went up into the pretty, familiar room and looked out at the well-known scene, and enjoyed the fragrant flowers which grew in and out and around the window. She had liked much in her school life, yet she felt that it was good to be at home. It was all so pretty and cosy, and her aunt was so kind—ah! yes, as kind as any mother could possibly be.

"Seventeen years—yes, just seventeen years I have been here," she was thinking. "How strange it seems that I have a father and brothers and a sister—that is, half brothers and sister—and yet that I have never seen any of them and know nothing at all about them." The girl sighed heavily, as she generally did when her mind strayed unbidden to this painful subject.

Whose fault was it that she had not been brought up in her rightful home? Her father's? Ah! surely not. More likely the fault of that second wife of his, that high-born, wealthy wife, who perhaps made it a condition that his little baby daughter must go elsewhere.

All her young life the lonely child had longed to know, to see, something of her own kindred. They had done without her; they had no need for her; indeed, she had been cast off; yet she could not crush the passionate yearning for them which often filled her heart. Only that morning the girls' happy chatter had renewed her troubles, though she blamed herself, too, for these feelings, which perhaps savoured a little of envy.

At that point of her reflections she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder, and saw her aunt before her.

"Rose—ah, my dear, I see where your thoughts have been wandering!" she said kindly and sadly. "My dearest, this is your cross, and a heavy one, but it must be borne. There is no flinging it off, dear."

"Aunt, oh, aunt, is that the fact? Is there no way—no possible way?"

"None. Try to think that death snatched them from you, Rose." And then she stopped, evidently revolving an idea. "You are just eighteen, are you not, dear?"

she continued—"and very thoughtful and womanly for your age. I had not intended telling you the whole of your story yet, but I will. Come down now, and after tea you shall hear it. You know it in part; perhaps it will be best to know all."

Rose's eyes shone with excitement, and she flung her arms round her and thanked her.

"I dared not ask you, auntie," she whispered; "but I have longed to do so, many and many a time."

In a very short time tea was over, the tray gone; and aunt Hester seated herself in her favourite chair, with the girl in a low seat beside her.

"It is soon told, Rose. I hope I am doing right in telling you; but I think it may calm you; and you are now wise enough to judge the matter for yourself. Mr. Benjamin Dudley of Dudley Court it was who began the trouble."

"He was my grandfather, I suppose—papa's father?"

"Yes. He had a fine property, but it had become much impoverished. There seemed to be no way of enriching the family excepting through a wealthy marriage. Mr. Dudley only had two sons, and poor Percy, your father, being the eldest, was bound to be the one for the sacrifice.

"Unfortunately for him, the means were at hand. The only daughter of a rich and titled neighbour, who had been a playmate of the boys for years, was a sincere friend of your father's—well, more than a friend. At length your grandfather persuaded him to the step, and Percy and Lady Olivia became engaged. Some six months later your father met the daughter of a country clergyman, sweet looking Mabel Clifton; and, to cut a long story short, married her secretly. She, as you know, was your mother; and if a man can be excused for behaving so dishonourably to Lady Olivia, that young creature's looks and pretty ways excused him. In point of fact of course it does not; yet—— Ah, well! she was very lovely, and just the nicest, dearest girl possible. Had she known he was betrothed she would have broken her heart sooner than take him; but she did not. You can see by the miniature how——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Rose, trembling with excitement. "I always wear it"—and she touched the locket round her neck with loving fingers.

"Of course old Mr. Dudley had to be told," resumed aunt Hester, "and so had poor Lady Olivia. Whether Percy confessed, or whether his marriage was discovered, I never rightly knew. Anyway, your grandfather threatened to disinherit him, and he swore never to speak to him again."

"And Lady Olivia, aunt Hester?" asked Rose quickly and sympathetically. "Did she ever get over it? She must have been terribly angry!"

"Yes, she was. As was proved, she got over it—that is, forgave him. After the quarrel with his father came further troubles. Your dear mother died when you were a few days old, leaving Percy heartbroken and helpless. Nurse after nurse left, and altogether you fared very badly, you poor little mite! A year passed, and then, to your father's astonishment, old Mr. Dudley one day walked in. Percy repeated the scene to me, which was characteristic of the old man. He made no preliminaries, but said: 'Look here, young sir; you have behaved like a scoundrel to that young girl Olivia. You are now free, and she is so still; make her your wife, and I will forgive and forget all.' 'But,' faltered your father, 'she'll never look at me. I treated her——' His father shrugged his shoulders. 'You had better try again. If she refuses you, you will only get what you deserve; if she accepts you, it will give you the opportunity of making amends for your former behaviour.' The rest you can guess, Rose. He did seek Lady Olivia, perhaps, however, not alone at his father's bidding, but glad to atone to her for the past, if she proved ready to forgive him. With all her faults she was not the least revengeful or unforgiving, and so once more they were betrothed. But she made a condition——"

Rose started up, pained and excited.

"Ah it was as I thought! I understand it all, aunt. I was to be sent away."

"Exactly. She would have nothing to do with the child of his first wife—the woman who had usurped her place. He was to give you up entirely—all claim to you, never see you, provide suitably for you—and that was all."

The girl had turned so pale, and she appeared so distressed, that Mrs. Dudley began to regret that she had told her the truth.

"No, no!" cried Rose, guessing this. "I am glad—thankful. Go on. So my poor father," she continued, half to herself, "made his struggle—duty towards her, duty towards me—and she came off victorious. Well, aunt Hester?"

"Yes, dear; and it was a struggle to him—that I can say with truth. He brought you to me. I refused any income with you. I had no children, and I wanted to adopt you, and feel that you were all my own—that he could not take you from me when I had learnt to look upon you as my daughter. No, Rose; it was not particularly good of me. I had plenty of money and nothing to do with it. It was more from selfish desire to have sole possession of you, in truth. But to go on. He brought you, and I shall never forget his face. 'She will be happier here,' he said. 'I have tried over and over to persuade Olivia to change her mind, but in vain. Yes, she will be better here with you—this poor little one of my lost darling—than with one who does not want her.' Then he took you back in his arms; he was deadly white, and your baby face was wet with his tears. Ah! poor Percy! I felt for him at that moment. There, that is all, darling. I have never seen him since, and probably never shall. He will keep his word to his wife; he is sure to do that, however much it may have cost him. Don't try to check your tears, dear child; kiss me once, and then go. You will be best alone for a while."

* * * *

A few weeks passed away—contented, happy weeks for Rose Dudley and her aunt. The hearing of that story had calmed the girl, had helped her to think of her unknown father with gentleness and kindness, even tenderness. Her instinct had always caused her to think of him charitably; but there had come inevitable moments tormented with doubt. Now she knew once and for all. No longer was there the tossing up and down of uncertainty, which had all but shipwrecked her chance of peace. She now knew the worst of him, and she knew the best. He had loved her—he had felt the parting from her. For the time being it had torn his heart to have to give into other hands his own helpless, innocent little child. He had passed his word never to seek her, not even to hear from her or of her, and he had kept it. Yet, ah! "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." Who knows how many wakeful hours, how many saddened days, he may not have spent in consequence? He had put her out of his home, but mayhap, please God, not out of his heart. At all events she would allow herself to believe this; she would persuade herself that those scorching tears shed on her baby face had been shed again and again in secret, and had kept a tender spot for her ever fresh and green in his soul.

Yes; she was glad that she had not heard all the truth until now. Her aunt had been right to withhold it until she was old enough to understand the difficulties and complications. He had owed much to his child, yet he had owed something to her whose steadfast love had survived so much. No doubt the one drop of bitterness in his cup during his first marriage was shame and remorse for his stab to that other heart which had loved him and trusted him. Calmed and resigned, therefore, Rose went about her daily duties and occupations with a lightened heart. She was young and enjoyed life, notwithstanding this more or less permanent trouble. She was a favourite in the village, and frequent exchanges of hospitality made the weeks pass pleasantly. Then came Mrs. Leigh's invitation, and the necessary preparation for her visit left Rose no idle minutes. Mrs. Dudley had brought her up usefully, so cutting and contriving became the order of the day. Aunt Hester was justly proud of her niece's dress-making and millinery talents, and when at length the happy day arrived, and the girl went off, no one could have been more tastefully and more prettily attired than Rose Dudley.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

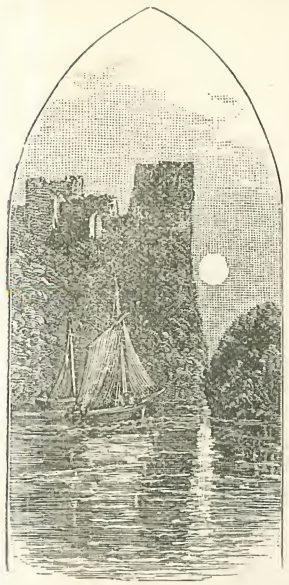
HOME-MADE BREAD.

A lady of celebrity wrote the following to the editor of the *Times*: "Sir,—'Père de Famille' wishes to be informed how I make my bread? I use 14lb. of Hungarian flour, 2oz. French yeast, and two tablespoonfuls of fine salt (or half these quantities), have rather a deep pan, put in flour, and mix salt, then make a well in the middle, keeping the bottom of pan just covered with flour. The yeast must be dissolved in a basin with about a pint and a half of warm water, then poured into the well and stirred round with a spoon until it becomes a smooth batter; then cover lightly with a little flour, put cloth over pan, and set it near the fire for about twenty minutes, when it will be found all cracked and yeast oozing through; then mix well into a good firm dough with just warm water, and flour the pan lightly as you turn it over and also over the dough, then cover the pan with a cloth, and set it in a warm place until it has well risen, when it will be ready for the oven, which should be moderately hot. Never move the loaves until well set, or they will be close; but if the oven be too hot, cover the loaves with paper or leave the oven door a little open for a few minutes. See the ventilator is open on the oven door.

Of course, other flour can be used which would not be so expensive for a family; 14lb. of flour makes about 20lb. of bread, and, if made as I have described, will not turn sour, and will be sweet and moist for at least eight or ten days, if kept in a pan.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).—*Continued.*



A SINGULAR item in Mary's expenses is charges incurred for "Jane the Fool," including food for her horse, a payment for the shaving of her head, a penny for needles for her. This female jester, a counterpart of "Will Somers," the male jester, seems to have been an appendage of Mary's.

Just as Catherine of Arragon was fond of monkeys, and Anne Boleyn of dogs, so Mary had a great liking for birds. She also took pleasure in importing and naturalising foreign plants, particularly plants from Spain, the country to which she always turned with wistful longing. Gentle tastes these, one would think.

Mary resided frequently at Court, whether the King kept it at Richmond, Greenwich, or Hampton. At other times she stayed in the country, Beaulieu, or New Hall, in Essex, being her favourite among the manor houses assigned to her. Though her conduct was closely watched, for political reasons, in her domestic affairs she was practically her own mistress, and she behaved with such unaffected dignity and discretion that the voice of scandal was never raised against her. She was at Hampton Court when her brother Edward was born. She occupied the most prominent place along with Cranmer at his christening, and she had an equally prominent place at the sad ceremonies of Queen Jane's lying-in-state and funeral, which so soon followed the rejoicings at the birth of the son and heir. At the lying-in-state, Mary, as chief mourner, in deep black, with a white handkerchief tied like a hood over her head, knelt at the head of the coffin. At the funeral she followed on horseback the car with the body, in the procession from Hampton Court to Windsor. On either side of her rode Lord Montague and Lord Clifford. Behind them were her cousins of royal descent, and many noble ladies and gentlemen. On the melancholy journey Mary gave alms, and in St. George's Chapel the following day she commanded masses to be said, at her expense, for the soul of her dead stepmother, and distributed gifts like a right royal lady. Her health, always ailing, was affected by the great fatigue and exposure. She caught cold, and had to have a tooth drawn—a small homely touch, which brings near to us an irksome detail of the pomp of mourning.

Besides her constant association with her sister Elizabeth, Mary was very punctual and affectionate in her visits to the baby brother, the acknowledged successor to King Henry. She stayed over Christmas with her father, sharing his season of mourning. When he married Anne of Cleves, Mary was on good terms with the new stepmother, while she had nothing to do with her dismissal. But the learned and virtuous daughter of the King made no protest against her fourth stepmother, the ignorant, vicious, young Catherine Howard.

Mary had affectionate intimacies with her cousins, especially with Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of Margaret of Scotland, and Lord Angus. Among the members of Mary's household, Miss Strickland tells us, was another kinswoman, Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald—"The Fair Geraldine" of Surrey. Mary was present at Lady Elizabeth's second marriage, as the widowed Lady Clinton, to Sir Anthony Browne, when Ridley preached a sermon. Humbler *protégées* were the daughter of Margaret Roper, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More, with her husband.

In 1537 severe trials awaited the twenty-two years' old Mary. Her kindred, the Poles, were ruined. The eldest brother, Lord Montague, who had ridden with her at Queen Jane's funeral, and his cousin, Lord Exeter, were beheaded on a charge of high treason, while Lady Salisbury and Lady Exeter were thrown into the Tower, with their property under sentence of attainder. Mary was so far implicated in the charge that her income was only doled out to her in small sums, and she was allowed no separate establishment.

In 1538 occurred the outbreak of the Roman Catholics in the north of England, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. In all such *émeutes* Mary's name was freely made use of by the insurgents. The occasions were seasons of peril to her, when she was torn different ways, between the loyalty which she certainly cherished to her father, and her sympathy with the faith and aims of the rebels.

At intervals suitors for Mary's hand presented themselves, irrespective of creeds—Catholic and Reformed—with reference only to the pleasure of the King and the Council, though there was always a formal mention of Mary as having something to say in the matter. She displayed neither interest nor preference where the gentlemen were concerned, declared that she wished to lead a single life, but agreed to submit herself to the King's decision. In at least one case she had a personal interview with the wooer. This was in 1539, when Mary was twenty-four years of age, and Cromwell brought a stranger to Enfield, where she was staying, for the purpose of introducing him to her. This stranger was Philip, the Turk-fighting Duke of Bavaria, who was then in England to negotiate the marriage between Henry and Anne of Cleves, and apparently to take some steps towards bringing about his own marriage. The pair conversed together in German by means of an interpreter, and in Latin without assistance. The Duke declared his satisfaction with the lady, but no great progress was made in the wooing; indeed, Mary was so dangerously ill at Blackfriars soon afterwards that she seemed nearer death than marriage. On the dissolution of Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, Mary was required by her father to send back to the Duke the diamond cross which he had given her in token of their engagement.

In spite of this summary dismissal, Duke Philip, who was a younger brother, but a gallant and renowned soldier, asked Mary's hand in marriage again, several years afterwards, and when his offer was a second time refused he remained a bachelor.

1540 was the date of another of Mary's violent illnesses. About the same time there was so much political strife throughout the country, that for greater precaution—because her name would be a tower of strength to the Roman Catholic party if they could get possession of her person—her establishment was broken up, and she was placed in the care of one or other of the great noblemen whom the King could trust. She had to endure the anguish—so great to one of her earnest, constant nature—of hearing of the violent deaths, under circumstances of peculiar horror, of her mother's old chaplain Abell, her own old tutor Featherstone, and her kinswoman and life-long friend, the venerable Countess of Salisbury. What could the effect of such cruel, barbarous tidings be, save to turn a wholesome heart to gall, and harden to stone an honest and affectionate, if never very soft or womanly nature?

There is no sign of Mary's attendance at Court during the ill-fated reign of Catherine Howard. On her downfall, when she was taken to Sion, Mary, who had been staying there with her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas, and the widowed Duchess of Richmond, left to make room for the prisoner.

In 1542 a matrimonial project, repeatedly broached for Mary, was once more brought forward. It was the alliance with Henry of Orleans, second son of Francis I. The preliminaries were entered upon, but were relinquished on the question of dowry, the French king asking a much larger sum than Henry and his Council were disposed to grant. No indefatigable historian has been able to make clear what were the feelings of the princes and princesses whose hands were thus bargained for, who were kept in intolerable suspense during the lengthened transactions.

Miss Strickland gives suggestive lists of Christmas and New Year's gifts made to Mary in various years. These lists supply a picture, in miniature, of the customs and fashions of the time. One will suffice.

"The Princess Elizabeth sent a little chain, and a pair of hose made of silk and gold."

"The Lady Margaret Douglas, a gown of carnation satin of the Venice fashion."

"Lady Calthorp, two pairs of gloves, whereof one pair was worked with silver and the other with gold and parchment lace."

"Three Venetians sent the princess a fair steel glass."

"My young lady of Norfolk, two pairs of worked sleeves, with a dozen handkerchiefs and a steel glass."

"Lady Anne Gray presented two artificial flowers. . . ."

"Lady Kildare, . . . a comb-case set with pearls"

One of the presents Mary liked best to receive was a clock in some form. She had a hereditary taste for clocks.*

The Princess returned the gifts in kind. In the old February play of valentine-dealing the gentleman who drew the princess for his valentine had a special gift from her. Sir Anthony Browne, on an occasion of the kind, got from Mary "a brooch set with four rock rubies round an agate, enamelled black, with the story of Abraham."

Gloves, especially Spanish gloves, richly embroidered and perfumed, and partlets, or collars with ruffs, figured among the gifts the ladies exchanged; so did "worked smocks."

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, *King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.

* The presents sometimes consisted of eatables, such as orange or quince pies, even of cockles and oysters.



MARY TUDOR.

More interesting, as indicating Mary's tastes, are such entries as :—

"A little spanial," from Bexly, a yeoman of the King's chamber.

"A couple of little fair hounds, from Sir Bryan Tuke."

"A bird in a cage," from a woman in London.

Mary had also a white lark—the donor unknown. The bird was kept for her by the woodman of Hampton Court.

Henry's marriage, in 1544, to the cultured and kindly Catherine Parr—Mary's contemporary—was a happy event for the Princess. But when she was accompanying the King and his new queen on a summer progress, she was seized with one of the illnesses which so often attacked her, and had to be carried in a litter to Ampthill, one of her mother's temporary residences after her downfall. Various members of the Princess's household were also sick, and she incurred so much expense on their account and her own that she had to sell "a pair of gilt silver pots and a jar of Budge" to pay her debts, while she was farther helped by a timely gift of forty pounds from her stepmother.

Perhaps Mary's happiest days at Court, after her early youth was past, were spent under Catherine Parr's *régime*. In spite of the difference in their creeds the two, nearly of an age, had many points in common. The relations between stepmother and stepdaughter were always friendly. In Catherine Parr's circle there were many intellectual women whose society must have been agreeable to Mary. Her cousins, the Greys, especially little Lady Jane, of whom her kinswoman was very fond, Jane Seymour (the niece of Queen Jane), and her sisters, the Countess of Bedford, Anne Lady Herbert (Catherine Parr's sister), Katherine Duchess of Suffolk (brought up by Mary's aunt, the Queen-dowager of France), were all more or less scholarly and witty women.

Mary's weak health, her slenderly-supplied purse, and her mental superiority, did not keep her from appearing in great splendour at a State ball given in honour of a Spanish grandee, on whom, as representing her mother's kindred, she was desirous of producing a good impression. She wore a kirtle of cloth of gold, an open robe of three-piled violet velvet, and a coronal or wreath of large precious stones. The stranger reported favourably of her person and manners to her cousin the Emperor, the betrothed lover of her childhood, and dwelt on her popularity, which at this date was great.

About the time of the King's last marriage he presented his elder daughter with a large gift of jewels (surmised to have been her mother's). With Mary's natural generosity she shared these jewels largely with her cousins. There is evidence of the transaction in their names in her handwriting, set familiarly before the articles in the inventory :—"Given to my cousin Jane Grey," "to my cousin Frances," or "Eleanor," or "Marget."

At the Queen's instigation Mary translated Erasmus's paraphrase of St. John from the Latin. It was published under the editorship of Udall, and the superintendence of Mallet.

We do not hear of Mary any more than of Catherine Parr at Henry's death-bed in 1546, when she was thirty-one years of age. His last will re-established his daughter in her position as princess, and devised to her £10,000 as a marriage portion if she married with the consent of the Council of Regency, and £3,000 a year if she continued unmarried, the £3,000 being the rents of the manors of Beaulieu, Hunsdon, Kenning Hall already assigned to her.

With the Lord Protector Somerset and his Duchess Mary began by being on excellent terms. There is still in existence a letter from the Princess to the imperious Duchess, who claimed descent from Thomas of Woodstock, and thought little of vexing the soul of her sister-in-law, Catherine Parr. Mary addresses the Duchess as "my good gossip," and "my good Nann," and signs herself "your loving friend during my life, Mary."

The strong Protestantism of Somerset had not yet waxed aggressive. For that matter, he gave Mary liberty to "keep her sacrificing knaves about her."

The blustering Lord High Admiral, Somerset's brother, chose to ask Mary's sanction to his marriage with her stepmother after the marriage had taken place at least a couple of months. Mary, who was not hoodwinked, answered the request for her approval somewhat coldly, as any daughter would where the hasty nuptials of her father's widow were in question. But there was no quarrel or intermission of intercourse, since Lord Seymour of Sudeley was in communication with Mary, and even paid her a visit after his wife's death.

With her young sister Elizabeth, a half womanly girl of fourteen, and her little brother King Edward, not yet ten, low of stature, grey-eyed, with a pleasant delicate face, Princess Mary was at this time on quite happy terms. Edward had been in the habit of consulting her on his lessons, and of sending her his Latin exercises, as he sent them to Catherine Parr. But Mary was not present at his coronation, where only men figured. The boy King describes it with quaint detail in his journal; how he sat at the feast, with the crown on his head, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Protector for his companions were at the King's table, while the lords sat at boards in the hall beneath; how the Lord Marshal's deputy had to ride about the hall to make room; and when Sir John Dymock, the King's champion, challenged all disputers of his claim, the little King drank to him, and Sir John had the cup.

Elizabeth, in writing to her sister at this date, when condoling with her on one of her many illnesses, and thanking her for her "oft sending," adds in pretty phrase: "Yet I have more occasion to thank you for your oft gentle writing, and you may well see by my writing so oft how pleasant it is to me."

Very soon Mary ceased to appear at her brother's Court, in spite of the boy's vexation at her withdrawal. She had got into difficulties with the Protector and the Council on account of the celebration of mass in her chapels after it had been forbidden throughout the country by the Act of Uniformity. There is no doubt that Edward shared in the objections of his Government. Young as he was, he had as tender a conscience as Mary had in religious matters. And he was not only an extreme Protestant; he had, by anticipation, a dash of stern Puritanism in his faith.

In the middle of these disputes Mary's health was as unsatisfactory as ever; indeed, in the autumn of 1549 she was so ill as to prepare herself for death. The usual convalescence followed, and in the following year there were more suitors seeking her hand, among them the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Portugal. To Don Louis, Mary, warned by what had occurred with regard to her religion, was distinctly favourable, but the prospect of the marriage, after the fashion of so many similar prospects, faded away like the mirage of the desert.

More than once it had been rumoured—not without cause—that Mary would seek to make her escape to her mother's powerful kindred. The project had been discussed on Catherine of Arragon's death, when her daughter was a very young woman, but had been relinquished from the dread of Henry's vengeance. It was renewed now, fifteen years later, by the help of the Regent of the Low Countries. The Flemish Admiral Skipperus lay off the coast of Essex, to which Mary was to ride, under cover of darkness, from her house at New Hall. She was to be taken on board the Admiral's ship, and conveyed to Antwerp.

The whisper of this step filled the Council with consternation, since it was believed to be the signal of war at home and abroad, when the Catholics in England would have all the better chance because of the division of forces and distractions of aims which would follow. It is impossible to tell how the measure was viewed by Mary, weak in health, yet dauntless in spirit—whether she welcomed it as the promised realisation of her girlish dreams, the flight from the relentless persecution of bitter foes to the warm welcome of ardent friends and fellow Catholics; the chance of becoming acquainted at last with the sunny southern land which was her mother's country, of which she had heard the glories, after which she had always longed and pined. Had she not sought wistfully, in a forlorn hope to get to know it better, to introduce, and cultivate in the gardens of her manor houses, the fruits and plants which Catherine of Arragon had missed most on her first residence in England? Or did Mary shrink from kindling the blazing torch of domestic and foreign war? Did she cling to that England, which however inhospitable at times, was her birthplace, her father's country, in which she had a multitude of friends, both small and great? She was English, not Spanish, after all; and she was capable of a proud and passionate patriotism.

There is reference made to Sir John Yates having been sent into Essex "to stop the going away of the Lady Mary" in "King Edward's Journal." What a curious record *that* is of a marvellous boy—for marvellous he was in spite of the injury done to his memory by the extravagant, fulsome encomiums pronounced upon him by some of his contemporaries. He was a conscientious, precocious lad, a born student, an embryo philosopher, an earnest Christian, though his Christianity was of a somewhat narrow and harsh type. He bestowed an amount of intelligent thought on the condition of his country, and the remedies for its evils, almost incredible in a boy, even after he had entered the earlier teens which formed the limit of his short life. His journal, which was clearly intended as a brief abstract record of public events in England, the sister kingdom of Scotland, and the Continent, has not a scrap of private and personal feeling in it. The few references to "the Lady Mary" are all as to a political offender, who might have been an utter stranger to him. Yet apart from the breach between them on religious questions, they had always been on affectionate terms. Withal there is a dash of boyishness in the relish with which he gives the details of active warfare in Scotland, and the satisfaction with which he allows himself, tinged with austerity as he was, to pause and dwell a little on the tiltings and "pretty conceits" which were the accompaniments of certain Court marriages and splendid banquets.

There is a *naïve* dignity in the manner in which he writes of himself as "Me" with a capital M.—"The ambassadors were at Court, where they saw Me." . . . "Dined with Me," etc. The boyishness and the innocent self-importance are balanced by the grave, simple precision with which the writer states that the wool-winders were to take an oath to make good cloth, and records when and where the light horsemen and men-at-arms were to be paid their wages.

(*To be continued.*)

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY."

TWO or three hours later, as they were crossing the little goose-green in the sunset, Averil said softly to Mother Midge—

"I have had such a nice time. The sweet country air and the sound of the children's voices have destroyed all the cobwebs."

"I am so glad of that, dearie," was Mother Midge's answer; and then Jemmy touched his old white hat to them, and again they drove through the still, dewy lanes. Averil leant back against the shabby cushions. Annette thought she was tired, and left her undisturbed; but it was no fatigue that sealed Averil's lips. A deep spell of rest, of thankfulness, of quiet heart-satisfaction, seemed to enfold her. These sort of moods were not rare with Averil; she had her hours of exaltation, when life seemed very sweet to her, and the discords of existence, its chilling disappointments, its weary negations, and never-ending responsibilities, lay less heavily on her, as though invisible hands had lifted the burden, and had anointed her eyes with some holy chrism. Then it was that Averil grasped the meaning and beauty of a life, that to those who loved her seemed overfull of care and anxiety; when the veil seemed lifted; and as she looked round on the few helpless creatures whom she fed and sheltered, she felt no personal happiness could be so sweet as this power of giving happiness to others. "What does it matter," she said softly to herself—and a solemn look came into her eyes as she looked over the tranquil landscape—"what does it matter if one be a little lonely, a little weary sometimes, if only one can help others—if one can do a little good work before the Master calls us. To go home and have no sheaves to take with us, oh, that would be terrible!"

"I wonder if Lottie has had a happy day, too," observed Annette, as they came in sight of Redfern House. The moon was shining; through the open windows came the sound of laughter, of voices.

Averil roused herself with an effort.

"They seem very merry," she said tranquilly. "Annette, I have ordered supper to be laid in my sitting-room. I knew they would have finished dinner by this time. When you have taken off your hat will you join me there?"

"May I speak to you a moment, ma'am?" asked Roberts. "Captain Beverley and Mr. Forbes are dining here, and——"

But Annette did not hear any more. She was tired and hungry; she made a speedy toilet. As she ran downstairs she was surprised to find Averil still in her walking-dress.

"Do not wait for me," she said hastily. "Roberts, will you see my cousin has all she wants? Annette, I am sorry, but I shall not be long."

Averil's room looked the picture of comfort. The supper-table was laid; the pretty shaded candles and flowers had a charming effect; the glass doors were open, and a flood of moonlight silvered the lawn, and illuminated the garden paths. Maud was singing: the clear, girlish voice seemed to blend with the scene. A masculine voice—was it Rodney's?—was accompanying her. 'Oh, that we two were Maying!'—how sweetly it sounded.

It was some little time before Averil reappeared. To Annette's surprise she was in evening dress; the old grave look had come to her face again; but she said nothing—only summoned Annette to the table.

"You should not have waited," she said, reproachfully. "Annette, when we have finished supper, I shall have to leave you. Roberts tells me that some of Rodney's friends are dining here, and it will not do for the mistress to absent herself."

"Is it for that you have changed your dress, my cousin? And you are so tired! It is a pity—it is a great pity. Ah, the music has stopped! They have been singing so deliciously. I wish you could have heard them. There was a man's voice—I think he must be a great singer."

"Captain Beverley has a fine voice. I suppose he and Maud were trying a duet together. Oh, here comes Lottie!"—as a bright face suddenly appeared in the doorway. "Well, little one, come and give an account of yourself."

"Oh, how cosy you look!" exclaimed Lottie, pouncing on them both in her lively way, and giving them a score of airy kisses. Lottie was looking charming in her pretty pink frock.

"Well, what do you think of Mother Midge and the Corporal? Is he not an old dear, Annette? No, Averil, I am not going to answer a question until Annette gives me her opinion of the Dove-cote."

Annette was too happy to be interrogated; she poured forth a stream of eulogy, of delight, into Lottie's listening ears. Nothing had escaped her; she retailed the day's proceedings in her own vivid, picturesque way.

"My cousin is the happiest person in the world," she finished, seriously. "Most people have to be content with their own happiness. You and I are those people, Lottie. But Averil creates heart-sunshine. Ah, you must not tell me to hush! Have I not heard all those wonderful stories—Mother Midge, and the two old men, and wee Robbie, even the Pensioners? Oh, if we could only go through the world and gather in the sick and sorrowful ones! My cousin does not need to envy anyone—surely no happiness can be like hers!"

"Thank you, dear," returned Averil, in a low voice; but the grave look was still in her eyes. "Lottie, it is your turn now. Have you had a happy day?"

"Oh, yes," returned Lottie, carelessly; but her dimples betrayed her. "Everything was very pleasant. The Courtlands were civil, and the gardens beautiful, and the ices were excellent."

"And Frank was there?"

"Oh, yes; Mr. Frank was there. His mother had given him a note for you;" and Lottie fumbled in her pocket. "Mr. Chesterton was there too. By-the-bye"—with an evident effort to appear unconcerned—"Georgina wants you to ask the Courtlands and Mr. Chesterton to dinner next week. She was talking about it all the way home."

"Well, I have no objection," began Averil, with rather an amused look; but Lottie interposed in a rather shame-faced way—

"No; and, of course, Georgie will speak to you herself. Only she said this evening to Maud, that there would be no room for me at table. I think Georgina does not want me to be there; she seemed put out because——" Here Lottie came to a dead stop.

"Oh, I see," in a meaning tone, as Lottie produced the letter; "well, you are wise to come to headquarters. Georgina's little humours cannot be allowed to disarrange my dinner-table."

"If there be no room for Lottie, there can be no room for me, my cousin," struck in Annette.

"There will be room for both," returned Averil, quietly. "I will ask Frank and Louie, and will make Georgina understand that it is quite an informal dinner-party. Don't distress your little head about it, Lottie. Let me read my letter in peace;" and Lottie's look of radiant good humour returned; her cheeks had grown as pink as her dress during the last few minutes, but Averil took no notice, only when she had finished her lettter she smiled and handed it to Annette.

It was Annette's turn to look radiant now. "Oh, how kind!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Lottie, this is for you also. Mrs. Harland (that is Monsieur's wife, I suppose), has made the most charming arrangement. We are to spend the day and sleep—that will be twenty-four hours of happiness. This is what she says: 'My husband will be pleased to see his little Dinan friend again. He was highly complimented when Frank told him how cordially Monsieur was remembered. My girls are most anxious to make Miss Ramsay's acquaintance; and as we can put up Lottie, there is no need to leave her behind. If you will come to lunch, we shall have a nice long day, and Lottie can have some tennis.' My cousin,

shall we go? Next Monday—that is a good day, is it not?"

"Of course we shall go," interposed Lottie. "Do you think Averil could have the heart to refuse us such a treat? Mrs. Harland is a darling for thinking of me! Of all places, I do love to go to Grey-Mount."

"You need not tell me that," returned Averil, rising.

Now, what was there in that little speech to make Lottie change colour again? Annette's quickness could make nothing of the situation. Why should not Lottie love Grey-Mount, when Monsieur lived there, and so many charming people? Why did Averil give that amused little laugh as Lottie pushed her chair away petulantly, and said rather impatiently that it was growing late, and that she must go back to the drawing-room. Lottie was really a very excitable little person; she did not even wait when Averil said she was coming too; she ran down the steps and across the lawn, leaving Averil to bid good-night to Annette.

"I shall be late—you must not wait for me," she said, quietly. "Where has that madcap flown? I daresay you think Lottie is in an odd mood to-night. How pretty the child grows! Lottie has a sweet face—one cannot wonder if she be admired. Good-night, Annette; pleasant dreams. To-morrow I will answer Mrs. Harland's kind invitation."

Annette went to bed happily; but she was far too excited to sleep; the recollections of the day were too vivid. Jack and Snip, and even woebegone Molly, with her patient, heavy face, started up one by one before her—the green field, with the pensioners, the seat under the elm tree, Daddy and Bob and the lame jackdaw, wee Robbie with his wistful blue eyes, passed and repassed before her inward vision. Now she was walking with Mother Midge across the goose green, now watching Deb as she fetched the water from the well; the pigeons were fluttering over the cottage roofs; she seemed sinking into a dream, when a voice spoke her name.

"Are you asleep, Annette? I thought I heard you cough," and Lottie, still in her pink dress, shielded her candle, and glided into the room.

"I was dreaming, but I do not think I was asleep," returned Annette, drowsily. "Is it not very late, Lottie? And you are still up and dressed!"

"Yes; and I am so tired," she returned, disconsolately, as she extinguished the light and sat down on the bed. "Annette, I hope I am not disturbing you, but I felt so wretched I could not go to my own room."

"Wretched, my Lottie!" and Annette was wide awake now.

"Yes, but not on my own account. Oh, no; it is Averil of whom I am thinking. How can they be so ungrateful?—how can they have the heart to treat her so? It is not Rodney, it is Maud who puts this affront on her, who will have that odious man to the house. What can aunt be thinking about?—why does she not take Averil's part? But no; they are all against her, and yet they owe everything to her."

"I do not understand," returned Annette, in a bewildered tone. "What has happened? Lottie, I implore you to speak more plainly! Have they quarrelled with my cousin? And it was only yesterday—yesterday——"

"Yes, I know; Mr. Frank told me. I don't think he will ever forgive aunt that speech. They are always making those little sneering innuendoes. I think Mr. Frank would like to fight them all. He is just like Averil's brother—her great big brother—and I am sure he is nearly as fond of her as he is of his sister Louie."

"But he has many sisters, has he not? Monsieur told me of his sons and daughters. There were Nettie, and Fan, and Owen—oh, I forget the rest!"

"Yes, but Louie is Mr. Frank's own sister—don't you see, their mother died when they were quite young, and Mr. Harland married again. Oh, yes, Mr. Frank has plenty of half brothers and sisters, but they are much younger. Nettie and Fan are still in the schoolroom, and Owen and Bob at Rugby; and the twins are only seven years old."

"I like to hear about these people very much; but Lottie, this is not the subject. What has gone wrong to-night? Why is our dear Averil so troubled?"

"Everything is wrong," returned Lottie, dejectedly. "Averil has taken a very great dislike to Captain Beverley. He is very rich, and a friend of Rodney's, and he is paying Maud great attention. Averil, for some reason, does not think well of him, and she has begged aunt to keep him at a distance. She insists that he is only a flirt, and that all his attentions mean nothing; and he is doing Rodney great harm."

"A flirt! What is that, my Lottie?"

"Oh, he pretends that he admires Maud—and perhaps he does, for everyone knows how handsome she is—but he has no right to single her out as he does, and make people talk, unless he means to marry her. Averil is afraid Maud is beginning to like him, and she has spoken very seriously to aunt. But, you see, they believe in him, and they will have it that Averil is prejudiced."

"And they invite him here to dinner in her absence?"

"Yes—that is so wrong, because of course it is Averil's house, and she has several times refused to have him. He was at the At Home, but she could not help herself there. You must have seen him—a tall, fine-looking man, with a red moustache, and eyes rather close together—he is generally beside Maud."

"I did not regard him; but what of that? It seems to me that Mr. Rodney is to blame most."

"Of course he was to blame, but it was Maud who suggested the invitation. Anyhow, it was putting a very serious affront upon Averil. You must know that Maud and Georgina too take such liberties that Averil has been obliged to make it a rule that no one is to be invited to the house unless she be consulted. Maud has been trying to pass it off as an impromptu thought, but she planned it herself at breakfast, and when aunt tried to dissuade her, she talked her and Rodney over. Mr. Forbes is another of Averil's *bêtes-noires;* he is rich and idle, and she says it will ruin Rodney to associate with such men."

"Does not Mrs. Willmot recognise the danger? She is old—she is a mother—most mothers are wise."

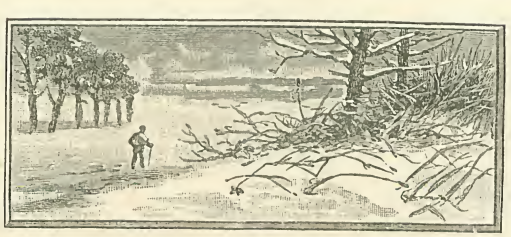
"I am afraid aunt is not very wise," replied Lottie, sorrowfully; "she never could manage Maud. I think she is afraid of her. But this is not all, Annette. Averil is very strict in some things—she has been brought up differently from other girls. She does not like cards; and it is one of her rules that no play for money is allowed in this house. Well, when we went to the drawing-room they were all playing at some game—I don't know the name—for threepenny points. Captain Beverley had started it."

"But that was wrong—it was altogether wrong!"

"Rodney got very red, and looked uncomfortable when he saw Averil; but Maud only held up her cards and burst out laughing. 'When the cat is away, my dear,' she said, in her flippant way. 'Don't look so terribly shocked, Averil; we shall only lose a few shillings—no one will be ruined. It is your turn to play, Captain Beverley.'

"'Will you excuse me, Captain Beverley,' returned Averil, in the quietest voice, 'if I venture to disturb your game? It is a matter of principle with me; both my father and I have always had a great dislike to any game that is played for money. In this house it has never been done until this evening. You will do me the greatest favour if you will choose some other game.'"

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

INEXPERIENCED.—A very eminent physician gave us his opinion as to the age at which lessons may safely be commenced. He said that the brain was too soft for anything like mental labour before seven years of age. Learning should be made a play before that; the alphabet and spelling taught with ivory letters; geography by maps and conversation; stories of different latitudes; the animals of each quarter of the globe. They might point to the regions of ice and snow, etc. Reading taught by easy words, not by syllables. The elements of the Christian faith, Bible stories, and moral lessons of instant obedience, etc. Children of tender years can learn much without acquiring anything by heart, nor any strain on the memory, which would be injurious, and tend to weaken the brain-power later on. It shocks us that you should enquire "How many hours of study daily would be necessary for little ones of five and seven?"

AMY WILKINSON might select a Girls' Reading Society from a list given in the *Dictionary of Girls' Clubs* (Griffith & Farren, New Strand Road, W.C.). Some of these societies have been given up since the publication of this small manual, but there is a considerable choice.

MISS FLORENCE GRIFFITH, Secretary of a new Reading, Working, and Practising Society, instituted in aid of the Deep Sea Mission. We do not know in what way aid may be given through the instrumentality of this society, excepting that the prizes won and the work done may be sent to the Mission. For all particulars, an addressed and stamped envelope should be sent to the Secretary at Ty Dyfrig, Llandaff, S. Wales. The half-term will begin on October 30th. We make no charge for giving this notice.

ARABELLA.—Any candidate for a degree at the University of St. Andrews will receive the title of "L.L.A." by passing in seven subjects, one at least being a language. But as an alternative to passing in seven subjects, a candidate needs to pass in five only, and take honours in one, so as to obtain the title; or by passing in one, if she take honours in three subjects, provided that one of the subjects be a language. English is accepted as the language if the standard for honours be reached in the Anglo-Saxon part of the paper. Candidates for the title have to pay an additional fee of four guineas, within three months after the last examination, before being qualified to use the title, to receive the diploma, or to wear the badge.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ANXIOUS HOUSEKEEPER.—1. It would be requisite for us to know the amount and character of the linen to be washed to enable us to make the calculation you require. But this much we may say, that we consider it to be positively wrong to give any woman such a quantity of food, and especially of meat. We never heard of anything so disgusting. We transcribe the account. The washerwoman is paid 2s. a day for doing her work in the house. In addition, she has "a good *meat* breakfast; beer, cheese, and bread, for luncheon; *three large platefuls of meat*, with pudding, for dinner; and tea in the evening." The woman is more like a shark or a crocodile! Such voracity must come from disease. If from greediness only it is simply loathsome, and must produce disease in the strongest constitution. For breakfast, give tea or cocoa, and bread and butter, or bread and treacle; bread and cheese for luncheon; and a couple or three slices of meat at dinner; bread and butter and tea in the evening, with a slice of meat, or an egg. This is good and ample fare.—2. For "copying," your writing should be more regular.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MILLY WOODGATE.—As you put off your lover to a certain extent, we think you might wait a little longer. At the same time, we do not think that either of you can care much for the other. He ought to write frequently to you if desiring to win or retain your affection. He should not treat you with unkind and disrespectful neglect merely to try your constancy. He has no right to expect it, if not treating you well.

PEACH BLOSSOM.—The Sea-shell Mission deserves your interest. For all particulars of it, and of other useful societies in which young people can take an active part, we can recommend a book by one of our own writers, *Restful Work for Youthful Hands* (Griffith & Farran, Newbery House, New Strand Road, W.C.).

DOROTHY.—You had better write to the Professor, and if his reply appear satisfactory, then arrange about a personal interview. We are gratified by your kind appreciation of our advice. Allow us to suggest that you should try to improve your handwriting, which should be specially well-formed, as you are a governess. It is too disconnected, and the letter "C" is very incorrectly formed. We hope you will take this little suggestion in good part.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Pray regularly, morning and night, on your knees. There is no exact limit of time. Ask for pardon, grace, and direction in all you have to do, and protection for soul and body. You should also pray for your family, and any friends. Then, at all times of temptation and of perplexity, offer up a few words of prayer; and every day, from time to time, both at home and when walking out, lift up your heart to God, giving Him thanks for so many and undeserved mercies. It is well to recall, when you retire to rest, all the things that have been a comfort and pleasure to you during the day, and to thank Him for them; good news, relief from anxiety for others, or from personal sickness and pain, kind words and acts of others, food and clothing, and opportunities granted you of usefulness. Endeavour to forget nothing. Remember the history of the ten lepers, only one of whom "returned to give glory to God."



MADGE JOHNSTON.—Asparagus should be cut between the hard and soft part, and eaten with a fork. Also cut and eat preserved fruit with a fork. Raisins and almonds should be helped with a spoon. Were there a large stem to the former, you might remove them from the dish with it. Cut the orange across, and then into small pieces, and eat with knife and fork.

EDITH sends us a curious letter. She says that she and "her old sweetheart have not been friends for four years." "I have prayed to God, if I should still think of James, to give me a sign by the burning of my ears." But, she adds, "my ears burn every night, and have done so for years!" and "still he treats me with indifference!" If her ears always burn, how could the phenomenon be "a sign?" Edith should feel satisfied that, having prayed for Divine guidance, she has had the best of all "signs" in this "old sweetheart's" long-continued estrangement. It is clear that he has quite made up his mind to give her up. We advise her to reduce the size of her writing.

F. E. B. sends a sort of nondescript prose. There is not an attempt at metrical composition, and it is devoid of rhyme, though certainly not blank verse, the rules for the construction of which are very definite and strict.

PRINTEMPS.—You may keep pears in chaff or bran, kept apart in a barrel or box, standing in a very dry place. If moist, or if one lie touching another, you may expect decay.

AULD REEKIE.—If showing your friends up to a bedroom (a servant shows them to the reception-room), say, "Allow me to show you the way," and then go before them; and follow them in coming down. Unless under special circumstances, or in cases of intimacy, you simply ring the bell for the servant to open the hall door when visitors leave; but you may, if you please, follow them to the top of the stairs to see that the servant is in attendance. If you be a man, instead of the mistress or daughter of the house, you should offer your arm to the eldest lady among your visitors, and conduct her to the entrance floor, where you take leave of her. But if special attention be desirable, a highly-bred man will conduct her (leaning on his arm) to her carriage door.

MARGUERITE would find plenty of addresses of Practising Societies, and of every description of girls' clubs, given in reply to our many enquirers, if she would only take the trouble of referring to our "Answers to Correspondents." She has only to seek under the right heading. Such perpetual repetitions of such answers are uninteresting to other readers, and a waste of space.

A. H. NICHOLS.—Hang out the stiff mackintosh in the rain all night and it is probable that the stiffness will be considerably reduced.

MISS KETTELWELL.—To be received on board a training ship, the age of the boy, his height, and width of chest, as well as his health, must all meet the Government rules, and the character of the lad will be enquired into. You will find notices in the post-offices for lads of fourteen or sixteen, and information may be had at the coastguard stations.

FAIRY FLOWER writes: "What to do with our skin when it is turning yellow?" Perhaps you are bilious, and have threatening of jaundice. Attend to your liver. Eat light food—milk puddings, broth or soup, instead of meat. Take no beer, or porter; take weak tea, a little fish, no oranges; and do not touch beef or eggs. But your yellowish-brown colour may be from tan. In that case use a sunshade, and wear a gauze veil. A cotton, barège, mouseline de laine, or thin Cashmere are suitable for summer weather.

ELSIE WILD.—Nettle-rash arises from indigestion and acidity in the system. You might get something from a good chemist (recommended there) to correct this, and aid digestion. Avoid sugar and sweetmeats, and take little meat.

FEODORA.—Send the beads to the New Women's Hospital, Marylebone Road, London, W.

GLADYS.—Never re-pot any plant when in blossom. As they grow certainly they should be moved into larger pots. Get a little manual for flower gardening. Shrubs and young trees should be moved in the autumn only; the summer is not the season for moving any kind of plant.

EAGER ONE cannot reasonably expect us to tell her whether, at Liverpool or Manchester, she will find a situation as nursery governess where her employer will be satisfied to let her go out at night in the winter to attend an art class. If the school were in the same street as the house where she was governess perhaps she might; but she would be wrong in allowing her out after dark unless she had a servant to accompany her to and fro each time.

MARGERY.—Dr. Hiles has published small manuals of terms and names such as you require. You do not name the sort of paints to which you refer. Oil and sugar of lead are mixed with some, and various mediums with others, megilp, etc.

EUCALYPTUS.—1. You will have to sponge the leaves and buds of your greenhouse plants with tobacco juice. The way to keep caterpillars from fruit trees is to paint a band, six inches in width, round the trunk of the tree of vegetable tar. This, we understand, has proved a perfect success.—2. The softness or hardness of a pencil does not in any way influence the "quickness of writing" beyond the fact that, if soft enough for the writer to break off the point at every half-dozen words written, it would certainly make a difference in the time taken to write the MS.

HELIOTROPE.—1. We have a great objection to the wearing of any sort of iron supports strapped tightly on growing girls to keep them straight or upright. A case under our own eyes resulted in curvature of the spine, which was perfectly straight before the iron support was worn. Daily sponging the spine with Tidman's Sea-salt is very strengthening; and whenever tired you should lie down.—2. You had better leave your steel ornaments at a jewellers to be cleaned. They are too delicate for ordinary cleaning.



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AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



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"HE BOASTED OF HIS GAINS."

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME DELAMOTTE'S LITTLE BILL.



"OW could she have the courage?" mused Annette, when Lottie had finished her recital, and she repeated her thoughts aloud.

"Averil is never wanting in courage; but the worst of it is, her mind is stronger than her body, and that tells on her. Of course when she spoke in that quiet decided tone, there could be no possible appeal. Maud threw down her cards and walked to the piano with the air of an offended queen. 'I believe music was forbidden in some Puritan households, Captain Beverley,' she said, in a sarcastic voice. 'I am thankful to inform you that it is not yet placed on the list of tabooed amusements.' Captain Beverley made some answer in a low voice, and then they both laughed. Averil tried her best to put them all at their ease. She praised Maud's singing, she talked to them cheerfully; but both gentlemen took their leave as soon as possible. Rodney went with them. I heard Averil beg him as a favour to her to stay at home, but he was sulky, and refused to listen. He said, 'The other fellows would only think him a muff, and he was not going to stand any more preaching.' They went away to their club. I can see how uncomfortable Averil is; she thinks that she has done more harm than good. I left her talking to aunt and Maud. Maud was in one of her tempers, and there was a regular scene. Hush! I hear her voice now—they are coming up to bed. Not a word more—they must not find out I am here."

Annette lay perfectly still, and Lottie crept to the door. Maud's room was just across the passage, and both the girls hoped to hear her close her door; but to their dismay she stood outside, talking in an angry voice to her mother.

"It is too bad; she gets worse every day!" they heard her say in a tone of passionate insistence.

"I cannot help it," returned Mrs. Willmot, fretfully. "You ought to know Averil by this time! You go too far, Maud; I am always telling you so. You think of nothing but your own pleasure! It was foolish to put this affront on Averil. You might know that with her high spirit she would resent it."

"Nonsense, mamma! You are afraid of her, and Georgie is afraid of her too! How can you let yourself be ruled by a slip of a girl? Of course I know it is her home. Does not everything belong to her? If we were not so miserably poor, we need not live in this Egyptian bondage—afraid to invite a friend or to say our soul is our own! I wonder what Captain Beverley thinks of his evening's amusement? It will be a fine joke between him and Mr. Forbes. I declare I don't envy Rodney. 'My father and I have always had a great dislike to any game that is played with money.' Did ever anyone hear such cant in a modern drawing-room? I am glad I made her uncomfortable about Rodney! The poor boy is not playing those penny points now at the club! Ah, she turned quite white, I assure you!"

"You talk as though you had not your brother's interest at heart!" returned Mrs. Willmot, in the same fretful voice. "I wish Captain Beverley would not take him to his club; he is far too young. Averil is right there. Maud, what was he saying to you in the garden just after dinner?" But here the voices dropped, and a moment afterwards the door of Maud's room closed, and with a whispered good-night Lottie made her escape.

But there was no rest for Averil. Long after Annette had fallen into a refreshing sleep a weary little figure paced up and down the deserted drawing-room. She had sent Roberts to bed when that faithful old domestic came to extinguish the lights.

"I will wait up for Mr. Rodney," she had said. "I do not expect he will be very late." But for once she was wrong. Rodney was very late indeed. The church clock had chimed two before she heard his bell. Averil's thoughts were not pleasant; the sting of Maud's words was still abiding with her.

"Is she right? Have I driven him away to worse things?" she asked herself. "Ought I to have allowed the game to go on, and then have spoken afterwards? Would that not have been temporising with wrong things? 'One can always go down the little crooked lane,' as dear father used to say. He was so fond of the *Pilgrim's Progress!* I could only remember how he hated this sort of amusement; and to see it played in this house, when in his lifetime they never dared propose such a thing! I know his friends thought him straight-laced—even Mr. Harland; but what does that matter? If one has principle there must be no compromise. Still, if she be right, and Rodney——" Here a look of pain crossed Averil's face, and she clasped her hands involuntarily. "Oh, my darling, how can I save you when your own mother and sister will not help me? Maud is infatuated. That man will never ask her to marry him—he will look far higher for his wife. A Miss Seymour will not be good enough for Oliver Beverley. I have told my stepmother so again and again; but Maud's influence is greater than mine. Oh, how much happier will be my little Lottie's fate! I know from what Frank says that Ned Chesterton is in earnest; and what could be better—a good son and brother, and rising in his profession? Perhaps he will not speak yet; but they are both young enough to wait. Lottie looks very happy to-night—God bless her!" And here a low heavy sigh rose to Averil's lips.

She started as the sound of the bell reached her, and hurried out to unbolt the door. Rodney did not at once see her—he thought it was Roberts; he came in whistling—his face was flushed and excited.

"Sorry to keep you up so late, old fellow," he said, in his good-humoured way. "Why, Averil!"—and then his face clouded—"there was no need for this attention," he muttered, as he put down his hat.

Averil followed him.

"Don't be vexed, Rodney. I could not go to bed until you came in. You have given me enough to bear already. Why were you so unkind as to refuse to stay at home, when I asked you as a favour."

Rodney's reply was very unsatisfactory. He boasted of his small gains in a tone that deeply grieved Averil. Seeing his face flushed with drink and with the excitement of play, she turned away. Could she save him? Was he not already a long way down that little crooked path upon which another brisk lad, whose name was Ignorance, and who came out of the country of Conceit, had already walked.

There were bitter tears shed in Averil's room that night as she prayed long and earnestly for one whom she called her brother.

Was Rodney conscious of this as he lay tossing feverishly? How many such prayers are offered up night after night for many a beloved and erring one! What says the Apostle? that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins."

Unwin had reason to grieve over her mistress's worn looks the next morning, but she asked no questions and made no comments. Unwin was too wise a woman to waste regrets over what could not be helped. Roberts had told her enough, and she could form her own conclusions. The household were quite aware that another indignity had been put on their idolised mistress, "and by them as are not fit to tie her shoes," observed the kitchen-maid contemptuously, for Maud's imperious manners and lack of courtesy made her no favourite with the servants.

Averil did not waste words either. She took no further notice of yesterday's occurrence. When she met her stepmother and the girls at luncheon she accosted them pleasantly and in her usual manner; it was Maud who hardly deigned to answer, who averted her head with studied coldness every time Averil addressed her. Some hours of brooding and a naturally haughty temper had only fanned Maud's discontent to a fiercer flame. It was easy to see that she regarded herself in the light of an injured person.

Lottie, who had been to the Stores to execute some commissions for her aunt, did not make her appearance until luncheon was nearly over, and then she and Rodney came in together. Rodney still looked a little sulky; he gave Averil a curt nod as he took his place, and snubbed Georgina when she enquired after his headache. "There is no need to publish it on the housetops," he said, irritably. "It is only women who are fond of talking about their little ailments. I suppose there is some ice in the house, Ave? This water is quite lukewarm."

"I'll ring and ask Roberts," observed Lottie. "Maud, Madame Delamotte is waiting to speak to you; she says there has been no answer; and when Hall told her that you were at luncheon she only

said she would wait, as her business was very important."

Georgina darted a frightened, imploring glance at her sister, but Maud only grew very red.

"It is very impertinent," she muttered, angrily, "but these sorts of people have no consideration. I shall tell Madame Delamotte that I shall withdraw my custom if she pesters me in this way. Lottie, will you tell her, please—— But no, perhaps I had better go myself," and Maud swept out of the room in her usual haughty fashion.

Rodney laughed and shrugged his shoulders, but Averil seemed uneasy and preoccupied.

Mrs. Willmot had taken no notice of this little interruption; her slow, lymphatic temperament seldom troubled itself over passing things. Madame Delamotte was the girl's dressmaker. She supposed Maud had been extravagant enough to order a new dress for Lady Beverley's "small and early." "She really must lecture her about extravagance," and here she adjusted her eye-glass, and looked at some fashion plates with a serene absorption that was truly enviable.

Averil's uneasiness seemed to increase, and at last she made an excuse to leave the table. As she passed through the hall quickly she came upon Maud; she was in close conversation with a thin, careworn-looking woman, dressed in the height of fashion. Averil knew Madame Delamotte slightly; she had been to her shop on more than one occasion. As she bade her a civil "good morning" the Frenchwoman accosted her in a nervous, agitated manner.

"Miss Willmot, may I implore your assistance with this young lady?—I cannot persuade her to hear me. The bill is large, and she says I shall have still to wait for my money; and alas! business is 'bad.'"

"*Averil, I must beg* you not to interfere," returned Maud, angrily. "Madame Delamotte is grossly impertinent. I have every intention of settling her bill, but just now it is not convenient, and——" here Maud hesitated.

"Madame Delamotte, will you come into my room a moment," observed Averil, quietly. "Maud, you had better come too. There is no need to take the whole household into confidence; and the hall is far too public a place for this sort of conversation."

But Maud refused. "I have said all I have to say," she returned, contemptuously. "If Madame Delamotte chooses to dun me in this fashion I shall have no further dealings with her. If you mix yourself up in my affairs you must take the consequences: the bill will be settled all in good time."

Averil made no answer, she only signed to the dressmaker to follow her; and as soon as they were alone, Madame Delamotte produced her account. She was visibly discomposed, and began to apologise.

"Miss Seymour is too hard with me," she said, almost tearfully. "I have never dunned anyone. The young ladies are good customers; I have great pleasure in working for them; but it is necessary to see one's money. This account has been running for a year and a half, and now Miss Seymour says it is exorbitant. Everything is down; I have used the best of materials—nothing else would satisfy her. What would become of me if all my customers treated me in this way?"

Averil glanced down the bill, then she folded it up. "You are perfectly right, Madame Delamotte; your complaint is a just one. Will you leave the account with me? I can promise you that it shall be settled before to-morrow evening. I think you know me sufficiently to trust my word."

"Everyone knows Miss Willmot," returned the Frenchwoman, politely, "You have removed a great weight from my mind. I do not mind trusting you with the fact that I am greatly in need of the money."

"Then in that case I will write you a cheque in advance if you will give me a receipt," and as Madame Delamotte seemed overjoyed at this concession, Averil sat down to her writing table; but as she wrote out the cheque a look of disquiet crossed her face. "How can anyone act so dishonourably?" she thought; but she little knew the seducing and evil effects of pampered vanity. She checked Madame Delamotte's profuse thanks very gently but decidedly, and when she had dismissed her she sat on for a long time with her head on her hand, revolving the whole matter.

"I have robbed my poor just to pay for all these fine dresses," she said bitterly, "and yet it had to be done. Now I must go and speak to Mrs. Willmot. Oh! what a sickening world all this is. I feel like Sisyphus, for ever rolling my stony burden uphill. Oh, Mother Midge, if I could only leave it all and take refuge with you!"

Mrs. Willmot was dozing in the morning-room; her book lay on her lap; but it had long ago slipped through her fingers. She regarded Averil drowsily as she sat down opposite to her; and settling her cap strings with a yawn, asked what had become of the girls.

"I do not know, Mrs. Willmot. I am sorry to disturb you, but it is necessary for us to have a serious talk. Madame Delamotte has been here to beg Maud to settle her bill. Are you aware?" regarding her sternly, "that neither she nor Georgina have attempted to pay their dressmaker for the last year and a half?"

Mrs. Willmot's placid face lost a little of its colour; she looked alarmed, and held out her hand for the account which Averil still held.

"There is no occasion to look at it," she said, coldly. "I can tell you the exact amount," and as she named the sum Mrs. Willmot uttered a faint exclamation and threw herself back in her chair.

"I don't believe it!" she said vehemently, and her weak, handsome face was quite pale. "There is vile imposition! Madame Delamotte ought to be ashamed of herself; my girls do not owe half that sum. I will ask Maud. No; Maud is so hot and impetuous she never will let me speak. Georgina will be better."

"There is no need to send her either. I have a good memory, and have verified most of the items. The bill is large, but then it has been running on for eighteen months. I only want to know how you propose to settle it."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Secret of Health.—To ensure health, so far as human effort can control the matter, one should, above all things, be cheerful, contented, and calm.

Speech and Silence.—We often repent of what we have said, but seldom of that which we have not said.

The Highest Culture.—Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.

Always Industrious.—Never allow yourself to be idle whilst others are in want of anything that your hands can make for them.

The End of Man.—The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest.—*Carlyle.*

Be Self-denying.—There never existed, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Vehement Partisans.—Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.—*Goethe.*

Try to Please Others.—If most people tried as hard to please others as they try to get others to please them, what a delightful place this world would be!

An Active Life.—People were never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very object of our creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the best preservative of health.

Who is a Lady?—The appellation of "lady" ought never to be affixed to a woman's circumstances; it should only be given to her behaviour in them.

The Absent Man.—An absent man once received a letter. He knew the handwriting; he wanted to read it in haste. It was already dark, so he struck a light, tore a paper, and lighted a candle. But the letter was gone—he had used it to light the candle.

Books Were Dear in those Days.—In the reign of Edward the First—that was from 1272 till 1307—the price of a fairly written Bible was twenty-seven pounds. The hire of a labourer was only three halfpence a day, so it may easily be calculated what the purchase of a copy of the Scriptures would then have cost a labouring man.

HOW TO FURNISH A DRAWING-ROOM FOR EIGHTEEN GUINEAS.

By FLORENCE CADDY.

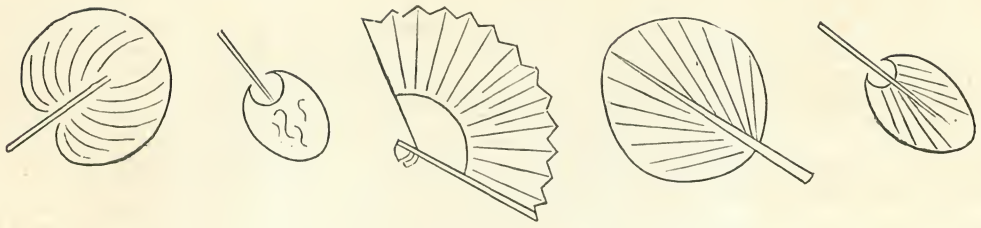


FIG. 1.

An empty, square room, with two windows in front, not even relieved by a bay; a neatly-tiled hearth, and the choice of a wall paper the only redeeming features. This problem, with the help of eighteen guineas, Angelina had to resolve into the drawing-room of, to outward appearances, a flourishing lawyer.

The only dowry Angelina brought her husband was her average brains, a high school education, and untiring industry. Eighteen guineas for furnishing a drawing-room put into the hands of an upholsterer goes no way. We all know the poverty-stricken effect it would make. Angelina had not a stick or a vase to form a nucleus. But instead of employing those invaluable months before marriage in working endless toilet-table covers and bracket fronts in cross-stitch, while dreamily pondering on the beloved being hard at work for her in the dingy office, she shows that her dowry is not contemptible by lifting the future home out of the commonplace.

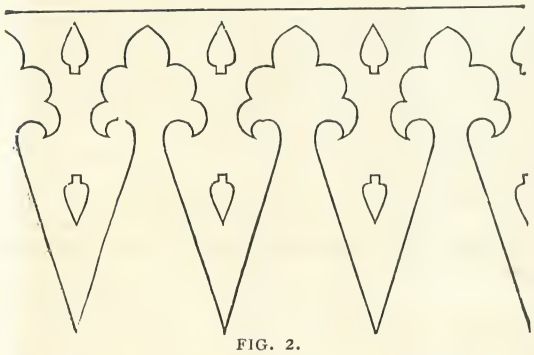


FIG. 2.

Elegance and simplicity are synonymous terms for a room as much as for a dress; a drawing-room "suite" is often odious, but a "scheme of colour," as regards the entire decoration, is advisable; for a room furnished with things "picked up" haphazard reminds one of a person habitually dressed in remnants. Angelina selects various shades of green and white as the general scheme of colour for her drawing-room, to be relieved here and there with a touch of heliotrope, purple, or terra-cotta. The warm harmonious paper has a two-foot frieze of plain paper at the top, finished off with a gold beading below the frieze. As there is next to nothing to put on the walls, they must be warmed up somehow, and many pictures are out of the question. Two dozen and a half penny Japanese hand screens are the thing, placed on the frieze, so (Fig. 1).

The floor is the next consideration. After weighing the rival advantages of that cheerful, clean-looking, and easily-cleanable matting at 1s. 6d. per yard, supplemented with a couple of rugs, a plain square of dark green felt for £2 was the final decision. Plain oak stain all round the carpet being just what everybody else has, Angelina, who has bought a 7lb. keg of white silicate paint, longs to operate with this instead. This paint for furniture looks as well as any enamel; you apply it with a little boiled linseed oil, turpentine, or "dryers," mixing it with penny colours in powder, from any common oil and colourman's, on a dinner plate, with an old dinner knife. From ten years' experience of this paint I can recommend it for wear, and for being free from unpleasant smell while using. Angelina cut this pattern out (Fig. 2) in stiff brown paper, and with two pennyworth of burnt umber, ground in boiled oil, she stencilled it round the floor next the wall. When dry she painted in white paint, toned to a pretty shade of sage green, the pattern left by the brown paper stencil; the whole to be varnished or beeswaxed and turpentined when dry. She would have left the bare board under the stencil, but with a brown paper stencil the paint runs over the edge; to get a zinc pattern from a house decorator would be better, if one could be found with a design bold enough for the purpose.

Each window is composed of two large panes, so something must be done to keep out the eyes belonging to the six opposite houses. For the lower panes Angelina enlarges, by means of lines both ways, say, scale of half an inch enlarged to two inches, a small drawing of Rosetti's frontispiece to the "Italian Poets" for one window, and Dicksee's "Harmony" for the other. The original engravings being valuable, she cannot rule lines across them, so she ties cross threads of white cotton round them half an inch apart both ways, and rules lines on whitey-brown paper to correspond, only two inches apart, so as to enlarge the picture to fit the window; not being an artist, only having gone through the usual freehand course, she can get her drawing more accurate this way. When the drawing has been carefully outlined on this whitey-brown paper, she gums it outside the window pane, and with a sable brush and burnt umber mixed with varnish draws the outline on the window, tracing the pattern through. When the outline is dry, transparent artists' colours mixed with varnish fill in the draperies, and are a capital imitation of stained glass. Unless well varnished, this window for cleaning purposes must only be lightly wiped over with a damp sponge, not rubbed hard. (An Italian 14th-century figure is used in the illustration.) A flounce of green muslin edged with lace, coming halfway down the upper pane, looks pretty, as Angelina will not have blinds because they cost much, and are a nuisance, perpetually getting out of order, and being headquarters for dust. No; she has an *idea* (Illustration 1.); her combined blinds and curtains shall be drawn on small brass rods, one curtain for each window; a "sun-blind," which will dispense with that odious cornice-pole and those dusty hangings. The idea is this: take three and a half yards for each window of unbleached kitchen-tablecloth linen at 1s. 11d. a yard, seventy-two inches wide,

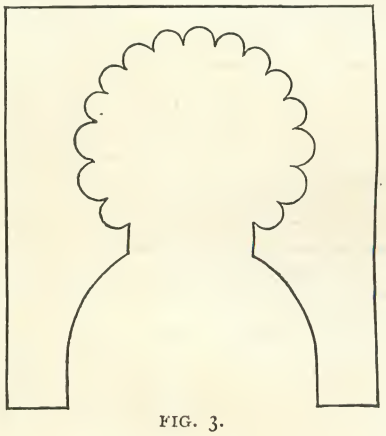


FIG. 3.

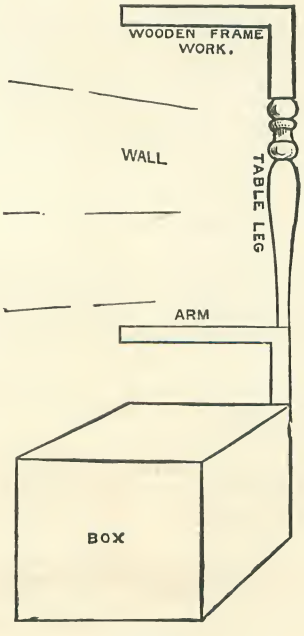


FIG. 4.



ILLUSTRATION I.

which lasts clean a long time, and gives, when drawn, a warm creamy glow of sunlight through. On one side of each curtain is a border a foot wide of Turkey twill, on which a pattern cut out in unbleached coarse linen is embroidered (in application), with a variety of lace and other stitches in linen thread, crochet cotton, and flourishing thread. This border is very effective and handsome. A bold striking pattern for the middle of each curtain is cut out in Turkey twill and hemmed on. These patterns must all be cut allowing for turnings.

Angelina's only piece of extravagance, and this not a ruinous one, is a long mirror. Her theory is, that one expensive piece of furniture gives a *cachet* to all the rest; also a mirror gives space; a long mirror draped against the wall like a door looks like another room. To enlarge the effect of her mirror, she hangs a pair of curtains (see Illustration II.) well spread on the wall on either side of it, and places a small table to support it underneath. Did I say a pair of curtains? I mean she evolved two odd curtains, one of plain green muslin, the other of blue-green serge with a handsome border. This border is her gem of needlework, though only for a length of two feet in the middle, the rest of the border is velveteen; but for these two feet of decoration (*i.e.*, there presentation of some classical figure, say Juno) the stitches lie as thick as possible. She selects Juno, as the hues of her attendant peacock's plumage strike the keynote for the colour of her room. The table below the mirror is composed of a second-hand servants' bedroom table, with a piece of deal, shaped like a Moorish arch (Fig. 3), attached to the front legs by the local carpenter, and painted by herself in a pattern in green and white; the alcove underneath the table holds the coal-scuttle; and a serge cloth with embroidered ends covers the top and hangs down low on each side; not in front at all. These embroidered ends are merely an application of velveteen cut in a pattern and button-hole stitched on with two shades of green filoselle. She selects one of those patterns (see Fig. 2) that cut with no waste; as what is cut out of the pattern for one side is applied to the other side. A green majolica dish (cost 4s. 11d.) planted with hedge ferns, reflects prettily in the mirror.

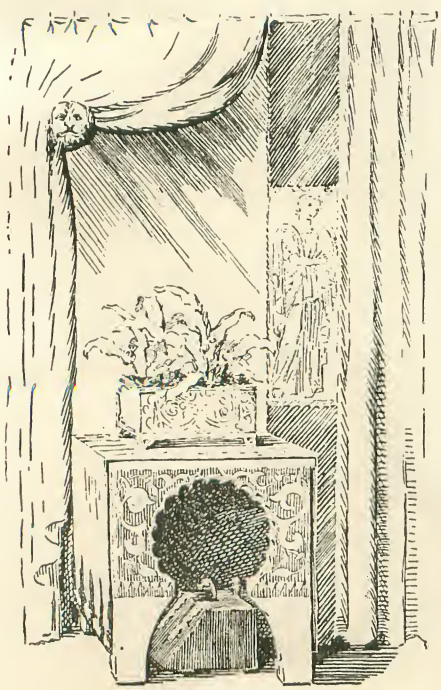


ILLUSTRATION II.

A "cannon-head" chimney-pot (Illustration III.), price 2s. 6d., painted by herself, with powder colour and varnish (not much oil, as it would be likely to run) in imitation of the Greek vases, black, terra-cotta, and its self-colour of soft buff, or else in blues and greens in a Persian pattern, makes a handsome pedestal to hold that much-enduring and invaluable London drawing-room plant, a variegated aspidestra. A fine plant can be bought for 2s. 6d. at a suburban nurseryman's, and grows nice and quickly if well treated. She puts a saucer in the bottom of the pedestal to catch the drip, and ties a bit of green silk round the ugly flower-pot. The design to be painted is drawn on the chimney-pot from the rough drawing by means of tracing paper, as it is important to keep the tile clean. If the windows happen to be sunny, ferns enjoy themselves behind the drawn sun-blinds if not moved about.

A handsome sofa cannot be afforded, so something sumptuous must be contrived. For 10s. the carpenter will put up a wide deal seat with an arm at each end; this is placed against the wall; and a valance and cushions are

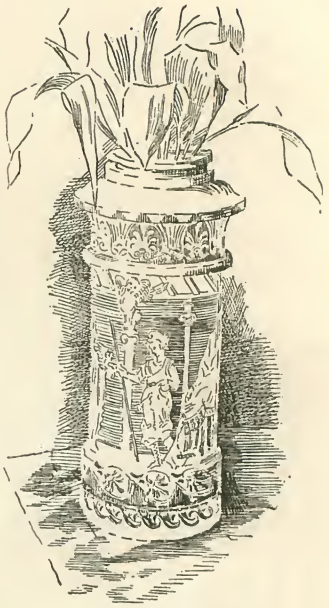


ILLUSTRATION III.

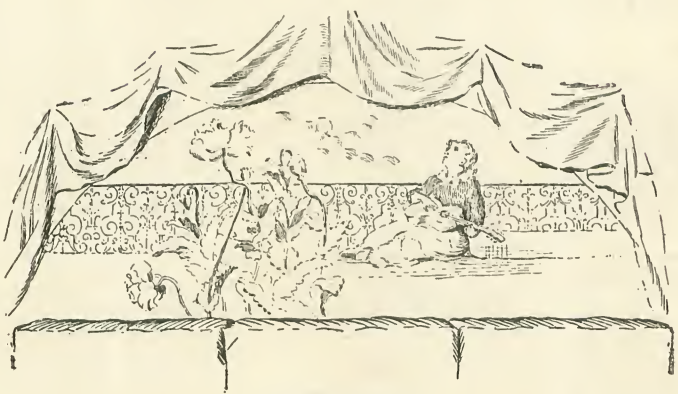


ILLUSTRATION IV.

covered with reversible-patterned serge at 2s. 6d. per yard double width. This serge is procured in Regent Street; a long welted cushion is made of it for the seat and three welted cushions for the back, stuffed; it covers the arms also. The inner covers of the welted cushions are made of calico at 2¾d. per yard, and they are stuffed with upholsterers' flock, or mill-puff, at 2d. per pound; old woollen materials washed and newspapers torn very small make famous stuffing. For the three cushions at the back of the sofa, the pattern on the serge, fancifully outlined in coloured crewels, has a marvellously good effect. As a wall decoration above the back of the sofa (Illustration IV.) a large semi-circular picture, either embroidered in green and purple on soft green silk, stretched on coarse linen canvas, or painted on sage-green American cloth, framed with three yards of draped blue-green silk, completes this very elegant and comfortable-looking piece of furniture.

A large corner sofa constructed in much the

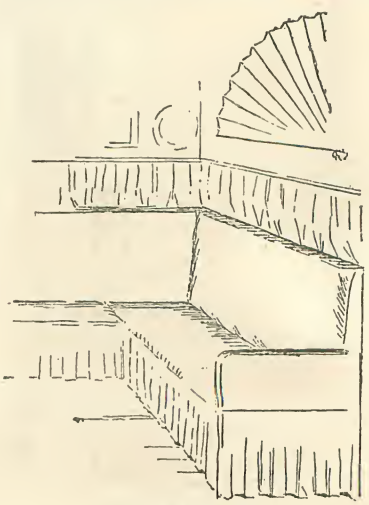


ILLUSTRATION V.

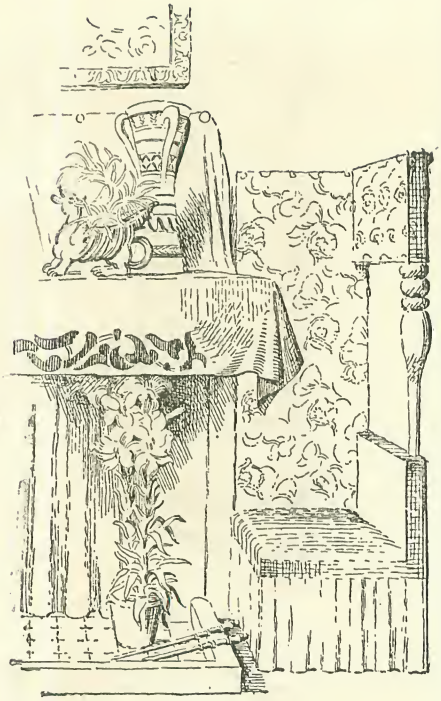


ILLUSTRATION VI.

same manner, with deal framework and home-made cushions (Illustration V.), but covered with plain serge or muslin over calico, makes a cosy retired nook. Green muslin gathered and fastened on the wall with a narrow beading above the cushions lends a finish. A huge red fan spread out on the wall has a wonderfully warming effect.

A barrel-rest, painted sage-green, with a little cushion made for it, is a tempting little movable seat.

An arm nailed on to a box, the whole neatly covered in serge, and placed next the fire against the wall, is a three-cornered fireside seat, and gives scope for a handsome piece of needlework to be fastened on to the wall at the back. A strip of the patterned serge outlined in coarse couching crewels or filoselle will answer the purpose. The turned deal leg of a servants' dressing-table, price 1s. 6d., can be easily made into a grand erection and



ILLUSTRATION VII.

painted white (see Fig. 4); it is wisest to have it fastened into the wall before the clean paper is put up. (Illustration VI.)

Simplicity is the chief charm of the mantel-piece decoration; the entire width (fifty-two inches) of two yards of plain serge is nailed to the wall two and a half feet above the mantel-shelf and let fall over the shelf, being securely nailed at the back, so that a pull will not bring down the ornaments; a pattern in velveteen application is button-hole stitched on the edge in front. This makes a nice warm background for any treasures and photographs; and as our eyes do not require a handsome *pair* of everything nowadays on a mantel-shelf, suppose we make an outlay of 2s. 3d. in a fanciful "art" terra-cotta jar, from Queen Street, Bayswater, and paint patterns round it like Spanish ware, and paint a tiny easel white, twisting a bit of green silk about it, for Edwin's photo, and plant little ferns in a white porcelain shell or dragon-shaped dish. Above this arrangement Angelina hangs a few tea roses, painted by a friend on a long strip of zinc cut the size to fit a shilling deal frame bought in Westbourne Grove. This frame is painted in a pattern in two shades of sage-green. Below all this, in the fireplace she hangs a piece of gathered green muslin, which makes such a pretty background to a white lily stood on the tiled hearth.

When a little wooden bracket or book-shelf has become dingy and dirty, a coat of white paint on it and a flounce of green muslin behind gives it a cheerful look.

It will be objected that it would take years to do all the upholstery and embroidery required in this room. Let it take years! it will then look solid and not hurried. Women who *think* often say they hate fancy work, or they confine their energies to plain work; for when they look at the general run of fancy work done by their sisters, they feel it is useless trash made only to lie about and catch the London dirt. But in a woman's life there are so many spare hours in which she could take up a really fine piece of embroidery, and if she felt she were making a beautiful thing for a definite purpose and place, she would not condemn it as waste of time. The furnishing of this room would be an education in itself to any girl.

Angelina contemplates painted zinc panels for her door, or slabs of burnt-wood decoration for a future occasion; but for the present moment a green muslin *portière* answers equally well; and when winter comes she hankers for a warmer and more massive door hanging.

A box couch for £2, with a large drapery flung over it, makes a lovely ottoman in front of the fire when covered with some pretty cretonne or muslin; round one end of it she draws an idealised 8s. 6d. Japanese screen, and by the side of it she places her lamp-pedestal and book-shelf combined—her own design, and the pride of her heart; and as the bamboo table, with cosy afternoon tea, is placed in front of her, she entertains her friends and Edwin's clients, in the two second-hand guinea armchairs, and feels proud of her Edwin's reception room.

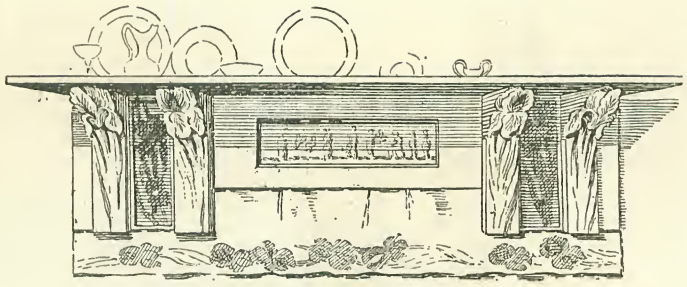


ILLUSTRATION VIII.

All second-hand cushiony substances are carefully fumigated or baked, to destroy any possible infection.

Now let us consider the screen, the lamp-pedestal, and the drapery flung over the couch separately. The drapery is made of two yards of double-width plain blue-green serge, a light green silk curtain-tie with coloured ends, bought for 1s. 11d., is sewn across it, and a decoration parallel with it is made by a zigzag pattern, outlined in bold couching crewel, with strips of velveteen and silk machined on. If this drapery were wadded and lined with sateen it would be more useful as a *couvre-pieds*. (Illustration VII.)

Now for the idealised screen. A Japanese screen for 8s. 6d. will persist in looking cheap and horrid; in no light can you place it to look sumptuous. But one of those dear little Pompeian wall decorations—say the boy riding a sea-horse, cut out in card or stiff paper—this stuck with arrowroot paste on blue-green silk, the silk cut out (allowing for turnings) and applied with beautiful stitches on to four yards of blue-green cloth or serge, the lines of the waves worked in silks; all this neatly upholstered on the screen makes a beautiful and choice ornament: sateen will do to cover the back.

The combined lamp pedestal and book-case is made by a carpenter, in deal, for 10s.: this structure, two long side panels of wood with three little shelves between, can be stood on the floor anywhere. To decorate the two long panels a single figure is enlarged on thin paper from some favourite drawing, and traced on to the board through red tracing-paper. The outline is then firmly reinforced with lead pencil, for that has the effect of preventing the water-colour paint used for the figure and accessories from running. The whole when finished painting is varnished. Two little plush curtains for the open sides would be tasteful, but at present we will be content with muslin.

There remains yet one cold blank wall, and here Edwin, who has a turn for wood-carving,

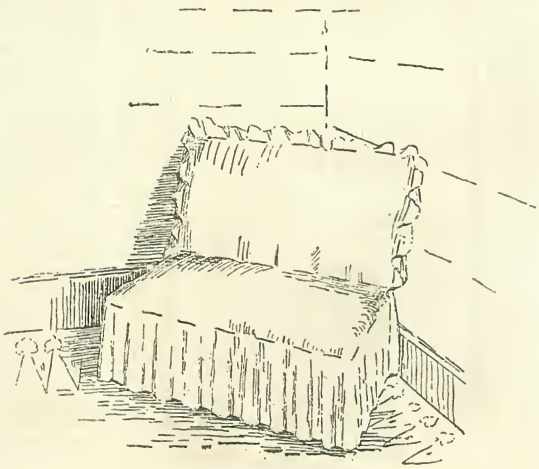


ILLUSTRATION IX.

carries out a pretty "iris" design of his wife's in mahogany wood (unpolished). This is a shelf. (Illustration VIII.) The four supports are each one carved to resemble an iris flower. There is an oblong opening in the flat part under the shelf, where a terra-cotta plaque taken from the Thorwaldsen bas-reliefs is inserted. There are two openings between the supports, for two studies of purple iris in oils. A strip of dusky sea-green, or heliotrope surah silk, hangs below the whole decoration, on which purple irises are embroidered in silks. The silk is lined with canvas to make it firm to work on. This shelf would also look well if made in deal for 5s., and painted in two shades of sage green.

Angelina is musical, and the hire of a piano is reckoned among the housekeeping expenses until the young couple have saved up for one of their own. A box on castors neatly covered, first with calico, then muslin, is the piano seat, and holds the music.

At a shop where she habitually deals they let her have a good-sized packing case. She turns this upside down, and fastens the cover on to the bottom with a pair of hinges, to form the back of a seat. (Illustration IX.) She stuffs this seat and the back, and covers them with old calico; over this she puts a bold patterned muslin, which has a capital effect, and is easily washed. She takes care to pad the corners of the back so that they shall not make holes in the wall, for this is intended as a corner seat.

Muslin over calico, or squares from discarded thin white silk dresses, make clean-looking slips for sofa pillows until something handsome has been embroidered for the purpose, and they are easily washed. Fire-irons, footstool, and candlesticks are not forgotten; but Angelina is a busy woman, and will not crowd her room with knick-knacks that take half an hour of each day of her life to dust; no, she keeps a few empty smooth surfaces, and ten minutes does all her dusting.

The furnishing of this room is essentially practical, and no one could accuse it of looking squalid.

The things scrupulously shunned in this drawing-room *suite* are odious and upsetable things on three legs or one leg, and that dusty iniquity, ball-fringe.

LIST OF FURNITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Carpet (felt)	2	0	0
Box ottoman couch	2	0	0
Long mirror	2	0	0
Two arm-chairs	2	2	0
Bamboo tea-table	0	7	6
Screen (Japanese, five feet eight inches)	0	8	6
Lamp, full size 8s. 6d., framework for shade 10d., silk 1s.	0	10	4
Combined lamp-pedestal and book-case	0	10	0
Chimney-pot (cannon head)	0	2	6
Fire-irons, 5s. 11d. the set	0	5	11
Coal-scuttle	0	4	0
Deal framework for sofa 10s., also corner seat 10s.	1	0	0
Arm for fireside seat, including turned leg	0	5	0
Table under mirror	0	5	0
Colour in powder 6d., pint varnish 2s., boiled oil 2d.	0	2	8
White paint (7lb. keg)	0	2	2
Very large red fan 2s. 11½d., thirty hand screens 2s. 6d.	0	5	5½
Barrel rest 3s., deal picture frame 1s.	0	4	0
Window curtains (width seventy-two inches), linen 1s. 11d. per yard, seven yards	0	13	5
Turkey twill 9d. per yard, three yards	0	2	3
Two rods for curtains 4s., four supports 1s.	0	5	0
Portière rod with rings	0	5	10
Terra-cotta vase	0	2	3
Double flower-pot (green majolica) 4s. 11d., dragon vase 1s. 0½d.	0	5	11½
Deal shelf	0	5	0
Reversible patterned serge 2s. 6d. per yard, eight yards	1	0	0
Blue-green serge 1s. 6d. per yard, thirteen yards	0	19	6
Two yards velveteen 2s. per yard.	0	4	0
Three and a half dozen yards of muslin at 3¾d. per yard	0	13	1½
Six and a half yards surah silk, blue-green	0	6	6
Silk curtain-tie	0	1	11
Flock for stuffing, two dozen pounds	0	4	0
Two dragon candlesticks 1s. 11d. each	0	3	10
Footstool	0	1	0½
Thorwaldsen plaque	0	5	6
Sofa pillow (plain)	0	1	6
Sundries	0	2	4
Total	£18	18	0

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

As Esther and Bertha had walked and talked, too much engrossed in their conversation to notice whither their steps tended, they had gradually approached one end of the sheet of artificial water which ran between shrubbery and lawn, and at the moment when their discussion had reached the point detailed in the last chapter, the speakers were aroused and startled by a succession of loud and terrified shrieks proceeding from the direction of the lake.

Greatly alarmed, Esther and Bertha rushed to the edge, and in a moment they divined rather than saw what must have happened. Ethel, who was fond of children, and generally got the youngest of the party about her, had evidently taken out a whole boatful of youngsters upon the lake; for there was the boat to speak for itself, rowed by Ethel, and crowded with some half dozen of the little children who had accompanied their brothers or sisters to Greyfriars that afternoon. But, what was plain enough from the frantic cries and gesticulations of the party, was that one of their number was missing, and Esther's heart grew sick with fear for the whole company, for Ethel herself was perfectly helpless—only just able to keep the boat from upsetting, through the struggles of the terrified children to see and reach their lost playmate; and as for doing anything herself, it was out of the question. A moment's relaxation of her efforts to keep the boat in its right position would mean that the whole party must be struggling in the water.

In a single second Esther saw and grasped all this; in a second more a gleam of yellow hair beneath the surface of the water showed her where the child was, and her decision was taken in a moment. She did not know the depth of the water, but she was a strong and expert swimmer, and her light summer dress—for the day was very hot—would be no insuperable hindrance for a short distance; there was no one else at hand, and not a moment to lose. Running to the brink, she waded rapidly in, and soon found herself in water deep enough for swimming, when her progress became at once more rapid. She could not see the child now, but the children in the boat shouted directions to her, and at last up came the little head again, close to her hand; then grasping the unconscious child firmly in one arm, she turned round for the shore once more, and slowly and with some difficulty made her way back, the weight of her burden and her wet clothes combining to render her journey very toilsome, though not actually dangerous, for the boat was close at hand. But she would only have availed herself of it as a last resource, for it was all Ethel could do as it was to get to the bank with her load.

Meantime Bertha had not been idle. An emergency like this seemed to call out the latent energy which was lacking at ordinary moments. With a rapidity with which few would have credited her, she had rushed up to the house to give the alarm, and, to her immense relief, had there encountered Everard Chester, who, according to long-established usage, had walked across to have a chat with the boys, and see how Dacre was looking and comporting himself. A few words of panting explanation sent him tearing down to the water's edge, where he was just in time to receive the dripping and insensible child, whilst a few moments later Bertha came hurrying back with a warm fur-lined cloak of her own in which to wrap Esther, whose drenched garments were clinging to her in the coldest and most uncomfortable fashion.

"That is right, Miss Gostling," said Everard, approvingly. "Take Miss Egerton indoors, and look after her. I will see to the child. No, no! he is not dead; but he will want prompt attention. Leave him to me, and get yourself dry and warm. The water is very

cold this time of year, and chills are dangerous things."

But Esther was hardy, and not susceptible to cold. She felt no uneasiness on her own account, though she went straight to her own room and changed all her clothes, and swallowed the hot and choking potion that Bertha mixed and brought to her. And whilst she was putting the finishing touches to her toilet Ethel came hurrying in, pale and tearful, to throw herself at her feet and begin to sob in the uncontrolled way that bespoke great excitement and nervous tension.

Esther let her have her cry out, thinking it would relieve her. She held her hand and stroked her hair, and sent Bertha away to ask for the latest news of the little boy. And when they were alone together, Ethel looked up and choked back her sobs, which were now less violent, though she still seemed unable to speak. It was as if she had come to the one person in the house where instinct told her she would find sympathy and forbearance. And something in the look on the tear-stained face made Esther stoop and kiss it, which demonstration set the tears flowing again, though in a quieter way. Ethel was the member of the household of whom Esther had seen least and thought least. She was not wildly naughty or rebellious, like Dacre or Trix, nor friendly and companionable, like Jessie and Humphrey. She seemed to like to be let alone with her games and books; and Esther had wondered if she would ever develop in any unexpected direction. Suddenly she looked up and spoke.

"Oh, Aunt Esther, was it my fault?"

"My poor, dear child, it was an accident; and it would be hard indeed to impute blame to you. Only an older person would have known better than to have taken such a number of children together in a light boat. Children never can understand to sit still; but you meant to give them a treat, and you could not be expected to know how much danger there was."

"But, Aunt Esther, there was something else too. I did it for another reason," said Ethel, hanging her head.

"And do you wish to tell me what that reason is?"

"Yes, I think I do; though if you were like anybody else I know it would make you angry."

Esther still continued to stroke the child's hair, and her touch was soothing to Ethel, who had almost ceased crying, and could speak quietly now.

"I think I did it partly because I wanted to show you that I didn't care what *you* said or thought, and because I wanted to shock you. I knew, from things you had said, that you didn't like all sorts of wild games on Sunday, and so I got all the children into the boat and thought I'd row them across to the shrubbery where you were, and have a tremendous noisy game, just to disturb you, and show you that I didn't care what you thought. I forgot that the lake was so deep at that end. At the other side, where it was dug out, it is quite shallow, and we are not supposed to go on the deep part ourselves at all; but we never think about keeping rules unless papa is watching us, and I never thought about the children being so tiresome. They said they would sit still, but when one of them saw a gold-fish they were all wild with excitement, and —I don't know how it was, for I got frightened myself, and had to keep quite still and lean over the other side, or we should all have been in the water—but there was a scuffle and a scream, and I thought for a moment the boat was over; and then I saw that Archie was in the water, and I could do nothing, for the children would not look or listen or do anything but cry and lean over to try and reach him, and all the time he was drifting away with the current, or the wind was blowing us away from him. And oh, Aunt Esther, if you hadn't been there!"

"But I was there," answered Esther, quietly, putting her hand over the child's eyes, which were dilated with horror. "God was very good to us all, and sent help just when it was needed, as He so often does, whether we recognise it as His doing or not. And Mr. Chester said the little boy was not dead, so we may let our hearts be very glad and grateful, for it would have been a terrible ending to our day if we had had to send word to the poor parents that their dear little boy had been drowned."

Ethel's face was hidden again on Esther's lap. She trembled for a few moments, and then asked, almost in a whisper—

"Aunt Esther, do you really think it was God who let you be there?"

"I really do, Ethel, because I think that every action of our lives is ruled by Him, and He is so very good and loving and tender in His ways towards us."

"But, Aunt Esther, I thought you thought that it was wicked of us to be having a party on Sunday. If it was, why did God help us out of the trouble?"

The question was asked so ingenuously that it brought a smile to Esther's face.

"If God were to leave us to ourselves every time we did anything to grieve Him, or fell short of the standard He has bidden us live up to, we should be in a very sad state always. But His goodness is not limited by our disobedience, and His love is never tired out, although if we persistently slight and reject it, it may for a time seem to be withdrawn. But you must not think I wish to condemn everything in which I cannot myself take part. There need not be any sin in a pleasant meeting of friends on any day in the week; and we know that Sunday in olden times was the regular day for gatherings of Christian people, who, no doubt, talked of other than devotional matters, and enjoyed themselves in a quiet way. What I do not like is that God's day should be made the day for amusement mainly, and such amusement as unfits our minds from attendance at church afterwards. If, on the other hand, it is a help and a restful pleasure, I cannot see that anyone need be afraid to join a friendly gathering."

"But it was not like that to-day," said Ethel, "and I feel as if we had been wicked. I do not think papa and mamma would have liked it, though they are not particular, like you. We did it to show that we could get our own way when we chose, and set you at defiance. We wanted to put you in a sort of a rage; but you never get angry. And now you have made me so ashamed, I shall never be able to look you in the face again, for I always said you were a spiteful thing, who would do us a bad turn if you could."

"Perhaps you did not mean all you said, and perhaps it is not wonderful that you should think it a bother to have an aunt you did not know thrust upon you as I was thrust. But if we can be friends, that will make amends for everything; and I think we can do that now. Do not you?"

"I should like it," said Ethel, with real humility. "And, Aunt Esther, I think I do care more than I did about being good. In books I always like the good people best, and think I should like to be like them; but when I try it all seems ridiculous, and no good, and I get as bad as ever—or worse, just because I'm sort of ashamed. I didn't really think that it would be nice to have a Sunday party, but I daren't say so, and pretended I was wild about it. Oh, I wish I hadn't done so, for perhaps if I'd stood up against it, or told granny, or done something like that, this would never have happened. And I shall never forget all my life how dreadful it was when poor little Archie was in the water!"

Bertha at that moment returned with the news that the child was better, that his parents had been communicated with, and would probably send for him almost immediately, and that no danger was to be apprehended. He was sleeping quietly and naturally between hot blankets, and if warmly wrapped might be driven home any time.

Esther descended to find herself famous. There could be no denying that her promptitude and fearlessness had saved the boy's life. Everard could not have arrived upon the spot a moment earlier than he did, and that was full five minutes later than Esther. Had the boy been under water those minutes longer there was small probability that he would have recovered the immersion. He was a delicate little fellow, and as it was, his mother, when she arrived, could hardly believe that he could look so much himself after the shock and wetting and unconsciousness. Her gratitude to Esther was beyond all power of expression, and it was a relief when, in the charge of her boy, she forgot everything and everybody else.

"And are you yourself none the worse for your wetting and exertion?" asked Everard, turning with a smile upon Esther, after they had watched the departure of the carriage containing the sleepy child, who had hardly woke up to the remembrance of what had happened to him before he found himself in his mother's care. "I should be very sorry if you were the worse for your heroism; and it is never easy to swim with a burden—even the burden of a small child."



"SHE TURNED ROUND FOR THE SHORE."

Something in the young man's eyes brought the bright colour to Esther's face, as she answered quietly—

"I feel nothing at all, thank you. I am very strong, and Bertha Gostling took such care of me. She surprised me by her quickness and energy to-day."

Esther made as if to return to the house, from which all traces of festivity had now disappeared; but Everard turned along the terrace path, still talking, and she could not but follow.

"I am interested sometimes in Bertha Gostling," he said, speaking with the familiarity of one who had known the family intimately for years, and Bertha at intervals from her early childhood. "She seems to me like a woman wasted—if you know what I mean—and in danger of being ruined by the life she is leading. She has no natural inclination for society, nor the intellect or imagination that would enable her to live in a world of her own, and make her surroundings appear more congenial. She has a practical and rather commonplace mind, and a sound common-sense that wants a sphere in which to develop. She has often surprised me by the shrewd observations she has made; and I am certain if she could find her vocation she might be a valuable member of the community; but in her present life she seems utterly thrown away. I am often very sorry for her."

But Everard had not any intention of letting Bertha and her prospects engross the whole of the conversation. He would much rather talk of Esther, and there was so much intimacy of thought and opinion between them now that it was only too easy to talk to him of her perplexities and difficulties, as well as of her moments of encouragement. She hardly knew how it was that a short half hour thus spent seemed to refresh and strengthen her so much. It had been so from the first, but now there was something almost dangerously sweet in the intercourse that circumstances made natural and inevitable.

"You will find yourself something of a hero after this," said the young man, as they approached the house together. "It is just the sort of thing to give you *prestige*, at any rate with Dacre and Trixie, and that will be no small gain."

"If it only lasts," said Esther, with a smile and a sigh. "But that pair are so provoking. Just as one thinks one is making a little way, something comes to undo all the work, and it has all to be done over again. Dacre has been very pleasant to me this last week; but I cannot help feeling it is partly out of perversity, because he is resolved not to accept his other aunt's invitation, and wishes to appear as if attached to me. When they are gone, and he has no part to play, I expect I shall have to suffer for this blandness. Not that I wish to depreciate it if it really is sincere."

"No doubt there will be ups and downs; but you *are* gaining ground with the boy," said Everard, decisively. "I can see it, if you cannot. Possibly he will hide it from you as long as possible; but I begin to see more change for the better in him than I had dared to hope, and I trust it may be lasting. If you can reclaim Dacre from his wildness, you will have done a wonderful work. And if *any* influence can do that, I believe yours will," and the words were accompanied with one of the looks that sent a thrill through Esther's whole frame.

She had many compliments to receive that evening, and was made more fuss of than was at all agreeable to her; but somehow she never lost the sense of happiness that had come to her with Everard's words and look. She did not ask herself why this was, or even admit that such was the case; and yet his voice seemed still ringing in her ears when she went to bed, and sleep was long in coming to her.

Dacre and Jessie, who had observed a good deal of that walk and talk in the garden from a cushioned window-seat where they had enthroned themselves, gave each other a knowing look as they said, "Good night" the last thing in the corridor. As Esther had had occasion to remark before, plain speaking was the rule of that house, even where words had better have been avoided.

"Aunt Gostling is going to be beaten on her own favourite ground," said Dacre, mischievously. "She will bait her trap too late if she does not take care what she is about."

"I don't know," said Jessie, shaking her pretty head. "I think Aunt Gostling generally manages to get her own way. Mamma always calls her a very clever woman. Not that I can see that Everard ever looks as if he cared a bit for Bertha."

"Nor could do, with so many other attractions close at hand," said the boy teasingly, knowing his sister's weakness. "But you're quite out of it, my dear, when Aunt Esther is in the question. You do very well to dance with and flirt with, but when it comes to serious business——"

"What a stupid boy you are, Dacre! As if Everard was not almost old enough to be my father! I hope he will take Bertha. I think she will make him a very nice wife. I'm sure Aunt Gostling will get her own way in the end."

(*To be continued.*)

SOBRIQUETS OF ARTISTS;
OR,
THE REAL NAMES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

MOST people, if told that Jacopo Robusti, Pietro Vanucci, Guido di Pietro, and Francesco Raibolini, were celebrated Italian Mediæval painters of the first rank, would be obliged, if they spoke the truth, to reply, however mortifying the confession might be, that they never heard of one of them.

"Tintoretto we know, Perugino we know, Fra Angelico we know, and Francia we know; but who are these?" they might answer; and would probably be surprised to hear that Tintoretto and Jacopo Robusti were one and the same person, that Perugino's real name was Pietro Vanucci, Fra Angelico's, Guido di Pietro, and Francia's, Francesco Raibolini.

The truth is, we know very few of the Italian painters by their real names; even Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, are shortened forms of those painters' names, as we shall presently see.

Nicknaming is an inveterate Italian habit, from which their greatest men have suffered—their painters more than any. Sometimes the sobriquet is taken from some personal peculiarity, sometimes from some artistic quality, sometimes from the artist's birthplace, sometimes from his father's profession; sometimes it is merely a diminutive of the author's real name. This last is often the case, for the Italians are very fond of using diminutives, a habit to which their beautiful language lends itself easily.

Tintoretto obtained his sobriquet from the fact that his father was a dyer, *tintore* being the Italian for "dyer," Tintoretto, the diminutive, meaning the "little dyer." So by the irony of fate the trade the son scorned has become immortalised by his genius, while his real name is almost unknown to fame; and the glorious Venetian artist, who claimed to have united the colour of Titian with the form of Michael Angelo, will be known as the "little dyer" to the end of time.

Perugino derived his nickname from Perugia, the city in which the great part of his life was spent, and by this name only do we know the great master of Raphael, a name which at once conjures up visions of angels in exquisitely flowing draperies of purest colours, of lovely cherubs, and of Madonnas whose grace and softness are only surpassed in the pictures of the great Perugino's still greater pupil.

Fra Angelico, or Beato Angelico as he is usually called in Italy, was so named on account of his sweet angelic nature, which is mirrored in his works. His name in religion—for he was a Dominican monk—was Fra Giovanni (Brother John); his Christian name

was Guido, his father's Pietro, but their surname is unknown. This is the less to be regretted since the nickname of the saintly artist who could not draw an ugly or a wicked face is most happy in its appropriateness.

There is far less propriety in calling Fran esco Raibolini, Francia, which was the name of the goldsmith under whom Francia worked until he gave himself up to painting those richly-coloured pictures, whose earnestness of expression suggests that deep piety for which the artist was justly noted.

Botticelli was another goldsmith-painter, known to us only by this name, the surname of the goldsmith to whom he was apprenticed; his own name was Sandro Filipepi. The goldsmith side of his nature shows itself in too great a display of jewellery and ornament in some of his works; his colour, too, is sometimes harsh; and perhaps his fondness for introducing mythological characters into sacred pictures was a reminiscence of the Cupids and other heathen gods he designed when a goldsmith.

Ghirlandajo derived his name from his skill in making silver garlands for his countrywomen, *ghirlanda* signifying "garland" in Italian. He is generally considered the prince of these goldsmith-painters, though according to Mr. Ruskin he was merely a goldsmith with a gift for portrait-painting all his life; and, so that great critic would say, rightly known to fame by a name earned while a goldsmith. His real name was Domenico Bigordi; he died suddenly in the prime of life. One of his pupils was the great Michael Angelo Buonarotti, generally known by his Christian name only.

It is rather a strange coincidence that the world's two greatest artists, Michael Angelo and Raphael, should be named after the archangels Michael and Raphael, but so it is; these were the Christian names of Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raffaelo Sanzio, and it would almost seem that their works reflect the peculiar glory of their angelic patrons. If Michael Angelo excelled all other artists in force and power, as he certainly did, Raphael no less exceeded all other painters in the angelic beauty of his figures, the perfection of his execution, the purity of his colour, the correctness of his drawing.

The prince of Venetian painters, Tiziano Vecellio, has come down to posterity by a shortened form of his Christian name, and "il divino Tiziano" is generally known as Titian, to which is sometimes added "da Cadore," that is, of Cadore, his birthplace; the greatest colourist even of the Venetian school, noted as that was for its glorious colouring, the finest portrait-painter of any age, who painted more masterpieces than any other great master, for he lived longer, who will deny him the sobriquet he earned in Venice—"il divino Tiziano?"

Belonging to that same Venetian school, so noted for its golden tones and depth of colour, were the two Palmas, uncle and nephew, both named Jacopo, but always known as Palma Vecchio and Palma Giovani—old Palma and young Palma—neither of whom is so well known in this country as he deserves to be. One or two of Palma Giovani's paintings have been considered worthy to adorn the large hall in the Ducal Palace at Venice, whose ceiling and walls have been decorated by Tintoretto and Paul Veronese.

Among those less fortunate painters who have earned their famous names by some personal peculiarity is Masaccio, or "the Sloven," whose claim to be called the father of Italian painting is considered by some critics to be greater than that of Cimabue, to whom it is more often given. He excelled chiefly in his treatment of the nude, and in his flesh-tints, in which, as well as in chiaro-oscuro, he far surpassed all his predecessors. His real name was Tommaso Guidi, but the painter of those wonderful frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence, is always known as Masaccio. Sloven though he probably was, from his frescoes the great Michael Angelo derived his knowledge of perspective.

Another celebrated painter, known only by his nickname of Guercino, or "the Squinter," was Francesco Barbieri; he was a very rapid worker, and produced over a hundred altar-pieces, besides a large number of historical paintings and frescoes. He was celebrated for the depth and brilliancy of his colours, and for his power of light and shade.

The painter, sculptor, and architect whose *chef d'œuvre*, the tabernacle in the church of Or San Michele, Florence, has been called the "jewel of Italy," is known only as Orcagna, a diminutive form of his nickname, "L'Arcagnolo." His real name of Andrea di Cione is lost in oblivion; while Orcagna's "Tabernacle," and Orcagna's painting of "Heaven and Hell," with his friends in heaven and his foes in hell, are famous all over the art world.

A still more celebrated Andrea was Andrea d'Agnolo, known to fame only as the tailor's son, del Sarto; rightly called "the faultless painter," for his drawing, colouring, and chiaro-oscuro were all perfect, while in power of expression he rivalled Raphael himself.

Correggio's admirers will perhaps be surprised to hear that his real name was Antonio Allegri: Correggio was the name of his birthplace, but he was only one of many painters whose real names are unknown while their birthplaces are bywords.

Pordenone, Parmigiano, and Sassoferrato are instances of this.

Pordenone, though not so well known in this country as in Italy, was one of the most distinguished Venetian painters, whose flesh tints are almost unrivalled. Even there, though, his real name of Giovanni Licinio is unknown, and Pordenone, the city of his birth, is the name we find under all his pictures.

Parmigiano, so called from Parma, his birthplace, was one Francesco Mazzuoli. He was an imitator of Correggio, the founder of the School of Parma, or Lombardy, but he excelled his master in correctness of drawing. Had he lived at any other time he would have been more famous, but he was a contemporary of Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Correggio, and, moreover, he died at thirty-six.

Sassoferrato, known for the ultra-softness of his style and his too great fondness for brilliant colour, was an imitator of Raphael, born at Sassoferrato. He belonged to the Bolognese school, and his real name was Giovanni Battista Salvi.

A Spanish painter named José de Ribera is known only as Lo Spagno, or Lo Spagnoletto—"the Spaniard," or "the little Spaniard." He was a pupil of Perugino, and lived a great part of his life in Naples.

Another of Perugino's pupils, who probably helped his master when at work in the Sistine Chapel, was called Pinturicchio. Probably this was a corruption of his own surname, Biagio, with the prefix *pintore*, the Italian for "painter." He was no doubt originally spoken of as Pintore Biagio, or the painter Biagio, which the Italian love of euphony would soon corrupt into Pinturicchio, by which name only is Bernardino di Biagio known.

Sometimes these painters are known to us by what we may call pet names, such as Giorgione, or "Big George," for Giorgio Barbarelli, Domenichino for Domenico Zamperi, and Canaletto for Antonio Canal. Few of Giorgione's beautiful golden-toned pictures remain to us, so many have been destroyed; and many others formerly attributed to him are now decided by critics to be by other artists.

Domenichino's masterpiece is "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," which has been thought worthy of a place in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's "Assumption." His sybils and his frescoes are also very famous. He was so slow a worker that he obtained the nickname of "the ox," which, happily, has not stuck to him.

Canaletto was a Venetian landscape painter, who delighted most in painting his native city, with its canals and palaces.

The shepherd lad, Ambrogiotto Bondone, whom Cimabue found painting while watching his sheep, and carried off as a pupil destined far to outstrip his master, has come down to posterity as Giotto, an abbreviation of his Christian name, a name which recalls to those fortunate people who have seen them the loveliest series of frescoes in Italy—the frescoes of S. Maria dell' Arena in Padua.

A characteristic story is told of Giotto when he had attained to some fame. He was one day asked by a messenger of the Pope, who had heard of his talent, for a specimen of his work, and, after looking at the elaborate designs of other artists competing for the same commission, he took up a pencil and drew with one stroke a perfect circle, telling the messenger that was all his Holiness required of him. Apparently it was, for he was sent for to Rome, where he left a record of his visit in a mosaic of a ship over the portico of St. Peter's, known to this day as Giotto's vessel.

Cimabue's real name is now known to be Giovanni Cenni. His nickname, Cimabue, means an "eminent blockhead," but why it should have been bestowed on the father of Italian painting we cannot tell.

The origin of Garofalo's sobriquet is doubtful. It is a corruption of *garofano*, a gilly-flower, with which device he signed his pictures, but it is also the name of the place from which his family came. His real name was Benvenuto Tisio. He worked under Raphael in the Vatican, but was afflicted with total blindness for the last nine years of his life.

Sebastiano Luciani is known only as Sebastiano del Piombo, but we have failed to discover why he was so called. He was a pupil of Bellini, and afterwards of Michael Angelo, and was noted for the delicacy of his work.

Two less known painters whose sobriquets are taken from their birthplaces are Jacopo da Ponte, known as Bassano, a fine Venetian painter, and Antonio Razzi, known as Sodoma, who is celebrated for his frescoes.

Giulio Romano, though he obtained his pseudonym from Rome, where he lived for many years, was expelled from that city for degrading art by painting some doubtful pictures. His real name was Giulio Pippi. Strange to say, he was a pupil of Raphael, who must have grieved over his abuse of his talent.

Verona, the birthplace of Paolo Caliari, gave its name to its most famous son, who is always known as Paul Veronese, the last great Venetian painter who is seen at his best in Venice. He is unrivalled for the life and action of his figures, and for his brilliant and yet delicate colouring and graceful pencilling.

Fra Bartolomeo, sometimes called Il Frate—"the friar," sometimes spoken of by his real name of Baccio della Porta, is best known by his religious name of Fra Bartolomeo, although he renounced the cloister to follow the art of painting under Raphael. The purity and holiness of his life are reflected in his pictures. He was a friend of Savonarola's, under whose influence he left the world to which he afterwards returned, for the cloister.

Such are the names by which we know the principal old masters of the Italian school, to which list many others of less known painters might be added.

ROSE DUDLEY'S VENTURE.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS.



ANNIE LEIGH and the "boys" met Rose Dudley at the station, and the former was struck directly with Rose's happier looks and lighter-hearted ways.

"Yes, I feel ever so much better about it," she whispered back to her in answer to a question of Annie's, who knew her strange position. "I must tell you why."

They all drove off in the merriest of moods, and the "boys," one of whom, however, was older than Rose, voted her "a brick," as they afterwards confided to their sister.

"Do you play tennis?" asked Herbert.

"Oh, can't she," said Annie, answering for her, "and beat you, too."

"Then we will have a match this very afternoon. Will you, Miss Dudley?"

"Certainly I will."

"Herbert, how can you, and just off a journey."

"I am not the least tired. I should like it of all things."

She was as good as her word, and, when luncheon was over, she declared her intention of getting herself ready for the match, notwithstanding Mr. and Mrs. Leigh's expressed fears of over-fatigue.

They had some capital games, and, as Annie had prophesied, Rose and Herbert beat Tom and herself easily. Of course Tom wanted his revenge; therefore the next morning they began again, seeming never to weary of the contest.

It was glorious weather; the Leighs were a united and amiable family, and certainly time did not hang heavily on anyone's hands at Ivy Lodge, least of all on Rose Dudley's.

There were rides, and drives, and picnics, and Rose was just telling herself that she had never spent three happier weeks, when something came to pass which suddenly changed the whole current of her thoughts, feelings, and ideas.

It was a very hot day—so hot that even the insatiable "boys" decided that it was not possible to play tennis or drive or ride until the sun had gone down. There were a few almost unbearable hours to be got through, and the elder lad, Herbert, as he generally did, took Rose under his wing, and said that he would show her the most comfortable and coolest spot in the whole place.

"Fetch your large hat and a jolly book, and then come with me."

Rose laughed, and suggested he had better help her to find a "jolly book," which he did promptly; then he led the way, and she followed.

"Oh, no, not there, Herbert—not in Mr. Leigh's study."

"Don't be frightened. Father is in town to-day; besides, you are a privileged person, and can go wherever you like. He told me so, and so did mother."

Along the whole length of that side of the house ran a deep balcony. Herbert dragged out the cosiest arm-chair and placed it in a corner outside.

"There, Miss Dudley; if there is any air to be found anywhere, you will feel it if you sit there facing that way. Now I'll leave you in peace, and I should not be surprised if you would not remain here until the tea-bell rings. Anyway, I will fetch you then."

He was right. It was a delicious spot. She was tired; the heat made her drowsy, and very soon the book fell on her knee and her eyes closed.

She dreamed all sorts of queer things: that it was already tea-time, and Herbert had come to fetch her. Then, with the strange mixing up of ideas in dreams, although it was Herbert, he was older, and appeared to be her father. He told her many things about himself, about his wife; that he had lately experienced a great trouble by the sudden loss of his eldest son; that Lady Olivia had become an invalid. He looked terribly unhappy, and he appeared to be wishing something of her; yet he was asking her timidly, as if he feared that she would not grant his request.

"It is retribution," she heard him saying. "I need you and your love, but I don't deserve either."

Yet, was it a dream? or rather, was it wholly a dream? Surely there were voices inside the room saying those words, or something like them.

She rubbed her eyes. Yes, there were voices. Mr. Leigh, who must have returned sooner than he was expected, was sitting in the study talking to his wife; and—yes, they were talking of her father and of her and her story. How strange! Their words must have mingled with her dream, and made her fancy that the one dearest wish of her heart had been fulfilled, and that her father loved her and needed her. How much, then, was dream, and how much was fact? Was he in deep family trouble? Was her stepmother very ill? Were they seeking paid help to——

She rose hastily, feeling the awkwardness of her position, and intending to show herself before they said anything more. At that moment, however, both rose and left the room. Perhaps after all, she argued, it was better not to show herself. It would have distressed them to see her suddenly appearing from the balcony. She would take Mrs. Leigh aside directly after tea and tell her all that she had overheard. Indeed, for her own sake she must do so, even if honour had not compelled her, for she must learn at once and for certain how much was dream and how much was truth. Then she fell down again in her seat, and she looked far out, seeing visions—ah! surely strange ones; if only one-half of what she had dreamt or heard proved true, she saw her way to entering her father's house at last. Yes, positively she did—it would be a bold step, and perhaps she might be blamed; and yet no, not if she succeeded; and besides, her aim was good.

But alas! of what use to think of it? She would not be allowed, and it would not be kind to dear Aunt Hester, who had been everything in the world to her.

The tea-bell rang, and Herbert appeared and broke into her reverie. In a few moments they were in the drawing-room, the boy laughing and teasing her, and declaring that she looked as if she had been to sleep, Rose taking his jests merrily.

Once there, however, among the others Rose became very quiet. She could not shake off her thoughts, and the plan which she had suddenly conceived was growing clearer and clearer in her mind and yet was so daring that it overwhelmed her.

No sooner was tea over than Mrs. Leigh felt a slim hand in hers, and an anxious pleading face looked up at her with a request for a few quiet moments together.

"Why, Rose, is it so important—at once, and alone?"

The girl nodded an assent.

"Very well, dear; come this way."

In a few minutes the whole story, or rather confession, was poured out. Mrs. Leigh was dismayed, remembering how freely they had blamed Mr. Dudley—how they had spoken of his domestic bereavements as retribution.

"Oh, Rose, I am sorry. I fear we said many things that must have pained you."

"But, Mrs. Leigh, I am thankful; for now I see a possible way out of—at least——"

"What did you really hear, dear?"

"Have they lately lost their eldest son?"

"Yes, he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot."

"And the shock has made Lady Olivia seriously ill?"

"Yes, she is almost an invalid."

"Have they any daughters now? I think they had one, did they not? but aunt never speaks of them."

"There was one—Katie, but she died at fifteen, a year or so ago. Is that all, Rose?"

"I think there was something else. They have one child left—a young boy?"

"Yes, little Hugh. He is about five."

"And my father, finding everything so difficult, is looking out for a girl, a young woman to help in the household, and teach the little fellow—a kind of lady-help. Am I right?"

"Yes; that is everything that passed almost. I see how it was. You fell asleep and dreamed of your father. Then as you were awakening we came in and talked, and you took our conversation for the continuation of your dream. Well, dear child, you have made your confession and so——"

Rose flushed scarlet.

"Mrs. Leigh, that is not all that I wanted. I have an idea, a plan"—she went on rapidly to give herself courage. "They are in sorrow—they need help—they have no daughter. I could be of use to my father—I——"

"Rose, you astonish me! Do you mean that you want to go there—to Dudley Court—to the stepmother who would not have you—to the father who parted from you at his wife's bidding? Where is your pride, child? Besides, Lady Olivia would most probably refuse. She would rather have hired help, you may depend upon it."

"No, Mrs. Leigh, I did not mean that. I could not go as Rose Dudley, my father's daughter, and I should not think of it; neither as Lady Olivia's step-daughter; but I could go as their lady-help, suppressing my own identity of course."

Mrs. Leigh turned pale.

The girl flung her arms round her.

"That is why I want your help, dear Mrs. Leigh. You could, I know, persuade auntie; you are the only person in the world who could."

"But, dear child, I am not sure that I wish to do so."

"You would if you knew how I long to go; how much—all that there is in my heart about them," she said pleadingly, her young face so full of yearning that it was touching to see.

"But, Rose, the difficulties—the impossibilities, in fact."

"No, no; not half so bad as you think. I thought it all out in those few minutes. It came into my head like an inspiration, and the way to carry it out at the same time. Of course I must change my name, but that is the only deception needful. Neither of them could possibly know me. Aunt says I am not at all like poor mamma; I believe I am more like papa, though not particularly so."

"Dearest child, you could never carry it through. You have no idea what it would be to hide your identity or take another's."

"But, Mrs. Leigh, I should only want to be there for a few weeks. I quite see that I could not carry it on for long; besides, I could not leave auntie for longer. That would be sufficient for me. I should get a glimpse of them all; be in the home of my own kindred; see whether I could love them, whether they could like me. Yet of what use to go on, if you will not help me. I must resign myself; but such a chance would never, never come again," the girl added, heaving a deep sigh of disappointment.

Rose moved away from her friend, but Mrs. Leigh followed her. The latter had always felt the keenest sympathy for Rose Dudley's story, and now she could not help seeing that the girl was prompted by perfectly good, kind motives. Her filial feelings were clearly very strong—too strong to be crushed even by the treatment which she had received. The first intimation which happened to come to her that her father was in sorrow filled her with a wild desire to go to him.

Was it right for her or for Mrs. Dudley to check so praiseworthy a spirit? Should they decide to refuse their sanction to her desired venture, might not the day come when they would regret it? The wish to try and effect some sort of reconciliation, to place herself on a more natural footing with her own father and stepmother and brother, would never leave the child's heart, and should it please God to take Aunt Hester to Himself, if Rose had won for herself her rightful place in her own home——

At that point, however, she checked thoughts which were soaring as high, perhaps, as Rose's own.

She took the girl's sweet pathetic young face in her hands and gazed into it for a moment before she spoke, thinking the while that probably neither she nor even Mrs. Dudley, who knew her well, had divined the innermost feelings of this worse than orphan girl.

"Don't worry yourself any longer, child; I will see what I can do for you. I cannot promise to succeed, but I can promise to try my best."

"Oh, Mrs. Leigh, what can I say to you—how can I ever thank you enough?" and the grateful girl embraced her with enthusiasm, her face illumined with joy and thankfulness.

* * * *

"Stocken Hill! Stocken Hill!" cried out a guard one afternoon early in September, opening the doors for a few passengers who alighted, one of whom was a tall, slight girl, Rose Dudley, or rather Rachel Dent, as she had decided to call herself.

"Yes, I have a box," she said, in answer to a question from a porter. "Is there anyone here to meet me?"

"Where for?"

"Dudley Court."

"Dudley Court! Yes, ma'am," touching his cap again at discovering her destination.

A respectable elderly coachman came forward.

"I was to ask for Miss Rachel Dent—be you Miss Dent, ma'am?"

"Quite right," she said, avoiding a direct answer; and in a few minutes she was in her father's carriage, driven by her father's coachman towards the home which she was entering by stratagem in a paid capacity.

The girl, with Mrs. Leigh's help, had won her way; she had started, therefore, on her enterprise with Aunt Hester's permission. Yet, as she neared the "Court," the importance, the enormity of what she was doing almost unnerved her. There was no drawing back now. She was engaged, by means of correspondence, to be lady-help to Lady Olivia Dudley; and although it might not be for long, whether she liked it or not the engagement must be carried out. She had been recommended by Mrs. Leigh, who, fearing that she would dislike the dependence of the position in which she had chosen to place herself, had written a letter which she hoped would smooth her way for her. "She is a dear young friend of my own," she had said, "a lady by birth and education. Your terms are most generous, but I may say here, that in truth money is not her object. She is well off, and has prospects besides; but owing to peculiar circumstances she is somewhat friendless, and desires the occupation." She had tried to keep as near the truth as possible, and, moreover, she knew that those two words "peculiar circumstances" would save her from curious and inconvenient enquiries about her personal history.

Rose knew something of the contents of this friendly letter, yet as the carriage rolled her nearer and nearer she became almost unendurably troubled.

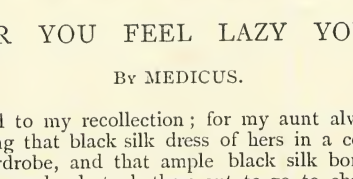
"Had she done an unpardonable thing? She was thrusting herself where she was not wanted—prying into a family life which should have been hers, but which instead was, alas! no concern of hers."

Presently the carriage passed through the gates, and her excitement was so great that she forgot to feel nervous. She had not been born at Dudley Court, yet every inch of the place possessed a deep interest for her. She had looked at the country as she drove, and had noted many points of beauty. It was undulating and well wooded. Here and there she had caught a glimpse of a large red house almost covered with green, and as they proceeded up the path it stood revealed in full.

This, then, was Dudley Court—this huge place with its deep porticoed doorway and wilderness of windows. It was very fine and grand, yet perhaps had old Mr. Dudley possessed a smaller estate, her father's first and humble marriage would have been forgiven and then everything——

But this was no time to lose herself in thoughts of what might have been. The carriage stopped, the door was instantly opened as if by a magic hand, a pompous butler came out, followed by a younger footman; she and her box were taken possession of, and she disappeared inside.

(*To be continued.*)



"WHENE'ER YOU FEEL LAZY YOU'RE ILL."

By MEDICUS.

As I seat myself in front of this ancient piano, and permit my fingers to stray heedlessly over the keys, memories of the past steal o'er me, as the song says. For this old piano reminds me of an aunt of mine—that is, it brings the good soul once more into the field of vision of my imagination. Perhaps the comparison is no compliment to my aunt. Well, for that matter, it may be no compliment to the piano. This piano has seen better days! It is a seaside-apartments piano. It is somewhat stringy. It is severely genteel—so was my aunt. The front is covered with black silk, adorned with white lilies and green leaves. The lily was my aunt's favourite flower; but the comparison does not end here, for as I play, there is wafted from the instrument an odour of cedar. There I have her again—my aunt I mean—for auntie always smelt of cedar on Sunday. It is this cedary scent, more than anything else, that brings the dear old soul to my recollection; for my aunt always hung that black silk dress of hers in a cedar wardrobe, and that ample black silk bonnet also, and only took them out to go to church in. Once I remember she wore them on a week day; that was when her canary died, and lay in state till sundown in a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tin, then was put to rest under a rosebush in the back garden. Aunt would have me to walk to church with her every Sabbath day, and carry her Bible and her morsel of Southern-wood, and take a tea-dinner, with good advice, after coming home. I was only a mite of a Medicus then, a delicate, china-faced little chap, with a surtout coat, a tall hat, and Eton collar, habiliments that I thoroughly hated, and never by any chance felt at home in. Ah! well, this was some years ago. My good old maiden aunt has gone to her sweet by-bye; but between you and me, reader mine, the dear soul really commenced my medical education. I verily believe she knew more about homely physiology, and homely ills and ailments, than old Dr. Riddell himself, and that is saying a good deal.

"Williamie," she would say sometimes during that tea-dinner.

"That's me, auntie," I would reply, regardless of grammar.

"Williamie, study the Good Book, laddie. Let it be your guide in life, a lamp unto your feet, a light unto your path."

"Yes, auntie."

"And next to religion, boy, comes health. Don't forget that. Don't forget what good Dr. Buchan tells you."

"No, auntie."

The fact is, that during that tea-dinner, with buttered scones and crumpets as accessories, to say nothing of marmalade of auntie's own making, I was in a mood to promise anything.

Auntie had undertaken my education for six months, during the time the new school was being built. But auntie had some curious notions of her own anent the correct method of teaching the young idea how to shoot. A few of the books she set me to read, during what she was pleased to call my "idle hours," I really did like: the "Book of Revelations," for example, and "Solomon's Song." I delighted, too, in Bunyan's wondrous story, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, though I fear I associated it in some indirect way with *Jack the Giant Killer*. But, on the other hand, there were books set before me to peruse that I shrank from as I used to shrink from a dose of salts and senna—*Paradise Lost*, for instance. Milton was a pet poet of auntie's, but till this day I cannot understand how she could have expected me to appreciate his soul-stirring lines. I have never really read Milton since. But more strange still, I was set to study certain portions of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*. Exceedingly interesting surely for a child barely eight years old, and in the sweet summer-time too, with gentle breezes rustling through the pine woods, where the birds' nests were; with wild flowers blooming wanton in meadow, in moorland, and copse; with skylarks singing high over the green of the corn, and red-spotted mountain trout leaping joyously in every glad streamlet that went singing away to the sea. I used to long to burn that book, and as to Dr. Buchan himself, I do believe that had I met the old gentleman in one of the green lanes, or any other old gentleman that I fancied was he, I should have flung a piece of turf at his hat. Very naughty, I grant you, but it is a proof that education should not be forced upon children with too great severity. I might have tried to shirk Dr. Buchan's book, but I had to be examined afterwards on what I had read.

Now I have no doubt my auntie's intentions were of the very best; where she erred was in forgetting that my intellectual capacity was not so large as her own. It is futile to attempt to empty a bushel of apples into a gallon measure. Nevertheless, the dear old soul—by-the-way, I never dared call her old while she was alive—instilled into my mind much good advice, and many an aphorism which I have never forgotten. One of these is embodied in the line which forms my text for this month's health sermon—

"Whene'er you feel lazy you're ill."

"Auntie," I used to say sometimes, in a pleading tone of voice, "I can't get on with this "Paradise" story."

"Then you can't be well, child," she would probably reply. "You are yawning; you are lazy. Whene'er you feel lazy you're ill."

I used to spruce myself up after that, for awful visions of brimstone and cream of tartar loomed in the immediate distance; and it is wonderful how I got on for a time after auntie's dread sentence was thundered forth—a proof, I think, that you never know what you can do till you try. This last was another favourite expression of auntie's. And let me tell you this, girls: throughout my whole life that simple truism has been worth more than gold to me, and more than once it has saved my life. If I were to die to-morrow I would like to leave that single sentence as a legacy to the gentle readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER—"You never know what you can do till you try."

But now to my text. Laziness is certainly a strange subject to write about, all the more so in that it is considered no compliment to be called lazy. But you will at once perceive that I impute occasional fits of laziness to temporary derangement of the health. Of course there are girls who are constitutionally lazy, congenitally lazy—who have been born lazy, so to speak—who laze through life, and who may live quite a long time because they are too lazy to do anything else. I do not know that I have much to say to this class, nor any cure to propose. Those that belong to it are certainly not the salt of the earth, and we should hardly miss them if they emigrated, say to the Azores or the lone Bermudas, or some other isle of Indolence—

"Some pleasing land of drowsy head,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eyes,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

Ah! well, there is always one consoling thought that comes uppermost when I think of girls of this kind; if they do no good in the world they are too lazy to do any harm.

But a word to the "salt of the earth." I would have you to distinguish, in the first place, betwixt laziness and fatigue.

From a physiological point of view—now, young ladies, bear with me one minute, and I assure you that your dose of physiology shall be a very small one—from a physiological point of view laziness and fatigue are not dissimilar. You have been at a ball last night perhaps, or you have been for a very long walk, or a lengthened spin on your new tricycle, and you feel what you call lazy afterwards; but this is genuine fatigue. The ball or the ride is the *raison d'être*, don't you know. There has been an over-expenditure of nerve force; the vital energy is so far weakened that the brain cannot supply enough to the heart to enable it to work as strongly as it ought to. The heart can neither give out nor receive back the blood sufficiently energetically, so it becomes dammed up in the capillaries of the brain. Hence the sleepy feeling, which, in cases of very great fatigue, is accompanied by an utter inability to go to sleep. In this last case exertion and excitement have been carried far beyond the bounds of prudence—to a dangerous extent, in fact, if the subject be young or delicate. The cure for genuine fatigue of this kind is, of course, rest and sleep. But not sleep on an empty stomach; remember that. A cup of cocoa should be taken, with a biscuit or two, or, better still, a cup of beef tea with a good slice of toast. During even an hour's sleep, if taken as I advise, the brain's recuperative powers will assert themselves, and the individual will awake refreshed and happy. If, on the other hand, she awakes peevish, it is a sign the digestion is all wrong, and the sooner it is seen to the better.

In a case of genuine laziness we have, as I have said, much the same physiological phenomena, but from a very different cause. The brain capillaries here become congested from the want of heart force to send the blood onwards through them. The subject—I had almost said sufferer—has been doing but little previously perhaps; has been taking very little exercise, and probably staying too much indoors, and breathing too much carbonic acid gas. The heart, therefore, has got out of form, got softened and weakened. You know why a blacksmith's right arm is so strong and hard. It is because the constant exertion brings the blood to it; it feeds itself well, so to speak, and gets as tough as a ship's mainstay. So would your biceps after a course of gymnastics or dumb bells. Well, the heart is a muscle, and if it does not get enough exercise it becomes enfeebled and—you feel lazy.

You can see now, I presume, that if a girl is subject to fits of laziness she is not in perfect health. With a heart even temporarily enfeebled come all kinds of disagreeable feelings, bodily and mental. There really is at times considerable distress of body, often great restlessness; the digestion becomes disordered, and probably refuge is sought for in cordials or other medicines, that cannot do one atom of good because this treatment does not go to the root of the trouble. If neuralgia makes up its mind to attack one or two of a bevy of girls it invariably seeks out the lazy ones. But, apart from neuralgia, little aches that, were the girl moving energetically about, would never be felt, are magnified into positive pains, and she may end by fancying herself an invalid. She doesn't sleep well at night, and she dreams when she does sleep, and is very often found rehearsing her dreams at the breakfast table as she lazes over her cup of tea and miserable mite of toast.

There are mental troubles too. Instead of looking at the world through rose-tinted glasses, everything appears to her as if viewed through a piece of a broken beer-bottle. All sorts of disagreeable things are going to happen to her; everybody is heartless, and no one really loves her. To put it in broad but expressive Scotch—

"The lift's gaun tae fa', and smore the laverocks,"

which, being interpreted, signifies that the sky is going to collapse and smother the larks.

Now, I maintain that there is no need to fear for the laverocks, nor for the lazy girl either if she will do what I tell her. O, you can't; can't you? You hate exertion, and you know what I am going to propose. Let me tell you this: you never know what you can do till you try.

Now just go to your looking-glass; you know the road, I dare say? Is your face not somewhat wan? Are not your tongue and gums paler than they ought to be? You are not *al*together well, child. But there is nothing *very* serious the matter with you. And yours is just one of those cases that are amenable to home treatment. Truth to tell, I believe most medical men called in would lose patience with you in a week.

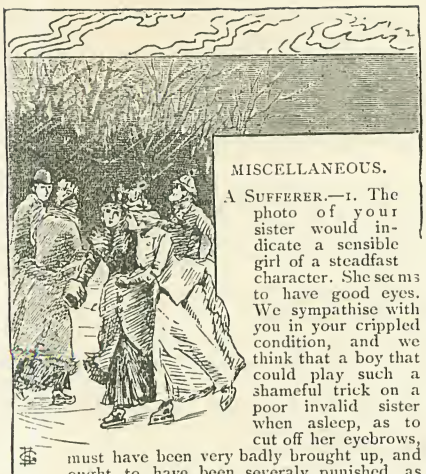
But you know that brown tincture called steel drops. Get an ounce at a chemist's, and take fifteen drops thrice a day in water, after meals: ten if you are under fifteen. Keep this up for three weeks. The Kepler solution of cod liver oil with extract of malt would also do you a world of good. Any chemist would get it for you. Dose, a dessertspoonful thrice daily, gradually increased to a tablespoonful, and kept up for months if you like. That is *not* all the medicine you require. One or two pills should be taken now and then at bedtime, and there is nothing to beat Cockle's. Cockle was a medical man, remember; you will not catch me recommending a quack pill.

That is everything in the shape of medicine you need, unless you get some bitter bark and roots and brew some appetising tonic for yourself in an old teapot. The chemist gives you the proportions, and half a wineglassful about twenty minutes before sitting down to meals would assist, if it did not ensure, a good appetite.

So much for medicine. But this is really not everything, for to give the tonics I have just prescribed without attending to the ordinary laws of health would be about as useless and foolish as to place a hearty dinner before a fever-stricken invalid. Exercise in the open air you must take. Nay, but you shall. You never know what you can do till you try. It should be as exhilarating as possible. Walking is excellent if you have a cheerful companion. Perhaps both girls may benefit thus. And the exercise should be carried almost to the boundary line of fatigue. Good, wholesome, happy tiredness. You may laze after this if you please. The bath—cold I mean—is a great nerve and heart invigorator.

I have only to add that the plan of treatment I have just propounded will do excellently well to strengthen and tone any young girl suffering from debility of nerve and muscle. Only it must be carried out regularly and not in any half-hearted way.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sufferer.—1. The photo of your sister would indicate a sensible girl of a steadfast character. She seems to have good eyes. We sympathise with you in your crippled condition, and we think that a boy that could play such a shameful trick on a poor invalid sister when asleep, as to cut off her eyebrows, must have been very badly brought up, and ought to have been severely punished, as his mischievous and unkindly inclinations might prove very dangerous. We cannot give you any prescription for the excessive subsequent growth of which you complain.—2. It is a great satisfaction to hear that our paper is such a comfort to you.

Guild.—If you wish to form a guild in the parish you would do well to consult your clergyman on the subject. It would have a better standing under his patronage, and work more efficiently with his aid. All advice you may need he will be able to give.

Prematurely Aged.—We should think that the grey patch of hair of which you complain, so unusual at your age, may be hereditary, descending from some generations back. If not, it is loss of nervous power, and your general health needs building up, and overstudy avoided. Use some strengthening wash for the hair.

Heliotrope.—Alas! we must all feel, or ought to do so, as St. Paul did when he said, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Our standard should be of the highest; our aim to strive after a perfection which the infinitely Holy One alone can exemplify. Even in the realms of the blessed we read that "He chargeth His Angels with folly;" and "The heavens are not clean in His sight." You are unhappy because you do not see that, however sanctified you may be as a poor finite being, you can only be counted holy, and fit to stand in the presence of your Maker, in the perfect robe of Christ's righteousness, which is "unto all, and upon all, them that believe." "Their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord," who is "made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "All *our* righteousness is as filthy rags!" Be content with no low standard of holiness; strive earnestly, by Divine help, to "walk worthy" of your "calling"; but remember that it is only in the white robe of your Redeemer's righteousness that you will be clothed with the "wedding garment."

Kathleen.—When you knew that your letters were not to be sent to the school, you ought to have written at once to prevent a recurrence of the error. Do not quarrel with the man who burned the second letter, as he was ill-bred as well as ill-natured, and you should have as little as possible to say to such people.

C. A. Davidson.—How can we tell you "which is the best situation for you," when you have mentioned none to choose from? If only sixteen, perhaps one as under-nurse or under-housemaid might suit you.

Phillis Blanche.—Gluttony is sinful, and a low and loathsome indulgence; a waste of food and money, of which you should be deeply ashamed. Take one ordinary help of meat and vegetables, and of second course, should there be any. Had you no higher motive, you may do well to remember that you will become diseased very shortly if you continue to indulge in "excessive eating." Set an example of temperance in all things.

Peare and Ruby.—As you do not repeat your query, we are unable to answer it. Pearl's writing is a little more formed than Ruby's, which is that of a child, but promises well.

M. McNeil.—1. A young shop-assistant should not bow to ladies, who merely deal at the shop, when passing them in the street. She should look down. And even in the shop she should only give a little smile of recognition in return for the notice already given by her customer. If the latter be a personal friend, or one in her own position of life, the case would be altered.—2. The first, or chief bridesmaid stands nearest to the bride, and takes her bouquet and left-hand glove, when the ring is about to be placed on her finger.

Latina.—The "h" is mute in the words "honour," "hour," "honest." But it is the exception when it is not aspirated. It is sounded in "heaven," "house," "hill," "horse," "hamlet," "humble," "herb," etc. There are some who speak otherwise correctly, and in the style of the highest class in society, who drop the "h" in "humble"; but this is a departure, as a rule, from the pronunciation of those who speak the best English.

Total Abstainer.—Certainly port and sherry are "intoxicating," if taken in sufficient quantity, and very expensive too.

One in Despair is in an unsatisfactory state of health, which produces a morbid, unhealthy condition of mind. She is inconsistent. She is "disgusted with the whole world," and "not one person is to be trusted." Yet she admits that she makes an exception of her mother and eldest sister. She "gets in most dreadful tempers" (which Christianity condemns); and adds, "Nobody likes me." Whose fault is that? And she says, "I really think I shall turn Agnostic!"—(How would that make the matter better?)—and adds, "Do you think it is worth while for me to go on living?" Yes, we do think so., since "God willeth not the death of a sinner;" and "The goodness and forbearance of God leadeth to repentance." Ask Him to forgive you for all that is past, and give you strength to cure your temper, and be grateful to Him who forbears so patiently with one so disagreeable that "nobody likes her." "Him that cometh unto *Me* I will in no wise cast out."

Primrose (Yokohama).—1. We should not advise you to be "talkative." That would be little agreeable to anyone. But certainly, if "papa and I are left together for the whole day," we understand that "it is not very pleasant my not saying anything—" that you "have nothing to say." But of course you ought, for good breeding's sake, no less than from kind feeling, to make a serious effort to make the time pass more agreeably. Ask him questions about home in England, about his early life, and your mutual relatives. Tell him of any news you have read or heard, of people you have visited or met, books you are studying, work you are doing. Offer to read to him, to write for him. It should be regarded as a duty to make yourself both agreeable and useful to him.—2. You will see a mention of new music, as well as songs and pianoforte pieces, in our paper.

L. A. D.—To strengthen your voice, which must be exerted in teaching, perhaps to gargle with a weak solution of alum and water, or use tannin lozenges.

A Nurse.—You might offer your little articles of work for sale to a ready-made clothes shop; or for a basket such as you see on any haberdasher's counter. You might obtain orders, which would be still more satisfactory.

S. A.—We do not answer the sort of questions you have asked; but you can obtain all the information you require from the friends you name as having been so kind to you. At the same time, we strongly urge you to consult your parents' wishes, and, judging from your hand, it is our opinion that you are far too young to undertake the situation and work which you desire. Wait a few years, and ask for Divine enlightenment and guidance.

Victoria Maud.—1. Probably sea air would do you good. You should also get a doctor to prescribe something to enrich your blood. Your diet should be very nutritious, yet light, and easy of digestion; and you should be much in the open air, yet avoid all fatigue.—2. If your thrush be a female it will not sing.

T. H.—1. We congratulate you on having taken "senior honours, and the highest marks ever taken in the centre." Certainly you may write "Senior Medallist for Music at Trinity Col., London," after your name if you like, when applying for a professional engagement.—2. You might make brooches of the medals.

Carnation.—Most of the bromides are given to relieve pain. Avoid using them, especially bromide of potassium. They are deadly poisons: and while giving temporary relief, they do permanent injury. Yet it is quite possible that a good doctor might order it in a special case, and under his own direction. Take none without medical advice.

Primrose.—It is fortunate that your occupation gives an appetite; but beware of indulging it too freely. The stomach is a delicate piece of machinery, committed to your care by Him who gives life to be preserved and used for His glory, and your own good, as well as for service to others. You should always leave off eating with a feeling that you could eat more with perfect comfort. As to your friend who drinks vinegar to reduce her flesh, she will utterly destroy her digestion, thin her blood, and produce some horrible disease.

Ah-Sinn.—The lines you quote are, we believe, by some obscure writer; and if known, are at least not poetry.

Alice Pugh.—Your poem is pretty, and freely written, and is superior to the generality of verses sent to us.

Ethelfrida.—We rarely answer "indignant" little girls, especially those who express themselves very badly, and whose writing is still worse a performance. But, in pity for her ignorance in these three respects, we condescend to tell her that subjects in black and white and in colour can be obtained by hire, or by sale, at any artists' colourman's. We have given full information already respecting the Sea-shell Mission. Write for a prospectus to Mr. C. Darkin, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, S.W.

Allie 2nd.—1. We suppose the "grand old blind poet" was Milton, whose poems were written from dictation by his devoted daughters. We know of no other of England.—2. See our answer to "Allie."

Maggie Tulliver.—You should not endeavour to learn much at a time. Two or three bars would be quite sufficient, and when perfectly acquired by memory, add a few more, joining the first set to them, and so keeping up your recollection of the first set with your learning of the next.

A Reader of the "G. O. P."—We never promise an answer in our next monthly number. Classes, such as you require are held at South Kensington, and at the Women's College, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

Anxious Dot.—Read our articles on the care of the hands and feet, by "Medicus." If you have the constitutional defect of damp hands, you are disqualified from pursuing the art of ecclesiastical embroidery. The condition of your eyes, regarded in connection with your doing such work, is one of common occurrence, and may result entirely from it. We know three ladies who injured their eyes permanently by this kind of embroidery.

Allie.—We do not repeat our answers more than a dozen times. It is a waste of space, and uninteresting to the majority of our readers. The French proverb, "*Noblesse oblige*" may be interpreted in this way: that the higher your social position, and the greater your advantages, the more, in every respect, will be expected of you. Your noble birth and training must lead in consistency to your performing noble, honourable, and generous acts. The sentence is left unfinished, but is very comprehensible—"Nobility constrains," or, literally, "obliges."

Florry Whitear.—Show your diseased cat to a veterinary surgeon, and beware of touching it without gloves. Skin complaints are often contagious.

Enquirer.—On no account should "a magpie's tongue be cut to enable it to talk." What an atrocious act! And even worse as contemplated by a little girl. We are utterly shocked at your enquiring how to carry out so cruel an act, even were it successful in making the poor bird speak, which we deny.

Scotch Lassie.—If you kept your thrush's cage as clean as it ought to be, the bird's feet would not get dirty, and you need not terrify him by catching him to wash them.

A. G. W.—We cannot supply you with the names of any firms that employ copyists in their own homes; but perhaps you could obtain employment in this or some other way by applying at the "Ladies' Guild Association" in Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, London. Write for a copy of their prospectus. They provide employment in several ways on certain terms.

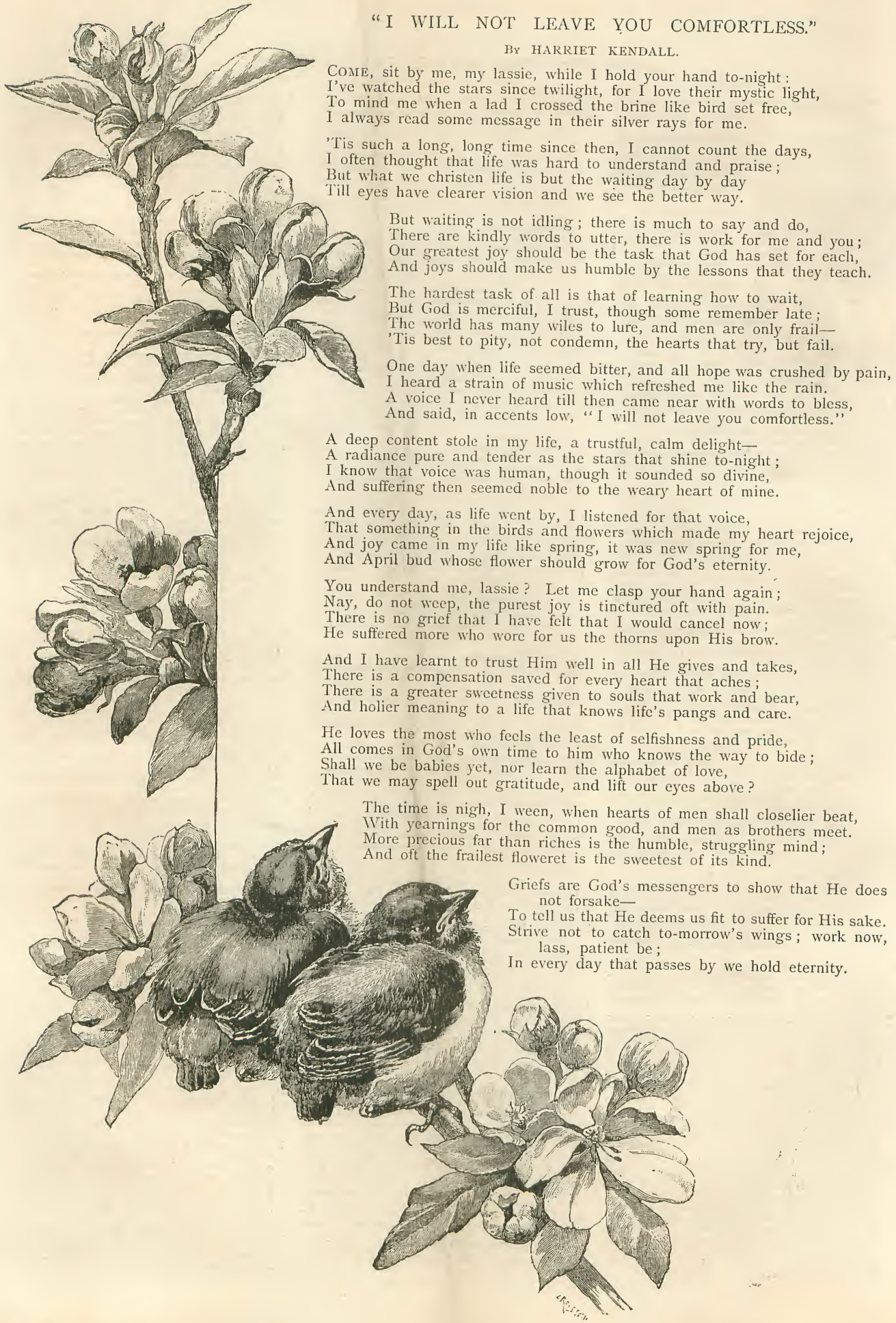
Anxious.—Although troubled with rheumatism you must keep yourself well washed. But your ablutions should be rapidly done; and we recommend the use of a rough towel, and with a blanket rolled round you to complete the process of drying. Also, you should wear a woollen garment next to the skin.

Sweetheart.—We sympathise with you on the ill-natured comments made on the little down, which so much annoys you, on your upper lip. Yet, after all, in some cases it is rather becoming than otherwise, and gives a distinctive individuality to a face which, to those who love you, cannot prove unsightly. We do not recommend the use of depilatories; but if you greatly dislike this characteristic yourself, you might gently rub with pumice-stone night and morning after washing your face. We much approve of the tone of your nice letter.

Bashful Rose enquires, "What colour of dress looks well on fair hair?" You may wear a hat or bonnet "on your hair," but not "a dress." Try to write correctly. Blue, violet, black, and white are all becoming to fair people.

E. M. G.—The letter "h" is mute in the words "honour," "honest," "humour," and in several others. If ever in company with half-educated cockneys or London servants, you may feel quite safe in reversing the use of the "h" systematically in every word they utter; just as you would in that of the words shall and will, should and would, as employed by the Irish.

May.—1. Singeing is better than cutting the hair; but beware of doing it yourself. It should be done by an experienced hand.—2. Use a thimble at the side and near the top.



"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS."

By HARRIET KENDALL.

COME, sit by me, my lassie, while I hold your hand to-night:
I've watched the stars since twilight, for I love their mystic light,
To mind me when a lad I crossed the brine like bird set free,
I always read some message in their silver rays for me.

'Tis such a long, long time since then, I cannot count the days,
I often thought that life was hard to understand and praise;
But what we christen life is but the waiting day by day
Till eyes have clearer vision and we see the better way.

But waiting is not idling; there is much to say and do,
There are kindly words to utter, there is work for me and you;
Our greatest joy should be the task that God has set for each,
And joys should make us humble by the lessons that they teach.

The hardest task of all is that of learning how to wait,
But God is merciful, I trust, though some remember late;
The world has many wiles to lure, and men are only frail—
'Tis best to pity, not condemn, the hearts that try, but fail.

One day when life seemed bitter, and all hope was crushed by pain,
I heard a strain of music which refreshed me like the rain.
A voice I never heard till then came near with words to bless,
And said, in accents low, "I will not leave you comfortless."

A deep content stole in my life, a trustful, calm delight—
A radiance pure and tender as the stars that shine to-night;
I know that voice was human, though it sounded so divine,
And suffering then seemed noble to the weary heart of mine.

And every day, as life went by, I listened for that voice,
That something in the birds and flowers which made my heart rejoice,
And joy came in my life like spring, it was new spring for me,
And April bud whose flower should grow for God's eternity.

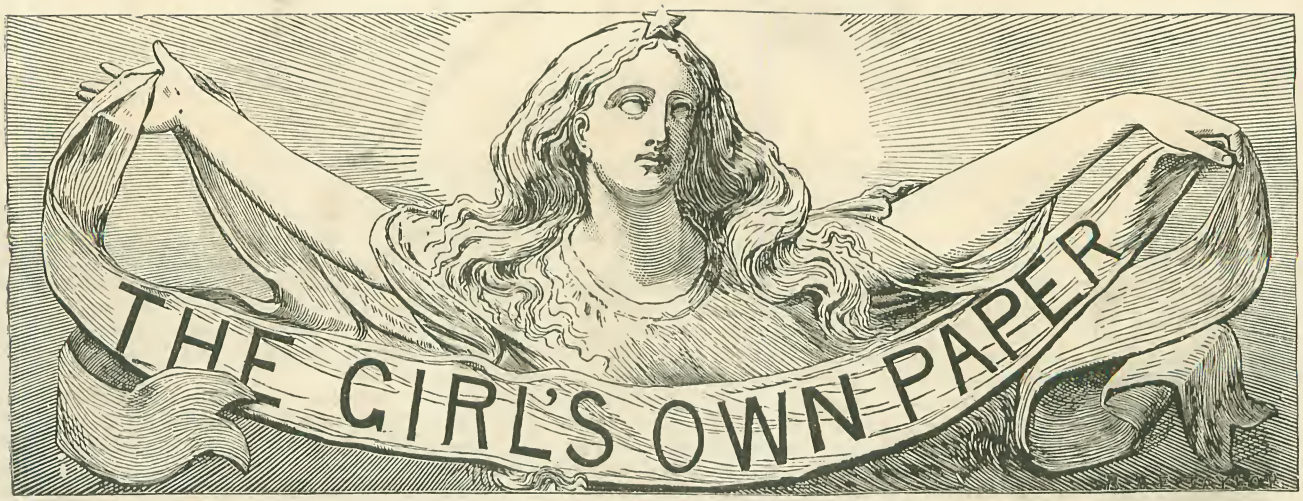
You understand me, lassie? Let me clasp your hand again;
Nay, do not weep, the purest joy is tinctured oft with pain.
There is no grief that I have felt that I would cancel now;
He suffered more who wore for us the thorns upon His brow.

And I have learnt to trust Him well in all He gives and takes,
There is a compensation saved for every heart that aches;
There is a greater sweetness given to souls that work and bear,
And holier meaning to a life that knows life's pangs and care.

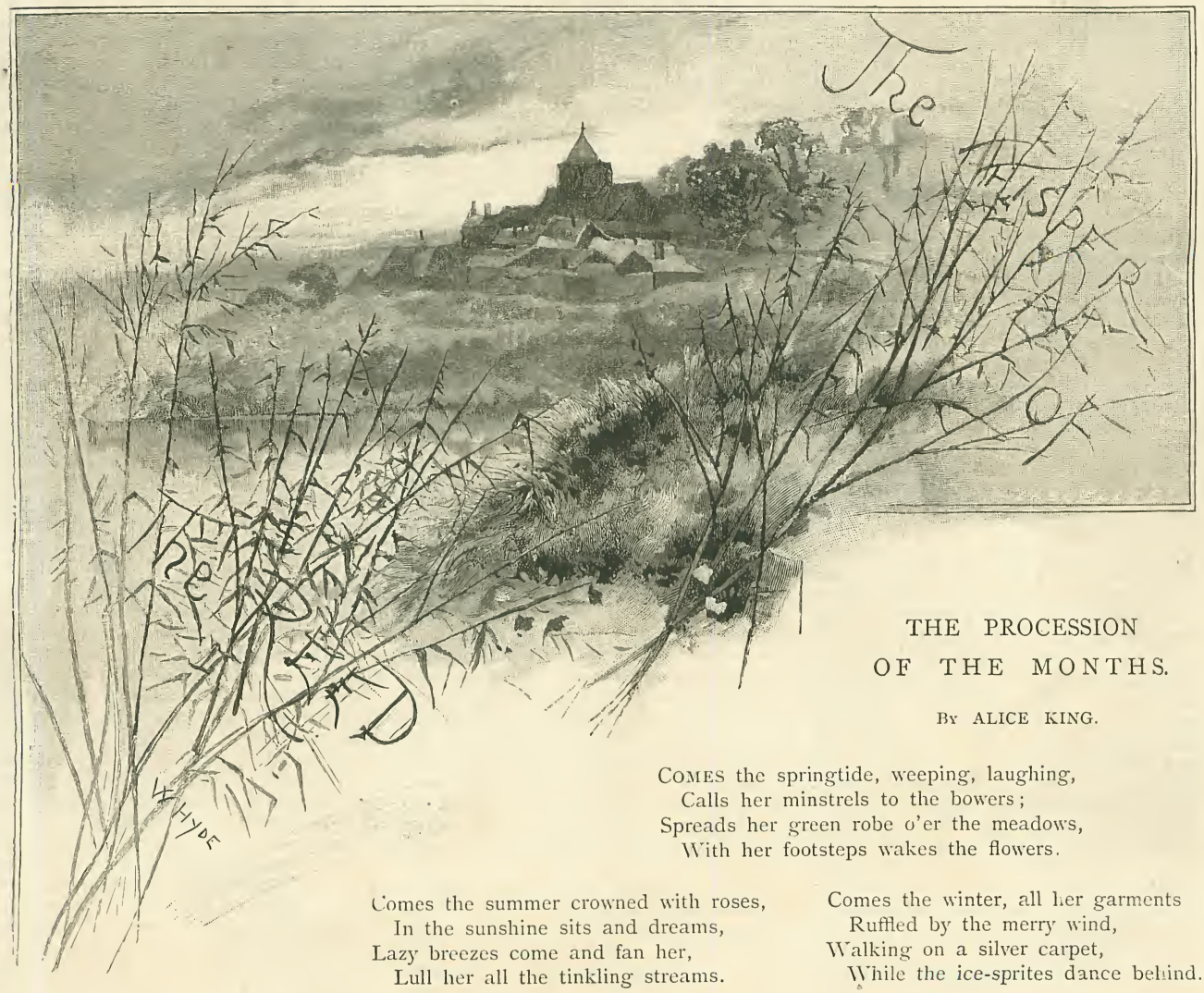
He loves the most who feels the least of selfishness and pride,
All comes in God's own time to him who knows the way to bide;
Shall we be babies yet, nor learn the alphabet of love,
That we may spell out gratitude, and lift our eyes above?

The time is nigh, I ween, when hearts of men shall closelier beat,
With yearnings for the common good, and men as brothers meet.
More precious far than riches is the humble, struggling mind;
And oft the frailest floweret is the sweetest of its kind.

Griefs are God's messengers to show that He does not forsake—
To tell us that He deems us fit to suffer for His sake.
Strive not to catch to-morrow's wings; work now, lass, patient be;
In every day that passes by we hold eternity.



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THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

BY ALICE KING.

COMES the springtide, weeping, laughing,
Calls her minstrels to the bowers;
Spreads her green robe o'er the meadows,
With her footsteps wakes the flowers.

Comes the summer crowned with roses,
In the sunshine sits and dreams,
Lazy breezes come and fan her,
Lull her all the tinkling streams.

Comes the autumn stepping briskly
In and out among the sheaves,
Hangs the fruit up in the orchards,
Sprinkles with red gold the leaves.

Comes the winter, all her garments
Ruffled by the merry wind,
Walking on a silver carpet,
While the ice-sprites dance behind.

Oh! it is a fair procession,
All the year doth march along,
And it chanteth as it goeth,
Chanteth a thanksgiving song.

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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Joint Guardians," "Uncle Roger," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

COMING OF AGE.



AT the end of the week the Gostlings left, and Esther parted with some regret from Bertha, whom she had grown to like much, though she was unable to extend this liking to her mother. In parting, Mrs. Gostling bestowed a rather broad hint upon her.

"So, my dear Miss Egerton, if your brother's return, or any other call upon your valuable time, should cause you later on to feel this residence at Greyfriars a tax upon your good nature, do not be afraid to let me know, and I will endeavour to arrange my plans so as to include a long visit here in the autumn, which might even extend itself so as to terminate only with the return of the travellers. We must all of us be immensely grateful to you for the sacrifice you have made in coming, and for your efforts to keep order amongst these turbulent young spirits; but we all feel that the task is a heavy one for a girl of your years, and that some relief ought to be afforded you in due course. You may confidently reckon on my presence here for three months, dating from October or November; and if, as seems only too probable, you are growing weary of your residence at Greyfriars, pray feel quite at liberty to make your own arrangements for those months."

Esther thanked Mrs. Gostling for her "consideration," but gave no definite reply to this very broad hint. She was growing, in spite of all drawbacks, to love Greyfriars, and to feel an increasing interest in its inhabitants. She had taken a charge upon herself in response to a request of her sister's, and she did not feel disposed to lay it down at the bidding of another. She knew that it pleased Mrs. Gostling to attribute to her inexperience everything that went wrong in the house, whilst ignoring any influence of hers which helped to keep things right. But this treatment was too petty to annoy her. She was quite content with the consciousness that her authority was in a great measure efficacious, and that to remove it would be attended with disastrous results. She hoped that she was very gradually making a friend of Lady Eleanora; and though in the presence of her daughter the friendly feeling slowly established seemed to have receded somewhat into the background, Esther was sure that she had made way, and did not believe that the old lady would be now very willing to dispense with her presence in the house. If Mrs. Gostling came on a long visit, she would come with a train of children and attendants, and would have little time to give to her mother. Esther was learning that Lady Eleanora was very partial to company in her own room, and the little attentions that come so easily from the young to the old; and latterly Jessie had been so busy and preoccupied that her small duties in her grandmother's room had devolved upon the young aunt, with pleasant results for the two persons most concerned. And now that Mrs. Gostling had departed, the habit of repairing thither to read or talk to the old lady would be resumed, and might lead to a real friendship in the end.

What was weighing on Jessie's mind to make her so flighty and high-spirited Esther could not entirely divine; but all the neighbourhood was more or less excited by the prospect of the gay doings at Lord Easterby's on the coming of age of the heir. For the *fête* was to be on lines that were new, in this neighbourhood at least; and there were to be "Old English" games and sports, and some tilting after the fashion of the Tudor period, and all the young men in the place were practising themselves and their steeds in order to cut a fine figure on the occasion. Everard Chester, who had been constituted in some sort master of the tilt-yard, was constantly coming to consult the old books in the Greyfriars library; and he and Dacre were so hard at work superintending the construction of sham suits of armour that Esther had never felt so much at ease about the boy since her arrival at the house. Humphrey caught the enthusiasm, and was to be seen day after day in the paddock riding at a ring or engaged in a tilting match with his brother or a stable-lad. The lists were open to all, and both the boys intended to enter. As for the ladies, they were to look on, attired, in order to assist the illusion, in robes that should suggest a bygone day, though they were spared the penance of Elizabethan ruffs, stiff hoops, or any of the painful accessories of the age represented. Trixie and Ethel were both invited to the afternoon *fête*, which included young and old alike, and Esther designed pretty and appropriate dresses both for them and for herself. But, for a wonder, Jessie did not attempt to confide in her own relations as to what she intended to wear, but took counsel with Thérèse, and perhaps with other friends; for she was often to be seen driving out alone in her pretty pony phaeton, and always said she was going to talk her affairs over with Maud Leland or some other friend. As Lady Eleanora did not object to this, Esther said nothing; but she was surprised that there had never been a struggle to gain permission to go to the ball, and every day she dreaded that the request would be made, and was afraid that Lady Eleanora, whilst really standing firm on the subject, might contrive to throw all the apparent odium of the refusal upon her, and widen the breach which seemed to have opened between Jessie and herself of late.

However, no allusion was ever made to the matter. Perhaps as Esther had refused the ball for herself, the girl felt her case hopeless; at any rate, the struggle never came, and though she went about looking flushed and excited, Esther supposed her excitement to be connected with the other festivities, and perhaps with some wonderful costume she had in preparation for the occasion. For it was well known that every "knight" who broke a lance in the list would solicit a badge or token from one of the ladies looking on, and tie it to his lance or place it in his helmet, as the case might be, and pretty vain Jessie might well have set her heart on being thus distinguished by the hero of the hour, the young Viscount, whose majority was being thus celebrated. But Esther wished she would have been more frank and open. Reserve used not to be a failing with her niece.

The long-expected day dawned clear and fair, brightening as the hours went on in a truly encouraging manner. There was plenty of commotion throughout the house as the preparations for the coming *fête* were being made; servants hurried along the passages in answer to the imperious summonses from many bells, and the boys were in as great need of assistance as ever the girls could be.

Thérèse was so engrossed by Jessie that Esther had to dress the two younger sisters and herself. However, she found no difficulty in doing this, and many were the peals of laughter that rang out as they surveyed themselves and each other in their quaint gowns and headgear. But at least, if peculiar, the effect was very pretty. Trixie looked wonderfully handsome in her white velveteen with crimson slashings and quaint, square, beefeater cap to match, whilst Ethel, in blue and silver, was very dainty and pretty; and if they found their dresses a little stiff and cumbersome they were not disposed to find fault, and were delighted with the whole effect.

Esther was soberly attired, as became, in her opinion, the custodian of the party of giddy young things; but her bronze and gold robes were exceedingly becoming, and gave a grace and dignity to her figure that made it look almost queen-like. Ethel, who had taken of late to adoring instead of flouting her aunt, could not say enough in her praise, and Trixie was in an amiable mood, and promised willingly to be good and steady, and not get rollicking about with Jenny Flemyng, or any other wild spirit who was likely to lead her into mischief.

An impatient call from Dacre sent

Esther hurrying away to put some finishing touches to his dress. The boy looked very manly, and so beautiful in his fancy dress that Esther could not take her eyes off him. She thought what a perfect knight he looked, with his shapely limbs encased in white velvet and shining armour—or what looked like it—his noble head with its waving white plumes, and the bright boy's face looking out beneath the mock visor. Humphrey looked very well in his page's dress; but there was something about Dacre that riveted her attention. He looked like a knight "without fear and without reproach"; but would his character bear out such a description?

Did Dacre read some such question in her eyes? He turned suddenly, and looked straight at her.

"You see I have taken my dress from our Sir Galahad picture," he said. "Are you thinking that I had no right to borrow my identity from the spotless Knight of the Grail?"

"Well, not exactly, Dacre," answered Esther, smiling. "But I will not deny that I should like to see you take up the character in something beyond mere play."

Dacre was looking her all over from head to foot with approval in his eyes. He asked an abrupt question.

"Have you promised a token to anyone yet?"

"No, Dacre."

"Then will you give me one when I come for it? Will you let me be your knight in the lists to-day? I will not disgrace my token if you will let me have one of those yellow roses you have at your throat."

Esther smiled a ready assent, and they hurried off in response to a call from below that the carriage had come.

Down in the hall was Jessie, and Esther almost started with surprise, for the child seemed to be encrusted with sparkling stones, and the dress she wore was so marvellous and extraordinary in its brilliance that brothers and sisters alike exclaimed at sight of her, whilst Lady Eleanora sat looking at the apparition as if divided between admiration and dismay. A train of rich brocade swept the ground, and hung in heavy folds from the girl's shoulders. The dress, bodice and petticoat were of white satin richly embroidered in gold, and costly gems were twisted in her hair and around the wonderful head-dress which crowned the whole, sparkled on her neck and arms, and were fastened upon the long embroidered gloves which reached almost to the shoulder.

"Dear me!" cried Dacre, at sight of her, "haven't we come it strong! Go on, Jessie—you're a nice modest young lady, you are!"

"My dear child, where did you get your jewels from?" asked Esther, quite uncomfortable to have such a very costly young madam under her care. "The dress is beautiful; but don't you think you are a little too young to wear stones? And in such a crowd as there will be to-day, would it not be better to leave them behind?"

But Jessie would not hear of such a thing; and Lady Eleanora, though plainly of Esther's way of thinking, could not deny her darling, and the point was conceded to her entreaties. To Esther's thinking the most serious part of the matter was that the maid and daughter had together made a secret raid upon the jewel safe in the absent mistress's room, and taken stones from thence unknown to the authorities. Esther had never trusted the Frenchwoman, and this disclosure produced a very uncomfortable effect upon her; but there was no time to think of it now, and very soon the whole party in closed carriages was speeding away to the scene of the *fête*, whither vehicles of all descriptions were tending; for there were sports of a rougher and readier kind for the work-people and farmer folk, and even the excitement of seeing an ox roasted whole and a fountain running beer would suffice to draw hundreds of those who liked such things to the spot.

Certainly it was a wonderfully pretty sight that greeted the eyes as the carriages drew up in the grounds, and their occupants alighted, without waiting for the tedious process of crawling up to the great door itself. The park was alive, as it seemed, with picturesque figures in every kind of costume, from the modern æsthetic young lady to the most correct Elizabethan, as represented by the wife and daughters of a noted antiquarian of large fortune. There were men in modern tennis flannels or ordinary afternoon clothes, and others in every variety of fancy dress; but if Jessie wished to make a mark and eclipse most of her rivals she certainly succeeded, for perhaps no dress on the place excited so much comment and admiration as hers, and it certainly combined richness and grace in a very remarkable way, though it was hardly suitable to such a very young girl.

"She is a pretty creature," said Lady Easterby to Esther, when for a few moments the hostess found herself near to these guests, and her son had taken Jessie to look on at some amusing spectacle in one of the railed enclosures sacred to rustic sports; "and as she cannot be at the ball, it is no wonder she has tried to make a little show earlier in the day. But, to my thinking, her mother would be wiser to keep her a little more in the background for a couple of years yet. It is a pity when girls learn their prettiness too soon. I like to see them keep their youth and unconsciousness as long as possible."

Esther cordially agreed, but it was no time to discuss the matter then. People were moving towards the great enclosure which had been erected for the tilt-yard, and Esther had to collect her party and find seats for them all as near the front as could be managed. Luckily for them, Lord Derwent accompanied them, and piloted them to some specially reserved seats which had been set aside for the family and intimate friends, and here they were quite in the front, and able to see admirably all that went on, as also to be seen themselves, which, in Jessie's eyes, was quite as important. So she played off her little airs and graces, and set herself in attitudes that best showed off her beautiful dress, which amused Esther a good deal; for the child was so pretty and charming to look at that her little affectations themselves seemed rather attractive than otherwise. If they were transparent they were so very natural that they provoked a smile rather than a sneer, and Jessie was too happy to be critical over other less fortunate damsels.

Then when with a flourish of trumpets the armed combatants rode into the lists in all their bravery of shining armour and caparisoned steeds, and the hero of the day, Lord Derwent, came straight to her to beg a ribbon from her dress to tie to his lance, Jessie's cup of satisfaction seemed full. The blushing grace with which she unfastened and gave it him was a pretty sight to see, and many shrewd smiles and nods were exchanged as to the probable significance of this simple act, or what it might betoken in the future.

Dacre, looking second to none in gallant grace, rode up to ask for Esther's rose, and a little behind him came Everard, who, looking with a smile at the figure in bronze and gold, said in a low tone—

"I had meant to ask a rose myself, but you have selected your own knight, so I must go elsewhere for my favour;" and, to Ethel's great delight and pride, the tall and stalwart knight on the coal-black charger fastened in his helmet a pale blue ribbon which he had begged from her.

The tilting was a very amusing and pretty sight, especially where the combatants had practised beforehand. Dacre won several victories over adversaries stronger than himself, but less quick and agile in their movements. Everard finally unhorsed him, and himself came off champion of all. The Viscount was very successful in his contests, but had to yield before Everard's superior horsemanship and dexterity with his lance. Thanks to the good management of the attendants, and the softness of the ground upon which the unhorsed riders fell, there were no casualties beyond a few insignificant bruises, and the spectacle had been greatly enjoyed by the spectators. After it was over they repaired to tents, where a sumptuous banquet was laid out. The health of the heir was drunk with acclamation, and a few speeches were made on the auspicious occasion.

Mrs. Chester joined Esther in her walk about the grounds later, and the young people scattered to amuse themselves as they would. The hours had sped by quickly, and already the shadows were lengthening, and it was not long before Esther had to collect her party and give the order for the carriages. She expected even now a struggle with Jessie; for she saw that by a little modification of her dress it would equally serve for the evening's entertainment, and there had been whispers that the gardens and fountains were to be illuminated, and that the ball was to be something unprecedented in beauty and splendour. Jessie had been a good deal with Lady Constance, the daughter of the house, and might possibly come with some petition about

being left as a guest beneath Lady Easterby's roof, making Esther's position the more difficult; but to her surprise and relief the girl responded readily to the summons to come away, and rather hurried the departure than hindered it, saying, in answer to some remark of her aunt's, that she was tired of her heavy dress, and that her head ached, though her eyes were so bright and her manner so full of suppressed excitement that it was hard to believe in the headache.

Dacre and Ethel were Esther's companions in her carriage, and the boy was evidently very tired, so that Ethel had most of the conversation to herself. Dacre contented himself with putting in a quizzical remark now and then, and when he got home he gave a great yawn, declaring that tomfoolery was a delusion, and said he should go upstairs and have a nap. That was another way of admitting a bad headache, and Esther let him go without comment, only stealing into his room an hour later to draw down the blinds and make him comfortable, as she knew by this time how to do, though she only elicited a few growls from him by way of acknowledgment.

At dinner Jessie's hot cheeks and bright eyes made her aunt ask if she were not well, and she again pleaded fatigue, and said she meant to go to bed directly. Esther went up to her shortly, and found her more than half undressed, after which she bid her good-night, and went away to read to Lady Eleanora.

"Don't come to me any more, please, Aunt Essie," pleaded the girl; "for I awake directly if anybody comes into my room when I am asleep. I think you had better go to bed early too; for you must be as tired as the rest of us, I should think."

And Esther admitted the charge, and took Jessie's advice.

But how did Jessie herself spend that eventful evening?

[To be continued.]



SOME TYPES OF GIRLHOOD;

OR,

OUR JUVENILE SPINSTERS.

PART III.

I FIND that I am not adhering very strictly to the order given in the prospectus of this little series of articles. If this be an error, I hope for kindly indulgence.

"Society Women" must now be introduced to our notice. Amongst these we find a very large proportion of most benevolent persons. If they spend much on jewellery, or changes of expensive dresses—some of which are essential to the circumstances of their high position in society, and attendance at Court and in the Royal circles—it should be regarded in precisely the same light as the uniforms of the army and navy, of the officials of State, and of all the guilds and other institutions throughout every country on the globe. I must therefore warn our excellent sisters who deny themselves in the matter of dress, and, doubtless, with very good and commendable reason, that they do far worse in "judging their brother" (or sister) "in those things which their" (their sister's) "conscience alloweth;" remembering that there were, in those early days of self-imposed self-sacrifice, amongst the first persecuted ones of the Christian faith, "them," also, "of Cæsar's household," a leaven of the faithful belonging to the court, and amidst the luxuries, temptations, and splendours of the unbelieving and despotic monarch.

In our own land we have but little to complain of as regards the aristocracy. There may exist a grievous number of veritable "black sheep," as well as of thoughtless devotees of self-indulgence. But let the unnumbered benevolent institutions for the benefit of every class of the ailing, fallen, or needy, speak for themselves. Let the parks and pleasure-grounds, the free libraries and people's palaces, the entertainments, the coffee-houses, the night refuges—nay, the further enumeration must be left to the remembrance of the reader—I say, let all these evidences of "deeds, not words," and of costly thoughtfulness and care for those less gifted with this world's luxuries (and "carking cares" superadded) evidenced by these same "Society Women" and men, speak for themselves.

A large proportion of these "honourable women" belong to the distinctively "Religious Class;" but others are purely benevolent and gracious beings. From Her Majesty herself downwards, including all her most estimable and hard-working family, who inaugurate and help to support such unnumbered institutions for the public good—going through an incredible amount of bodily fatigue in so doing—down through the ranks of the nobility and gentry, an example is set to all Europe worthy of imitation, but nowhere else so exhibited. Let the envious of their social position cease to criticise them, or let them temper their judgments with due consideration.

Even beyond the limits of our native country bright examples surround us, "lights set on a hill," for a guiding beacon to others. Our own transplanted Princess Royal is such in her great adopted country; and such also is Helen, widow of the late reigning Prince of Roumania, the foundress of the "Caritatea" Hospital. She endowed it with an income of 25,000 francs per annum, and is now working within its walls in the humble position of a nurse.

But we must be unbiassed by personal feelings in our comments on each class under consideration; more especially as these articles are addressed to the members of each in particular, and all have some little lesson, it may be, to learn.

"Society Women" are usually feminine in their external characteristics, dress, and habits of life. To us it would be in "bad form" to adopt eccentricities of appearance, or affect a masculine appearance, if members of that highest circle in life described as that of "the upper ten." But they have their errors and weaknesses. They expend too much of their strength of body, mind, and nerve on afternoon visitings and recreations and on night entertainments, these latter entailing a late rising in the morning, and, possibly, a headache with which to begin the day.

Doubtless the main object of many is to see only the bright side of life, and to close the eyes to painful realities, and the fitful changes from sunshine to shade, in what one of our popular writers designates "the Sorrowful Star!" And there can be no question but that good breeding and the rules of etiquette will spare them and their associates many of the pin-pricks that destroy the comfort of those untrained in the refinements of high-class society. At the same time, the pursuits of fashionable life might easily dull the sympathies and trammel the hands of the inherently amiable and generous, with which, I maintain, this class abounds.

But natural virtues and practical benevolence should be sanctified by higher motives than simple good-natured sympathy and pleasure in obliging others; and the Christian principle of grateful love to the Divine Giver of all good things should be the mainspring of every impulse and every act in our conduct towards our fellow man. Let this grand principle be carefully instilled into the minds of children from their earliest infancy.

A few words are now due to the "Missionary and Religious Devotee" amongst our young women. These consist of several phases of thought and belief; and while holding the grand truths of the Christian faith, all may run in different grooves, and find their respective fields of labour amongst classes widely distinct from one another, at home and in distant lands. We can only say, "Let every

man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" "Let no man judge his brother;" "to his own Master he standeth or falleth;" "Peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity."

But while some run into asceticism and undue bodily austerities, and others perform their useful work in comparative luxury and ease, "God is able to make them stand," and to accept them with all their mistakes and infirmities, for the perfect merits' sake of Him whom they desire to serve.

It seems to me that there are three special "crazes" now widely spread amongst our girls and young women—the ambition to be masculine in appearance and pursuits; to be poets; or to be nurses, or to be missionaries; and to these latter amongst them I have a few words to say. If aspiring to be a nurse, examine yourself thoroughly as to your moral and physical qualifications—the gift of untiring patience, cheerfulness, gentleness, tact, and the essential hereditary good health, freedom from headache and fair muscular strength, strong nerves, good hearing, and a delicate though firm touch and method of handling. If you do not possess these essential natural qualifications you need not attempt to learn the duties of a hospital nurse.

To those desiring the vocation of a missionary a few queries may likewise be put, with the best advantage for themselves and their families. Do you contemplate going away to distant lands contrary to the wish of your parents? Would your home-work for them be thus set aside for any married sister, to whom you might render gladly-welcomed services, and perform genuine missionary work amongst the children? Have not a desire for adventure and love of variety, a restlessness under the restrictions of home authority, and the monotony of the little daily round of home duties, a large share amongst the influences that have developed such an ambition? Be faithful with your conscience, and beware of "running where you are not sent," and seeking new work, and new temptations and difficulties, in the place of God-given duties that you propose to leave behind. A love of notoriety is another provocative in this desire for missionary work amongst some. Be quite sure that no influences are at work to blind your eyes to the choice of God's providence for you. Pray to be guided by Him, and to subdue all personal considerations, before you presume to number yourself as one of the noble army of missionaries in heart as well as in name and deed.

Another class amongst the religiously minded, now under consideration, is known by the nickname of "Church Women." Now, this does not denote that they merely belong to the Church of England, but that they are everlastingly on the tramp backwards and forwards to church. They might do far worse, no doubt; but are there no home duties thus neglected? and does no one feel aggrieved by their continual absence from the home circle? It is indeed desirable that we should "love the courts of the Lord's house," and to attend week-day services I could only commend. But my readers will, I think, understand what I mean, for the type to which I refer is considerable in number. We would not throw cold water on their zeal, but we would only venture to give them a very gentle hint. Let them remember that there are many ways of showing that zeal for and loving devotion to what is good. I feel I am touching on very delicate ground; yet, having heard so many comments made on the perpetual going to church, and having, apparently, nothing else to do, I think I may handle the subject honestly, however tenderly. One of our sister writers has said: "Many people know how to serve God (in various ways), but few know how to serve him by taking a cab!" Her meaning is obvious, *i.e.*, by affording themselves a cab to spare their strength and save time, together with the dangers incurred by, it might be, a severe wetting, or long exposure to a cold wind—which would entail trouble and anxiety, and, possibly, a doctor's bill, and the expense of new clothes—and their own active services are lost to others until they recover from an attack of cold, or a chill. So I fully endorse this lady's statement, and I pray my "Church Women" sisters to consider in how many more ways than one they may benefit themselves and others in a negative and positive way, and serve their Heavenly Master in all things.

Who amongst my girl readers will place themselves under the category of the "Common-place"? Yet some who might fairly be designated thus will read these remarks concerning them. Will you think me rather too frivolous if I say that this term reminds me of a riddle?—"When do some of you resemble a fish? When your father was a little common plaice and your mother was a good old sole." "Miss So-and-So is very heavy on hand. One has to supply every item for conversation oneself; and her visits are most fatiguing." How often I have heard such a remark! You who



THE HOUSEWIFE.

have never found anything to say should make a strenuous effort to ameliorate the infliction of your dulness on others. Read the latest news; think of any you may have heard of mutual friends; "look alive," and not as if you took no interest in anybody nor any pursuit. The very presence of these inert and vapid girls has so depressing an influence on those brought into contact with them. It is simply a duty which you owe to social life—to try to make yourself agreeable.

Sometimes these "Common-place Girls" make a feeble effort to appear "smart" and facetious by using slang terms and trying to be satirical. It deceives no one. A new society has lately been organised in New York, the rules of which are severe on delinquents. It is called "The Anti-Gush Society." Every slang word employed costs ten cents to the speaker. To call a jewel "delicious," to "have a gorgeous time," to be guilty of the extreme vulgarity of uttering the exclamations (prevalent, it seems, in that country), "Mercy me!" "Sakes alive!" "Dear me suds!" and such like, are chargeable at a penny apiece; while words that amount to irreverence must be paid for by the profane at five shillings each.

Many a girl with very limited powers of mind or educational advantages has made her gentle presence and her kindly attentions and thoughtfulness for others a sunshine in the house. Such a one needs not to fret over her lack of intellectual gifts, nor does she need to affect an off-hand, flippant, sarcastic style to be passed off as wit which she does not possess. To be as nature made them—unpretending, gentle, and gracious, is sufficient to render them attractive to all.

How very curious an exhibition, and what a feast of recreation it would be, to see a good representative selection of all these types of girlhood drawn up like recruits in single file, and trotted up and down so as to give a variety of points of view for contemplation; the "Cricketer" in short skirt—as short as the thick voluminous cloth petticoat of the now obsolete German "Buy a boom" girls of some forty or fifty years ago—but with the nether limbs encased in padded shields, such as are worn by her brethren in the field; the frivelling yet feminine "Meggot;" the laurel-wreathed "Bunion," the "Painters" in apron-bib, and no particular costume observable; the "Church Woman" in close bonnet and black attire; the "Æsthetic," drooping water-lily, with sundry scraps of drapery—handkerchiefs and shawls—pinned on in divers places, and holding together no one knows how, their skirts trailing behind them for a yard and a half at least. I need not recall them all to view. Kind worthy souls, no doubt, amongst them, at whose faults and foibles it would be scarcely kind to point the finger save for the sake of others following in their lead. If some amongst my readers be of such, forgive me if my portraits do you wrong.

My sketching must conclude; but one more type presents itself before me, although there may be others. The name seems commonplace enough, but truly the class includes a very considerable variety of their kind: I refer to the "Housewife."

Every one will admit that she is a member of a highly respectable class in every country where she exists, and in none more pre-eminently so than in our own. She is specially suited to be the wife of a man in the middle or lower classes of life, or the eldest daughter of the house, who holds her mother's place in the care of the children and the ordering of the house. But she is often, I observe, somewhat "heavy on hand." Household cares appear to have a depressing influence. Little petty economies, inefficient servants, delicate or troublesome children, squaring of accounts, breakages, measles, and so forth, are too engrossing, and tend to produce abstraction of mind when its presence in society is demanded. In ordinary life she too frequently fails in making herself agreeable as a good listener, or promoter of sociable conversation. But while I say this I must guard my statement by assuring my readers that there is nothing inherently dulling to the brain in a thorough and practical acquaintance with social economy, with cookery, with the waste and supply of the household, the direction of the servants, the superintendence of the garden, and, it may be, of a dairy, cows and poultry. To these I may add the supply and repair of linen and furniture, and attendance to the hygienic condition of the house and its surroundings. And here, *en passant*, I may draw my young readers' attention to the fact that, to order breakfast, dinner, and tea, or whatever may be the meals of the household, does not comprise the whole of their daily work. Even the food of the day demands careful attention. They must study the question of what is, or is not, in season, or expensive because but just in the market, in every description of viand, animal or vegetable; and they must bear in mind the taste, and the age, and state of health, of those for whom they have to provide. It must not either be *toujours perdrix*.

And now a few words to you, my friends, who have developed, it may be, much proficiency in the arts of the "Housewife." Having attained so much, and contributed so far to the comfort and well-being of your family, I would venture to suggest that you study as carefully to make yourself an agreeable and sympathetic companion to others as you have done to learn your domestic duties. The morning hours should see through these latter occupations, the afternoon should be devoted to others, to self-culture, and to outdoor engagements and healthful recreation; for the requirements of social life ought never to be lightly overlooked.

We find that the type of woman who is placed in such a position of responsibility as the "Housewife" is pre-eminently represented in that beautiful picture, word-painted by "the wisest of men," and a very extensive list is that which is therein presented to us of all the duties which come within her personal range, and which include a responsibility and jurisdiction in the family but little recognised, yet the birthright, by Divine appointment, to her who should "guide the house." Both head and hand were in requisition by her whose price was "far above rubies," and to whom it was decreed that she was to "possess the work of her hands," and personally enjoy its happy fruition. By this I understand that, self-forgetting (as such admirable women are), both husband and children should requite her care. They should make it their business to see that she herself shall have the full personal enjoyment derived from her administrative ability, and the time and personal exertion she has expended for them.

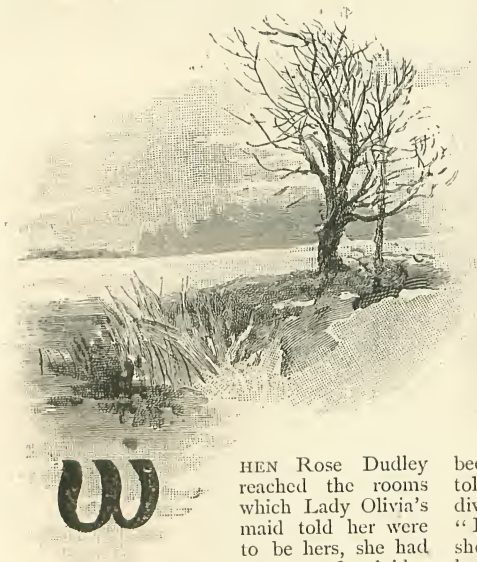
My young readers must not think, with a sigh, that they have no house to guide, and thus, with all their ability and goodwill to "go and do likewise," they are precluded from the enjoyment of the blessings that follow her vocation. Nay, verily, not so, my young friends. You all have ample opportunities for serving your Divine Benefactor and your daily associates; and if you expend for God's glory and your neighbours' good the "one talent" He has entrusted to your hands, be assured the "cup of cold water" given "in the name of a disciple," "shall in no wise lose its reward." And what "reward" is that? The acceptance and condescending approval of these little fruits of love and gratitude, by Him "from Whom our fruit is found."

My few brief sketches are completed in their incompleteness. A little amalgamation of a few of these distinctive types might produce a charming woman. Study each portrait, and improve your own individuality, taking a lovely tint from one and a graceful line from another. But beware of skin-deep appearances. Be true and genuine throughout. The reforms should be faithfully, aye, and prayerfully, carried out, and God speed your upward course. SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

ROSE DUDLEY'S VENTURE.

CHAPTER III.

AT DUDLEY COURT.



WHEN Rose Dudley reached the rooms which Lady Olivia's maid told her were to be hers, she had but a confused idea of what she had traversed and what she had seen. She did observe, however, that the hall was very splendid and very spacious, the stairs broad, with low steps, and thick, soundless carpets, and that around the gallery above the hall hung many family portraits. She would have liked to linger, but dared not do so.

How vast and silent and gloomy it all appeared! Was it due to her own apprehensive and overwrought condition, or was there, in truth, gloom in that magnificent and luxurious home? She shook off these thoughts; and indeed, as she looked round the rooms portioned out to her, the vague feeling vanished. They were cheerful, yet rich-looking and tasteful. A cosy tea was waiting for her on a little table, and the maid busied herself pleasantly with her comfort.

"My lady wished me to say that you were to make any changes you like. Perhaps this chair would do better?"

"Oh, no; pray don't touch it! It is all very comfortable, and very prettily arranged. But it was very kind of Lady Olivia."

"If you will give me your keys I will get your box unpacked, ma'am. Which dress shall I lay out for you for dinner?"

"They are in deep sorrow, so I suppose there is no company?"

"No, ma'am; they are quite alone."

"Then I will have my white dress, if you please."

After this she was left alone to rest and enjoy her tea and prepare herself for the difficult ordeal before her. Once more the silence of the house oppressed her; outside, however, there was a whistling wind, some large fir-trees facing her window waved to and fro, and some rooks went cawing from tree to tree. Involuntarily she recalled the pretty cottage home in which she had passed her young life, the cheerfulness of her dear Aunt Hester's delicate and sweet face, and she began wondering whether, after all, she had not experienced more happiness than she would if she had been brought up in this stately home, only tolerated by her stepmother, and causing division between her father and his wife. "I shall not leave you long, dear auntie," she said to herself. "I could not feel happy here unless—unless——"

She raised her head. She heard a pattering of little feet along the corridor, a childish impetuous voice evidently in argument with a nurse full of admonitions as to proper conduct.

"She is a stranger, Master Hugh, and you must behave pretty to her, and not tease her too much at first with your prattle and nonsense."

"Oh, but mamma said that I might go and see her; and I may show her my pony the first thing in the morning."

Then there was a tap at the door, and as Rose said "Come in," she had to calm the beating of her heart.

This was her little stepbrother, the child of her own father; and when the bright-eyed curly-headed little fellow rushed in she had a difficulty in checking herself from snatching him up and pressing him to her.

"So you are my pupil?" she said. "May I call you Hugh, and may I give you a kiss?"

"Yes, you must call me Hugh, and I should like you to kiss me, please;" and he put up a sweet little mouth and placed a small hand in hers.

He was silent for a moment or two, standing there beside her, eyeing her steadily and deliberately. His scrutiny appeared to please him.

"Please will you tell me what a stranger is? I told nurse that I would ask you."

"Oh, Master Hugh!" began the nurse, apologetically.

"I will try and answer you, Hugh. A stranger is a person you have never seen, and who has never seen you."

"Then you will not be a stranger to-morrow?"

She smiled and so did nurse.

"No, I shall not be a stranger to-morrow, I hope."

"And will you come to see my pony to-morrow—quite early in the morning?"

"Yes, I should like to see it very much."

"You have not seen my mamma yet," continued the child, whose power of talking and asking questions was inexhaustible.

"No, not yet."

"She is very unhappy, my mamma, and so is papa. I have lost my big brother, that is why," he said, importantly, and with large, pathetic eyes. "Have you got a big brother?"

"My dear," again put in the nurse, perhaps because a shadow passed over the governess's face.

But Hugh was not easily silenced.

"No, dear; I have not a big brother."

"I loved him very much. He used to carry me on his shoulder, and I could almost touch the chandelier—not quite, but he said I should next year."

Rose was trying to frame a suitable answer when he began again.

"Nurse says that now I must make haste and grow as big as he was so that instead of a naughty little boy like me, papa and mamma will have——"

"I didn't say you were always naughty, Master Hugh," interposed the nurse; "you are often very good."

"So that instead of a good little boy like me, papa and mamma will have a big brother like——"

"Not a big brother, Master Hugh; a son—a big son."

"But Teddy was my big brother!"

"Yes—but——"

Rose took the excited little talker on her knee.

"I think this is rather difficult for you just now, Hugh. Anyway, you have to make haste and grow big, and then you will be able to do many useful things like your brother did."

"Yes, he did a lot of things. I don't do much, do I?"

"I don't know you enough yet to say, Hugh; but very likely you do. For instance, you please your mamma who is ill, as much as you can, and you do lessons."

"Oh, yes, I do lessons—not many lately, though. Shall we do lessons to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Difficult?"

"Not very, at first."

"And when shall I grow big?" he asked, going back to the more fascinating subject of his future size. "In a year?"

There came a knock at the door, and the maid entered.

"Please, ma'am, my lady would like to see you if you are not tired."

"I am not the least tired—I will come at once," she said, but she felt herself changing colour.

Hugh was anxious to go with his new friend, and was only quieted by a suggestion of Rose's that he might show her all his toys when she came back.

In a few minutes she was standing in the presence of Lady Olivia. Rose went into that room a prey to mixed feelings, perhaps bitterness and resentment being the strongest. But the girl was eminently tender-hearted; and the sight, even the thought, of suffering always touched her. Whatever her stepmother may have been at one time, she was a wreck now. Though scarcely more than in her middle age, she was thin and wan, with a troubled, feverish look in her fine grey eyes that would have appealed to a less sympathetic being than Rose Dudley.

Lady Olivia rose from her chair, went forward to meet her, and put out a slight, too delicate, hand. Rose took it, unconsciously hurrying on so as to allow Lady Olivia to sit down again.

"Will you take this chair here by me, Miss Dent?"

Rose tried not to start at the sound of this name, but she was not sure whether she succeeded.

"I am so glad to see you," continued the elder lady. "I think you will be of great use to us, and I——we need help just now," she added, with the faintest possible tremor in her voice.

"You are not strong?" said Rose. "I heard that you have been ill."

"Yes; then you know of our sorrow? My health has been failing for a year or two, so I suppose——"

"Naturally you could not stand so great and sudden a trial," Rose put in hastily, seeing that Lady Olivia was unable to continue; "and that is why you need me—or someone, that is."

Lady Olivia recovered herself quickly, and looked up, pleased at the girl's manner and words. "Yes, I could not do without some one now. But we must not work you too hard," she said, smiling.

Rose expostulated, saying genuinely that there was no chance of that, and that she liked work.

"You have seen your little pupil, I hear. Ah, I see you have, and like him already. He is a nice child, but you must not let him become your tyrant, Miss Dent. He will want stories early and late—walks and rides. There is no end to his wants."

"I shall not mind; I shall love him dearly, I know," she said impulsively.

Lady Olivia glanced up slightly surprised, and met a scared look from Rose, who felt that she had spoken too warmly.

"You are fond of children?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then there will be the house to supervise. There are many servants here, but I can do little, and, as you know, unless there is a lady at the head, all goes wrong."

"Certainly it does."

"And you will have some secretary work to do for me, and that will be all. You will not dislike that?"

"Oh, no, I am used to that. I have often——"

"But you have not been out before? I gathered that from Mrs. Leigh."

"No; this is the first time."

"She tells me that you are a great friend of hers; that you have no need to work, but that you prefer to be occupied."

Rose looked down, her honest nature causing her to feel keenly the false pretences through which she was under her stepmother's roof, and before she could answer she had to remind herself that she meant only good and not evil by her strange act.

"No; it was my own choice, my own idea altogether. I think—I am sure that I have done right. I shall be the happier for it."

"I sincerely hope so. We will do all we can, you may depend upon us for that, Miss Dent. We shall become better acquainted soon, but I feel sure that we shall do well together."

She put out her hand, partly from friendly impulse, partly in token of dismissal. Rose looked at her gratefully, and then prepared to leave the room.

"We shall meet again soon, at dinner. We dine at seven. Let my maid, Turner, help you, Miss Dent; don't mind giving her trouble."

Rose slipped away, her heart full of the most conflicting feelings. For years now whenever she had thought of Lady Olivia it had seemed hard to forgive her for the wrong she had done her; for this severing of parent and child, for the loss of a true home. She had dreaded seeing her, fearful of betraying animosity against her—and how was it instead? A few kind words from her and she was won over! Oh no, it was more than that. Lady Olivia could not always have been like this. Aunt Hester had spoken of her as haughty and cold, and instead she was gentle and sweet and winning. If sorrow and illness had changed her so entirely, then in all probability she was remorseful for her cruelty to her husband and the child which she had refused to bring up. The loss of her young daughter and then her first-born no doubt had shown her what it must have been to her husband to send away his baby girl, the child of the wife he had loved so well. If so—— Ah! poor thing, the iron had entered into her soul deeply enough.

She fulfilled her promise to Hugh and looked at all his toys, to his great delight, and then she returned to her room and dressed.

Her fresh, pretty toilette completed, the maid told her where the drawing-room was, and she went down. When her hand was on the handle of the door, however, she heard a gentleman's voice within, and she could not make up her mind to open it and walk in. Her father was there. Would she have strength and control enough to greet him as one in her position should? show no agitation, no warmth, no knowledge of his individuality?

The hall clock struck seven, and it impelled her to open the door and enter. She thought that she would be unable to look at him at first, but instead, her intense desire to see him overmastered everything; and as she went in and walked up the long room her eyes were raised and directed towards a tall figure standing at the table. He was a handsome man, with thin, regular features and large blue eyes. His hair was thick still, but as the light shone upon it she saw that it was prematurely grey. She took in all these details and many more, and she never saw reason to change from the impression which the first sight of him made upon her. He looked sad, broken indeed, but he looked more like one who had borne the wearing sorrow of a weighty burden which nothing had ever lightened, than like one crushed by a recent and sudden shock. "Surely," she said to herself, as she went towards him, "I was right; he has known no happiness in his life! Fair as it all looks from the outside—a loving wife, children, a grand home, unlimited wealth—none of these have been able to prevent the canker eating into his very heart."

Swift as lightning during the moment or two which passed while she walked those few steps, this revelation, this certainty that his renunciation of her had poisoned his existence, came to her; "Pray God that I can accomplish the tasks I have set myself, and that I am not too late!" she thought as, moved almost beyond control, she took the hand he gave her as he came to meet her and welcome her.

"How do you do, Miss Dent? I fear you are tired—and you are cold" he added, suddenly and kindly. "These September evenings get chilly."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am warm. It has been very warm all day"—which was true, she said quickly, vexed at the betrayal of her agitation, which, fortunately, her father mistook for cold. In a few seconds her natural colour returned to her, and she was mistress of herself again; yet she found it far from easy to look unmoved into his careworn face.

Dinner was announced, and she went through it very well. The butler and footman were there all the time, and only ordinary subjects were touched upon. Lady Olivia was quiet, and Mr. Dudley and she kept up the conversation, which was chiefly about their mutual friends, the Leighs; their part of the country; had she noticed this neighbourhood as she drove? had she been here before? etc.

Then the dessert was put upon the table, and the servants left. Mr. Dudley handed Rose a pear, and as she took it from him she met a thoughtful, puzzled expression in his eyes.

"You have perplexed me all the evening, Miss Dent. I cannot help thinking that I have met you before. Olivia, has it struck you so also?"

"No; yet, now you mention it, I think we must."

"I don't remember seeing you," said Rose, after a moment, feeling that they expected an answer.

She commanded her face and voice well, but she felt cold to the finger-tips.

"We must have seen you at the Leighs," continued Mr. Dudley. "Yet we have not been there very lately," he added, clearly not satisfied that his conjecture was right.

"I have generally gone to them every year," said Rose, again feeling that she must say something.

At that moment Lady Olivia and her husband simultaneously thought of Mrs. Leigh's letter, and refrained from asking any more questions.

"I daresay it is only a likeness to some one else, after all," said Mr. Dudley, to the girl's relief; and shortly afterwards the two ladies returned to the drawing-room, and he was left alone.

"Strange," he mused, "but something about Miss Dent's face or figure and general air is perfectly familiar to me; and what a sweet, amiable-looking girl she is."

(*To be concluded.*)

TWIN-SISTERS.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Two girls—before me now they stand,
Tender, twin-rosebuds, hand in hand,
Fashioned as one—scarce known apart;
I see each face, God sees each heart.

I look on ripe red lips, and eyes
That hold the blue of summer skies,
And hair like finest gold refined;
I see the beauty, God the mind.

In womanhood's first faint sweet dawn
Oh! they are fair to look upon;
Perfect from crown to dainty foot;
I see the bloom, God sees the fruit.

What though a rose is each soft cheek,
If theirs is that spirit meek?
What though their eyes are heaven's own hue,
If never wet with pity's dew?

The plainest casket may enshrine
A jewel that will for ever shine.
Oh, may this outward beauty be
But type of inward purity!

God grant when Time its tale hath told,
And backward swing the gates of gold,
Before the Master they may stand,
Tender twin-rosebuds, hand in hand!



SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.

NO CURE WITHOUT CARE.

"THERE is no cure without care," said the girl who thought something was awry in the shape of her nose as she fastened a clothes peg on that organ before dropping asleep.

Now, whatever may be said about this young woman's discontent with her personal appearance, one cannot but praise her philosophy. She had gone through the world with her eyes open, and seen that when anything is wrong you can't get it right without taking trouble. No matter whether it be a defective bodily feature, or a spell of bad health, or a weak point in either mind or circumstances, the rule is the same:—If you want a cure you must exert yourself.

"You are putting in a good word," says Mabel, "for 'no cure without care,' but what do you say to the passage where Shakspeare asserts that 'Care is no cure'? Didn't he know what he was talking about?"

The phrase Mabel alludes to occurs where the dramatist says—

"Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied."

But here Shakspeare by care, which is a word with two faces, means vexation or anxiety, and his wise counsel is, that there is no use worrying about the inevitable. What can't be cured must be endured.

We, on the other hand, are dealing with what can be cured; so what we mean by care is taking pains. Shakspeare's care is an enemy to life and health and comfort; ours is the best friend of all three.

The rule all through the world is, nothing for nothing. If a girl gives nothing, and does nothing, she need not think herself ill-used if she gets nothing. People, then, who want a cure must pay for it, and not act as if they thought everything would be put right by a special interposition of Providence, and without their having the least bother about it.

Suppose—to begin with something simple—it is a case of a cold. Does any sensible girl imagine that the cold is to be cured without care, without keeping out of draughts, and avoiding thin shoes, and doing all the wise things that "Medicus" himself would insist on? No doubt God is the great physician, but He has left a considerable deal in our own power. Children may be excused trying to get well without trouble, like little Annie, who, one day last week, threw her dose of cod liver oil out of the window when her mother's back was turned; but you schoolgirls know a great deal better than that.

And just as with the cure of bad health, so it is with the cure of bad habits. Julia is a late riser; Kate has a waspish temper; Martha has a disposition to take offence at trifles; May is an idler; Lucy is vain; Priscilla is possessed by the spirit of greed; and Janet is nothing if she is not jealous. These girls must take trouble or they will never be as nice as they might be, for these sad faults will otherwise never be cured. And it will need long sustained efforts too. Some are apt to think that we can cure our weaknesses and alter our disposition by a single effort of the will. But you might just as well expect to change the national character by passing a resolution at a public meeting.

A very interesting example of a struggle with faults with a view to their cure is to be found in the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, the famous American philosopher. When quite a young man, he tells us, he "conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection," and after some preliminary trials, in which he discovered what a difficult task he had undertaken, he fell on a plan by which he thought he might greatly strengthen his inclination to goodness and virtue.

He got a little book, and entered in it the names of thirteen virtues which he thought of importance, adding to each a note of the meaning he attached to it. Here they are:—

TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

TRANQUILLITY.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

CHASTITY.

HUMILITY.

To this book he prefixed several mottoes, one of them being from the Proverbs of Solomon: "Length of days"—Solomon is speaking of wisdom or virtue—"is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

And as God is the fountain of wisdom, Franklin set down this little prayer for daily use: "O, powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! increase in me that



"TWIN-ROSEBUDS."

wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to Thy other children as the only return in my power for Thy continual favours to me."

Each page of the book was ruled with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, and each column was marked with a letter to indicate the day. Then these columns were crossed with thirteen red lines, and the beginning of each line was marked with the first letter of one of the virtues, and on the line, and in its proper column, Franklin marked by a little black spot every fault he found upon examination he had committed in connection with that virtue upon that day.

Whilst giving general attention every day to the whole thirteen virtues, he gave particular attention week by week to each of the virtues in succession. One week his great care would be to avoid even the least offence against Temperance; the following week Silence would be the leading point, and so on. Thus he got through a course in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year.

"I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination," says Franklin, "and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. . . .

"On the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was by the endeavour a better and happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it: as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies; though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavour.

"It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written."

The virtue of order was the one that gave him most trouble, for he had not been early accustomed to pay much heed to it. He had such frequent relapses that he was often almost ready to give up the attempt, and content himself with a faulty character in that respect.

In this, he says, he was like the man who in buying an axe of a smith desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel. He turned while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing.

The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was without further grinding.

"No," said the smith, "turn on! turn on! We shall have it bright by-and-by. As yet it is only speckled."

"Yes," said the man; "but I think I like a speckled axe best."

"And I believe," remarks Franklin, after telling this story, "this may have been the case with many who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that 'a speckled axe is best.'"

We have devoted so much space to this plan of Franklin's because, with modification to suit individual needs and peculiarities, it seems as if it might be followed by many of us to advantage.

"The chief objection," says Beatrice, "is the trouble of it."

Exactly so. "No cure without care" is not a doctrine for lazy girls, for with them taking trouble of a. things goes against the grain. It is such as they that a well-known author had in his eye when he said, "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or egotism? No, I shall answer Indolence—who can conquer indolence can conquer all the rest."

Down with indolence then, and bring no end of care into every attempt at cure. Nothing for nothing, as we said before, is the rule, except in that wonderful land where for nothing you can purchase everything, and the houses are all covered with cakes, and the fowls fly about ready roasted, crying, "Eat me!"

(To be continued.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).—*Continued.*

In 1551, Mary, who had for some time stayed away from Court, and even absolutely declined to repair to it, was forced to alter her resolution; circulars were sent out by the Council, accusing her of correspondence with the foreign powers then threatening to invade England, and calling upon her to present herself and answer to the charge. She obeyed the summons to appear before the King and Council. She was no longer a rash, inexperienced girl, but a tried woman of thirty-five years of age. Her coming was regarded as an event of such importance by the citizens of London, that they believed it was foreshadowed and attended by supernatural signs and tokens. The earth shook, the gossips said; armed men were seen in the air, three suns at once appeared in the sky. A friendly crowd thronged the streets to see Mary ride into London. She was the central figure in a great retinue of nobles and dames, the gentlemen and ladies alike wearing, along with the gold chains over their velvet mantles and robes, chains of black beads in token of their sympathy with Mary's opinions. Miss Strickland explains the display as black rosaries at the wearers' girdles. But Machin, the old London citizen, who must have been familiar enough with rosaries, makes the manifestation more conspicuous and peculiar.

Mary rested for two days at her house of St. John's—her town house, supposed to have been a house of the Knights Hospitallers, of which Henry had taken possession after their dispersion. She then went in state through Fleet Street and the Strand to Whitehall, "amidst the blessings of tens of thousands of the people."

The Princess alighted at the palace and was conducted to the King her brother, the boy in his fourteenth year. The two—the worn, faded woman, and the delicate, prematurely thoughtful lad, walked side by side to the Council chamber. Mary was bidden remember the Act of Uniformity in the practice of religion, and told that the celebration of mass in her chapels, which had been permitted so long in hope of her reconciliation to the Reformed religion, was to be suffered no longer.

Mary, "whose will had never yielded to that of man (unless of her father)" was fearless as ever before the august assembly. She said her soul was God's; she would not change her faith, nor would she dissemble her opinions with contrary doings.

She was further told that it was not her faith but her practice which was in question. She was not a king to rule, but a servant to obey the laws: her example might 'cause inconvenience.

But "consistent to her plea that laws made in a minority were no laws," she would neither admit their argument nor flinch from her resolution. It may well be said of her, that "What she believed and did, she believed and did thoroughly. She was an honest woman standing up for the right, as she saw it; determined, downright, fearless."

The very day after Mary's appearance before the Council, the Emperor's ambassador announced that if Mary were farther molested in the exercise of her religion he would quit the country, which would be equivalent to a declaration of war.

The Council, in perturbation, were forced to make a compromise, and "wink" at the celebration of the mass for Mary's benefit, a concession which is said to have brought tears to the eyes of the zealous, upright young King, though the culprit was his sister.

Mary was condemned to see the ultra-Protestant party in the Government use their power in retaliating on the Roman Catholics the injuries the Protestants had received. Bishop Gardiner and other churchmen lost their sees and benefices. Mary's chaplain, Dr. Hopton, was summoned to London, in stress of weather and in sickness, to answer for his contumaciousness.

The contention between the Princess and the Council, on the ground of her having mass said—not with closed doors, continued to smoulder, and to break out in alarming outbursts at ntervals. Three gentlemen of her household were commissioned by the Council to carry a communication from them to Mary, then residing at Copt Hall, Essex. The messengers were enjoined to tell her that mass was forbidden, and their errand was neither an easy nor a pleasant one. The account of the interview is very graphic. The Lady Mary was "marvellously offended," and forbade the gentlemen to speak to her chaplains. She threatened to dismiss the unlucky gentlemen from her service, and remarked scornfully that she was not likely to obey those persons who were accustomed to obey her implicitly. She declared that she would leave the country. Her passion was so violent that the messengers feared the effects of it on "her heart complaint." They made one more attempt to discuss the matter with her, but her anger was worse than before.

After this indignity Mary wrote to her brother, and complained bitterly of the manner in which she had been treated. She implored Edward to suffer her to obey her conscience. "Rather than offend God and my conscience," she wrote, in her strong, terse way, when her spirit was roused, "I offer my body at your will, and death shall be more welcome than life."

Naturally, the members of Mary's household, who had been selected by the Council for their purpose, respectfully refused to be employed on a like service a second time, and were detained in London in consequence of

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, *King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.

their refusal. When a special commission from the Council, including the Lord Chancellor, became their own messengers to Mary, and delivered to her a letter from her brother as their credentials, she received the letter kneeling, and kissed it, because of the writer, she said, not because of the contents, which did not proceed from him. She warned her opponents that though she was sickly she would not die willingly; but if she did die, she would first protest openly that the Council had killed her. She knelt again, and gave to the Lord Chancellor a ring, which he was to carry to the King, with the words that she would die his true servant and sister, obeying him in everything, except in matters of religion.

When the commissioners left, Mary sent after them, asking them to speak a word to her at the window. They offered to return, but she would not allow it. They stood in the court while she spoke to them.

The circumstance and the figures are singularly characteristic; the great officers of State and courtiers, at a disadvantage, baffled by a woman, feeling awkward and embarrassed, knowing that they should doff their hats, but not knowing what else to do; the Princess, who always knew her mind, with her heavy brows and her sallow face, out of which the brown eyes looked straight and steadfast, and her man's voice telling what was in her mind, without ceremony or equivocation. She desired the return of the comptroller of her household, one of the messengers detained in London. She said that since his departure she had had to take the accounts of her expenses and "learn how many loaves of bread be made from a bushel of wheat; and, I wis," she continued, "my father and my mother never brought me up with baking and brewing." She was weary of the office, and required the return of her officer.* Mary ended her speech by praying God to send the commissioners well to do, in their souls and bodies too—for some of them had but weak bodies—a pious and benevolent wish, but not untinged with sarcasm. The remark might be "unaffected and straightforward," like the action of speaking from the window, and like the woman herself, but it was also blunt to harshness. If there was a certain womanly sympathy in the allusion to the weak bodies of some of the company, it was a kindness which had a caustic side.

In 1549–50 the downfall and execution of the Lord Protector on the usual charges of seditious treason followed closely on the execution of his brother the Lord High Admiral. King Edward's special guardian was the second of the uncles whom the royal lad knew to have perished miserably. He recorded the event with apparent stoicism, just as he made other entries in his journal. But evidence has been adduced from other sources to show that he was kept in a constant whirl of occupation and excitement to distract his mind from dwelling on the fate of his kinsmen. So far as Mary was concerned the position was not improved, for the place of the naturally amiable and well-intentioned Somerset was taken by the unscrupulous, unprincipled Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, already plotting madly for the aggrandisement of his family.

In the spring of 1552 King Edward suffered from small pox and measles in succession—a fatal strain on his always fragile constitution. Symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and already eager speculation and wily schemes abounded in relation to his successor.

Mary, who seems to have been really attached to her brother, visited him more than once. She came up to London from Essex in the month of June for the purpose. As was her wont, she broke the journey by staying a night at her house of St. John's. The next day she rode, with her suite—which was observed on this and subsequent occasions to be growing in size and splendour, and to be graced by the flower of the English nobility and gentry—to the Tower Wharf. There she embarked in her barge, and was rowed down to Greenwich, returning in the same style in the evening.

In the following month of July, Lady Jane Grey, then sixteen years of age, visited her cousin, the Princess Mary, at her seat of New Hall. It was not the first visit that Lady Jane had paid to her cousin, but on former occasions she had been accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, or by other members of her family. This time the sweetest and noblest of the Greys and Tudors came alone, save for her retinue, and it was the last time she came. She had hitherto been a pet young kinswoman of Mary's, but, if Foxe's anecdote contains any foundation of truth, an incident took place during the girl's stay at New Hall which caused an estrangement between the former friends. Lady Wharton, a lady of Mary's household, in passing through the chapel at New Hall with Lady Jane Grey, curtsied to the Host on the altar.

Lady Jane asked innocently, or with intention, if the Lady Mary was present.

Lady Wharton said "No."

"Why then do you curtsey?" enquired Lady Jane.

"I curtsey to Him that made me," replied the Roman Catholic lady.

"Nay, but did not the baker make him?" retorted the Protestant Lady Jane, speaking with more girlish zeal and aptness in controversy than with either courtesy or discretion under the circumstances. The story goes on to tell that Lady Wharton repeated the conversation to the mistress of the house, who was seriously hurt and outraged.

In the autumn of 1552 Mary, when at Hunsdon, received a visit from the bishop of the diocese—Ridley. She had once before met him, and heard him preach at the marriage of the widowed Lady Clinton (Surrey's Geraldine). She received him courteously, and entertained him at dinner; but when he proposed to preach before her a second time, she told him roundly, with flushing cheeks, that the parish church was open to him, but that neither she nor any of her household would be present.

The young King, whose birth had been hailed with so much pride and joy, whom his formidable father had so loved, on whose fair head, wise before its time, so many hopes hung, was pining away beyond remedy. Mary visited him again at the New Year, 1553, and never had her *cortége* presented such a gathering of the highest in the land. Among them were such great ladies as Mary's cousin-germain, Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk (Lady Jane Grey's mother), the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Northampton (Catherine Parr's sister-in-law), etc.

In the month of May Mary was living quietly at her country seat of New Hall, having been cunningly misinformed as to the state of her brother's health. She was assured that it had changed for the better. In the same month, through the audacious machinations of the Duke of Northumberland, and the weak folly of the Duke of Suffolk (formerly the Marquis of Dorset, who had married the daughter and obtained the title of his deceased father-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk), the destined bride of the dying King, Lady Jane Grey, was wedded with great splendour to one of the Duke of Northumberland's sons, Lord Guildford Dudley. At the same time and place (Durham House, in the Strand), Lady Jane's younger sister, Lady Catherine Grey, a girl of fifteen, was wedded to the heir of an ally of the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Pembroke, the brother-in-law of Catherine Parr.

King Edward grew worse and worse. The doctors could do nothing for him, and as a forlorn hope he was entrusted to the care of a nameless woman, of whom all that was known was that she had undertaken the King's cure. Urged by Northumberland's craft, pitted against the earnest remonstrances of Cranmer, which were made in vain, Edward, weary in body and mind, and played upon through his passionate Protestantism, made a will breaking his father King Henry's settlement of the crown. He deprived, so far as he could, both of his sisters of their rights, and bequeathed the kingdom to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey.

Strange and unexpected symptoms not present in lung disease showed themselves in the King's illness. Edward's hair and nails fell off, and the joints of his fingers gave way. Sinister rumours arose and spread that he was being poisoned; that Northumberland, having gained his object by the King's will, was tired of waiting for the end, and was hastening it by unlawful means. To appease the excited crowds collected round the palace of Greenwich, the poor lad was held up so that he could be seen through one of the windows; but so wan was his face that the spectators declared they had been mocked by the spectacle of a corpse.

Apprehensions were entertained that attempts would be made on the life of Mary. She was advised by her friends to keep away from the neighbourhood of London, and she followed their advice. Had Mary perished then by assassination, or had she died before her brother in one of the illnesses which so often prostrated her, she would have been widely and deeply lamented as a virtuous and learned lady, who might have been a noble queen, and left a glorious name behind her. Till the time of her accession, when she was in her thirty-eighth year, she had led, humanly speaking, a blameless and honourable life, "while her mother's misfortunes and her own sufferings had endeared her to the mass of the people of all ranks and creeds." Alas! for the stability of human favour, and still more for the stability of mortal merit!

Agnes Strickland quotes the private papers of the Throckmorton family in evidence that a plot was laid for the purpose of getting Mary into the hands of Northumberland. According to the Throckmorton papers, a letter was written to her, purporting to be at her brother's request, begging her to come to him at Greenwich. It was further said she had actually set out for Greenwich when she was intercepted by a messenger from the Throckmortons. One of the family was in the household of the Duke of Northumberland, and had become acquainted with his scheme. He informed his father, who warned Mary in time to retrace her steps. The tale is probable enough, but there is not sufficient extraneous testimony to bear it out.

On the 7th of July, 1553, a violent storm broke over London, and to the panic-stricken eyes of the citizens it seemed that the hail which fell was red as blood. At nine of the summer evening (the night being the anniversary of the death of Sir Thomas More—a coincidence well noted by the Roman Catholics), young Edward, who was not yet seventeen, breathed his last. The same night, through the dewy dusk, a courtier galloped to Hunsdon to bid Mary mount and fly, while the roads were still open, to Framlingham, in Suffolk, where she would be in the midst of her friends the Howards.

(*To be continued.*)

* In spite of Mary's remonstrance on this occasion it is plain, from what are left of her household accounts, that she took a practical interest in them, and was quite capable of managing them efficiently.

SOME EMBROIDERY STITCHES.

By MRS. J. H. NICOLSON SHEARMAN.

Of late years a very decided movement has been made in favour of having all our surroundings pretty and artistic. In the last generation the great majority of houses had the principal decorations only in the drawing-rooms or other sitting-rooms, whereas in the present day we like to have pretty things everywhere about our houses, not only in the sitting-rooms, but also in our halls, boudoirs, or bedrooms. Prettiness does not always mean lavish expenditure of money, and therefore none of us who have a little time on our hands need despair of having tasteful things around us.

In many houses where the house-mother has so much to think of and see after concerning the more substantial comfort of the family, the decoration of the home is frequently to some extent left to the care of the grown-up daughters; and numerous and marvellous are the achievements which can be wrought by loving young hearts, coupled with nimble fingers, even though the many drains upon the general income leave but little to be spent upon costly materials.

But even when the daughters have not much influence over the general decoration of the home, there is no one who cannot have some influence over the arrangement of her own bedroom; and who will say that it is a matter of no importance to have prettiness in the room in which the greater part of our lives is spent. Granted that much of the time spent there is in unconscious slumber, still, what our eyes rest upon the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning cannot be without some effect upon us during the day.

Now, amongst all the decorative arts that come within the sphere of women's work, embroidery must always hold a very prominent place; and as most of us have received some instruction in the use of the needle during the years of our childhood, it is an art in which we may all attain to some degree of proficiency if we have the wish to learn and the patience to practice it.

A very noticeable feature in some of the embroideries of the present time is the tendency to make the best possible appearance with the least amount of work, and therefore for many purposes large, bold designs, carried out in coarse materials, are much admired. Another characteristic of the present fashion is the introduction of a very great number of stitches into some styles of embroidery.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, when art needlework was revived, not more than about half a dozen stitches were employed, but by degrees one stitch after another was added to the number, until now at least fifty entirely different stitches are in use, with endless variations of the same.

My purpose in writing these articles is to give our girls an opportunity of learning these stitches, many of which are much too complicated even for experienced workers to learn without some instruction. Probably most of my readers are quite familiar with those stitches most commonly in use, such as outline stitch, chain stitch, herring-boning, etc., but as I have frequently found when instructing classes in art needlework, that there is no stitch, however common or simple, that is known to all the pupils in a class, I therefore think it better to begin from the beginning and omit none.

Outline Stitch.

To learn outline stitch, draw a perpendicular line upon a piece of material, and commence by bringing the thread from wrong to right side of the material at the end of the line which is nearest to you. Make a stitch by taking a small quantity of the material on the needle a little further along the line, pointing the needle directly towards you and keeping the thread to the right-hand side of it. Proceed thus, taking more stitches along the line, each one a little further from you than the preceding one (see illustration.) The wrong side of outline should have the appearance of back-stitching.

Split Stitch.

Split stitch is worked very much like outline stitch, only that instead of keeping the thread to the right-hand side of the needle, the point of it must pierce right through the centre of the thread close to where it came out of the material in each preceding stitch. This stitch must be very evenly worked to look well, but it is valuable for anything which requires a fine, smooth and unbroken outline, and it is much used for fine flower stems or for outlining the features of classical figures, so much in vogue for panels, etc.

Button-holing.

Button-holing is an exceedingly useful stitch in various kinds of embroidery, and admits of so many variations that it would not be well to pass it by without some explanation, although doubtless many of our readers may be quite familiar with it. To learn it, draw two horizontal lines upon a piece of material about an eighth of an inch apart, and bring the thread from back to front of the material on the lower line at the left-hand end of it. Make a stitch by inserting the needle into the upper line and bringing it out directly towards you on the lower line. Before drawing out the needle, place the thread (where it comes out of the material) under the point of it from left to right (see illustration). Make the next stitch in the same way, close to the preceding one, and to the right of it. In many places button-holing should be strengthened by previously running one or two threads along the line upon which it is intended to be worked, and sometimes it is very much padded to give it a raised appearance. Although button-holing is very simple to learn, one often sees it very indifferently worked. If the needle be not inserted and withdrawn in exactly the right places the upper and lower edges will be uneven, and great care should be taken to work the stitches at even distances from one another, touching but yet not overlapping.

Blanket Stitch.

Ordinary blanket stitch is merely button-holing worked rather coarsely, and with spaces of from an eighth to half an inch between the stitches, according to the fancy of the worker, and the kind of materials used. Many very elaborate blanket stitches are now much used for finishing off the edges of rugs, etc., some of which shall be explained further on, but most of these are only varieties of the common kind.

Battlement Stitch.

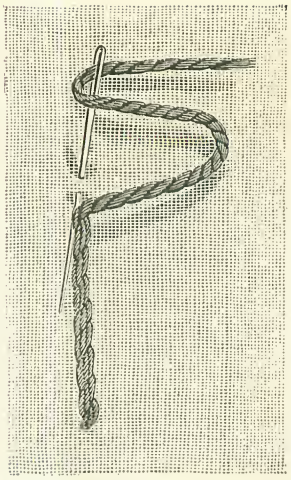
This pretty stitch is suitable for laying down hems or for edging leaves, scrolls, etc., in conventional designs. It looks best when worked in several shades of the same colour, but may be worked altogether in one shade or in contrasting colours with good effect. Commence by working a row of blanket stitch, the stitches to be half an inch in height and half an inch apart. This proportion is for coarse wool on thick material; for finer materials the stitches should be worked in suitable proportion. This first row of blanket stitch should be very carefully worked, for upon its evenness depends the regularity of the following rows, and consequently the effect of the completed work. When the first row is finished, commence again at the left-hand side, and work a second row of blanket stitch on the top of the first, but a little to the left of it, and a little below it. Then work a third row a little to the left of and a little below the second row. Work a fourth row in the same manner. In the last row the tops of the stitches should touch the horizontal threads of the first row (see illustration).

Paling Stitch.

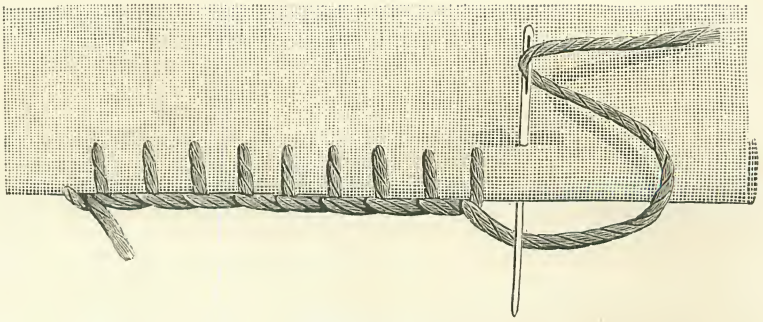
Paling stitch, like battlement stitch, is commenced with a row of blanketing; but in it a second and third row of blanketing are worked a little above and a little to the right of each preceding row. Care should be taken to work the tops of all the stitches in every row on the same level; thus the stitches in the last row will be taken much shorter than those in the first row. Paling stitch may be used for the same purpose as battlement stitch, and should also be worked in several shades or colours when convenient.

Barb Stitch.

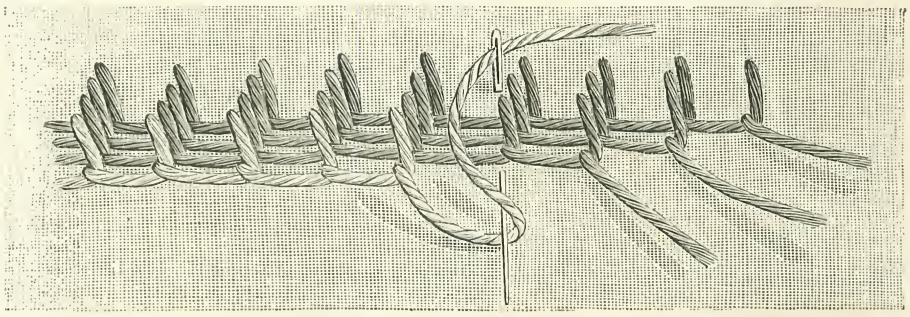
Barb stitch is principally composed of two rows of blanketing, placed back to back, and not too coarsely worked. First make one row of blanketing along a line, and then turn the work and make a second row, stitch for stitch, along the first. When these two rows are completed, it should present something the appearance of a fish's backbone. Then take a thread of wool or silk of a contrasting shade or colour, and unite the two rows of blanketing by working an overcasting stitch into each couple of horizontal threads along the centre (see illustration). When working the overcasting, do not take up any of the material upon the needle, but only the two threads.



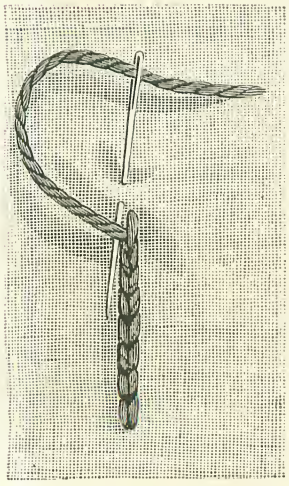
OUTLINE STITCH.



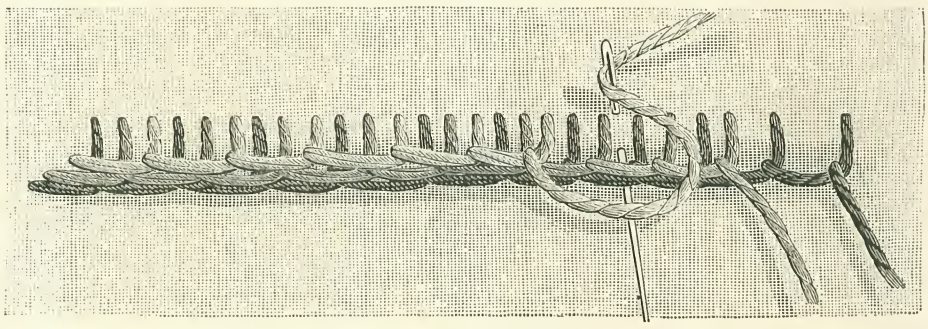
BLANKET STITCH.



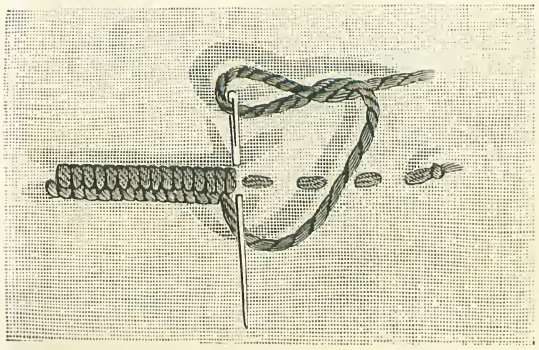
BATTLEMENT STITCH.



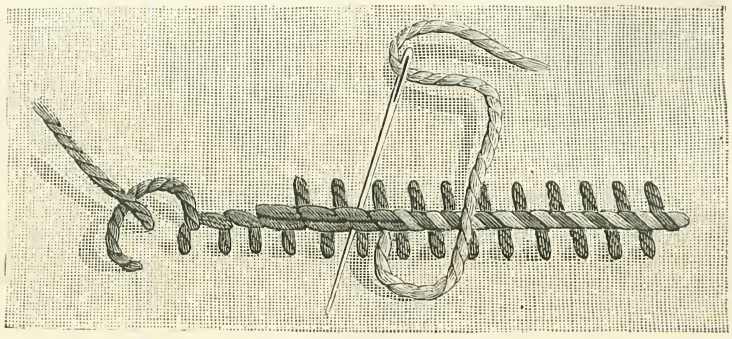
SPLIT STITCH.



FALING STITCH.



BUTTON-HOLING.



BARB STITCH.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AVERIL'S STEPMOTHER.

As Averil asked this question in her usual quiet manner, her stepmother's perturbation increased; she was brought face to face with an unexpected difficulty—and Mrs. Willmot hated any sort of complication. To eat, drink, and be merry were important items in her code. She was indolent, and liked comfort, and as she said, "Her girls were too much for her."

"What shall you do?" reiterated Averil, patiently, as Mrs. Willmot only sighed and looked unhappy.

"I think I am the most miserable woman alive," she returned, stung to weak exasperation by Averil's quiet persistence. "You have no pity for me Averil; and yet I was your father's wife, and a good wife too. What is the good of asking me to settle this infamous bill—for infamous it is, as I mean to tell Madame Delamotte—when I have not a hundred pounds left in the bank, and that boy is always drawing on me?"

"Do you mean Rodney?" interposed Averil, eagerly. "Let us leave this bill for a moment while I speak to you of him. Has he answered Mr. Harland's letter?"—for two days previously a letter had come to Rodney from the lawyer, offering him a post in Canada that promised to be very remunerative in the future. Mr. Harland had spoken very warmly of the advantages attaching to such a situation, and Averil had endorsed this opinion. The letter had arrived early on the morning of her reception, but in spite of all her business she had talked for more than half an hour to both Rodney and her stepmother, begging them to close at once with the offer. Rodney seemed rather in favour of it; to use his own phrase, he thought Canadian life would be "awfully jolly," and he promised to talk his mother over; but until now Averil had heard nothing.

"Has Rodney written to Mr. Harland?" she asked again, as Mrs. Willmot hesitated, and seemed unwilling to answer.

"Yes, he has written," she said at last, when Averil compelled her to speak. "I declare you make me so nervous, Averil, sitting opposite me, and questioning me in that jerky fashion, that I hardly know how to answer."

"And he has accepted the post?" still more eagerly.

"He has done nothing of the kind," returned her stepmother, pettishly. "You have no heart, Averil! You do not understand a mother's feelings! Do you suppose I am going to let my boy go all that distance? As though there were no other places to be found in England! I should break my heart without him. I was awake half the night thinking about it. I did not have a bit of peace until I got the dear fellow to write and decline it this morning."

Averil's little hands were pressed tightly together. "Give me patience," she whispered. Then aloud, "Mrs. Willmot, are you aware of the advantages you have thrown away? Let me implore you to reconsider this; it is not too late—a telegram will nullify the letter. I am very unhappy about Rodney. He seems to be mixed up with a set of most undesirable friends. They are all richer and older than he. They take him to their club; they induce him to play for money. It is no use warning you against Captain Beverley on Maud's account, but for Rodney's sake——"

But here Mrs. Willmot interrupted her.

"Don't say a word against Captain Beverley, Averil. Things will very soon be settled between him and Maud, I can tell you that," with a meaning nod. "I know he is not a favourite of yours; but he is one of the best catches of the season. Everyone will tell you that. Look at Beverley House! And then Oliver, though he is only the second son, has fifteen hundred a year, and they say he is his uncle's heir. No one thinks much of his brother's health—he seems a sickly sort of person. Mark my words—Maud will be Lady Beverley one day."

Averil gave vent to a despairing sigh. What impression could she make on this weak, worldly nature? She had often argued with her stepmother, and had encountered the same placid resistance to all her appeals. Weak people are often obstinate. Mrs. Willmot was no exception: she would listen to Averil, agree with her, and finally end by doing exactly as she had intended at first.

On the present occasion Averil did not spare her.

"You are wrong," she said, vehemently. "One day you will know how wrong you have been. Captain Beverley is only flirting with Maud—he will never propose to her. The Beverleys will look far higher than our family. You are encouraging her in this miserable infatuation, and both you and she are sacrificing Rodney."

"What do you mean by this extraordinary statement, Averil?" and Mrs. Willmot drew herself up with an affronted air.

"Captain Beverley is using Rodney for his own ends. Do you suppose a man of his age has any interest in a boy like Rodney? It pleases him to come here, and he throws a careless invitation to him now and then which he is far too pleased to accept. Rodney will be ruined, for Frank tells me they are a wild, extravagant set. This Canadian scheme would save him—it would break off his intimacy with those men, it would remove him from the scene of his temptation. Mrs. Willmot, you are sacrificing your boy to Maud's fancied interest—it is she who is keeping him here."

But though Averil went on in this strain until she was exhausted, she could not induce her stepmother to alter her decision. She was evidently touched once or twice as Averil pleaded; an uneasy look came over her face.

"You are prejudiced—Maud thinks very differently from that," she observed more than once. It was Maud who was evidently the mother's adviser.

Averil had to desist at last with a sore heart; but before she broke off the conversation she returned again to the subject of Madame Delamotte. She made far more impression here. Mrs. Willmot burst into tears when she saw the receipted bill; she even kissed Averil affectionately, and called her her dear, her dearest girl. There was no want of gratitude for the timely help that had staved off the evil day of reckoning. Mrs. Willmot spoke the truth when she said that she would never forget this generous act.

"My girls have treated me badly," she said, with unusual bitterness—"Maud especially. I know I am to blame leaving things so much to Maud; but she is clever, and has a clear head, and never muddles things as I do. I thought there were only two quarters owing—I certainly understood that last year's account had been settled. I remember drawing a cheque—— Stop, was it for Madame Delamotte or Rodney? My memory is so bad, and the children seem always pestering me for money."

Mrs. Willmot's explanation was by no means lucid; but Averil, who knew her perfectly, did not in the least accuse her of insincerity. She was aware that her stepmother was a bad woman of business; that she was indolent, and suffered herself to be ruled by her high-spirited daughter. She had always shifted her responsibilities on other people.

To do her justice she was extremely shocked at the want of rectitude on Maud's part, and promised readily that such a thing should never occur again—the quarterly bill should be settled in future. She even acquiesced very meekly when Averil announced her intention of speaking to Maud very plainly.

"I shall tell her," she finished—and there was a stern set look round Averil's mouth as she spoke that showed she fully meant what she said—"that if such a disgraceful occurrence ever takes place again in this house, I shall consider it my duty to make different arrangements for the future."

"I am sure she deserves to be frightened," returned Mrs. Willmot, tearfully. She was plainly awed by Averil's manner, though she did not in the least believe this threat.

But Averil had not spoken without due reflection. During the long sleepless night she had tried to look her duty in the face; her stepmother had claims on her, but was it right that her poor should be defrauded—that her father's money should be squandered to satisfy the rapacity of these headstrong young

people? Was she not encouraging them in habits of extravagance and idleness? She could bear her daily martyrdom, the homely sacrifice, but that it should be in vain, that it should be productive of evil and not good, this was intolerable to her.

She went to her own room feeling weary and disquieted. The worst part—her talk with Maud—was to come. She felt she had need to brace herself afresh for the stormy discussion. As she sat down by the window she saw Rodney lounging on the lawn; his brief sulkiness had vanished. In reality he was a sweet-tempered fellow, and hated to be on bad terms with anyone.

"Hullo! Ave," he said, as he caught sight of her; "what have you and the mater been talking about all this time? There seems to be a precious row about something!"

Averil was utterly spent—she put out her hand to him with a little sob.

"Why do you all make my life so miserable?" she said. "It is not fair. I have done nothing to deserve it."

Rodney gave his usual shrug and kicked a loose pebble. He wished he had not spoken. The least approach to a scene gave him an uncomfortable sensation. Averil saw his dismay, and recovered herself at once.

"Come and sit down," she said hastily. "I want to talk to you. Rodney, why did you write to Mr. Harland without speaking to me again? It troubles me inexpressibly to think that you have thrown away such a chance. Do you know Frank says——"

"Oh, Frank again!" returned Rodney, crossly. "I beg your pardon, Ave," as she looked somewhat offended at this; "I do hate to have a fellow flung at one like that. How could I help writing when the mater and Maud made such a fuss——?"

"But you would have liked it yourself."

"I don't know. It is rather a bore leaving all one's friends. Beverley says there are better berths to be picked up here. There is Forbes' brother, Alick——"

"Please do not tell me what Captain Beverley or Mr. Forbes think; Mr. Harland is a far wiser adviser. Rodney dear, I am very unhappy about you. You are not choosing your friends wisely. I dread Captain Beverley's influence. He is rich, a man of the world, and intensely selfish; his habits cannot be yours. Your mother's means are not large; you have no right to live as though you had expectations. You would be far safer and happier in Canada than staying on here in idleness."

"It is not my fault," returned Rodney, impatiently. "I was quite willing to go, only the mater cried about it, and Maud told me that I was only thinking of my own interests. Don't you see, Ave," in a coaxing voice, "I am in rather a difficult position—I can't turn a cold shoulder on Beverley when he is making up to Maud. It is quite true what she says—that I am the only son, and that it is rather shabby to leave the mater if she does not want to part with me."

"Rodney, if you would only give up the society of these men. I think I dislike Mr. Forbes even more than Captain Beverley. I never can trust a man who does not look you in the face. Frank told me that he belongs to one of the fastest sets in town."

"Nonsense! Forbes is a capital fellow—I don't know anyone more good-natured or amusing. He has done me a good turn more than once. But"—interrupting himself, "you are only a girl—you would not understand."

"I think I know more than most girls," returned Averil, with a sad smile. "I am very old for my age. Try me, Rodney. I wish you would tell me everything," and she looked anxiously at the fair boyish face, with its handsome, irresolute mouth. If he would only confide in her! But even as the thought passed through her mind, Rodney threw off some unwelcome reflection, and shook himself with a light laugh.

"You are a good little soul, Ave," he said, jumping up. "Don't bother your head about me. Something is sure to turn up; so there is no need to banish me to Canada," and Rodney went off whistling.

Averil sat for a little time alone, then Lottie brought her some tea, and after that she went in search of Maud.

No one knew what passed between them. Mrs. Willmot, in her selfish policy, thought it wise not to enquire. Averil did not appear again that evening—she had a headache and remained in her own room. Georgina noticed that Maud was in an unusually bad temper; she snubbed Lottie mercilessly, and was positively rude to Annette. But Georgina was not a very close observer; she failed to detect a certain uneasiness and restlessness, that seemed to increase as the evening wore on. Maud took no one into her confidence; if any expectation she had formed had met with disappointment, she was strong enough to bear it in silence.

"It has been a stupid day," said Annette, as she parted from Lottie that night. "Something has gone wrong—my cousin is miserable."

But Lottie could give her no information. The evening had been a failure; Maud had been cross and detestable; Rodney had gone out; no one had ventured to speak. "Never mind; things will be better to-morrow, and there is Grey-Mount on Monday," she said, with the gay philosophy that was natural to her.

"Things will be better to-morrow"—a very Lottie-like speech. Lottie's sanguine temperament never predicted misfortune; if matters were unsatisfactory to-day, they were sure to mend. It was this bright joyousness, this faith in an ultimate good, that had made the little schoolgirl happy in spite of shabby clothes, hard taskmasters, and uncongenial labours; it was this sweet unselfish nature, so childlike, and yet so sound at the core, that was weaving the love that was to be the blessing of her life.

It was not Lottie's pink cheeks, her bright eyes, and pleasant ways, that was binding Ned Chesterton's heart to her so surely, for Ned was an intelligent, shrewd fellow, and knew better than to build his life's happiness on such shifting materials—it was the girl's frankness, her honesty, her loyal devotion to those she loved, and her sweet yielding temper, that had first attracted him. He was not a rich man; the young lawyer would have to work hard at his profession before he could afford the luxury of a wife; but he had long ago said to himself that that wife should be Lottie Jones.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Something Short.

The famous United States general, Grant, had a strong dislike to music. "Oh, General!" once exclaimed to him an ardent American vocalist, who met him at one of the European watering-places, "I *must* sing something to you."

"Well, if you must, madam, you must," responded the General, resignedly.

"And what shall I sing?"

"Something short," was the discouraging reply.

Being Wise.—A girl is wise so long as she seeks wisdom; when she confidently asserts that she has gained it, she is wise no longer.

Divine Philosophy.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical, as is Apollo's lute:
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
—*Milton.*

Bellmen in the Olden Time.—Bellmen, who were appointed to proclaim the hour of the night before public clocks became general, were numerous in London about 1556. They had to ring a bell, and cry: "Take care of your fire and candle; be charitable to the poor, and forget not your prayers."

The Abuse of Power.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—*Shakspeare.*

Answer to Charade II. (p. 149).

(*a*) Bar-gain.

Answers to Historical Arithmorems (p. 167).

1. Coverdale. 2. Alaric. 3. Calais. 4. Cyril. 5. Melville. 6. Veii. 7. Dominic. 8. Medici. 9. Maximin. 10. Latium. 11. Felix.

(*a*) Bar-le-Duc. Bar-sur-Seine. Bar-sur-Aube.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS CHAPMAN.—We have pleasure in giving the address, now again forwarded, of the Sloyd Institute—115, Vassall Road, S.W., and are glad to congratulate you on the decided success of the Sloyd, or hand-craft system, in London.

HÄNCHEN.—The best German is spoken in Hanover. You could not do better than apply to the Superintendents of the Foreign Department of the Young Women's Christian Association, Regent Street, W. (corner of Mortimer Street).

MARIAN.—The Governesses Training Department of the Home and Colonial School Society's College (Gray's Inn Road, W.C.), began its new term on Tuesday, September 9th, and the evening lectures for kindergarten teachers on Thursday, the 11th. Apply to the Lady Superintendent, Miss Daley, for all information as to the boarding house for resident students, 35, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

AN IRISH GIRL.—1. All the instruction you can need on the subject of either etiquette or general good breeding has been given in articles thereupon in this paper, both under these two headings, and under that of "Duties," as well as others in the same series. See vols. iii., iv., v., and vi.—2. Certainly you should replace what you broke at your teacher's.

MUSIC.

PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN.—The piece you send us bears all the marks of having been composed (as you say it was) in five minutes. Not quite up to our mark yet.

A MOTHER.—We strongly advise you not to waste your time, nor your child's brain power, in obliging her to continue the laborious study of any mere accomplishment such as music, for which she has evidently no natural taste. Under such circumstances she could never make her attainments available for gaining a living; and your time and hers is too valuable to be wasted. Besides, she would prove a nuisance to all who heard her.

ZENOBIA.—1. It is not a matter of necessity that your sister should encourage young men "to flirt with her." Let her show a little self-respect; men can see, without being told, when girls wish to keep them on suitable terms of kindly intercourse combined with reserve.—2. If you have a genuine contralto voice beware of trying to sing soprano notes, and your way of taking high ones. Of course we cannot tell you what the natural compass of your individual voice may be, and what should be the limit accorded to it. Always remember that your object should be to produce good tones, agreeable to the ears of those who hear them, not the production of any description of squeak or scream outside the real compass of your voice. Who wants to hear noise in lieu of music?

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOVE.—Much depends on the rules of the school. We much question the approval of the authorities to any intercourse between the boys' and the girls' schools. If already acquainted with any boy, you might certainly save a salutation and a word or two in passing.

MAD MOLL, of ten years old, needed only to tell her mother of the effect produced by her bathing in the sea. But as she may be under the care of an inexperienced sister or maid, we answer her question. She remained too long in the water—evidently a specially dangerous experiment to her. To find her "limbs powerless," and to "feel sick" after coming out are not symptoms to be overlooked and risked again. A plunge in and out again might have done her good. Be warned in time.

FIFTEEN.—Your writing is fairly good and legible, but scarcely formed as yet.

BETSY.—No gentleman would presume to speak to a lady without an introduction, or unless first addressed by her (through some accidental necessity of the moment), either at the seaside or anywhere else. "The coast" does not accord any special license to break through those most essential rules for the protection of women, and for that of foolish, thoughtless young men, who might easily be entrapped into ill-advised engagements by forward and designing women.

MARION.—How could we tell what would be "good for Marion?" We have never seen her, and are not acquainted with her complaints nor habits. Certainly it could not be good for anyone to eat a lemon every day; but lemon-juice may do much good in giving temporary relief to persons suffering from liver disturbance; and it is much used medicinally, in hospitals, under the direction of a doctor.

A. ADAMS sends a query even more thoughtless than "Marion." It would be impossible to tell a perfect stranger, whom we have never even seen, what amount of animal magnetism she possesses, and could safely spare to a patient. Nothing could be more injurious to the latter than to be subjected to treatment by a medical rubber who was not endowed with the necessary physical gift of a superabundance of the above-named power. Were the rubber feeble in this qualification, or otherwise in bad health, she would do much harm to the invalid, and rob her of her own magnetism, instead of augmenting her small supply.

CLEOPATRA.—1. The best way of preventing the "stitches" of which you complain in "walking and riding" is to loosen your stays, drink less, and avoid very new bread; and if very severe ones come from weakness of digestion, take a strong peppermint lozenge, or a dose of sal volatile (a teaspoonful) in hot water (a wineglassful).—2. January 24th, 1877, was a Wednesday.

WOULD BE GRATEFUL.—You seem to overlook the fact that when we have answered a question many times we decline to fill our very small space for answers with unlimited repetitions. Read our replies and you will get yours. Also consult the articles of "Medicus" on the care of the hands. How many of your "friends" have *thousands* of correspondents to answer? Your observation is not applicable to the case.

HONOUR BRIGHT.—If (though you say, "Personally I know nothing of him") you accepted an invitation to take walks alone with a young man not introduced nor recommended by any mutual and reliable friend, you have only your own thoughtlessness and lack of proper maidenly reserve to reproach for the liberty he took of which you complain. Never walk out with strange men; and even if properly introduced to you, always have a female friend with you.

ONLY A SERVANT.—Whoever was so cruel and ignorant as to tell you that you "were likely to go out of your mind" through your headaches should be ashamed of themselves. Go to some good doctor, who receives patients free of charge at certain hours, and he will direct you as to your general health, and change your spectacles if desirable. Commit your troubles, in faith and prayer, to your Heavenly Father, "who careth for you," and do not give way to desponding thoughts. Remember the hymn—

> "I know not the way that I go,
> But well do I know my Guide."

Is not that enough? And if you do not yet know that "Guide," lose no time in asking Him to reveal Himself to you, through the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the influence of the Divine spirit in your heart.

QUEEN MAB.—If Divine Providence have given you short eyelashes only, be thankful that you have them. You might as well ask us to give you eyes of a different colour as to confer upon you the beauty of long lashes. As to the moral defect of "self-consciousness," we can only say, for the hundredth time, devote all your thoughts to others—their comforts, their tastes and entertainment, their pleasures and their troubles, and you will have no time left for silly personal considerations and selfish vanity.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Never forget that it is not seemly, nor creditable in any point of view, for a woman to take the initiative, and make any man see that, unsought, she cares for him. It would be most undignified and indelicate to work and present him with, any present. Besides, would it be desirable for *him* to think of you as a wife? He has devoted his life to the work of the ministry; is it right to divert his attention from it by trying to attract his attention to you? This fancy for one who has not paid his addresses to you may prove a great snare to you.

JAY.—There is a certain class of questions on points in which God-fearing people hold differences of opinion, which we decline to answer. As a rule such questions should be referred to a girl's own parents.

CARRIE SMITH'S nose appears to give her considerable trouble. The ruby hue, if not attributable to the constriction of stays, indigestion, exciting drinks, studying, or stooping the head too soon after meals, nor to the after effects of chilblains thereupon, must be attributed to a bad circulation of the blood, or to some skin complaint or humour in the blood. We recommend her to consult a good general practitioner.

ECCE HOMO.—The saying you quote is not taken from Holy Writ. In John Wesley's XCII. Sermon, "On Dress," he says:—"Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness." According to the Jewish law, it was insisted upon, and under the Christian dispensation we are told that we are to have "our bodies washed with pure water."

HILDA.—1. When you call on a friend who is a guest of someone unknown to you, ask for your friend. Of course your friend has already requested permission to receive you.—2. It is usually the lady, not the gentleman, who enquires whether the friends they visit are at home.

WAIT.—"Godly sorrow" for sin, whether of infirmity or wilful, is evidenced by an earnest, determined, daily effort to resist temptation, to keep out of the way of it, and to pray continually for the help of the Holy Spirit to triumph over it. In so doing you will find peace. Lay yourself and your temptations at the foot of the Cross, and accept the divine promise that your Saviour's strength will be made perfect in your weakness.

FLORA WHITMAN.—Write to our publisher, enclosing the money for the coloured plates.

EAGLE.—"The crown came with a lass, and with a lass it will go," has reference to the crown of Scotland, which came with Margaret, "the maiden of Norway," who died on her passage to Scotland, and went with Mary Queen of Scots, whose son, James VI., became James I. of England.

ELSIE (the name) means "of noble birth," a "princess," and is derived from the same as Adeline, Adele, Alisa, Adelaide, Alice, and Alicia. The word is Old German.

AILEEN NORMAN.—The verses are very fair specimens, and are correct in composition.

N. E. P.—We think that a poor memory too often proceeds from a lack of attention. If you can conquer this lack for yourself you will not need any "system" at all.

BLAARW WATER and GRAAFF REINET.—1. The question of ladies riding astride seems to have lost interest in England; and no lady has, so far, adopted it. We do not think the reasons urged in its favour were conclusive.—2. The allegation that "Cape girls are noted for their untruthfulness" seems to be quite unworthy of either notice or repetition.

MONA.—Pitman's manuals are for sale at most stationers for a very low price. You could not have anything better.

MATILDA STRETTON.—A woman can be sole executrix to a will. It would not signify whether she had a personal interest in it or not. But no one could act as a witness to a will who was to benefit by it. Sex is of no importance in either capacity.

CYMRAES O GYMRU.—You are quite right in your view of the meaning of the word "charity" as being "love," not mere almsgiving. This is very clearly shown in that same chapter (1 Cor. xiii.). "Suffering long," and "not vaunting itself," nor being "easily puffed-up," have no connection with the bestowing of gold or silver on the poor. The charity—*i.e.*, love—that "covers a multitude of sins," may be evidenced by the most indigent amongst God's people. And mark, this charity is not used as a sort of cloak to cover *your own* sins and deficiencies, as a passage in the Apocrypha would lead you to imagine ("Alms make an atonement for sin!"), but to hide the infirmities of *others*. Your Welsh translation, "love," for "charity," is just what it ought to be. Your English is very good

SHOVEL AND TONGS.—You may call your father either "papa" or "father," just as he or you may prefer. The salutation "How do you do?" is an idiomatic phrase, not a query, and those meeting address each other simultaneous alike. If an enquiry be meant, they add, "How are you?" or, "I hope you are well?"

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.



All rights reserved.] "TRIX CAME RUNNING IN."

CHAPTER XVI.

JESSIE'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

WHEN Esther's footstep had died away along the corridor, and Jessie had locked her door upon the intruder, a different look came into her face; all the would-be indifference and weariness vanished in an instant, to be replaced by a vivid excitement and triumph, which gave a wonderful brilliance to her beauty, whilst robbing it of something of its youthfulness and childlike quality.

"You can come back, Thérèse," she said, softly, "I think we are safe now. At any rate the door is locked."

At these words there appeared from an inner dressing-closet, the door of which had been carefully closed, the French maid, who bore in her hands a pile of rich white drapery, and several cases which evidently contained jewels. Upon her sharp dark face was a look of cunning which was not pleasant to see there, and in her voluble fashion, half French, half English, she began discoursing on Jessie's beauty, on the ravishing appearance mademoiselle was about to make, on the delight and astonishment of the Vicomte at the sight of his princess thus attired, and the blissful conclusion which must come as a *finale* to such a charming little romance.

And whilst she thus talked, in a fashion that would have disgusted Esther, and which no mother, even an indulgent and not overwise one, would have tolerated for a moment, Jessie sat

with a smile of satisfaction upon her pretty face, whilst the clever fingers of the maid rearranged and piled up the flowing masses of her golden hair upon her shapely head, in the fashion agreed upon from the picture from which the dress had been designed, and which certainly became Jessie wonderfully, though it gave her an appearance of considerably greater age than was really hers.

And as for the dress, that was a perfect marvel of the Frenchwoman's skill and taste; and in some points it was suited more to French than English ideas. Jessie looked down hesitatingly at her bare white shoulders, and asked if Thérèse had not cut the neck rather too low. But the answer was emphatic. What was the use of having such a lovely complexion and such ravishing arms if they were always to be covered up? The dress was perfect in itself, and became mademoiselle *à merveille*. It could not be improved upon, and to attempt to change now would ruin everything; and when the diamonds went on she would see that it was perfection. Ah! there was not a gentleman who would be there that night but would lose his heart completely to mademoiselle!

With eagerly brightening eyes Jessie watched the opening of the cases that contained the wonderful diamonds that even her mother seldom wore. They were family heirlooms in her husband's family, and Lady Eleanora always felt a certain anxiety with regard to them, which had communicated itself to the whole household. There were few such sets of diamonds in the country, and for brilliance and magnitude they were second to none. They had been brought from India by an ancestor, who had made an immense fortune there out of the old Nabobs; and it was always something of an event in the county when Mrs. Overton appeared in them.

And now the wonderful tiara was sparkling in Jessie's golden hair, the necklace with its glittering pendants, was encircling her slender throat, the star, that was considered by connoisseurs to be absolutely unique, was gleaming in the lace at her breast, and the bracelets on her arms flashed back innumerable points of light with every movement of the nervous hands.

There was something altogether dazzling and fairly-like about the apparition in this quiet bedroom; and Jessie gave a little startled cry of rapture as she caught sight of the reflection of herself in the long glass in the wardrobe. She had never guessed that she could look quite so bewitching, and the delicate colour deepened in her face, whilst her eyes shone as brightly as the marvellous stones she wore.

"Oh, Thérèse, how splendid they are when one sees them all together. I wonder why mamma does not wear them oftener, and all at a time? I have never seen her with more than half of them on at once."

"Madame has her own ideas—Madame will not be guided by me," said the maid. "And she thinks *la belle mere* would not like it. But it is as mademoiselle says truly, they look their best all together. Ah! but mademoiselle is perfect—is ravishing! There will not be a *toilette* in the room to-night that can be named in one day with mademoiselle's, though poor Thérèse did make it, and make it without cost to anyone, out of one of madame's old Court dresses that she will never put on or think about again."

It seemed as if there were something of a hint embodied in the last words, for Jessie turned round eagerly, and said—

"Oh, yes, Thérèse; and I am very much obliged to you, and you may have my sealskin coat, which you have admired so much. I shall want another by next winter; and mamma will not mind when she knows how kind you have been to me."

Thérèse thanked her young lady with sparkling eyes, though she accepted the gift rather as a right than a favour; and almost immediately there came a low tap at the door, which seemed expected, for the door was cautiously opened, and Trix came running in, in dressing-gown and slippers.

"Oh, Jessie, you *are* a stunner," she cried, copying her brothers' phraseology, as she was wont. "I say, won't they all open their eyes at you? Do you think you will get into an awful row afterwards? But I'll stick up for you. I call it jolly good fun; and aunt Esther isn't half so cross, really, as I thought she was going to be. She scolds from a sense of duty, I believe. But I came to tell you the carriage is at the turn in the avenue. I saw the lamps come slowly up and then stop. They are waiting for you as they promised, and you'd better make haste, in case anybody else sees it there and sends to know what it is doing. And now I can go to sleep, which is a blessing. But mind you come in and wake me as you go to bed, for I'm dying to know all about it; and I've been a great help, and have kept your secret all along spendidly."

Jessie promised hastily, and Thérèse wrapped her up in a soft lace muffler, over which a long cloak of darker hue was thrown. In Greyfriars there were so many staircases that to escape out of the house undetected was only too simple a matter. The maid led the way, and went in advance, a ready lie on her tongue in case she encountered anyone, and Jessie crept cautiously after like a shadow. But it was the hour of the servants' supper; and in the drawing-room Esther was playing to the old lady, who was soothed by her music to slumber. Nobody heard and nobody saw the two figures glide out into the soft glimmering darkness of the May night, and without a single start or fear Jessie arrived at the door of the carriage, which was at once opened to receive her.

"Here you come, my dear; that is right! I was terribly afraid something might have gone wrong to hinder you. But all's well that ends well; and it shan't be my fault if you don't have a fine time of it to-night. I won't interfere with you, my pretty dear. You shall have the best fling you ever did yet. I never was one for looking too sharp after young folks when they are enjoying themselves together, as is natural and right they should. My girls was never overdone with fuss and bother about whom they should talk to, and whom they should dance with. 'Let 'em please themselves and be happy' was what I always did say; and now the big ones are all happily married, except Matilda, and she'll not be long going off. And it's pleased and proud I am to have the chance of bringing out such a belle as you, my dear. My girls didn't set up for being beauties, though they had their admirers too. But no one can say as you're not the prettiest little girl; and it would be a thousand shames for you not to open the ball to-night with Lord Derwent, seeing as he picked you out from amongst them all this very afternoon."

Jessie was shivering with excitement and the daring move she had made; but grateful as were some of these words to her ears, she could not but shrink a little into herself at the loud tones and unrefined accent of her companion, who, never over and above polished or grammatical, allowed herself more licence than usual in talking to a young girl like Jessie. Mrs. Flemyng was the most good-natured woman in the world; and her true kindness of heart, combined with her husband's wealth and standing, had caused her to be received and visited by people who often winced at the sound of her voice and the choice of her words. There was no disguising the fact that she was a vulgar, jovial woman, who would have been more in her element as a farmer's wife; but she was so kind, so generous, and so ready to acknowledge her own lack of birth, and to laugh at herself for her little social solecisms, that it was almost impossible not to like her; and as she never pushed herself or her belongings into undue notice, she was admitted by degrees, almost as a matter of course, into all the houses in the neighbourhood.

She had been delighted to take Jessie under her wing when she heard how the poor child was longing to go to the ball, and only withheld from the gratification by the troublesome obstinacy of the aunt, who would not take her because she did not wish to go herself. Jessie made out her case very speciously—how her mother would have taken her directly—how she was to have been presented in London that very year but for her father's illness. It seemed patent to Mrs. Flemyng, herself no stickler for etiquette, that the girl was being sacrificed to the idleness or apathy of her hard-hearted aunt, and she was delighted to step into the breach. The secrecy of the thing was only natural, she thought; the impropriety of it never even struck her. But as Jessie drove up to the brightly-lighted house, and realised that the moment had come for her first appearance in society in a formal way, it did occur to her that it was a strange and unnatural thing to be making it beneath the escort of a woman like Mrs. Flemyng; and when for a moment she contrasted her own grace-

ful, lovely mother, with her refined accent and swan-like movements, with the stout, rubicund, loud-voiced woman at her side, her heart for a moment failed her, and she almost wished she had not come.

"What will people think? What would mamma say?" were the questions in her mind, which she could not answer as she would. She realised then that she was taking a very grave step, and bringing down upon herself a good deal of criticism of an adverse kind. Jessie did not like criticism—she liked praise, and petting, and flattery; but the thought of her lovely dress and glittering jewels gave her heart once more, and she fancied that with them upon her nobody could have the heart to find serious fault with her.

The dressing-room was crowded as they entered to take off their wraps, and Matilda Flemyng was waiting there for her mother. She had arrived with her father some few minutes before, and helped Jessie off with her cloak, very curious to see how the beauty would have arrayed herself for the evening. The room was full of gay and picturesque figures, and Matilda herself was resplendent in scarlet and gold, to represent a lady of the sixteenth century. But when she saw the diamonds and the creamy brocade with which Jessie was adorned, she gave a little cry of wonder, and broke into vehement admiration.

Mrs. Flemyng joined in the chorus, and several admiring glances from bystanders, who were all strangers, told Jessie that she was not going to be a failure. With flushed cheeks and dancing eyes she followed Matilda's parents up the grand staircase to the suite of magnificent rooms where the ball was to be held, and felt that nobody she saw upon the way could compare with herself for magnificence.

Great as was the concourse of people assembled, the rooms were so large that there was no crowding. Lady Easterby stood in the centre of the first of the rooms, receiving her guests; and the greater number of these were drafted off to the dancing-room by their *chaperons* or partners, so that there was no crowding or confusion. When the Flemyngs had shaken hands with their hostess, and she turned with a smile to the sons and daughters of their train, her face wore just that stereotyped look of amiable welcome which one sees on the faces of those who have to welcome guests not by ones and twos, but by fifties and hundreds. She had extended her hand to Jessie almost without looking at her, when something in the dress, or in the flash of the stones, arrested her attention, and then, polished woman of the world as she was, she could not entirely control the glance of surprise that flashed into her eyes as she recognised the fair *débutante*.

"My dear child," she said, hastily, retaining Jessie's hand for a moment in her own, whilst the rest of the party passed on; "what is the meaning of this? Surely if Lady Eleanora wished you to make your first appearance at my ball she might have found you better escort than that! Why did you not remain with us? I would have taken you under my own wing. I saw your grandmother only two days ago, and she spoke as if you were still in the schoolroom, so I said nothing. What does it mean?"

Jessie's face was crimson now. She never expected to be taken to task like this.

"Grandmother does not know I am here," she faltered, for with an old friend like Lady Easterby any attempt at concealment was out of the question. "But I wanted to see the ball—and—and Mrs. Flemyng said she would take me. I know that neither auntie nor mamma would have let me come if I had asked permission."

"If you had come with your mother you would have been very welcome, my dear," said Lady Easterby, very gravely; "but I am sorry to see you under the present circumstances, and with the present company."

Jessie was nearly crying now, she hardly knew why.

"If you would let me stay with you," she faltered, feeling how little she liked being seen in Mrs. Flemyng's train; but there was no smile upon Lady Easterby's face.

"I am sorry, Jessie, but I cannot for a moment countenance this escapade on your part, and I much regret that it has taken place at my house at all. And I am sorry you have thought fit to make yourself so very conspicuous too, wearing your mother's diamonds, when doing the very thing of which she would most have disapproved. But I cannot talk to you any longer, I am too busy. You will find your friends in the dancing-room, no doubt."

Lady Easterby turned away to greet a new batch of guests, and Jessie, with burning cheeks and swelling heart, hastily pursued the retreating figures of the Flemyngs, and soon found herself an object of some attraction in the ball-room. But the memory of the rebuke was still tingling in her ears. She felt strange, and shy, and miserable; and longed, as she had never longed before, for her mother to take care of her, to tell her with whom she might, and with whom she might not dance, guard her with well-bred tact from unwelcome advances, and keep her happy and cared for in the midst of a crowd, as other young girls' mothers she could see were doing for them.

But Mrs. Flemyng's ideas of *chaperonage* were embodied in the maxim, "Let the young folks alone," and it had answered well enough with her jolly, boisterous daughters, who were not at all particular with whom they associated, and were very well able to take care of themselves. But Jessie had never been to a dance in her life; and this was on a much larger, and therefore less select, scale than would have been the case on a different occasion. The fancy dress, too, made things much more confusing. Jessie could not recognise her friends; and if they were there they did not come near her, and she seemed thrown for company and partners upon the noisy set of people who seemed intimate with the Flemyngs. She knew that in other parts of the room *there must* be a different class of guests, and that her place was really with them; but she had chosen to set everything but her own will at defiance in order to grasp this forbidden pleasure, and now she was reaping the fruit of her own choice. Mrs. Flemyng was kindness itself in finding partners for her "belle," and there was no lack of young men wishful to dance with her; but they were young men of a kind she had never come across before, and their conversation was like a strange language, and she shrank from their admiring looks and unvarnished flattery. They meant no harm, and there was no harm in them, but they were not the kind of friends she met in her father's house, and she felt humiliated to have to cast in her lot with second-rate people, the "set" on whom she had always looked down, and at which she had been fond of turning up her aristocratic little nose when there were all the county present to take note of her position, and to wonder and comment upon it afterwards. Lord Derwent never came near her. She once passed Constance in the dance, but only received a look of wondering disapproval. Altogether, instead of being the gayest and happiest, it was the most miserable time of her life, and the worst of it was there was no hope of release. The Flemyngs were enjoying it thoroughly, and would stay till the very end—they were people who always did. She would have to be there for hours, either dancing with men she could not endure, or sitting out alone, without even the support of her *chaperon's* presence, for Mrs. Flemyng was seldom to be seen or found. It was so terrible at last that the poor child, who knew the house well, crept away at last to a quiet little alcove not far from the grand staircase, where she planted herself in a sort of forlorn hope that Mrs. Chester, or Everard, or somebody, would come who would pity and take her home; and there, only holding back her tears for fear lest she should be seen, she passed the least miserable moment of that horrid evening waiting to see what would befall her.

(To be continued.)



BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

IV.



FOR a story of the "Underground Railroad's" clients, dipping almost at random into those voluminous records collected by Mr. Still, we may take, to begin with, the case of Charles Gilbert, a representative rather than a remarkable one, showing the helplessness of most runaway slaves so long as left to their own resources. This was a "gingerbread coloured" young man, belonging to a negro trader in Richmond, who proposed to sell him; but it occurred to Charles that he might as well be his own master. By good luck he fell in with the skipper of a Boston schooner, who agreed to carry him off for ten dollars, on condition that he did not get on board till the vessel reached Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the river.

Charles set off then on his legs, and safely reached the Point, some hundred and sixty miles below Richmond, a part of the country well known to him, as he had been "raised" in it, and here still lived his mother and other relations. His master readily guessed how he would make for this familiar neighbourhood, where he had no sooner arrived than he found the hue and cry so hot after him that his friends, even his own mother, scarcely durst help him for fear of getting into trouble, a reward of two hundred dollars being offered for his capture. Such a close watch was kept that he saw no hope of getting off to the Boston ship, which had to sail without him. For the first few days he took refuge with a fellow-slave; but fear of discovery drove him out to live like a hunted beast in dark holes and corners, shunning the abodes of those nearest and dearest to him, as places where he would be most likely to fall into a trap.

His chief hiding-place was under a large hotel, built on piles three or four feet above the ground. Here he lurked a month together, stealing forth at night and helping himself to food from a tub full of refuse, thrown out for the dogs or such like. It may have been this fare that put it into his head to act the part of a dog, as more than once stood him in good stead. One night a boy came crawling under the hotel in search of stray chickens: he had almost reached the concealed slave when a fierce bark and a growling and snarling from the darkness sent him out again in great alarm. But the noise brought up his father, whom Charles could hear proposing to kill that savage dog which had so frightened the boy. The two-legged barker saw good to make off, and changed his quarters to an oak tree, in which he spent a whole day before making up his mind to trust himself to the kindness of a negro washerwoman, named Isabella.

This woman hid him for two weeks under the floor of her washhouse. But somehow a whisper got about what sort of guest she was entertaining, and a party of men came to the house to search for him. They did not hit upon his hiding place; but this visit scared him back to the hotel. When he had lain another week in that gloomy refuge, he felt as if he must have fresh air, and crept out to spend a day in the woods. Here the very sight of a white man so startled him that he took to an unwholesome swamp. Two hours of this was enough; seeing nothing else for it, he returned to his lodging under the hotel.

At length the prospect began to brighten. His mother, a free woman, was doing what she could for him, though at first it would appear she had been disposed to hold aloof from his needs. She had scraped together thirty dollars, for which the captain of a steamer bound to Philadelphia agreed to run the risk of giving him a passage. Means were found of secretly communicating these arrangements to the lurking runaway; and when the last day came, he could not resist the temptation of spending it with his good friend the washerwoman. But there were traitors about as well as friends. While he was in this house three officers came to look for him. One of them was actually searching in the room where the anxious fugitive stood behind a thin curtain. His presence of mind, however, did not desert him. Women's garments were hanging up on the walls of the room. Charles had never heard of Sir John Falstaff; but, like that valiant knight, he hastily arrayed himself in an old calico dress and bonnet, and quietly slipped downstairs under the eyes of the officers. They asked him whose girl he was, and on his giving the name of one of the neighbouring planters, let him pass without further suspicion, so well did he look his part.

He went on to the steamer: and what a weight must have fallen from his heart when she put to sea! But not yet was he out of danger. Instead of going straight to a Free State port, he found she was to stop at Norfolk, in Virginia, where the slave-hunters might well arrest him, their zeal sharpened by the large rewards his master was offering. But passengers such as he cannot be choosers; he had to submit to an anxious delay of four weeks at Norfolk—a month that must have seemed to him like a year, obliged to lie close, in hourly fear of being betrayed, with nothing to do but calculate his perilous chances. At length, several months after his escape, he landed at Philadelphia, a free man.

Dressing in the clothes of the other sex was a disguise that served many young runaways well—often the only one within the reach of a slave. For example, a white man undertook to carry off a girl dressed in boy's clothes, and named Peter for the nonce. The sham master with his sham slave boy went on board a steamer bound North. The difficulty here was that, among the idle crowd of blacks and whites on deck, she might not be able to pass muster as a boy throughout the voyage. So it was arranged that the gentleman should have to call for his slave four or five times, then pretend to be very angry with him for being out of the way, threatening to cut his black heart out, to cut up his back with a cowhide, and so on, in the true style of a Southern bully. The officers of the boat were appealed to for some means of shutting up this disobedient young rascal, who might be plotting to run away, sulky brute that he was! The mate, quite accustomed to this kind of passenger, gave the supposed slaveowner the key of a closet in which he could safely stow his property; and there "Peter" remained locked up from curious eyes till the boat reached free ground.

Of course it gave an immense gusto to an escape when some Southerner could be tricked into unconsciously helping the fugitive. Mr. Still tells a sly story of a Maryland lady who wrote a letter to a notorious slave-catcher named Alberti, and by mistake posted it in the box of a Philadelphia newspaper. One of the clerks guessed the nature of the contents, and handed it on to the anti-slavery office, where it *somehow* arrived unsealed, as the matter is put. It proved to be a summons for Alberti to assist this lady in recapturing one of the "Underground Railroad's" passengers. Then one of the committee undertook to call on her, personating Alberti, and pretending much hatred of the Abolitionists. By this questionable device he became taken into the enemy's counsel, the slave was got out of the way at once, and great was the Southern lady's confusion to find her name and secret business published all over Philadelphia on a large placard, for general information. She made haste to get out of the city where her confidence had thus been betrayed.

Sometimes it happened that a master, trusting to the ignorance, the timidity, or the attachment of his slaves, would take them into a Free State and save the "Underground Railway" officers trouble by bringing business to their very doors. Thus, Mr. Still has to tell us how once he heard that a Southerner was stopping at an hotel in the city, with a slave mother and her two boys, who wished to be free, but did not know how to claim it. He hurried to the hotel, having got the help of Mr. Passmore Williamson, another devoted foe of slavery. The party had already gone on board the boat to continue their journey, and there the two Abolitionists followed them. They found the slave family on deck, under guard of their master, who seems to have been alive to the risk he ran of losing them. He tried in vain to prevent Still and Williamson from addressing the woman; but they insisted on informing her that by the laws of Pennsylvania she was entitled to her freedom; that her master could not hinder her from going where she pleased; that now or never was her chance of leaving him.

A moving scene of excitement followed. The master tried to answer for his slave, and to make her say that she did not desire freedom; he even declared that he meant to set her free. The poor woman, struggling between new hope and lifelong habits of submission, hardly knew what to say. She did say, "I want my freedom; but he holds me," and the eagerness in her eyes spoke for her heart. The last bell rang while the debate was still raging. "Come," said one of the Abolitionists, touching her arm. "Go along," said other sympathisers. The family moved

towards the gangway. The slaveholder sprang forward to detain them. None of the passengers cared to interfere on his side except one man, who cried, "Leave them alone; they are his *property*." On the other hand there were friends of the slave to shoulder him back; and some coloured porters are accused of going the length of a little violence.

Anyhow, the family were got on shore, the youngest child, too young to understand who were his real friends, crying out for "Massa John." But the mother, once away from her master's eye, unmistakably expressed her joy at the turn things had taken. The master followed them to see what redress the law would give him. The upshot of it all was a trial that made some noise at the time. Still, Williamson, and the negro porters were indicted for riot, forcible abduction, assault, and so forth. Two of the negroes were convicted of the minor charge, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment; while the pro-slavery feeling was strong enough to have Mr. Williamson temporarily incarcerated for contempt of court in not revealing where his *protégés* were concealed, which, in fact, he took care not to know. But the sufferers counted this a cheap price for the redemption of a family. The slave mother's freedom could not be impugned. She was produced in court as a witness, when an officer of the United States is said to have been present with a warrant for her arrest; but she was guarded out by the Pennsylvanian officials, determined to protect her, and vindicate the laws of their own State, even if, as expected, violence had to be used. Such conflicts between the Federal and State authorities were of frequent occurrence in the long struggle for emancipation.

A not less touching story in a different way is that told by Samuel J. May, of a slaveholder who brought his black nurse into Connecticut and defied the Abolitionists to persuade her into claiming the freedom she had thus acquired. Mr. May hastened to inform her how she stood; but the master knew his servant well; she would not leave him, "for," said she, "I promised mistress that I would go back with her and the children."

A gentleman versed in philosophical casuistry undertook to argue with her that such a promise was not in the circumstances binding, but could make no impression on her simple honesty. "Is it possible you do not wish to be free?" he exclaimed, impatiently. She replied with impressive earnestness, as we are told, "Was there ever a slave that did not wish to be free? I long for liberty. I will get out of slavery if I can, the day after I have returned; but go back I must, because I promised that I would."

Before such a scruple her well-meaning friends were struck with admiring silence; and though next day they returned to the charge, southwards she went, firm as Regulus, her master starting in advance with his family, and trusting her to follow in the stage coach; they had even given her their heavy luggage and a valuable gold watch and chain to take care of. Was this woman fit to be kept in slavery?

Naturally it was but seldom that the oppressor thus aided his chattel to freedom. More often the prize had to be won through toils, tricks, perils, hardships, and sufferings that went far to prove the slave worthy of what he sought. A famous case was that of Henry Box Brown, who owed his name to the invention of a new device for travelling North as a package of merchandise. Not seeing any other way to get safe off from Richmond, he had a box made three feet long by two feet wide and two feet eight deep. Into this narrow receptacle, lined with green baize, he squeezed himself, provided with a few biscuits and a bladder of water, also a large gimlet to make openings for fresh air if necessary. A trusty friend nailed him up, addressed the box to a confederate in Philadelphia, marking it, "This side up, with care"—and saw to its being despatched by train. The label was not taken much notice of it seems, the box being roughly knocked about by unsuspicious porters; for some miles it was carried upside down, and the poor man actually travelled on his head. At the best it could not but be a terrible journey of twenty-six hours that he had in this cramped and choking attitude.

Meanwhile the confederates at Philadelphia were in almost as painful suspense, scarcely expecting that the man would reach them alive. Advised by telegram that he was on the way, some members of the Vigilance Committee secretly met to open the box, which they feared might prove no better than a coffin. Great was their excitement when the precious case, being at length delivered and the door safely locked, one of the party rapped on the lid, enquiring "All right?" and a muffled voice echoed back from within "All right, sir!" Then saw and hatchet went to work in eager hands; the hoops were cut off, and up rose this sable jack-in-the-box with the thankful exclamation, "How do you do, gentlemen?" Standing on the floor a free man, he celebrated his deliverance by bursting forth into the Psalm: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer," to the delighted edification of his small audience. He was forthwith christened Henry Box Brown, and came to make the name known by a little book he wrote on the evils of slavery, a work showing that freedom was not thrown away upon him.

This plan, having once proved successful, was tried again. Unfortunately, two young men boxed up soon afterwards by Henry Brown's good friend at Richmond, were found out, and caught on the way by means of the telegraph, their white confederate getting into serious trouble for his share in the business: he was sentenced to a long imprisonment—Samuel A. Smith, let his name be remembered. But from first to last the box trick helped several other slaves out of bondage, among them two women, one of whom arrived speechless from exhaustion.

Greatly as the last-mentioned adventurers must have suffered on the way to freedom, there were others who dared and endured still more trying ordeals. Take the three men, for instance, who, with the connivance of a black steward, stowed themselves away close to a steamboat's boiler, at the risk of being suffocated. In this sweltering hole they had to lie flat on their backs, almost choked by coal dust, crawling in turns to the one narrow aperture which gave them a breath of air, like the victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Hardly better off were Abram Galloway and a friend of his, though they found means of arranging for their passage with the captain of a Free State trader. The main difficulty they were prepared for was that North Carolina, their land of bondage, insisted on outgoing vessels being smoked, as is done to get rid of rats, by way of making sure that no black stowaways were on board. The two slaves accordingly provided themselves with oil-cloth bags to draw round their waist, in which, by the help of a bladder of water and wet towels to be held to their nostrils, they hoped to live through the smoke. After all their precautions these things were not called into use, the vessel, for some reason, being exempted from fumigation. The real danger was one they had not calculated upon. The cargo consisted of turpentine, rosin, and tar, the emanations from which produced a torturing effect on these men hid away in it. It is stated that great quantities of blood were drawn from them by this blistering environment. But they held out bravely till it was safe to come on deck; and in the whirligig of time one of them went back to North Carolina after the war, was elected a member of its Senate, and died the Honourable Abram Galloway.

In the foregoing cases we have seen these fugitives to be persons of superior ability or attainments, on whom the yoke of slavery sat more gallingly, and who could use their wits in devising clever plans of escape. One of the "Underground Railroad's" stationmasters was once rather puzzled by the arrival of a smart negro in a fine broadcloth coat, who had so much to say for himself that at first he was taken for an impostor. He professed to be a dentist of ten years' standing, assistant and bookkeeper to a practitioner in Norfolk, whom he had grown tired of serving for nothing. The story turned out to be true enough. The negro dentist set up for himself in New Bedford, where he became so prosperous and so much respected that in four years he was elected a member of the city council. After the war he went back to Norfolk, now a fair field of practice for such as him; and there in time he presented himself as a candidate for Congress, being beaten only by a narrow majority. The badness of the slave system is amply demonstrated when we find men like this among its victims.

It happened not unfrequently that an escaping slave availed himself, like Frederick Douglass, of a pass or other papers which he had learned to write, in spite of all hindrances and penalties put in force against such self-education on the part of the negro. More often, however, the clients of the "Underground Railroad" were ignorant bondsmen, having little but their manhood to depend upon for help, knowing nothing of the world beyond their own neighbourhood, taught by a limited experience to distrust all white men as the enemies of their race. It would at all events be the young and enterprising who as a rule took the formidable step of running away; and thrice must his black breast have been fortified with heart of oak and brass of determination who launched himself on that course of unfamiliar hazards. Many, we are told, came "guided by the north star alone, penniless, braving the perils of land and sea, eluding the keen scent of the bloodhounds as well as the more dangerous pursuit of the savage slave hunter; some from secluded dens and caves of the earth, where for months and years they had been hidden away, waiting the chance to escape; from mountains and swamps, where indescribable sufferings from hunger and other privations had been patiently endured." They were not always sure whether it were a goal of safety that lay beyond these perils. Some masters thought it worth while to spread bugaboo stories of the North among their ignorant bondsmen, telling them the Abolitionists decoyed slaves into the Free States in order to sell them to the dreaded cotton swamps, or that in Canada the British would put out their eyes and send them to lifelong labour in mines underground.

It would only be when they had already set themselves out of danger that not a few came into touch with those good friends always ready to welcome such as they with a warmth of practical kindness which soon thawed the bewildered slave's suspicion—bewildered by his own hardly credible fortune. The wonder is, how many more did not fail in an enterprise beset with such risks and hindrances that only an absorbing desire of liberty could have nerved them to the attempt. Of the frequent fate of those who failed we do well to be silent. Those stories were too commonly written in tears and blood; though, again, it might be that the recaptured slave's master would see well to try kindness, for a change, by way of keeping hold on so locomotive a form of property.

(*To be continued.*)

ROSE DUDLEY'S VENTURE.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.



DIRECTLY Rose Dudley went up into her room on that first evening that she had spent under her father's roof, she stood before the looking-glass and scanned her face closely, not from vanity but from uneasiness.

"What is this likeness that he sees?" she asked herself. "Aunt Hester told me that I was not like my mother and not much like him; yet I am afraid that she is mistaken. I am sure I can see the likeness to him myself. I would never have ventured here had I known."

This troubled her a good deal, and she felt that her difficult task was rendered still more so by this fact.

Two or three weeks passed very quickly at Dudley Court, and she scarcely dared to own to herself how happy she felt there. It seemed disloyal to aunt Hester, yet, oh, the joy of teaching and being so much with her little brother, and seeing, even in this stolen way, the father she had dreamed of and longed for! Lady Olivia she learned to like more and more, and, from a few words which Turner, the maid, and the nurse dropped, it was clear that her own surmise was right, and that she had entirely changed, only, however, since her son's sudden death.

"No one would take her for the same lady," said Turner one day; "though I have no cause to complain," she added, checking herself; "she has always been a just and generous mistress to me."

Rose would not encourage gossip and tale-bearing, so she made no answer; but this explained to her a point which had puzzled her. If Lady Olivia deeply regretted—as she imagined—the past, why had she never taken any steps to undo the wrong? They could not have now deprived her adopted mother of the child she had brought up; yet, all the same, there could have been a reconciliation. If Lady Olivia could not humble herself sufficiently to beg forgiveness, her remorse was not sincere. But if her repentance was only a matter of a month or so, that explained it all. Probably her father did not know what was passing in his wife's mind, or only dimly suspected it. In all likelihood they never alluded to her—had never done so since their marriage—and it is no easy task to open up a subject which has been by tacit consent locked away for seventeen years.

A week or two more passed quietly and happily, causing her to know her father more and more, and love him; and then she tried to frame some words with which to tell them that she must leave them and return to her friends. But these words were never said, for Lady Olivia fell suddenly actually ill, and Rose felt that, even had she been an ordinary paid governess, it would have been thoughtless and unbecoming to speak of leaving them. She wrote, therefore, to aunt Hester—through Mrs. Leigh, who sent their letters to one another—explained the position, and obtained her consent to stay longer.

Then came a sad time; Lady Olivia was in danger, and no daughter could have been more assiduous in nursing her than Rose. The invalid learnt to love the girl though she said nothing of this as yet; but Rose saw that she would lie there for hours watching her as she fulfilled her self-imposed duties with a soft, kind, grateful look in her eyes. Once, when she was getting better, she took the girl's hand in hers and pressed it.

"Stoop down and kiss me, dear," she said. "I wish I knew how to repay you for this. But I never can—never."

"Yes—yes you can," said Rose, quickly. "I will show you the way one day,"—and then she escaped from the room.

And with her father, too, she made strides towards friendliness and intimacy. She was a comfort to him, winning his gratitude, perhaps—ah! she was not sure yet—his love.

By-and-by Lady Olivia went down and was among them again, but she was weak and shattered.

One morning Rose and little Hugh were in the grounds together. The child was prattling in his usual innocent fashion about all kinds of ideas and plans, in which she was always to take a part.

"For you will be with us always, will you not?—until you are quite, quite old."

She caught the child to her and kissed him passionately.

"Is that what you would like, my darling? Shall you be a little bit unhappy when I go away?"

"But you mustn't—you mustn't!" literally screamed Hugh. "I won't let you, and papa won't let you, I know,"—and then, to her dismay, tears came, and then sobs, which all her efforts were powerless to check.

"But, dear, I only said 'when' I go away. Perhaps it will not be yet. I promise to try to——"

"Who talks of your leaving us, Miss Dent? I trust not."

Rose dropped Hugh, and looked at Mr. Dudley guiltily, for he it was standing right before her.

"Go and play a little further off, Hugh," he said, after helping to comfort the child, "and leave me to coax Miss Dent into remaining. Seriously, Miss Dent, I hope this is only a fancy of my imaginative little boy. You don't answer."

As he waited for her to speak he realised how much this girl, a stranger only a few weeks back, had become to him. He knew not why, but something about her seemed to appeal to his affection almost at once. And since those early days he had learnt her worth, her sympathy, kindliness, unselfishness.

"I am thinking that perhaps——" she began falteringly.

"Dear Miss Dent, you must think of nothing except staying with us," he broke in, surprised at himself for the disturbance that even the talk of her possible departure caused him to feel. "I can never express what you have been to us these long, sad weeks; but I should like you to know that even before my wife's illness she and I have often said that we should not know what to do without you if you ever thought of leaving us. You have put a little life into us. And as for Hugh, we never could replace you in his affection."

Rose's heart beat so fast that she had to turn aside a little for fear that he would observe her agitation.

"I trust that you are happy with us," he continued; "it is surely for no reason of that kind that you——"

"Happy; ah, you don't know how happy!" she said fervently, trying vainly to undo the effect of her words a moment after. "I beg your pardon. I mean you will be surprised at me—you will not understand."

"I think I do," he said, gently; "a sentence in Mrs. Leigh's letter recurs to me. I do not wish to force your confidence, but you need no longer feel that you are without friends—not so long as I and my wife live."

She felt that she ought to thank him—say something as kind in return; but she could not speak. Her heart was too full; he could not possibly tell how full. More than once lately she had had a sudden impulse to betray her identity, confess her deception, beg them to forgive her for it, and love her. Yet she had checked herself, feeling that the time was not ripe. Now once again she had to restrain herself. At last she spoke.

"You are very good, Mr. Dudley; I feel this deeply. I am, as Mrs. Leigh said, very friendless, and so I value——"

"Miss Dent, would you like to speak of yourself? I know you will exonerate me from mere idle curiosity. But I feel that you are not happy—not so happy as a girl of your age ought to be; and we might be able to help you."

She looked up frankly at this with her pretty blue eyes straight into his, and there was a sadness in them that touched him.

"No—I have not been happy, not quite happy all my life. There is a reason for it."

"A reason! Can I do anything? Let me help you. Are there no means by which it can be removed?"

"I don't know yet. Please God, yes; at least I hope it more and more every day."

Her words were strange, almost incoherent, and he was puzzled. For a moment he fancied she must be alluding to some past or present romance which—poor girl!—had not hitherto run smoothly. Yet no, for her words were "all my life."

"I hope with you," he said—"most sincerely I do. You said all your life, Miss Dent?"

"Yes, always—from my childhood."

"And you will not confide in us, nor even the nature of your trouble? You will not give us the pleasure of being of use to you?"

"One day—yes," she said so agitatedly as to be almost inaudible.

"I am so much older than you are, Miss Dent; the father of a family, too. You are but a young creature to stand alone, so don't mind being frank," he said kindly.

Once more she looked up at him, her blue eyes shining with tears this time, which sent a dart of pity and sorrow through him. She made a sudden impulsive movement as if to seize his hands, and then equally suddenly she dropped hers. Feeling that she was on the verge of betraying herself, she beckoned Hugh to her, and a moment or two later she took the child indoors.

Her father stood there puzzled and disappointed. "Poor child! I had hoped she was about to open her heart. What can it be? She does not seem to make a confidant of Olivia either; yet a woman sometimes——"

Full of thought, disturbed in mind, and with a feeling of sadness for this friendless young girl, he went in, shut himself up in his study, and tried to finish his correspondence. But he was not in a mood for it. He found his thoughts perpetually wandering, and presently, without being aware of it, his mind carried him back years and years into all the troubles and griefs of the far past. At length he raised his head, which had been bowed on his hands. He rose from his seat and walked to and fro, trying to banish these hideous, heart-breaking recollections. He passed a mirror and saw his own face, and started. It was pale; deep furrows were on his brow; his eyes haggard with a dumb, miserable pain in them.

"Ah!" he muttered, sighing heavily, "I must have done wrong, else I should not have been so heavily punished!"

At that moment there was a scampering of little feet in the passage, and a childish voice outside the door said—

"May I come in, papa, or are you too busy? I want to speak to you."

"Come in, darling," he said, as he passed his hand over his brow and made a great effort to shake off his gloom.

The little fellow trotted in, and, as his father sat down, he put himself on his knee.

"Papa, did you coax Miss Dent, as you told me you would? What did she say?"

"Miss Dent!" he echoed, still dazed from that terrible retrospect. Then he remembered that after all he had not repeated his request that she should stay on with them, for they had drifted into quite other matters. "Miss Dent? Oh! she will not go yet, Hugh—I can promise you that."

"But didn't she say so herself, papa? Didn't she——"—and then he stopped while a suspicious look came into the corners of his little mouth.

Mr. Dudley began a few comforting words, and as he did so he looked down at the child, whose eyes were upturned and glistening with coming tears. Hugh's eyes were very blue, with long lashes; a beautiful shade of blue it was—as the skies are in sunny climes. In truth, the child's eyes were just like his own, and another pair, which he had lately seen, clouded yet brightened by tears.

"Where have I seen just this look?" Suddenly, the answer came to his mind. "That, then, is the likeness which has worried me, haunted me, yet always escaped me!" He put Hugh hastily down; he felt as if his heart had stopped beating. A moisture gathered on his brow; he opened the window and sat down by it.

"Go back to nurse, there's a dear little one."

Hugh, always obedient to his father, and little knowing what the plaintiveness in his childish eyes had accomplished, ran away, and Mr. Dudley was left alone with his thoughts.

"I must be mad! It is quite impossible! What should make her come here? She owes me nothing, excepting—ah!—dislike, contempt, hatred, perhaps. It is only a chance, a coincidence. Yet her agitation, her strange words only just now! Rachel Dent, Rose Dudley! No, no, it cannot be! I wonder if it has ever occurred to Olivia?"

He must settle this point at once, he felt, else it would turn into a longing that would kill him. He would go to his wife and break through the rule which they had kept for seventeen long years, and speak to her of his child and of the crazy thoughts which had come into his brain. Yes, he could dare to do this. Olivia had changed of late—was soft, kind and sad, too, poor soul! Perhaps her heart, like his, had often smitten her for what she had made him do in the past. He had fancied so now and then. He moved to leave the room, but he had to sit down again. He did not know how much his own startling idea had shaken him, nor how much the constant helpless fretting of years had tried him. He felt ill, weak, dizzy.

"I must wait another moment or two," he said to himself, as he bent forward to feel the air on his face. Presently he felt revived, and went to the door, but something impeded him from turning the handle.

"Percy—Percy!" It was his wife's voice; the door was opened from the outside, and there stood Lady Olivia as white as the wrapper she was wearing. She scarcely ever went to him in his study, and, as he saw her, intuitively he guessed what she had come to do. She had come to speak of his child, to beg forgiveness for the wrong done to her! Was it possible that she, too, suspected that she was there with them in the house at this moment?

"Olivia—Olivia, what have you come to do—to say?" he asked under his breath. "No, my wife, not there—not at my feet. Ah! I felt—I knew that you had repented of it of late. Rise, dearest."

There was no need for plain speaking between those two—no need of questions. Her attitude, her tears, the sobs that shook her frame, were sufficient.

"Percy, husband, listen! Ever since our boy's death I have longed yet dared not speak of this. God took him from me and our Katie to humble me—to tell me what parents' hearts are made of—to show me that they can feel, aye, and break, too, at the loss of their children! Every day lately I have felt that to go on like this would kill me, and to-day I was writing to aunt Hester to beg her to let us have the child back, if only now and then for a while, when Ro——when Miss Dent came in. Something impelled me to pour out my heart to her and—husband, can you bear it? Are you strong enough to bear joy? Ah, you know it!"

He raised her tenderly. "Yes—I have guessed it. She is here in the house. It was Rose all the time—my own child! I see that I am right!"

"Percy, I dare not ask you to forgive me."

"Yes, Olivia, you may. If God has given me back my child, I can forget and forgive all. You have suffered too, dear wife; I will not add to your griefs by hardness of heart." He clasped her in his arms, soothing her as she gave way to a wild outburst of repentance, until he had quieted her.

"Ah, Percy, you are good to me! I did not deserve this. I can die in peace now."

* * * *

"Rose—my child!"

"Father—dear father!"

He had gone to her, entered the room, and made a step forward; then his arms fell to his side and he stood still. Rose also had started forward.

"Father!" she cried, chilled and pained. "Ah, I did wrong to come unbidden! They told me you would not want me. But I could not keep away. I heard all the story at last, and I knew then that I had loved you all the time. Forgive me, but when I learnt that you were in trouble——"

"Forgive you! Oh! my child, my injured child. It is not that. I am not worthy. I did you an irreparable wrong." He had sunk down on the first chair, his head bowed low. When he looked up he found her kneeling beside him; he felt her hands about him.

"Not irreparable, father; never say that again. Keep me with you now, love me, fill the gap in my heart widening every year. Do that, and all will be well between us." He could not speak, and she felt his hot tears on her hands. "And, dearest father, you have suffered, too. I thought it must be so, and I saw it at once. You sent me away, but you left half your heart behind!"

"Indeed—indeed I did. I have suffered, but I deserved it all."

"That is all over now, dearest."

"My angel child! We little knew what a blessing we thrust out of our home!" Then he put his arms round her and kissed her, but he could not feel content until he had made her say that she forgave him truly, fully, from her very heart.

* * * *

"I shall die in peace now!" Lady Olivia had said, and she was right. Very soon she passed away, happy at the thought that she was leaving her husband and darling little Hugh in the hands of one whom she had now learnt to love as her own child.

"I took her from you, Percy," she said at the end, "yet I restore her to you. Had it not been for our deep sorrow and my illness she would never have come to us. It makes me happy to think this." And to Rose she said: "Persuade aunt Hester to live here when I am gone, and then you need not desert my dear ones."

Her advice was taken, and thus the great difficulty was solved. Aunt Hester let Cedar Cottage and took up her abode at Dudley Court, for she could not part with her dear adopted child, who yet had won for herself the right to be in her father's home at last!

MARGARET MUDIE.

VARIETIES.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."—How few among us fully realise the meaning of these words. Is it not almost entirely limited to the literal sense, to the mere sustenance of our perishing bodies; forgetting that it has a spiritual sense, and that we ought to be as thankful for spiritual bread as for the natural?

LOOKING BACK.—Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it had not the effect you wished. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, even if the person was mean afterwards. Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed on. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

WE MUST BE EITHER GOOD OR EVIL.—It is said that there is no vacuum in nature. This is no doubt true: it is equally true when applied to the spirit, for there is no vacuum in the mind of any of us. Our minds are filled with either good or evil. Let every girl then examine herself, and if she finds evil in possession, turn it out, that truth and purity may enter and take its place.

GOOD AND BAD TEMPERS.—Beware, girls, of a bad temper. For once that the actions of human beings are guided by reason, ninety-and-nine times they are more or less influenced by temper. It is an even temper only that allows reason her full dominion, and enables us to arrive at any intended end by the nearest way, or at all. On the other hand, there is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique or uncertainty.

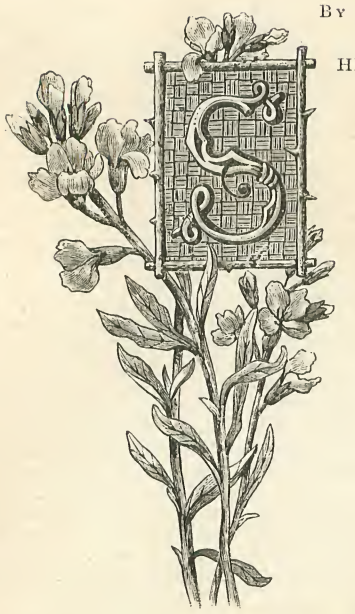
ENIGMA II.

Take me as two and five: you often look,
With care, on every shelf, in every nook,
For something you have lost, but seek in vain,
For it will never more be yours again.
Yet do not feel despair; attempt once more,
But take me now afresh as three and four,
So will the book or blotter, brooch or band,
Lie in a moment, close beside your hand.

XIMENA.

HER GIFTS.

By SYDNEY GREY.



HE sought them in the sunny lanes,
The common flowers or berries wild,
Or bracken flecked with golden stains,
To lay before a suffering child;
And he awhile forgot his pains,
And, thinking of the woodland, smiled.

She saw the weary vigil kept
By some brave over-burdened soul;
And pity to her bosom crept,
And from the hours of slumber stole
A tribute; so the watcher slept,
While soothèd was the sick man's dole.

She looked upon the poor, the sad,
And ever longed to do them good;
And since no worldly wealth she had,
Just gave them freely what she could—
A ready hand, smiles sweet and glad,
And sympathy they understood.

These were her gifts—no costly prize,
And only to the humble shown.
Ah, well! what we on earth despise
Is oft held dear, and may be known
As treasure in those angel eyes,
Free from the mist which blinds our own.

ON BEING A "VISITING LADY."

PART II.

As a rule, the population of a district—composed of back streets and mews—is a fluctuating one; there is frequent coming and going, and people in whom one may feel interested, and whom one may desire to benefit, may have disappeared, gone one knows not where, between one visit and the next; drifted away out of one's sight and reach for ever, absorbed like a drop of water in the wide ocean of life; or the information that the back room is let, and that "the lady wishes you would call on her," is the sudden intimation that a fresh drop has fallen into one's own particular little portion of it, and that fresh experiences of human nature await one. Four years' work as a district visitor, though entered upon with much diffidence and sense of incapacity, has given me many friendships I should be sorry to lose. One soon begins to feel a personal concern in Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. Z., to call the children by name, and to appreciate the shy smiles and bashful salutations when one meets them in the street, still more the confident, friendly advances, and eager claim to one's acquaintanceship; and how pleasant it is to hear soon the doubtful, "Oh, mother! here's the visitin' lady asking for you!"—changed to the eager—"Mother! mother! come! here's Miss C.!" Trivial changes and small gratifications if you please, but very real and pleasant in their way.

The sunny side of human nature, however, is but sparsely represented; as I have before remarked, the degraded, the sorrowful, and the pathetic meet one at almost every turn, and nearly every humble roof covers a terrible share of the ills and troubles that the flesh is heir to, with but very, very few of the joys. One is sometimes tempted to weep indeed over the hopeless sadness of some melancholy lives. In one of the periodic tides of moving down my street, I found that a miserable and incorrigibly dirty family, that had always seemed more at home in the gutter than under a roof, had been unexpectedly swept away, and their wretched tenement, left high and dry and empty, was already undergoing a hasty and superficial repair, simply brought about, as is usual in such neighbourhoods, by painting and papering over the dirt and other abominations, and hiding them from casual observation. Three days later I found it again inhabited, and as the new tenants seemed to have already settled down, with the extraordinary adaptability of their class, and a board was already nailed above the door, inviting the public to observe that James Thorpe lived there now, and was ready to undertake any odd jobs in plumbing and glazing, I knocked, and prepared to introduce myself. The door was opened by Mr. Thorpe himself, a man of about forty-five, of medium height, with a thin face, a thin-lipped mouth, and hair and beard touched with grey: he was followed by two small children, who pressed forward and stood staring up at me with grave curiosity. Upon my intimating who I was, he politely invited me to step inside, ordering the children in a loud, peremptory tone to clear out of the dark, narrow passage, and led the way to the little front room, where his wife, a small, short, flat-faced woman, was standing at the deal table in the centre, washing up dinner plates. Her dress was tucked up, and she wore an old straw hat on her head, and manifested no sign of surprise or interest at my unexpected appearance. On a battered arm-chair by the fire lay a boy of six, enveloped in an old coat, and a baby of about two was toddling about the legs of the table; added to these was the little girl who had stared at me from the doorway, and who now continued her regard quite unabashed at my knee. The husband handed me a chair, and seating himself, entered into conversation in an easy general way, his wife continuing her occupation meanwhile in perfect silence, and without appearing to notice us; but presently the flow of talk was interrupted by repeated attempts by two other children, boys, who were scampering about the passage, to burst into the room, and very decided and sharp opposition from their father, who after each repulse calmly resumed his place, but with a lowering brow.

"The children are not well brought up and looked after, you see, miss," he remarked at last, after one of these raids had been peremptorily stopped. His wife raised her eyes suddenly for an instant and looked at me, and feeling that some sore point had been touched, I quickly tried to change the conversation. For a minute or two I was successful, but presently the subject was round again—the children were terribly noisy and ill-mannered, as I must have noticed, and they ought not to be so, for he had done his best—had, indeed, much more to do with them than he ought to have. Another attempt on my part to change the topic was again frustrated. There was already a summons out to attend the School Board on Thursday, but he should not go: it was not to be supposed that he was to see that the children were dressed and off to school at nine o'clock every morning. If others could not see after them, he was sure he should not, and things would have to go as they could; his work was enough for him, and if the children grew up a disgrace, the fault was not his!

As the vexed subject seemed always coming up, and whatever remark I might address to Mrs. Thorpe was promptly appropriated and answered by her husband, I rose to go, resolving to return at some time when Mr. Thorpe should be out; but he rose too, and as if guessing my intent, politely requested me to stay a little longer, and bidding me good day, put on his hat, as I thought to go out of doors, and walked upstairs. As he left the room the



"JUST GAVE THEM FREELY WHAT SHE COULD."

wife lifted her face to me, pathetic in its plainness, in the brave effort at self-control which she had, I suppose, grown used to exercise. Faintly smiling, she nodded to me, as the hasty footsteps sounded up the little creaking stairs close by, reading ready comprehension and sympathy in my face; smiling even while the tears dropped fast from her eyes.

"Yes, miss, he's got a temper, and oh, it's very bad sometimes," she whispered, that not a word might penetrate to the master's ears upstairs. "It's worse when he's not in work, you know. But oh, it do seem hard sometimes, though it can't be helped, of course!"—more nods to jerk the tears away and control the quivering lips. "But what's a shilling, miss? Why, it's gone at once—a bit of vegetable, a bit of bread, and tea, and a pen'oth of meat! You know one can't make it go further than it will, miss. But oh, my, it is hard to manage his money! I'm sure when I remember how comfortable I used to be!—I was cook to a lady, and oh, she was good! And the young gentlemen used to come down and have a joke with me when they came home from school, and the young ladies, they were like friends. Oh, my, when I think of it all! He came to set my range for me, or I should never have had him; and it would have been better not! Oh, I often think so now! He had four children, and we've had rare trouble with the two girls; they're at service now, and I've brought up his two boys as if they were my own; I've six now, and it is a struggle. Ah! missus didn't want me to marry, and he had to wait four months for me. It was all right at first, for the first year, but oh, afterwards! You're not married, miss? No; oh, better be like you—far better!"

All this, poured out in a whisper, like the overflow of some pent-up stream, with quivering lip and quick-dropping tears; the baby, whom she had taken up in her arms, whimpering fretfully, the boy on the chair opening his heavy eyes, and lifting his hot, heavy head out of the bundle of old clothing to look vaguely at us, and the little Mary staring up wonderingly into her mother's face, impressed me with a sense of melancholy and pity such as I could not describe. The subdued voice, never once rising above a strained whisper—I even found it difficult at times to catch what she was saying—the attempted smile, the very essence, as it seemed to me, of hopeless resignation, the eloquence of look and nod, which, when words failed, she made to convey such an infinitude of meaning quite beyond all proportion to her insignificant, flat features, the hand, hot from her task, and wiped on her apron, holding mine with almost convulsive force, what a tale of long, hopeless submission to the cruel, bitter tyranny of an ungovernable temper, with all its attendant miseries and horrors they told me. Volumes could never have expressed more! Rather less than a quarter of an hour perhaps had elapsed since I entered, and the history of years of sorrow, regret, and suffering stretched before me, clear and cruel in all their wretchedness. I had hastily given her my only two tickets for bread, and had promised to call for little Mary in a few minutes to show her the shop where it could be procured, and the mother was already fastening on the child's little jacket as I left. A minute or two later, knocking at the door again for my little companion, it was again opened by her father, who informed me, politely, that he would not trouble me further—they would fetch the loaves themselves. Mary's face looked out wistfully from behind him, but there was nothing for me to do but to bid them good-day, and take my way home with a heavy heart.

The sufferings of the poor, however, do not often arise from incompatibility of temper alone; the root of the evil lies in that curse of every district, everywhere, so far as I can discover—drink. Sometimes a sort of craze of drunkenness will break out in a street like an epidemic, seizing men and women alike, and, after raging for a week, will die suddenly away, and things go on again as usual for a time, with only the regular, hopeless, acknowledged habitual drunkards, whom everyone accepts as the butt for all the jokes and choice epithets and scorn of the neighbourhood, or looks upon with contemptuous indifference, to continue the course and occasionally enliven the district. In going in and out amongst the poor one discovers quickly what is the true position of the public-house with regard to the working man—the terrible attraction for and power over him, which it exercises from his youth upward. The only amusement and change and recreation of any sort which he has, seems to consist in frequenting such places, in going in and having a glass when there are a few coppers in the pocket, and in lounging and kicking his heels about outside, exchanging remarks with the more fortunate, when there are not; with the possible chance of someone standing treat, to give the occupation some faint flavour of enjoyment. For these men there is literally no rational amusement offered anywhere for the long evening hours when work is over or is slack; and, as a rule, the home, especially where the wife goes out working too, or takes in nurse children, or has half a dozen of her own, all to be stowed away in a couple of small rooms, offers but few of the attractions we are accustomed to associate with its name. The best intentions, the most determined resolutions, unless founded upon a veritable "awakening," fade away before the influence of the "public round the corner"—"publics" rather, for their name is legion! They possess, indeed, a sort of magnetic attraction, and the more degraded, dirty, and uninviting they look, the stronger and more irresistible this attraction seems; men, women and children are drawn little by little into their clutches, and it is even no uncommon thing to see a fond mother exhibiting with pride how an infant, yet in long clothes, can take his tipple from the jug like a man!

Some partly disused mews formed a portion of my district—a dirty, unpaved court, hot and close in summer, and a veritable swamp in winter, inhabited by a colony of Italians; organ-grinders, ice-cream vendors, and the like, —with whom, being, unfortunately, ignorant of their language, my intercourse was limited for the most part to an interchange of nods and smiles, especially the latter, for although the quarter bore a very ill repute, and blood-curdling stories reached me from the neighbourhood, of stabbing frays and quarrels, and there were generally half a dozen of the men to be seen in the vicinity of the police court close by, they were always particularly suave and friendly and smiling to the visiting lady, though they had no reason to expect anything from her. Somewhere in their midst, however, though where I never exactly knew, for the lodgings were wonderfully elastic, some forty or fifty people stowing themselves away in a few small rooms above the ill-smelling stables, a middle-aged Englishman named Brown had his quarters, and in most of my visits to the mews, Mr. Brown took occasion to plead some dismal story, and endeavour to appropriate whatever relief might be available for that special locality. He was middle-aged rather by the scoring hand of vice than of time—for his real age was, I believe, some years under forty—and was a slouching, untidy figure, with a swarthy face, reddened and flabby through drink, and with swollen lips and blood-shot eyes, that either shifted uneasily from one's regard or fixed it with wooden persistence, according to his condition at the time. He had lived there for some years, stationary amongst the fluctuating inhabitants, and familiarly known to them all as "Browney," and although he told me he was always on the look-out for work, walking miles daily for that purpose, he always happened to be in the neighbourhood when I went my rounds, and was one of the most frequent visitors to the different public-houses, I fear, in my district. I asked him once what he was by trade, and received as answer, an indignant counter-enquiry as to what he was not, implying a wide range of capabilities; but I never saw them put to any use but once, and then he was tinkering the broken tray of a potato oven for one of his Italian neighbours, for which he was to receive twopence. Whether he was a tinker by profession or not I cannot say, but I certainly never saw him so thoroughly at home, or so fussily happy, as on that occasion, bustling to and fro in the doorway of the dirty, crowded stable that served him as a workshop, an unaccustomed song coming huskily from his lips, to which his hammer beat now and again a lively refrain; both died away, however, as I appeared; perhaps he resented being seen at such work; perhaps he thought that the already doubtful tide of charity, in the shape of occasional grocery, soup, or bread tickets, might be diverted from its channel in his direction altogether, by reason of the promised twopence; at any rate he gradually turned his back as I approached, and presently slipped into the stable out of sight.

It was on one of the days when he was not employed, however, and was as usual near at hand when I visited the court, that he boldly declared an emphatic preference for the "religion of humanitarianism" over that of any church, as being "the only real one going." I happened at the time to be discussing the observance of Sunday with a polite and versatile coster, who was washing his barrow near by, and who had informed me that as a boy he had sung in the "quor" of the church I attended, but wished me to understand he had long outgrown such childish waste of time; and Browney, who had just stumbled down the rickety stairs and slouched up to us, overhearing, threw in this remark, not as having any connection with the subject we were discussing, but conveying a hint to me, who could *talk* about religion, that a generous distribution of help to all who asked for it, and who were unfortunate in finding work, though they might tramp miles of a day to look for it, was the only true observance of religion that had a right to the name. An audience of ragged, hungry-faced boys that had gathered around us, and whose occupation of a day seemed to consist in hanging about the yard on the chance of earning a penny or two by running errands, helping light fires, or clean potato or ice-cream cans, hold horses, and more especially act as nurse-maids to the Italian women round, who trusted their infants to these young street Arabs with the most astonishing confidence—and who, so far as my personal observation went, were perfectly justified in so doing, for I never saw a baby that did not seem quite happy and at home in the ragged arms that held it—became quite silent and impressed under the weight of this novel unknown word, coming as it were from one of themselves. Indeed, I am not at all sure that my polite conversational coster was by any means certain of its meaning, though he gave an approving nod of assent and smiled knowingly, for he found some part of his barrow required special attention at that moment, and became suddenly engrossed in it. But all fully grasped the situation, and became decidedly and visibly of one mind when Browney added, that "the religion as gave a man twopence when he was hungry and hadn't had a mouthful of nothing to eat for a whole day, as truthful neighbours could testify, and as helped a man generally when he was down, was the true religion for him!" Not one present, even to the very babies, with their

round, dark eyes, and with handkerchiefs tied over their little round heads, but seemed to understand that, and was not ready to declare that that *was* religion indeed, and to embrace it forthwith.

The "humanitarianism" that helped a man into the public-house was not in the "visiting lady's" line, however, and after much persuasion, and a great deal of hesitation on his side, he was induced to sign the pledge and join our temperance evenings, promising with much penitence, and doubtless many lively visions of what he might gain by it in the shape of liberal and immediate reward, to turn over a new leaf and begin life afresh.

Four days later, hurrying on an errand down to my district, as I turned the corner of the street I met him stepping furtively out of the public-house, with a sort of hasty shuffle, right in front of me. Poor Browney! Willingly would he have denied any acquaintanceship with me on that occasion; but there we were, face to face. In mellifluous tones, before I could open my mouth, he was enquiring after my health, and hoping that I had enjoyed my Christmas Day. His, he informed me, had passed the same as any other day, and he had not been able to come to the breakfast and service, in consequence of his having, unfortunately, to go out with a potato can to oblige a neighbour; another year he hoped he might be there, etc., etc. He was obliged to pause for breath presently, and I expressed my surprise and grave disappointment at seeing that he had actually broken his word so soon, adding that he was the last person I should have expected to see coming out of a public-house. He looked fixedly at me as if in great surprise, and then, with a sudden burst of candour, as if my own eyes might have deceived me, he exclaimed—

"Well, yes, miss, I did come out of there. I don't tell no lies, I don't, and I *did* come out of that there public-house. I'm one as speaks the truth, and I'll own it! It's just this, you see, miss. I've received a little eddication myself, and I goes in there now and then to hear a little conversation. Mrs. W——, she is a good talker, and she *do* go on when she once begins! No, miss, I don't drink, not I; I don't touch a drop! I haven't of myself to-day, only the gentleman as 'as this barrer here, did just offer me a glass; that's all!"

As the glass appeared to have taken peculiar effect, I thought it better not to prolong the conversation, when a lad who had been loitering near, seized the opportunity to ask me for a soup ticket, whereupon Mr. Brown passed at once into extreme wrath and indignation.

"Who are you, I should like to know?" he cried, fixing his eyes in intense scorn on the boy. "What do *you* mean by asking for anything? Don't you see *me* here? Don't I stand here to have anything as is to be given away, and don't it belong to me by right? Get along with you!" He approached with such a threatening air that the boy slunk off, and, hurriedly bidding him good morning, I too departed.

(*To be continued.*)

A VOYAGE FOR HEALTH.

III.

PLACES AND PEOPLE.

HAVING already spoken of the preparation for a voyage, and the life on board ship, it is my wish, in our present chat, to give you some idea of the places and people that you may hope to see during the voyage, in order that, being previously informed of them, you may, perhaps, look forward to viewing them with greater interest.

After leaving Marseilles it is probable that you will be much too busily engaged in attending to the bodily comforts of yourself and those around you to be on the look-out for any points of interest; still, as your steamer may pass through the Straits of Bonifacio, you will have the opportunity of seeing the coasts of Corsica and Sardinia, with their high snow-capped mountains: later you will pass the Lipari Islands, with the volcano Stromboli; after this the Straits of Messina, from which you will see the Italian and Sicilian shores. From this till you arrive at Port Said there will be nothing of particular interest. The time taken in travelling from Marseilles to Port Said is about five or six days. I should have mentioned that in passing through the Straits of Messina your steamer goes between the ever-famed rock of Scylla and whirlpool of Charybdis, and immediately after passing these Mount Etna may be seen.

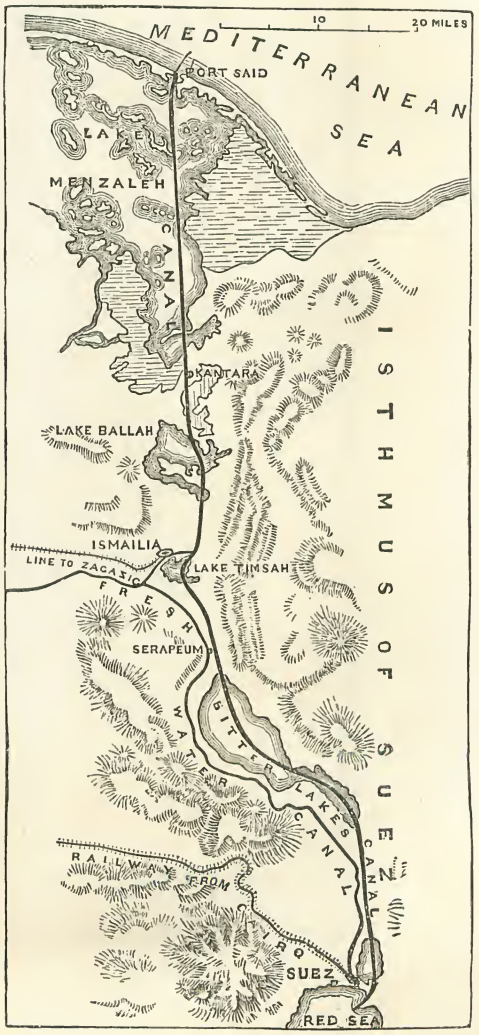
Port Said is not a beautiful town, and it is rarely worth while for any lady passengers to land; a motley crowd may generally be seen on the shore, and men in long robes and turbans come off to row passengers ashore in boats. Many people land here for the purpose of telegraphing home the news of their safe arrival; and as this fact is well known by the natives, one is frequently pestered by self-constituted guides, who offer, for the sum of twopence, to show the way to the post-office or telegraph depôt. As this latter is at the water's edge, and visible from the ship, their help is scarcely needed. Port Said is a celebrated place for cigarettes, and hence has more attraction for men than women, though the shopkeepers also sell very elaborate sweetmeats. Beggars of every nationality abound, and incessantly beg for "backsheesh." Both the town and the people are very dirty, and the principal hotel, which is on the shore, is by no means inviting in external appearance, whatever its inward resources may be. The natives have a strange way of assuming European names, and if you ask a "guide" his name, he will proudly and promptly reply, "Mr. Ferguson, Number Sixteen"; or some similar name and number. The donkey-men, of whom there are many, generally call their animals by the names of prominent English men and women.

A very remarkable man comes on board sometimes at Port Said, and this is an Egyptian juggler, who performs marvellous tricks: his frequent collections, which are instituted with a promise of still greater wonders to come, soon pall on the least sophisticated, however, and when he has exhausted alike the supply of money and patience, he stolidly takes his departure, often without having performed that most sought for and clever illusion, "The Mangoe Tree." His ample robes enable him to secrete endless chickens and rabbits, which he utilises for his tricks: the marvel is that he does not sit on them.

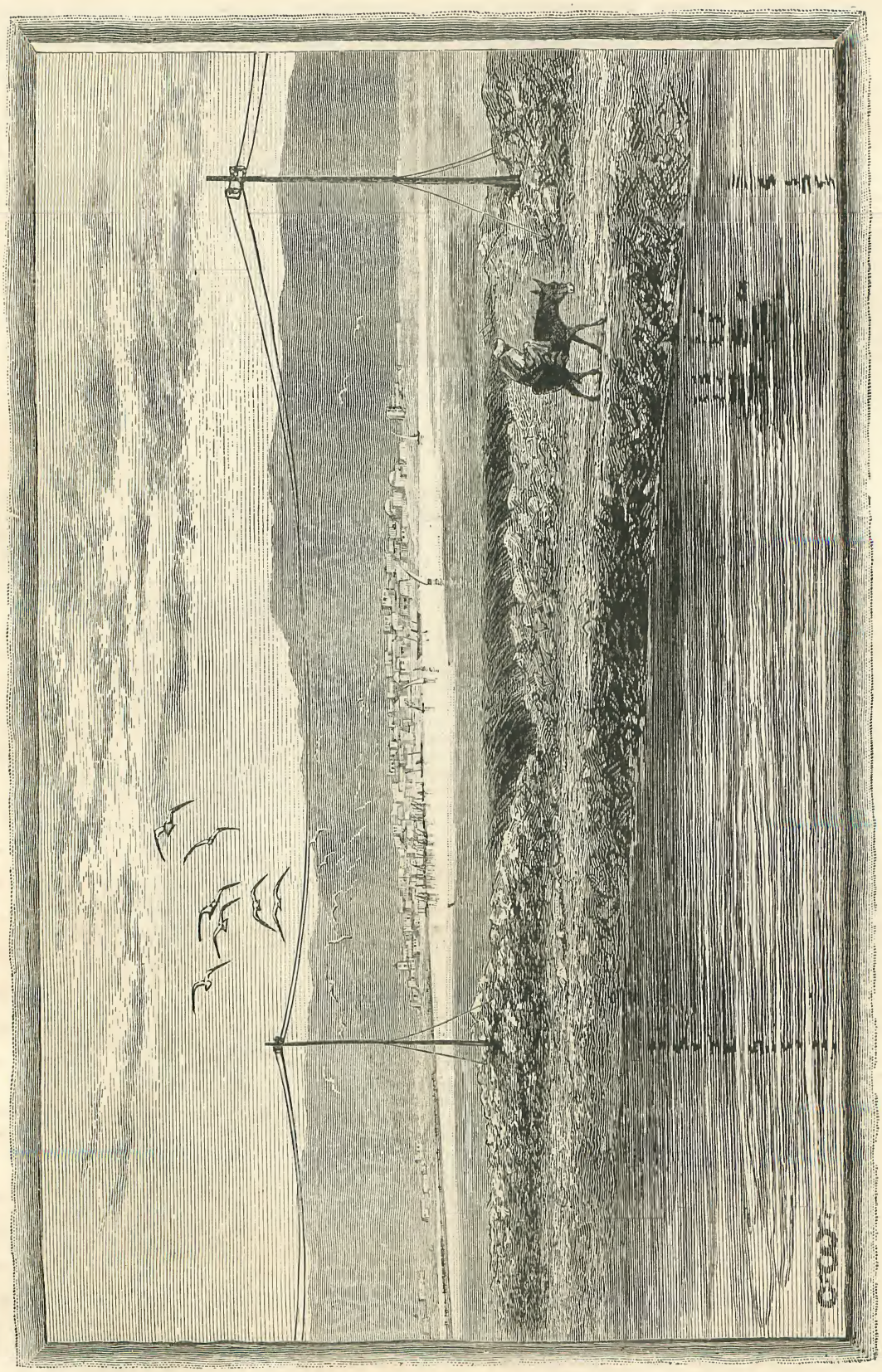
It is generally with a feeling of relief that we return to the ship from Port Said; and your boatmen are the most incorrigible beggars. The proper boat-fare is half a franc, or, if you are English, sixpence; and they almost invariably ask for "coffee"—*i.e.*, the value of a cup of coffee, which is their *pour boire*—they being Mohammedans, and not taking wine.

It is a striking sight, if you arrive at night, to see the coal barges come up to the side of the ship. At the end of each barge is hung out a kind of large beacon-fire, and all the barges swarm with dark-bodied Arabs and Egyptians, who, as they come alongside, sing a kind of wild dirge-like melody, which they keep up during the whole coaling. To watch these men coaling the ships and walking up to the bunkers is like seeing the links of a great revolving human chain. They leave the ship in a shocking state of dirt and dust, and it is a great relief when the engine-room bell sounds and we are once more moving, this time into that marvel of engineering skill, the Suez Canal.

This canal, of which the engineer was, as you all doubtless know, M. Lesseps, is about eighty-seven miles in length, and leads from Port Said to Suez. One often hears the inexperienced sigh for the Suez Canal whilst they are in the Mediterranean, and saying, "Ah! we shall be able to get a good sleep there!" No greater mistake could be



PLAN OF SUEZ CANAL.



VIEW OF SUEZ.

made. The steamer is, for the most part, only allowed to go at the rate of four or five miles an hour—in fact, the shallowness of the water will not permit of greater speed; and as there are frequent orders transmitted from the pilot to the chief engineer, all of which take the form of a loud ringing of bells in the engine-room, very little sleep can possibly be obtained, assuming that the ship passes through at night. Any ship navigating the Suez Canal at night must have a search light or *projecteur* which will show at a thousand yards; and it is a pretty sight to see the ships moving along with these great powerful lights. The sandy ridges on either side of the canal look by this light like snow; and on the return voyage one will hear Australian cousins, who have never seen snow, asking if that is what it is like. The whole canal is marked out by a set of buoys, and these, containing compressed gas, show a light at night. The canal is not, of course, wide enough to admit of big ships passing one another throughout its whole length, and therefore at certain points there are "sidings," in which one ship draws up in order that another may pass along. How this can be done without confusion and difficulties may seem to you on your first visit a mystery, and perhaps it may be of interest to enlighten you as to their methods before you go there. The Suez Canal is nominally a French affair, though in reality a large part of it belongs to England, and by far the greatest number of trading vessels passing through are bound for or come from England. Still, the enterprise is worked by French officials; and the stations, which are the little houses surrounded by a few trees which you notice as you go along, are accordingly called "gares." At each of these "gares" is a set of signals, which indicate to an approaching ship whether she is to enter the canal or put into a siding. In the ordinary run of affairs other ships take second place to the mail-packet steamers. On the entrance of a ship into the canal the fact is noted at the chief office at Tewfik, where there is a model of the canal and a set of model ships. The clerk receiving notice of the entrance of the ship places a model with corresponding flag in the little trough, and telegraphs directions concerning it to the next "gare," so that at any particular time the position of any ship in any part of the canal is accurately known.

There is a considerable amount of the element of luck in getting through the canal; and though some ships get through in a comparatively short time, others are terribly delayed, especially should the canal be "blocked": this is sometimes the case when a ship gets "stuck."

The work of warding off the inroads of the desert of sand on either side is always going on, and great blocks of concrete are seen stored here and there, this being apparently the only material which will keep the sand within bounds. An attempt was made to grow some bush which should bind the sand together and keep it back, but this was not a success. Dredging machines will be seen at frequent intervals, and little steam-tugs, with a flag on which are the letters "C. S.," may be noticed steaming rapidly up and down the canal executing the business of the company. Ismailia and the house of M. Lesseps may be seen on the west side of the canal, as also may the fresh-water canal.

Following in the wake of the steamer, should it pass through the canal by day, is usually a long string of children of various ages, who beg for things to be thrown out on the banks, and rush along for many miles: a remarkable muscular feat when one thinks of the soft sand on which they run.

A stray dog also may be seen, always looking starved and ferocious, and generally yelping hideously.

At the end of the canal we come to Suez, a striking town. The ships do not go close up to Suez itself, as the canal was not carried down to it, but has another port of its own. Suez, however, may be seen in the distance, and its buildings singled out by means of field-glasses. Sometimes as one goes down the canal the railway train is seen steaming along, and an occasional caravan in motion or halting in tents. In the old days Suez was the chief crossing place between East and West, and here the ships would come laden with their aromatic burden of spices from Arabia Felix.

After passing Suez one enters the Gulf of Suez, and as one does so an oasis called "Moses' Wells" may be noticed; it is to the east, and a group of palm trees marks it. Near here is the great Mount Sinai, and it is from Suez that the excursion to that mountain is made by means of camels. A mountain called Durraj is said to mark the spot where the Israelites crossed when pursued by Pharaoh and the Egyptian soldiers. The Red Sea is now entered through straits from the Gulf of Suez, and it is said to have received its name from the red mountain Jebel Leyt, which is a great mass of magnetic ironstone or loadstone; and this is so powerful as to affect the compass needles of passing vessels. Petroleum, too, oozes into the sea from these mountains, and it is to these two properties that they owe their fame in the *Arabian Nights*.

A landmark well-known to all is, at the end of your first day in the Red Sea, seen before you, and this is Dædalus, a fine lighthouse built upon a reef which is itself very rarely visible, only a few dark boulders showing. The men employed in this lighthouse are visited once every three months by a steamer, which brings them fresh water, though now condensing machines have rendered this less necessary. It is a wonder how men can live in such an isolated spot, which, during stormy weather, must seem to be cut off altogether from the rest of the world. Long ere you arrive at this point your ship's awnings will be up, and presently you are really in the tropics. Frequently the heat in the Red Sea is fearfully oppressive, though the rapid rate of travelling on a steamship obviates some of the unpleasantness by stirring up a breeze.

Very soon you arrive at Mocha and the Straits of Babel Mandeb, leading direct into the Indian Ocean, and guarded by the island Perim, which belongs to the British. This island always affords a topic of conversation on board, and several rather amusing stories are told of it. It was first taken by the British during



WELLS OF MOSES.

the trouble with Tippoo Sahib, but was afterwards regarded as useless, and abandoned. It is said that the French contemplated taking possession of it, and that an English officer, entertaining a French official sent over for the purpose, at Aden, learnt, from hints dropped during conversation, what his business was, and gave orders during dinner for a British vessel to put off at once and take possession of it. When the French man-of-war arrived it was only to see the British flag waving where it had been placed a few hours before.

A lighthouse is constructed on Perim, and it is in telegraphic communication with England, so that if a ship in coming home passes Aden in the night, it may be signalled from Perim the following day.

The next port, and one at which the vessel will stop, is that most important possession, Aden, one of the hottest places on earth: the sea-water is said here to reach a temperature of 100° Fahr. This was the first addition to British territory in the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and it was taken in 1839; the value of this port to the British is inestimable, as it is a centre for Asiatic and European trade, besides being a most important military and coaling station. Its appearance is not at all prepossessing, having, as it has, the aspect of abject barrenness.

A wonderful collection of human beings assembles to greet each ship, foremost and most noticeable of whom are the divers: they swim about round the ship and shout a sort of chorus of "Ho—oh! Ho—oh! Ho—oh! 'Ave a dive! 'Ave a dive! I dive! I dive! Yas! Yas!" This formula goes on in various keys and pitches for hours at a stretch; and as the divers are of all ages, the discord of voices is terrible. Their heads are all clean shaven, and they generally come out to the ships in twos or threes in little boats, one rowing and the others diving about. These gentry for the most part disdain all copper coins, affecting to be unable to see them, and crying out, "Throw silvah, sah!" The impunity with which they swim about among the sharks is miraculous: they will for a shilling dive under the ship and come up on the other side: or, having clambered up the rigging, will dive from it into the sea, the latter manœuvre frequently being hastened by one of the sailors on board. Having secured the coin for which they have dived, they cram it, along with all the others that they may have gained, into their mouths, being apparently, like monkeys, endowed with pouches there.

Another interesting set of people are the natives who come on board with all sorts of fabrics, embroidery, jewellery, boxes, bottles of attar of roses, and curiosities of various kinds; ostrich feathers also form a large part of their stock-in-trade. In dealing with these people it is necessary to know something not only of the things they sell but their methods of selling, for they invariably ask more than double the sum that they expect to receive; and it is only necessary to turn away from them for them to follow you and acquiesce in your notions of the value of the things offered. These gentlemen bring a certain quantity of material on board, and hope to take a certain amount of money back, so that towards the end, when they have often made that sum, they will sell what remains of their stock at very much reduced prices, and then is the time to buy. Photographs of the various places here are generally sold, and also some purporting to be the very ship on which you are sailing: these photographs, which are of large size, can usually be bought at the rate of threepence each!

All these natives are controlled and kept in order by the native police, who, with their little round caps bordered with yellow, look quite imposing. Their methods of dealing with their refractory brethren is somewhat summary and immediate, generally taking the form of fearful blows delivered anywhere and anyhow with a thick stick. As the natives seem to be mercifully endowed with a power of receiving such blows without immediately fatal consequences, perhaps they form the best method of discipline. Should you go ashore, the best thing is to drive to see the celebrated tanks—of which there are said to have been originally fifty—capable of holding altogether thirty million imperial gallons! They date back at least to A.D. 600, and show an elaborate system of water supply. Your ship will coal here, and after that you start off for nearly a fortnight's run in the Indian Ocean.

And now, having spoken of the interesting points in the voyage, I must for the present leave you, hoping to tell you in a future chat something of the great southern hemisphere to which you are hastening.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANNETTE DECLINES TO PLAY TENNIS.

AVERIL was rather quiet and subdued the next day or two; but as usual she battled with her depression bravely, and tried not to damp the enjoyment of her two young companions.

The new work-room was finished, and looked very comfortable; and Fairy Order (as Lottie still called her) was quite in her element. There was plenty of time now for the music lessons and practising. Lottie was learning to chatter in French, and Annette found her a most intelligent pupil. The girls sat together, walked together, or drove out with Averil: no one interfered with them. When Lottie had letters to write, or her aunt or cousins wanted her, Annette went in search of Averil, or sat in the garden with her book. Maud and Georgina made no attempt to admit her into their companionship; they still treated her with coldness, as though they regarded her as an interloper. In the evenings, when Averil read to herself, she and Lottie escaped into the garden or whispered together over their work. Georgina once asked them contemptuously what they could find to talk about; she sneered slightly as she spoke. When friends were not present there were often lapses of silence. Rodney would complain of the dullness, and go out in search of amusement.

"I wish we could go out too," Georgina would say. "I think no family of old maids could be more deadly dull. Mamma goes to sleep, and Averil reads, and Maud writes letters."

"I wish you would be quiet and let me finish my notes," Maud would say, pettishly—she seemed always irritable now; and then Georgina would subside into moody silence. If any one came in there was an instantaneous change; for example, if Captain Beverley dropped in for a moment to fetch Rodney, Maud's eyes would brighten, her prettiest songs would be sung, Mrs. Willmot would be broad awake and smiling; only Averil's grave little face did not relax, her greeting never became warmer.

The day at Grey-Mount was a great success. As Averil looked at the girls' bright faces as they took their places in the train the cloud seemed to lift off her own spirits; it was delightful to think that for twenty-four hours her worries would be in the background. Kind greetings, approving smiles, hearty sympathy, were all awaiting her; no dissatisfied looks, no struggling wills, would mar her enjoyment. Averil's brow grew calm and clear as a little child's as the prospect widened, and when they reached Chislehurst she was talking as merrily as her companions.

"There is Louie!" exclaimed Lottie, as the train slackened speed, and a tall pleasant-looking girl gave her an answering nod and smile. She had a strong resemblance to her brother Frank, and, like him, had no claims to beauty; but her frank open countenance attracted Annette.

"She is a Harland, so of course she is nice," she said to herself with illogical reasoning.

Miss Harland did not seem to require any introduction; she shook hands cordially with Annette. "Mamma was too busy to come, Averil," she said, leading the way to the station door, where an open barouche and a pair of handsome bays were awaiting them. "What have you been doing with yourself lately, you naughty little person? Lottie, she looks more shadowy and unsubstantial than ever! Father will be horrified when he sees her."

"Don't be so absurd, Louie. I am perfectly well," laughed Averil, who certainly looked very small and slender beside this fine-grown, vigorous young woman. But Miss Harland chose to argue the point; and as Lottie took her part, there was a lively discussion that lasted until they reached Grey-Mount.

Grey-Mount was a substantial grey stone house standing in its own grounds. As they drove up to the door, a bevy of young people came out to greet them. Louie introduced them all in a quick off-hand fashion to their new guest as, "Nettie and Fan—and the twins, Fred and Winnie. And this is my little

mamma," she continued, in an affectionate, patronising tone, as a quiet, ladylike little woman appeared in the background. Annette thought her still very pretty; she liked her soft voice and ways. It was evident that her children doated on her, for a word from mamma seemed to have a restraining influence on the twins, a pair of noisy high-spirited children.

Annette found herself at home at once; there was no stiffness, no reserve at Grey-Mount. Nettie and Fan had pounced on Lottie as their rightful prey, and had carried her off at once. Mrs. Harland had followed with Averil, and Annette felt a hand passed through her arm.

"You and I will have to entertain each other until luncheon," observed Louie, in a comfortable voice. "When mamma and Averil begin to talk they never leave off. Oh, of course it is Bob and Owen—they generally begin about the boys. Frank will be home presently, and then we shall have tennis. Frank is my own, own brother, you know. Not but what Owen and Fred are brothers too, but Frank is my special——"

"Oh, yes, I understand about that. Lottie has told me he is monsieur's son, and this lady you call mamma is your stepmother. I have not talked to her much, but her looks please me. She is altogether different from Mrs. Willmot."

"My dear Miss Ramsay, there are stepmothers and stepmothers. Frank and I think mamma perfect; she has not a selfish thought. As to Mrs. Willmot and the Misses Seymour, I had better hold my tongue on that subject. Averil is a darling; we are all so fond of her; but she is just wearing herself out——"

"Do you think my cousin looks so ill?" returned Annette, in such quick alarm that Miss Harland regretted her speech. She was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, and sometimes said more than was prudent. She was anxious now to explain away her words, for the sad wistfulness that had come into Annette's dark eyes touched her.

"She has always been delicate," she returned, hastily. "At one time her health was a great anxiety to us all; but during the last year or two she has been stronger. Miss Ramsay, are you fond of flowers? Shall we go and see the greenhouses? Yes, Winnie, you may come too"—as the pretty little girl ran up to them.

Before luncheon was quite over Frank Harland made his appearance. He was accompanied by a tall, good-looking man, whom they all called Ned, and who was afterwards introduced to Annette by Lottie in the shyest of voices as "Mr. Chesterton."

If Annette had not been such a recluse, and so totally unacquainted with the ways of young people—the curé and his snuff-box being her sole masculine acquaintance in the Rue St. Joseph—she might have read certain facts from Lottie's shy eagerness and pleased downcast looks. She might even have deduced the same conclusion from the young lawyer's evident absorption and almost exclusive monopoly of the girl.

In tennis he was her partner, and afterwards they walked about the garden together. Everyone took it as a matter of course. No one interfered with their *tête-à-tête*—not even Averil, whose eyes often rested on her *protégée* with fond wistfulness. "Lottie is very happy," Annette heard her whisper once to Mrs. Harland.

Annette was very pleased to see Mr. Frank again; but she could not be induced to take her first lesson in tennis, though he employed all his eloquence to coax her to become his partner.

"You are bent on snubbing me," he said at last, in mock despair. "You were much more amiable when I met you last, Miss Ramsay, and we exchanged confidences over our vanilla ices."

"That is too bad," she returned, trying not to laugh. "What is it you mean by 'snub?' I do not understand all your English words. It is you who are unkind, Mr. Harland; for you want to make me ridiculous in the eyes of your sisters and friends. Ah, yes; it would amuse them to see how often I should miss the ball! They would just clap their hands with the fun. No; I will sit here in the shade and watch you, and that will be my first lesson in tennis; and if you will come to Redfern House, you can teach me there, and Lottie can play with us."

"To be sure—that is a good idea," he said, eagerly; and then, as they called to him, he lifted his cap and ran down the grass slope to the tennis-court. Annette kept her promise, and watched the game with intelligent interest. Every now and then Frank came to her to explain things. He was pleased with the girl's *naïveté* and frankness, and he always left her a little reluctantly when Louie waved her racquet, or Ned shouted to him that they were waiting.

He was just making his way to her for the fifth time when he saw her suddenly rise from her seat with a quick exclamation of pleasure at the sight of a grey-haired man who was crossing the lawn in a leisurely, middle-aged fashion.

"Monsieur, it is you at last," she said, holding out her hand. "Oh, how glad I am to see you again!"

Mr. Harland smiled as he responded to her greeting cordially; but the next moment he held her out at arm's length and surveyed her critically.

"Do you know," he said, in a pleased voice, "that if you had not spoken to me I think I should hardly have recognised my young friend of the Rue St. Joseph. What has she done with herself, Averil?"—in quite a puzzled tone.

Mr. Harland could not understand it at all. He remembered the girl as she stood that morning in her shabby gown, with the little lace kerchief knotted round her throat, and her small pale face and grave eyes. The young creature that stood before him was as slim and graceful as a fawn. She was no longer pale. Her eyes were clear and sparkling, her black dress was enlivened by a dainty breast knot of dark crimson roses. Could these few weeks have effected this transformation? "No, I should not have known you," he said, dropping her hand; but he looked very kindly at her.

Frank had been much amused at this little scene; but by-and-by his mood changed. He was even guilty of the unfilial wish that his father had not been detained longer at Lincoln's Inn.

Frank found he could no longer secure Miss Ramsay's attention. She evinced a preference for Monsieur's society, and could not be induced to leave his side even to see the hot-houses under Frank's guidance.

Frank turned rather sulky at last, to his father's amusement. Mr. Harland's eyes twinkled mischievously as he watched his discomfiture.

"Miss Ramsay," he said at last, "you are very good to stop with an old fellow like me, but I must not monopolise you. Mr. Frank seems a little put out with us both."

"He is only pretending," she said, in a voice that reached the young man. "I think it is his way of making fun—it is so long since I have seen you, Monsieur. And I like better to sit and talk to you of Dinan, and those days when you were kind to me. As for Mr. Frank, I shall see him often, often." Mr. Harland glanced at her in extreme surprise; he noticed that Frank turned his head to listen. "He is coming to teach me tennis," went on Annette, in a composed matter-of-fact tone. "I would not play to-day because I knew I should only make myself ridiculous; but I understand the game now; and Lottie and I will practise; and when Mr. Frank comes he will be surprised at my progress."

"Father, shall I bring you and Miss Ramsay some tea out there?" asked Frank suddenly at this moment. Now, what had become of the young man's brief moodiness? Frank was humming an air as he brought out the tea-cups: he had a little joke for Annette when she thanked him for his trouble; but he shook his head when she would have made room for him.

"Don't disturb yourself," he said quickly, "I know you and Monsieur"—with a little stress on the word—"are as happy as possible. I am going to talk to Averil about the tennis, and see which day I may come."

"Very well," she returned, tranquilly, and she resumed her conversation. She was telling her friend about her life at Redfern House, about the new work-room, and her cousin's kindness. As she talked on in her bright, rapid way, Mr. Harland told himself that she was not far from being pretty; she was not so thin, and her complexion had improved, and the *spirituelle* expression of the dark eyes was very attractive.

Meanwhile, Averil was listening to Frank's plans with rather a puzzled look. Frank had announced his intention of coming down to Redfern House as often as possible to practise tennis with the girls.

"You have a good lawn," he went on in an off-hand manner, "and I daresay Seymour would join us. Thursday is my best day, if it will suit you, Averil."

"Any day will suit me," she returned, with the soft friendliness that she always showed him. "But, Frank, I want to speak to you. You must not misunderstand Annette. Perhaps you may think her frankness a little strange, but she means nothing by it; she has lived so completely out of the world that she hardly knows its ways. I believe that she has never spoken to a young man in her life; and she treats you as she would Louie. You will not mind if I say this to you, but Annette is so sweet and good I could not bear her to be misunderstood."

"I shall not misunderstand her. How could anyone mistake such childlike frankness," returned the young man, gravely; but he flushed a little as though Averil's words touched him.

"Please come then as often as you can," she returned, cheerfully. "You know how welcome you will be."

Frank did not make any more attempts to speak to Annette that evening; but he showed her little attentions, and watched her a good deal; it pleased him to see how friendly she was with them all. As she bade him good-bye at the station the next morning—for he and Mr. Chesterton had accompanied them—she said to him—

"I have had such a happy time. Everyone is so nice and kind. Monsieur, and your stepmother, and sister, and——"

"I hope you are going to include me," he returned, mischievously; but Annette took the question in good part.

"And you too; oh, yes! I think it is very good of you, Mr. Harland, to teach me tennis. Is it not so, my cousin?" But Averil was apparently deaf, for she made no response.

"Annette," she said gently, when she found herself alone with her cousin that evening, "I want to give you a little hint, because you have been such a recluse, and do not know the ways of society. Young girls of your age do not generally invite young men. Now, when you asked Frank to play tennis——"

But Annette interrupted her in quick alarm. "Have I done wrong? I am so sorry. It is your house, and I ought to have left it to you."

"Well, another time; but of course in this case it does not matter; the Harlands are like my own brothers and sisters. Frank comes as often as he likes."

"But I am sorry all the same," returned Annette, gravely, and a distressed colour came to her face. "It seems I have been bold. My cousin, will you explain? I do not know the rules, and I would not willingly offend. Mr. Harland was so kind; he proposed to teach me, and I thought there could be no harm."

"My dear," replied Averil, kissing her hot cheek remorsefully, "there is nothing wrong. If Frank came every day he would be welcome; it is only a hint for your future use."

But Annette was sensitive; her innate sense of propriety had taken alarm; she had been forward, or her cousin would not have given her this reproof. "You shall not have to find fault with me again," she said humbly. "I will remember the difference between old men and young men for the future, my cousin."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

SARA, or TARA (Bombay).—1. We thank you most heartily for such a strong testimony, and so graciously expressed, to the benefits rendered, "spiritually and mentally," to the readers of our magazine. We wish you much blessing on your own work in carrying the Gospel to the benighted homes of your adopted country.—2. It would take much time to procure for you the sort of information you desire respecting the superior skill in certain operations in one hospital over and above all the rest. We believe you would have reason to be satisfied with the treatment provided in any of the great London hospitals, such as St. George's, Guy's, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, etc.—3. "Tatting" is a reproduction of the Ragusa gimp laces and knotted laces of the 16th century. The knot is formed by two movements. The whole or double stitch is that usually made. Hold the shuttle horizontally in the right hand, between the first finger and thumb, rather backwards; let the thread fall from it from the inner part of the right side. Pass the other end of the thread, after making the loop, over the left hand. Slip the shuttle under the loop-thread, which let pass between it and the first finger of the right hand, and back between it and the thumb, and bring it quickly out between the first and second fingers of the left hand. Drop the loop from the last fingers of the left hand, but retain that finger and thumb upon it; give a slight jerk, so as to make the twist just formed transfer itself from the shuttle-thread to the loop, of which it should be a part. Put back the left fingers into the loop, stretch it out, and draw up the knot close to the thumb, while the shuttle-thread is tightened with the right hand. Bring the shuttle back over the left hand, with its thread hanging downwards, pass the loop under the shuttle, between it and the thumb, and back between it and the first finger. Drop the loop, jerk, and draw up as before. When enough stitches have been formed, draw up the loop so as to form an oval. We quote from a standard work, *The Dictionary of Needlework* (Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), in which every description of work known—textiles and lace, etc.—are fully described and illustrated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS SEAMARK.—Have no fear in eating tomatoes. They are perfectly wholesome.

BRUNETTE.—1. If heat from the weight of your hair at the back of the neck aggravate your headaches, cut it shorter, and dress it higher on the head. Your general state of health, your diet, and the hours you keep, need attention. You should avoid late hours, and the heat and deteriorated air produced by gaslights.—2. We are not acquainted with the book you name.—3. We are glad you like our "Answers" so much.

STINGING NETTLE.—You should try to merit a different appellation. It is well to desire useful employment, and this is not far to seek. At this time there is much work going on, especially in behalf of poor children in the hospitals inaugurated by the Santa Claus Society, of which Miss Charles is the Secretary, Stormont, Hampstead Lane, Highgate. Others are indicated in a book called *Restful Work for Youthful Hands* (Griffith, Farren & Co.).

DAGMAR.—St. Monica was the mother of St. Augustine. She was born A.D. 332, and died November, 387. The conversion of her famous son was the effort of her life, and the reward of her heartfelt, persevering prayers.

AN ENQUIRER.—Mr. Gladstone lives at Hawarden Castle, co. Flint. Lord Tennyson's places are at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and Aldworth, Haslemere.

ONE WHO SUFFERS should take regular exercise, and avoid beer and porter, and the general fault of eating too much and too fast.

ALICE COX.—The 16th of August, 1873, was a Saturday.

L. C. L.—The question of grass growing in the garden walks is of very constant recurrence. Probably the walks are not properly made in the first instance. We hear that a strong lye made from wood ashes is recommended.

S. E. A.—The correct address would be, Alfred Jones, Esq., M.D.

INQUISITIVE ONE.—The 7th of January, 1865, was a Saturday.

UNE SUISSESSE.—The 23rd of March, 1864, was a Wednesday.

A. J. S.—We think you will learn most in your one hour of leisure, by reading history and general literature of all kinds, and striving to retain, and think over, what you read. Your letter is an excellent one.

E. M. S.—1. There is such a book as that which you require, *i.e.*, *The London Charities*, by Herbert Fry (Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly).—2. For those who cannot pay anything for board and lodging there is a home at Fakenham, Norfolk—address Miss Hamond. You might also apply to the Secretary of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, Mr. Hazelton, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., and to Mr. Wm. Jackson, Secretary of Asylums, at the same office. There is no special society for shop assistants; and for most of those persons received into permanent homes a subscription of 5s. and upwards is required weekly.

UMDA (Falkirk).—It is not necessary that you should frustrate your friend's intentions by giving the legacy left you to the family. But you might make them a present out of it, if poor, according to the amount of the legacy and their poverty.

M. C. L.—Make a sincere and earnest effort to remain with your father and his new wife, notwithstanding the painful circumstances of her having troubled your mother in her lifetime, and her marriage three months after her death. But if, after a twelvemonth, you find that your presence does not tend to promote the family peace, confide your views respectfully to your father, and ask him to arrange some plan for you.

MARY.—To be a "mother's help" you should be a quick and good needlewoman, and understand cutting out and making the children's clothes. You should also read some good book on the care of children; and should any of the epidemic complaints of their age break out amongst them, then you would know what to do first before the arrival of the doctor, should the mother be absent at the time. Is your own mother satisfied that you should leave home?

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—You may copy anything in our magazine, if not for re-publication.

PANSY.—Certainly you may pay a visit to the family of your affianced husband if your mother approve, and you have been invited to stay with them.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISILLUSIONED.

ALTHOUGH Esther was rather tired after the fatigues and excitements of the day, she did not go as early to bed as usual. For one thing, the drawing-room was unwontedly quiet, since both Dacre and Jessie had gone so early to bed, and Lady Eleanora, after her customary nap, woke up refreshed, and was interested in Esther's description of the *fête* and the tilting match, and could not help wandering off into hopeful prognostications with regard to Jessie's future, when she heard for the second time how Lord Derwent had selected her as his lady, and had worn her ribbons upon his lance. Esther thought both were too young to know their own minds yet, and had seen nothing beyond the friendly intimacy of a long acquaintance; but Lady Eleanora, though not disputing that it might be nothing more, plainly held to her own opinions, and looked forward to a brilliant career for her darling. At the same time she made some very sensible remarks upon the advisability of keeping Jessie as much the child as possible for the next year or two.

"I do not want to see her weary of society, like poor Bertha, before she is really capable of enjoying it as it should be enjoyed. With the warning of poor Caroline's children before her eyes, I think Rosamond ought to stand firm, and

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"AND FLUNG HERSELF UPON HER AUNT WITH SOMETHING LIKE A SOB."

Algernon will certainly support her. I am very glad they chanced not to be at home for this ball, or it would have been very difficult to have resisted the child's natural wish to be present. It is the kind of entertainment a girl would most wish to assist at, and as she is just on the border land, refusal would have been difficult. I thought we might have had trouble as it was, when she first spoke of her eagerness to be there; but she seemed to see it was impossible, and behaved very well. For, quite apart from the impropriety of her making her first appearance without her mother, I think it would be much better to delay her presentation for a time. She is full young, and it is a drawback to a girl to have been known so many seasons, as poor Bertha has been. It stamps her as a failure—sometimes quite unfairly."

"And is a great hindrance to real education—that education which girls should acquire for themselves after they have left the school-room. Jessie has been more diligent latterly over her music, and has let me read French to her sometimes whilst she has been doing her fancy work. When she will take the trouble to think she has plenty of intelligence and ability, and it would be a thousand pities for her to lose the power of application and concentration so young as her cousin did. Bertha feels it now. She has told me how much she regrets that she never acquired the love for reading whilst she might."

Lady Eleanora was in an unusually complaisant frame of mind, and had grown to value Esther's opinion more highly than she had once believed it possible. In amicable conversation an hour or more drifted by, and it was not until after eleven o'clock that Esther found herself alone in her room. She had not been again to Jessie or Dacre, fearing to disturb them. Both rooms were very quiet as she passed, and she hoped the occupants were asleep.

It was a very lovely night, and she opened her window wide and leaned out into the air; the moon shone brightly, and the dew lay upon flower and tree, and came up laden with the sweet scents that only moisture can bring out of the earth. She might perhaps have been half an hour thus enjoying her own thoughts and the beauty of the night, when she was startled by hearing a short decided tap at her door.

Turning away from her window, she went and opened it, and her surprise was not lessened at sight of Dacre, fully dressed, and with a look on his face of gravity and almost concern. For the first moment she was not certain that he might not be playing some trick upon her, but his words and manner quickly removed that doubt.

"You are not in bed, Aunt Esther—that is a very good thing. Do you know where Jessie is?"

"Jessie! Why, asleep in bed, of course. Where else should she be?"

"She is not in the house at all, and I am perfectly convinced that she has slipped off to the ball alone."

"Dacre!"

"Or else with people who are no fit companions for her. Nobody the least respectable would take her."

Esther stood aghast at this revelation.

"Dacre, how can you know? How did you find out, and when?"

"Just now. I woke up with my headache gone, but very hungry, and I remembered that Jessie always had biscuits and chocolate in her dressing room. I thought I could get in there through the door upon the corridor without disturbing her, and so I did; but the door between that and her bedroom was wide open, and there were her things lying tumbled about, and she was not in bed or anywhere, and that French maid she thinks so much of was fast asleep by the fire, evidently not going to bed till my lady gets back. I knew directly what must have happened, and thought I'd better come and tell you. I'm going to fetch her home. Don't you think somebody ought? It's disgraceful of her to be there alone. Just the kind of thing mamma and granny would hate more than anything—and I don't call it respectable myself. I shall give her a piece of my mind when I see her."

Esther's mind was made up in a second.

"I will go with you, Dacre," she said. "Or alone, if you are not fit for it. But I do not deny that I should like your company. I have never been to an entertainment like that alone in my life."

"I will come with you," cried Dacre, eagerly; "I'm as right as a trivet, for I've been sound asleep. I'll cut round to the stables and get the carriage ready as fast as possible, and have a bite of something whilst you get ready. It won't take long if I tell the man not to dress, but just to put his livery hat and great-coat on over his stable clothes. You won't mind for once?"

"I shall mind nothing, if we can only get Jessie back," said Esther; and as Dacre dashed off, she turned back to her room, and looked at herself in the glass. It was not a ball-dress she had on, but it was a pretty evening robe of soft Indian silk, with elbow sleeves, cut square in front and trimmed with delicate lace. It might do for the present occasion, with a few touches, for fancy dress gave a certain latitude, and Esther had dexterous hands and plenty of taste. She clasped bracelets on her arms, and a sparkling pendant round her neck, and with the aid of two embroidered Indian scarves, which Jack had brought home for her after his many wanderings, she contrived to give to her dress a sort of artistic Orientalism which made it quite appropriate to the occasion. Dacre too had had time to slip on his dress of the tilting yard, so that the pair would be able to pass through the crowd on their search for Jessie without attracting attention; and they were soon in the carriage, being driven rapidly to Lady Easterby's house.

It was after midnight when they arrived, but the dance was in full swing. The house was ablaze with lights and flowers, and there were signs that supper was in course of preparation. Esther and her companion mounted the great staircase alone, for the guests had ceased to arrive at this hour of the night, and Lady Easterby had abandoned her position near to the door of the first reception room; but she happened to be at hand when Esther made her entrance, and advanced to meet her with a look of questioning welcome upon her face. It was plain that she guessed at the cause of this sudden appearance.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she was beginning, when Esther spoke simultaneously—

"Lady Easterby, will you tell me if Jessie is here? We have missed her from home, and can only guess that the foolish child has run off to the ball. Have you seen anything of her?"

"Yes; and I am truly glad to see you, and to feel that the silly child will be rescued from the false position into which she has placed herself. She came with Mrs. Flemyng some time ago. I confess I was dreadfully annoyed about it. She told me it was a prank played without the knowledge of her relations; and though I do think she had the grace to be ashamed of herself, there was no escape then. I did not feel able to help her in any way, as her mother would have been terribly displeased by such an exhibition; and I have seen very little of her since. I thought the less notice she attracted in our circle the better. The worst thing that could happen would be to have her looked at and talked of. I saw her dancing once or twice at first; but I have not seen her lately. I think she has not found a first ball without her mother as pleasant as she hoped, and perhaps it will be a lesson to her. Shall I help you to find her? I am so glad you have come to the rescue. It will be something that you have been here at all—you and her brother. But she has been a wrong-headed, foolish child, and she will hear of her folly again."

"I am afraid so," answered Esther. "We will not impose upon your time, but Dacre and I will go and try to find her."

Dacre offered his arm, and together the pair passed through the brightly-lighted rooms, unable to pause as they would like to have done to watch and admire the shifting throng of picturesque figures, but taking in a general effect of beauty and richness whilst they were on the look-out all the while for the one figure of which they had come in search.

"Can't see Jessie anywhere," said Dacre at last; "but there is old mother Flemyng. Let's go and ask her, since she was the *chaperon* who was bold enough to take Jessie. I might have known how it would be. She'd do any single thing she was asked to, and would never see that there was any harm in it. She wouldn't have cared if her daughters had sneaked off to a dozen balls without telling her. She'd only have laughed at their 'high-spirits, I expect,'" and Dacre's mimicry was irresistible.

Mrs. Flemyng certainly showed no signs of discomfiture when Esther went

up and gravely asked where Jessie was to be found.

"Now, don't say that you've come to carry off the poor dear child in the midst of all her fun. Come, now, Miss Egerton, you are not so old but that you can remember your own first ball, and have a little sympathy with that sweet child. I wonder who has let the cat out of the bag. But at least she has had her bit of pleasure, and nothing can take that away. Where is she? Oh, bless her pretty face, I don't know. In the conservatory very likely, having pretty things said to her by some of these fine young cavaliers. I don't ask questions or bother my young folks when I go out with them. When they want me they can come to me; but I know better what young folks like than to be always poking and prying after them. I haven't seen Jessie this hour or more—a sure sign she is enjoying herself mightily somewhere—the little puss! Come now, you needn't try and look so grave. I know a little more about boys and girls and their ways than you can do, even with all your past experience."

Mrs. Flemyng was obviously and hopelessly impervious and impracticable. If she did not know what had become of her charge, it was high time somebody should look after her. Dacre knew the house as well as his sister, and as Jessie was certainly not dancing, and as people had not yet begun to go down to supper, it followed that she must be in some of the adjacent rooms or galleries, or, as Mrs. Flemyng had said. in the conservatory downstairs. They had made a partial round of inspection, and were just about to descend to try the last place, and Esther was growing to feel seriously uneasy at seeing nothing of her niece all this while, when Dacre suddenly exclaimed—

"Halloo! there she is, and all alone, too," and Esther, looking round, saw poor Jessie hidden away behind some tall plants in a little alcove, not far from the head of the staircase, crouched up in a drooping attitude, as if she desired of all things to avoid being seen; and so well hidden from view by the palms was she that she might well have escaped notice altogether by anyone not aware of the alcove, and its low cushioned divan behind the fern plants.

Something in the girl's visible dejection and discomfort disarmed Esther's displeasure, and she approached with outstretched arms.

"My poor, dear child, I need not ask if you are ready to come home. Oh, Jessie, Jessie dearest, why did you not tell me that you were so much bent upon it as all this?"

Jessie gave a great start, and then flung herself upon her aunt with something almost like a sob.

"Oh, Aunt Esther, have you come to take me home? Oh, take me quick—quick—before they go down to supper, and anyone sees me again. Oh, I have had such a miserable evening! I feel as if I never could be happy again. But indeed, indeed I did not know what it would be like."

"No, dear, I am sure you did not. And now dry your eyes, and let me put your hair straight. Why, my child, what diamonds! Suppose we take off that coronet, and I will take care of it under my scarf. Yes, that is better; you look a little more like yourself. Dacre, just tell Mrs. Flemyng that Jessie is tired and wishes to go home; but say it politely, for she has meant to be very kind. We will just say good-night to Lady Easterby and then go to the carriage. Yes, Jessie, you must do that; and it will be better too, for if you arrived with the Flemyngs, it had better be seen that you go away with your own people. And do not look so crushed and woebegone, my child. You must learn that the first rule of society is to carry a serene face, whatever may be in your thoughts. Nobody wants you to brazen out a piece of folly, but to preserve a quiet and dignified exterior is what is demanded of every lady under all circumstances. Now, are you ready? Then we will go and get it over, and you shall tell me your little story when we are in the carriage together."

Esther saw that the girl was on the verge of a breakdown, and that the only thing to do to stop it was to take a bracing tone with her. This had so much effect that Jessie managed her exit without compromising herself or drawing upon herself any undue attention. Lady Easterby's farewell was more kindly than her welcome had been, for she guessed that the girl had repented her folly, and was sorry for her; but Jessie felt at that moment as if she had lost caste for ever, and should never get over the sense of dire disgrace.

"You can't think how horrid it was," she cried, breaking down altogether when once safely in the carriage, the lights of the great house shut out from her aching eyes. "Oh, I don't feel as if I ever wanted to see anybody in the world again—certainly nobody who saw me there! Nobody I knew would speak to me"—this was rather a stretch of imagination, but Esther thought perhaps the feeling was salutary, and did not interpose—"and I was in that horrid, vulgar set of sporting and racing men who go to the Flemyngs and that papa cannot abide even for the boys. You know the dress made it impossible to know who people were at first, and then if you found your partner was a cad it was too late. Mrs. Flemyng had no business to introduce such people to me," and Jessie stamped her foot. "I'll never speak to her again. She said she'd take care of me as if I were her daughter; and then she went away and I was quite alone, and these horrid pushing young men thought they could walk me about and say what they choose, and that I should like it."

Jessie almost choked in her anger and distress, and Dacre cut in coolly—

"Why, that is just what her daughters do like. She was every bit as good as her word. It was you who were such a goose as to think that what would suit those strapping bouncing girls would suit you."

"I know it was my *fault*—you need not tell me that. But Thérèse had made me such a lovely dress, and promised to get me the diamonds, and I had set my heart on going. And it all turned out so differently from what I had expected; and the people I wanted to dance with never came near me, and I dared not go to them, for I felt like a child in disgrace. And they will never forget what I did, and everybody will be talking about it: and papa will make it an excuse to keep me in another whole year—and, oh, I almost hope he will, for I don't feel as if I ever wanted to come out at all—at least, not unless it's in London, where nobody knows."

Esther could not help smiling at the exaggerated notion Jessie had taken up as to the enormity of her crime. Serious as the disobedience was, and undesirable as such a first appearance in society must be considered, it was not a case of lost character and blighted prospects, as the girl seemed to think; still, it was more salutary that she should think seriously of her escapade; and Esther, though very kind and sympathetic, did not try to make light of it.

And when the aunt and niece entered the girl's room together, and Esther dismissed the maid from attendance in a fashion which sufficiently marked her extreme displeasure, there was another great outcry of fright, for one of the largest diamonds from the pendant was missing; and Thérèse, when summoned to answer for its presence when the ornament was put on, was certain that it had been there, but remembered how her mistress had said something about its not being quite secure, and had talked of having it reset when she had her jewels in town with her.

"Why had not Thérèse remembered this before?" asked the terrified Jessie, who knew that the stone could hardly be replaced even at enormous cost, for the diamonds were of a curious cloudy texture, and almost unique. The Frenchwoman declared she had never recollected the matter till that moment, and it was useless to waste words on her. Jessie was put to bed, to cry herself to sleep, and a messenger was despatched at the earliest possible hour next day to enquire if the diamond had been found at the Castle. But it was not heard of there, nor was it in the carriage, and Jessie's escapade was marked by the loss not only of her own prestige and social success, but by that of one of the most valuable stones in her mother's possession. Poor Jessie!

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD AT NEED!

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By EVELYN UPTON, Author of "Alpine Roses," etc.



THE morning post had just arrived at Scorley Crags. So far north it was never delivered until twelve o'clock. The butler carried the letter bag into his master's study, and then waited respectfully while Mr. Amcotts took a small key from his pocket, applied it to the lock, and, glancing over the packet of letters, retained the three addressed to himself. The rest he returned to the man, and ordered him to take them to Miss Gertrude.

It did not take Mr. Amcotts long to master the contents of his letters, more especially as two of them were only on business matters; but his face grew troubled as he read the last, and, after uttering one or two forcible exclamations, he left the room and went with it in his hand in search of his daughter. He found her in the dining-room kneeling on the rug before the blazing fire, toasting her face and hugging the great black curly retriever. Her letters lay scattered about her. She and Nep had been out for a run, as the hat and coat carelessly tossed on one side testified. She sprang to her feet as her father entered the room.

"Well, papa! who is your letter from?"

"Why, I'm sorry to say that Fred is very ill. He has had a nasty accident at football, and his house-master thinks I had better come and see him. But you can read it yourself."

And he handed her the letter.

Instantly Gertrude was all attention, as with a somewhat frightened face she perused the grave tidings. And in truth the account was a very serious one. It was only not the worst that might have been sent. But with the eager hopefulness of eighteen she caught at the one ray of brightness the letter afforded.

"You see he says the doctor hopes to pull him through, papa."

Mr. Amcotts had walked to the window and was steadily looking out into the garden, but he faced round at her words. His voice betrayed his anxiety.

"While there is life there is hope!" he said significantly.

"Oh, yes; and Fred has such a good constitution. But, papa, you will set off at once. If only Harrow had not been such a long way off!" she sighed.

Mr. Amcotts's hand was on the bell.

"I see by the time-table I can get there to-night; but I must look pretty sharp about it. Will you order me a little lunch, and I will tell Thomas to put me up a few things."

Gertrude gave the necessary directions, and then with a slower step returned to the hearth-rug and stood gazing into the fire. In these few moments the girl's whole aspect had changed. The careless brightness had quite left her: tears began welling up quickly into the blue eyes. For, besides being next in age to herself, Fred was her favourite brother, and her constant companion when he was at home. The other three boys, all away at preparatory schools, were much younger, and Gertrude was the only daughter. But she did not allow her mind to dwell long on painful possibilities: her naturally cheerful disposition soon reasserted itself.

"Why, boys were always getting knocked about; bruises seemed their natural element, and no English boy of any spirit passed through his public school curriculum nowadays without at least one broken bone. And with careful nursing Fred, with his strong constitution, would get over it."

Thus she argued.

"I wish," she said to herself, "I could have sent him anything. But I'm afraid they would not allow him to receive any 'tuck,' not even a cake. But when he gets better I'll send him a jolly hamper full of good things."

And, comforted with this resolve, she returned to her work of arranging the flowers for the dinner-table, in which she had been interrupted by the arrival of the morning post. Her task was scarcely completed when Thomas entered to set luncheon, and soon after Mr. Amcotts came in and took his seat.

"You know, papa, that Aunt Louisa and Maggie are coming this afternoon, so you must go in the brougham," Gertrude said, as she placed herself at the head of the table.

"Yes; I'm glad you won't be left alone. You might as well drive in with me and meet them."

"No, thank you; I don't want to wait for two hours at that stupid station. Their train does not come in till half-past three, and very likely it will be late. And then Aunt and Maggie always fill the carriage with no end of small packages."

"Oh, very well; do as you like. You must explain my absence to your aunt. I shall hope to be back the day after to-morrow; but of course it must depend on how Fred goes on."

Half an hour later the carriage came round, and Gertrude, standing on the front door-steps, waved a rather sorrowful adieu to her father, and then she re-entered the house feeling a trifle lonely and depressed. The still, grey, late November day, and the tall trees and dark shrubs all dripping with moisture left by the recent fog, were not calculated to raise her spirits. But, determined not to give way to the blues, she once more donned her outdoor things. Then, snatching her stick out of the stand, and whistling for Nep, she passed out of the hall door, and emerging through the lodge gates, she came out on to the high road. Scorley Crags lay in a very unfrequented neighbourhood: on one side they were shut off by the North Sea, and on the other by wide stretches of moorland.

A mile and a half of quick walking brought Gertrude out on to the open moor, where the sense of freedom and breathing space was very refreshing to this child of nature. The oppression at her heart took flight. She and Nep indulged in a race, and at last, with renewed hope, and cheeks glowing with the rapid exercise, she reached home again just in time to welcome her aunt and cousin. Mrs. Northey was a frequent visitor at Scorley Crags, and Maggie was a lively girl two years older than Gertrude, so that, with a good deal to hear and tell on both sides, the evening passed away better than might have been expected.

Next morning the aspect of the weather had completely changed. All the fog had been swept away and dissipated by the strong wind which had risen during the night, and was now sweeping wildly round the well-built stone house, and shrieking dismally down the chimneys. The tall trees in the adjoining plantations were waving their bare arms wildly to and fro; dead leaves, ruthlessly torn away from some neighbouring leaf heap, were being driven across the smooth, well-kept lawns; and every now and again there was a furious gust of drenching rain.

Mrs. Northey hated stormy weather, and nothing should induce her to venture out in such a gale. So she religiously hugged the hearth-rug, turning her back on the window panes bleared by rain and sea-salt. Beyond a visit to the stables, and a run with Nep on the gravelled terrace, the two girls spent the morning indoors. But after luncheon, although the wind was still blowing "great guns," the heavily driving showers came less frequently, and Gertrude, afflicted by mental restlessness, determined to get some outdoor exercise in spite of wind and rain. Although she knew that it was impossible for the post to bring her any news of Fred, still she was conscious of a sinking at her heart when she had examined the contents of the letter-bag and the search had proved futile. And the telegram her father had promised to send had not yet arrived; indeed, in such weather it was doubtful whether it would arrive at all that day.

"I mean to brave the elements and have a walk," Gertrude announced heroically. "Maggie, will you come with me?"

"It will be perfect madness in such weather," expostulated her mother.

Maggie opened her eyes wide at the suggestion. To her town-bred soul it was fraught with all the excitement of an adventure.

"But we shall be drenched to the skin! These showers come on so fast, and we can't possibly hold up an umbrella."

"Well, I'm not made of salt, so I sha'n't melt away. I don't know whether you are. And if we do get wet through we can easily have our things dried. I am sure there are large enough fires in the laundry," said the young mistress of Scorley Crags, grandiloquently.

Maggie looked longingly at the fire and then out of the window, but reflecting that her interesting work of fiction would not last her for more than an hour, and that the afternoon would be interminably long, she followed Gertrude upstairs, having dragged a reluctant consent from her mother.

Gertrude, who was well used to all weathers, and rather throve in wind and storm, was soon equipped in her well-fitting ulster, and a cloth hat to match, revealing the masses of shining plaits that completely covered the back of her head. But Maggie was longer over her toilette; for, though an ulster was eminently becoming to Gertrude's lithe, slight figure, to Maggie's little roundabout form it was just the reverse. At first she determined to wear an old dress and jacket, and let them take their

chance of being ruined. Then common sense prevailed, and she once more arrayed herself in the obnoxious garment. For after all, what did it matter? They would not see anyone they knew, unless it were some country bumpkin. Her figure was not Maggie's strong point, but people forgot that when they looked at her animated face, with its bright brown eyes, framed in soft wavy brown hair, which defied all attempts to keep it in order.

"Which way shall we go?" Gertrude asked, when they stood outside, having with some difficulty succeeded in shutting the front door behind them.

"Oh, let's go and look at the sea. There must be splendid waves to-day."

"Then we must go round by the road, for the path through the plantations will be almost impassible."

As they expected, they found the road swimming in water and deep in mud, and wherever there were any adjacent trees it was thickly strewn with branches and *débris*. But shod as the two girls were with stout country boots, they could defy wet and mud. Still, as the whole way they had to breast the gale, and every now and then to contend with a sharp shower driving pitilessly in their faces, their progress was rather slow. Gertrude enjoyed battling with the elements, but poor Maggie was often fain to get what protection she could by sheltering behind her cousin; and long before they reached the cliff she had decided that "the game was not worth the candle." But as they had got so far, Gertrude refused to turn back without having accomplished their object.

Arrived on the cliff, however, they found it impossible to keep their feet in that exposed situation; and, dragging Maggie away with her, Gertrude led her down a rough cart-road, ankle-deep in mud, which soon brought them on to the shore. There, partially protected by an angle of the cliffs, they could stand and look seawards; and both the girls uttered a little scream of horror at the sight that met their straining gaze.

The North Sea came rolling in in long lines of angry, seething, white breakers, bursting on the pebbly sands with a maddening roar, and casting up spars and fragments of wreckage.

Within sixty yards from the cliffs there began a low-lying ridge of rocks, extending diagonally to within about thirty yards from the shore. On the two furthest of these, rising a foot or two out of the water, five dark forms were clinging in the last agony of despair. Their situation was perilous in the extreme. Battered and knocked about by every passing wave, their numbed hands and feet were evidently fast losing their hold, and unless help were quickly brought they must all be buried in the raging ocean.

Gertrude only watched for one moment, and then very cautiously, almost on hands and knees, she succeeded in turning the corner, Maggie close behind her, and the spray-laden wind cutting them like knives. There they found a small group of men collected, looking anxiously on at the five drowning forms, but utterly powerless to help.

"Can't anything be done for them?" Gertrude shrieked into the ears of one of the bystanders.

The man shook his head ominously.

"It ain't no manner of use. My mates there tried running a boat, but it were stove in in no time, and they were a'most drowned themselves."

Shipwrecks on this particular part of the coast were very rare, and the nearest lifeboat was miles away. Long before it could be brought the poor hapless mariners would be engulfed. At that moment a rope was thrown by one of the onlookers, but the wind caught it in its pitiless grasp, and it fell short of its object. Again and again a fresh effort was made, but each time with the same result; and no rockets or life-saving apparatus were to be had nearer than the lifeboat station.

"If anyone could get as far as the first rock and throw the rope from there, would there be a better chance?" Gertrude asked eagerly.

The man smiled incredulously.

"Ay, miss; a deal better. But it can't be done."

Gertrude turned quickly to Maggie.

"I shall fetch Black Bess, and try if she will swim to the rescue. Will you come with me or stay here?"

Maggie began to expostulate, but Gertrude turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances, and seeing that she was not disposed to accompany her, she hurriedly left her, and began running up the road they had just descended. With the wind at her back her progress was much faster, and as soon as she reached the high ground she struck off into the path leading through the plantations.

One all-absorbing thought possessed her—to save, if possible, the five lives trembling on the brink of eternity. Spurred on by this consideration she made light of every obstacle that came in her way. The distance from Scorley Crags through the woods was scarcely more than half a mile, and in an incredibly short time Gertrude rushed up to the back entrance, splashed, wet, and breathless. In passing the stables she paused a moment to order one of the men to saddle Black Bess and bring her round to the back door in five minutes, adding, imperatively, that it was a matter of life and death.

The groom, fearing some accident had happened, hastened to obey, and Gertrude meanwhile had flown up the back stairs and gained her own room. Without waiting for her maid she tore off her wet things, flung aside her mud-covered boots in exchange for a pair of hunting ones, and hurriedly dressed herself in her shortest and lightest riding habit. On her way down again she was stopped by the butler, who, with a terror-stricken face, wished to know if he could be of any service. Passing him with a few words of explanation, and a reassuring message to her aunt, she reached the door just as the mare, a beautiful creature with a black coat like satin, an arched neck, and a white star on her forehead, was brought up by the groom.

Scarcely touching his hand with her foot she sprang into the saddle and galloped off. Wishing to spare Black Bess in order that she might reach the shore as fresh as possible, she took the bridle-path through the plantations, although the pace was necessarily slower there than it would have been on the road.

The wind had considerably abated, but darkness was quickly coming on, and now for the first time Gertrude reflected on what she was doing. But not to draw back for a moment. She had escaped the opposition she so much dreaded from her aunt, and it was plainly her duty that lay before her. But the thought crossed her mind, What would her father say if he came back to find his only daughter lying in the sleep of death? Well, she would leave herself and her fate in the hands of her Father in heaven, and trust Him to keep her and help her to be the means of saving at least one life.

With a fervent prayer still on her lips she reached the shore. The group of helpless onlookers were standing there very much as she had left them. For from first to last she had hardly been absent more than twenty minutes. But alas! through the gathering gloom they could just make out that of those five on the rocks two had been washed off and had found a watery grave—the more urgent the necessity to take succour to the remaining three.

On hearing the sound of hoofs Maggie sprang to her cousin's side with a cry of joy. But when she saw her evident intention she was loud in her indignation, declaring it was madness and suicide, and attempted to lay a detaining hand on Black Bess's curb-rein. Gertrude gently drew it from her grasp.

"Don't keep me, Maggie," she implored, hurriedly. "Can't you see three lives are at stake? I must make the attempt to save them. If I find it is impossible I will return. Black Bess is a first-rate swimmer. Now, then, my men, the rope!"

The coil was placed round her left arm, one end being firmly held by those on shore. Awed into submission by her firm assumption of authority, in such strong contrast to their own utter powerlessness, none of the bystanders dared to thwart her. One indeed offered to go in her stead, but his offer was promptly rejected. No one could manage the mare so well as her own mistress. Gathering up her short skirt dexterously round her, and sitting well back in the saddle, Gertrude urged her horse forward. Black Bess tossed her beautiful head, and snorted defiantly, as if fully alive to what was expected of her, and then at a touch from her young mistress plunged in among the foaming breakers.

With a stifled groan Maggie sank down on the ground close under the cliff and covered her face with her hands. Already she considered her cousin's doom was sealed. But when she looked again the moon streaming through a rift in the clouds showed her the horse and her rider valiantly breasting the waves, often repulsed, but steadily making way towards the sunken rocks. A few moments of hideous suspense, and then a joyous cry from over the water, followed by a cheer from the watchers on the shore, told that the rope had been successfully thrown and caught, and the brave steed and her still braver rider began to fight their way back again through the blinding surf. The wind was at their back, but the ebb tide was all against them, and though the distance was only a few yards, every inch was fraught with deadly peril. At last, dripping, bruised, and buffeted, but otherwise unhurt, Black Bess bore her young mistress safely back to land, to Maggie's unspeakable joy and thankfulness.

Meantime many strong and willing hands with all possible speed were drawing in the exhausted and inanimate form of one of the shipwrecked crew, and as soon as she saw him laid on the shore Gertrude prepared to swim Black Bess—who as yet showed no symptoms of distress—to the rescue of the remaining two. In vain Maggie, with tears and protestations, implored her not to tempt the treacherous ocean again, and some of the men from the Hall, who had arrived on the scene armed with restoratives, crowded round her, and joined in the general entreaty.

But refusing to listen, Gertrude and Black Bess once more plunged into the white-crested waves. Her cheeks were glowing with excitement, the wind had carried away her hat, and her beautiful hair was falling in masses on her shoulders. The exigency of the moment left no room for fear. Little she heeded the cold salt water, now almost up to her waist, or the thunder of the waves in her ear. Two lives are hanging on her efforts. Billow after billow is safely passed, the rope is again flung, and securely caught, and fastened round the man and his companion. The signal to pull in is given. And once more, with a throb of heart-felt gratitude Gertrude turns her horse's head to the shore. Although Black Bess still strikes out boldly, the strain is beginning to tell upon her. And when within a few feet of the shore a great white roller catches her on the chest, she struggles, reels, and finally horse and rider roll over in the white surf.

The mare soon floundered out, and Gertrude was quickly rescued and carried up the beach, and laid under the shelter of the cliff. But

beyond a severe drenching, and a momentary unconsciousness resulting from the fall, she was unhurt, and she soon reassured the anxious Maggie bending over her by enquiring after the two whose lives she had saved. They had just been dragged to shore more dead than alive; and on learning that one of them was very seriously injured, Gertrude gave orders that he should be at once taken up to the Hall, where he would be able to receive more care and attention than in the cottages to which the other two survivors were conveyed. Then, finding there was nothing more to be done, she rode the gallant Black Bess home again, while Maggie made her way back through the woods as quickly as possible to give the housekeeper timely notice of the approach of the wounded man.

In due time doctor and nurse arrived, but the patient's condition was pronounced very critical; and if he did not succumb, a long and tedious illness was inevitable.

Fred having taken a decided turn for the better, Mr. Amcotts returned to Scorley Crags next day to find part of his house converted into a hospital, and his daughter, much to her own disgust, the heroine of the hour.

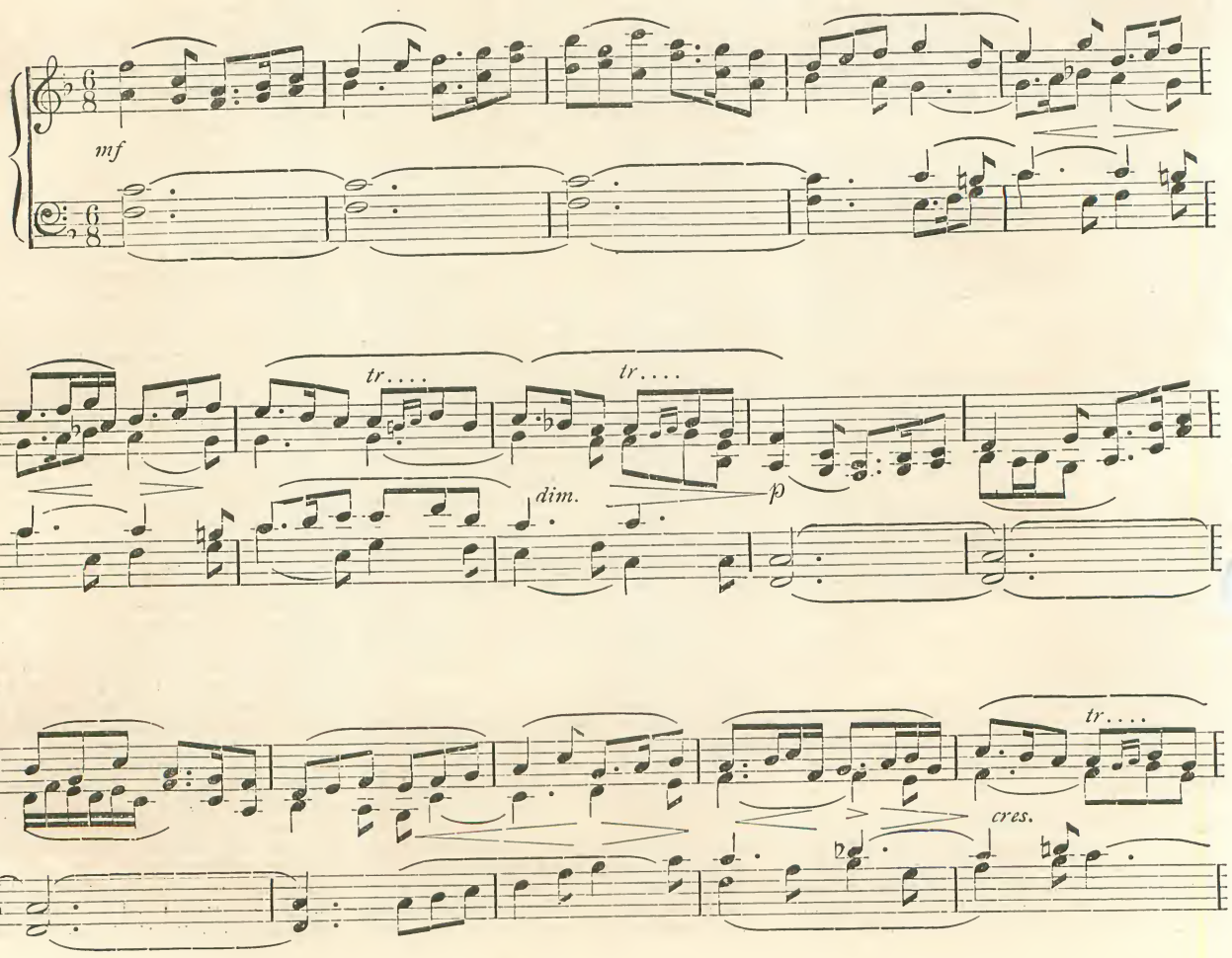
It was some days before the rescued man could give an account of himself. The housekeeper had told them she was sure he was a gentlemaa; but it was a shock of surprise to them all when Mrs. Northey, going into his room for the first time, recognised in the invalid her son by a former marriage, and Maggie's half-brother, although no relation of the Amcotts. He had been passenger on a steamer bound for Hull, which during the storm had been run into by another vessel, and all on board had perished with the exception of the few men who, after drifting about in a small open boat, had been finally cast on the rocks near Scorley Crags.

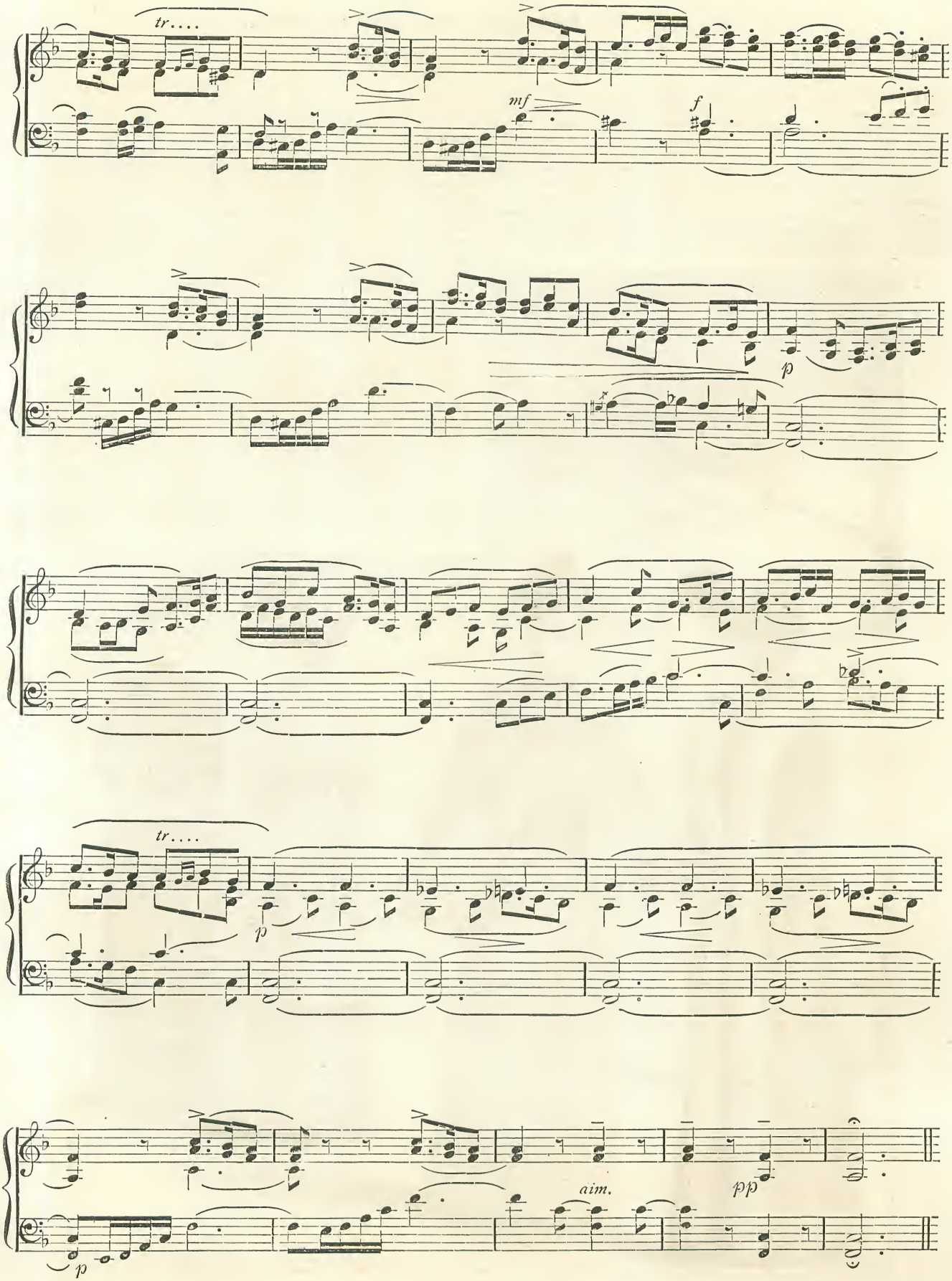
As Hugo Carnegie had lived abroad ever since he left college, he and his mother had not met for many years, and he was a complete stranger to Gertrude and Mr. Amcotts. But long before his recovery, which was a matter of months, was pronounced complete, he had begun to be looked upon as one of the family. Naturally he was thrown a good deal into the company of his brave preserver, and before another Christmas bells had chimed the two had become man and wife. Gertrude said she had only one regret in the marriage—it looked like a reward for having done what was simply her duty. Hugo said the prize he had won was worth all, and more than all, the horrors of shipwreck he had undergone.

ANDANTE PASTORALE.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

By MYLES B. FOSTER.




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DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

GREAT complaints are heard all over this winter of the inutility of the present style of boots and shoes to keep out the wet and wet mud, or to retain the heat of the feet when winter days are upon us. Many people who do not expend sufficient money on their foot-gear, find a day or two of such wet and muddy pavements is enough to ruin their boots, and give them a bad cold into the bargain, or else, perhaps, a violent attack of toothache or neuralgia; for the dentists own frankly that the best times for them are when the feet are walking about on wet pavements, and there is plenty of mud! The best plan to avoid really wet feet is to purchase, early in the year, a good pair of cork soles, and have your winter boots large enough to put them in with comfort. They are to be found moderate enough in price to be within everyone's reach; and with good woollen stockings, form the best *preventive* possible for those people with small means and only one pair of boots or shoes. Of course, if you really can afford it, it is best to keep a stout pair of cork-soled boots in your wardrobe, which you can put on when needed. Dr. Jaeger's foot-gear specialities have had a great run on them during the late snowy weather, and they are certainly warm. They are said to owe their warmth to the fact that they are ventilated in the heel, and also have woollen uppers. It is to the non-ventilation of the foot that the celebrated German doctor attributes the cold and chill of the leather boots generally worn.

The Woollen Doctor has found a rival in a famous Bavarian pastor, Herr Kneipp, of the small Bavarian village Warishofen, which is a station about two hours from Munich. The treatment is by water and herbs; but the healer lays much stress on the adoption of linen clothing, a loosely-woven coarse linen being recommended; and this can now be obtained in most cities in Germany, so far has the influence of this opinion spread. The cures seem to be chiefly of nervous disorders; and in *Blackwood's Magazine* will be found a full account of the processes, which are not unlike the usual hydropathic system.

It is well to recall that our grandfathers and grandmothers, most of them, who were healthy and strong, were wearers of linen underclothing, and troubled flannel but little. We of this generation, as the first great woollen-stuff adopters, so far as one sees, have not improved in health, nor does our strength exceed theirs. Nevertheless, in this damp and changeable climate of ours, do not imagine, from these statements, that I am advocating the adoption of linen next the skin, even of the peculiar rough quality which the German doctor recommends. I have not



A WINTER'S WALK.



TWO NEW JACKETS.

tested it myself, nor made any statistical investigations as to the number of linen wearers whose experience might be taken as against those who wear woollens.

Amongst my dress notes I find that Queen Emma of Holland, the new Queen Regent, has decided that the little Queen Wilhelmina is to wear white for the period of mourning for her father. This shows much common sense, for the sight of little children dressed in deep mourning is very painful. The idea of white mourning is not new. Mary Queen of Scots, when wearing mourning for her French husband, wore white weeds, as did all the widows of high rank in France, the widows of the king being called *La reine blanche* while they lived. Indeed, any colour may be made to answer for mourning: not necessarily black, but yellow, which was once used for Court mourning in England by Anne Boleyn, and also Royal purple and dark blue. It is only a question of fashion and taste after all.

The colours of the soft woollens worn at present are delightful—all the tints of golden brown, tan, and grey, with lovely tints of mignonette, and blues of every hue. Then there are such pretty tints of heliotrope, which colour has been much improved by being made reddish instead of bluish in colour. Terra-cotta too is of red hue more than yellow, and is infinitely more becoming. Cloth is the material most worn, and it is of beautifully fine texture, and so soft that it falls into folds with much grace. Large checked woollens of soft makes, and camel's-hair cashmere are next in favour, and after them velvets, which have quite returned to popular favour.

The rise in the price of sealskin is enormous, and shows how great has been the havoc wrought amongst the poor seals; and the stories told are heart-rending enough. The fur of the season has been Greenland fox—a long, thick, and soft fur, of a brownish hue. This fur is, however, not likely to be very common, for it is most expensive, and is only seen, even on costly garments, as bands to high collars, or laid on fronts and sleeves. It is said to be scarce, and difficult to obtain.

The illustrations for this month are chiefly devoted to cloaks and jackets, and we have endeavoured to give the most we could to show the tendency of the winter towards capes, so that the spring fashions may possibly be the same. In "A Winter's Walk" we have two ulsters of different sorts, but both with capes. The long boa is still worn also, and the hats are generally large.

In our illustration of the "Lammermoor Dress" we show one of the long-waisted jackets such as that unhappy bride is supposed to have been arrayed in; and for our paper pattern we have selected the same, as these long coats or jackets, with their long coat-basques, will unquestionably be worn for some time to come. They seem becoming, too, to nearly all figures save the very short and stout, and they go well with the plain skirt which is now worn. Of the other two figures, one wears a plain deep basqued coat-bodice, and the other, one of the new wrapped overskirts, which are quite a new introduction, and are exceedingly graceful. The bodice is also cut from striped material, in a new fashion, and buttons under the arm. The underskirt is also striped. This effect can be copied with fancy braid or velvet.

A curious and pretty, though, I think, a wasteful fashion, has appeared in New York in reference to boas, which have been a late revival. The "belles" have them made of real chrysanthemums. Any child would know how to make these pretty but frail adornments, as it is accomplished in the same way that daisy-chains are made. But the boa thus made is nothing more than an ornament — a garland, in fact; and would feel cold and disagreeable in its natural position round the neck. Worn over one shoulder and under the other, meeting at the waist, and hanging down the side like a sash, would be prettier than any artificial trimming for a bride's or bride-maid's dress. These boas, they say, are eight feet long, and the flowers are selected so as to suit the colour of the dress. The worst part of the fashion is perhaps the expense of them.

Buttons again appear as a feature for ornament as well as for use on outdoor jackets. Our Princess of Wales is remarkable for most elegant taste in dress; and considering her high position, and the requirements of such a position in dress, as in all things else, very simple so far as possible; and she has set the fashion in buttons. The Empress of Russia recently gave her a splendid set, composed of carbuncles set in oxidised silver. This idea of reviving the trade in these little adornments is worthy of that excellent lady, who ever sets an example, like her august mother-in-law, of trying to stimulate all our manufactures at all available for their use. The variety in material, form, colour, size, and composite qualities in these same buttons is something marvellous. Only, while mentioning them to my readers, I will just add, that I think very extravagantly large ones are in bad taste.

The "Policeman's, or Military Cape" is a novelty this winter, and seems to supply a want, as it has been much adopted, though it has not become at all general. It is of a graceful shape, and looks well for girls; and if well cut is comfortable and warm.

The two jackets show, first, one with "angel sleeves" of the length of the jacket itself. It has a high collar, and it is very simply edged with rows of braid. The other jacket is quite a winter one, and is handsomely trimmed with fur, which is gracefully put on as a long rever, made double, so that both sides show fur.

It will be seen from our illustrations that the skirts remain as plain and tight-fitting as ever; but the liking for two or three bias frills at the edge seems to be increasing; and many of the new gowns are being made in this fashion, even in thick materials. The effect seems good, and not ungraceful in appearance.

The paper pattern for the month, as we have said, is a "Ravenswood," or "Lammermoor Jacket," which will be suitable for serge



THE POLICEMAN'S CAPE.

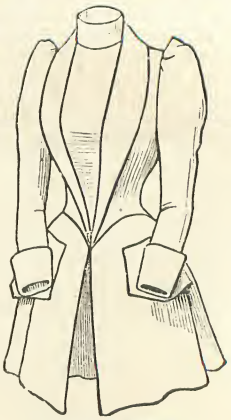


THE LAMMERMOOR DRESS.

or cloth, and for use as a walking or indoor jacket, to be worn on mild days with a boa or ruff. There are twelve pieces, and great care must be taken to bone the bodice firmly, and put in the linings evenly and neatly. The long basque will need lining with silk, or if not, with sateen; and unless in the hands of a good fitter, the home dressmaker may fail in both the ways suggested, unless very careful.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out- or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, *Senorita* jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, and new jacket with revers.



PAPER PATTERN.

VARIETIES.

A LITTLE DEW.

The following was overheard the other day between a Girton student and her young man:

"Oh, Will, what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there is a little dew on them."

Will (*slightly embarrassed*): "Not a farthing, I assure you; not a farthing."

WORKS OF LOVE.—Words of love are works of love.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

When Fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis "Pray, sir, how d'ye do?
Your family are well, I hope?
Can I serve them or you?"

But if perchance her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'Tis then, "I'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard. Good-night!"

OF NOBLE DESCENT.

Francis I., King of France, was desirous of raising one of the most learned men of his time to the highest dignities of the Church, so he asked him if he was of noble descent.

"Your Majesty," answered the Abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's Ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I was descended."

He obtained the post.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

In one way or another this is demanded of everyone who wishes to be useful to others. Sometimes both are given ungrudgingly: there are many noble examples of this. But there are many who give only their money as being the least trouble to themselves, without a thought as to whether its bestowal will do good or harm; and there are others who have little or no money to give, who give the attention and trouble of a life, often the most valuable of all.

Desultory acts of charity are of very little use, and do not benefit the recipients much. There must be system and order in this, as in every other work, if it is substantially to benefit anyone, and it is wonderful how easily one gets into the habit, once begun, of doing one's work in orderly fashion. The first thing is to know what you have to give, and then to give it with care and judgment. In spite of the enormous waste in households throughout the land, there seems to be an increasing disposition to save for others, which meets one at every turn. Your spare cash is demanded for every conceivable object and in the most ingenious ways. Bazaars and begging letters are now supplemented with A B C and other cards for penny subscriptions, which are pressed upon you by almost every friend. Heart-rending appeals also reach you by post from people you have never seen, and for objects for which you have no sympathy. Your spare clothes are requested for Board School children, hospitals, and institutions of every kind. Your spare food and scraps are valuable to those who undertake soup kitchens, and other means of feeding the deserving poor. Flowers and fruit from your garden, and eggs from your poultry-yard, are thankfully received by invalids; Christmas cards and pictures for hospital scrap-books; and if there should be anything for which you cannot find a use, it will not be long before you will hear of an "American fair," at which *everything* finds a sale, from odd gloves to old saucepans: so that nothing need be wasted, and it is only a question of time and opportunity. When once the habit is formed you find yourself almost unconsciously arranging things in little heaps, and soon a system arises out of apparent chaos.

One department has interested me most, and that is the distribution of magazines and newspapers, which is not done so much as it might be. Some people are considerate enough to send or pass them on to friends, and this is a great kindness; but much more might be done.

My effort began some years ago, first by lending nice magazines to our servants for Sunday reading, then to putting aside interesting papers for an invalid confined to her room but of a very active mind. This soon extended to my sending papers abroad to friends; then to giving our cabman a paper with his fare whenever we engaged one; then to giving my newspaper to the porters when I had read it in the train. And then a great plan began to arrange itself in my brain for a much wider distribution. One friend promised me 2s. 6d. a month, and with some of my own means added I ordered from the local newsagent a good number of illustrated and other papers. I began with the illustrated papers and some of the best magazines.

First I took a selection to the cabmen on the ranks around, then to our local fire-engine station, to the men who changed the horses for the omnibuses, the hospital, police library, postmen, etc. These were regularly taken, but besides these I never went out without a packet for casual distribution to men engaged in building or road-making, at their dinner-hour. These were most pleasantly and gratefully accepted, as well as sheet almanacks. There were some papers, however, that were of a higher class, not suitable for such people. Well, I soon found a use for them. The ladies' papers were gladly received by an invalid lady, who never saw them unless I sent them to her; also by a friend abroad, who valued them for the housekeeping and general information. Children had the Infants' and other magazines, and a clergyman in Canada was thankful for religious and scientific literature. A parcel was occasionally sent to a lads' institute in Whitechapel, and to a mission church library; and then I began to wish to buy some of the delightful books one sees reviewed. But alas! the time then came when, as many workers have to record, my income diminished, and I had to retrench. Now I am able only to keep up those who seem to have the most claim on me, and hope for better times.

But I write this in the hope of getting some of my readers to try the experiment—perhaps not on a large scale—remembering to give their literature to those who cannot get it for themselves. It is not only a question of having the pennies to buy them—these papers are not publicly exhibited and sold as they should be, or I am sure there would be much more purchased instead of the poisonous literature which is doing so much harm. Working men and women will not go into a shop and order them, but they will buy what is offered to them, and it is a great wish of mine to see in every parish a book hawker, who will take these books and papers to people's own doors, where they will be readily bought. Till this is done much may be done by individual effort; and I can answer for it, that it results in much that is pleasant to the distributor and to the receiver; and who knows what a chance word or the record of a noble life and deed may produce in the far future?

"Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are 'Thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

C. M. Finn.

HOW TO OBTAIN KINDERGARTEN CERTIFICATES.

The Kindergarten system has lately made so much advance in England that the demand for properly-trained Kindergarten teachers has greatly increased; and though, during the last three years, the number of Kindergarten candidates at the Froebel Society's examinations has quadrupled, the demand far exceeds the supply.

It may therefore interest young teachers, who at present look upon their profession as one already overcrowded, to realise that their prospect, should they elect to study the science and method of teaching as elaborated by Froebel, would be considerably improved.

We put this motive first because it is better to ascend than to descend, and because young girls on first entering on their career are unlikely to realise the full responsibility or the loftiness of the vocation of a teacher.

If they are attracted to the methods of Froebel by an appreciative sense of the beauty of his philosophic system and of his lofty ideals the advantage is great, and no doubt their standard of excellence and the calibre of their teaching will be higher than if pecuniary remuneration was their only motive for thus qualifying themselves for their profession.

But, whatever the reason—and we cannot blame nor ignore the first, though we admire and prefer the second—there is a general desire among the educational community for definite information as to how a student may best prepare herself for her career as a Kindergarten teacher.

There are several Kindergarten training-schools and colleges throughout England which prepare for the Certificate Examination of the National Froebel Union. Among the principal colleges are the Maria Grey Training College, 5, Fitzroy Street, W., where full training in the theory and practice of Kindergarten work is given to students preparing for the Higher Certificate of the National Froebel Union.

Madame Michaelis, one of the pioneers of the system in England, is opening the Froebel Training School of Primary Instruction at 11, Norland Place, Notting Hill; and her long experience and successful work at Croydon will make her removal to London a matter of pleasure to those who reside in London and could not attend at a distance. Students are prepared by her both for the Elementary and Higher Certificate of the National Froebel Union.

Miss Franks, 13, York Place, Baker Street, is also a successful trainer, and makes blackboard and other drawing a special feature of her work.

There are several other Kindergarten training institutions in London, many of which are advertised in the papers of the National Froebel Union. In the country, Cheltenham, Manchester, Sheffield, Bedford, and Plymouth are the principal provincial centres of Training and of Examination.

The course of such training lasts either one or three years. The Elementary Certificate is generally obtained in the first year; the subjects for the higher are taken in two years. The expenses vary in each college, but non-resident students can complete the full curriculum for about £55 to £60 at one of the best colleges, and in some of them be received as student teachers. A syllabus of the National Froebel Union, examination question papers, and all details, may be obtained from the Froebel Society, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, where there is also a Registry for Kindergarten Teachers.

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

PART IV.

ON THE WAY—AT JERUSALEM.



We left Kate Marsden on board a Russian steamer bound for Jaffa, her desire being to acquaint herself with the condition of the lepers at Jerusalem and other parts of the Holy Land. A second reason for wishing to go to Jerusalem was to obtain introductions from Russians of the Greek Church, who dwell here or who come as pilgrims. All Russians love the Holy Land.

She arrived in Jaffa about six o'clock in the morning, and but for Cook's agent there, she would have fared badly, for the rabble surround travellers and confuse them with their frantic talking and gesticulations. She speaks most highly of Cook's agents, and says that wherever they are stationed a traveller is safe, and would advise that every difficult journey should be taken under similar guidance.

From Jaffa to Jerusalem is but an eleven hours' journey by carriage, and this she made in a cart drawn by three horses. On the way, at short distances, she met rows of camels and donkeys all moving one behind the other, and heavily loaded. She had time at Ramleh, while the horses were being attended to, to go up the tower of the old mosque which for a time belonged to the Crusaders, and from the unrailed plateau obtained a glorious view of the surrounding country. She passed through the valley of Ajalon, which looked to her very stony and dusty, but full of interest, nevertheless, to every Bible reader.

Darkness came on while yet she was some distance from Jerusalem, and who can wonder that she felt anxious, and thought of home? There she was, quite alone among all kinds of people, not speaking their language, and entirely at the mercy of her driver, who, by-the-by, had no light; and as the night grew darker, they shaved camels and donkeys, men and mules, which appeared like a shadowy moving mass just under the horses' noses; and then came the cracking of whips, the whistling of the drivers, a scramble, and many words not polite before they could go on their way.

"My first sight of Jerusalem," says Kate Marsden, "was a row of lights, and when I called to mind that Christ our Saviour had Himself been over this ground, I again dedicated myself to Him to work for His poor afflicted ones; and as I neared the outer gates, I felt that He would accept this. May it be so, and may He grant me strength to persevere against all and every obstacle."

She saw nothing of the city on the night of her arrival, for, being very tired with the long journey in a cart without springs, she went to bed at once, and slept through every form of discomfort in the shape of fleas and mosquitoes.

By ten o'clock the next morning she was out and ready for work. She called upon the English Consul, who promised to stamp her passport in order that she might travel anywhere in Turkey. She walked down the dirty streets, and it was not until she reached the Jaffa Gate that she realised that her feet were treading where the Master's had so often gone before; and then, indeed, she felt inclined to take off her boots and bow her head reverently; the whole place at once changed, and every nook and corner became sacred.

Just inside the Jaffa Gate is a high tower which was actually begun by King David. We are so apt to think that the people and places of the Bible are so old as to have quite passed away, but there in the Holy Land the reality of the Bible is made clear to us. On this her first day in the Holy City she went to the Deaconesses' Mission Home, one of the coolest, quietest houses in Jerusalem, and heard all about their work, and interested them in hers. She says the sister who met her was a specimen of the true English gentlewoman, and looked as if the sacred surroundings had written upon her gentle face God's peace. Miss Kate Marsden did not see Mrs. Meredith, who belongs to this home, as she was in London carrying on her Prison Case Mission.

The following day she paid her visit to the Moravian Leper Hospital, which is about two miles out of the city. The Bishop of Jerusalem and Mrs. Blythe were so kind as to accompany her. They were all mounted on donkeys,* making rather an odd procession, headed by the Bishop's servant in native costume, and followed by Kate Marsden's little donkey-boy. It required patience and cleverness to thread their way through the crowd so as to avoid running over some one or being run over. The natives, in their carts drawn by three horses, dash along, calling out some unintelligible words, and it is necessary to drag one's donkey by main force to one side, or even to jump off. Then, on the approach of camels,† care is needed still more, as they are vicious creatures, and stretch out their long necks to give the passers-by a bite before they are aware of it; and thus it was they made their way.

Just outside the city walls were congregated a number of lepers, who prefer the freedom of a begging life to being cared for in the hospitals; and yet, as Kate Marsden says, could anything be so unwise as this freedom? Here are these poor lepers with their diseased hands receiving money from passers-by and circulating it among the people within and without the city. There are the flies, too, those carriers of disease, which swarm round them, and come and settle on the travellers as they pass; and if they have prick or wound on their bodies, of course they first come to that. The result of this freedom to the poor lepers is disastrous, not only to them, but to the people around them, and it is time the authorities should awake to the danger.

The Hospital is a large substantial-looking building, well looked after and cared for by the sisters who have devoted their lives to the service of these poor afflicted ones. They live among them, doing their best to help and comfort them as they pass through the valley of the shadow of death—for what is their life but a living death? Many of the inmates were extremely ill, and the sight of them made Miss Kate Marsden very sad, and filled her with a longing to be among them with some effectual remedy.

On returning to Jerusalem she spent a quiet home-like evening with the Bishop's family, who, she says, are teaching the Saviour's life, love, and tenderness in their daily life and example, and are ever ready to help the poor and the afflicted. Their simple home and home life seemed in keeping with Jerusalem. One could not imagine a grand episcopal palace here with all its attendant grandeur. It would be such a contrast to our Lord's life.

At an early hour she went to the hotel and to rest, but sleep was impossible owing to the barking of the dogs, the braying of the donkeys, and, above all, the liveliness of the fleas and mosquitoes; so she rose at dawn, and at eight o'clock was ready to start for Bethany.

Out of St. Stephen's and past the Golden Gate, around which such strange traditions linger, and which has been closed since our Saviour went through, and now stands a silent monument of the old days of Jerusalem. The steep, narrow, rugged paths of the Mount of Olives were to the left as she rode straight on, facing the beginning of the vast wilderness, whose bare and bleak aspect gave her a shock. She photographed part of it, and also a portion of the Mount of Olives our Saviour's feet had so often trod, and then went on her way to Bethany, the place which is always associated in our minds with the only peaceful moments our Lord knew when on earth in the house of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. She rode direct up to the house Miss Crawford has built in connection with the Deaconesses' Home in Jerusalem, and from the top of this obtained a perfect view of Bethany, which lies just below, and of which Miss Kate Marsden took four photographs.

Bethany seems to have little changed since the time of our Lord, and remains the same quiet little place it was then. Going down the hill to the ruins she was met by the usual number of beggars and poor people asking for help; but as all the poor are provided for if they will only work, it encourages idleness and pauperism to bestow alms. She wound her way down the rocky slopes called streets, and was taken to see the supposed tomb and house of Martha and Mary.

On returning to Miss Crawford's house, Miss Kate Marsden says that she and the two English deaconesses joined in simple prayer, asking earnestly God's blessing on their work. While taking a little lunch with them, she advised them always to offer travellers some tea before allowing them to talk or go over the little village, as they become so absorbed in the place and its history as to forget food, and they become faint and exhausted. The journey from Jerusalem is fatigueing, and the sudden changes in the temperature are dangerous.

She rode back to Jerusalem *over* the Mount

* The ass of Palestine is stronger, taller, and fleeter than in any other country, and is greatly valued. A good ass will fetch £40.

† The one-humped camel is the only one used in Palestine.

of Olives, and went down a very steep path through the places our Master must have often visited. Just outside St. Stephen's Gate she noticed a donkey lying half dead, and was told that by the Jewish law they are not allowed to be killed, but must die a natural death; and thus it was the poor creature was left there.

In the evening she went out, with a boy carrying a lantern, to see Miss Blythe and her work among the Jewish women. On her way she tripped over some stones and hurt herself; this scared the boy, who promptly dropped his lantern and began to call out. She got on her feet as quickly as she could; for it does not do to show fear on a pitch dark road, with high walls on either side. She was introduced this evening to Dr. Wheeler, a very energetic and enthusiastic man, who is the missioner to the Jews in Jerusalem.

The next morning, the weather being perfect, she started for Bethlehem, partly riding and partly driving. The Field of the Shepherds, she says, is a calm, lovely spot, and she found it easy to picture the scene at the birth of our Lord. Bethlehem is now full of houses, all looking very dirty, and Miss Kate Marsden says her first thought was, "If cholera should ever come here, what havoc it would make!"

The Church of the Nativity is still here, and in fact Bethany and Bethlehem are both very much as they were thousands of years ago when once you get away from the recently-built houses.

On returning to Jerusalem she went to the wall where all the Jews wail. It was the saddest sight possible. Here they must come and wail, repeat psalms, and kiss the old wall of Jerusalem—calling upon God to restore the city to them. And could those at home hear the wailing, and witness the sight, they would indeed feel sorry for them, and long to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ, and so take away their misery.

Previous to leaving Jerusalem, Miss Kate Marsden had herself photographed as a Bethlehem and also a Jerusalem woman, that we might know their appearance.

She made the return journey to Jaffa in the springless cart, and on her arrival, in the middle of the night, was shown into a bedroom, which evidently had not been opened for some days; but she was too tired to be fastidious, and was asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. In the early morning she witnessed a Turkish funeral. The coffin, painted green, was borne along the road by bearers, and followed by men and women, some of whom were weeping and others talking. The men's dress was white except their headgear and waistbands, which were coloured; the women entirely covered in white except the eyes. The whole formed a curious and interesting picture to an Englishwoman.

As soon as she could make arrangements she started for Constantinople. She was very much struck with the contrast the view of it from the harbour presented to that within the city itself. The first was like Paradise—the second a place filled by dirty people; narrow streets, some of them not even paved, dogs everywhere, lying about in groups of four or five, fighting, quarrelling, or being hit and kicked by passers-by—the very picture of dirt and wretchedness; and the finishing touch to this view is the filthy people selling grapes and peaches in the streets, handling them with hands quite disgusting to look at. But her visit was to the lepers. What of them? Simply this—that their condition and treatment struck her with terror and dismay. She tells us that there are about four hundred lepers utterly uncared-for in the streets of Constantinople, buying, selling, and begging in the markets, and the only accommodation provided by the Turkish Government for their lepers is a house in the midst of a large cemetery. The description of her visit to this leper house is most touching.

According to the directions received, she took a boat and was rowed a long distance from the city to a place which looked cold and dreary, but still with the beautiful sea in view; and this made her glad, as she considered it an advantage for the poor lepers. But she had made a mistake. This was not their home. She had here to take a carriage, and in it she drove for some time towards what looked in the distance like a forest of cypress trees, but the white stones which could be just distinguished induced her to think it must be inhabited. However, as she approached, she became aware of hundreds and thousands of graves packed as closely as it was possible for graves to be even in Turkey. It was a vast city of the dead in which cypress trees were planted every few yards apart. She asked the guide why so many cypress trees were planted there, and his answer was: "To kill the smells from the graves, madam." She drove a long way into this forest of cypress trees and stones: all view of the sea was gone, and she found herself shut in by the dead. Yet not alone, for it is here, in the midst of this enormous graveyard, that the poor unhappy lepers are driven by the Government. The guide looked horrified when he learned that Miss Kate Marsden intended going straight in among them all, and did his best to dissuade her from doing so. She went inside the house and was there among them, and her opinion is that no living death could be more awful. She says she was dumb with amazement that any nation, however barbarous, could subject its people to such misery. No sunshine sheds its healthy rays in that place, and the chill which went through her as she stood there gave her an idea of what it must be for the poor lepers. As far as she has yet seen there is no place in the world where they are treated as in this paradise of Constantinople. The one thing in their favour is that they have a thoroughly good doctor, whose name is Pasha Zambaco. He has done everything in his power to induce the Sultan to provide properly for the lepers, for he is devoted to them; but in such a country and with such a people he is almost powerless.

Miss Kate Marsden says that the wind came howling through the gloomy trees and blew in sharp blasts through the door of the house, and she noticed the poor lepers who were standing about shudder and draw closer round their poor bodies the rags which helped to cover them, but which were quite inadequate to keep out the cold even from people in health. She declares that the whole scene was too awful to describe in detail, but it had the effect of binding her closer to the cause of the lepers, and proved to her the necessity of seeing for herself the way in which they exist. As she left them, they sang for her the "Lepers' Song," a most dismal wail, but which was quite in keeping with their condition, and it made her shudder. She departed with her whole being quivering with agony at the depths of misery she had witnessed. The guide was evidently disgusted at her having been in among the lepers, and kept his head turned from her and avoided speaking with her on the return to the city.

* * * *

While I was writing this account, Miss Kate Marsden travelled from Moscow to Petersburg in order to see her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia, who has a second time received her with affection and every mark of favour; and not only this, but has given her letters to the various Governors * of the districts through which she must pass, and a photograph of herself with her name written under it.

The ladies of the Russian Court also have not been behind in following the example of their Imperial mistress in her kind treatment of Kate Marsden. The detailed account of this interview will appear later.

* These Governors have almost unlimited power.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I HEAR THAT WE HAVE TO CONGRATULATE YOU."

A FEW more weeks passed. The summer days flew merrily by for Annette and Lottie; and if, as time went on, Averil's hidden anxieties and secret watchfulness did not relax, and a growing fear pressed more heavily upon her, she made neither of the girls her *confidante*. With that innate unselfishness that belonged to her nature, she refused to burden their youthful spirits with the shadow of coming trouble. But on those summer nights when the moonlight was stealing into each sleeper's room, its pure white beams would often fall on one small kneeling figure; for in those days Averil prayed for Rodney as one would pray for some unwary traveller hovering on the edge of a perilous abyss.

Frank Harland had kept his promise loyally, and the Thursdays had become an institution at Redfern House. Ned Chesterton frequently accompanied him; and as Rodney often condescended to don his flannels and join them, his sisters' frigidity relaxed, and as one or two other young people would drop in, there was often a pleasant party collected on the trim green lawn. Averil would sit at her window with her work and book and watch them contentedly; it amused her to see the young men's stratagems to secure their favourite partners. Georgina was inclined to monopolise Mr. Chesterton, and he often had to have recourse to some innocent ruse to win Lottie to his side. Averil noticed, too, that Frank's choice generally fell on Annette. "Outsiders see most of the game," she thought. Averil was always ready to fulfil her duties as hostess, and talk to Frank in the pauses of the game, to listen to Ned's artful praises of Lottie's play, to interest herself when any defeated combatant talked of his or her ill-luck. There were always iced drinks and tea to be had in the gay

little striped tent over which Robert presided. Frank once told Averil that she was a first-rate hostess, and that his friend Ned never enjoyed himself so much as at Redfern House.

"I am so glad you are pleased," was Averil's answer; but she blushed a little at the young man's praise. Yes, it was her part to be Lady Bountiful—to give pleasure rather than to receive it.

One afternoon she was in her usual seat when Rodney came up to her; he had had an engagement with one of his West-end friends, and Averil had not seen him since breakfast. He looked tired and heated as he flung himself down on the steps by Averil's chair, and with her usual quickness she detected in a moment that something was wrong.

"Where's Maud?" he asked, after an instant's moody silence. "Oh, I remember!" before Averil could answer him. "She and the mater were to lunch at the Egertons. Ave, it is all over the club! I would not believe it at first. I told Forbes that he could not be such a cad. But it is true—I heard it from half-a-dozen fellows. Beverley is going to marry his first love, Lady Clementina Fox!"

Rodney had expected an exclamation of dismay, but Averil only grew a little pale. "Well?" she returned briefly.

"It's true, I tell you," he repeated, staring at her as though unable to believe this calm reception of his news.

"Of course it's true. I do not doubt you for a moment. If you think I am surprised, Rodney, you are very much mistaken. I have expected this for the last few weeks."

"But it is hard lines for Maud," groaned the lad, who, with all his faults, was fond of his sisters. "I am glad I called him a cad to Forbes. Here he has been paying her attention for the last six months. I call it a confounded shame for any man to get a girl talked about. Lots of fellows have said to me, 'I suppose Beverley and your sister mean to hit it off.' I declare he deserves to be horsewhipped."

"Instead of that he has secured a beauty and a fortune," returned Averil, bitterly. "What does it matter to a man of his calibre if a woman's heart is damaged more or less? Don't let us talk of him, Rodney. I might be tempted to say something I should repent. The question is, How is Maud to be told?"

"That is just what I was going to ask you," he returned, ruefully. "The mater must not do it—she would drive Maud crazy. She cannot help fussing. And then she cries, and that irritates Maud. You will have to do it, Ave. You know just how to put things, and you know when to stop talking. I'll back you against anyone for common sense and that sort of thing."

"I!" returned Averil, recoiling with such a pale look of dismay on her face that Rodney was startled. "I to inflict a wound like that on any woman. Oh, no, Rodney."

"But I tell you, Ave, it must be you," replied the lad, impatiently. "Do you think I am the sort of fellow to manage a delicate business like that. I should just blurt it out and then flee like what's-a-name—the messenger that came to Jehu. I won't have a hand in it—and you will do it so beautifully, Ave."

"No, no!" she returned, almost harshly, "Maud has no love for me, and she would only grow to hate me. If neither you nor your mother will do it, Rodney, she must go untold. Tell her!—how could I do it?" she went on, half to herself, "when I know—none better—how it will hurt. Oh, that women should have to suffer so!"

But Rodney would not give up his point.

"How can you have the heart to refuse?" he said, reproachfully. "Would you leave her to the tender mercies of outsiders? Do you know she will meet them to-night at the Powells'? If she does not know before, she will see it for herself then."

"To-night!" in a shocked voice.

"Yes; don't I tell you so," still more irritably. "Would you expose her to such an ordeal unprepared? Ave, you must do it—you must get her to stop at home. She can have a headache—women can always have headaches—and Georgina must go in her place."

"Very well, I will tell her," in a weary voice. "Let me go now, Rodney, or Frank will see I am upset. Don't think I am not sorry because I do not say much; but it is all such a terrible mistake, dear. You would none of you believe me. I told you he meant nothing"—and then she sighed and left him.

Averil knew that her task was a hard one. She doubted how Maud's proud nature would receive such a blow. Would it be totally unexpected: had she already a secret fear—a terrible suspicion—that Captain Beverley was playing fast and loose with her? Averil could not answer these questions. Maud had looked worn and jaded for the last week or two, and the brightness of her beauty had dimmed a little as though under some secret pressure; but she had not made even Georgina her *confidante*.

Averil's opportunity came sooner than she expected. Half an hour later she heard the carriage wheels, and a few minutes afterwards there was a tap at her door, and to her surprise Maud entered. She was still in her walking dress, and looked extremely handsome.

"Averil," she said, pleasantly, "mamma quite forgot to ask you if we could have the carriage to-night. Stanton says the horses are not tired, and it's only a mile and a half to the Powells'."

"Certainly. Stanton is the best judge—he is careful not to overwork Whitefoot," and then, as Maud was leaving, she continued rather nervously, "Do you mind staying a moment? I wanted to speak to you alone. There is something you ought to know that Rodney has just told me about Captain Beverley—it is all over the club."

"Some scandal, I suppose," was the careless response. But Averil was grieved to see the sudden fading of the bright colour. "There are always plenty of tales going on. I think men are just as much given to gossip as women. I dare-say it is some mare's nest or other."

"I am afraid not," returned Averil, with marked emphasis. "Mr. Forbes told Rodney, and you know he is a connection of Captain Beverley's. He said—indeed, indeed, it is true, Maud—that he is engaged to be married to Lady Clementina Fox."

"I do not believe it," replied Maud. She had not a vestige of colour on her face, but her attitude was superb in its haughtiness. "Oliver Beverley engaged! Nonsense! You ought to know better than to bring me such tales."

"My dear," returned Averil, tenderly, "I bring you the news because no one else would take upon themselves such an unkind office—because I want to spare you all the pain I can. You will not go to the Powells' to-night, Maud?"

"And why not, may I ask?"—in a freezing tone, that repelled all proffered sympathy.

"Because he and Lady Clementina will be there"—in a half whisper.

"That is all the more reason for me to go, that I may contradict this extraordinary statement," was Maud's unflinching response; but a dark flush crossed her face as she spoke. "Very well, I will tell mamma that we can use the carriage," and she swept out of the room.

Evidently Rodney was on the watch, for he slipped in a moment after.

"Have you told her, Ave?"

"Yes, and she does not believe it—at least, she says so."

"Do you think she does?"

"Certainly she believes it."

"Oh, she was always a game one," he returned. "Maud has plenty of pluck; she will brave it out in her own way. And she will not be pitied, mind you. Anyhow, you have got her off to-night."

"I tried my best; but she says she will go. She is determined to find out the truth for herself."

Rodney's face fell. "Shall I tell my mother? She must not be allowed to go. No girl should put herself in such a position with all her pluck; she could not face them like that."

"I believe she could and will. No; leave her alone. You do not know Maud; she has pride enough for ten women. Let her go and find out the truth for herself. If you take my advice you will say nothing to your mother. Mrs. Willmot will be able to control her feelings best before strangers."

"Well, perhaps you are right," he replied, reluctantly. "We must just make the best of a bad business."

"Just so. And if you want to help your sister, take no notice of her. Maud will bear nothing in the way of sympathy. I know her, Rodney; she is deeply wounded, but she will bleed inwardly. Captain Beverley will have to answer for his dastardly behaviour, though not to us"—and Averil's face grew very stern.

"Well, I'll come and tell you about it afterwards—that is, if you are not asleep, Ave."

"Am I likely to be sleeping?" she replied, reproachfully. "Come here to this room—you will find me up," and Rodney promised he would do so.

Maud appeared in her usual spirits at dinner-time: she laughed and talked

freely with Frank and Mr. Chesterton; only Averil noticed that the food was untouched on her plate, while Rodney more than once replenished her glass with water.

She looked handsomer than ever as she stood in the hall drawing on her long gloves. Once Averil, moved to exceeding pity, touched her on the arm.

"Maud, dear, do not go. Why will you not spare yourself?"

A mirthless laugh answered her. "Do not people generally congratulate their friends? I have armed myself with all sorts of pretty speeches. Mamma shall hear me say them. How she will open her dear old eyes. Mamma, I think you and I are going to enjoy this evening."

"Indeed, I hope so, my love. And how well you are looking—isn't she, Averil. I know somebody who will think so."

Maud winced; then she recovered herself, and gave a low, mocking curtsey. "Many thanks for the compliment. Good-night, dear people, all! Rodney, please take mamma to the carriage."

How superbly she was acting. Rodney could have clapped his hands and cried "Bravo," but Averil only sighed. How long would such false strength avail her? When would that proud spirit humble itself under the chastening hand?

Averil spent a miserable evening in spite of all Frank could do to rouse her. She sent him away at last.

"Go and talk to the others—Lottie and Annette. I am bad company to-night, Frank."

"You are not yourself," he said, affectionately. "Something is troubling you, and you will not tell us." And though Averil owned he was right, he could not induce her to say more.

She was glad when the young men took their departure, and she was free to seek her own room. Rodney found her there trying to read, but looking inexpressibly weary. She took his hand and drew him to a seat beside her.

"Tell me all about it, Rodney."

"There isn't much to tell. Alicia Powell got hold of Maud directly we entered the room. I heard her say: 'Everyone is congratulating them. Lady Clementina looks charming. She is really a fine-looking woman for her age, though she is older than Oliver.' You see, Alicia is a sort of cousin, so she calls the fellow by his Christian name. They are to be married in October, and go abroad for the winter."

"How did Maud take it?"

"Why, as a matter of course. Oh, I can tell you she behaved splendidly. 'Rodney has told us,' she said, as coolly as possible. 'It is an excellent match. Mamma, there is such a crowd here; shall we move into the next room?' You should have seen the mater's face—the poor thing looked ready to drop. I believe Maud did not dare let her stay there for fear of the young lady's sharp eyes."

"Well"—for Rodney paused here.

"Well, I took them into the next room, and Forbes joined us there. And of course he had plenty to say about Beverley's good luck. The fellow—how I longed to kick him—was standing talking to a big red-haired woman. Oh, she was not bad looking, but I was not exactly in the mood to admire his choice. Well, he looked a bit uncomfortable when he caught sight of us, but he put a bold face on it. You should have seen the air with which Maud gave him her hand—she might have been a queen, and wasn't I proud of her. 'I hear that we have to congratulate you, Captain Beverley,' she said, in quite a composed way. 'I hope you will give us the pleasure of an introduction to Lady Clementina.' Beverley seemed quite taken aback. I never saw a man look so foolish. He had to bring her. And Maud made one or two pretty speeches. And then she complained that the room was hot and crowded, and Stewart — you know Stewart — took her away. I believe she had had just enough of it."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, I looked after the mater pretty sharply. I got a seat for her by old Mrs. Sullivan—you know her. She is as deaf as a post, and so short-sighted that she never sees anything. The mater was turning all manner of colours. We had quite a scene with her on the way home. But Maud never spoke a word. She bade us good night, and went up to her own room, and locked herself in, and then I coaxed the mater to go to bed too."

"Poor Rodney! You have had a hard time of it."

"I suppose it was not particularly enjoyable. If I could only have kicked him, Ave! It is a shame that one is not allowed to horsewhip a fellow like that." And Rodney shrugged his shoulders and walked off with a disgusted face.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

By J. MILNE.

I HAVE lived in sin and folly,
I have walked in crooked ways,
I have good forsaken wholly,
And misspent my youthful days.
I've forgot the God who sees us,
And been bruised by many a fall;
I have turned my back on Jesus,
And contemned His gracious call.

Fain would friends my steps have guided
To the paths of life and peace;
But their counsels I derided,
And their efforts made to cease.
I have vexed the blessed Spirit,
So He strives not with me now,
And my conscience I have seared,
And my knee I never bow.

I have loved the worldling's pleasures,
And have found them end in woe;
I have sought the worldling's treasures,
And they chain my heart below.

All behind is dark and dreary,
All before is full of fear,—
Is there rest for one so weary,
Hope for one, to death so near?

Can Thy mercy, lowly Saviour,
Reach to such a wretch as I?
After all my ill behaviour,
Wilt Thou stoop to set me free?
What new light is on me breaking?
What new peace is this I feel?
Is it Christ the kingdom taking,
And the Holy Spirit's seal?

Yes, to me, the chief in sinning,
Saving mercy can extend,
And the grace, which makes beginning,
Will conduct me to the end.
Farewell now to sin and folly.
Farewell now to crooked ways,—
I will follow Jesus wholly,
And redeem my wasted days.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. J. G.—We have never heard of a book on either chiropody or on manicuring. Both would have to be taught by a regular practitioner.

Anxious One.—We cannot give addresses where they supply work for either old or young women. Such things are found by personal enquiry or advertisement.

Han.—August 28th, 1860, was a Tuesday; December 23rd, 1861, was a Monday.

Florence Taylor.—Many thanks for the cutting from the Irish newspaper.

Gyp.—The "Venus of Milo," with three statues of Hermes, was found in 1820 by Admiral Dumont in Milo, one of the Greek islands, from whence its name. It now stands in the Louvre, in Paris; in any catalogue of that gallery you might find more particulars.

An Anxious One (2).—The Hilgrove Literary Society, which is a half-hour reading society giving prizes, might suit you. The address is, Miss Nellie Henderson, 4, Hilgrove Road, South Hampstead.

Grateful Reader.—Buxton, in Derbyshire, is quite near to you, and there is a hospital there for poor patients, to which you might go.

Yum-Yum.—The 18th of October, 1876, was a Wednesday; and the 16th of November, 1868, a Monday.

E. Williams.—Apply at the office of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, 34, Craven Street, Strand, W.C., where all information respecting the Home at Ventnor can be obtained.

Funny Question requires of us, in addition to all our other knowledge, the gift of prophesy, for she wants us to tell her whether, having attained the advanced age of twenty-eight years, and living so secluded that she sees no one, and never having had a lover yet, she will ever be married?

Silvio Lyon.—1. See Isaiah lxiv. 4, quoted by St. Paul, 1 Cor. ii. 9. As a student of the Holy Scriptures you would find a Concordance very useful. We have published one by Dr. Eadie, D.D.—2. Your hand is a good foundation for a "running" one, but we advise you not to alter it, as the letters are well formed.

Dolly.—The "Nursing and First-aid" Ambulance Lectures would give you great help; but, of course, we cannot tell how far you would profit by them. Some ladies attend two and three courses before trying to pass an examination, as they find one course too little to enable them to understand what they hear.

D. W. M. Anderson.—"Love not! love not! ye hapless sons of clay," is the first line of a lyric by the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It was set to music.

A Lancashire Lass.—The author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is Thomas Hughes. It was published in 1856. "Arthur" is, we have heard, intended for the late Dean Stanley.

Peggy.—The propriety of such positions depends on the steady and respectable character of the person holding them. A person knowing you or your circumstances would be a better judge than a mere stranger of how you could be trusted.

Hettie.—The origin of the title "Clarencieux" distinguishing one of the heralds, is due to Lionel, third son of Edward III., the founder of the Order of the Garter. Lionel, by his wife, had "the honour of Clare," and was made Duke of Clarence, which dukedom subsequently escheating to Edward IV., he revived the office of "Clarence King of Arms." Some of the titles of the heralds have been changed, as, for instance, "Gloucester King of Arms" was substituted, in 1726, for "Bath King of Arms"; and "Ulster King of Arms" was substituted by Edward VI., in 1553, for "Ireland King of Arms."

Scowler.—You ought to get an opinion at a Hospital for Skin Diseases. There must be some serious disorder or constitutional taint to produce what you describe. It is not a case to be trifled with.

Wilhelmina Rhodes.—There does not seem to be much more of the story of Dorothy Vernon save her elopement with John Manners, second son of Thomas, thirteenth Lord Ros, created Earl of Rutland 1525, by Henry VIII. She was co-heiress of her father, Sir George Vernon, called the "King of the Peak," who was the owner of more than thirty manors; consequently, she was a great heiress to marry a younger son.

Une Parisienne.—The "G. O. P." can be sent to you in Paris. Price 9s. 3d. with extra parts from October, 1890, to October, 1891.

E. S.—We believe the names can be taken without any process, but it is usual to advertise the change of name in the *Times*.

May.—Raising yourself on your toes several times morning and evening is said to be the best exercise for curing stooping and round shoulders.

Edith Emily.—Get a small bottle from your chemist of muriatic acid and with a soft painting brush apply the acid. It will froth in burning away the rough outside of the shell; and you must dip it frequently into a basin of water, so as to see whether you have burnt it sufficiently, or you might easily burn a hole through it. Keep the bottle out of the reach of children.

A Troubled One and Clan should consult a doctor.—2. We could not tell how much could be obtained for a "jubilee envelope," nor where to sell it, unless in a shop where stamps are sold. The longer you keep it the more it will be worth. Fancy prices may be obtained from private collectors.



Spring-time.—You should read the articles on "Waiting at Table," vol. viii., p. 488. To qualify yourself for a situation as parlourmaid you should obtain some practical instruction in the cleaning of plate and in the care of lamps, and should assist one who knows her business well in laying a table, in waiting, and in the correct order of serving every course preparatory to waiting.

Erin.—The eruption to which you allude is not of so horrible a nature as you suppose. We cannot repeat our many-times-given answers. See the advice given by "Medicus."

Sweet (?) Seventeen.—You have no business to notice any man in the street who has not been introduced to you and with your mother's approval.

Erica Lorraine.—It is quite usual to drop the final "s," denoting the plural, in such a phrase as "woodcock and grouse abound." It is more correct to say "a brace of woodcocks." Yet among sporting men one may observe a general departure from this employment of the "s."

Flirt has selected a derogatory name. June 24th, 1877, was a Sunday, and September 21st, 1873, a Sunday.

Flora.—1. We do not see that being an under-nurse would be a means of qualifying yourself for being a lady's-maid. You had better learn hairdressing and dressmaking, and study our articles on the "Duties of Servants," where those of the latter are fully stated.—2. The 25th of March, 1877, was a Sunday; the 6th of February, 1879, a Thursday; and the 14th of September, 1887, a Wednesday.

Christobel asks for information as to the meaning and origin of so-called "Apostles' Stones." The idea dates back to the seventh century, each saint being supposed to be represented by a particular gem, and each of the latter to have some virtue of a mystical character, and to symbolise the character of him to whom it was dedicated. It seems probable that children were presented with the precious stone which symbolised their patron saint, so as to be brought, according to the superstitious fancy of a darker age, into a mystical *rapport* with him. The twelve representative stones were classified as follows:—The jasper represented St. Peter, having evident reference to the foundation stones of the New Jerusalem—see Rev. xxi. 19 ("The first foundation was jasper"); the sapphire, St. Andrew; the emerald, St. John; chalcedony, St. James the Elder; the sardonyx, St. Philip; the red carnelian, St. Bartholomew; the chrysolite, St. Matthias; the beryl, St. Thomas; the topaz, St. James the Younger; the chrysophrase, St. Thaddaeus; the amethyst, St. Matthew; and the pink hyacinth, St. Simeon of Cana.

Lonely Heart.—You should ask your doctor to tell your mother and sisters that it is neither hysteria nor imaginary illness that prevents your working as you did formerly, and that you would be wrong to exert yourself. Commit yourself, and all your trials, to your Heavenly Father, and ask for His guidance and support.

Toothless.—There is the National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, W., where you might apply.

Devonian.—1. Of course there is an error in the phrase to be corrected: "Adam, the goodliest of men since born," and "Eve, the fairest of her daughters." Adam was not one of his sons "since born," nor Eve one of her daughters! Adam was goodlier than any of his descendants; and Eve fairer than any of her daughters since born into the world.—2. Your handwriting is good.—3. We thank your mother and sisters for their good wishes.

Bessie B.—Your friend apparently forgets the continual teaching by parables of our Lord, none of them being historically *true*; but He used to inculcate truth of the most important kind. The instruction and benefit we derive from good tales and stories is enormous, their chief good being to make us think unwillingly, and to relax and rest our minds, to excite us to goodness and good actions. If you read the other portion of the text, Phil. iv. 8, you will see there are many other things to think of besides the first-named.

C. H.—You should not put the name of the person to whom you write at the end of your letter if to a private friend or acquaintance, only on a business letter—such as to a lawyer or banker—to make sure that the right person gets it when the envelope with the address is removed.

A Michaelmas Daisy.—1. The question of the celebration of the two jubilees was a matter of individual choice in George III. and Queen Victoria.—2. We suppose you have forgotten, and believe that you have *completed* your first year when you are called one year old; so, when *you* are called twenty-one you have really completed twenty-one years of life, and after your twentieth birthday you enter on the twenty-first year of your life.

Flora (No. 2).—To look at another person's letters, however certain you might be that they were "acting deceitfully," would be to act dishonourably yourself, and to place yourself in a position of wrong-doing equally reprehensible. The "wisdom teeth" do not always come at twenty-one years of age, and may not come at all.

Elsie D.—There are many sorts of voice lozenges. But the fault may have its origin in the state of the stomach, by which the mucous membrane may be affected.

Soul's Awakening.—This engraving is now to be found at most picture dealers.



VOL. XII.—NO. 580. FEBRUARY 7, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

'TWILL NOT BE ALWAYS WINTER.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

'TWILL not be always winter, dear;
There comes a brighter day,
And you and I shall by-and-by
Fling gloom and grief away:
The icy streams will chant their bliss
To rock and fern and tree;
And birds on high shall catch the joy,
And sing to you and me.

And we shall feel the soft caress
Of summer's arms once more,
And wander where the buoyant air
Shall bathe us o'er and o'er.
Ah! love, my love, take heart of grace,
And know that, late or soon,
The frosts of winter shall give place
To the warm sun of June!

'Twill not be always winter, dear;
I see, with Faith's clear eye,
A brighter time, a happier clime,
A home beyond the sky.
Oh! there 'tis summer all the year
God is Himself the sun—
Then hand in hand to that fair land,
Come, let us hasten on.



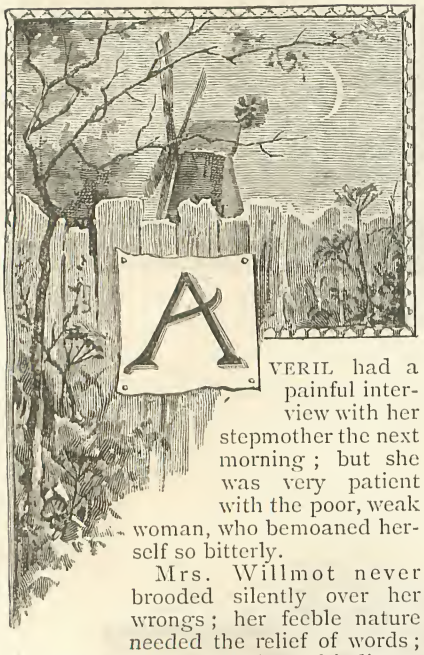
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AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY. Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

"YOU WILL TRY ME, AVE."



AVERIL had a painful interview with her stepmother the next morning; but she was very patient with the poor, weak woman, who bemoaned herself so bitterly.

Mrs. Willmot never brooded silently over her wrongs; her feeble nature needed the relief of words; her outburst of lamentation, of indignation, of maternal solicitude, were all poured into Averil's ears.

"To think my girl, my own beautiful Maud, should be set aside by that red-haired woman! Handsome! She cannot hold a candle to Maud! Averil, you do not know how a mother's heart bleeds for her child! My only consolation is, that she does not suffer as I feared she would. She is angry with him—her pride is hurt, and no wonder! He has treated her shamefully! But I am thankful to see that her affections are not deeply engaged. If she had cared for him, would she have looked at him with a smile, as she did last night?"

Averil let this assertion pass. Mrs. Willmot was not a person of much penetration; she loved her children, but they could easily hoodwink her. Averil herself held a different opinion, and her conviction only deepened as time went on.

Maud bore herself much as usual. She still fulfilled her numerous engagements, and seemed as much engrossed by her daily occupations as ever, though she was perhaps a trifle more haughty, more exacting, in her demands on Georgina and Lottie.

But Averil noticed how heavy her eyes looked when she came down in the morning, how often they were encircled with black rings. She eat little, but any remark on her loss of appetite seemed to irritate her. She was paler too, and as time went on there were sharpened lines in her face; the lovely curves seemed to lose their roundness; a sort of haggardness replaced the youthful freshness. Averil tried once or twice to break down the girl's reserve, but her gentle hints availed nothing. Maud would have no sympathy, permit no condolence, and after a time Averil's thoughts were diverted into another channel.

It was the middle of September now; Georgina had gone to visit some friends in Ireland, and Mrs. Willmot and Maud were planning to spend the greater part of October and November in Devonshire. Averil's expenses had been heavy that year, and she had given up, in consequence, a much-talked-of trip to Switzerland.

"Next year, if I live, I will take Annette and Lottie," she said to Mr. Harland; "but Rodney is not leaving town just yet, and I do not care to leave him. Perhaps I will take the girls later on to Brighton for a week or two: one summer in town will not hurt me;" and though Mr. Harland grumbled at this resolution, she carried her point.

No, she could not leave Rodney; she was growing daily more anxious about him; he was often moody and irritable, had fits of gloom, followed by moods of reckless gaiety. He was seldom at home, and when questioned about his engagements by his mother and sisters always answered evasively—Townley had asked him to go down to Cricklewood, or Forbes or Stewart had invited him.

"Who is this Townley?" Maud had once asked. "Is he a new friend of yours, Rodney?"

"Oh, I have known him for some time," he returned, curtly; "he is a chum of Forbes's—he is one of the clique"—and then he sauntered out of the room.

Averil looked up from her work.

"Maud, I do not like the idea of this Mr. Townley. Frank knows him; he says he is the most worthless of the set—a thoroughly bad fellow. I am getting very anxious about Rodney."

"I think he ought to stay at home more," was Maud's reply. "I must get mamma to lecture him. He has been borrowing money of her again—he spends far too much."

"He would have been safer in Canada," returned Averil, quietly. But to this Maud made no response, only a shade crossed her face; if she regretted that false step she did not say so: it is only a generous nature that owns its mistakes.

That night Averil had a sad shock. She had been very busy all day, and had sat up later than usual to finish some letters. As usual Rodney was out; but a little before one she heard Roberts admit him. She was just putting away her papers, and as she closed her desk and opened the door she heard the old butler's voice raised in serious remonstrance.

"Mr. Rodney, sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You will wake your mother and the young ladies! Do, I beg of you, let me help you to bed before my mistress sees you—she is writing in her room."

"All right, old fellow; don't you put yourself out," returned a thick voice, curiously unlike Rodney's. As they passed, Averil covered her face with a low cry. She must shut out that sight—her boy with his fair hair dishevelled, and flushed, meaningless face, as he lurched past her unsteadily on the butler's arm.

"Oh, Rodney, Rodney!" At that bitter cry the young prodigal seemed for the moment half sobered.

"Never mind, Ave," he stammered; "I am only a little poorly. Roberts—he is a good fellow—will take care of me. Good-night!"

Averil made no answer; she followed them up, with a white, stony face, and went to her room: there was no sleep for her that night. If vicarious shame could have saved Rodney, that bitter expiation might have been his; "But no man can save his brother, or make an atonement for him."

Rodney looked miserable enough the next morning: his conscience was not yet hardened. Averil took no notice of him; it was Maud who lectured him in sharp accents for his irregular habits.

"You will get into trouble one day if you go on like this," she said in her hardest manner; and yet Maud knew nothing of the disgraceful scene. "You stop out late every night; you spend mamma's money, and you are forming idle, useless habits from always mixing with richer men. Mamma will be ruined if you go on like this."

"What a pity you hindered me from going to Canada," sneered Rodney; and somehow that home-thrust silenced Maud, and she shortly left the room.

Averil was finishing her breakfast; she had risen late after a sleepless night; but she only read her letters, and took no part in the conversation. Rodney glanced at her uneasily.

"I wish you would speak to me, Ave," he said at last. "If you only knew how confoundedly miserable I feel. Yes, I know I made a beast of myself last night—you need not tell me that. Roberts has been rowing me. It was those fellows—they would keep taunting me with being a temperance man."

Averil looked at him in speechless indignation: but the flash of the gray eyes was not pleasant to meet—they expressed such utter contempt, such measureless disdain.

"Oh, of course I know you will be down on me; I have done for myself, now."

"Yes, and for me too. You have robbed me of a brother—do you think I can own you for one now?"

"Do you mean that you are going to kick me out?"—in a tone of dismay. Certainly Rodney had never expected this.

"I will answer that question later," she said, sternly. "If you think such scenes are to be permitted in my house, you are strangely mistaken. These walls shall shelter no drunkard."

"You have no right to call me such names," retorted Rodney, angrily. "I am no worse than other fellows. It was Saunders and Townley. They laid a wager——"

"Stop—I will not hear you. Have you no manliness?—are you a child, to be led by other men? What do I want to know about Saunders and Townley, or any other of these worthless companions who are ruining you? Will they answer for your sin, Rodney—for your miserable degradation of last night?"

"You won't let a fellow speak," he said, quite cowed by this burst of indignation. "I know I made a wretched ass of myself. I am ashamed of myself, I am indeed, Ave; and if you will only look over it this once, I will promise you that it shall not occur again."

"How am I to have faith in such a promise?" she returned, sadly; but her anger was lessening in spite of herself. He looked so wretched, so utterly woe-begone, and he was only a boy; she must give him another chance.

Rodney read the softening in her voice. "Only try me," he said eagerly; "I am not all bad—I am not, indeed! I will turn over a new leaf. I will drop Staunton and all those other fellows, and look out for a berth in earnest. Don't say you'll give me up. You are my best friend, Ave,"—and there were tears in the poor lad's eyes.

Averil's loving heart was not proof against this. He had been a mere boy when her father had married, and from the first she had taken to him. Rodney had never made any distinction between her and his own sisters. He had always been fond of her; he tried to take her hand now, and she did not draw it away.

"You will try me, Ave?"

"If you will give up the society of those men," she returned, in her old gentle manner. "Do, my dear boy—do, for my sake—break with them entirely, and with the club."

"I will—I will, indeed—I promise you! I must go there to-day because I have business with Townley."

"Oh, not to-day—never again, Rodney!"

"But I must, I tell you. Ave, I have business that cannot be put off. After to-day I will promise you gladly. I am getting sick of the whole thing myself."

"And you must go?"—and Averil felt a sinking of heart as she put the question.

"I give you my word, I must; but I won't be long. There shall be no staying out to-night. I suppose"—looking at her wistfully—"that you would not let me kiss you, Ave?"

Averil drew back. She had forgiven him, but she was not quite ready for that. She had often permitted his brotherly caress, but somehow the scene of last night was still before her.

"I will shake hands instead, Rodney." But directly he had left the room she repented of her hardness. "I wish I had let him kiss me," she said to herself more than once that day.

To distract herself Averil ordered the carriage after luncheon, and took Annette and Lottie for a long drive. They had tea at a little village inn, and put up the horses for a couple of hours. Then they drove back leisurely in the cool of the evening. The girls had filled the carriage with festoons of honeysuckle and all kinds of wild flowers.

It was nearly nine when they returned. The little expedition had revived Averil, but her careworn look came back when Roberts told her that Mr. Rodney had not dined at home.

"Miss Seymour was asking about him just now, ma'am. She said her mother was quite anxious, for he had promised to come early."

Averil turned away without answering. She was sick at heart. Surely he had not forgotten his promise already? She was too weary to sit up; she was obliged to leave him to Roberts, who would have undergone any amount of fatigue to shield his young mistress. She let Unwin help her undress, and lay down in bed with the most miserable sense—that her trust was gone. Unwin saw the tears stealing through her closed eyelids. The faithful creature was relieved when worn-out nature had its revenge, and Averil fell into a heavy sleep that lasted until late in the morning. She woke to find Unwin standing by the bed with a breakfast-tray, and an anxious expression on her pleasant face.

"You have slept finely, ma'am," she said, as she opened the window a little wider. "It seemed a pity to disturb you, but Miss Seymour seemed to think it was late enough."

"Why, it is ten o'clock!" replied Averil, in dismay. "My good Unwin, you ought not to have let me sleep so long." And then, dropping her voice a little—"When did Mr. Rodney come home?"

"He has not been home, ma'am," returned Unwin, in a distressed voice. "That is why Miss Seymour begged me to wake you. She and Mrs. Willmot seem very much worried; they say Mr. Rodney has never done such a thing in his life as to stop out all night. Mrs. Willmot is fretting herself terribly about it. She will have it that something must have happened to him."

Averil lay quite still for a moment; then she sprang up.

"I must dress quickly," she said. "Put the tray on the table; I will drink the coffee presently. Unwin, you were wrong not to wake me. I must write to Mr. Harland at once; he will know what to do. Tell Mrs. Willmot that I will be with her soon."

Averil hardly knew how she dressed that morning. Just before she left her room she opened her Bible for a moment, and her eyes rested on the words: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee," and the promise seemed to comfort her.

On her way downstairs she encountered Annette and Lottie. They both looked very grave, and Annette slipped her hand through Averil's arm.

"I am so sorry, my cousin. It is not good of Mr. Rodney to frighten us all like this."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," added Lottie, indignantly. "Aunt is making herself quite ill."

"You must not keep me," returned Averil, as she disengaged herself gently from Annette's detaining touch.

She found her stepmother in a piteous condition. The poor lady had got it into her head that something terrible had happened to her boy.

"He has been run over, or there has been a railway accident," she said hysterically. "Averil, why don't you send Roberts to enquire at all the hospitals? He has never done such a thing in his life as stop out all night. He knows how frightened I should be——"

"Mamma," interrupted Maud, in a hard, resolute voice, "there is no need to conjure up such horrors. Why should there be an accident? Rodney is not a child; he is able to take care of himself. How do we know what may be detaining him?" But her words failed to convince her mother.

It was some time before Averil could find an opportunity to speak, and then she had little comfort to give.

"I think he is in some trouble, and that he is ashamed to come home," she said, in a low tone. "Some money trouble, I mean. I am going to write to Mr. Harland; he will know best what to do, and Roberts shall take my letter." And then she withdrew to her own room, leaving Maud to combat the weary, endless conjectures, the tearful questions that were so difficult to answer, mingled with incessant upbraidings; for Mrs. Willmot was selfish in her grief.

"I wish we had let him go," she moaned. "It is your fault, Maud, for he had nearly persuaded me. If anything happens to your brother, how are we to forgive ourselves?"—and so on through the slow-dragging hours. No wonder Maud grew paler as the day wore on; her own heart felt heavy as lead, and she could find few words of comfort for her distressed mother.

(To be continued.)



THE VIOLIN—ITS PAINS AND PLEASURES.



I.—GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

SUCH was the title which the celebrated master of the violin, Campagnoli, bestowed upon a book of studies which he wrote for that instrument. By no means an inapt title was it for so good a work; and this, with many others of his composition, were true and legitimate means to a great end; indications of the straightest paths which led to the "Mountain of the Muses."

How many votaries of the violin do we see nowadays, and how great a number of them are found among "Our Girls." Yet how few, comparatively speaking, attain "Parnassus." Why is it? One sees girls, clever enough at pianoforte playing, harmony, singing, and other branches of study, failing miserably when their attention is turned to the violin and its manipulation. That they do not lack in the possibilities of *technique* is seen in their pianoforte playing; many of them are not wanting in earnestness, or in an ear which can distinguish, in the playing by others at any rate, false intonation or misapprehension of a particular passage. And it is by no means an easy thing to dissuade such students from their hopeless task, or to get them to realise that something is wanting. In many cases, no doubt, it is because the violin has been taken in as a secondary study long after the piano has obtained a hold, and very often, indeed, it must be a question of age. The aspiring violinist must have devoted her best musical years (from 10 to 20) to the violin first and foremost, if she wishes to attain true excellence. Still, even with these explanations of the want of success, a certain number, and that a very considerable one, must remain unaccounted for—those who, with good masters, good instruments, hard practice, and all the advantages of education and the liberality of kind parents, still fail. Their failure must be received as an unexplained dictum of Dame Nature, and they must bow unquestioning to the inexplicable.

Such will be said not to have "the natural aptitude," whatever that vague term may mean.

But let us turn our thoughts away from failure, and those stricken down in the pilgrimage, and see to the armour of those who survive, and try, if possible, to give such hints as may be of service in the attainment of the goal. Many of my readers may have younger sisters just commencing to flounder about in the first slough of difficulties in violin practice; to these would I, then, more particularly address myself, in order, as far as possible, to assist them in the supervision of the practice of those younger sisters.

I can think of no two more opposite conditions than the spectacle of a graceful girl-violinist on the one hand and an awkward one on the other: the position of a good violin player should be very dignified, and graceful to the last degree, the violin held well up, the right arm like a swan's neck in its pliability and easy movements. The ill-taught or slovenly violinist, with bent attitude, bowed back, high shoulders, violin held down, and the awkward, stiff right wrist, heated with unnecessary and ungraceful efforts, is indeed a sad sight, and one as much for pity as the other is for admiration. The one has, in all probability, learnt from an indifferent master, and practised unobserved and uncorrected; the other, from a true artist, who realises that one of the essentials in good violin playing is a good pose, which not only facilitates the player's movements, but also calls the eye in assistance to the ear of her audience.

The lesson which I wish to convey in the foregoing remarks is this: a good master is as necessary, nay more so, at the outset of the study of violin playing, as he is in the highest evolution of that art. Bad habits as well as good, contracted early, are apt to last for life, and as early impressions are enduring, let your sisters be taught by a competent master how to *hold* their violins before they shall attempt to *play* them. Once a good pose is attained, it becomes by use and habit a natural one to the player, and one assumed without taking thought. A good master will, from the first, enjoin a certain method of study and a certain time for practice in each day. There is no doubt but that early morning is the best time for practice, especially of such technical troubles as "scales and exercises;" many a little difficulty is almost unconsciously surmounted by a young student in the morning which would still remain unconquered if attacked in the later day. It must not be the urgent desire of the student to see herself figuring as soon as possible before a drawing-room full of friends. She must not be like the little girl who, on being first introduced to the mysteries of musical notation, said, "Oh, mother does not want me to learn my *notes*—she wants me to learn a *tune!*" Many a girl has had cause to regret her too hasty appearance in public, for an otherwise well-behaved violin may indulge in all sorts of vagaries; and, believe me, there are few of them that do not even among the best behaved. The strings may persist in running down, or, horror of horrors! breaking; or the violin may have a cold, and insist on "cracking" on some important note, or there may be a coldness between the bow and the strings resulting in a terrible "scrape." With these inconveniences and such as these the young player loses her head, her hands get hot and moist, the whole thing is intolerable, and she says to some sympathising friend, or to herself more likely, "And I played it *so* well this morning!" True, my dear young friend, but the violin, like an intelligent horse, knew exactly how far you were mistress, and took a delight in "showing you up" before all those people. So, then, before playing before her friends a girl must be sufficiently mistress of the instrument to curb it in such eccentricities.

In the olden days Euclid said, "There is no royal road to geometry," and we may say with equal truth, that none exists which will lead to good violin playing.

There is a dreadfully long, wearisome, unsheltered road of scales, positions, methods of bowing, and such like, to be tramped over before the haven is reached; but it will be reached the more quickly by being taken in hand in a determined and legitimate way.

Remember, even our greatest players dare not neglect those same scales and exercises by whose instrumentality they have achieved excellence: they are the supports of the stateliest fabrics, the foundations on which they are built, and they cannot be cast aside without destruction to the whole edifice.

There is a great secret in this study, as in all

the arts and sciences, and that is, *care*: it has been said with truth that it is not seeing many people that constitutes a knowledge of human nature as the way that they are seen. A few individual instances carefully observed give much greater knowledge than a great many viewed in a careless and superficial manner. The spirit of analysis, therefore, is of service in violin practice as in philosophy, and she will be not only the best player, but, what is much more, the best musician, who plays a few things right well, and understands each musical sentence as she enunciates it, rather than she who gives an uneven performance, brilliant sometimes it may be, of a great diversity of musical composition. The maxim which should be held before the beginner in all her drudgery is that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and that by attention to details great things come. How was the force of gravity discovered, and thus a great basis given to the study of physics? By the analytical observation of a reasoning man on seeing an apple fall. Many other people had seen similar phenomena before Newton, but they did not discover the laws of gravity. It was not the seeing, it was *the way* of seeing.

Gradually, so gradually as to be almost imperceptible except by retrospection, as the beginner masters the first rudimentary principles of her art, a love for her violin will spring up—an ennobling influence. No longer will she deign to play "tunes" or "pieces." Her violin will be loved even when playing the hard and dry studies; and when the first little composition of a good master is given to the pupil, how well she will go about learning it! how obedient the violin will be! Her less fortunate sister perhaps may not have practised the drudgery part so thoroughly, and not only will she not learn to play her little "Reverie," "Berceuse," or whatever it may be, so quickly, but, in all probability, she will never play it so well. As this feeling of personal affection for the violin she possesses grows, she will naturally wish to take the greater care of it. She will make a "blanket" for it, and she will wrap it up in silk; she will always dust all superfluous rosin off it after playing, and the violin will show its appreciation of such attentions by getting fewer colds, and becoming more obedient to its mistress every day. But the bow must not be left out in the cold; it must be carefully rosined, always unscrewed before being put away, and never let lie on an uneven surface, and then it will not quarrel with its young mistress, or with the strings with which it must come into such intimate daily contact.

Great though the satisfaction may be which comes with the first little "piece," the true young artist will find, metaphorically speaking, that she cannot live on sweets and jam-tarts. She will have to seek the more solid food of studies and exercises.

I have already said how great is the necessity for care in practice. Never should a student let a mistake pass. If she has true artistic instinct she will be like a person of right feeling who has entered a room and left the door open, perchance by accident—she must go and shut it; in other words, the passage must be played again and again, until it is played correctly, or the musical conscience will not be at rest.

In learning the violin and its immediate relative, the viola violoncello, there are a series of fingerings called "the positions." On the violin there are as many as ten of these, each fingering representing a different position of the left hand along the finger board. Now of course it happens that the same note may be produced in a great many positions; in some positions the note may be difficult to produce in this way. The true violinist should always play, as it were, grammatically; and although some notes in a passage may be difficult to obtain in a certain "position," if the composer considers that the passage is best played in that position, and is smoother, perhaps, and better in its effect, the position indicated by him should be strictly adhered to; and although the beginner may consider it a wanton piece of difficulty, she will in all probability live to see that it is better so. Still, at the time it requires a little moral courage to undertake the more difficult method when a much easier one perhaps is possible.

A most vigorous attention to these "positions," and the moving from one to other of them, constitutes the main business of the left hand. The student must be familiar with all keys in all these positions ere she can hope to read music at all fluently. The right arm has also all this time to be trained, and little knacks, such as *staccato*, *spiccato*, and *ricochet* are to be learnt.

After a time the master may bring to the student's notice a series of standard classical "solos," to supplement her studies, and so to enlarge her knowledge of style, phrasing, etc. Let her in this advanced state avoid stupid mannerisms, the abuse of the *tremolo* and *portamento* playing, and the affectations of time, often called *tempo rubato*.

The student who has practised much alone will erewhile be astounded to find how much her performances become modified in trying to play with another. Things which by herself she can manage fairly well, she finds most difficult to play now. What is the reason? what the secret of this? She cannot, or rather does not, play in time. This can only be attained by concerted playing, as it is called—that is, playing with others who are good "time-keepers." Still, not a word against the solitary student: she will often surprise others when she comes forth from her study. I shall hope in a future paper to deal with concerted playing, the sonata, the concerto, the quartette, and trio. Let every one of you who practises silently and hopefully remember the words of Mendelssohn's "Ode to the Sons of Art"—

"O Sons of Art! Man's dignity to you is given;
It falls with you, with you ascends to Heaven."

W. Lawrence Liston.

HOME-MADE ICES.



We have all heard of the little girl who, when asked how she had enjoyed herself at a juvenile party to which she was invited, replied: "Oh, it was a beautiful party! There were two kinds of jam!" One fancies that grown-up girls experience the sort of gratification expressed by this child when they attend entertainments at which ices are provided. The mere sight of an ice makes them decide that the festival which it adorns is very high-class, and that the hostess on this occasion has been exceptionally liberal, and has specially exerted herself to make her friends have a good time.

When ices or ice puddings are seen in modest households, the explanation usually is that they have been sent ready-made from the confectioner's, securely packed in broken ice, to be taken out when wanted. How much more delightful the girls of the family would consider it if they could make the ices at home.

Also, the cost of utensils having been defrayed, how much more economical the home produce would be. An ice pudding, bought at a good confectioner's, would probably cost seven or eight shillings; and this means that for a great many people it would be unattainable, while of the many who might afford it, a large proportion would regard it as an extravagance. Made at home, however, an ice pudding might cost pretty well what the maker likes. When all is said and done, an ice pudding is only a good well-flavoured custard pudding, mixed with dried fruits and frozen, and there is nothing very costly in this.

Of course the difficulty in connection with ices is that in order to make them one must have certain appliances. It is impossible, for example, to make an ice in a saucepan over the fire. Yet the correct utensils required for the purpose are seldom within the reach of individuals of modest means.

Undoubtedly there are clever people in the world, who have plenty of time on their hands, and a capacity for taking pains, who can make ices in small quantities by simply putting the material to be frozen into a canister, surrounding this with ice and salt, then turning it about and stirring it from time to time until it is frozen. Thus, an individual who once very long ago was a girl much given to making experiments in cookery, can well recollect retiring with one of her sisters into an arbour in the home garden when snow was thick on the ground, with a tin containing milk, and rolling this about in ice and salt until it was a solid mass. The refrigerating process took a long time, and the operators were stiff with cold before it was ready, but the milk when it did freeze was most delightful, and was considered a dainty most suitable for the season. The objection, however, to this rough and ready method is that it is very tedious, and life is short; also, that it is so apt to turn out a failure. The lid of the canister must fit very closely, and the canister itself must be thoroughly well made, for if only a small quantity of the salt water gets into the pudding, not only will the custard freeze less readily, but it will also melt more quickly when turned out; while if salt water to taste gets into the pudding, the flavour will be spoilt. These drawbacks being discovered, we generally find that busy folks seldom persevere very long in making ice without proper utensils. They make the experiment to prove to themselves that they can do it, and then they either dispense with ice altogether, or contrive to get either a machine or a freezing-pot, and an ice-pail. Thus provided, their difficulties are ended.

When girls have made up their minds that they will commence ice-making at home, they must first of all decide whether they will invest in the primitive apparatus—that is, an ice-pail,

a pewter freezing-pot with its cover, and a spatula—or whether they will procure an ice-machine. Probably their first idea will be that the ice-pail and freezer will be the less expensive of the two; but if they act on this supposition, the chances are that when they have bought everything that is required, and supplied all their needs, they will find that they have paid very nearly as much as would have purchased a small ice-machine; yet the latter would be much the more convenient. It will easily be understood that to be of any real use an ice-pail must be strong and well-made. Francatelli thus describes it: "It should be made of oak, with iron hoops; there should be a hole placed about an inch and a half from the bottom of the tub to let off the ice water at will; and there should be another hole placed at about four inches from the edge of the tub, to let off the rising water as the ice melts. Wooden spigots are usually kept in these holes to prevent the ice water from wasting. These tubs should be painted both inside and out, not merely for appearance sake, but also on account of the rust which necessarily would collect on the hoops, and soil everything approaching them. The tub must be large enough to admit of a space of at least two inches intervening between the inside of the tub and the freezer to receive the rough ice in the circular cavity thus formed." It is very evident that a pail answering this description could not be had for nothing; while even if we resolved to get something less perfect, we must at least have a stout well-made pail, with a hole in it near the bottom stopped with a cork to carry off the water which would collect as the ice melted. Then there is the freezer, which even if small will cost about half a sovereign; while the expense of the supply of ice has always to be considered. A good ice machine needs a smaller quantity of ice than is necessary to surround the freezer in a large pail.

It will greatly assist girls to decide what appliances should be purchased for making ices if they obtain a clear idea of what it is that they propose to do. Ices, then, are simply pleasantly-flavoured liquid preparations which have been frozen till firm by being subjected to the requisite degree of cold. When made of cream, or when cream enters into them, they are "ice cream"; when made of fruit juice and water, or of water flavoured in any agreeable way, they are water ices. Sometimes these frozen preparations are made in the form of a large mould—then they are ice puddings; sometimes they are served in a heap; sometimes they are put into small moulds and served in a shape; and sometimes they are put into cups or glasses. But in every case they are merely pleasantly-prepared liquids which have been frozen.

It is not at all unlikely that of people who have never made ices a good many (if they ever think of the subject at all) think that in order to freeze a preparation in this way it is necessary only to mix the ingredients properly, put them into a mould or pot, then surround them with ice, and leave them till solid. This idea is, however, altogether a mistake. For one thing, ice alone would never freeze anything; ice and salt are needed. For another, if a composition were placed where it could freeze it would simply in time become solid ice, quite unmanageable for serving at table. If taken up before being solid it would be harder near the sides of the mould than in the middle, whereas a perfectly-made ice is smooth, and of the same consistency all the way through. To produce this condition it is necessary to stir the ice and scrape it from the sides into the centre, and to move the freezing pot round and round during congelation, so that the contents may get equally frozen.

With the old-fashioned apparatus—the ice-pail and freezer—an ice-pudding of moderate size would need to be worked and churned for very nearly an hour; with a good ice-machine the business could be accomplished in a few minutes: the saving of time alone, therefore, is a consideration. If we remember also that in all ice-machines it has been the aim of the inventor to make the process as easy as possible for the operator, we shall see that a machine saves labour as well as time. If it can be procured, therefore, an ice-machine is decidedly to be preferred to an ice-pail and freezer.

There are at present a great many ice-machines from which a purchaser may make choice. It would scarcely be correct to say that all are of equal merit, although it is undoubtedly the case that a girl who bought a machine recommended by a respectable dealer would not run very much risk of making a mistake. Almost all the machines which have made a reputation have their special advantages, and the individuals who speak most highly of them are those who own them, have become accustomed to them, and learnt how to manage them. Each machine has of course to be managed differently; but the makers always send full directions for use with the apparatus, so that there is no difficulty. In all machines, however, the theory to be carried out is very much the same, so that if we understand one machine thoroughly we are not very much at a loss how to work all. Therefore I shall describe at length the method of procedure which has to be followed in a machine which is, in my opinion, as easily managed, as convenient, and as economical as any that could be selected by those who wish to make ice in small quantities. This is the American Freezer, a little ice-making machine sold by the Atmospheric Churn Company, whose head offices are at 119, New Bond Street, London, and whose goods could probably be obtained if ordered of any respectable ironmonger.

The American Freezer has been on view, and shown in practical operation, at several of the great Exhibitions which have been usual of late years. The price of the smallest size is two guineas complete. It consists of a little tub, the ends of which are moveable, though they can be screwed on quite tightly. The tub is hung in a stand, and it is made to revolve round and round with a regular movement, so that the mixture to be frozen is turned from one end of the freezer to the other, and thus it is frozen equally all through. A mould to receive the ice is put in at one end. This when filled is securely fastened, and the ice and salt are put in the other side, which is also fastened, so that there is no danger of the salt getting into the preparation, and the machine is then slowly revolved at the rate of not more than fifty revolutions per minute for five minutes. The machine is now opened, and the ice is scraped from the sides into the centre, and pressed together to make it quite compact, even, and solid. The end is again closed and the tub is revolved for another minute, after which the remainder of the ice is thrown out, and in its place is put cold water. This will loosen the ice from the mould, and make it turn out more readily. The ice is now ready for use. If not wanted at once, it can be put in a basin containing ice, and thus it will be kept from melting. Of course we must set it in a cool place, free from draught, and cover it with an old blanket or an old carpet, to protect it from the heat. Blankets and all woollen materials, as girls well know, are employed to maintain the temperature. We put them on ourselves to keep in the heat of our bodies; we put them on ices to keep in their cold.

An advantage belonging to the ice-machine to which reference has been made (and it belongs also to several other machines) is that it can be worked not only with ice and salt but with freezing mixtures. Concerning these a word or two needs to be said. First, there is no freezing mixture in the world (so far as I know) that is worthy to be compared with ice and salt. A mixture of ice and salt does its work more quickly; it is more reliable, more convenient and altogether to be preferred to any other. At the same time there are places and circumstances where ice cannot be obtained, and then it is most satisfactory to have freezing powders. The method of procedure with powders and the ice-machine would be very much the same as with ice and salt, with the difference that the machine would have to be turned a few minutes longer. If we were going to use freezing powders instead of ice and salt in using the American Freezer, for instance, we should fill the mould with the preparation to be frozen, and fasten up the end; then put into the other end the requisite quantity of the freezing mixture, and its proper allowance of water. If after a few minutes we found that the preparation did not freeze, the freezing materials would have to be thrown out and a second charge introduced. It would be of no use to keep on turning the machine longer, because after ten or fifteen minutes we may reasonably conclude that the power of the mixture would be exhausted. A second charge will, however, generally attain the desired end.

When ice and salt are used for freezing there should be provided two parts of ice for one part of salt. The ice should be broken up into pieces about the size of a hazel nut, and mixed very thoroughly with the salt. The easiest way of breaking a quantity of ice is to put it into a sack and beat it till small with a mallet. It should not be broken until just before it is wanted, and it should be well mixed with the salt immediately. Attention to these details has a great deal to do with success in making ices.

Freezing mixtures are to be bought ready for use, or they may be made at home. The following are the best with which a learned chemist, whom I know, it acquainted.

Freezing Mixtures.

1 (*Best of all*). 2 parts powdered ice, 1 part salt.

2. 4 parts sulphate of soda, 2½ parts chloride of ammonium, 2½ parts sulphate of potash, 18 parts water.

3. 12 parts pounded ice, 5 parts salt, 5 parts nitrate of ammonia.

4. Equal parts of chloride of ammonia and nitrate of potash. More than twice the amount of water.

5. 1 part nitrate of ammonia, 1 part carbonate of soda, 1 part water.

6. 2 parts ammonic nitrate, 2 parts ammonic chloride, 3 parts water.

Freezing mixtures of the sort described ought not to cost much; but their price is very variable, according to the locality in which they are bought. A peculiarity with regard to nearly all of them is, that after being mixed with water and used, they can be reconstituted by being put into a shallow glazed pan, and set in the oven or on the top of a closed stove until the water has evaporated, when they can be crushed with a rolling pin, and kept to be used again and again. The length of time needed to reconstitute them depends upon the quantity of water which has to be evaporated. A couple of pints of water would take perhaps two or three hours. The mixture when ready would have to be kept in a dry place. It is most important that a freezing powder should be kept dry.

Having done what we can to make our freezing apparatus right, we now come to the mixture to be frozen. Some time ago an individual who had devoted a good part of his life to the manufacture of ices, was asked what was the secret of success in this branch of work. He replied: "The secret of success in

making ices is—do not put in too much sugar!" There was a good deal of truth in this remark, because it is the case that too much sugar renders freezing difficult. At the same time, too little sugar spoils the taste of the preparation, and also causes it to be hard and lumpy. Thus Francatelli says: "Great attention should be paid to avoid overcharging your ices with sugar, for in that state they would be too rich and ropy, and are difficult to freeze; but in such cases the composition may be instantly rectified by adding a little fruit juice, or even water. While, however, it is essential to avoid the error of adding an excess of sugar in the confection of ices, it is of equal importance that you should not fall into the other extreme. The fear of not being right must not mislead you into actually doing wrong, for when ices are prepared with an insufficient quantity of sugar they are poor, and are certain to be very imperfect, and hardly worth being sent to table."

Yet, although the amount of sugar is important, it is not easy to say what proportion should be used in every case, because this depends upon the nature of the ingredients to be sweetened. In recipes for making ices we constantly read "sweeten to taste," or "the amount of sugar must be determined by taste," or "experience only will teach the degree of sweetness required." These instructions sound very vague, but they are quite correct, because it is not possible to say what quantity should be used in every instance. It is to be noted, however, that sugar boiled to syrup is much to be preferred to plain sugar for this purpose; it amalgamates with the other ingredients better; and it is a great thing in making ices to have the ingredients thoroughly mixed before they are put into the freezer. An excellent syrup can be made by boiling a pound of sugar for twenty minutes with a pint of water. For convenience' sake girls might make a quantity of this beforehand, and when cold bottle it and keep it for use.

Water Fruit Ices should be made always with the juice of fresh fruit. If the fruit is of a sort which yields its juice readily, it will need only to be bruised and rubbed through a sieve. The juice will flow more freely if a little sugar be sprinkled over it, or if a little water be poured over it. If it is of a hard sort it must be boiled to pulp, and the juice drained off. On an average we might expect that half a pint of juice would have to be mixed with a pint of syrup. Flavour and colour would have to be added if required.

Cream Fruit Ices can be made either with fresh fruit or jam. When jam is used the jam should be mixed, or even simmered, with a little water before being rubbed through the sieve. To improve the fruity flavour a little lemon-juice should be added. The amount of cream used would depend upon permission. Occasionally a custard made of eggs and milk is substituted for cream in making "Cream" Fruit Ices. Excellent ice creams may be made without fruit juice by mixing cream, milk, and syrup, then flavouring the preparation with coffee, chocolate, cinnamon, almonds, vanilla, tea, and similar flavourers.

It is probable that from the above suggestions girls might make any number of ice creams. For safety's sake, however, a few exact recipes may be given.

Nesselrode Pudding has been pronounced "the most perfect and the most insidious of puddings." It was invented many years ago by Monie, cook to the famous Count von Nesselrode, the Russian statesman and diplomatist. History tells us that, when Carême, who was the most celebrated cook of the century, heard of it, he was nearly beside himself with envy. This recipe is taken from Gouffé, who says he had it direct from his old friend Monie:—"Peel forty fine Italian chestnuts; blanch them in boiling water to remove the second skin, and put them in a stewpan with one quart of syrup registering 16°, and a stick of vanilla. Simmer gently until the chestnuts are done, drain, and rub them through a hair sieve. Mix in a stewpan eight yolks of eggs and half a pound of pounded sugar; add one quart of boiled cream and stir over the fire without boiling until the egg begins to thicken; mix in the chestnut purée and one gill of Maraschino, and strain the whole through a tammy cloth into a basin. Set a freezing-pot in the ice. Wash and dry a quarter of a pound of currants, and boil them up in some syrup registering 30°. Stone a quarter of a pound of raisins, cut them in halves, and boil them in syrup in the same way. Pour the chestnut cream in the freezing-pot, work it with the spatula until it is partly frozen, add three gills of whipped double cream, continue working until the cream is frozen, and mix in the prepared fruit, previously drained. Put the ice in a dome-shaped ice mould, close it, and spread some butter on the opening to prevent any salt or water penetrating inside; imbed the mould in ice, and let it remain there for two hours.

Make the sauce as follows: Put three gills of boiled cream in a stewpan with eight yolks of eggs and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar. Stir over the fire without boiling till the egg begins to thicken: take off the fire and stir for three minutes more. Strain the custard through a tammy cloth, and add half a gill of Maraschino. Put the sauce on the ice till it is very cold without freezing. Turn the pudding out of a mould on to a napkin on a dish, and serve with the sauce in a boat."

Superior though this pudding may be, it is not likely that many girls will make it, although it is to be noted that the quantities given would make a very large pudding, and that a pudding a quarter the size obtained by dividing the quantities by four would give a pudding large enough for ten or twelve persons, because no one partakes freely of ice pudding; it is the kind of food of which we are accustomed to say that a little goes a long way. However, here is a more modest recipe, more likely to be acceptable to people of moderate ideas.

Ice Pudding.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk upon the yolks of two eggs; put the preparation into a double saucepan or into a jug set in a saucepan of water, and stir it till it thickens. Strain, and add two ounces of sugar and a flavouring of vanilla, lemon, ratafia, noyeau, or Maraschino, and half a pint of whipped cream. Freeze the pudding till it is like a thick batter; then add two ounces of any dried fruits, such as glacé cherries, or pine-apple, or preserved ginger cut small, and two ounces of stale sponge cake soaked in cream. Work the half-frozen mixture smoothly together, and press and shake it to make it compact; then freeze it again until firm enough to turn out, and put it into rough ice till wanted. When about to dish an ice pudding, recollect that the mould should be dipped for a minute into cold water to loosen the ice, and that the pudding should be put upon a napkin, or even upon a round of white paper rather than upon the dish itself, because it will not then be likely to melt so quickly.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Hull a pound of ripe strawberries; sprinkle a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar over them, and rub them through a sieve. Mix with the purée its measure of cream, whipped; and freeze.

Pine-Apple Water Ice.—Take a small tinned pine-apple (or a fresh one if obtainable), cut it up, and pound it well with half a pound of sugar. Pour over it a pint of water and simmer gently for a few minutes, then let it stand for a while and strain off the juice. Freeze in the usual way. If liked, a few slices of preserved pine-apple may be added when frozen.

Coffee Ice Cream.—Make half a pint of very strong clear coffee, mix in half a pint of cream, sweeten, and freeze.

Brown Bread Ice.—Put into a bowl eight ounces of brown bread crumbs, fine and dry. Add six ounces sifted sugar, a wineglassful of curaçoa, and a pint of double cream, whipped. Mix and freeze.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Make a custard with the yolks of four eggs and a pint of milk. Sweeten with two ounces of sugar, flavour with vanilla, and strain. When cold, mix and freeze.

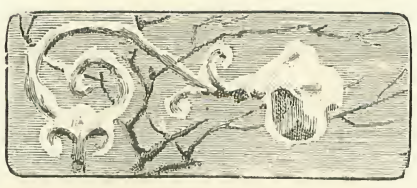
Chocolate Ice Cream.—Melt four ounces of chocolate in half a pint of hot water. Sweeten, add a pint of cream, and freeze.

Orange Water Ice.—Take the raspings of three oranges, the juice of four oranges, half a pint of water, the juice of two or three lemons, and one pint of syrup. Mix, strain, and freeze.

There is one little detail which has not been mentioned, and which should not be forgotten. The freezer should on no account be filled with the mixture to be frozen. There should always be abundance of room left for it to be stirred round and round. Unless this point receives attention the cream cannot be smoothly frozen throughout.

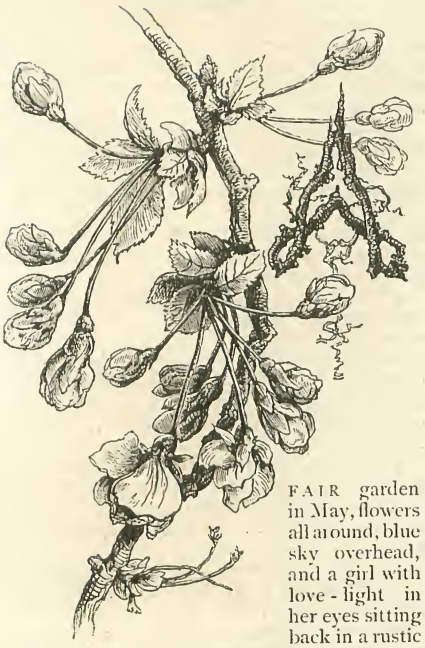
One advantage of having an apparatus for making ice is that by its aid girls can manufacture a small quantity of perfectly pure ice for table use in hot weather, and for invalids. We all know that ice is a great luxury; yet of late years many warnings have been uttered against it, because it is said to be so frequently made of water that is not all it should be, and which may lead to typhoid. If we make ice under our own roof we can at least be sure of its quality, and we could have it well filtered, or even boiled and allowed to go cold before being frozen. This small quantity once made we might keep for hours by simply wrapping it first in paper and then in flannel, putting it in a tub, and setting it in a cool place out of a draught. When wanted, we could most easily break pieces off for serving by placing upon it the point of a darning-needle and tapping the other end of the needle with any light instrument. To see the way in which ice cracks and separates under the point of a needle is a most interesting experiment. Let us hope that during the summer the experiment will be tried by many girls upon ice which they have themselves frozen.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.



WINNIE'S WAITING.

CHAPTER I.



FAIR garden in May, flowers all around, blue sky overhead, and a girl with love-light in her eyes sitting back in a rustic seat, looking upwards to the white-flecked blue. She sat quite still, with her hands lying loosely clasped on her pink morning gown; but presently the curves of her mouth, set in tender lines, began to quiver a little, her deep grey eyes grew moist with tears, and she hid her face in her hands with an inarticulate murmur of intense happiness.

"Winnie," called a voice, and she started up, saying, "Yes, father!" as the speaker came in sight. He was a middle-aged, brown-bearded man, with a genial, happy face, that was now full of a certain tender anxiety. When his daughter came to him he held her at arm's length for a moment, while her eyes drooped; then he let her hide her blushing face on his shoulder as he said—

"So my little girl has found some one she must love better than her old father and mother."

"Dear father," she said, creeping closer, and lifting her face to kiss him.

"Your mother wants you, come indoors—you have taken us all by surprise"—and he led her into the large, homely-looking house, and to a room where her mother waited her anxiously. Winnie looked round as she came in, and her father interpreted the look aright.

"No, he isn't here; I've sent the young man off to town in a hurry; he'll be late as it is. No, my darling, we have not been hard on him."

For four years Winifred Clifford had been an only child; and though afterwards she was blessed with four brothers and sisters, she always retained the primal place in her parents' affections. Her mother's constant companion, her father's pet and confidential friend, she grew up with the almost perfect form of parental and filial love. They were wont to say when talking of her fondly, that, beside her few illnesses, she had never caused them an hour's anxiety, for though they were not blind to her faults, she waged a daily warfare against those failings and imperfections, and was, in the best sense of the word, a good girl.

It was not much wonder, then, that the parents looked with loving, jealous eyes on all whom they suspected of trying to win their daughter's heart, and up to this bright spring-time she had remained unwooed and heart-whole, a fair white lily guarded tenderly against all rough winds, and all unnecessary contact with the world of sin and sorrow.

Mr. Clifford was a prosperous tea merchant, journeying daily up to London from his pleasant Surrey home, and returning to a late dinner and happy evenings with his wife and children. He took a real interest in all his clerks, whom he sometimes brought home with him; and now and then one who was thought to be specially lonely was invited to spend a Sunday at The Glen. But such visits were rare until Hugh Corrance came into the office, and became before long a regular and welcome visitor at his employer's house.

He was so often invited from kindness and pity for his lonely condition, for Hugh Corrance was alone in the world, being without parents, brothers and sisters, or any very near relations. He was an only child, and lost both parents before he was ten years old, and had been adopted by a distant relative, who, wealthy and eccentric, did not prove a fit guide to the child, who came to him with a heart sore from his recent losses. The cousin liked the boy, but showed it in such strange ways that Hugh had very little affection for him. He was sent to an expensive boarding-school, and his holidays were enlivened by frequent wordy skirmishes with his cousin, who would at times go into fits of rage, declaring the boy should no have a penny of his money. But boys are not much given to look into the future. Hugh was well supplied with pocket-money, and requests for more were never unattended to. The present was provided for, and he did not care to look beyond it.

In due time he went to Cambridge. He had not settled on his future plan of life, but his cousin said a university life would be beneficial to him anyway. Hugh was by no means loth to go, and he passed eighteen months there very happily, working a little and amusing himself a great deal. Then came a crash. His cousin died quite suddenly, and the will was found to be dated eight years back—which he had made in one of his fits of passion after a more than usually annoying escapade of Hugh's—in which he left the bulk of his property to a local charity, only bequeathing to his relative one hundred pounds and a few articles of little value. It was a terrible blow. The lawyer said his client had been intending for some time to make another will, in which justice should have been done to Hugh; but like so many intentions of the kind, it was put off, and for want of a little care the young man must be disinherited. It amounted to that. He had been brought up to consider the property eventually his own, and though his cousin at times threatened him with its loss, the old man took care that he should not take such threats as sober earnest.

Hugh Corrance took his reverse like a man, and made no moan to anyone: he looked his position fairly in the face, and while inwardly shuddering, he betrayed his heart-sickness to no one. He must give up his university life at once—that life with which he had dallied so pleasantly—and seek out a sphere of remunerative work. Fortunately he was not in debt; his cousin had given him no excuse for being so. What he had was his own: the expensive furnishing of his rooms, some books, two or three good pictures, and one hundred pounds. Well, many a young fellow has begun the world on less, and Hugh's poverty was to be most felt in the lack of friends and relations. Acquaintances he had made in plenty, but his was scarcely the nature to take up very special and exclusive friendships. He was fond of good company, fond of enjoyment, but when one form of amusement gave way to another, he was content with the later pleasure. So when one set of friends left Cambridge he could take up with another without feeling any poignant regret for those he had lost. Perhaps it does not sound a very attractive character, but it is one that is commoner than it seems at first thought: and Hugh Corrance was not without capacity for deep feelings and affections. But he was strong, young, and plentifully supplied with money, and the deeper emotions of life had not been called into exercise.

The influence of his cousin's solicitor had procured for him a post in Mr. Clifford's office, and had succeeded in awakening in that gentleman a special interest in his new clerk, an interest which manifested itself in frequent invitations to The Glen. Mrs. Clifford decidedly approved of the new visitor; his university life had given him a polish which was possessed by none of his fellow clerks; the younger children liked him, and continually petitioned their father to bring him back with him. So it came to pass that a week seldom went by without at least one visit from Hugh.

And Winnie lost her heart to him. At first deeply interested, and sympathetic for his loneliness, she had exerted herself to show him more than usual kindness; and he, thus thrown for the first time into constant association with a young girl, discovered, almost to his own surprise, that his life's happiness was bound up in her.

He did not mean to tell her so, and made some heroic resolves to come less frequently to The Glen; but that bright May morning had proved too much for him, and finding Winnie alone in the garden, he had almost involuntarily told her what was in his heart. She did not discourage him; how could she when her inmost being had responded to his words? And he had gone with bewildered happiness, yet with no small degree of tremor, straight to her father.

Winnie's happiness was the first consideration with both her parents, so though they would have preferred a less needy suitor, they neither of them thought of refusing consent, though Mr. Clifford would not hear of an immediate formal engagement; and while Winnie hid her face against her mother, he told her on what they had decided. So far as they could see Hugh Corrance was a right-minded, upright man—one they could safely trust with their daughter's happiness. But Mr. Clifford said, that while to all intents and purposes they might consider themselves engaged, the engagement must not be formal, or made known beyond their immediate circle. Perhaps now that it was a question of his becoming Winnie's husband, Mr. Clifford thought that in receiving Hugh as a visitor he had not had an opportunity of knowing him thoroughly, and wished for time to study his character, and become acquainted with the moving springs of his life. But he did not tell Winnie so; he only very tenderly told her what he had already told Hugh.

"Is that right, pet?" he asked when he had finished.

"Dear father," she said, going to him, and putting her arms round his neck; and he held her closely for a moment, then said, "Well, I must be off, or I shall lose my train. God bless you, darling! Good-bye, mother!"

"Mother, I didn't know—I was so surprised," said Winnie, when they were alone together.

"I am not so very much surprised," and Mrs. Clifford stroked her daughter's bright hair, smiling to herself as she recalled to mind



A CONTRAST.

some of her own love-passages with Winnie's father.

"Mother, isn't he good? It is so wonderful that he should think about me. How good of God to let me have him." Winnie spoke in the humility of intense happiness, and in gratitude to Him Who loves to shower down good gifts on His children.

Mrs. Clifford let her daughter talk, listening to her sympathetically, and joining in Hugh's praises.

It was quite surprising for them to be left uninterrupted for so long. Winnie taught her sisters, who had lingered in the garden, not sorry to be left to their own devices, and it was the housemaid wanting some directions who at last disturbed their talk, and Winnie ran upstairs to her own room, whither her mother followed her before long.

"Would you rather put off the children's lessons this morning, dear?" Mrs. Clifford asked. "I dare say they won't mind a holiday; and if you would like a walk you might go to Goodenough's and order the ferns."

"If you don't mind, mother dear, I should like it," said Winnie, gladly; and then there was a sound of scampering feet, and Gerty Clifford rushed in, closely followed by her little sister Connie.

Connie was a great pet, being made much of as the baby of the family. She was a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed child of eight, perhaps just a little spoiled, yet withal a gracious little maiden, whom it was impossible not to love. Gerty was thirteen, with short brown hair, and brown eyes that looked at you frankly and confidingly, but were wont to grow hard and indignant when there came to their owner the knowledge of any deceit and wrong-doing.

Connie stopped short in her pursuit of her sister, and looked wonderingly at Winnie, who was putting on her hat.

"Are you going out? Don't you know it is ever so much past lesson-time?"

Winnie kissed her, caught up her gloves, and ran off, saying as she passed Mrs. Clifford—

"You tell them, mother."

It was not the custom in this household to treat the younger children as though they had no interest in what occupied their elders, and there were few secrets; even the little ones were allowed to take part in many family conclaves, and were trusted not to talk of them to outsiders. So now, though Winnie's engagement to Hugh was not to be made public, there was no thought of keeping it from her brothers and sisters. Mrs. Clifford told the little girls, who were highly pleased and interested, and Connie said—

"There, mother, you won't mind now when I call him 'Hugh'?" for saucy little Connie had taken to calling their visitor by his Christian name, a liberty of which Mrs. Clifford disapproved, but which he encouraged.

"When will she be married, mother?" asked Gerty, looking far ahead, as children will sometimes.

"Oh, not yet, my dear—not for a long time," Mrs. Clifford said, and sighed as she thought of a future without her eldest daughter.

"She'll be Mrs. Corrance—Corrance is a nicer name than ours. I shall marry some one with a pretty name too," said Connie, wisely.

"I'm sure Clifford is a pretty name," Gerty said, rather warmly; then broke off roughly in her defence of her patronymic to say, "Oh, mother, what a pity! Don't you know—

> 'Change the name and not the letter,
> Change for the worse, and not the better'?"

Gerty was fond of old folk-lore, and disposed to be rather superstitious; but her mother only laughed, and bade her run out into the garden again.

* * * *

Late that afternoon Winnie was sitting in the summer-house correcting some exercises of her sisters, when two hands were suddenly placed over her eyes, and a preternaturally gruff voice bade her guess who it was.

"Why, Tom—of course I know," she said, struggling free, and looking fondly at her tall sixteen years' old brother.

"Dear old Winikens!" Tom said. "I know all about it—mother has been telling me. I'm very glad! He's a good fellow."

"Dear Tom," Winnie whispered, with her head against his shoulder; "I am very glad you are pleased: it all seems too much happiness."

The two were warmly attached to each other; and though Tom was still at school, he was very manly and self-reliant, and the brother and sister walked about the garden together happily till Jack and Connie bore down upon them uttering a succession of shrieks as the little girl personated a white man pursued by a savage. Tom took the part of rescuer, and Winnie watched their fun till a railway whistle was heard; and exclaiming, "That's father's train!" Tom walked off to the gate accompanied by the reconciled white man and savage.

Winnie stayed where she was. Though she could not see the gate, yet her heart throbbed with the question, would her father bring *him?* And she would rather have the hope a little longer than be disappointed at once. She only heard one voice, but even as her face fell a step sounded on the gravel behind her, and she had no need to ask who it was as she turned her happy, blushing face towards the new-comer.

"My own darling," he said, drawing her to him; "your father told me to come in by the other gate—he thought you might not be among the others."

It was a very idyl of love in spring-time, as they stood there among the early roses, with red may and golden laburnam softly dropping petals on their heads as if in tender benediction, Hugh's fair hair bent over the brown head, as his blue eyes tried to look into the downcast gray ones, while both faces were flooded with the intense and wondrous happiness that comes to those whom God gives to each other that they may become one in Him.

Then Tom shouted to them to come to dinner, and as they went into the house, Mrs. Clifford, smiling tears, took Hugh's hand.

"You will kiss me, won't you?" the young man asked; and how could she refuse? And with the kiss she took him to her heart as a son.

Hugh Corrance's worldly prospects were not very bright, and it required a great effort on Mr. Clifford's part to consent to the semi-engagement with Winnie; and Hugh fully appreciated the generosity, and spoke of him in warm, grateful terms, that filled the loving daughter's heart with pleasure. They were walking round the garden after dinner, while Tom had carried off the three younger ones for a romp in the meadow.

"You see, dear, what a poor fellow you have got," Hugh said, looking tenderly in her face. "I shall have to work hard. But your pater is so good and encouraging. I wish I had something better to offer you."

"Oh, Hugh!" said Winnie, softly, "something better than yourself? I can wait when it is waiting for and with you."

"My darling! I shall not let you wait longer than I can help," and here followed various little love passages that may be left to the reader's imagination.

Such a bright time followed for two or three weeks that Winnie thought she was almost perfectly happy. It was lovely weather; May deepened into June, and skies were blue, flecked only with grand white clouds; roses bloomed, and the air was odorous with sweet scents as Winnie and Hugh trod the garden paths together and rambled about the country lanes. To her mind he was all that was noble-minded, good, and true; and if her parents had any qualms about him they kept them to themselves, and sympathised in their daughter's joy.

Mr. Clifford watched Hugh narrowly, feeling that his darling's happiness was at stake. There were times when he was not quite satisfied. Hugh scarcely pleased him about money matters; he thought him too extravagant for his modest salary; too much disposed to say that expenses did not matter: yet he made excuses for him on the ground that he had not always been obliged to be careful, and would take some time to get used to the new state of affairs.

One bright Monday morning in June Winnie and Hugh got up earlier than usual that they might have a quiet walk about the garden. Hugh now nearly always spent Sunday at The Glen, and returned to London with Mr. Clifford on Monday, and these early walks were much prized.

"How glorious it is!" said Hugh, as they walked across the meadow adjoining the garden.

"Yes, it is a perfect morning. How sweet and bright everything looks."

"Too bright to last, I am afraid," said Hugh, pausing with his arm round her waist. "I think we shall have a storm before long—the air is very hot for this time in the morning."

Alas! his words were almost a prophecy. Already the clouds of sorrow were gathering over the fair young spring-time of Winnie's life, and by evening a storm broke over her that seemed as though it would wreck all her hopes of earthly happiness.

Mr. Clifford was very much occupied in his private room all that day, and a junior clerk who had to take in a message reported that "the governor was in a wax." Several people who called were refused an audience, and altogether there was a general idea that something was "up." Hugh Corrance had been out most of the day on business; he liked being sent; and though he did not loiter, he made no undue haste, and only returned at four o'clock.

"I say, Corrance," said one of the clerks as he came in and leisurely removed his gloves, "the governor has been asking two or three times if you had come back. Something seems to have gone wrong.

"Shall I go to him?" asked Hugh, turning his handsome face to the speaker.

"I don't know, I am sure; perhaps you had better."

"All right," and Hugh marched off, and knocked at the door of the private room, and scarcely waiting for an answer, went in. Mr. Clifford had not heard the knock, and in the moment before he was aware that he was not alone Hugh had seen him sitting at the table in an attitude of deep dejection, account books open before him, and the table littered with papers. Hugh made a slight noise and he looked up.

"You wanted me, sir?" the young man said.

For an answer Mr. Clifford walked to the door, which he opened, and called out—

"Jim."

"Yes, sir," answered a boy, running up.

"I am engaged, and can see no one—mind, Jim, *no one*. If anyone calls they must either see Mr. Bates or come again." Then Mr. Clifford closed and locked the door, and

there was a moment's pause. Hugh's face had blanched, and he waited in evident apprehension.

Mr. Clifford was busy with the books. Suddenly he held one page open before Hugh, and said sternly, though there was a quiver in his voice—

"Hugh Corrance, I have found you out."

Hugh's hands shook, beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and he sank into a chair. Well he knew at a glance what was meant, and he covered his face, with a bitter groan—a groan which Mr. Clifford, thinking of his daughter, echoed.

"I did mean to put it right. I did not mean you to lose," faltered Hugh, when the silence had become intolerable.

"No; but you would have let me engage my daughter to a thief. You knew while you were making love to her that you had stolen her father's money."

Hugh shivered. It was all true, he owned—as he cowered before the justly angry words. His conduct came home to him in a flash—he was a thief. He had only meant to borrow the money, and had persuaded himself it was no great harm to alter the accounts a little—it would be easy enough to put back the small sums he had used without being detected. To do him justice it must be owned that he had had no idea of not replacing what he had taken out. Even while he falsified the accounts he told himself he would put all right, and replace the money with interest. He had managed so effectually to put these transactions out of mind, that in all his intercourse with Winnie they scarcely troubled him. Now and then his conscience pricked him, but he had salved it with promises; and, indeed, of late he had not touched Mr. Clifford's money, but the very wrong-doing had terribly blunted his sensibilities. Now in the silence he saw his conduct in its true light, and shuddered with horror. Money had before come to him for the asking. He wanted it when his cousin could not give it, and had helped himself, resolutely stifling the voice of conscience. Now, as he thought of Winnie's sweet face averted from him, and changed from its look of trustful satisfaction, his burden became more than he could bear, and he rose and stumbled blindly to the door with an idea of getting away from it all. Mr. Clifford saw his purpose, and quietly put the key in his pocket; then, looking at the changed figure before him, felt a pang of sorrow, remembering what he was to his daughter.

"Sit down," he said. "Corrance, I don't want to be hard on you; you may have been sadly tempted, but it must be at an end between you and my daughter. You must leave here; but I will try and help you somewhere else."

"I will go right away," said Hugh, miserably. "No one will miss me now. Oh, sir, let me see her once more—just once? I know she may be nothing to me now—she is too pure, and sweet, and good; but let me see her once more, as hopelessly as Dives looked on Lazarus?"

"Hush, hush! don't talk so wildly. I cannot give you an answer now. Look, Corrance, you must promise me this—that you will go straight to your rooms and not leave them till you hear from me." Mr. Clifford said this feeling uneasy at the look of despair on the young man's face, and Hugh promised.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LARGEST CHURCHES IN EUROPE.

(*See Frontispiece.*)



OUR girls will probably be inclined to think that there can be no great difficulty in finding out the dimensions of the important cathedrals of Europe, and then comparing them together. They will say, truly enough, "Surely, with so many architectural books of reference, guide books, etc., one has only to turn to a plan or description of a certain cathedral and you will find the figures given exactly. What can be more simple?" And, at first sight, it does really seem simple enough. But in point of fact it is nearly impossible to obtain the exact dimensions of any very large building erected upon a complicated plan; and you will not find any two authorities agreeing as to the dimensions of the five or six largest cathedrals even in England. Singularly enough, one of the most important works upon English Cathedrals speaks of York Minster as "the largest cathedral in this country." But we shall be able to prove that the statement is thoroughly incorrect. When one comes to the question of foreign cathedrals and their comparative sizes, difficulties are immensely increased, owing to the plans being sometimes taken in the French "mètre," sometimes in the "elle," at others in the Italian "palm"; and so much has the matter become involved and confused that, although there can be no manner of doubt which is the largest cathedral in Europe, there have been no end of disputes as to which hold the second, third, fourth, and fifth places.

We will point to one or two circumstances which have led to the disputed dimensions of these vast buildings. In the first place, writers of guide books, and even of architectural works, have an absurd way of stating the dimensions of a building. Nothing is more common than to find such a passage as the following:—"The cathedral of —— is so many feet long, so many feet wide, so many feet high." Now what is the use of such a statement as this? It does not tell us whether it is the internal or the external measurement; it does not tell us whether it includes porches, buttresses, or irregular projections; it does not tell us whether the width is that over the nave and aisles, or over the transepts. Another absurd practice is this: Writers of guide books, etc., even when they have got the correct width and breadth of a building, measured externally, will go and multiply the two together under the ridiculous notion that that very simple operation will give them the superficial area of the building, forgetting that there is scarcely a church in Europe which is an exact rectangular parallelogram.

There is, however, another difficulty which we have to allude to, and that is, the act of measuring a building which is some three or four hundred feet long, and the troubles and perplexities which one comes across. The writer was once travelling in Belgium with an architect of considerable experience, and we came to examine a very magnificent church. After making sketches and notes, we determined to measure the internal length of the building, so we set to work with a measuring-tape some 30 feet long. We made it 325 feet, measuring from wall-surface to wall-surface, and we noted it down. My friend the architect, however, suggested that we had better go over it again. Next time we found that it came out 318 feet. We measured it a third time, and it came out 322 feet. Now I can imagine some clever girl saying, "Well, you must have been a pair of simpletons. Why not take a string, and one hold it at one end of the building and one at the other; then cut off the string the proper length of the building; then, if you had measured the string, of course you would have had the correct length of the building." Not so fast, my fair friend; there are several unsurmountable difficulties in doing this. In the first place, there was a magnificent rood-screen in the way, and if one passed the string through the centre doorway of the screen, some 20 yards beyond it was a vast marble altar and reredos, both of which the authorities would have objected to having pulled down to satisfy the curiosity of two English tourists.

But now, suppose that we have obtained the exact dimensions of the building, and we proceed to make the plan of it to scale, making it, perhaps, one thousandth of the size, and we then add a correct scale of feet to enable it to be measured in all its parts. Surely there can be no difficulty here. Let us see what Lord Grimthorpe says about this in his *St. Alban's Cathedral and its Restoration*. He gives a plan of that church on the scale of one-eighth of an inch to four feet, most carefully prepared by the clerk of the works; yet he tells us, "either the damping of the paper or some other cause has made the plan and the scale not everywhere accordant with the dimensions now given, nor would any amendment of the scale rectify it." And so our girls must not regard the plans that *we* have given as *absolutely* correct in their dimensions, but as only approximately so; yet the writer believes that they will be found sufficiently correct to give our girls an idea of the relative sizes of many of these vast buildings.

As we have previously said, there can be no doubt whatever as to which is the largest church in Europe. St. Peter's, Rome, so very far exceeds all others that none have ever been compared with it. Owing to difficulties which we have previously explained, authorities differ as to its exact measurements, but it would seem that, omitting the vast colonnade, sacristies, and other adjuncts—that is to say, confining oneself alone to the portion of the building used for religious worship, and measured outside the walls at their base, the building covers the enormous superficial area of 169,600 square feet, or nearly 3¾ acres.

The length measured from the outer face of the wall of the western apse to the outside of the columns of the east front is about 710 feet. The external width over the transepts is 480 feet. The internal length of the church, exclusive of porches, is in the clear a little over 600 feet. The ground plan of St. Peter's, Rome, is represented in our diagram worked out to the same scale as that of the other cathedrals. It is grey in colour—see Group I., letters A A A A. It is again indicated in Group III., letters A A A A. A

scale of feet is provided at the side. It will be noticed that we have divided the churches into four groups, as it was found that the diagram would become too complicated if all were included in one single group.

In case some of our readers should not exactly know what the ground plan of a building is, we cannot explain it better than by saying that it is a map made of a building at that particular point where it rises out of the surface of the ground, so that if one could imagine some giant cutting off a building exactly on a level with the ground, and you were to look down upon the building so operated upon from a height, what you would see is the ground plan.

At first sight our girls may be a little frightened at the complicated appearance of our diagram, but we think that a little explanation will render it intelligible. It will be noticed that in Group I. are the plans of four great cathedrals, which are coloured grey, blue, red, and black, to distinguish them from one another. In Group II. are three plans of cathedrals, coloured blue, red, and black. In Group III. are three plans of buildings, coloured red, blue, and black; but the outline of the plan of St. Peter's, Rome, is here repeated for the sake of showing its comparative size to the other buildings represented in the group. Two English parish churches are represented in Group IV., one coloured black, the other red.

It has been stated by some writers that the cathedral—formerly the Great Mosque—at Cordova is the second largest church in Europe, and Whewell gives its internal area as 129,013 feet. Now even if this were the case, which seems very doubtful, it cannot, under any circumstances, be classed amongst the great cathedrals of Europe for two reasons, which we will explain. In the first place, mere superficial area alone does not qualify a building to be considered vast as to its dimensions. It must be proportionately lofty, whereas the cathedral at Cordova consists, for the most part, of a very extended but low colonnade, divided into nineteen aisles by rows of small columns; the Coro, or cathedral proper, which rises from the centre of this colonnade, forms a church of very moderate dimensions, and was erected when the place was converted into a Christian church over what was probably an open courtyard. In fact, it is a question whether it should not be looked upon as two buildings rather than a single one; and as we have excluded all such adjuncts as cloisters and colonnades from the measurements that we have given of other cathedrals, it would be quite misleading to include these remarkable features in the cathedral at Cordova. But even if they were included, they would certainly not place the cathedral at Cordova amongst the six largest churches of Europe on account of its want of adequate height.

Another Spanish cathedral which, with far greater show of reason, has been put forward as the second largest church in Europe, is the cathedral at Seville, a vast and very magnificent Gothic building, but one the measurements of which it is very difficult to ascertain correctly. It seems, however, improbable, judging from the plans we have been able to obtain, that it can really be the second largest cathedral in Europe. In plan it would appear to measure externally about 400 feet by 270 feet, giving a superficial area (as the building is almost an exact parallelogram) of 108,000 square feet—certainly a vast space to be covered by a cathedral, especially as it is extremely lofty; but it seems that the second place, in point of superficial area at any rate, must be given to the cathedral at Milan, which covers a space of no less than 109,180 square feet—that is, 1180 more than Seville, and Milan is quite as lofty as Seville. The external measurements of Milan Cathedral, including everything, are as follows: Length, 480 feet; extreme length of transepts, 287 feet; and breadth over the body of the church, 152 feet. The ground plan of the cathedral at Milan is shown in our diagram—Group II., letters E E E E, and coloured blue; that of Seville in Group I., letters B B B B, coloured blue.

The fourth place in point of dimensions must be ascribed to the cathedral at Cologne, with a superficial area of 102,000 feet; extreme external length, 500 feet; breadth across the transepts, 292 feet, and over the nave and aisles, 156 feet. But the superficial area of Cologne scarcely gives one a just appreciation of its vast size, because it is the loftiest cathedral in Europe. In studying its dimensions we see at once that it would be absurd to compare with it such a building as the Mosque at Cordova, even if its superficial area were four times as large as that of Cologne. We enlarge upon the theme because we wish our readers to bear in mind the fact that the cubical contents of a building cannot be settled by reference to a ground plan. Cologne Cathedral is represented in our diagram, Group III., letters J J J J, tinted red.

This immense German cathedral is nearly equalled by the great French cathedral at Amiens, which covers 90,000 square feet. Amiens, however, is some twenty feet less lofty than Cologne as to the body of the church, and has, of course, nothing in its dimensions to be compared with the enormous towers of its German rival. The plan of Amiens is shown in Group III., letters H H H H, tinted blue. It will be noted that the transepts of the German Cathedral are longer than those of the French.

We must here say a few words upon the dimensions of a building which, though, unfortunately, no longer a Christian church, must, both architecturally and historically, be classed as such—we refer to St. Sofia at Constantinople. It is somewhat difficult to class this building amongst our cathedrals because so very much of it consists of colonnades and entrance porches; yet, roughly speaking, it covers an area of 300 feet by about 250 feet—that is, about 75,000 square feet. Whewell gives its internal area as 56,576 feet. The ground plan of St. Sofia is represented in Group I., letters D D D D, coloured black.

Hitherto all the churches that we have described are situated in foreign lands. Those which we shall now describe are English.

The first question which arises is naturally, which is the largest of our English cathedrals? Singularly enough, York is usually accredited with this distinction; but, in point of fact, St. Paul's, London, is much the largest cathedral in England, as will be seen at once from the following figures: Both churches are the same length, including buttresses and projections—that is, 515 feet. York is 235 feet across the transepts, including buttresses. St. Paul's is 240 feet across the transepts without measuring the porticoes, which would really add about forty feet. The width of the nave and aisles of York, exclusive of buttresses, externally is 118 feet. St. Paul's is 122 feet. The width of York at the west front is 120 feet; of St. Paul's, 180 feet. The superficial area of York is about 65,825 square feet; that of St. Paul's, 69,190. The body of York Cathedral, it is true, is rather more lofty than St. Paul's—about twenty feet or so—but what it loses here would be far more than made up by the vast size of the dome. In point of superficial area Lincoln Cathedral is larger than York, being about 67,500 square feet—that is, 1675 square feet more than York. But as the body of York Minster is internally 102 feet high, and Lincoln only 82 in the nave and 74 in the choir and transepts; moreover, as the nave or great central aisle of York is 44 feet wide in the clear and Lincoln 37, York must undoubtedly be classed as the second largest cathedral in England. The plan of St. Paul's will be found in our diagram on Group I., letters C C C C.

Of course, no other cathedrals in England come anywhere near these dimensions, because, although Winchester Cathedral is 556 feet long—that is, the longest church in Europe next to St. Peter's, Rome—yet its other dimensions bear no comparison whatever with such vast churches as York and Lincoln; and even with regard to length, nearly 100 feet is occupied by the Lady Chapel and Retrochoir, which are only the height of the aisles, so that the high roof-line is only about 400 feet long; whereas in York and Lincoln it is over 500 feet. The plan of York Cathedral will be found tinted black in Group No. II., and letters G G G G. Winchester is tinted red in the same group, and marked F F F F.

It may seem to our readers that we ought to say something about the dimensions of the great metropolitan church of England—Canterbury—which is certainly a very noble cathedral, but in point of dimensions it does not call forth any special remark, because, although very long, it is not the longest cathedral in England, neither is it the widest nor the highest; nor does it cover anything like so large a superficial area as Lincoln or York.

There are, however, two English churches about the dimensions of which we must say a few words, though neither of them is a cathedral. The first is Westminster Abbey, which is the largest church in England, not a cathedral, and has, moreover, the distinction of being the loftiest internally, the nave being 104 feet in height. I have represented the plan of Westminster Abbey in Group III., letters K K K K, as it is very interesting to compare its plan with those of Amiens and Cologne, upon which it is superimposed. There are many points of similarity in the planning of these three churches, and one cannot help regarding them, although they are in three different countries, as members of the same architectural family; and we do not hesitate to say that the family to which they belong, and which would include Toledo, Rheims, and Bourges, represents the noblest architectural set of ideas that have ever emanated from the mind of man.

The other English church to which we have referred is St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, which has the distinction of being the largest parish church in England, exceeding in superficial area eight of our cathedrals. It is represented in Group IV., coloured black, letter L. Upon it is drawn the little church of Skelton, Yorkshire, which is one of the smallest parish churches in the country. Though not *the* smallest parish church in England, it is perhaps the most perfect little Gothic church in the country. Though only 50 feet by 36 feet externally, it is a complete church, not a chapel, consisting of a nave and aisles, chancel and aisles, and a porch, all perfectly developed. This interesting building is often called the little St. Peter's, not on account of its contrast as to size with St. Peter's, Rome, but because there is a tradition that when the builders of the transepts of York Minster had completed their work at the great cathedral, they erected this church out of the stone which remained over. There is strong evidence in the architectural style of Skelton of the truth of this tradition. Roughly speaking, the church at Great Yarmouth is externally 330 feet long and 112 feet over nave and aisles. Though it is the largest parish church in England it is not a very striking building; and the aisles being much wider than the nave is a very awkward arrangement, and one certainly not to be copied. It is undoubtedly the result of a later enlargement of the building.

In conclusion, we should caution "our girls" not to be carried away too much by the mere size of any building; not to be led to believe that St. Paul's is the finest cathedral in England because it is the largest; or that York is finer than Lincoln because it slightly exceeds it in dimensions. There can be no doubt that some of the smaller cathedrals, especially those in England, are more impressive than the larger ones. No interior, for instance, in England at any rate, is so solemn and majestic as Westminster Abbey. Of course, it may be a surprise to many of our readers to hear that St. Paul's is the largest church in this country, for it certainly does not look nearly so large as York and Lincoln. But there are probably two reasons for this. In the first place, very large buildings, except in peculiar cases, very rarely look their size; and in the next place, a large "classical" church is certain to lose scale more than a Gothic one, because the idea of Gothic builders in erecting a large church was rather to multiply its parts than to magnify them. Thus, if we compare a large Gothic church with a comparatively small one, we shall not find that the columns, windows, mouldings, etc., of the former are so very much larger than those of the latter, but that there will be double or three times the number of them. This is not the case in a classical church, where every feature has to be enlarged so as to be suited to the size of the building; and thus we see that at St. Paul's and at St. Peter's, Rome, the naves are only divided into four bays, whereas at Westminster, where the nave is about the same length, there are as many as twelve bays. Of course this constant sub-division adds to the apparent size of a Gothic church, and the absence of it deducts from that of a classical building. It is said by many architectural writers with regard to St. Peter's, Rome, that although the immensity of the building does not strike you at first, yet it grows upon you by degrees, and its colossal dimensions are only realised in the mind after many visits. A very beautiful simile, founded upon this idea, is introduced into *Childe Harold*—

"Enter: it's grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd, but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

Although it may be very true that the grand dimensions of St. Peter's grow upon one by degrees, and that each fresh visit impresses the mind more and more, yet this is certainly not the case with the interior of St. Paul's, which, much as it disappoints one at first, does certainly not improve upon acquaintance, and the more one sees of it the more one comes to wonder that a church with such a magnificent exterior, should have such a very unimpressive interior. The story of the American who, when he entered the great doorway of St. Paul's, looked about him to see if he could find the interior of the Cathedral, and failed, is somewhat of an exaggeration, but it certainly does express the disappointment which awaits us every time we enter this great cathedral; and we cannot doubt that, whatever may be said in favour of the classical idea of proportion, the Mediæval Gothic plan is far more impressive, and certainly produces a more solemn effect.

It will be seen from our calculations of the dimensions of these cathedrals that the six largest churches in Europe are, in order, as follows:—

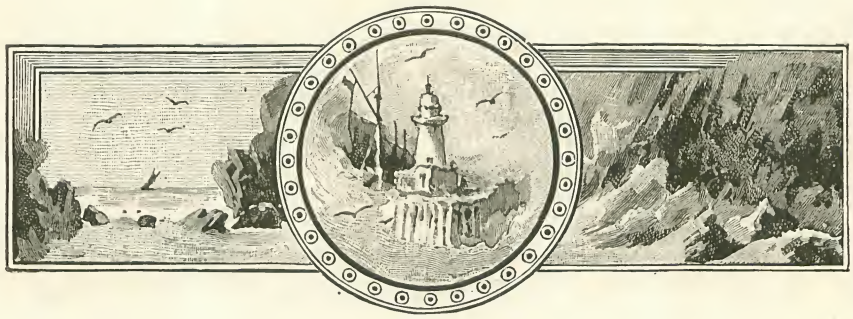
1. St. Peter's, Rome.
2. Milan Cathedral.
3. Seville Cathedral.
4. Cologne Cathedral.
5. Amiens Cathedral.
6. St. Paul's, London.

Thus, of the six largest cathedrals, Italy possesses two, Germany, France, Spain, and England, each one.

Very vast churches would seem to be peculiar to certain countries. Cathedrals of first-class magnitude only exist in Italy, which may be said to possess about four—St. Peter's, Rome; St. Paul's, Rome; Florence, and Milan. Spain possesses about five—Seville, Toledo, Segovia, Salamanca, and Palma, in the island of Majorca. Germany three—Cologne, Ulm, and Spier. France seven—Amiens, Rheims, Paris, Chartres, Rouen, St. Ouen, and Bourges. England six—St. Paul's, York, Lincoln, Ely, Winchester, and Canterbury.

The Cathedral of Antwerp, in Belgium, may perhaps also be included as a church of first-class magnitude. So it will be noticed that none of these very vast cathedrals exist in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Russia, Poland, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Greece, Sicily, Corsica, or the Principalities.

Drawings which we have seen of the Cathedrals of Nicosia and Famagosta, in the island of Cyprus, represent them as very spacious Gothic churches, but it is impossible to judge of their dimensions without measured plans, which are not to hand. H. W. B.



GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN,

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUMMER DAYS AND DIFFICULTIES.

THE French maid was not dismissed, as Esther had quite expected, after the storm of anger which her conduct had raised, and the very decided way in which Lady Eleanora had spoken on first hearing what had happened. The old lady was one of those persons who feel extreme irritation for a time, and then let a matter drop somewhat out of sight. So when she had rated Thérèse, as Esther had never yet heard a servant rated, she seemed to feel less keenly on the subject, and to Esther's question as to the advisability of giving the woman notice, replied that she was such a clever maid, and such a favourite with Rosamond, that Lady Eleanora would not like to take such a decisive step in her absence. Esther was willing to take the responsibility, as far as Rosamond was concerned, upon her own shoulders; but Lady Eleanora could not be brought to consent. The master and mistress of the house could not be easily communicated with. They were moving constantly, and letters were frequently lost or delayed. So things went on much as before, the chief change being in Jessie herself, and one that Esther welcomed, for instead of being engrossed in anticipations of every little summer gaiety that now began to be talked of, she rather shrank from the idea of garden-parties and tennis-matches, and was willing to let Esther impose a course of reading, and superintend a more regular method of practice in *playing* and singing, than she had ever had patience for before.

Indeed, Esther's difficulties with the girls seemed almost to have come to an end. Ethel was really attached to her, and showed signs of a depth and purpose of character which made her conversation and companionship a real pleasure; and though Trixie still con-

tinued something of a tom-boy and hoyden, she ceased to be impertinent or openly rebellious, and Esther's authority, exercised gently and tactfully as it was, was submitted to cheerfully and without protest.

Esther, too, was getting to know the people round, and to make friends amongst them of her own. The Lelands she found pleasant and refined, and was very glad when it was suggested that Maud Leland should join Jessie's studies, and that Jessie should go to her for drawing-lessons under a good master. Maud was a gentle girl, with no very strong character of her own, but refined and cultivated, and her companionship was good for Jessie. She could talk to this friend about "that dreadful ball," and meet sympathetic replies. For Maud had been there, and had felt a good deal scandalised at Jessie's appearance in such a guise and in such company; but she did not therefore think that her friend's whole future career was ruined, and she brought her round to a more placid and reasonable frame of mind.

What pleased Esther most was to see an end put to the silly flutterings of vanity and self-consciousness whenever young Lord Derwent's name was mentioned. Jessie had grown up with the idea that it was a pretty thing to be supposed to have a lover, or at least an admirer, who could never look another way whilst she was present. She had played the coquette with Everard as long as she could, but since she had merged from childhood into the young lady of fashion, he had altered his style of treatment, and changed the caressing attention a young man often bestows on a pretty and winning little girl into a quiet brotherliness, which in its frank friendliness was disconcerting to any attempts at small flirtation. And then from foolish hints dropped by one and another in her hearing, the girl had got it into her head that it would be a fine thing to be engaged—or to be supposed to be engaged—to young Lord Derwent, who had been a friend and playfellow ever since childhood. So she had dropped her airs and graces where Everard was concerned and given her mind to meetings with the Viscount, and had made some considerable way with him, which success had chiefly inspired her determination to be at the ball to complete her conquest of him with her beauty and her diamonds.

But the *fiasco* of that evening had not only disgusted her with herself, but with everything connected with her unlucky escapade, and she quite disliked the thought of meeting any of the people from the Castle. She would rather walk five miles now than meet Lord Derwent after his pointed neglect on the memorable evening; and as her head was so much less full of nonsense and castle-building, she was able to prosecute her studies the better, and Maud's companionship gave just the stimulus lacking when she was alone.

Then Everard, though he had shown that he thought she had been a very foolish child, was kinder and more friendly to her since he saw how ashamed she really felt; and he was pleased with her improvement in her music, and came in often after dinner to hear how she was getting on. She could join rather better now in the talk between the elders, for she read the paper to her grandmother when Esther was busy, and her wits did not go wool-gathering all the while, as of old, so that she began to take some interest in the leading questions of the day, and to find that everything was not hopelessly dull that did not bear on dress and amusement.

But whilst Esther's anxieties about the girls were on the decline, the boys began to give her more trouble once again. Humphrey was always pleasant and courteous, and seemed to be fond of her; but as the summer days lengthened out he was less and less at home; and as for Dacre, she sometimes never saw him at all after he had left the house in the morning. There was no special anxiety with regard to Humphrey. He was all his time playing tennis or cricket with his friends round, and the only question raised about him was whether he did not give too much time to amusement, and whether it was possible for him to prepare his next day's work satisfactorily when he came in so late, tired out with his exertions. But beyond that doubt his absences from home occasioned no uneasiness; and Esther, who believed in healthy amusement for young people, saw no real reason to torment herself on his account. But with Dacre it was different. She had no notion where his time was spent. He had ceased to talk to her at meal-times when they met. In proportion as she gained ground with the others she seemed to lose it with him. It appeared as if the "contrariness" of his nature—as the old nurse called it—came out in this very way. So long as Esther had been snubbed and kept down, as it were, and treated coldly by all the others, so long had Dacre, at any rate by fits and starts, taken her part, and made common cause with her, when the humour was on him, and the first insolent antagonism had been conquered; but now that Esther had made friends with the others; now that Ethel ran after her whenever she could get the chance; when Jessie consulted her and was guided by her advice, and Trixie controlled her tongue and obeyed the rules laid down without much murmuring; so in proportion did Dacre slack off from the little attentions he had begun to offer, and assume his old air of reckless indifference. There were times when he was almost as insolent as of old, and altogether there stole into his look and bearing a nameless something that gave Esther an uneasy instinct that he was getting into bad company. His health was much better in warm weather than cold. Heat which tried others seemed to suit him perfectly, and he revelled in it, and gained strength and energy, though often looking frail and worn, as though he were living too fast.

Esther spoke to him and to Lady Eleanora, but gained little from either. The boy replied with cool indifference that he was not going to be dictated to or led at a woman's apron-strings; and the old lady said that she never could do anything with Dacre, that he was such a high-spirited boy there was no holding him, and that with his parents so far away there seemed no appeal to higher authority. But she was not really uneasy. She was too fond of Dacre and too proud of him to believe in his getting into serious mischief. Esther saw very plainly that her words were wasted, and she kept her anxieties to herself, or only spoke of them to Everard Chester. But though he shared them, he too seemed to have less influence over Dacre than of old. The boy avoided him, as it was perfectly easy to do now that he was so little at home, and even on Sundays he took care to be mostly out of the way; and when the two did meet, there was something in Dacre's indifferent and jaunty bearing which plainly told that he did not intend to be lectured by anybody.

It was at a pic-nic party in July that Esther's fears took definite shape, and then it was only the sight of a familiar face that recalled her old instincts and fears. The day had been a success. Even Jessie had enjoyed it, notwithstanding the fact that Lord and Lady Easterby and their family had been there; and her bearing had been so much more unassuming and modest than usual that Esther thought she had never appeared to better advantage, and not even the attentions of young Lord Derwent had turned her head or brought out that little affectation and artificial self-consciousness which had done much to spoil her before. She was younger both in her manner and style of dress from thinking less of the one and following Esther's advice with regard to the other, and accordingly she had gained immeasurably in real charm and fascination. Esther was pleased with all her young charges that day, and had received some compliments from Lady Easterby on the reformation she had managed to effect; and so it had been a pleasant day on the whole, and Esther was wandering once more alone round the old ruin, which had been the scene of the gathering, when the sound of low voices in an underground chamber arrested her attention, and she turned her steps in that direction, not for a moment suspecting that the speakers wished to be unobserved.

There were two doors to the crypt-like chamber in which the conference was going on, and Esther, as she entered by one, saw outlined against the other two figures well known to her. One was that of Dacre, who was leaning against the door-post in earnest conversation with a companion, who, as Esther saw at a glance, was none other than the man Miller, of whom she hoped she had seen the last some time before. Dacre had once told her that he had left Harmer, and since that time not a word had been heard of him so far as she knew. He had never applied for a character, and she had hoped his connection with Dacre was entirely severed.

She saw his face distinctly in the glow of the western sun which was shining upon it. Certainly no improvement had taken place there. He had always had

a very evil expression—at least, so she had thought—even when it had been his interest to look his best and smooth his countenance as far as possible to meet enquiring eyes. Now that she saw him at ease and off his guard, she was struck anew by the villainy of the countenance, and greatly wondered that a lad of Dacre's clearness of sight and fastidious instincts could be blinded for a moment by the character of such a creature.

For a moment she wondered whether it would be advisable or not to interrupt the colloquy, but on the whole she thought it better not to interfere. She had no real authority over Dacre, and in his present mood all she said would only be likely to stir up the worst feelings of his nature. But the pleasure of the day was gone for her, and it was with a grave face and abstracted air that she drove home with her young charges a little later. Dacre had ridden, and was independent of the carriage. She did not even see him, and it was quite late before he got in. He gave no account of himself, or any reason for his lateness, but ordered something to eat, and took himself off to bed. Esther wondered if he would mention Miller to her or anybody else, but certainly she had no expectation of having the subject introduced in the fashion in which it was.

Two days had passed without a word, when upon the third, as Esther entered the drawing-room after a stroll in the garden during Lady Eleanora's nap, she was surprised to find Dacre in close confabulation with his grandmother, and as Esther advanced he looked up at her with a sort of triumphant insolence, as if he had scored a point over her, and were rejoicing in her defeat.

"Thank you, granny," he said, rising to his feet. "I knew I could make *you* see sense and act in a reasonable and kindly way"—the meaning of the emphasis on the pronoun was not to be mistaken. "Well, I am very glad myself, and so will the poor fellow be, and very grateful too. I will see him very soon and tell him. I shall be very glad to have a groom on the place again who knows how to look after the black filly. She has been going to ruin since Miller left. That old slow-going coachman hasn't a notion of breaking."

Esther had not spoken a word all this time, and Lady Eleanora was moving rather uneasily in her chair.

"I did not exactly say it was settled yet, Dacre," she said; "I only said, under the circumstances of the case, that I saw no great objection myself, if you can answer for his good conduct. But I should like to speak to your aunt first. It was she who dismissed him in the first place."

"Oh, yes; we none of us forget that," answered Dacre, with some significance.

"Dacre," continued Lady Eleanora, addressing Esther directly now, "has been asking me to take back that groom you dismissed a few months ago. It seems he has met the poor fellow, who is very sorry for his misdoings, and promises never to repeat them; and he has told Dacre that he is reduced to the greatest straits owing to his inability to get a place, after being ejected in such a summary way from here. He came to us with a good character; and he pleads it was a first offence, and he did it to please the young gentlemen, though he knows he had no business to take them to such a place. Anyway, he is very anxious to have another trial—even if it is only for six months—so as to win back so much of a character as shall enable him to obtain another situation. Dacre is certain of his sincerity, and will take the responsibility of the step upon himself. Do you see any objection to it? I confess I do not."

"I am afraid I do," answered Esther, who had been looking at the mocking light in Dacre's eyes as his grandmother had been speaking, and had little faith either in the man's repentance or Dacre's motive for wishing him back. "Miller may call that flagrant breach of all rule, and of every law of honesty and humanity a *first* offence, but it was nothing of the kind. He had been grossly impertinent again and again; and is it likely that the very first time he led those boys into mischief it should be to take them to such a disgusting spectacle as that?—or that he would have the confidence to come in the worse for drink, and actually sit down to table with them in his master's house? Does it not all point to the conclusion that there had been doings of a similar kind before going on undetected? To a man of Miller's type an offence only becomes an offence when it is exposed, but that is not your standard or mine. Whether it is Dacre's, he knows better than we. I hope it may not be so."

Dacre stood up with a fierce sneer on his pale face.

"Oh, yes—go on! If one wants real charity, go to one of your superfine, loud-professing people, who think so much of themselves and their Christianity. I don't profess much myself, but when a poor fellow who has done wrong comes and says he is sorry, and begs for a chance of redeeming his character, I have the charity to say—'Give him another chance.' It is your fine philanthropists and devout saints who say, 'Kick him out and let him go to the dogs as fast as he likes. We will have nothing to do with him.' Now, granny, you have got to choose which side you will take. Will you hit a man when he is down, and make it impossible for him ever to rise again? or will you give him a helping hand, and lift him out of the mire, and be the means, perhaps, of reclaiming him and making him an honest and upright man again?"

Poor Lady Eleanora looked from one to the other, plainly eager to please Dacre, yet rather shaken by Esther's look of gravity and the unrelenting lines of her face.

"What do you say, my dear?" she asked. "I am sure you have a kind heart. You would not wish to turn your back on a man who was really repentant?"

"Certainly not. It is only because I have strong doubts of this man's repentance that I wish him excluded from the house. There was no sign of sorrow when he left, and two months is a short space in which to look for a real change of character or habit. Whether, if this repentance should be sincere, this is the best house for him to prove it in might be an open question; but suppose, before deciding the matter, some other person sees Miller, and speaks to him seriously, and sees what can be made of him. Mr. Chester might perhaps be the best person to select if he would be so kind——"

But Dacre interposed angrily with a hot flush upon his cheek.

"I tell you I will have none of Everard's interference in this matter, or of yours either, Miss Egerton, if it comes to that. I will bring Miller here and granny shall see him. It is as my groom he will come, if he comes at all, and you will have nothing at all to do with him. I will take granny's opinion on the matter. She has the sense and tolerance that come with experience; but as for you—I would not give a dog I cared for into your tender mercies. If you thought he had infringed some moral law of your own manufacture, you would be perfectly merciless, and never speak a kind word to him again. I will abide by granny's decision and nobody's else."

Esther said no more. She had seldom seen Dacre absolutely violent before, and realised when she did so what was meant by the saying that people were afraid of him. She was afraid Lady Eleanora would give way to him in this matter simply to keep the peace, and it did not surprise her two days later to hear that Miller was to be taken on again. Lady Eleanora honestly believed in his repentance; but Esther felt an uneasy presentiment that mischief would yet follow such a step.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE WHO IS SEEKING THE KINGDOM.—We best extend Christ's work when our own duties are most carefully performed, for we are known to others by our fruits and by our love to others, our sweet tempers and dispositions. He does not require of us great things, but the daily life of faith. We are to be the *leaven* of the world, so we cannot give it up; indeed, if we walk aright we shall soon find plenty to do in the way of His service. It is our fault to be always looking for great things, when perhaps the little works of love at home are quite neglected.

LADY SYBIL and ETHEL DAVIES.—1. The curfew bell was rung in the time of William I. and William II. The name was derived from the French *couvrefeu*, and they indicated the hour at which all lights were to be extinguished. A very interesting old cracked curfew-bell still rings every evening from an ancient tower at Rouen. Prior to the Conquest, the evensong bell used to ring for vespers.—2. "Curfew shall not ring to-night" is from a poem by Rose H. Thorpe.

POETASTER'S rhymes are doggrel, but she may do better some day.

ERIN'S question appears like another instance of "counting your chickens," etc.; perhaps the young man may not ask her to marry him after all.

ELLEN ADAIR.—We think no certificate of baptism would be required.

MISS AGAR.—We do not understand from your note what you mean by a "letter book."

A SOLICITOR'S DAUGHTER.—You should cultivate the habit of rewarding every attention and service rendered you by your betrothed husband with thanks, or with a smile. To omit such recognition is not only churlish, but unkind, and carried on into your married life would lay the foundation for much unhappiness and unspoken bitterness.

ILOAPRASDING.—You had better tell your mother. There appears really nothing to conceal from her.

ENQUIRER.—Nothing is the matter. You have a very delicate skin, apparently.

LARNA DOONE.—Not very original, but fairly correct verses.

NETTA LONDON.—"Cara" is Italian, and means "dear"; "carissima" is "dearest"; "amicus" is "a friend," in Latin; "Amor vincit," "Love conquers," also Latin.

CLAUDIA and NOBODY'S DARLING must consult a doctor.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Such albums are generally filled up with the sketches of friends in water-colours or pencil, original poetry, or such selected pieces as your friends may write for you.

OH! SO SWEET.—Bathe the weak ankles in salt and water frequently.

BESS must send her stories round to the magazines—that is the only way to find out if they are valuable. Enclose stamps and address for return, and do not be discouraged if they come back many times.

FIDO'S poetry seems to be prose, not even rhymed, and contains such a quantity of big words that it is quite remarkable.

CECIL.—"Cannot" is usually written as one word.

UNE FILLE ANGLAISE could learn a great deal of shorthand, if she possesses enough perseverance, without a master; but we cannot say how much she has, so cannot answer her somewhat prophetic question.—2. In introducing two people, name the youngest first—"Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Smith."

TITHE.—We think you should include pew-rent in the tenth part of all.

P. W. A.—Enquire at the office of the Registrar.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—Miss Nightingale is still living.

DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—Boys do not talk so early as girls, according to old nurses' experience. There seems no reason for anxiety.

EDWARD MONTGOMERY'S dejected verses lack all poetic merit, and are not even grammatically correct. Still, they were no doubt consolatory to himself, or herself.

KIT.—Send the monthly parts of GIRL'S OWN PAPER by post; you can have them weighed at any post office.

A TALLYITE.—1. The sugar and cream are usually put in last, after the tea.—2. Astore is Irish, and means "darling."

MOST MISERABLE.—Perhaps you take supper before going to bed, and your digestion has not done its work when you go to sleep. This would produce nightmare and unpleasant dreams. When you go to bed, try to recall all the many blessings and comforts you have enjoyed during the day—food, raiment, shelter, the companionship of relatives or friends, their preservation from sickness, accidents, loss of property; and your own—pleasant letters received, or preservation from evil tidings; the blessed promises of the Gospel; still prolonged day of grace to you and yours, none of which have you deserved; and for all of which you should remember to thank your Heavenly Father when you lie down to sleep. Then commend yourself and those you love to His care, and rest in peace, having sought forgiveness through the Blood of the Cross.

FANTANA.—The general cause of moles appears to be unknown, but exposure to the sun will produce them.

ARGUMENT.—The letter "h" is sounded in humble and hospital, not in honourable, hour, heir, honesty. In humour and hostler it is also mute.

GREEN MANTLE; CRITIC'S VICTIM.—Not poetry—rhymed prose, and poor at that.

MISS M. P.—Enquire of a bookseller.

ROSE.—The wearing of orange blossoms at weddings is derived from the Saracens, and has been adopted by us since the time of the Crusades. However, the general use of that flower as significant of a marriage is comparatively modern.

RED RIDINGHOOD enquires why a coward is said to "show the white feather." It is because gamecocks, cruelly employed in fighting, never have white feathers. Should one appear, it shows that the bird is not of a pure breed.

MRS. H. A. PHILLIPS.—Articles on girls' Christian names are given in the "G. O. P.," vol. iv., pp. 39, 134, 235, 355, and 381.

HAMPSHIRE LASSIE must try through an office or an advertisement for the situation she needs. She would require a good knowledge of arithmetic.

SAD-HEARTED BESS probably errs through lack of love. The lesson left us to learn is love; and if we do not learn to practise it, we shall never realise the love and eternal presence of our heavenly Father. In that love and presence "we live, and move, and have our being," and we shall have, and realise, the best happiness of our lives in the unselfish love and service of others.

OLD MAID.—Nineteen is very young to be married. You can quite afford to comply with your mother's wishes, and wait a year at least. No one should marry without having something certain to depend upon, and some little money in hand for a rainy day.

TRESTRISTE.—We could not pronounce any opinion on your state of health and origin of your symptoms as perfect strangers. Go to a dispensary or hospital, or to a doctor who gives advice gratis in the early forenoon, and you will get a more reliable opinion, and the benefit of advice. We do not know where you live; but if you come into town, you might go to the dispensary of the New Women's Hospital in Marylebone Road.

JOE, GRATEFUL ONE.—Moist hands constitute a great trouble to many of our girls. They may be treated in mild cases with very hot ablutions, and after careful drying they may be powdered with pulverised Fuller's earth or oxide of zinc. Lemon in slices may also be used in washing the hands, without soap. If none of these milder remedies will answer, you might try tannic acid; two or three drachms to a pint of water, or the same amount of alum. You should also try a tonic, and you should avoid beer, tea, coffee, and pickles and spiced dishes, and live much in the open air.

NEWCASTLE LASSIE.—We think the letter was answered. We are sorry to hear of your illness, and hope you may not be quite so bad as you believe.

JESSIE.—There are so many reciters now published at a cheap rate that you had far better buy one which will contain the kind of poems you need. You should try and suit them to your audience if possible. "What to Read at Entertainments," published at this office, is heartily recommended.

The Editor thanks most heartily the following readers for their kind remembrances and Christmas cards:—"Flox"; Georgie Holiwell (Quebec); "Bobby"; A Reader at Hale Heath (Liverpool); Augusta Hancock; "Tall and Fair"; Two Annual Subscribers; "Flying Spur"; "Jessie"; A. G. H.; Queenie (Newfoundland); Alice K.; Mary P., and many others sent anonymously.

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AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



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BAD NEWS.

CHAPTER XX.

"HAVE YOU FOUND HIM, FRANK?"

AVERIL was somewhat surprised when, two hours later, Frank Harland made his appearance. His father had a touch of gout, he explained. He had come in his stead to offer his services. He listened attentively as Averil put him in possession of the few facts.

"I will go down to the club at once," he said, starting up with a businesslike air, that seemed to promise efficient masculine aid. "Don't trouble more than you can help, Averil. I shall be sure to find out everything from some of the men. I expect the foolish fellow has got into difficulties, and is keeping himself dark."

Mrs. Willmot cheered up a little when Averil imparted the young lawyer's view of the case; her imagination ceased to dwell so exclusively on hospital wards and fractured limbs. She had horrified Maud and Lottie by mysterious hints of belated folks smuggled into dark entries. "How do I know he is not made away with by ruffians?" she had sobbed; and Maud, who had reached the limits of her endurance, and who was suffering secretly the deadly sickness of remorse, silenced her with impatient harshness.

"Mother, you will drive me crazy," she said at last. "Why will you say such things? It is cruel to us!"—and Mrs. Willmot, who was easily quelled by her eldest daughter, relapsed into weak tears.

It was Annette who came to Maud's relief at last. "Let her talk to me," she said quietly. "The air will do you good; this room is so close. She can say what she likes to me, and it will not hurt—not as it hurts you. Oh, I know all about it. She must talk; it is her only relief"—and, to Maud's surprise, she placed herself beside the poor lady. "*You will* talk to me, will you not?" she said, taking her hand in her pretty, earnest way. "I will listen to you—oh, yes, I will listen! I think there is a difference in people—some are so silent in their grief. What is it you fear? Surely the good God will take care of your son! You have prayed to Him? No!"—as Mrs. Willmot shook her head—"then no wonder you are miserable! When one cannot pray there is no help."

A swift pang of regret crossed Maud's mind as she heard these simple words. They had treated Annette badly; they had ignored her existence as far as possible, and this was the kindly return she was making them.

Maud felt as though she hated herself as she paced restlessly up and down the garden walks, straining her ears for the sound of Frank's wheels. "What have I ever done in my life?" she thought bitterly. "Have I considered anyone but myself? I deserve my punishment; I deserve all this suspense and misery!" But so wretched was her mood, that though her repentance was real, and there was nothing she would not have done to ease her mother's mind, she could find no word for Averil when she joined her.

"Dear Maud, I think this is worse for you than for anyone," whispered Averil, affectionately, looking into the brilliant, strained eyes, that seemed as though they could not shed a tear. "I know how trying it has been; but Annette is managing your mother so nicely."

"Don't, Averil; I can't talk," returned Maud, hoarsely; and she turned away. No, she could not talk. Averil meant kindly, but it was not for her to understand. "If anything happens to Rodney it will be my fault—mine," she murmured, as she resumed her restless walk.

It seemed hours before Frank returned. Averil met him in the hall, and took him into her own room.

"Well," she asked, breathlessly, as she leant against a table, "have you found him, Frank?"

He shook his head. "He was not there. No one knows exactly where he is. Will you sit down?" bringing her a chair, and compelling her with gentle force to rest. "There is no need to stand, for I have much to tell you."

"Ah! then you have found out all about it?" and Frank nodded.

"He is in money difficulties—I was sure of that from the first. I have seen Forbes, and he has told me all. That fellow Townley—he seems to be a precious cad—got him to put his name to a bill some months ago. It has been renewed. Well, I will spare you all that part. I need only tell you that Townley behaved like a mean hound about it. He knew all the time that he was sold up, and that they would come on Rodney."

"Was it for a large amount?"

"It was for three hundred and fifty pounds—a pretty sum for a young fellow to pay who is living on his mother! He made the poor boy believe that it was just a matter of form—that he would not be implicated in the least."

"Frank, I will pay it. It is sad to throw my father's money away, but we must clear Rodney. He has been duped by this man."

"Stop! There is more to tell. It is a very bad business altogether. They left the club together last evening—they had been dining with Forbes—and the vexation and terror, and the wine he had taken, had got into the poor fellow's head. He was in an awful rage when he left the club—they all say that—but Townley was only sneering and laughing at him. Forbes says he heard Rodney mutter that he would have his revenge, and, not quite liking the look of things, he lit his cigar and followed them."

"Wait a moment, Frank," and Averil caught at his arm a moment. She was white to her lips. Then, after a minute—"Now go on. I will try to bear it!" And Frank obeyed her.

"Forbes did not like to follow them too closely, or to act as a spy, but he could see they were quarrelling. They had turned into a quieter street, as though to carry on their discussion without hindrance, and after a time they stood still under a lamp-post. Forbes was hesitating whether he should pass them or not, when he heard Rodney say, 'You have done for me; but I will be even with you,' and then he raised his hand and gave him a terrible blow, and the next moment he saw Townley fall."

Averil moved her lips, but no words came.

"Forbes rushed up to them and thrust Rodney away. 'You have killed him,' he said. And for the minute he thought he was speaking the truth. Townley had fallen and struck the back of his head against the curb; he was insensible, but not dead. As he knelt down and tried to support him in his arms a policeman hurried up to him. 'I saw it done, sir,' he said, excitedly, 'and I tried to nab the gentleman; but he was too quick for me. One of my mates is giving him chase. He is not dead, is he, sir?' 'No; I can feel his heart beat,' returned Forbes. 'You must get me a cab, and I will take him round to his rooms—they are not far from here.' And then he went on to tell me how they took him home and sent for the doctor, and how the physician feared concussion of the brain. Forbes thinks he will not die. Don't look so white, Averil."

"Ah! I did not see you, Miss Seymour," as Maud's rigid face appeared in the window. Evidently she had heard all.

"Rodney—where is he?" she asked. But her voice was almost inaudible; and Frank went on addressing Averil.

"No one knows what has become of him. I have enquired at Scotland Yard, but it appears he eluded the man who chased him. He is in hiding somewhere. Don't you see, Averil, he is suffering a double fear. Townley had told him the Jews would be down on him, and Forbes' statement that he had killed Townley made him feel himself a murderer. He dare not come home for fear of being arrested; and our difficulty is—where are we to look for him?"

"Oh, Frank, this is dreadful! What are we to do?" But Maud said nothing. She leant against Averil's chair with her despairing eyes fixed on Frank's face.

"We can do little at present, I fear. Until Townley is out of danger we dare not hazard an advertisement. It would only put them on his track. I can set a special agent to work, and, if you wish it, we can settle with Isaacs about the bill."

"Yes, yes; I do wish it!"

"Then it shall be done at once. I am not without hopes, Averil, that he may find means to communicate with us. I am sure if Townley recover that we shall hear from him soon."

"And if he die?"

"Then he will get out of the country. But for that he will need money. But I

have a strong conviction that he will not die. Now I will go and see after this business, and come back to you when I have settled it."

"But you must not go without your dinner. I told Roberts that we would have a cold supper to-night. Go into the dining-room, Frank, and I will send someone to look after you. I must go to Mrs. Willmot now."

Frank was not unwilling to refresh his inner man. He went off obediently. He blessed Averil in his heart when a few minutes later Annette came into the room.

"My cousin wishes me to attend to you," she said, in her serious, sedate way. "Lottie is out, and Miss Seymour is engaged. What is there that I can get you. There is cold lamb and salad, and a mayonnaise of salmon."

"I will help myself, and you shall sit and talk to me," returned Frank, who was quite equal to the occasion. There was something restful to him in the girl's tranquil unconsciousness. Frank's heart beat a little faster as she took the chair beside him, and talked to him in her soft voice.

"It is too terrible; there is no English word to express it. You must find him, Mr. Harland—you and Monsieur—or my poor cousin will break her heart. You have hope, you say. That is well. In every case one must always have hope."

"I will not leave a stone unturned, you may be sure of that," replied the young man, fervently. He was ready to promise anything to this gentle dark-eyed girl, who seemed to repose such faith in him. Something of the old chivalrous feeling came into Frank's heart as he listened to her; a longing to be her true knight—hers and Averil's—and to hew his way through any obstacles.

"I shall not be here again to-night," he said, as he took a cup of coffee from her hand. "It is late now, and I must consult my father. But to-morrow—will you tell Averil that I will be here as early as possible. I shall see you then!" looking at her enquiringly.

"But certainly! Why not?" she rejoined with naïve surprise. "This rose—it is one of the last—will you give it to Monsieur?"

"Monsieur—it is always Monsieur," he returned, rather dolefully. "I wish you thought of me half as much."

"But I think of you always," she replied, simply, "when I remember all my good friends."

Frank was obliged to content himself with this temperate compliment. It was this simplicity, this childlike, truthful nature, that had drawn Frank to her from the first. "I have never seen any girl like her," he said to his *confidante*, Louie, that night. "But with all her sweetness I doubt if she care for me in the least."

"You will have to find that out for yourself by-and-by," returned Louie, in her sensible matter-of-fact way. In her heart she thought no one could be good enough for her brother. Louie's ideal sister-in-law would have been an impossible combination of beauty, intellect, and amiability—a walking miracle of virtues. She honestly believed that there was no man living to equal her father and Frank. Annette was very nice, but she almost wished that Frank had not been so hasty in his choice.

Mr. Harland quite forgot his gout as he listened to his son. He rubbed up his grey hair with mingled annoyance and perplexity.

"I always told Averil the lad was as weak as water," he said irritably. "I hope that crazy mother of his is content with her work now. They have brought things to a pretty pass between them. Why, it seems to me that he has only just missed killing the man."

"I am afraid that Rodney thinks he has done for him. I wish we could find him, father—the poor fellow must be suffering a martyrdom."

"And serve him right too," returned Mr. Harland, with unusual severity, and then he and his son plunged into a long business discussion.

It was a miserable evening at Redfern House. Averil could not leave her step-mother, who was in a *pitiable condition* of mind and body. Maud at last suggested that Dr. Radnor, who knew her mother's constitution, should send her a composing draught; and as this took immediate effect, they were at last set free. Lottie and Annette found it impossible to settle to their ordinary occupations, and after supper they sat out in the moonlight, talking in low, subdued tones of the sad events of the day. Lottie, who was very tender-hearted, and easily moved by other people's feelings, cried at intervals; she was fond of her cousin in spite of his love of teasing, and the thought of him lonely and unhappy oppressed her sadly.

"I was afraid we were too happy," she murmured. "I don't think I have ever been so happy in my life. It has been such a beautiful summer—it brought you, my dear Fairy Order, and oh, lots of nice things."

"It will not be always dark," replied Annette, quietly. "Look at that sky, my Lottie; how the little stars are shining through the cloud. Presently it will pass away. Oh, there is my cousin coming in search of us."

Yes, Averil had come to fetch them. It was late, very late, she said, and they would be safer in bed. Unwin had offered to watch that night. Averil could not rid herself of the thought, that perhaps in the darkness of the night their poor boy might steal into his home. "He will see the light, and then he will know we are expecting him," she said to herself, as she followed the two girls upstairs.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Under the Rose.

The common saying, "Under the rose," means privately or secretly. The rose in olden times was, it is said, sacred to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and, therefore, was frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the receiving of guests.

It meant that whatever was spoken there was not to be made public. When anyone was desirous that her words should be confined to the breasts of those present, she would preface her remarks by the words—"Remember we are under the rose."

The Gospel of Kindness.—"I see in this world," says John Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and the other of human misery. Now if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

Dr. Arnold of Rugby's Sister.

In the *Life of Dr. Arnold* there is a letter in which he gives the following remembrance of his sister, long the victim of hopeless disease: "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking of herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, or about the making of a doll's cap for a child—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless: enjoying with the keenest relish everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's work or man's; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work."

Her Home-made Bread.

Lady of the House: "Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day."

Tramp: "Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive."

Prudent Counsel.

'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true,
'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before we are on with the new.

—*Old Song.*

Answer to Enigma II. (p. 263.)

No where. Now here.

Disappointment. (A missing letter.)

L s t h t l l h r d t s k s n d r t
S s t r s t h t f l l s h l l p s s p r t
N d f t l c r f t m n s p l n s c n t h w r t.

Ximena.

THE SPIRIT OF FUN IN LITERATURE AND ART;

OR,

THE WORKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE WORLD LAUGH.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER III.



CHARLES LAMB, one of the most genial of English humorists, was, says one of his contemporaries, a man, "with as true a heart as ever beat in human bosom." Of all the famous authors who lived in the early part of this century—and there were not a few of them—he was perhaps the most singular and individual, as well as the most lovable.

In the *Essays of Elia*, on which his reputation rests, we have a work that has exercised a powerful charm over an ever-growing company of readers. De Quincey, the English opium eater, records his conviction that these essays are "amongst the most elaborately-finished gems of literature, cabinet specimens which express the utmost delicacy, purity, and tenderness of the national intellect, together with the rarest felicity of finish and expression." They overflow with nonsense, and nonsense, too, of a most original sort. There is no malice in it: it is a vein of pleasantry without a grain of ill-nature.

The life of Lamb was as beautiful and interesting as anything he ever wrote, and girls yet unacquainted with it have a rare pleasure to come. Its most prominent feature is the devotion with which he watched over his sister Mary, who in a moment of insanity, when Charles was about twenty-two years of age, had stabbed her mother to the heart. Nothing was ever read about more touching and yet more heroic.

For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage—all hope of "the Fair-haired" whose image yet flits across his page in later years, glimpses of a bygone dream—and with an income of scarcely more than a hundred a year, derived from a clerkship, cheerfully set out on the journey of life with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant fear of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it.

His ordinary look, we are told, was grave; but it lightened up occasionally, and was capable of sudden merriment. "His laugh," says Barry Cornwall, "was seldom excited by jokes merely ludicrous: it was never spiteful; and his quiet smile was sometimes inexpressibly sweet; perhaps it had a touch of sadness in it."

He always went dressed entirely in black. "I take it," he said, "to be the proper colour of an author." At a wedding this was objected to, on which he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable—that he "had no other."

He was a real Cockney. He detested the country as cordially as he enjoyed London. After a visit paid to Cumberland and Westmoreland, he was asked how he had felt among the lakes and mountains; he answered that he was obliged to think of the ham and beef shop near St. Martin's Lane.

Lamb's literary style is purely his own. It has been called affected, forced, and unnatural. But with all its mannerisms it really came quite natural to him, and was his way of habitually expressing himself, as we may see if we read his delightful correspondence with his friends.

The most often quoted of the *Essays* is the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," and a very funny piece it is. But girls who read that will only have their appetite sharpened for reading farther. They will read those "In Praise of Chimney Sweeps;" on "Poor Relations;" on "All Fools' Day;" on "Valentine's Day;" on "The Old Margate Hoy"—but there is no use enumerating any more; let them just begin at the beginning and read on to the end.

As an example of the peculiar humour to be found in Lamb, let us take this extract from the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies." Girls who hail from the other side of the Tweed will not be offended at his poking fun at their fellow-countrymen, but will join in the laugh, and perhaps acknowledge that underlying the fun is just a little truth.

It is in an autobiographical key, like the rest of the *Essays*. "I am," says Lamb, "a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. . . . I cannot *like* all people alike.

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. . . . There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. . . .

"As for the true Caledonian, his brain (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. . . . He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. . . . His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak on the square with him.

"He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book!' said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle. 'Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.'

"Above all you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful figure after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ——. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked *My Beauty* (a foolish name it goes by among my friends), when he gravely assured me that 'he had considerable respect for my character and talents'—so he was pleased to say—'but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.' The misconception staggered me but did not seem much to disconcert him.

"Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation.

"I was present not long since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression—in my South British way—that I wished it were the father instead of the son, when four of them started up at once to inform me that 'that was impossible because he was dead.' A impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive."

There is a marked contrast in personal character between Charles Lamb and Theodore Hook, who is the next on our list. Lamb, by his devotion to duty and life of prudence and self-sacrifice, secures respect and affection, but little else than feelings of regret are excited when we read about Hook, who, though he possessed extraordinary abilities, had neither prudence nor common sense, without which all other gifts are useless.

In his day—he was born in 1788 and died in 1841—Hook was one of the most popular of men, his conversational talents making him much sought after in society. "Well worth his dinner to entertain a company," says a contemporary of a calculating turn of mind. In conversation his abilities shone even more conspicuously than they did in his writings. Lockhart mentions that he had seen him in company with very many of the most eminent men of his time, and never, till he was near his end, carried home the impression that he had been surpassed.

As an author, he started by writing farces and melodramas full of impudent fun. His first novel was published when he was only twenty years of age, but it was not till much later in life that he made his mark in this line of literature. His best novels are *Maxwell*, *Love and Pride*, *Gilbert Gurney*—an autobiographical story—*Jack Brag*, *Gurney Married*, and *Peregrine Bunce*.

The wit and humour in his books, just as in his life, were unfortunately apt to degenerate into mere buffoonery. He never did himself justice, but though his defects are great, he even nowadays has proved a source of interest and amusement, and may claim to be remembered on better grounds than merely that he found favour with our grandparents.

"In the exuberance of exulting glee," says J. G. Lockhart, "with which he elaborates detached scenes of pretension, affectation, the monomanias of idiosyncrasy, he has had no parallel since Smollett and Foote: he perhaps leaves even them behind him in the magical felicity of phrase with which he brings out the ludicrous picturesque. Like all other first-rate humorists, he betrays everywhere the substratum of solid sagacity; and like them all, except Swift, he is genial. He comprehends human nature, and no one

makes better sport with it; but it is never doubtful that he loved his kind, and contemplated the follies of others with a consciousness of his own frailty.

From him we pass to Sydney Smith, the witty dean of St. Paul's. Like Hook, Sydney Smith was a diner-out of the first lustre—one who could at will set the table in a roar. But here the resemblance ceases. The dean had prudence and self-control, which the other had not. "He was," says the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "the wisest of witty men, and the wittiest of wise men." His buoyant humour carried ballast; and whilst he had the art to play with life, it is quite clear that he felt its responsibilities.

Macaulay, the historian, speaks of him as the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift. But there was a great difference between him and Swift, which has been pointed out with natural pride by Lady Holland, Sydney Smith's daughter. "There is not a single line in his writings," she says, "that might not be placed before the purity of youth, or that is unfit for the eye of a woman. He has exercised his powers of wit and sarcasm to the utmost without ever sullying his pages with impurities or degrading his talents and profession by irreligion, and this, I believe, can in very few instances be asserted of any other humorous writer, either French or English, who has used such powers to any great extent."

It was Sydney Smith who, at the end of a five years' residence in Edinburgh, first suggested the idea of the *Edinburgh Review*, and he resided long enough afterwards in the modern Athens to edit the first number. He was not very well off then, and it may be from his own experience that he was led to propose as the motto for the *Review*—"Tenui musam meditamur avena"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." About two years before he had married an English girl, and the sole worldly goods with which he was able to endow her at the moment were six battered silver teaspoons. "There, Kate, you lucky girl," he said, as he threw them in her lap, "I give you all my fortune."

He continued writing for the *Edinburgh Review* for a quarter of a century, and his brilliant articles were a main element in its success. "They were not merely," says Professor Minto, "the most readable, the most entertaining; the solidity of substance and the seriousness of purpose were quite as indisputable as the brilliancy of the execution. The writer seemed to grapple with the gravest political and social questions in the highest of spirits, yet he never lost sight of his aim in purposeless buffoonery; and however heartily the reader might be made to laugh, the laughter was always directed at what seemed to the writer absurd and unreasonable opinion."

People who write much cannot be expected to write all things equally well, and so it was with Sydney Smith. On the whole, however, his articles are wonderful, not so much in the views expressed, which are not strikingly original, but in the racy and effective manner in which they are enforced. It is unfortunate that the topics dealt with were so closely connected with the life of his time as to have comparatively little independent interest for posterity.

It is to Sydney Smith that we owe the famous Mrs. Partington. The name, at all events, of this imaginary old lady, the author of so many laughable sayings, is first met with in the dean's remarks on the conduct of the House of Lords during the exciting Reform agitation of 1831.

"I do not mean to be disrespectful," he says, "but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mops and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused: Mrs. Partington's spirit was up: but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

In his writings Sydney Smith made good use of his own varied personal experience. He took an interest in and tried to understand everything. When, in 1809, he quitted London and went to be the pastor of a country parish in Yorkshire, with no educated neighbour within seven miles, he set himself to farm his stubborn glebe, though he, a diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher, did not know a turnip from a carrot. But he applied himself to the mysteries of farming with such shrewdness that his clerk, who, like all rustics, judged every stranger by his ability to talk of bullocks, said to him at their first interview—

"Muster Smith, it often stroikes moy moind that people as comes frae London is such fools; but you, I see (and here he nudged the rector significantly with his stick)—but you, I see, are no fool!"

His interest in the domestic concerns of his own household—and he seems out of pure love of the occupation to have even encroached on the province of Mrs. Smith—supplied him with many a humorous illustration. Here is a quotation which some housekeepers may profit by—

"Have you never observed," he says, "what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a great deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair and took the soap question into consideration, and I found reason to suspect that we were using a very expensive article when a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty.

"'Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?'

"'Oh, please sir, the dearest in the blue paper! It makes a lather as well again as the other.'

"'Well, Betty, you shall always have it then!'

"Thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year, and washed the clothes better."

All lovers of fun will thank us for giving another quotation which shows the ill success that sometimes attends festivities in the country.

"What misery," says Sydney Smith, "human beings inflict on each other under the name of pleasure! We went to dine last Thursday with a neighbouring clergyman, a haunch of venison being the stimulus to the invitation. We set out at five o'clock, drove in a broiling sun on dusty roads three miles in our best gowns; found squires and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redolent of frying; talked, as is our wont, of roads, weather, and turnips: that done, began to grow hungry, then serious, then impatient.

"At last a stripling, evidently caught up for the occasion, opened the door, and beckoned our host out of the room. After some moments of awful suspense he returned to us with a face of much distress, saying the woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water and had thrown it away, so we must do without it.

"At last to our joy dinner was announced; but, alas! alas! as we entered the dining-room what a gale met our nose! The venison was high, the venison was uneatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed.

"Dinner proceeded, but our spirits flagged under these accumulated misfortunes. There was an anxious pause between the first and second courses: we looked each other in the face—what new disaster awaits us?

"The pause became fearful; then the door burst open and the boy rushed in, calling out aloud—

"'Please, sir, has Betty any right to leather I?'

"What human gravity could stand this? We roared with laughter; all took part against Betty; obtained the second course with some difficulty; bored each other the usual time; ordered our carriages, expecting our post-boys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not permitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. So much for dinners in the country!"

Sydney Smith died on the 22nd of February, 1845, and the kindly character which made him a general favourite may be seen from a pleasing incident of his last days told by his daughter, Lady Holland. He died at peace with himself and all the world, anxious to the last to promote the comfort and happiness of others. He sent messages of kindness and forgiveness to the few he thought had injured him. Almost his last act was bestowing a small living of £120 per annum on a poor, worthy, and friendless clergyman, who had lived a long life of struggle with poverty on £40 a year.

"Full of happiness and gratitude," says Lady Holland, "the clergyman entreated he might be allowed to see my father; but the latter so dreaded any agitation that he most unwillingly consented, saying: 'Then he must not thank me; I am too weak to bear it.' He entered—my father gave him a few words of advice—the clergyman silently pressed his hand and blessed his death-bed. Surely such blessings are not given in vain."

At the time of Sydney Smith's death, Charles Dickens, one of the greatest humorous writers that ever lived in this country, and beyond question the most popular of English authors, was in the beginning of his career. Nine years before—that is to say, in 1836—he had taken the world by storm with his *Pickwick Papers*.

To this distinguished novelist it has been well said we owe the creation of a comic fiction in which the most humorous and laughable effects are produced without any recourse to the moral or the physical filth which a Fielding or a Smollett thought himself bound to rake into or even to revel in. The nastiness has happily become repulsive to modern taste, and Dickens has shown us that we can have our fun without it.

Of Dickens' works, *Pickwick Papers* is the most laughable, and there is no exaggeration in saying that of all modern stories it has most increased the gaiety of nations and the public stock of harmless pleasure. The popularity to which it quickly attained was one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of this century.

"In less than six months," says a "Quarterly Reviewer," "from the appearance of the first number of the *Pickwick Papers* the whole reading public were talking about them—the names of Winkle, Wardle, Weller,

Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg had become familiar in our mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of 'Leo Hunters,' male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linendrapers' windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements, and Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets. This was only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened, and that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up."

The general store of happy and ready quotations has been greatly enriched by points and allusions from this diverting work, the most serviceable being that of "in a Pickwickian sense," which takes the sting out of an offensive speech. This expression refers to a quarrel at a meeting of the club in which Mr. Pickwick accused Mr. Blotton of acting in a "vile and calumnious" manner, whereupon the latter retorted by calling Mr. Pickwick "a humbug!" But it finally being made to appear that they both used the offensive words not in a common but in a parliamentary sense, and that each entertained "the highest regard and esteem" for the other, the difficulty was readily settled, and the gentlemen expressed themselves mutually satisfied with the explanations that had been made.

Who has not laughed over the absurdities of Sam Weller, that inimitable compound of wit, simplicity, quaint humour, and fidelity? Dickens has contrived to endow Sam with as much fun, fanciful illustration, and expressive language, as would give a life-long reputation to a score of his class.

It was remarked when *Pickwick* appeared that most of his terms and figures were instantly recognised by all who had paid attention to the style of thinking and talking prevalent among the order he represents. Sam's first appearance as "Boots" forms an apposite example.

"A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrades:

"'Sam!'

"'Halloo!' replied the man with the white hat.

"'Number twenty-two wants his boots.'

"'Ask number twenty-two vether he'll have 'em now or vait till he gets 'em,' was the reply.

"'Come, don't be a fool, Sam,' said the girl, coaxingly; 'the gentleman want his boots directly.'

"'Well, you *are* a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are,' said the boot-cleaner. 'Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots, and one shoe as b'longs to number six with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's number twenty-two, that's to put all the others out? No, no; reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said when he tied the men up. "Sorry to keep you a-waitin', sir, but I'll attend to you directly."'

The scene where Sam is writing his valentine under the easy criticism of his father brings out a fragment of Sam's philosophy which is worth repeating.

"'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"'That's raythe a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' enquired Mr. Weller.

"'Not a bit of it,' said Sam; 'she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art of letter-writing.'

"'Well,' said Mr. Weller, 'there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle.'"

Then there is Sam's appearance in the witness-box at the celebrated trial.

"'Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?' said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"'Yes, I do, sir,' replied Sam.

"'Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.'

"'I had a reg'lar new fit o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury,' said Sam, 'and that was a wery particular and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days!'

"Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said: 'You had better be careful, sir.'

"'So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord,' replied Sam; 'and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—wery careful indeed, my lord.'"

But a great deal may be got from Dickens' works besides a good laugh, and on this head we may, in concluding our article, quote from a famous French critic, M. Taine, who sums up an elaborate criticism of the great novelist in these words:

"In reality the novels of Dickens can all be reduced to one phrase, namely: Be good and love; there is genuine joy only in the emotions of the heart; sensibility is the whole man. Leave science to the wise, pride to the nobles, luxury to the rich; have compassion on humble wretchedness; the smallest and most despised being may in himself be worth as much as thousands of the powerful and the proud. Take care not to bruise the delicate souls which flourish in all conditions, under all costumes, in all ages. Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the finest things in man; believe that intimacy, expansion, tenderness, tears, are the sweetest things in the world. To live is nothing; to be powerful, learned, illustrious is little; to be useful is not enough. He alone has lived and is a man who has wept at the remembrance of a kind action which he himself has performed or received."

(*To be continued.*)



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

By "MEDICUS."

From the far north of Bonnie Scotland to the sunny south of Ireland was a wondrous change in the early spring-time of the year. I had been living at a country house near the north-eastern shores of Aberdeenshire. There was still a crust of snow on the uplands; there was no sign yet of bud or burgeon on hedgerow or tree. The nights were still long and drear; and the morning twilight was so spun out that one grew tired waiting for the coming of the sun. When it did rise it seldom brought much comfort—a yellow, watery-looking sun leering hazily through the grey of the clouds and over the grey of a wind-tossed sea. Indeed, it seemed to me that the wind here was always blowing, and always had a bit of east in it, as the fishermen phrased it. A biting, raw, searching wind, a wind that went through and through one, no matter how thickly clad one was; a wind that made the weakly cough and the nervous shiver; a wind without an atom of kindliness in its composition, far too damp to brace one up, far too bitter to make one feel an honest appetite. The very trees, gnarled and distorted, appeared to have turned their backs to it in despair, and were all bent southwards and west. No defending oneself against a wind like this, for it even sought—and, one way or another, generally managed to obtain—ingress to the house at night, causing you to shiver in bed, while to lie awake and listen to it "howthering" round the chimney, or howling like famished wolves around the door, bred within one a kind of melancholy that sent the spirits down to zero. Exercise—all I could take—by day, and the softest of warm clothing, put me, however, in a position to defy every cold blast that could blow. Nevertheless I was not sorry to receive an invitation to stay for a month in the vicinity of C——, in dear old Ireland.

Here was sunshine, happy, glorious, invigorating sunshine, and here was a sea as blue and a sky as blue as the speedwell blossoms that clustered at the foot of every hedgerow. Ah, yes, and there was many another pretty wee wildling of Nature already in bloom there also, chief among them the modest green-yellow primrose, wind-flowers; and the earlier hyacinths were also in bloom in the woods; and the bees were out and busy; while many a crimson butterfly fanned the sunshine with its gem-like wings. Had I stayed much longer on that bleak wild east coast of Scotland I might have degenerated into a sour-tempered carl; but here my good-nature seemed to expand, and I felt I wanted to sing all day long.

From what I have already written of this paper some wholesome truths may be learnt. One is this—that no one ought to reside in spring-time for choice on a coast exposed to wet, cold winds. It is different far with those who are constantly there. They get acclimatised, hardy, hardened. But even they have

to wear dress suited to the climate; and I must be permitted to remark, that for brave and brawny men, and girls with beautiful complexions, there is no place to beat the country round Peterhead and Fraserburgh.

But here I was in Ireland; and it was not long ere, in my walks and rides abroad, I had made the acquaintance of a good many worthy people. One of these was a Mr. O'Neil, who lived in a charming cottage, with a garden stretching down to the banks of a stream. He was a builder and contractor by profession, and by nature a great lover of animals. The gardens of his home represented a fair menagerie, including birds and beasts, and even creeping things, so he and I got on well together.

It is the recollection of a common proverb of Mr. O'Neil's that in some measure has inspired this article and given it its name—"Where there's a will there's a way." I remember meeting him one day driving homewards in his smart little dog-cart "tooled" by a love of a Welsh cob, and followed by a noble deerhound. We stopped to talk, and I patted the nag's neck.

"Yes," he said, smiling good-naturedly. "I pride myself on having the prettiest horse, the prettiest dog, and the prettiest little wife in the county of C——."

"Oh, yes," I said musingly, "she is pretty enough certainly; but mind you, O'Neil, it has struck me more than once that you ought to keep a sharp eye on her."

"A sharp eye on her, eh?"

"Yes, O'Neil; for I do believe there is a good bit of the vixen about her."

O'Neil raised his eyebrows, and his look of astonishment was comical in the extreme.

"My wife a vixen!" he exclaimed. "Ach! doctor dear, what is it you'd be telling me next?"

As soon as I could speak for laughing I hastened to put matters right.

"It's your mare, man, not your wife, I'm talking about."

"Jump up!" he cried, merrily. "Light a cigar, and I'll tell you a story."

I was soon seated by his side, and away we rattled.

"It was a lovely spring day," he said, "and I had taken my wife and two little girls out for a long drive. We had owned Polly here for over a year, and had found her an angel. The children could do anything with her. But on this particular morning she did seem unusually fresh.

"'You don't think she'll bolt, do you?'" said Mary, my wife.

"'Ha! ha!'" I laughed, touching Polly lightly with the whip. "'I would like to see Polly bolt. It would be quite a new sensation. Run off with us, Polly! Run off with us!'"

"In childish glee the little ones now took up the refrain, clapping their hands and shouting, "'Run off with us, Polly! Run off with us! Do!'"

"Polly whisked her tail—Polly began to canter—then Polly stretched herself out for a gallop. The motion was delightful. It was like being at sea. There could be no danger, for the road was level and straight for miles and miles; and could I not pull her up at any moment? 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

"So Polly went on at the tear. But I soon noticed that her ears were laid back in a way I hardly relished, and on trying to rein her in I found to my horror that the bit was firmly clenched, and that we were run away with in stern earnest.

"My wife grew pale, my children quiet and frightened-looking, but do what I could it was impossible to check the mare in her mad career. 'Never mind,' I thought, 'I'll keep her on the road. There are five good miles to Dermott's Hollow—she'll get tired before then.'

"Dermott's Hollow was a terrible place. The road down to it was as steep as the roof of a house, with a row of elm trees close to the road all the way down, and near the foot an abrupt turning to the right. To round that corner was dangerous even with a horse at a walking pace, but at our present awful rate of speed it meant a fearful and almost certainly fatal accident.

"We were within a mile of the Hollow—half a mile—a quarter: the mare's pace had increased—I was powerless, almost paralysed.

"Nearer and nearer, and now we were almost on it. The poor children screamed. It was that perhaps which nerved me to action. Putting all my force and strength on the near rein, I suddenly wrenched her off the road just as we had reached the top of the hill. She went into the hedge and through it. The broken trap stuck fast in the blackthorn, and when I gathered myself up from the spot where I lay, a yard in front of Polly's nose, I found my family had got considerably scattered over the field. The strange thing is, that with the exception of my own sprained wrist, not one of us was more than shaken, and the mare is as good as ever. You see, doctor, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'"

Well now, as regards the cure of chronic ailments, there is a deal more of truth in this old-fashioned proverb than most people are aware of.

But before saying anything about these, let me say a word to my younger readers. Our passions, like that Welsh mare Polly, appear to be fine things to play with, but most assuredly if we do not keep a strict rein on them when young they will carry us away; and unless something very like a miracle should happen, this being run away with will result in our moral and physical destruction. "Where there's a will there's a way—*at the commencement*, but not always afterwards.

It seems to me—indeed, I am sure of it—that in addition to the soul which is framed in this dull clay of ours, we each and all have given us as a guard an angel called Conscience. That it is a good angel, there cannot be a doubt, for it never whispers aught to us save the very best of advice; and I am also certain, that if we were to obey it on the instant we should never be either ill or unhappy except from accidents. I say it boldly, and without fear of contradiction, that we have it in our power to curb our passions if we make it a strict and stern rule from the very beginning. Giving way to our passions, being intemperate therein, leads assuredly to ill-health. I could give you a thousand instances of this from my varied experiences.

Perhaps there is no feeling of the mind that in a girl leads more certainly to derangement of the nervous system than that of ill-nature, fretfulness, fault-finding, or grumbling. I am sorry to say girls often indulge in these faults at home, among those they ought to love most dearly. Well, when they go abroad, say to a party, they can curb themselves. For the time being they are arrant little humbugs. Check this fault always, I pray you. Guard against the fretful temper every hour. Force it down. Keep silence. Bite your lips and burst your heart rather than say a bad word or show a cross face. But do you know this, that by looking cross you exercise a certain group of muscles, and they grow bigger just as the biceps of the arm grow bigger from dumb-bell exercise; so that in time you beget—positively you do—a face that instead of being beautiful is repellant.

Try the opposite. Do not talk at all if you cannot talk pleasantly, and so by curbing this particular passion you will engender good-nature in your soul, and grow up beautiful and beloved of all.

Bad temper begets nervousness, and nervousness is the parent of that terrible complaint hysteria. Bad habits should be controlled from the very commencement: they become raging torrents ere long, whose currents it is all but impossible to stem. And I do not care what the bad habit is, or whether it be mental or physical, it is my duty to tell you, and I tell you here, *maugre* fear *maugre* favour, that if not checked in time, it ruins one mentally and bodily. I may say parenthetically, that we cannot build a stronger barrier against bad habits or between them and our best natures than that of religion. Not the religion of forms and of so-called good deeds, mind you, but that religion that brings peace 'twixt Him who made us and our souls. I think if anyone can be got to feel how much He does for us, and how much He careth for us, she (or he for that matter) will struggle hard to exhibit gratitude, by remaining proof against temptations, or, feeling herself frail, fleeing from them.

Well, when ill of any chronic complaint that does not actually keep her close to the house, one would be making the first steps towards recovery if she could conquer self-consciousness. Never let your mind dwell on your own sufferings, and they will not feel at all difficult to bear.

Again, you must try to imagine yourself getting better. Dr. Carpenter tells us that the confident expectation of a cure is the most potent means of bringing it about, doing that which no medical treatment can accomplish, and that this fact has been proved from experiences of the most varied kind extending through a long series of ages.

It is hard, you say, to imagine yourself getting well when you positively feel ill and in pain. But I insist upon it that you shall not think so much about your feelings. "Where there's a will there's a way." Employ your mind, therefore, on something which shall draw the thoughts away from self and that inner consciousness. Employ your body also, and your thoughts will go with it.

It is a fact well known to physiologists and psychologists, although it is in a great measure inexplicable, that permitting the thoughts to dwell on some fancied coming ailment is the very best method a man or woman could adopt of bringing it on her. Now I defy you to change the current of your thoughts if you remain idle. Therefore I say, be up and doing. Drag yourself to do something, even if it be at first but to take a walk or a drive. Every day you will get stronger, and in the end you will conquer. Of course I am not advising you to give up taking the medicine your own kindly and wise physician orders, but I wish you to begin obeying the laws of health at the same time; and he—your doctor—will tell you my advice is good.

Cheerful companionship will greatly help you. But if you are weakly, I advise you not to go much into warm, stuffy rooms of an evening. The quiet chat of an agreeable friend at your own fireside in your own well-ventilated room will do you far more good.

A word about sleeplessness, from which so many invalids suffer. Do not talk much for an hour before going to bed; rather give yourself entirely up to reading, or to quiet devotional contemplation. Never sing in the evening at all if you are a light sleeper. The exertion loads the capillaries of the brain, and as they are weak, they do not completely empty themselves again: accordingly long after you lie down you keeping thinking, thinking, and sleep *flies* from your pillow.

Beware of sleeping or soothing draughts of any kind. The best narcotic is a light but solid supper about two hours before retiring. Slops or too much fluid invariably creates acidity, or even flatulence on a weak stomach, and thus slumber is effectually banished.

THERE ARE RIPPLES ON THE OCEAN.

SONG.



THERE are ripples on the ocean,
There is laughter on the sea,
And 'mid the world's commotion,
Some hearts are full of glee.

Although the battle rages,
The lark is soaring high;
And youth's sweet song assuages
The grey earth's misery.

So cheer us, winsome maiden,
And bear a joyous part;
While hearts are sorrow-laden,
Still keep the minstrel's art!

CLARA THWAITES.

WINNIE'S WAITING.

CHAPTER II.

MR. CLIFFORD locked up his books and took his hat; then he opened the door and they went out together. Even in his misery Hugh could appreciate the motive that would not send him out as though in disgrace. Mr. Clifford gave a few curt directions quite without his usual genial manner, and in silence the two walked to the end of the street, where they parted, Mr. Clifford uttering a stern, emphatic "Remember!"

The weather had quite changed; a chilly wind blew, and the sky was covered with clouds. All the way home Mr. Clifford's thoughts were occupied as to how he should tell Winnie. How could he bear to thus shadow her bright young life! He was glad to see the rain fall heavily soon after he started. At least she would not be at the station to meet him, as she often was. He would not have to reply to her happy talk. Would she ever talk again so happily after she had heard what he must tell? How gladly if he could he would bear her sorrow for her—his own little Winnie! His eyes were moist with tears as he looked out at the carriage window, against which the rain drove heavily. He could have wished the journey longer; but all too soon the train stopped, and he got out sadly, not looking about till he was startled by a little hand grasping his coat, and a voice saying, "Father!" and as he turned he was astonished to see his little Connie, her bright hair streaming from under a close cap, and her small figure packed into an ulster—Jack, carrying a large umbrella, was her escort.

"Why, Connie, however was it you came a night like this?" her father asked, as she reached up for a kiss.

"Isn't it a nice s'prise for you?" asked Connie, whose pronunciation was not perfect. "I begged and begged mother to let me come for a s'prise for you, and Jack said he'd take care of me. He's been such a good boy."

Jack smiled in a superior manner at the praise; he took his father's bag. "I say, father," he said confidentially, when Connie was absorbed in watching a porter labelling some luggage, "don't you think we had better take a cab home? It is so windy—it was a job to get Connie here. Mother didn't know half how bad it is!"

"Very well, my boy, call one," said Mr. Clifford, absently.

"Father, aren't you pleased I came to meet you? Don't you think it was brave of me? All girls don't mind the weather, you see," said Connie, who liked to have her meed of praise, thinking her father had not properly appreciated his surprise.

"Yes, my dear; yes, I am very pleased. You are a bonny little maiden, whom the rain will not harm"—and Mr. Clifford took her on his knee.

"Is Hugh coming to-morrow, father?" asked Jack, who had been flattening his nose against the carriage window, and was now rubbing that organ tenderly to restore it to its normal state.

"No," Mr. Clifford said, shortly. "Here we are, Jack—let down the window."

Mrs. Clifford, Winnie, Tom, and Gerty were in the hall to meet them; dinner was ready, and there was no time to talk then. But Mr. Clifford could not be as usual, and his wife noticed it.

"Are you tired, dear?" she asked, as she saw he did little else but play with his knife and fork.

"My head aches. I have had a trying day," he answered, evasively; and soon after he left the room, his wife following him.

"Is anything the matter, Tom, do you think?" asked Winnie, in a low voice.

"Not that I have heard of. I daresay the pater is only tired; it's such a miserable day too," said Tom, easily.

"Well, I will put Connie to bed. Come, dear, run and bid father and mother good night quickly.

Connie was not detained by her parents, and Winnie had a merry game with her during the process of undressing. Mr. Clifford heard their happy voices, and shivered as he had done several times before that evening. He had just told his wife, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"She ought to be told to-night. Yet I should like to leave it, poor dear child."

"Shall I tell her, dear?" Mrs. Clifford asked. "I think she ought to know."

"Yes, tell her; there she is, coming downstairs! I will go away," and Mr. Clifford hurried out, thankful to pass on the unpleasant task to his wife. But Winnie met him at the foot of the stairs.

"Do you feel better, dear?" she asked. "You looked so tired at dinner. Father, was Hugh all right?"

He knew there was no particular meaning in her last question, which he did not answer; but only said, so solemnly that she was a little startled, "Your mother wants you in the breakfast-room—go in to her, and God bless you, my precious one." Then he kissed her and went on.

There was a long silence. Tom, Gerty, and Jack were playing the race game in the dining-room, and the murmur of their voices came through the closed door. Mr. Clifford paced up and down the landing, longing yet dreading to be called. Yet when the door opened at last he did not hear it, and was startled by his wife's voice close to him.

"Go to her, John; she wants you! You must tell her all! Yes, Gertie, I will come!" for Gertie had come to enquire rather complainingly where they all were.

Mr. Clifford went into the breakfast-room. Winnie was sitting on the sofa, her face hidden in the cushion, her form heaving with tearless sobs. Her father went to her and touched her hair without speaking, and she lifted her head.

"Tell me, father—don't hide anything. Tell me just what you know," she pleaded. And he told her: though the task was a very hard one, yet he was relieved as he went on to see that she was really crying.

"That is all, my darling," he said, drawing her to him.

She did not refuse the caress, but clung to him with a very bitter cry. "Oh, father! father! if only he had not done wrong!"

He knew she meant that all trouble would have seemed light in comparison to Hugh's doing wrong. Very tenderly he talked to her,



"RIPPLES ON THE OCEAN."

telling her that Hugh proposed going abroad, and that it was the best thing he could do. He would give him letters of introduction, but it must be all over between them.

Winnie listened, and when he ceased, rose, saying in a strangely hushed voice, "I will go to bed, father, dear. Good-night; but you must let me talk about it to-morrow morning."

He let her go with a murmured blessing; and then went into the dining-room. Tom was sitting there reading, and Gertie, great girl as she was, was on her mother's knee. Jack, feeling rather aggrieved, had been sent to bed.

Then Mr. Clifford told his children a good deal of what had happened. He did not mean the little ones to know, but thought Tom and Gertie old enough to understand and sympathise.

Tom listened quietly, with a sorrowful shadow deepening on his face; but Gertie started up, her hands clenched, her brown eyes flashing indignantly. "Why, he's a thief, and ought to go to prison! But oh, I did like him; I thought he was nice!" and she burst into tears. The sad experience of being disappointed in one we care for and look up to was coming home to her. In her first terror and amazement the ground seemed slipping from beneath her feet. If she was disappointed in Hugh, might it not be thus with others? The very possibility was torture to her, and she sobbed unrestrainedly.

Mrs. Clifford could enter into her feelings to a great degree, so she did not reprove her for her hard words, but only stroked the cropped head tenderly, and let her cry.

"He'll never marry Winnie now," the child said at last, and her own words made her think of her sister's trouble. "Does Winnie know? Whatever does she say?"

"Yes, Winnie knows," Mr. Clifford answered, gravely, "and Gertie, we must all do our best to help her bear her trouble. We should not think of ourselves. Of course we have all cared for him. We must ask God to help Winnie bear it."

"Father, I won't say that again," Gertie said penitently.

"No, dear, we must not think hardly of him; he may have been tempted far more than we know, and he has had no one to help him."

Mr. Clifford was generally out in the garden by six o'clock in the morning, and the next morning was bright and fair, the garden looking all the better for the heavy rain of the night before. He was pacing the walks thinking of Winnie, when she came to him, trying to smile a greeting though there were dark rings round her eyes, and her cheeks were white.

"My darling," he said fondly, "you don't look as if you had had much sleep."

"No, I didn't sleep," she answered, simply. Each hour through that long night of conflict she had heard the clock strike, and she had dressed as the early summer daylight had crept into her room.

They walked about the paths in silence for a little while, and Winnie was the first to speak.

"Father, dear, I want to talk to you."

She was trembling, and Mr. Clifford took her into the summer-house. "My darling, I am so grieved; I wish I could spare you this, yet it would be wrong as things are to let you have him."

"Yes, I know—I know you know best. But, father, dear——" in her great earnestness she held his coat, and looked up to him through blinding tears—"indeed I have been thinking about it all night, and want to do right. You will let me say good-bye to him? And I must tell him I will wait even years and years for him. But I do belong to him."

She had not expressed herself very clearly, yet her father understood and sighed, and paused unwillingly before he answered, "My darling"—he heaped caressing words on her in tender sympathy and solicitude—"I cannot consent to any sort of an engagement. It grieves me to say it, my dearest child, yet I dare not let you be bound to each other."

"Only this way, father. You know I could never, never think of anyone else. Don't let him feel I cast him off. I did pray about it last night, and it does seem to be right. It might help him to know I was caring and waiting for him. I don't ask to write or hear from him anyway—only let me wait for him."

"But, my precious one, don't you think it would bind him in some way? Suppose away from you he should——"

Winnie's shiver finished her father's sentence, and showed she understood what he hesitated to say; and she answered bravely, though her lips quivered, "I did think of that too. I mean to leave him quite, quite free, so that I should not think him in the least hard to me if he did get to care for someone else. I only want you to let me tell him that some day, if he does conquer and want me, he may know I am waiting for him. Indeed, father, I do feel as if it is right."

Her father kissed her forehead almost reverently. "My dear, you feel it right, so that must be enough for me. Only you will let it be quite clear that it is no sort of engagement."

"Yes. Thank you, father, dear; I knew you would understand. I will only wait. You see, it doesn't make any real difference; I should be waiting just the same if I did not tell him. And you will arrange about my seeing him once more?"—she broke down at the last word, and sobbed against her father's shoulder.

"Yes, dear, you shall see him once more. That is what he begged so hard. I will do what I can to help him. I shall see him this morning."

"Give him my dear love—you won't mind, will you father? Tell him I am well"—she said the last feeling that Hugh might be anxious about her health; then as they sat there the breakfast bell rang, and Winnie looked up at her father with a brave smile that seemed as if it would break his heart, and they went in together.

Neither Tom nor Gertie had an opportunity of speaking to their sister, but they showed their sympathy in various little ways, which, as she recognised their import, soothed and comforted Winnie. Her great sorrow was not making her turn from the affection around her, and she responded to the little sympathetic efforts, and even took part now and then in the conversation. She was unselfish enough to feel a special grief at the sorrow her trouble brought to her parents, and was determined not to add to their burden by voluntary sinking under her own.

Her father bade her good-bye with a tender "God bless you!" and Tom in his farewell squeezed her arm, and whispered, "Dear old girl," as she stood at the gate as usual to watch them down the road to the station.

"Would you like to put the lessons aside for to-day, dear?" Mrs. Clifford asked, anxiously. "you look so tired."

"Yes, I am tired; but I would much rather take them, thank you, mother, dear; it is nearly time to begin."

Gertie, who was at times rather a troublesome pupil, thrusting forward her own opinions, and wanting a reason for all she did, had made up her mind to save Winnie all the trouble she could. She said her own lessons quietly, and helped Connie with hers, and then proposed that the two should read a French dialogue. Winnie consented, glad of the comparative rest it gave her, and as they read her eyes closed. Gertie noticed, and being sometimes very quick to comprehend things, she gave Connie a poke to go on reading, that the sudden stopping of the voices might not rouse their sister; then, when she was sleeping quite soundly, they crept softly from the room, and ran to tell their mother.

Mrs. Clifford was thankful to hear of Winnie's rest, which she knew was so much needed. The sleep lasted on, and they kept the house quiet. The children had their early dinner, and afterwards Mrs. Clifford took Connie for a walk. Gertie wished to stay at home, and she went quietly back to the schoolroom, and sat watching her sister. Winnie did not look very comfortable; her mother had been afraid to move her, so had placed a cushion under her head, and lifted her feet to a footstool. Even in her sleep there was a great sadness in her face, and now and then she sighed heavily. Gertie watched with an intense longing to comfort her, and the hard feelings against Hugh for bringing on this trouble were coming back.

Presently Winnie gave a deeper sigh and roused: her trouble had not been forgotten, and was in her eyes as she looked at her sister. Without a word Gertie burst into tears. Winnie opened her arms, and the sisters cried together.

Mr. Clifford came home looking tired and anxious; he had seen Hugh, who seemed to have given himself up to despair. He had not slept or eaten, and even Winnie's message failed to rouse him into anything like hopefulness. All Mr. Clifford's remaining anger had melted away when he saw him, and he could only be fatherly and lenient; but he had been obliged to leave him at last, privately giving his landlady orders to coax his appetite and pay him extra attention. Winnie's eyes asked questions she could not speak; but her father only told her that he had seen Hugh, who looked tired, and that nothing had been *definitely* settled; and upstairs with his wife he told how the sad, hopeless young face haunted him.

"I do wish it could be right to keep him as if nothing had happened," he concluded, hesitatingly.

"We have Winnie to think of," said Mrs. Clifford, whose tears were falling fast.

"Yes; and if it had been just one wrong step it might have been looked over; but he has shown such a real want of the sense of right; his moral perceptions must have been much blunted before he could have done as he has. He does seem to feel it now. Yet I cannot think we should do right in allowing him to stay and marry Winnie."

"No, I am sure we should not," said Mrs. Clifford, sadly. "Dear child, she sees it in the right light. We must let her feel she is waiting for him. She feels it is right, and we cannot refuse."

"'Lest haply we be found to fight against God,'" said her husband, solemnly, and there was a little pause, in which the parents silently commended their child and her trouble to "Him Who judgeth right."

Winnie kept up wonderfully; after the first day she did not break down again, but went on with her home duties steadily, looking at her father each evening with an unspoken question on her lips. She could trust him to do right for herself and for him who was dearer to her than life; and upheld by a power not her own she waited patiently.

At last one evening her father called her to him and said gently, "It is settled, my Winnie. I have been grieved to keep you in suspense, but I had nothing to tell you before. He starts for Australia on Thursday. You shall see him on Wednesday; I will take you to London with me, and leave you together for an hour. It is all I can do, my darling. God give you strength to bear it."

On Wednesday Mr. Clifford took his daughter to a private room he had taken in an hotel. Hugh was already there when he took Winnie, and, without entering himself, closed

the door on the two. Over the first part of their interview I will throw a veil. She was leaning against him, and with his arms around her, they did not need many words. Falteringly she told him of her purpose, keeping faith with her father, as she assured him it was no engagement; and he held her hands fast, answering only by a tightened pressure.

"I cannot ask you to forgive," he said at last. "I know you do; but oh, my—no, I must not call you my darling now—I cannot forgive myself."

She sat up and looked at him with a holy, tender light in her eyes. "No, dear, I don't want you to forgive yourself yet. I want God to forgive you. Hugh, my Hugh—for though I lose you, somehow you will always be mine—I want you to look at it as wrong against God. Try not to think of me—I know you can't help it—yet try and think of it as only between you and God. It would have been just as wrong if you had not had me." It cost her a great deal to say, yet her greatest grief had been, not at losing Hugh, but at his doing wrong; she wanted him to see it in its true light—not at its grieving her, but at the sin against the Lord who had died for him.

"I am trying," he answered. "I have never looked at such things as I should. Your father—Winnie, I can never be grateful enough to him—tells me there is a good clergyman going out on my ship: I mean to ask him to help me."

Then the clock struck, and they knew their hour was over. With clasped hands, the two poor young things gazed at each other piteously; then Winnie said, "Let us say it kneeling," and they knelt, still hand in hand. Winnie laid a book on the table—it was a rather worn prayer-book, which Hugh knew well by sight.

"I want you to have it. Father said I might, if you left yours at home. Let us change." He pressed his lips to it, and with streaming eyes they prayed silently, till Winnie, with a trembling voice, began that prayer which is suitable alike in joy and sorrow, and his voice joined her. Mr. Clifford had left them a little longer than the hour; his hand was on the door, and they stood up, gazing into each other's eyes as though they could not be satisfied.

Mr. Clifford said gently, "Come, Winnie," and Hugh, looking pleadingly at him, said, "Let me, sir," then drew Winnie to him, and they kissed solemnly, lip to lip. She did not look at him again, but let her father lead her from the room.

She was too stunned and worn to feel anything very acutely that evening. Her mother put her on the couch and cosseted her fondly, and they were all very tender with her, and, understanding her want, left her alone a good deal.

After a time she fell asleep, and woke to see Tom sitting by her; he had lowered the light, and the room was in semi-darkness. She put out her hand to him, and he held it fast.

"Win, dear," he said presently, "I thought you would like it, so I have asked father to let me see Hugh off to-morrow. I want to see him, and you wouldn't like no one to be with him then. So the pater has let me have the day, and I have written to tell Corrance."

"Thank you, Tom dear; you don't know how it has troubled me to think of his starting all alone. I couldn't ask father to go, he has been so kind."

"I'm glad it pleases you, dear old girl. I wish I could do more for you. It's horrid to see you in trouble and not be able to help you," said Tom, who could speak out better in the half darkness.

"You do help me—you have helped me right through, though you have not said much. I could see you were sorry, not angry, with him. You won't think hardly of him, will you?" Winnie pleaded.

"No, that I won't; and I do believe it will come right some day. He is a good fellow, really, only he has had no one to help him, as we have. See, Winnie, I wanted to give him a keepsake, so I had this done. Father hardly likes me to give it, but he says he can't refuse." Tom took a little parcel from his pocket, and showed his sister a plain silver locket, in which was her own portrait, and a lock of her brown hair, which was plaited into the form of a Maltese cross. "He hasn't your likeness, I know, and this is out of my album. I got mother to cut off that piece of hair once when you were asleep. I told the man how to make it; and that blue silk at the back is a bit of the necktie Hugh liked so much. I got Gertie to get that for me, but I was afraid you would miss it."

"However could you think of it all? Tom you have been thinking of me for a long time. I should dearly like him to have it. Do you think father will mind?"

"He didn't much like it at first; but he said I must make him clearly understand that it is my present. He told me I had better show it to you first."

It was certainly surprising that so much care and thought had been shown by one so young as Tom; but though he could enter into any fun and merriment, he was thoughtful beyond his years, and in the present case his deep sympathy with Winnie and Hugh had stimulated his ideas.

The next morning Winnie went to the early service at their church, and so in the best way possible commended Hugh to God, and went home strengthened and refreshed, to begin a life in which he was to have no outward part.

They were all very tender to her at home. Tom had gone when she went in to breakfast. Gertie and Connie walked to the station with their father, and found the London train just in, bringing them some unexpected and very welcome visitors in the shape of two cousins, who had come to spend the day. Mrs. Clifford was especially glad to see them, as she thought it would be good for Winnie to entertain them. And so it proved. Kate and Ada Clifford were bright, merry girls, whose good-tempered fun could hurt no one's feelings. Lessons were suspended; and it being a glorious day, the five girls went to an impromptu picnic, and Winnie threw herself into the fun, and was surprised to find how short and not really unhappy the day proved.

(*To be continued.*)

AN INEXPENSIVE TROUSSEAU.

I HAVE just been reading the very excellent article in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for November—"An Inexpensive Trousseau for £30"—and have been wondering whether it were possible to give a few more dresses, including a real wedding dress and veil, for the same amount. I know that all girls like to feel they are as beautifully dressed as possible for this, one of the greatest events of their life.

The following lists will show my way of dividing the money:—Half-a-dozen of each article of underclothing would last a girl, with ordinary care, two years. I know that in the original article she has nine of everything; but then no vest, cloak, cuffs and collars, and only one stuff dress, which seems rather too few. I have taken for granted that some of the dresses are made at home. Most girls of the present day can make a dress and trim a hat, or if they cannot, there is sure to be some friend only too pleased to help. It may seem that more than £5 is too much for the wedding costume in proportion to the whole: but Bengaline will wear a long time as an evening dress, and both clean and dye well; and the veil can be turned to good account by cutting it up afterwards to trim the body. Many of my prices are taken from the Store lists, where things are sure to be good, and the lowest prices have not been selected.

LINEN.

	£	s.	d.
Twenty-four yards calico at 6½d.	0	13	0
Twelve yards calico at 7d.	0	7	0
Twenty-four yards calico at 5d.	0	10	0
Twenty-four yards diaper at 8d.	0	16	0
Twelve yards flannel (six yards at 11d. and six yards at 7d.)	0	9	0
One winter skirt (material)	0	5	0
One summer skirt (material)	0	2	11
Twenty-seven yards embroidery at 3d.	0	6	9
Twenty-four yards Valenciennes at 1s. 1d. per dozen	0	2	2
Four vests at 2s. 2d. each	0	8	8
Two white skirts (ready-made)	0	9	0
Two pairs corsets at 8s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.	0	16	0
Ten yards flannelette for dressing-gown	0	3	4
One pair slippers	0	2	6
	£5	11	4

BOOTS.

	£	s.	d.
One pair thick boots	0	15	6
One pair thin boots	0	12	6
One pair walking shoes	0	10	6
One pair evening shoes	0	6	6
Two pairs day shoes	0	9	0
One pair white kid shoes	0	3	6
	£2	17	6

GLOVES, ETC.

	£	s.	d.
Two pairs spun silk stockings (black and white)	0	5	0
Four pairs Lisle thread stockings at 1s. 11d.	0	7	8
Eight pairs black cashmere stockings at 2s. 6d.	1	0	0
Four pairs Nantwich tan gloves at 2s. 6d.	0	10	0
Two pairs evening gloves (white and tan) at 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
Four pairs Suéde tan gloves at 1s. 11½d.	0	7	10
One pair gauntlets at 1s. 11½d.	0	1	11½
	£2	19	5½

DRESSES.

	£	s.	d.
Fifteen yards blue serge at 1s.	0	15	0
Extras	0	5	0
Trimmings and making	1	0	0
Embroidered zephyr	0	15	6
Nine yards beige (double width) at 1s. 6d.	0	13	6
Black lace skirt with material for body.	1	9	6
Making body	0	2	6
Sixteen yards nun's veiling at 10d.	0	13	4
Making and extras	0	12	6
	£6	6	10

WEDDING COSTUME.

	£	s.	d.
Twenty yards of Bengaline at 3s. 11d.	3	18	4
Making and extras	1	10	0
Wedding veil—three yards tulle, 108 inches wide, at 2s. 9d.	0	8	3
	£5	16	7

ET-CÆTERAS.

	£	s.	d.
Jacket	1	12	0
Tweed waterproof cloak	1	1	0
Untrimmed hat, and materials for trimming	0	8	0
Sailor hat	0	2	6
Best hat (trimmed)	0	12	6
En tout cas	0	4	11
Umbrella	0	8	0
Two dozen hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs	0	12	0
Cuffs and collars	0	9	0
	£5	9	11

TOTAL

	£	s.	d.
Linen	5	11	4
Boots	2	17	6
Gloves, etc.	2	19	5½
Dresses	6	6	10
Wedding costume	5	16	7
Et-cæteras	5	9	11
	£29	1	7½

In hand, 18s. 4½d.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A HAPPY FAMILY.



SOME dozen years or so ago a singular sight was to be seen in Boston, Mass. If you had gone to a certain house as a visitor you would have been ushered into a daintily-furnished sitting-room, where the family mostly lived and received their friends. But the curious thing about this room was that in one wall a strongly-barred and grated door had been let in, and behind this during the greater part of the day might be seen two almost full-grown lions stretched out at their ease. Their favourite position was just behind the bars, where they would lie and watch the operations of the people in the room. Besides their den, which was large and airy, they had the run of a part of the garden behind the house, where they were taken for their daily exercise.

The walls of their room were built of brick, the floor being of wood. There was one long window looking out into their own particular yard, and altogether they were about as happily placed as it was possible for animals in captivity to be.

The lions were a little over two years of age, and strong and large for their age. They were male and female, and the only survivors of their respective litters. One was an orphan, while the parents of the other were travelling about the country earning a comfortable living for their owners.

The little ones were born in New York, and their owner, the widow of a showman, took them under her own care, and fondly called them her "babies." She would speak to them about their "mamma," and they responded to her caresses and would kiss her face. She has been their sole keeper, and while they were quite young, used to nurse them on her lap. They even slept on her bed at night until they became too large and heavy.

One she named "Willie," and the other "Martha," and she would pet them and fondle them with no more fear than if they were dogs or cats. She used to let them have the run of the house, but when they grew up visitors stood a little in fear of them, and so she had a room turned into the den we have described, and kept them behind the grating. But the lions seemed to like to press as close to the grating as they could, where they would stretch themselves out in the most satisfied manner possible.

Their mistress gave them each day twelve pounds of good beef, and no other food, as they seemed to thrive best on that meat. On Sunday, it seemed, they got nothing, that being, apparently, the custom then in menageries.

A visitor to this interesting family at the time thus described the interview:

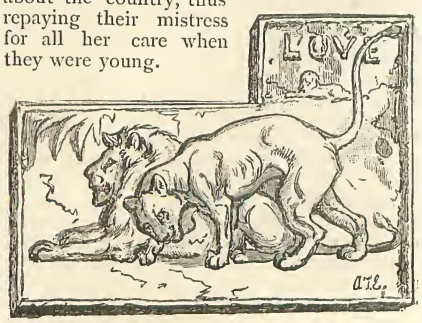
"Nobody goes inside their room but this lady, Mrs. Lincoln, and nobody else feeds them or does anything for them. I could not help asking what would happen if the beautiful Maltese-and-white kitten that was frolicking about the room should stray within the reach of 'Willie's' great, quick paw. But Mrs. Lincoln said they had always had a cat there, and nothing had befallen her; she knew better than to go near the grating.

"The lady took a little rattan in her hand, opened the door of the den, and walked in. Willie was lying just under her feet, and she said 'Get up, sir!' and 'Roll over!' and he obeyed. Something else that she asked him to do he seemed to feel rather lazy about, and she gave him a rap, after which he appeared to be very sorry, and made a plaintive little whine, and reached up his great head and kissed her, as if to coax her; at which she said, 'Yes, kiss mamma,' which made him happy. She made him stand up on his hind feet and stretch his fore paws up as high as he could. She put her hand in his mouth, between his long, sharp teeth, and patted him on the head. Then he came back to the door and lay down again, growling a little, perhaps with satisfaction that it was over. She says they never attempted to harm her, and she has no fear they ever will."

"Martha" was a much quieter animal, but her beautiful quick eyes gave sufficient evidence that she could be lively enough when the occasion called for it.

Such a sight has probably never been seen anywhere else, as these two great lions thus living on such amicable terms with a woman, and being so absolutely under her control. There was no way out of their own den except through the living-room, and so they were conducted day after day to their playground out of doors. That neither the lions nor their mistress felt any fear was of course due to her having brought them up from infancy: in fact, all along they seemed to have been treated more like human babies than lion's cubs. They were fed from a baby's feeding-bottle until they were old enough to lap milk from a dish. When their teeth were strong enough to tackle a beef bone they were fed only once a day, at noon, when they were also given a drink of water. They were playful with each other, but sometimes roared rather loudly, no doubt to the annoyance of the neighbours.

What became of them subsequently we do not know, but probably they are now travelling about the country, thus repaying their mistress for all her care when they were young.



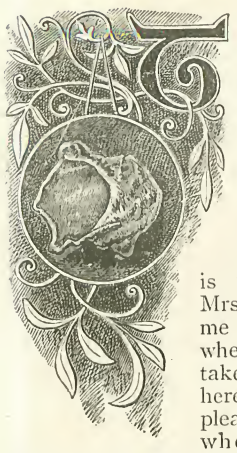
GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XIX.

AUTUMN VISITORS.



"To go or not to go, that is the question," said Esther to herself with a little smile, as she sat in the pleasant dining-room at Greyfriars, with an open letter in her hand. "It is very plain that Mrs. Gostling wants me out of the house when she comes to take up her abode here; and it is never pleasant staying on where one is not wanted. But then there may be others that want me, and there is my promise to Rosamond and her husband. I wish Munda had answered the question I put when Mrs. Gostling threw out hints before. I wish she had said if the arrival of the other aunt on a long visit freed me from the charge laid upon me; but she never alluded to the matter one way or another; and all I can gather by her letters is, that she seems very glad to have me at Greyfriars. Well, I am very happy here; sometimes I am half afraid I am too happy; and Jack is not coming back for long enough. There is nothing to send me away on my own account. I wonder what I ought to do?"

"Am I intruding?" asked a pleasant and familiar voice at the door. "I came this way to look at Dacre's horse, which he managed to drop out hunting the other day. I wanted to give you a caution to discourage his hunting as far as possible—he has not the strength for it; but of course he will not give in so long as he can sit his horse, and in the end there is danger of a spill like the one on Wednesday, simply because he has not strength to hold the creature up. It is bad for both, and a thousand pities to injure a good animal. I thought I would just give you a hint."

"Thank you," answered Esther, smiling, as Everard stood for a moment warming himself by the fire, for the November air was keen and chill though the sun shone brightly. "But I am afraid I have no influence whatever with Dacre; if I did gain a little at first, it has all evaporated long ago. I seldom see him save for a few minutes each day, and sometimes he never speaks to me of his own accord for a week. Ever since he got that man Miller back into the stables he has seemed to me to retrograde, and grow more defiant and intolerant. I do not believe any interference from me would have the smallest effect except to make him more determined to go his own way. And then I may not be here much longer."

A sudden, quick expression of surprise, and something else she could not fathom, swept over Everard's face.

"Not be here much longer! What do you mean? Are Mr. and Mrs. Overton coming back before they have been looked for?"

"No; at least they do not talk of returning before next spring, and the earliest time mentioned has been March. It is not that, but I have had a letter this morning from Mrs. Gostling, and it seems that she has made arrangements to come here soon on a long visit. She has let her London house for six months, and as far as I can make out she will find it convenient to make her headquarters at Greyfriars for the best part of that time. The question, you see, arises, whether I shall not be superfluous. I can see very well that she thinks I can be spared, and she imagines I shall be very glad to be released."

"And what do you think about that?"

"I hardly know what to think. I have grown very fond of Greyfriars, and I have been very happy here," answered Esther, simply and thoughtfully. "But I am afraid I have failed in very much that I hoped to do; and perhaps there is no real reason for my staying on when a nearer relation can take my place."

"No one can take your place," began Everard with unwonted vehemence; and then checking himself he added more quietly,—"If you only knew what a different tone has come over the house during the past six months, you would not talk so sadly about failure. You have done more for those children than has ever been done in their lives before. I hope and trust that you will not leave them to Mrs. Gostling's precept and example, just when the seed you have planted seems ready to spring up and bear fruit."

He spoke so earnestly, that Esther was touched and surprised.

"You are very kind to encourage me so much. It is not that I wish to go, or that other claims have come upon me; but it is not pleasant to remain where one is not wanted."

"But you *are* wanted. Surely Lady Eleanora does not wish to lose you?" he asked quickly.

"No, I do not think she does; but she has not spoken openly. To be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Chester, I gather that it is Mrs. Gostling's wish that I should vacate the house before her arrival; and what she hints to me she speaks openly to her mother, who does not like to oppose any wish of hers. I do not think she quite knows what she does wish for herself; but I feel that she might miss me if I were gone. Mrs. Gostling will fill the house with visitors, and she will hardly have time to look after Lady Eleanora, who really needs a great deal of attention at times, and especially in the cold weather, which tries her more than she likes to admit."

"Another good reason for staying," said Everard, with a smile, and as he held out his hand in farewell a little later, he clasped it a few seconds longer than was his wont, saying with no little earnestness: "I *hope* you will decide to stay. We can none of us spare you now that you have been with us so long."

And Esther did stay. The girls were eager to keep her. Ethel clung to her and entreated with tears in her eyes; and though Trixie took a more independent and off-hand tone, she declared it would be an awful bore to have nobody but Aunt Gostling to go to, and that she should soon get as bad as ever if she hadn't somebody to remind her that she was growing too old to be a tom-boy. This was more than Esther had expected from Trixie, and she was much gratified; whilst Jessie's declaration that she could not possibly spare her dear Aunt Essie until her mother's return was also soothing and encouraging.

"I should just get lazy and frivolous again," she said, with great seriousness, "and I should lose all the progress I have made in my music if you were to go away. Aunt Gostling never cares a bit about our improving our minds or occupying our time, and I do so want to surprise papa and mamma when they come back by showing them how I have got on. And Maud will not care to come and read or practise with me if you are not here to help us. So please stay, Aunt Essie, and we will have nice times of our own, and get Bertha to join us, and Aunt Gostling can entertain the visitors and keep house, and all that kind of thing. You see, you are really much more one of us in age, so it will be quite natural if we fraternise together, and let the 'frumps' take care of themselves."

And so Esther stayed on, though she resigned all authority into Mrs. Gostling's hands, moved out of her former rooms into two little turret chambers, one over the other, in the old wing near to the children, and was perfectly content to occupy a subordinate position, and cast in her lot with the younger portion of the household.

Whether or not Mrs. Gostling was content with this arrangement never actually transpired; but that lady was bound to admit there had never been so little trouble with the children as when Esther reigned over their quarters with a sway that was undisputed, because her authority was seldom put forward, but was exercised by means of silent influence. May Gostling, the third daughter—the second was safely married—was an amusing wag of a girl, not

pretty, or clever at her studies, but full of a sort of quaint drollery which was a good deal more entertaining. She was many years older than the pair upstairs —indeed, she was on the verge of coming out—but so far she much preferred the society of the schoolroom party to that of the drawing-room, and never put in an appearance downstairs unless specially summoned. The great conquest she achieved was in fascinating Dacre, or rather in so tickling his fancy that he began to frequent the big nursery, to which he had of late become almost a stranger; and it was an immense relief to Esther to know him safe at home in the evenings, for of late she had had no idea how his time was spent after dinner; and when she enquired, or induced the grandmother to do so, both were equally baffled by his replies. He declined to give any account of himself, and the old lady grew so distressed and anxious that Esther felt it cruel to worry her, the more so that there seemed no possible remedy. The insubordination of years, which had gone on practically unchecked, was not to be overcome in weeks or months, especially when the one person whose authority might be of some avail was thousands of miles away. With Dacre, Esther was obliged to admit that she had failed, and only when she was in any way slighted or made to feel *de trop* by Mrs. Gostling and her guests did the boy ever show her any of those marks of attention which had once begun to come naturally from him. That he did so then was something, but Esther feared affection for her was less the motive than the love of intimating his own independence of opinion in the sight of others.

Colonel Gostling was a good-natured, slow-witted man, whose ideas seldom soared above the pheasants or the hunting prospects. His wife was what Dacre called "the gray mare," and he left everything save the arrangements for the day's sport in her hands. All the sons were at present at school, but would come to Greyfriars for the Christmas holidays. Meantime, the house was filled with sport-loving guests, who went out most days with guns, or else rode to hounds, leaving their wives at home to be entertained by Mrs. Gostling and her daughters. Dacre gave up all pretence of studying or attending at his tutor's, and went out with the sportsmen as a matter of course. At first remonstrances were sent, and the boy was lectured and sent off to his books, but when Humphrey reported that he never appeared, and it was found out that he went out with the Flemyngs or other friends, opposition ceased. The good-humoured Colonel called on the tutor and suggested a suspension of lessons till after the Christmas vacation, and with a shrug of the shoulders the doctor assented, saying that as the pupil suspended his studies with or without leave, it was just as well that the farce should end with an avowed cessation. But he prophesied a bad end to Dacre's career, and the Colonel himself said he would do no good save as a sportsman.

Esther was uneasy, for the boy looked fagged to death after a long day with his gun, and the wettings he got brought on the short, dry cough that sometimes kept him awake half the night—and her too, for her present rooms were very near to his. Everard spoke gravely to him, but without effect, and Lady Eleanora's remonstrances were turned off with a laugh and a jest. The Gostlings believed in the hardening process of being much in the air, and would not take any alarm. When Dacre chose he could be the very life and soul of the party, and it was not easy to believe that he ailed anything. So the days slipped by one after the other, and Esther kept the children at their work, or read, and drew, and practised with the girls in the big pleasant nursery, and they were all happy together, and enjoyed Greyfriars as some amongst them had never enjoyed it before, riding out for fresh air and exercise when the weather permitted, and on wet days having fine games of battledore and shuttlecock in the long corridor of their own especial wing.

And what of Bertha? What had been the result with her of the promise made and the resolve taken some months before?

Esther had seen a change in the girl almost from the first. She would not perhaps be called bright-looking even now, but at least a good deal of the old sluggishness and listlessness had disappeared. Her mother spoke in a different tone about her, seemed more hopeful about her prospects in life, and had been heard to hint that she had not been without her admirers during the last season. At any rate it was evident, from the way in which Everard Chester's acquaintance was cultivated, and the number of times he was asked to take Bertha in to dinner, that something was hoped in that quarter from frequent association; and it did certainly seem as if they had far more to say to one another than of old, for Bertha occasionally waxed quite animated when in conversation with Everard, in which both seemed really interested.

It was not all at once that Bertha spoke confidentially to Esther of the dream she had once confided to her. Girls are often shy of unburdening themselves even when they long to do so, and Esther was not certain if the fancy might not have passed, and an allusion from her be unwelcome. For several days they hardly saw each other alone, and there always seemed other matters to discuss; but the time came at last when in her old abrupt fashion Bertha began to speak.

"Esther," she said suddenly—they were all slipping into the way of calling her Esther now that they saw so much of her—"do you remember what you once promised me?"

"I remember it all very well; but I have been wondering if you had changed your mind."

"No, indeed; I have only been trying to keep my promise. And I do think I have kept it, Esther."

"I think you have. I have heard so much from others besides what I have seen for myself. And did you not find that trying to like your life made it more tolerable to you?"

"Yes, I did. I was much happier; but it did not make me change my mind one bit.'

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Yes, quite. I think it just possible, that if I had been properly educated, and had been encouraged to cultivate my mind and such talents as I have, and had not been sickened with balls and such things before I was twenty, that I might have felt differently about it all; but it is too late now. I have made my habits and tastes, and I cannot care for books, and I have no accomplishments that are the least pleasure to me. The only thing that I feel I have got is a sort of stern, prosaic, practical common sense, and the power of steady hard work with my hands rather than with my head. I believe in a hospital I should be perfectly happy; and though I know that nursing wants head as well as hand work, I think I have got that kind of thoughtfulness and application. Mamma let me visit one of the hospitals regularly last summer, and I learnt a great deal there. And Mr. Chester has been telling me a great many things about them—you know, of course, that he went all through his medical course before he came into this property—so he is a capital person to ask. And he says that a relation of his is head of a very nice hospital in the South of England, and that if I ever get leave to turn nurse he thinks she would take me as a probationer, and that I might learn my work rather more easily and pleasantly under her than in a big London hospital where they have such hosts of lady probationers. Oh, Esther, will you talk to granny about it, and get her on our side? I think I do deserve a little encouragement, for I have been very patient all this time. I have not said a word to anybody but Everard Chester, and he is such an old friend, and is always so kind."

Esther could hardly restrain a smile as she pictured what Mrs. Gostling's annoyance would be if she knew the nature of the confidences that passed between her daughter and the young squire; but not for the world would she let Bertha see the flicker that passed over her face, and her reply was quite gravely spoken—

"I will certainly try and pave the way gradually, Bertha; and you can do something yourself by showing your grandmother what a good nurse you can be when she is rather more ailing than usual. You know she likes little attentions, and is fond of young people about her, and the more she sees of you, and learns to love you, the more ready she will be to be interested in your plans. But do not be in a hurry; you are here on a long visit, and there is plenty of time to broach the matter gently. If this decision is made, it may affect your whole life in the future, and so you can afford to wait a few weeks before the final decision is arrived at."

"Yes, I suppose so, though I should like to have it settled straight out," answered Bertha, who considered that she had waited a long time already.

"But I suppose you know best, Esther; and perhaps it would be rather a shock to mamma if she were to hear it all now. I don't think she has the faintest idea that I should ever care to do a thing for myself, except make a silly fashionable marriage, as Carry did; and I don't think *she* is a bit happier than when she was at home, if as happy."

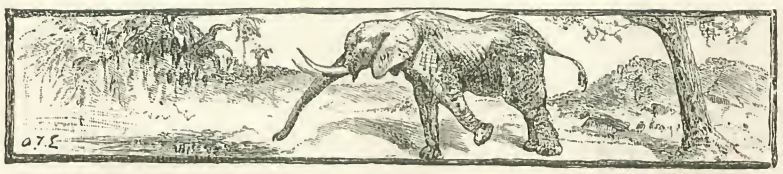
"It would certainly be best not to act suddenly," answered Esther, who for many reasons dreaded a scene with Mrs. Gostling, and did not exactly wish to have the credit of having put the idea into Bertha's head in order to clear the field of a rival, as she knew would be imputed to her by that good-natured lady at this juncture. Esther was too true a woman not to know that Everard Chester loved her, and was paying his silent court to her in his own manly fashion, thinking no doubt that her heart was not to be won in a few short months. Whilst Esther was conscious that from the very first he had exercised a curious fascination over her, which had but deepened with time, and with the greater intimacy that had sprung up since she had come to love his mother as one of her best friends, and to see him in his own house, the devoted and well-loved son. At no very distant date she knew he would ask her for what she was well able to give, and her mind would thus be relieved of one of its burdens; but meantime she shrank from seeming to interfere in Bertha's future, and the girl acquiesced, though without reading the whole of the motive which prompted Esther to urge delay.

Fortunately for both, Bertha was perfectly heart-whole, and peculiarly unseeing in any such matters as these. She had not the least idea of her mother's designs on her behalf, and would have been scornfully indignant had she known them. She certainly liked Everard better than almost anybody she had ever come across before, and delighted her mother by saying so openly when questioned; but as for anything beyond an open friendly liking she never even dreamed of it.

"Oh, I will try and be patient, and if I can talk to you and him that will be a great help; and I will try to show what a good nurse I can be, and you will speak to granny when you can, and try to get her over?"

"Yes, indeed I will," answered Esther, willingly, "and I will not keep you waiting longer than I can help."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

KATHERINCHEN.—Try the Grosvenor Half-hour Reading Society, Miss Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk; or Miss Hudson's Reading Society, Reigate Lodge, Reigate, Surrey.

MAGGY.—There is a society for the study of German by correspondence. It is called the Victoria Society, and is conducted by Miss Emma Wakely, Ballyburly, Edenderry, King's Co., Ireland. The subscription is 2s. a term; and prizes in money are given.

THYRA OUDRUNA.—1. You do not give us any of the circumstances attending your Greek studies. If your parents or guardians think it desirable that you should learn Greek, you have to do so, unless they consent to your learning something else in its place.—2. Your writing is too angular and irregular to be "pretty."

AMBIGUOUS NATIVE.—1. A girl's school-days are usually over at eighteen; but her education is far from completed at that age. She has then to supplement much that she has been taught, and housekeeping, social economy, cookery, the etiquette obtaining in her circle of society, and any special branch of education for which she may have a taste.—2. Try The Study Club, Miss L. Ryall, Orpington, Kent; or The Mutual Improvement Society, Secretary, Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles's, Oxford. History is one of the departments of study carried out by these societies.

UNE CANADIENNE FRANÇAISE, ANXIOUS PROBATIONER, E. H. H.—We advise you to get a paper called *The Hospital*. Order it at any news shop, and it will give you advertisements and information generally. We may name the Westminster Hospital, St. Mary's, Paddington, the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, and The Deaconesses Training Hospital, 131, Mildmay Road, which pay their nurses.

ART.

MARGUERITE.—We can only tell you just what you will see in our "Answers" we are ever saying to other enquirers. Take some specimens of your work to the shops where such things are sold, and ask for commissions.

BELFAST READER.—We sympathise with you as regards the annoyance which you meet with from the impertinence of idle young men who stare at and speak to you on your leaving the School of Art evening classes at half-past nine, and while waiting for an omnibus to take you home. Could you not get some fellow students to come out with you and wait a few minutes beside you? It might be well to inform the authorities of the school of the annoyance awaiting your leaving the school, and they would communicate with the police authorities to protect the students waiting outside for a conveyance. It is indeed a disgrace to those who take so low and unmanly an advantage of a respectable woman.

MUSIC.

A.—Your violin probably wants age and use to mellow its tone.

ALMIDA.—We see no need for your anxiety on the question of your exercises in music.

MUTE.—You must write to the author of the words, and enquire.

M. S. S.—We cannot give such address as you require, nor can we give advice knowing nothing of your circumstances.

COUSIN FANNY.—"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree" being quite an old song, the most likely place to find it would be amongst the old music at a shop where they sell it second-hand.

VIOLIN.—At any first-class musical instrument makers. Perhaps through the *Bazaar* newspaper you could get the coins valued.

SPARROW.—Reading music quickly is an art only acquired by practice. Gargling the throat with salt and water is said to clear and strengthen the voice. This simple recipe has been used by many celebrated persons.

HAYBURN CRESCENT.—1. We cannot make out your pseudonym. You should try a freer style in writing.—2. We should think you had better take the advice of your musical instructors on the question of studying abroad, and we should advise the Leipzig Conservatoire instead of Milan.

WORK

TAG.—Sponging with a little cold tea will restore black ribbon and black lace. Roll tightly round a bottle and let it dry. Do not iron it.

EDITH E.—For the harvest festival texts of Scripture suitable to the occasion are always wanted, and you might make some in various ways for your contribution, viz., rice fastened on coloured paper, oats sewn on turkey red; wheat can also be used, or dyed grasses, for the same purpose.

CUCKOO.—Allowances vary from £10 to £100. If only an allowance for boots, shoes, and gloves, £5 would be enough.

A COUNTRY WOMAN.—1. The house jacket could be trimmed with imitation astrachan, and would look well and be quite suitable.—2. A band of velveteen for the mantle trimming would look far better than silk.

IMELDA had better procure one of the small School Board manuals of plain needlework and darning. Our first volume is out of print.

ARNO.—A dress for a quiet evening at home might be of nun's veiling with a little silk mixed with it, or of a figured French delaine. A round waist and belt would be the best style perhaps for you.

NERISSA, EDITH R., AND OTHERS.—The duties of a lady's maid differ in nearly every house; in some hair-dressing and dressmaking are both required; these two, with plain needlework, mending, and remaking, are necessary to a first-class maid, as well as some little knowledge of attention and care in small illnesses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSE.—Perhaps when you are conversing you allow your thoughts to wander from the subject; this would be a bar to the clear expression of your meaning.

MISS H. POLAND.—We are happy to inform our readers that you are the secretary of that much-to-be-approved-of Society for the Protection of Birds. We hope many of our readers will send you their names. It is required of members that they shall not wear the feathers of any bird not killed for food, the ostrich excepted. It is satisfactory to observe that a large proportion of birds worn in hats are only artificial, made up with stray feathers on a sham foundation—a new industry for needy workers. The preservation of our birds, whether singers or not, should be a matter of strict legislation—and the destruction of sea-gulls very particularly, as they are not only harmless, but actively useful.

CLAUDIA had better consult a doctor or experienced chemist about her ears. She has probably a cold in them, or they may require to be syringed.

WAIF.—The word "knowledge" is one of those the pronunciation of which is disputed. At Cambridge it used to be pronounced as if written "knol-ledge." At Oxford they used to say "know-ledge." We are disposed to think the latter more correct than the former; but whether any change have taken place in either university in its pronunciation we are not prepared to say.

ABERDEEN LASSIE must refer to our "Answers to Correspondents," as we have so often replied to her question. The situation of lady's companion is very rare. Appearance, manners, agreeability, good temper, tact, and healthfulness, are all essential, in addition to writing a good hand, being able to express herself well, to play or sing, to execute commissions well, to be a good needlewoman, good reader, and to direct the servants if required. When attending on an invalid, a fair knowledge of two or more foreign languages may be essential for travelling.

BUSY.—April 6, 1872, was a Saturday; May 1, 1877, was a Tuesday. Your handwriting is good, though scarcely formed.

ELLEN ADAIS.—We believe that some clergymen require to see the certificate of baptism; but others might be satisfied to hear that it could be obtained if needed. Why not enquire of your own rector or vicar? We do not know that there is any hard and fast rule.

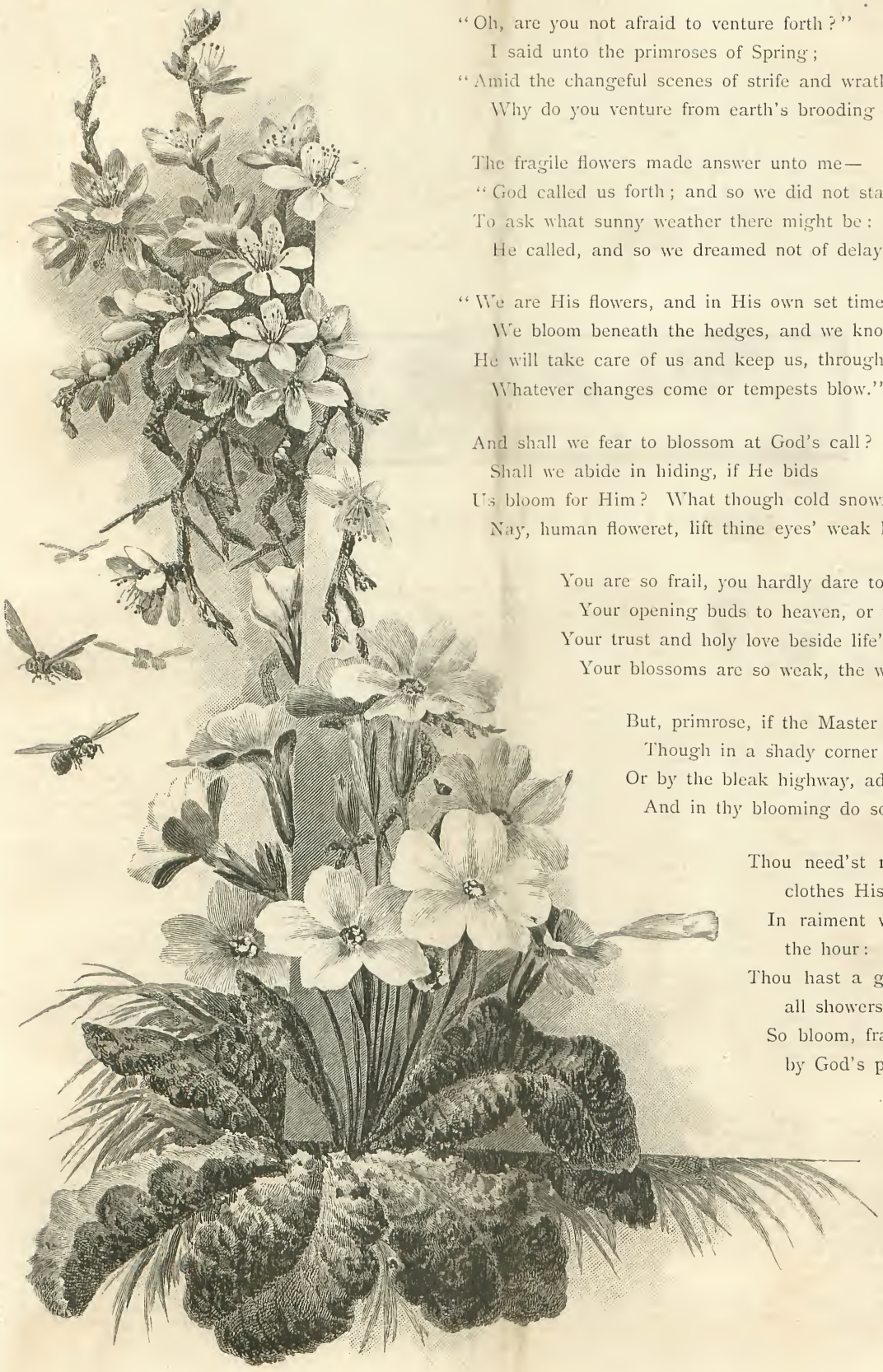
TWENTY.—Wear the ring your mother has given you on any finger that it will fit the best. There is no "should" about the question.

S. A. FORBES.—Your question has been frequently asked before. The name of his mother is not recorded in Holy Scripture.

FAIRY.—If your late mistress did not pay your fare one way, you can lawfully claim it on the agreement made.

A TALK WITH THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

By WILLIAM LUFF.



"Oh, are you not afraid to venture forth?"
I said unto the primroses of Spring;
"Amid the changeful scenes of strife and wrath,
Why do you venture from earth's brooding wing?'

The fragile flowers made answer unto me—
"God called us forth; and so we did not stay
To ask what sunny weather there might be:
He called, and so we dreamed not of delay.

"We are His flowers, and in His own set time
We bloom beneath the hedges, and we know
He will take care of us and keep us, through
Whatever changes come or tempests blow."

And shall we fear to blossom at God's call?
Shall we abide in hiding, if He bids
Us bloom for Him? What though cold snowflakes fall!
Nay, human floweret, lift thine eyes' weak lids.

You are so frail, you hardly dare to raise
Your opening buds to heaven, or to unfold
Your trust and holy love beside life's ways;
Your blossoms are so weak, the world so cold.

But, primrose, if the Master calls for thee,
Though in a shady corner of life's wood,
Or by the bleak highway, adventurous be,
And in thy blooming do some little good.

Thou need'st not fear! He always clothes His flowers
In raiment warm, and suited for the hour:
Thou hast a garment proof against all showers,
So bloom, frail primrose, guarded by God's power.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.



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"BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK."

CHAPTER XX.

TABLEAUX.



THAT to do with a houseful of people when a heavy snow followed by frost has stopped the hunting and shooting, and all the boys are at home for the holidays, and ripe for any kind of fun or mischief, whichever came first to hand, was the problem which was taxing the Greyfriars household shortly after Christmas had passed, and whilst there was no chance of getting rid of the boys for some considerable time to come.

Luckily the frost set in after the snow had fallen, so that the ice was not spoilt, and for many days skating was all the rage; but the lake was not very large, and so many skates upon it day after day cut it up a good deal, so that there came a time when even the most ardent skaters voted it all rather a bore, and began to cast about in their minds for some other form of entertainment. Whilst the ladies, who did not care for being out in the bitter cold, and who found no amusement in the lake, grew sadly bored by the enforced inaction, though they could hardly plead dulness, and shorten the promised visit; and, indeed, wherever they went they would find things very much in the same state.

The boys were simply uproarious. They built snow men, and ranged them all along the terrace; they had grand snowball matches, which were a joy to them and a terror to all besides; and Humphrey, who was something of an engineer on a small scale, built a snow hut, which he illuminated in the evenings for the benefit of the ladies. But the monotony of these pursuits was their great drawback, and by the end of a week everybody was clamouring for fresh amusement, whilst Dacre was laid up with such a heavy, feverish cold as defied even his powers of concealment. He would not take to his bed, which was the only place he was fit for, and the only place in which others could feel comfortable to know him; but he lounged about by the big fires, and snapped off all attempts at enquiry or sympathy, and Esther only hoped that he really did keep always at home, and that his intimacy with Miller was thus partially checked.

The man had given no open ground for complaint since he had been taken on again. He had always been clever at his work, and he now appeared to have turned over a new leaf, and to be steady and quiet. But there was that in his face which Esther instinctively distrusted; and though he was studiously polite to her on the rare occasions when she met him face to face, she always felt that he was her enemy, and that beneath his salutation of conventional courtesy there lurked a secret triumph and animosity. And then she had more than once seen him outside the park gates in close confabulation with the foreign maid, who had proved herself so treacherous to her mistress on a former occasion. Esther had not liked this at all, though she could not exactly have said why; but there was a tone about the whole of the Greyfriars household which she had never approved, and it was not easy to know where to begin to find fault. Mrs. Gostling had now assumed full sway, and Esther's responsibility had ceased. Nevertheless, her uneasiness did not cease with it, and she sometimes felt as if there were mischief brewing in the air.

The lost diamond had never been recovered or traced, and Esther was not certain that she did not half suspect the maid knew more of it than she would admit. Mrs. Gostling had been horrified when she had been told of Jessie's escapade and its result, and laid the whole blame on the blindness of those who professed to undertake the charge of young people, and then shut their eyes to what was going on under their very noses. Jessie loyally took the blame on herself, and declared that her aunt knew nothing and guessed nothing. But Mrs. Gostling only shook her head and sighed. She was thoroughly mortified at having failed in dislodging the interloper, and Esther's undoubted popularity amongst the young people, and even amongst her own visitors, was vexatious and irritating.

Esther's music in the evening was really quite in request; and it did seem galling to Mrs. Gostling that her own daughter could hardly struggle through a schoolgirl piece without breaking down or slurring over every little difficulty. Jessie's playing had improved wonderfully, and she had acquired some of Esther's brilliant accuracy of touch; but Bertha's music was hopelessly ineffective, which was the more provoking that Mr. Chester was so fond of it, and such a remarkably good judge on the subject.

Certainly something was wanted to amuse people, and give them occupation and interest; and in the end it was from Dacre that the happy suggestion came.

Somebody else had suggested a reading club, but the difficulty of it, and the general disinclination for trouble, had rendered that suggestion unwelcome. Charades were pronounced childish; so that they seemed as far as before from a solution of the difficulty, when Dacre suddenly said—

"Why not have instructive historical tableaux? That only needs that people should stand still. We've heaps of old costumes stowed away somewhere, I know; and girls or the maids can always rig up dresses out of odds and ends of rags and things. And there's armour too for anybody who cares to groan under the weight of it, to say nothing of the fancy dresses lots of people got for the *fête* last summer. We could manage to make tolerable fools of ourselves that way, I think—and people will come miles to see a spectacle like that. Nothing like a little dressing-up to please the ladies, and we have plenty of old pictures to get ideas from for scenes.

The ladies seemed to like the idea amazingly. Jessie clapped her hands, and several of the younger ladies joined in the applause; and though the men professed to regard it all as rather a bore, it was a relief to have something to discuss. It was soon a settled thing that tableaux it should be; and as Mrs. Gostling said, they might even issue tickets at a guinea or half a guinea each, and give the money to the church restoration fund, which was just being started.

This additional stimulus of combining charity with amusement acted as a spur upon all. Lady Eleanora saw no objection, provided the tickets were dear enough to ensure a select audience; and Dacre at once remarked, that if people were to pay heavily for the spectacle it must be done really well, so that they might have their money's worth. It must be no fiddle-faddle amateurish performance, but something that would astonish all beholders, and be a real excitement and attraction.

This opinion carried weight, and accordingly the matter was pushed on in a very businesslike way. People were really excited and interested by it, and gave the best of their time and attention to the construction of varied and taking pictures. An artist was specially invited down to group the performers, and a band was to be hired on the night to play selections of music whilst the audience was waiting. But the performers were to be the guests of the house, or the intimate friends of the household. Of course Everard was early pressed into the service, and was an efficient helper; and Esther, though she declined to appear, unless her presence was really required for any particular group, was one of the most helpful of assistants, only second in cleverness of contrivance to Thérèse herself.

"You will want somebody to help you, and to run about for you on the night, and there are plenty to act without me," she said, in reply to a remonstrance of the girls. "And most people like dressing-up better than I do, so you had better let me have my own way."

As a matter of fact, Esther was rather uncomfortable about the comparatively miscellaneous company to be admitted to the house that night. She could not quite explain the source of her uneasiness, or make known any definite fear; but she wished to have her time and attention free when that of others was engaged, and she resolved as far as was possible not to hamper herself with any part which should involve dressing and appearing in a picture; and as there were plenty of others eager and delighted to take part in what happened to be something of a novel form of amusement, she was easily spared.

"It is not that you think it wrong to do it, is it, auntie?" asked Ethel, rather anxiously, for she was much looking forward to her two appearances—one as the guardian angel and the other as an Eastern page. "Because I'd give it up if you thought it not quite nice—I would indeed!"

But Esther laughed and reassured her, and declared that it was a very pretty and harmless amusement, and that she should enjoy watching very much, provided that the performers did not allow the dressing-up and the like to increase any feelings of vanity. And so she did at the rehearsals, and was almost as useful in the grouping as the manager himself; but she could not entirely throw off the uneasy feeling she had about the evening itself, though she was ready to laugh at herself for her folly in attaching any importance to a mere groundless presentiment.

Perhaps the excitability of the French maid's manner had something to do with the feeling, combined with her persistent efforts to get the Indian diamonds introduced into the pictures on somebody's dress. Lady Eleanora, when appealed to by Jessie, would not hear of such a thing, and Mrs. Gostling was equally averse to the idea. But it seemed as if Thérèse could not let the matter drop, and first to one lady, and then to another, declared that it would be a sin and a shame if such beautiful stones were not seen on such an occasion. And by degrees there grew a great wish for the diamonds to be displayed, at least upon one of the preliminary rehearsals, and accordingly Jessie coaxed her grandmother to permit her to wear them on the night when the servants were admitted to the final rehearsal, and each servant had permission to invite a friend. There could be no danger in letting them appear on that occasion; and the people in the house, who were so anxious to see them, would have the chance of doing so to advantage.

Lady Eleanora gave way, rather to Esther's regret, though she was not able to urge any very strong objection to the plan. Certainly there should be no danger to the stones—that she would herself take care of; and it was an innocent form of amusement to let the girl display them once more, and this time without any impropriety. But Esther resolved to have her eyes open, and, when the night came, she never lost sight of the valuable jewels from the moment they left the safe till the moment they were replaced in it. And then, when she saw them safely put away and locked up, she could have laughed at herself for her fears and suspicion. It was absurd that anyone could dream of danger when they were under their owner's roof all the while. Possibly they might be safer when worn than lying locked away in a distant room.

However, no responsibility in the matter rested with her, and she went downstairs with a lightened heart. In the dining-room supper had been laid for the servants and their company—for if Lady Eleanora did a thing at all she did it handsomely—and there was a good deal of laughter and pleasantry going on there. Several of the gentlemen had gone in to "set things going," and amongst them was Dacre, who, as Esther passed down the staircase, was standing close to the doorway chatting with Miller. His voice was of that penetrating quality that is heard distinctly even amid a tumult of louder tones, and she distinctly heard him say—

"So your friend is in the artist line, is he, Miller? I saw him drawing pictures of us all as fast as his pencil could move. What kind of work does he turn out? I should like to see it."

Miller's reply was inaudible; but Esther saw that the man's face changed and darkened, and she wondered why. Dacre's rejoinder fell upon her ear as she moved away.

"Oh, he is shy of his budding genius, is he? Well, then, I will not press the matter farther; but he did not look like a fellow to be very retiring or shy."

Esther passed on with a sense of vague misgiving. She could not put her uneasiness into any definite words, but she was very conscious of it during the succeeding days, and heartily wished the notable performance well over.

"I am not accustomed to such things—I suppose that is it in the main; but I shall be glad when the holidays are over, and the visitors are gone, and we can settle down to a more regular life again. I don't think this kind of thing suits anybody; and Dacre is looking fagged to death. He will go so heart and soul into everything, and really he seems unable to stand the strain."

But at least there was this satisfaction, that Dacre was more gentle and courteous towards herself than he had been for some time lately. Now and then, when she had found him lying down in a quiet corner out of reach of the stir and bustle of the rest of the house, he had let her bathe his aching head and sit with him in the darkness until the worst of the attack had passed off. And only the night before the performance itself she came upon him leaning his hot forehead against the cold glass of one of the corridor windows, and looking out into the still, frosty night and the wavering shadows cast by the moonlight over the snow, he called to her, and in answer to her look of enquiry, said—

"One feels that, do as one can, one can never touch a picture like that; and yet folks will come miles to look at us dress up like parrots, who would turn up their noses at this. Well, it will soon be over and done with, and then I will be a good boy for once, and go back to my lessons, and not keep you on tenterhooks. But you needn't really bother over me as much as you do, Aunt Esther. I'm really not worth it."

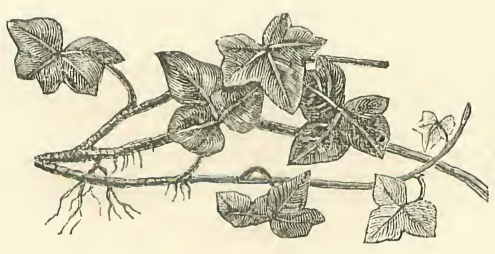
"That is a matter of opinion, Dacre," said Esther, not daring to take the hand that looked very white and thin as it hung down by the boy's side. "Are you feeling ill to-night, Dacre? Please don't be vexed with me for asking!"

He turned upon her with his peculiarly sweet smile, that came so rarely that it always seemed more like a species of revelation.

"No; I am not ill—only sick and tired of it all; and the feeling comes over one sometimes—*Cui bono?*—don't you know? I shall like it again when the time comes, and I'm in the thick of it; but I shall be glad when it's over, and the house is clear again. I've been an idle fellow, and I ought to turn over a new leaf. Sometimes I think I'll do it in downright good earnest; and, if I do, I know you will be the one to help me best."

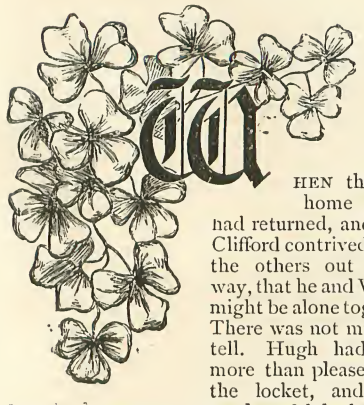
He turned away, and Esther was left alone with a strangely swelling heart. How she loved that wayward, enigmatic boy! She had never realised how much she loved him till that moment. A new leaf! Ah, if he only meant it, and would keep to his resolution, what a noble nature might emerge from the chrysalis shell which bound it! And how little either of them dreamed what was to be the next step in that strange and brilliant boy's life, or how near his steps were tending to the dark valley!

(*To be continued.*)



WINNIE'S WAITING.

CHAPTER III.



HEN they got home Tom had returned, and Mrs. Clifford contrived to get the others out of the way, that he and Winnie might be alone together. There was not much to tell. Hugh had been more than pleased with the locket, and Tom thought he wore a more hopeful look, as of one who had a steadfast purpose before him. He was with the clergyman of whom Mr. Clifford had heard, and they seemed already to have become friends. Mr. Baird was about forty, evidently far gone in consumption; a voyage to Australia had been recommended by the doctors, and though he was sadly unwilling to go, his congregation had pressed it so earnestly that he felt he ought to comply with their wishes; yet, as the vessel moved away, he looked back with the yearning, hungry look of one bidding his country a long farewell.

Then began Winnie's time of waiting. She had faced her cross, and lifted it bravely, determining that she would not, by repining, deepen the shadow it must cast on the lot of those around her. She could pray for Hugh, and he became entwined in all her prayers and intercessions, not drawing her thoughts away from God, but rather fixing all her hopes and desires on Him Who does not willingly afflict the children of men. There was not the tiring, impatient longing for news, for she knew she could have no letter from Hugh, and he was not even to write to Tom; yet she could follow the course of the ship in the papers, which she did lovingly, and to her the bare telegram was a source of deep comfort. It had been suggested that she should go away for a change, and her cousins in London were anxious to have her with them; but she so much wished to stay at home that her parents felt it would be cruel to make her go.

At last the ship arrived at her destination, and Winnie knew that she must do without the meagre, yet consoling, tidings she had had hitherto. Yet she heard of Hugh again before long, and in a very unexpected way. Tom one morning silently pointed out one among the list of deaths in the *Times*—it was that of the Reverend William Baird at sea on his way to Australia, and an account of the clergyman appeared in one of the church papers. It seemed that he had taken cold; the voyage had not suited him from the first; he had not been able to shake off the cold, but sank under it, and was buried at sea. The notice concluded thus: "Though with none of his relations near him, Mr. Baird was not left untended by loving hands; a young passenger, Mr. Corrance, to whom he had become much attached, attended to him as though to a father, sat with him night and day, and it was actually in his arms that Mr. Baird breathed his last. We hear that from his loving exertions Mr. Corrance was himself ill; but we are happy to say he soon recovered. The congregation of St. Thomas' owe a deep debt of gratitude to him for his tender care of their beloved pastor in his last hours."

How Winnie treasured that paper. Surely, she thought, Hugh's intercourse with so good a character must have borne blessed fruit; it was a holy task that had thus been granted him. Perhaps, she thought, even while she sympathised with the bereaved congregation, it had been ordained that Mr. Baird should take that journey in order to do Hugh the good she felt sure he had done him. Hugh's journey was surely highly blessed in its very beginning, and her face grew bright with deep inward joy. Even if they were never to come together that joy would be the same, for she cared for his good more even than for herself, and she could bear to be always parted on earth so only they might be together hereafter.

To the anxious watchful eyes of her parents Winnie grew paler and thinner as the months went on. She did not complain, but took her sisters' lessons as usual, and entered into their amusements. Her old buoyancy of spirit was gone, but she was bright and loving as ever. Gertie had hitherto been rather one by herself, as Winnie and Tom, Jack and Connie had paired; but in her great sympathy with her sister she became more companionable. Tom was looking forward to entering his father's office, though Mr. Clifford wished him to remain at school till he was getting on for eighteen.

In May Winnie went to London to stay with her cousins for a little while. She was looking so fagged that her mother asked them not to let her go out too much, but to see that she rested, and took a due amount of care of herself. Kate and Ada were motherless, and kept house for their father, who was the manager of a bank. They always enjoyed having Cousin Winnie to themselves; they had had some hint of her trouble, so this time they made more fuss over her than usual.

"Kate," said Ada one night, when Winnie had gone to bed early owing to feeling tired; "I don't believe Winnie is a bit well—she looks as if she suffers. Have you noticed how she always rests her back? I don't at all like the look of her."

"No; she doesn't seem at all well. On Sunday she sat for part of the service, and I have never seen her do that before. Do you think we ought to speak to aunt about her?"

"It wouldn't be nice to worry aunt; it may be she has noticed it herself. Yet sometimes fresh eyes can see more than those that are always with people. Suppose we look after her very carefully, and then if we think we ought we can tell aunt."

Accordingly the two girls began their affectionate supervision that very night. When they went into their cousin's room they found her wide awake, and she smiled at them, though Ada had time to notice that a moment before her lips were set as though she was in pain.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Kate asked, stooping to kiss her.

"Yes, thank you, Kitty. It is nice to be in bed. I am tired; but then I am in the right place to be so."

"You don't look very sleepy," said Ada, beginning to take the hairpins out of her hair.

"No, I'm not a bit sleepy. I daresay I shall be soon. Do you mind leaving the door open between our rooms?"

The door was left open, and Kate and Ada moved about softly, talking quietly, hoping their cousin would fall asleep; yet when Ada was ready for bed and looked in again Winnie was still wide awake, very white and weary-looking.

"No, dear, I can't sleep," she said, in answer to Ada's look. "Turn up the gas a little more, will you, please. I will see if I can manage to read a little."

"Let me read to you?" said Ada, eagerly. "I should like it. I don't feel at all sleepy. What shall I read?"

Winnie was very unwilling to keep her cousin from her sleep, but Ada, seeing the proposal was pleasing to her, insisted on reading, and went into her room to search for suitable books. She came back with *George Herbert*, with which Winnie was very pleased. She read the quaint and holy verses well, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the sleeplessness fade from Winnie's eyes. But she read on, making her voice monotonous in hopes that Winnie would be quite asleep before long.

But Winnie was too unselfish to keep her cousin for any length of time, and insisted on her going to bed, saying she felt as if she should sleep now. Two or three minutes after she lay down Ada was fast asleep, and did not wake till Kate shook her gently, and told her it was time to get up. They found Winnie already dressing; but to Ada's enquiries she was obliged to answer that she had slept very little.

"That won't do, you know!" said Kate. "Aunt will say we don't take proper care of you; you look like a 'washed-out ghost,' as Charlie Bidlake used to say."

Winnie laughed a little, and said she should be all right presently. There was nothing the matter with her except that she felt tired.

"Tired the first thing in the morning. Then you have no business to be. Uncle said he should come this evening, and I shall talk to him about you," said Ada, decisively, though Winnie begged her to say nothing about it.

The matter settled itself, however, for in the afternoon, as the three girls sat together round the fire—for though it was past the middle of May it was cold enough to make a fire very acceptable—Winnie, with a long gasping sigh, sank back fainting. Ada and Kate were much alarmed, especially as the united efforts of themselves and the servants they summoned hastily could not restore her to consciousness, and they sent for their doctor, who lived close at hand. Fortunately, he was at home, and came at once. But it seemed very long before even he could bring Winnie round, and when he did it was only to see her faint again.

Ada and Kate were discussing in a frightened whisper as to whether they ought not to send for their aunt, when Dr. Forrest called to them to hand him a glass from the table.

"Do you think we ought to send for her mother, Dr. Forrest? She looks very ill," Kate asked, anxiously.

The doctor lifted his finger warningly, and answered in a low, clear tone, "Not now; I think she is conscious, and would not like her mother to be alarmed, I am sure."

Indeed, a faint tinge of colour had returned to Winnie's lips, and her eyelashes stirred a little as though she heard what they were saying; then her lips moved, and as the doctor bent his head, he heard her say painfully, "Better now."

"Yes, you are better now; but you must lie still, and when you are rested a little, let your cousins get you to bed." Dr. Forrest said this cheerfully, though when Ada followed him out of the room he looked grave, and said, "What have you been doing with your cousin, Miss Ada?"

"Is she very bad?" Ada questioned.

"She is in a very low, weak state; in my opinion she is very near a long illness. It is a wonder she has kept up till now."

"I believe she has felt ill, but she doesn't complain except that she is tired. What

ought I to do about sending for aunt? Uncle will be here presently."

"Then don't send at all. Her mother ought to come, but there is no such immediate need of her. I shall come in again presently to see Miss Winnie, then I daresay I shall see your uncle too."

"Thank you, Dr. Forrest," Ada said, gratefully; "I am sure he would be more satisfied to see you himself."

When Mr. Clifford came a little later he was much grieved and concerned to find Winnie in bed; and though she tried not to show it, he could see how ill she looked. Dr. Forrest paid his visit, and though Winnie had not fainted again, he looked grave, and said she had better see her own doctor.

"Father," Winnie whispered, as her father sat with her for a little time before going home, "if I am to be ill, do let me get home, if possible. I couldn't bear to be ill away. They are very kind, but it would be so much better to be laid up at home."

"Your mother will come up the first thing to-morrow, my pet, and you shall be brought home the next day if they will allow it. I hope you will be better now. I fear we ought to have called in the doctor before."

"Dear father, I am not ill, only tired. It will be nice to have mother here: it is good of you to spare her to me. Give my love to them all, and tell Gertie I am glad she helps Connie with her lessons."

Winnie could not be moved so soon as she hoped; fainting-fits came on frequently, and she was obliged to be kept in bed. Each time she tried to get up she was worse, and when the doctor, rather puzzled by her symptoms, questioned her closely, he found that she suffered from her back when not lying down; she had done so for a long time, and it had been getting worse lately, but she did not think it was anything serious; she had not felt well altogether, and supposed it was the feeling so tired. It was Dr. Forrest who found this out: their own doctor only saw her occasionally, and then more as a friend than a physician. But he and Dr. Forrest had a long consultation when he came up, and Winnie wondered at the many questions they asked her.

"Should you like to go home, my dear?" asked fatherly Dr. Day, patting her hand encouragingly.

"Oh yes, so much; I believe I should be better at home. Will you let me go?" said Winnie, eagerly.

"Well, my dear, we think perhaps you might go the day after to-morrow; but you must consent to go as an invalid, though, and you must be quiet, and not too anxious to get about as usual for a little time to come."

Winnie was ready to promise, and looked quite bright and eager at the prospect of getting home again. She was very fond of her uncle and cousins, yet it was an additional trial to be ill away from home.

She bore the journey better than they expected, and though very exhausted, was so glad to be at home again that the fatigue did her no real harm. After a day or two she seemed better in herself, but the doctor still told her to be patient and lie still. By his orders she was nearly flat on her back, and the position was a trying one even though she felt too tired to sit up for long. Days passed on, and the sad anniversary of Hugh's going came round; but on the day she was so prostrated by a bad sick-headache that she could not think very much about it. Dr. Day had been told of her trouble; her low condition of health had puzzled him, for though she had never been robust, and had had a tendency to curvature of the spine, she had been fairly well.

One Sunday morning, when she had been at home some weeks, her father, coming up to sit with her after breakfast, thought she looked grave and preoccupied, though on asking her if she was in pain she said she was as well as usual.

"Father," she said presently, "shall I ever get better? Is there anything much the matter with me?"

"What makes you ask, dear?" he said, tenderly.

"I heard Gertie and Connie talking a little while ago; the door was open, and I think they spoke of going to school, and something being too much for 'poor Winnie now she can't ——' Tell me what they mean—I would rather know."

Mr. Clifford knelt down by the bed and put his arms about her, gathering her into an embrace that would fain have kept all pain and sorrow from her. He did not look up for a moment, and when he did there were tears in his eyes and on his cheeks.

"I meant to tell you, my darling," he said at last. "I know you would rather hear it all. For some little time the doctors have feared some kind of spinal complaint, but we could not bear to tell you only their fears, and hoped as you grew stronger the symptoms would pass off. But, my precious child, it is not so, and my little Winnie must make up her mind to be an invalid at least for a long time."

Winnie lay very still for some little time; then said—

"Oh, father! and Hugh?"

Her father comprehended the cry.

"Yes, dear, I know; but He Who is laying this cross on you knows all the circumstances that add to its weight; and you can pray for Hugh, and even make your suffering into an offering for his welfare."

A few quiet tears fell as Winnie kissed her father; then he said presently—

"Shall I stay with you while the others are at church, dear?"

"No, thank you; please don't let anyone stay; I like them to go. Tell them not to stay away."

Mr. Clifford understood that she would really rather be alone, and he went to tell his wife, who came in soon after to see that Winnie was comfortable.

"Have you all you want, dear? You are sure you don't mind being left?"

"No, not at all; it won't be for long. I shall get up presently. You'll think of me in church, won't you, mother dear?"

Mrs. Clifford's only answer was a close embrace. Then Tom came in to see his sister, and Gertie and Connie came to kiss her before they started, and very soon she was left alone except for one of the servants, who was within hearing of her bell.

Then Winnie faced her trouble, and laid it before Him Whose compassions fail not. Always afterwards that Sunday morning stood out in her life, and it was far from being a sad memory. There was the thought that she could never be Hugh's, for hitherto she had had an almost unacknowledged hope that some day they would be joined. Still, in a very true sense he could be hers. Her prayers for him need not cease, nay, in the time she was laid aside from active work she could pray for him the more; and since God Himself had laid her aside, He did not need her work, but might she not reverently think? He did need her patience, her loving submission, and her intercessions. He knew what was best; He loved her. Could she not love and trust Him?

When the others came home Winnie was downstairs, looking better, her father thought. She sat up to dinner, and the younger ones were very merry. It had seemed terrible to them that Winnie must always be ill, never go about and enjoy her life as in former days; but Winnie herself was evidently not miserable, and they brightened accordingly.

Winnie's couch had been placed in the garden, and after the early dinner they all went thither. There was a sheltered place which seemed as though it had been intended for her, where she could see without being much seen. Mr. Clifford and the boys and Connie presently went for a walk, and Mrs. Clifford and Gertie stayed behind. Gertie sat on a low stool, with her head against her sister, and Mrs. Clifford sat quiet over her book. It was very peaceful; a Sunday calm brooded over all things.

"Winnie," Gertie said, after she had been sitting stroking her sister's hand caressingly for some time without speaking, "did father tell you Mr. Gilbert said he should come and see you to-morrow?" Mr. Gilbert was their vicar, who had been away for some weeks.

"No, I didn't know he had come back. I shall be very glad to see him. Gertie dear, you know, don't you, that I am never likely to be well again."

Gertie's tears fell so fast that for some time she could not answer.

"I know. Oh, Winnie, we are so sorry! I want to help you—let me do what I can for you."

"It will be nice to have a little maid; you will help me very much, I am sure."

"Yes; and Connie and Jack will run about for you everywhere. We were talking about it coming home from church this morning, and we want always one of us to be at home with you so that there is someone to wait on you. Jack says he must have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons unless Tom wants them. Tom was not with us when we talked about it."

"You are all so good to me, I am afraid you will make me selfish," Winnie said, gratefully.

It had been decided that Gertie and Connie should have a governess at home; there was no good day-school within easy reach, and a boarding school was not to be thought of, for Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were among those who think that they should not, without necessity, pass on to others the responsibility of their children's up-bringing.

And Winifred Clifford settled down to her invalid life. It is never easy "to watch our darling visions as they fly," or to sit with folded hands watching the active work in which we can take no part; yet surely such a life, if it is full of trials, is also rich in consolations and compensations; and those who are called to it, those over whom the tender, yet withal at times heavy, hand of God casts a shade, can learn to sit down under that shadow with great delight. It was thus with Winnie: she took up her cross willingly, and even on earth it was changing in her hands into a palm. She had her seasons of darkness, when she felt she could not struggle on; when even the light in her seemed changed to darkness; but she never let those around her be troubled by them. Her ready sympathy awaited all who came to her, from Connie, grieving over a fracture in the fair face of her favourite doll, to a friend bowed down by the sudden loss of her mother.

The uneventful years glided on. Gertie, from being a loving, helpful, home daughter, became at twenty the wife of a rising young doctor. They made their home a little way out of London, but Gertie was able to come to The Glen frequently. Tom was in his father's office, and Mr. Clifford was able to take more leisure, for steady Tom could be trusted in all things, and no one thought of behaving disrespectfully to him or disputing his orders. Jack wished to become a stockbroker, so was put with a friend of his father's, but was able to live at home. Connie grew up a very pretty girl, rather wilful, yet sweet and loving, and always the spoiled pet of the household.

(*To be concluded.*)

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

V.



PERILOUS as well as a thankless task it often was to work upon the "Underground Railway." Most of the quiet, sober citizens, indeed, who made the backbone of the institution, were content with extending a liberal hand to the slave who sought their help of his own accord, not considering it their duty to urge him to escape, and neither courting nor fearing the scenes of uncongenial violence which would occasionally be excited at their peaceful doors. There were some, however, who stood as outposts, so to speak, in the enemy's country; and some who on their own responsibility waged a guerrilla war of deliverance in the heart of the Southern States, risking life and liberty to give freedom to their black brethren here and there.

We have seen how Seth Concklin and Samuel Smith suffered for this noble crime; and there are many other stories of the kind to be told. For example, that of Richard Dillingham, a young Quaker schoolmaster, whose enthusiasm led him to attempt bringing off to their friends a party of slaves from Tennessee. He was caught in the act of "negro-stealing" and thrown into jail among a crew of profane ruffians, cheered by the thought that in not himself trying to escape he had at least saved his black friends from torture. To his parents and to his sweetheart he wrote from prison, calmly consoling them in prospect of the punishment that seemed for him to have no terrors and no shame. He had an opportunity of getting free on bail, but refused to avail himself of it because he believed that the money to be supplied for this purpose had been come by dishonestly. Again, he was offered tools with which to break jail, but would not consent to use these "underhand means" of extricating himself from his unfortunate position.

Thus the gentle Quaker came to his trial, where he excited no little sympathy even among the angry men whose laws he had offended. Many of the jury were affected to tears by the demeanour of this virtuous prisoner. He confessed what he had done, taking the whole guilt of it on himself, asking mercy on no other plea than the sorrow of his poor mother, who had come hundreds of miles to be near him at such an hour. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the lightest penalty allowed by the law. In prison he won the affection and respect of his keepers, as well as of his fellow convicts; and being appointed to take charge of the hospital ward, since he was too delicate for rough manual labour, enjoyed special privileges and opportunities of exercising his benevolent nature. A year of his term was hardly over before cholera broke out. Night and day Richard attended the sick prisoners, till his own weakened constitution gave way to the terrible disease, and he never came north again to close his father's eyes, nor to dry the proud tears of his betrothed bride.

Not all the agents of the "Underground Railway" were men of this stamp. In the South it was often needful to employ mere hirelings, who would perhaps have worked for as soon as against the slave-owners had they been well paid for it. Common good-nature might move Northerners to lend a hand in the work now and then, without devoting their lives to it. There were others actuated mainly or in part by a love of perilous enterprise; and truly the rescuing of slaves could afford as much excitement as the hunting of grizzly bears, or frontier fighting with Indians. Such an adventurer seems to have been John Fairfield, mentioned in the autobiography of Levi Coffin, with whom, to a certain extent, he acted in correspondence, though holding no commission from the mild-measured Abolition societies. The good Quaker calls this ally some hard names—"a wicked man, daring and reckless," which may mean little more than that he trusted to arms rather than to principles. At any rate he was a man of whom one would like to know more, when we hear how he for twelve years carried on his unique business of rescuing negroes both by force and fraud with such success that he is said to have brought away hundreds, and from every Southern State. Though a Virginian, and belonging to the slave-owning class, he seems to have been surpassed by none in his hatred of slavery—a hatred which did not stick at fighting his clients' way to freedom; and the bold exploits which Levi Coffin, while shaking his head over them, yet relates with a certain involuntary gusto, might be supposed borrowed from romance, if a Quaker were capable of romancing.

Another remarkable soldier of the war of emancipation was Harriet Tubman, who among the initiated earned the *sobriquet* of "Moses," from her success in guiding coloured people out of their land of Egypt. "She seemed," writes Thomas Garrett, who bore the same honourable nickname, "to have a special angel to guard her on her journey of mercy," and from other casual references in William Still's records and elsewhere, it is evident that she was a highly trusted as well as somewhat eccentric ally. In appearance, indeed, Harriet herself must have been as unlike an angel as may be; while we gather that her methods were rather those of an amazon. She is described as "a woman of no pretensions; indeed, a more ordinary specimen of humanity could hardly be found among the most unfortunate-looking farm hands of the south. Yet in point of courage, shrewdness, and disinterested exertions to rescue her fellow men," it is testified that she had no equal. John Brown spoke of her with enthusiasm as the "most of a man" he had ever met with. The "General" was another nickname of hers.

"Time and again she made successful visits to Maryland on the 'Underground Railroad,' and would be absent for weeks at a time, running daily risks while making preparations for herself and passengers. Great fears were entertained for her safety, but she seemed wholly devoid of personal fear. The idea of being captured by slave-hunters or slave-holders seemed never to enter her mind. She was apparently proof against all adversaries. While she thus manifested such utter personal indifference, she was much more watchful with regard to those she was piloting. Half of her time she had the appearance of one asleep, and would actually sit down by the roadside and go fast asleep when on her errands of mercy through the south, yet she would not suffer one of her party to whimper once about 'giving out and going back,' however wearied they might be from hard travel day and night. She had a very short and pointed rule or law of her own, which implied death to any who talked of giving out and going back. Thus, in an emergency she would give all to understand that 'times were very critical, and therefore no foolishness would be indulged in on the road.' That several who were rather weak-kneed and faint-hearted were greatly invigorated by Harriet's blunt and positive manner and threat of extreme measures there could be no doubt.

"After having once enlisted, 'they had to go through or die.' Of course Harriet was supreme, and her followers generally had full faith in her, and would back up any word she might utter. So when she said to them that 'a live runaway could do great harm by going back, but that a dead one could tell no secrets,' she was sure to have obedience. Therefore none had to die as traitors on the 'middle passage.' It is obvious enough, however, that her success in going into Maryland as she did was attributable to her adventurous spirit and utter disregard of consequences. Her like it is probable was never known before or since."

Will the reader be surprised to learn that this redoubtable heroine was a full-blooded negro, who could neither read nor write? The first twenty-five years of her life were spent as a slave in Maryland, till she thought of running away across the magic line that was not far off from her place of bondage. Having managed the matter so easily for herself, she took up the task of helping others to the same good fortune. She would work as a cook in Northern hotels till she had saved up money enough to pay the expenses of a trip into her old neighbourhood. It is said that she helped away three hundred slaves, not one of whom was caught, nor did she herself ever fall into the hands of the enemy, though at one time as much as twelve thousand dollars' reward was offered for the arrest of this mysterious enticer, who seemed to come and go like a black ghost. She went armed with a gun or a revolver, and was the woman to use them in case of need.

Among the rest, she took off her own family at different times. First, her three brothers set out under her direction, hiding on the way in their father's fodder house, snug among the ears of corn. The old man was in the secret; but they durst not trust their mother, as her excitable nature might have led to their betrayal. All a wet Sunday they lay hid, and through the chinks of their shelter had the pain of seeing the mother look out from time to time to gaze down the road, shading her eyes with her hand, in the fond hope of catching sight of her boys coming to spend Christmas with her. They were minded to spend their Christmas after another fashion. Two or three times their father pushed food through the door for them, but took care not to set eyes on his sons, though one of them he had not seen for six years, all that he might be

able to swear with a negro's clean conscience when the time came for questions.

At nightfall they started, taking one look through the cabin window at the poor old woman, who sat crooning over the fire, pipe in mouth, rocking her head on her hand, mourning that her boys did not come. The father accompanied them for some miles blindfolded, the sons holding his arms; and when they took leave of each other he could still say that he had not seen one of them that Christmas!

In spite of such precautions, the old man came under suspicion of having helped fugitive slaves, for which he was to be tried, when Harriet came to settle the matter by "removing the case into a higher court." In fact, she quietly drove off her parents in a ramshackle sort of vehicle, and they seem to have met no hindrance in reaching free soil; but her proceedings in this case, as in others, are not very clearly explained. Indeed, only one of her exploits is related at any length; and even here our curiosity is rather piqued than satisfied as to the peculiar method of escape which served her so well.

A slave named Joe had passed into possession of a new master, whose first order to him was to strip and take a whipping, just as a strong hint that he had better behave himself. Seeing no present help for it, Joe submitted to the lash, but he thought to himself, "This is the first time—and the last!" The same night he went to the cabin of Harriet's father, and said, "Next time 'Moses' comes, let me know." In a week or two Moses came; then, as usual, men, women, and children began to disappear from the plantations. Joe went off with a party consisting of his brother and two others. Hunted and hiding, separated and brought together again by roundabout ways, passed on through the aid of secret friends, they got at last opposite Wilmington, in Delaware, with the hue and cry hot after them, and large rewards proclaimed for the arrest of each member of the party. It was Harriet's way, we are told, to leave on a Saturday night, because, as no advertisements could be issued on Sunday, the fugitives thus gained a day's start of publicity.

They found the bridge at Wilmington constantly guarded by police officers on the lookout for them, so that it seemed impossible to cross in safety. But in the town lived Thomas Garrett, the Levi Coffin of Delaware, through whose hands two thousand slaves are said to have passed on their way to liberty. He would help them, and he could. Harriet had secret news conveyed to the good Quaker, who proceeded to act such a piece of deceit as his principles would surely have forbidden him to speak. He engaged two waggons, and filled them with bricklayers, Irishmen, or Germans perhaps, who did not so much stick at helping a slave to the same freedom as they had found in the great Republic. They drove over the bridge, shouting and singing, as if for a frolic in the country. The watchers let them pass, and naturally expected to see them return. At nightfall the merry party came back, making as much noise as before, and again passed without suspicion; but this time the runaways were concealed at the bottom of the waggons.

So far, so good; but Joe for one could not feel at ease till he was safe in Canada. When the train in which they were approached the suspension bridge below Niagara Falls, the rest of the excited party burst into singing even before they were quite out of the wood. Joe, however, was too much oppressed by fearful anxiety to join in their exultation. Even yet there might be a slip between the cup of freedom and the thirsty lip.

"The cars began to cross the bridge. Harriet was very anxious to have her companions see the Falls. William, Peter, and Eliza came eagerly to look at the wonderful sight; but Joe sat still, with his head upon his hand.

"'Joe, come look at de Falls! Joe, you fool you—come see de Falls! it's your last chance.' But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the centre of the bridge and the descent on the other side that they had crossed the line? She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, 'Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!' Joe did not know what she meant. 'Joe, you're free!'" Then the strong man, who could stand under his master's whip without a groan, burst into an hysterical passion of weeping and singing, so that his fellow passengers might think he had gone crazy; but did not withhold their sympathy when they knew the cause of such emotion.

Harriet Tubman appears to have been a strange compound of practical shrewdness and a visionary enthusiasm bordering on insanity. She believed in dreams and omens warning or instructing her in those enterprises of hers; and at times broke forth into Sibylline rhapsodies that to her ignorant hearers seemed the work of inspiration; even a cautious Quaker is found doubting whether she had not some power of insight beyond what is called natural. But, by whatever means, she unquestionably excelled in the difficult work she had chosen for herself, and when with the war she found her old occupation gone, she was of great service to the Northern armies, both in nursing sick soldiers and in acting as a spy and gaining for their deliverers the confidence of Southern negroes, inclined at first to look upon all white men with equal feelings of suspicious dread.

This bold woman was far from being the only negro who was not satisfied with having secured personal freedom. Many another trusted himself back behind the bars of slavery on the chance of being able to rescue some late fellow-sufferer. We may be sure that it would go hard with the runaway who, on such an errand, fell into the hands of his old oppressors. It seems that the slave-holders would even stoop to wreak their spite on the friends of successful fugitives. Mr. S. J. May tells of such a one, who, having got North, saved up enough money to buy his poor old mother, that she might end her days in freedom. A Quaker, living in the South, was employed to negotiate this delicate business; but the cruel master guessed who would be the real purchaser of the worn-out woman, and refused to let her go at any price, though an almost worthless article. Thus he had the satisfaction of punishing his ex-slave's heart, now that he could not lacerate the man's back.

Another fugitive left his father behind, a Methodist local preacher, inoffensive and industrious, who had contrived to buy his own freedom, and did not care to end his days in new scenes. But he went on a visit to his son in Canada, and that was enough to draw suspicious eyes upon him. Soon after he came home from this visit his house was searched by a party of gentlemen, who found there a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and such like pernicious literature. That was enough. For the heinous offence of possessing "papers, pamphlets, and pictorial representations having a tendency to create discontent, etc., among the people of colour in the State," he was tried and condemned to ten years' imprisonment—a sentence happily cut short by the great civil war. There was hardly a household in England free from the same guilt.

More fortunate was another black man, named Jim, whose story deserves to be commemorated as a model of impudent audacity. Jim took French leave of his owner, but could not long be happy in freedom when he thought of wife and children left behind in slavery. So he went coolly back to the old plantation, stood cringing like a whipped dog before his master, as if he had only been away for a holiday, and after being duly saluted with a volley of abuse, humbly explained that he had indeed run to Canada, knowing no better, but was now come home a sadder and wiser darkey. He was sick of liberty, and having to take care of himself. Canada was a cold place, where white folks cheated niggers out of their wages. He had found out what sort of people those Abolitionists really were: a mean set, who pretended to help slaves only to get work out of them without paying for it! So Jim had concluded to throw himself on his master's mercy.

The master's anger gave way to pleasure at hearing such edifying doctrine. It seemed to him that this repentant runaway would make an excellent missionary of content among the other negroes. Jim was pardoned, taken into favour, and in a white man's presence never failed, by precept and example, to preach the gospel of submission, as was expected of him. But all the while the sly fellow was playing the missionary in quite another fashion than his master reckoned for. He worked faithfully through the autumn and winter; but when the fine weather came he made a trip to Canada, this time accompanied by his family and some black friends. Jim never had a second fit of homesickness for old Kentucky. A few years later Levi Coffin visited him comfortably settled in Canada, where he had only one regret—he "hoped God would forgive him for deceiving his master so often."

Samuel D. Burris was an educated free negro, who from abhorrence of the wrong done to his fellows became a conductor on the "Underground Railroad." His chance at one time seemed like to be a hard one. After repeatedly coming safe off from his perilous journeys, he at length fell into the power of the slave-holders. He lay several months in prison awaiting trial; then by the laws of Delaware was condemned to be sold as a slave for seven years. All the efforts of his Northern friends to help him had hitherto been in vain, and he gave himself up for lost when placed on the auction block to be examined and handled from head to foot like a horse at market. Several traders were present, who ran up the bidding to six hundred dollars, at which price he was knocked down to a stranger. No sooner was the bill of sale made out than poor Burris had his heavy heart moved with a joyful flutter. A whisper in his ear told him that the pretended slave-trader was an agent of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society, who had now bought him for himself. "Having thus escaped by the skin of his teeth, he never again ventured South."

Even in the Northern States a coloured man could not take share in this work without apprehension, especially during the last ten years, when the slave-owners had been able to sharpen the law in their favour. "My agency," writes Frederick Douglass, "was all the more exciting and interesting because not altogether free from danger. I could take no step in it without exposing myself to fine and imprisonment, for these were the penalties imposed by the fugitive slave law for feeding, harbouring, or otherwise assisting a slave to escape from his master. But in face of this fact, I can say I never did more congenial, attractive, fascinating, and satisfactory work. True, as a means of destroying slavery, it was like an attempt to bale out the ocean with a teaspoon; but the thought that there was *one* less slave, and one more freeman—having been myself a slave, and a fugitive slave—brought to my heart unspeakable joy."

(*To be concluded.*)



"IVY FOR FRIENDSHIP."

—Language of Flowers.

FRIENDSHIP.



CAN pen portray those mystic charms that blend,
When, hearts entwined, each calls the other "*Friend*"?
The sacred tryst where converse sweet is holden,
Hands clasped, the same in shade or sunshine golden?
We call it Friendship—firm fidelity
Of kindred spirits, love-linked unity.

When gladness fills the heart, a radiant glow
Illumines all around; 'tis then we know
To tell a friend the joy makes doubly sweet,
While soft the tones so tenderly that greet
The ear attuned to catch the harmony
That echoes far through Friendship's minstrelsy.

When sorrow meets us like a chilling blast,
And life looks bleak and bare, clouds gathering fast,
The warm embrace of Friendship wraps us round
With succour, strongest when we're weakest found!
Love brings the oil and wine of sympathy,
Sharing the grief, steels half its agony.

This gift we'll cherish! guard it well with care
(As costly jewel, bright-hued, lustrous, fair).
Lo! from a depth! but not of earthly mine,
'Tis fused into the heart by Love Divine.
Reflected Love-light, hallowed, pure, and free,
Is *Friendship!* Be it ours eternally!

LIZZIE BARNETT.

ON BEING A "VISITING LADY."

PART III.

FEW indeed are the districts round London in which drink is not the "visitor's" worst and most persistent foe, and in which she could not gain experiences enough to enable her to write a good temperance article. At first it strikes one as too shocking and terrible, but even a "visiting lady" gets used in time to the general depravity, and almost accepts it as a matter of course, and the startling announcement: "Oh, the lady next door, she *do* drink!" loses its horrible, suggestive novelty after a while. Indeed, when I come to look back on my own four years' experience, I find that most of the poverty, most of the wretchedness, most of the illness, dirt and degradation in my district, arose almost solely from the influence of this curse alone. I remember one family, in which I was really interested, and whose two clean and tidy rooms it was generally a pleasure to enter. The man was a steady, respectable bricklayer of about thirty, and his wife went out charing or took in washing. They had seen a good deal of trouble; three out of their four children had died, and the husband suffered each winter from "asthmer," which often incapacitated him from work, and made it difficult for the little household to make both ends meet. Bricklaying, too, cannot be carried on in all weathers, and there were often long periods of enforced idleness, very hard to bear. During one particular winter there had been a heavy fall of snow, and, all usual out-door work being stopped, my friend had, with some others, found employment in the neighbourhood in sweeping the snow away before shop doors and helping to clear the streets. On the afternoon of the day this work commenced I happened to call on the wife to enquire after her little sickly boy who had been ill, but who appeared to be quite well again, and to be making a good deal of noise indoors with his playthings, obliging me to knock twice loudly in order to make myself heard. At my second knock the door was suddenly opened by the wife, her hair streaming down her back and a comb in her hand, whilst over her shoulder appeared the startled face of another woman, the lodger from upstairs.

"Why, what is the matter?" I enquired, involuntarily, as they confronted me, dishevelled and agitated, and a strange, rushing, tumbling noise proceeded from the back regions, as if a wrestling match were going on.

"Oh, nothing, miss; it's only him, mad drunk! My husband, he's just come home, that's all!"

I was facing the narrow passage as this incredible announcement was made, and at that instant a wooden chair bounded violently out of a door at the farther end, striking against the opposite wall, quickly followed by another and another, and then by a rapid shower of brushes, brooms, mats, plates, dishes, basins, and jugs, all smashing one on the top of the other in a broken heap, crowned by a heavy kettle, snatched off the fire and full of boiling water; a staggering, stumbling, bumping noise followed, that made me step hastily back, and then a volley of choice oaths and threats to break every bone and smash every head, hurled forth in a thick, furious, unnatural voice. I asked where the child was, and hearing that it was at its grandmother's, next door, advised the wife to take shelter there too, and leave the madman to himself for a time, for he was evidently dangerous.

"No, miss, I won't go, thank you. Yes, I daresay he'd kill me if he could, but I must do my best to escape him! I've locked the parlour up, at any rate"—it was parlour and bedroom too, and held the choice possessions. "Here's the key, so he can't do no harm there!" She was holding it tightly in her hand, and showed it me triumphantly. The noise still continued in the background meanwhile, the crashing of articles of furniture, crockery, etc., the tumbling about and the stream of oaths; but she calmly twisted her hair and pinned it up, and wiped her face on her apron. "I was just washing myself, miss, when he come in like this. It's spirits, that's what it is, I know—he's never been like this before, never! No, I've never seen him like this before! I don't know what's come over him!" She was so calm and self-possessed under these, to me, terrifying conditions, however, that I received this statement somewhat doubtfully; but she shut the house door and came outside to the gate of the next cottage, and stood with the lodger talking to her sister, who had been waiting there with apparent curiosity. "Oh, he'll sleep it off soon!" I heard her say. Her mother also received me calmly.

"Yes, I've heard it, miss. I'm glad she didn't come in here. Last time she did he followed her through the house with a knife in his hand, and we was all in danger then!"

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked the wife, as I took my leave, feeling almost as as if I myself ought to take some measure in the miserable affair, yet knowing I could do no good.

"Oh, he'll fall down and just sleep it off soon, miss, and then I'll go in again—I have the key." She was shivering with cold in the bitter wind, her apron over her shoulders. "I shall listen till it's all quiet, then I can go in; but I sha'n't clear up nothing; he shall just see it all, what he's done to my little home, or he won't believe it. I shall stay here till then. I ain't going to run no risk, and when he comes to his senses he'll see!"

About a week later I called at the house again; the wife opened the door, and with a smiling face invited me to walk in. Being

pressed for time I should have refused, but something in her expression made me change my mind and follow her down the passage into the kitchen, all neat and comfortable in its afternoon repose, the little table spread for tea, and at it the husband sitting, "clothed and in his right mind," a smoking saucer of tea in his hand.

"There! I told him as you should see him, miss!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "He looks different now, don't he? He wouldn't believe what he'd done, though I left everything just for him to see for himself. But as I tell him, 'Miss C., she saw you right enough, and all as you did!'"

Very briefly I expressed something of the sorrow and disappointment I had felt; the respect for and unbounded confidence I had always had in him before; my earnest hope it might never occur again.

"Ah! I told him so, miss. An I there was all my plates and basins and things broken—the few things as I'd got together—and we're not rich either! But there, I was determined he should know."

During this little talk he had been shuffling uneasily in his chair, a faint flush on his bronzed cheek, his eyes fixed on her face, not angrily, but with a sort of boyish shamefacedness, only looking down every now and then to pour fresh tea from the pot into the cup on the table, and from thence into the saucer in his hand and to drink it.

"It was the snow as done it," he said apologetically, when she paused, still looking at her; but she caught him up.

"The snow! You mean the spirits!" she exclaimed. "Ay, and the language as you used too! Don't think as it weren't heard! It was shameful, that it was; and there was two as heard it as I tell you, One above and Miss C.!"

This term, "One above," which I believe Mrs. Long used in all reverence, and which is, of course, a respectful allusion to God, and the one most generally adopted down my district, must have possessed a curious sort of signification, I think, in some minds. What with rare, very rare visits to the nearest church or chapel or meeting-house, and, when there, uninterested and divided attention to the prayers, and, as a rule, very misty and vague comprehension of the preacher; occasional perusal of temperance pamphlets or tracts of different sorts, together with the original and mostly wholly extraordinary remarks and views given by neighbours; an independent, personal, and unbiassed idea of religion as it concerns themselves on the part of each individual man or woman; and an almost universal avoidance of the Bible, except in cases of extreme and dangerous illness. Then its production was almost synonymous with the order to the undertaker. A mixed, vague, utterly perverted impression of religion appeared to be fixed on each mind, together with an idea of God which might puzzle an African missionary! In what, *for instance*, *did* Mrs. Jones's notions of propitiation differ from those of an ordinary savage, I wonder? She and her husband kept a little sweetstuff shop in the street, and, like most of their class, did business on the Sunday, in spite of much remonstrance and many appeals; otherwise they were respectable people, the wife having been a housekeeper, the husband a traveller for some firm. The business was not very successful, however—not surprising, perhaps, in such a neighbourhood—and one day part of the poor stock disappeared in the possession of the broker's man. I called soon after this had occurred, and was received by Mr. Jones with his customary jaunty nonchalance; his wife looked sad and anxious, however, and, accompanying me to the door, under cover of her good-bye, whispered her troubles in my ears.

"Yes, miss, it's dreadful, and he's such a trial to me—so obstinate! He won't work; and when I took him I thought he was just the man to turn to anything; and not a stroke of work has he done; and now it's took all my little money that paid the rent of a week, or the furniture and things would have gone too! All my little savings as I'd laid by. It's that as 'as made me ill. I don't know what'll become of us now! I'm sure I've done all I can, but"—eagerly, but with a doubtful, anxious sort of look, clasping my hand—"we're going to shut up shop on a Sunday now, and see what that'll do!"

There are people, too, who tell you that 'religion' is a thing of the 'inwards,' and that if the 'art is all right it doesn't matter what one is 'outward.' "It's the 'art as does it, miss," one woman said to me. "I'm not one of them as makes a show of religion and goes to church or meetings for what I can get; I stops at home and works. As I say, our religion is in the heart (or 'art, as she called it), and there's One above as sees into that. He doesn't look at the 'outwards,' but whether our 'arts are right; and I often sits here and 'as thoughts as no one knows of but One above! I'm not one as talks on such things; I'm not given to it, but I often have thoughts as no one knows of in my 'art!"

Mrs. B.'s definition of religion, too, would, I think, have been curious and suggestive. "Oh, yes, miss, thank you; I shall be very glad to come to the meeting! I'll come certainly; at eight o'clock you said? Oh, yes, I'll come; I'm very fond of religion myself"

On the other hand, Mrs. A. was not fond of it. "Oh, dear! there, miss, don't talk to me about confirmation, or anything of that sort! One of my boys was confirmed in the last parish as ever I lived in, and never another of my children sha'n't be! Never! I never have been myself, and I'm sure the ladies as 'as been after me, promising me new clothes from top to toe, if I'd only be! But I never have, and my boy, he's been worse after it than ever in his life before! There! I can't tell you how he hasn't carried on since! I don't want to hear no more of clergymen or confirmations or such things."

"I am afraid your boy's heart was not touched, and that, you know, must come first, Mrs A."

"His heart not touched? Why, he blew the organ regular there for years, Sunday after Sunday, and was as high thought of as any one! But there! it's a heathen world, and as they say, no parson u'll come here to save my soul unless he's paid for it! Not he! And not one of my children sha'n't be confirmed if I know it!"

I think I can venture to say, however, that there is not one district visitor who would not prefer to have to deal with genuine outspoken animosity such as this, unreasonable as it might be, rather than with the cant she is sometimes called upon to listen to, and which is more hopeless to contend with than even drink itself.

"Yes, miss, I am in trouble, and nobody don't know how much I have to bear! Oh, it's shameful, that it is! To think as my poor boy is took and been locked up, and him so young too! I'll never believe as he stole anything; what he had was give him. I'm sure I've done my best to bring 'em up respectable; and me with seven! And the beatings me and his father have give him too! And then that shameful, drunken Mrs. King to go and tell such lies! Her as pretended to sign the pledge for you too! Well, I'm sure I'm not one as speaks against my neighbours, I'm not! Nobody can't accuse me of that! And I'm sure if anyone's ill in the street I'm the first to run in and do all *I* can! I never grudge my time and trouble, and it's a hard struggle as I have with my large family; but I'm always ready to help any one, and then it seems I'm turned against! I'm sure it's cruel, it is; others can have help and tickets, but me, with my husband laid up nearly a whole week only last month, and my large family, not one! Oh, I did feel it bitter! I in such trouble and no creature to turn to, and my poor boy in prison now—him so young! I'm sure if it hadn't been for two kind ladies, Mrs. G. and Miss L., from Mr. D.'s parish—and they was kind ladies, too!—I don't know what I'd have done! *They* don't lay no blame on me, nor on my poor boy. And the lies as *some one* has spread about me! But there, miss, the gentleman as tried my boy said, 'The parints of this boy are quite blameless,' he said; so he knows the truth. I'm sure when I heard as it should be said I drank, just because I have my half-pint twice a day, I felt life was a burden; and my husband was that angry, he said I shouldn't go to no more of your meetings and things, and the children shouldn't go to the Sunday-school no more! Why did I repeat it to my husband, miss? Because I always tells him everything, and I never have had, and never will have, no secret from him! No; and I'm not a-going to begin it now! He knows all what everybody says about me! But there, it's trouble here, and trouble there, and never a friend to look to, or to say a kind word to me, or to take any notice! Oh, it do seem hard!"

A pause to wipe her eyes on her apron, and for her listener to edge in a little word of remonstrance.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but I *do* ask God's help, and He *is* my friend, or I shouldn't be where I am. I should have been took with all my troubles! Oh, yes; He is my only Friend, and well I know it, I don't know how I should get on without Him! And He always answers *my* prayers! I'm sure, when my poor boy went away, I prayed he should come back, and, you see, He did send him back—although, of course—— But there, as I says, them as I helps turns against me! However, as I says, and my husband says too, I *will* get out who it was as spread them lies about me and punish 'em! Oh, yes; what you say's all right enough, miss; but, as I say, He is my friend, and has been all along through this, and He'll help me now, I know! All turns against me but Him, and He'll help me to keep up now, and find out who's been talking against me!"

I would invite anyone who may read this, and who may have had successful experience in dealing with such people, to kindly inform me of their method, for I have found none.

Living in a parish in which there was a church with a simply-conducted, hearty service, and a special row of pews reserved solely for the poor, and well furnished with hassocks and books, I made a point of trying to persuade my friends to attend regularly, and odd enough were some of the excuses that I met with.

"No, miss, I don't go to church, I know; nobody can't say that of me! *I'm* no Pharisee! I keep myself to myself and stay at home on Sundays! Excuse me, miss, but you can be just as good at home as anywhere else. No; I don't go to church nor to meetings neither, for, as I say, actions always speak louder than words!"

Another: "Well, miss, to speak the truth, I don't like to come to church because of what people say. You know, miss, they calls me stuck-up about here, just because I keeps myself to myself, I s'pose; and I know if they seed me going what it 'ud be. 'Ah! *there* she goes, just to see what she can get! She's going to try to be religious now, and get the ladies to help her! Dear me, how good she's grown all on a suddin!' Not that *I* care what they say. It's only because I holds myself above them, as I says, and don't

get drunk and make up pitiful tales and all that, and they can't put up with that sort of thing. Oh, I know I ought to come fast enough, whatever they may say. Of course, our Lord was 'prosecuted,' and we must expect the same!"

Even our leading little shopkeeper had his say about Sunday observance, and thought he had us on the hip.

"So I ought to shut up shop and come to church! Indeed, miss! And now as you have had your say, allow me to ask you what *you* do on a Sunday? Ah, exactly! I beg to call these church services, and Sunday schools, and prayer-meetings, and bread and coffee for the poor, work—nothing more nor less. And if I choose to do my work in my own way and in my own shop, it seems to me equal. By your own showing it is no day of rest for you. Why preach it to others? No; I admit no difference at all; each works in his own way. We are talking of work, and it is work, for parsons, you ladies, and all. And now, if you please, we'll drop the discussion."

As a variation, here are a couple of reasons, on the other hand, for attending church.

"Thank you, miss; my husband's getting on very well indeed now; things is looking up again. Yes—and oh! could you tell me where the free seats are in your church, miss? We've been chapellers when we have gone anywhere, you know, but now my husband's getting on so well, we thought we'd rather go to church; it's more aristocratic!"

"Yes, miss, he took all the poor old man's savings—all what he'd saved up for his burying. Poor old father! and him lying there dead! My own mother's brother went and broke open the cupboard and thieved! Poor old father! Oh! it would have grieved him! And they never sends for me when he was took so ill, and never a word read over him nor nothing, just like a heathen! Oh, it do grieve me, that it do! And my own mother's brother—my uncle to rob him! They hadn't looked after the poor old chap! When the doctor come he said as how he'd had a fit in the night, and he did 'chastise' my uncle's gal—oh, he did 'chastise' her fine for not going in when she heard him call out; but nobody took no notice. And now him to be buried like a pauper, poor old father! when he'd saved up a-purpose! Ah! miss, and that's my uncle—my own mother's brother!"

The two words "prosecution" and "chastise" remind me of a distinct peculiarity of my street—the entirely original and novel pronunciation of some words, and the equally original and unexpected application of others. Here are a few instances, in further illustration.

"Yes; they've turned George out of the Horspital, miss. I arst him why he didn't stay in longer, as I told him to, but he said as they 'xamined him, and sounded and 'magnified' him well, and then turned him out. So he's home again."

"Well, as I says, I'm ready to help anyone. I says, 'I'll do what I can for her; I can't do no more.' I said as we'd take the girl, and find her some clothes; and I tell her, if I'd half a loaf, why, she should have a quarter; and if she'll only ''preciate' us, why, we'll keep her as long as we can."

"I suppose I've told you about my 'radical' son, Miss C.? You've heard of him, I daresay. No? Oh, he's been a rare trial to me and his father. No sooner do we find him work than he loses it through drink. Always boozing from morning to night, and never sober! Oh, yes, he's a terrible 'radical,' he is."

Here is one from a dustman's wife: "No; my husband didn't go out with the dust-cart yesterday, for my aunt was up from the country, and took us all to the Burgess Minstrels. It was good, too! I wanted to go to Masklyne and Cooke myself, but when he heard as there was spiritualism there, my husband said as there was Socialism enough among the dustmen, and he didn't want no more of it."

"But there, miss, some parints are no better than their children, *I* say. I'm sure if a girl of mine had acted so, I'd have said, 'This ain't no longer the sort of home for you,' and I'd have 'vanished' her, that I would! But there! some parints, as I say, ain't worth the name, that they ain't, miss!"

"Ah, they're a queer lot as lives in that house, miss! He's a Jew, he is. I don't know what to make on 'em. Why, he keeps a 'vallett,' he does, and there——" as a slipshod, untidy-looking, shabby man, carrying a loaf under his arm, appeared round the corner, and shuffled across the street. "There is the 'vallett' a-carrying home their bread!"

"Step in, please, miss. Oh, yes, my wife is at home, but she is just 'realising' the time by having a good clean out upstairs."

"No; it wer'n't a woman's action, miss, for to go and serve anyone so—to get four shillings like that, an' then go off. [Her daughter had run away from a good situation after one day's trial.] I tell you, she's that ongrateful she don't keer, miss, what anyone does fur her, an' ne'er a thing will she do fur me if I was laid up. And if she washes the room, or cleans the steps, she won't do it not till I pays her. She's turned three and thirty, too; a woman as ought to know better, and always a-wanting, too, and I can ill afford to help her! I yearned my own livin' when I was a girl, an' I brought her up to yearn her'n. Her husband was a likely-looking young man till he got took bad and had to go to the horspital; he had a silver tube in his throat, and died there. 'Twas in Sum George's Horspital he was!"

Here is one, too, in a setting sad and tragic enough. Four little children were found locked in a garret, where they had been left four days without food of any kind. The youngest was an infant of under twelve months, and all were without clothing beyond a few rags; the baby with not even a rag. One of the boys of my acquaintance had seen them. "I've seed a many thin babies, but ne'er a one as little as it! It's little arms were just two tiny bones, an' its little face all white and sunk. The pleeceman as took 'em away carried it under his coat. The father and mother had gone away four days before—gone on the Susancide, I expects!"

"Enough to 'subside' on;" "a 'norse-eating' room"; "oriental water"—meaning "ornamental;" "an 'eggsagerated' report;" "good as a poppet show;" a "'massiline' women"—meaning "masculine;" and "infleenzey" for "influenza;" and chronic "bronchital," or "bronkittle," or "brownkatis," for "bronchitis," are a few more of the peculiarities of the English tongue as spoken down our street.

On the other hand, although we may not know quite all the details of pronunciation, there are some of us, at least, who know how to behave, even if, to put it lightly, we have taken more than is good for us.

"Ah, Miss C., an' there's some here in this street as takes your charity, goes and spends it at the public, an' then comes home an' abuses you! Ah, they do, an' I've seen 'em, though I don't want to mention no names! The drinkin' as goes on is shameful, that it is!"

"Come, come, Mrs. Lee, we mustn't talk of other people. I think I met Mr. Lee the other evening, when he did not quite know what he was doing, or what he said."

"What, miss?" quickly. "He warn't rude to you, was he?"

"Well—no!" He had merely, whilst enquiring after my health with considerable effusion, attempted to shake me warmly by the hand, which, perhaps, could scarcely be described as rude!

A complacent smile replaced the anxious expression on his wife's face; she looked round with quiet triumph. "Ah, I thought not; he never forgets his manners—never!"

I have also been received by Mrs. T. with great cordiality and politeness, and have stood talking with her for some minutes in her neat little front parlour, and received my very first intimation of her condition when, with a sudden burst of tears, she has informed me that there is no such thing as a Bible in the house, and she longed to read again the beautiful Palms, and St. 'Pistles and St. Gospels, St. Acts, and St. Romans! In that house the husband was a staunch total abstainer, hard working, and respectable, yet his wife was scarcely ever sober at any hour of the day. He himself told me that his home was a hell upon earth!

(*To be concluded.*)

CALVARY CLOVER.

THERE is a plant, said to be a native of Palestine, but which will grow freely in the open air in London, called Calvary Clover. In appearance it is like a trefoil or clover, but its real Latin name is *Medicago echinus*. The plant derives its name of "Calvary Clover" from one or two peculiarities connected with its growth and habit. In the first place, the seed must be sown in the spring, and those who have a fondness for the plant allege that it must be sown on Good Friday if the seed is to grow and the plant to thrive. The leaves as they appear above ground have a deep red spot like freshly-spilt blood on each division of the leaf, which will remain for some weeks, eventually dying away. The three leaflets, of which each leaf is composed, during the day stand erect in the form of a cross, with head erect and arms extended; but with the setting sun the arms are brought together, and the upper leaflet is bowed over them as if in the act of prayer. In due time a small yellow flower appears, and after that a little spiral pod covered with sharp thorns. As it proceeds to ripen, these thorns interlace with one another and form a globular head, which, when quite ripe, may be unwound from its spiral coils, and the striking resemblance to a "Crown of Thorns" is at once evident.

It is thus by its Blood-stained Leaves, by its extended Arms and bowing Head, and by the day when the seed is placed in the ground to await its resurrection, that it has gained for itself the name of Calvary Clover.

These pods contain about eight seeds each, and are sold for 6d. a pod for the benefit of the restoration of the Norman Priory Church of S. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.

They may be had of the Verger at the Church, or of Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C.

OUR HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

TO THURSO AND JOHN O' GROAT'S.

"Skerry and holm and stack
Fringed with the foam and the wrack."



AFTER a stay of six weeks in Tongue, we left one fine day by the mail coach for Thurso.* Starting at seven in the morning, we took nine hours to perform the journey of forty-four miles, and that over a very good road.

The running of the mail coach between these two places was established in 1811, and it is time that there was some improvement both in the kind of carriage and horses and in the time occupied on the journey. We passed a good many groups of people on their way to the summer celebration of the Sacrament; there were young and old, men and women, all carrying their little bundle of finery with them, and in some cases bound on a two days' journey. These great gatherings—are they altogether good in their results? was a question one could not help asking.

We were in Sutherlandshire in the morning and in Caithness in the afternoon: the first grand and mountainous, the latter somewhat flat and uninteresting except for the abundance and beauty of its plants and wild flowers. The Royal Hotel, whither we directed our steps as soon as we were released from the heavy, uncomfortable coach, is one of the best in Scotland, and we felt in Paradise accordingly. It was quite a pleasant sensation to feel ourselves within a few minutes' walk of the railway, from which we had been cut off so long, and its whistle sounded sweet as a lute in our ears. We were quite excited at the sight of so many people and shops, and for the first evening were content to do nothing more than walk about and look at them. All seemed prosperous, yet there was an air of desolateness about the town in consequence of the inhabitants permitting grass to grow in the streets.

But everything was forgotten as we made our way to the sea, and stood on the shore of "the finest bay in Britain."† To the right the magnificent Dunnet Head and Thurso Castle; to the left the weird, solemn Holborn Head, which, with its bold precipitous ridge, forms a gigantic wall to protect the Scrabster roadstead and lighthouse from the fury of the Atlantic; and exactly opposite, across the Pentland Firth, the Orkneys, watched over and guarded by the Hills of Hoy. These hills rise gradually from the summit of a range of rocks of tremendous height which overhang the sea. The height of Hoy Head is 1,200 feet; it is of old red sandstone, and looks like an immense red wall of rusty iron.

The Old Man of Hoy is an isolated rock resembling a human figure, and serves as a landmark from the Caithness coast, and for ships far out at sea. Its height is about 600 feet, but unfortunately of late years large masses of rock have occasionally fallen from it. Malcolm, the soldier-poet of Orkney, has likened it to

"A giant that hath warred with Heaven,
Whose ruined scalp seems thunder riven;
Whose form the misty spray doth shroud,
Whose head the dark and hovering cloud."

Or, in Daniel Gowie's words:—"Heedless alike of calm and storm, the old man of the sea, like a grim and veteran sentinel at his post, keeps silent watch and ward amid the lonely waters."

Very lovely, solemn, and grand was the scene all around us; indeed, it would have been almost depressing but for the blue sky above us and the clear, crisp air which bestowed health and spirits upon us as we drank it in. We stood there, never tired of gazing, till hunger and drowsiness sent us back to the hotel; but we promised ourselves to return in the morning, and make acquaintance with the coast.

The next day was clear, bright, and sunshiny, and after breakfast we made our way to the shore of the bay where we had stood last night. Turning to the left, we came upon a green and charming walk on the cliffs, which, following every curve and bend of the sea, led us on to Scrabster, a little fishing-village, and an anchorage for boats of large size. As many as a thousand vessels enter the roads of Scrabster during each year. As we came down from the cliffs it looked so pretty with its whitewashed cottages, and full of life, for men and women both were occupied in emptying the boats and packing and sending off the fish just caught. The whole place smelt of tar, herrings, and fish generally. We were a little tired with our three-mile walk, and went to a quiet cove, took off our shoes and stockings, and sat on some large smooth stones with our feet in the sea.

We must not forget to state that Scrabster is the port from which the mail boat St. Olaf starts every evening for the Orkneys, performing the passage in fine weather in about three hours.

Having rested for an hour, we began the ascent to the lighthouse, which is perched on a green slope on Holborn Head, and surrounded by immaculate white walls. It was erected in 1862 by David and Thomas Stevenson, engineers, of Edinburgh. It is a flashing light, showing a flash every ten seconds, *white* towards the Pentland Firth and Dunnet Bay, and *red* towards the anchorage ground. Although one of the smallest lanterns in use, it can be seen in clear weather at a distance of thirteen miles.

The lighthouse is not very high, and the top is reached by three very steep ladders rather difficult to climb. Having scrambled up to the lantern, we balanced ourselves on the tiny ledge inside it and admired the lamp, which is entirely of glass, and bright and clear as polishing could make it. In the windows were two large panes of red glass showing safe anchorage, while the white panes were, as I have said, for ships at sea.

Lighthouses are very necessary in this Pentland Firth,* owing to the strength of the tides and the wonderful velocity of the contiguous currents in opposite directions. So dangerous are these that strange ships always require pilots for the Firth.

The two eddies, or whirlpools, in the Pentland Firth are the Men of Mey and the Boars of Duncansby. The former appear with the ebb, and the latter with the flood tide: and even when the surrounding Firth is quite smooth, these huge breakers rush together and leap up like boiling water in a cauldron in a furious fashion.

The view from the lantern was superb, but Holborn Head itself was gruesome. Its name, Holborn, signifies "Hell's Child," from *Holla*, the goddess of hell, and *biorn*, child. At its extremity there is an immense insulated rock called the Clett, about four hundred feet high, and only a stone's throw from the mainland, from which it has evidently been washed by the surging beating waves of the ocean. It is the home of innumerable sea-birds, whose cries can be heard miles away. As we gazed we saw hundreds moving to and fro. Holborn Head was one of Robert Dick's favourite walks, and he tells of these birds sitting in long rows "like a lot of bottles on end" on the ledges of the Clett, where they breed and bring up their young.

It was getting towards evening when we began to turn our steps homeward to the hotel. We would gladly have been rowed across the bay, for we were tired, but no one could be found sufficiently at leisure to row us.

Thurso is one of the most bracing and invigorating towns on the coast, and as it is in a measure under the influence of the Gulf Stream, it is peculiarly suited during the summer and early autumn to invalids from tropical countries. Bathing machines occupy a quarter of a mile stretch of sandy beach quite clear of rocks or stones for ladies, and to the west of this are a number of reefs, which divide the sea into little creeks and bays, which the men make use of for bathing. There is scarcely any darkness here in June, July, and the early part of August, the reflection of the sun in the Atlantic being visible for the short period it drops below the horizon.

We were very interested in the old fishing part of Thurso. It is very quaint, and full of narrow lanes and bye-ways, and we enjoyed sitting or standing at the river mouth to watch the boats come in and turn out their stores of fish,† for the River Thurso is a good angling river, and a splendid one for salmon. £20 a rod is, I believe, paid monthly for the salmon fishing. Dr. Smiles, who knows this part of the world intimately, says that the fish, after feeding and cleaning themselves in the Pentland Firth, make for the fresh water, and the first river they come to is the Thurso, up which they swim in droves.

The occupants of Thurso Castle are the Sinclairs, who have done more for Thurso than it is possible to relate. More than a hundred years ago, when Sir John Sinclair began his improvements, the whole country round was in a most desolate and discouraging state: three-fourths of the county consisted of deep peat moss and of hills covered with heather;

* Sir Roderick Murchison twice took the same journey when going from Tongue to Thurso to see Robert Dick.

† So Hugh Miller called it.

* It is considered that about 10,000 vessels pass through it annually.

† An old fisherman told us that it was his belief that the rains in October carried the juice and quintessence of the plants into the lakes, whereby the fish are nourished.

and one of the first things he did was to make a road through the centre of the county. The post used to arrive once a week from the south by *runners*, and Sir John used to say he would never rest till a mail coach drove daily to Thurso; and it became a proverb in the county when any impossible scheme was mooted, "That will come to pass when Sir John sees the daily mail at Thurso." In his old age he witnessed the long-promised coach drive up, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the people, to the very gates of Thurso Castle. Now in this year of 1891 the post arrives twice a day from the south and once from the north. Once when he was anxious to show the people what energy would do in accelerating labour, he caused one of his own sheep to be publicly exposed at a cattle show. He then had it sheared and the wool washed, spun, dyed, woven, and made into a coat, which he wore a week or two later at a rural *fête*. It was this very man who introduced the Cheviot breed of sheep into Scotland. He found it most difficult to collect any statistics, as the farmers objected to counting their cattle and belongings on the score of its being very unlucky to do so.

Of course we went to see the house of Robert Dick, with whom Dr. Smiles has made us so well acquainted.

There is a splendid library in Thurso, and the librarian, Mr. Campbell, is a most interesting and intellectual man. He is thoroughly acquainted with all the history of Thurso, of which he is part, bone and flesh. We asked him whose works were most in request, and he named, among others, Besant's, Black's, Annie Swan's, and Jane Worboise's. It is made great use of in the winter, when, during the hours it is opened, books are given out at the rate of one a minute.

Our next desire was to see John o' Groat's, and we consulted our kind landlady, Mrs. Henderson, as to the means of getting there. The result was that a wagonette stood at the door of the hotel next morning at nine o'clock, the expense of which was to be shared by two ladies who were staying in the hotel, and who had asked to accompany us. The drive of twenty-two miles occupied about two hours. I don't know what we expected to see, but what we found was a charming little hotel of curious construction on the coast, having opposite to it the picturesque island of Stroma,* or, as its name implies, the "island in the current," and to the right of it Duncansby Head, the most beautiful headland in the north of Scotland, together with the two immense pillars of rock known by the name of the Stacks of Duncansby; and still a little farther north, but quite within view, the two Skerries, keeping watch over the eastern entrance to the Firth, and by their two lighthouses, one higher than the other, acting as sure guides to the mariner. All these we saw as we stood on the coast immediately after getting down from the wagonette.

All we could hope to do in the course of one day was to get a near view of Duncansby and a pocketful of "groatie buckies," which are found on the beach below the headland.

> "He is considered lucky
> If, after searching on the sands,
> He find a groatie buckie."

It is said if you are fortunate enough to find many you will live to be very old, for every groatie means a year of life. So first eating a little luncheon—for the drive had made us hungry—we started off on our expedition.

How beautiful Duncansby Head is! It is of pale red sandstone, and the chasms with which it is indented are very rugged, bold, and grand. It is almost surrounded by the sea, and on the land side the surface is of a beautiful green, sloping down to a little running brook—a greater contrast to the sides facing the sea cannot be imagined. From its top a glorious view is to be had of the Firth, the Skerries, and the Orkneys. As to the Stacks, they stand out in the sea bare and red, resembling icebergs in their tall fantastic form, though from a distance they look like huge spires of some old Gothic edifice, and when touched with crimson by the rays of the setting sun they look glorious. In the summer months they form the rendezvous of innumerable sea-fowl, and on the top of the larger one the eagle has for ages had its eyrie.

Mr. Calder, who was intimately acquainted with this coast and its inhabitants, relates that about half a century ago a tailor one day climbed up to the eyrie for the purpose of stealing a young eaglet. No sooner had he reached it than the old eagle, a majestic bird of the golden species, came flying forward to protect her young. One flap of her wings would have been sufficient to hurl him to the bottom, but fortunately he had his large scissors in his pocket, with one stroke of which he felled the bird. He managed with great difficulty to get to the bottom, but he afterwards declared that not for the whole of Caithness would he perform the feat a second time.

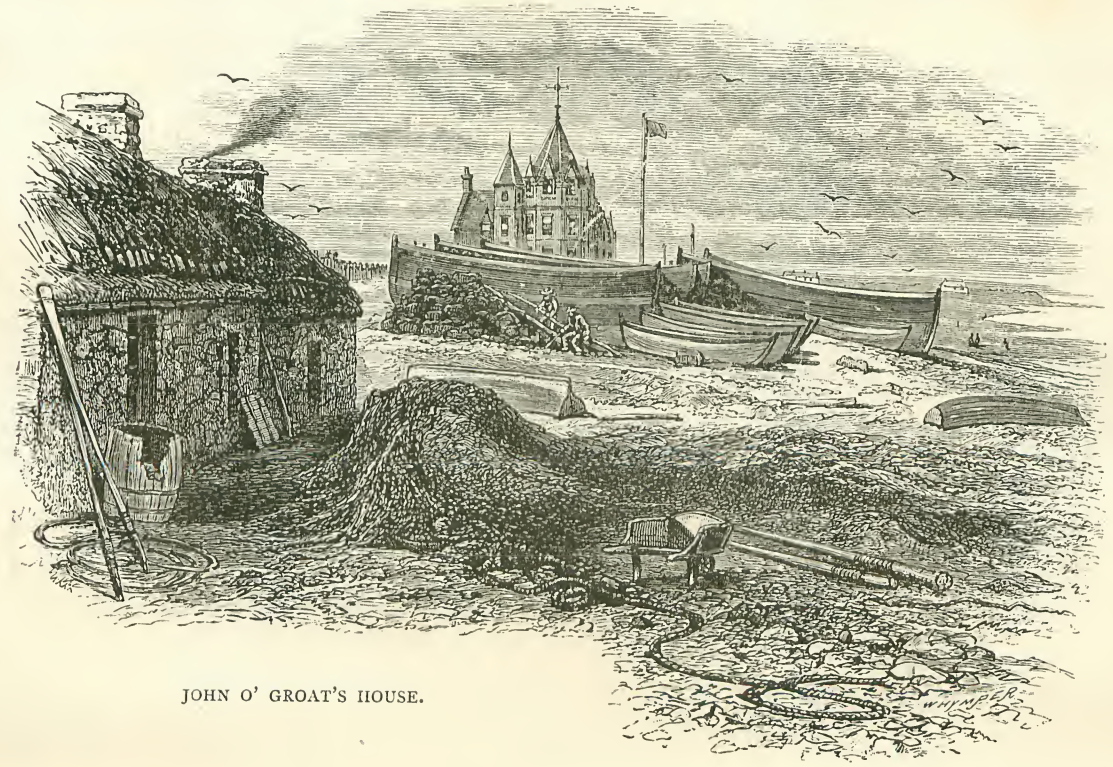
While we were picking up the "groatie buckies" the rain suddenly came down in such force that we were soon wet to the skin, and in this condition we arrived at John o' Groat's Hotel, late in the afternoon. We had to dress in any coats, dresses, or under-garments the landlady could supply us with, while she kindly dried our clothes. We were a most grotesque and motley group—our best friends would scarcely have recognised us.

There is not a brick left of the old house built by John o' Groat, but the present hotel is supposed to be on its site, and built somewhat in the same form—that is, having eight sides.

Previous to 1496 there is no mention of John o' Groat, but in that year there is a statement that John Groat of Hugh obtained a portion of the land in Duncansby called "penny land,"* and paid yearly for it three measures of malt. A second statement is that the ancestor of Groat was a ferryman

* This island of Stroma is two miles long and one broad, and contains about 200 inhabitants, who occupy themselves in their little crofts, and by fishing and piloting vessels through the firth. The shores abound in cod fish and the young fry, called here sillocks, as well as most excellent lobsters. There is no rivulet or burn within it, neither is there tree or shrub; but the soil in some parts of it is good. There is a school, but no church; and when the sea is calm, the people come over to Canisbay Church. The rental of the island is about £200, and the proprietors are the Earl of Caithness and Mrs. Sinclair.

* The "penny lands" were let to small tenants, who, besides the rent, yielded a variety of minute services to the landlord.



JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

between Caithness and Orkney, and had frequent disputes with passengers about his fares, till at length the magistrates interfered and fixed the rates at fourpence—that is, a groat—for each passenger. A third is that in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, Cavin and John de Groat, brothers from Holland, arrived in Caithness with a letter from the King, written in Latin, recommending them to his loving subjects. These brothers bought the lands of Warre and Duncansby, in the parish of Canisbay, and in process of time the family increased and property extended till there came to be eight different proprietors of the name of Groat. At an annual festival a dispute arose as to who should take the head of the table, which threatened serious consequences, when John Groat, then a very old man, interposed. His ingenious plan was the promise to build an octagonal house with a corresponding number of doors, to prevent all quarrels about precedence among the eight different families or proprietors of the name, among whom the property seems in process of time to have been divided.

Such are the traditions of this famous John o' Groat and his curious dwelling. Robert Dick expressed his opinion of him, viz., that he was a real poet, or he would not have selected such a lovely spot for his home.

On asking what use was made of the sea-fowl which congregated in such numbers on the Stacks and Skerries of the north coast, I heard that puddings were made of the fat found in their stomachs, and that some fifty years ago, men having to be out on the sea in very stormy weather, used to tie a bundle of these puddings to the end of the cable, believing that they hindered the waves from breaking on the boat, and that they calmed the sea—oil upon the waters; but unfortunately the smell of the grease attracted the whales.

On our drive to and from John o' Groat's we were struck with the peculiarity of dividing the fields by means of Caithness flags set on end: it gives a desolate character to the country such as we, with our beautiful green hedges, can have no idea until we see it.

We reached the Royal Hotel at Thurso between nine and ten, delighted with our day, notwithstanding the thorough wetting we had had.

We spent a good deal of time here in looking into the condition of the poor, not only in their homes, but in the workhouse and hospital. Whenever we found ourselves in desolate places far from centres of life, we always made a point of talking with any family we came across; and on asking one of these how they managed in time of sickness with no doctor within twenty miles of them, they told me that in ordinary sicknesses they could manage by using plants, roots, and animals. On asking them to explain, they said for bad coughs and colds they boil the roots of nettles and reeds in water with the addition of a little yeast, or they use the fat found in the stomach of the solan goose in water gruel; and for sciatica they wear girdles of seal-skin. But they acknowledged that in case of accident they were "just dazed."

We enjoyed our Sunday at Thurso. The churches are good, and the service quiet and unpretending in the little Episcopalian church which we attended.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

JIM O'REILLY.



AVERIL had just reached her own room when she remembered that she had not bidden Maud good-night. It was very late, and just for a moment she hesitated; then she crossed the passage and tapped softly at her door. There was no response. She knocked again, and then gently turned the handle. For the instant she thought the room was empty, until a sound of a low smothered sob from the bed arrested her. The moon had retired behind a cloud, and in the dim uncertain light Averil could just discern a dark form stretched across the bed. A great pang of pity crossed her as she groped her way to it—it was Maud; she had thrown herself down fully dressed upon the quilt, with her face buried in the pillow, and was trying to choke down the hysterical sobs that were shaking her from head to foot. The strain of the last few hours had been too great, and she had broken down the moment she found herself alone. The overmastering passion made her deaf to everything; and as Averil stood beside her, the words, "Oh, Oliver, Oliver, cruel, cruel," reached her ears distinctly.

There were pitying tears in Averil's eyes, and then with a sudden impulse she stooped over her and drew Maud's head to her bosom and soothed her as one would soothe a broken-hearted child.

"Do not try to check it—you must give way at last. All this time you have borne it so bravely and alone. Why should you fear me, your sister Averil? Oh, my poor dear, I know how you have suffered. And then this last cruel blow!" Then, as bitter sobs only answered her, she went on tenderly, "You have been so good to-day—you have not thought of yourself, but only of your poor mother. Do you think I do not know how terribly hard it has been for you?"

"Don't praise me—don't say anything kind," returned Maud, hoarsely, as her strong will forced down another quivering sob. "Poor mamma! How gladly would I change places with her! She is unhappy, but she has not this weight"—putting her hands on her breast. "Averil, if anything has happened to Rodney I shall have been my brother's murderer. Mamma would have let him go, only——" She stopped, and Averil's sisterly arms only pressed her closer.

"You must not say such things," she returned, gently. "You have been selfish and thoughtless; you did not think of his good, but only of your own; but if you had realised all this mischief you would have been the first to bid him go."

"You say that to comfort me," she returned, in a broken voice. "But, Averil, you do not know—I shut my eyes wilfully—I sacrificed Rodney to my own interests. I thought of nothing but Oliver—and now I am punished, for he has left me. He taught me to love him; he made me believe that he cared only for me; and now, he is going to marry another woman," and the poor girl shuddered as she said this.

"Dear Maud, he was not worthy of you."

"Not worthy of me!" with the old scorn in her voice. Then she broke down again, and buried her face on Averil's shoulder. "What does it matter if he were not worthy when I loved him—I loved him. Oh, you are good to me; but you do not know—how can you know—all I have suffered."

"I know more than you think, dear," returned Averil, in a low thrilling voice. "I may not have suffered in the same way—for to me there is no pain like the pain of finding one we love unworthy of our affection—but if it will comfort you, Maud; if it will make you more sure of my sympathy with you in this bitter trial, I do not mind owning that I also have known trouble."

"You have cared for some one!" starting up in her surprise. "Oh, Averil, I am so sorry."

"Well, so am I"—with quaint simplicity. "It was very foolish, was it not?—a little crooked body like me. But it was my father's fault. Dear old father! how his heart was set on it. No, Maud, I am not going to tell you the story; it is not old enough. In one sense I was happier than you, for he was good, oh, so good, though he could never have cared for me. Well, it is past and over, and I am wiser and happier now—no one suffered but myself."

"Oh, Averil, how can you speak so calmly?"

"My dear, there was a time when I could not have spoken so; when I thought life looked just like one long dull blank; when I did not know how I was to go on living in such a dreary world. I remember I was in this heavy mood one day when the words came into my mind—'In the world ye shall have tribulation;' and then I said to myself, What if this be my special cross—the one that my Lord meant me to bear?—shall I refuse it, because it is so painful when He carried His for me? I had been bearing it all alone, much as you have done; but it came upon me then that I must just kneel down and tell Him all—the disappointment, and the human shame, and the misery, and all that was making me feel so faint and sick with pain. And when I

rose, the burden was not so heavy, and it has been growing lighter and lighter ever since. Dear Maud, will you try my remedy?"

"I cannot, Averil. You will be shocked, but I have never prayed in my life. Of course I have said my prayers—just a collect or two morning and evening, and at church—but to speak like that, to tell out one's troubles——"

"There is no comfort like it," returned Averil, in her sweet clear voice. "When we talk to others there is so much to explain; we fear to be misunderstood; we measure our words anxiously; but there is no need with our Heavenly Friend. 'Lord, Thou knowest'—one can begin like that, and pour it all out. We are not alone any more; we fear no longer that our burden will crush us; human sympathy is sweet, but we dare not lean on it; we fear to exhaust it; there is only one sympathy that is inexhaustible."

"If I were only like you!" sighed Maud; and then, in broken words, it all came out—that tardy confession of an ill-spent youth. The barrier once removed, there were no limits to that long-deferred repentance. At last Maud saw herself by a clearer light, and owned honestly the twofold faults that had been the bane and hindrance of her young life—pride and selfishness. Yes, she was humbled now; the scorching finger of affliction had been laid upon her, but she had refused to recognise the chastening hand. It needed another stroke, another trial, before her haughty spirit was bowed in the dust.

Maud never knew how dearly she loved her brother until terror for his fate awoke her slumbering conscience. "If I could only suffer in his stead," she moaned more than once.

Averil's disciplined nature knew better than to break the bruised reed. With gentle tact and patience she listened to all Maud's bitter confession of her shortcomings. In her sturdy truth she did not venture to contradict her. Only when she had finished she said tenderly—

"Yes, you have been very selfish; but you will be better now. If you only knew how I love you for telling me all this, Maud! I have still so many faults. Life is not easy. We must help each other; we must be real sisters, not half-hearted ones. And one thing more—we will not lose courage about our dear boy;" and then, after a few more words, and a tearful embrace from Maud, they separated.

If Averil's limbs ached and her head felt weary there was thankfulness in her heart. At last the barrier was removed between her and Maud; the patient endurance of years was reaping its fruits of reward. Averil's generosity had already forgiven everything. Hers was the charity which "hopeth all things."

Maud was very quiet and subdued the next day. She looked ill, but nothing would induce her to spare herself.

"My mother likes to have me with her," she said, in answer to an affectionate remonstrance from Averil. "Why should Annette be troubled?" and Averil was obliged to let her have her way.

Frank kept his promise, and came early, but he could give little comfort. There was no news of Rodney, and Mr. Townley still lay in the same precarious state. He came again in the evening, and stayed to dinner. It seemed a relief to Averil to have him with them, and his cheery influence had a brightening effect on the dejected household.

Annette told him frankly that she was glad to see him, only she blushed a little at his evident delight in learning that fact. "Was I wrong to say that?" she thought, but she would not confess this doubt to Lottie.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one any good." Frank might have felt this if he had been in the mood for proverbs; but he was too full of sympathy for his friends, too anxious on Rodney's account, to consider any personal benefit. His father's touch of gout was certainly in his favour; still, he condoled with him dutifully on his return from Redfern House. He sent a line by a messenger the next morning to tell Averil that Mr. Townley was certainly better. "Dr. Robertson has hopes of him now," he wrote. "My father is still incapacitated for business, though he is in less pain, so I am up to my ears in work; but I will contrive to look in on you at dinner-time. I shall possibly spend the night in town, as I have an early appointment for to-morrow."

Averil carried these good tidings to Maud, who was obliged to own herself ill. She had been seized with faintness while dressing, and Lottie had summoned Averil in alarm. Averil took things into her own hands very quietly; she made Maud lie down again, and put her under Unwin's care. When Dr. Radnor came to see Mrs. Willmot she would just give him a hint to prescribe for Maud too. Secret trouble and want of sleep were telling even on her fine constitution. She wanted care, rest, and, above all, freedom from anxiety. Averil did her best for her. She prevented Mrs. Willmot invading her daughter's room by representing to her that Maud was trying to sleep. She and Annette mounted guard over the poor, distracted woman, who could not be induced to employ herself or to do anything but wander about aimlessly bemoaning herself to everyone who had time to listen to her.

Maud could at least lie in the cool, shaded room, that Unwin kept so quiet, and brood over her wretchedness in peace. Now and then Averil came to her side with a gentle word, or Lottie, in a subdued voice, asked how she felt. For the first time in her life Maud felt it was a luxury to be ill. No one expected her to make efforts. When everyone looked so grave and sad, there was no need for her to try and hide her misery.

When Frank came that night he was shocked at Averil's wan looks. The suspense of these three days was telling on her. She shook her head at his first kind speech.

"It cannot be helped," she said, quietly. "I was never one of the strong ones, Frank," and she turned the subject. "Maud is ill too, and Mrs. Willmot is in the same miserable state, unable to settle to anything. Dear Annette is so good to her. We have not told Georgina—we cannot bear to do so. It would only make one more to suffer; and she is so far away. Have you heard of Mr. Townley again to-night?"

"Yes, and he is going on well. If we could only let Rodney know that——" and then Roberts announced dinner, and Frank had no time to say more.

A little later, as he was speaking to Averil in the bay window, Roberts came in rather hastily.

"There is a man outside asking to speak to you, ma'am," he said, addressing his mistress. "He seems a rough sort of body- like a crossing-sweeper—and he refuses to send his message by me. He wasn't over civil when I wanted him to state his business. 'I'll speak to Miss Willmot, the mistress of the house, and no one else!' and that's all I could get out of him, ma'am."

"Never mind, Roberts; I'll go to him," for the old butler looked somewhat aggrieved.

"We will go together," returned Frank. "I daresay it is some begging petition, as my father says. You play the part of Lady Bountiful far too often, and of course you are taken in."

Averil smiled, but she was in no mood to refute the accusation.

"You may come if you like," she said, with gentle nonchalence. "But I am rather apt to form my own conclusions."

"Where have you put him, Roberts."

"Well, ma'am, I just shut the door on him, for he was not over and above respectable," returned the old servant. But both he and Frank were surprised to find that she recognised the man as one of her endless *protégés*.

"Why, it is Jimmy," she said, as he pulled off his frouzy cap, and displayed his grizzled grey locks. "I hope your wife is not worse, Jimmy."

"Bless your kind heart, miss, she is doing finely. It is only an errand the young gentleman asked me to do for him. 'You will put this into her own hands, Jim O'Reilly,' he says to me; and, the saints be praised, I have done it," finished Jim, as he burrowed in the pocket of his ragged jacket and produced a dirty scrap of paper, that smelt strongly of tobacco.

Averil gave a little cry, for she had recognised the handwriting, scrawled and blotted as it was.

"I must see you, Averil. I can endure this suspense no longer. Do not be afraid. Trust yourself to Jimmy. He is as honest as the day, though a bit soft. He will bring you to me." No more—not even a signature. But there was no mistaking Rodney's clear familiar writing. She held it out to Frank. A gleam of pleasure crossed his face as he read it.

"Shall we go at once, Averil?" for she was watching him anxiously.

"Yes, yes! I will put on my bonnet. I must just tell Maud where we are gone. What a comfort to have you, Frank."

But Jim O'Reilly, who had been standing stolidly aside, struck in here.

"I can't be taking the pair of you, surely. It is Miss Willmot the gentleman wants. Better come along of me alone, miss, and then folks won't ask so many questions."

"But I could not think of letting Miss Willmot go alone," returned Frank, decidedly. "Look here, my good fellow. I am an old friend of the family, and Mr. Seymour will be glad to see me."

But evidently Jimmy held doggedly to his own opinion, until Averil interposed.

"He is right, Jimmy. You need not be afraid of trusting this gentleman. He knows about everything. Do not let us waste any more time in talking. Roberts, we shall want a cab."

"I will fetch one round at half-past nine sharp," interrupted Jimmy. "Look here, missus"—addressing Averil—"I am to bring you along of the young gentleman, ain't I? Well, begging your pardon, I must be doing it my own way. It is not dark enough for the job yet. Just keep your mind easy for another hour, and I'll be round with a four-wheeler as sure as my name is Jim O'Reilly. We have a goodish bit to go, and I'll look out a horse that is fresh enough to take you there and back. Half-past nine—not before, and not after"—and Jimmy shambled towards the door.

"Oh, Frank! don't let him go," exclaimed Averil, in a distressed voice—and Frank nodded, and followed him out. He came back after a few minutes.

"It is all right," he observed. "The man knows what he is about. He is going to smuggle us into some slum or other. How thankful I am to be here." And Averil endorsed this with all her heart as she ran upstairs to share the good tidings with Maud.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

Molly.—We are not in any way responsible for the musical or artistic societies we often mention. Each girl must make enquiries for herself, and satisfy herself that they are what they are represented to be.

Charlie's Darling.—Oil colours are the best for painting on terra-cotta. They would supply you with aquarelle at any large shop of artists' colourmen.

COOKERY.

A Philanthropist.—We thank you for the following recipe for making scones:—Take one pound of flour, one and a half ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, half an ounce of cream of tartar, quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda. Mix with milk until a little moister than pastry. It is advisable to order the cream of tartar in half-ounce packets, so that it can be cut in two, and the half that has been taken away may be filled up with carbonate of soda, as it is very awkward to measure it in any other way. When mixed with too much of the latter the cakes turn out a failure. We are also pleased to be able to give our readers a recipe for Jordan cakes. Take one teacupful of flour, half a teacupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one ounce of butter, one egg, and a little salt. Mix, and bake directly in a moderately hot oven. When baked cut each cake in two, and put raspberry jam between the two slices. When cold sprinkle a little powdered sugar on the top and cut into eight pieces. We are always obliged to those of our readers who give us cookery recipes, although we do not always insert them. In such matters we have to make a selection of what we consider the best, and when possible, the most economical.

R. N.—We think our recipe for "potato pudding" a good one. Take half pound of mealy potatoes, bruise them finely, two ounces of white sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, a quarter pint of milk, and the juice and rind of a lemon. Mince the rind very finely, and mix all together. Put the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and bake for half an hour. Sprinkle with white sugar.

M. A. B.—You ought to get a cookery book. However, we will give you a recipe for "Dutch sauce." Take two ounces of butter, dissolve in a saucepan with a teaspoonful of flour, and stir well. When melted, add half a teaspoonful of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and a little sauce. Stir till it shall boil. Then strain through a sieve, and add, if approved, a little lemon juice.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Judie.—Milk is said to be the most efficacious of all applications for the removal of inkstains from woollen materials. But it should be applied at once, and then removed with a sponge. If, however, the stain be an old one, the milk must be left to soak into it, and the sponging-off delayed for a time. It will be necessary to wash the spot in cold water afterwards to remove the grease left by the milk. Washing materials require different treatment. In their case procure a common tallow candle, melt the end, and let the grease drop on the ink-stain before the article be washed. A little powdered cream of tartar made into a paste with hot water may likewise remove the stain. For coloured woollen fabrics so stained a concentrated solution of pyrophosphate of soda may be required, which can be prepared by a chemist.

Young Housekeeper.—It is a rule that the least quantity of salt that can be made sufficient for salting meat is the best for the purpose—four pounds of salt to six pints of water and a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, are good proportions. Some prefer a brine consisting of six or seven pounds of salt to four gallons of water, four ounces of saltpetre, and one or two pounds of sugar.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Herbert.—The life you mention can be read in *Morte D'Arthur*, translated by Malory, and published at one shilling.

A Bookworm.—Girls of fifteen have so much school-reading to do that they can have but little time for reading fiction. You might read Sir Walter Scott's poems in recreation time, if you do not know them already. Travels, biographies, books of research, "ologies" of all kinds, and natural history—these are suitable, and would form an essential part of your education, as well as providing delightful entertainment suitable for all ages.

Etiquette.—You should not have asked him in to take any meal without having obtained your mother's consent. She would then have remained at home, or declined to allow your invitation. It was your mother's house, and you had no right to do "the honours" apart from her. Your sister should have remained in the room until he left, or the guest in your house should have replaced her.

Curly.—Your question as to "how you are to make a frame for a screen?" is too vague. Is it a hand-screen, a fire-screen, or a large folding screen? A carpenter could make the latter; a cheap soiled fire-screen could be purchased, and so the hand-screen re-covered by yourself.

C. P.—You should not have called your friend "nurse," but "sister." This is a distinction which hospital etiquette demands; in hospitals, truly, all "sisters" are nurses, but all nurses are not "sisters"; and those who have earned that title, esteem it, and prefer to be addressed by it. In each ward there are three kinds of nurses—"probationers" "staff-nurses," and a "sister." It is wrong to look upon these people in the light of domestic servants, as many, nay, the majority of them, are gentlewomen. In London hospitals many of the nurses pay for their most useful training, so that when they mix in the world they may be more than ordinarily useful to their fellow-beings. The tuition of a nurse lasts from twelve months to two years, during which time she is taught the practice of the wards by the sister and staff-nurse, and the theory of what she does in lectures by members of the medical and surgical staff. During the whole of this time she is called a "probationer." At the end of her period of probation she receives a certificate from the matron of the hospital, provided that her progress and behaviour have been satisfactory, to the effect that she is qualified to act as a "staff-nurse." After obtaining this certificate, if she continues to work in a hospital as a staff-nurse, she may ultimately attain the dignity of "sister," that is, nurse in charge of the ward, and responsible by day for the conduct of the nurses and patients under her control. "Sister" generally has a room of her own close to or in the ward, and it is her duty to see to the proper distribution of diet, medicines, etc., as well as to answer questions from any enquiring visitor who may come in. At some hospitals there is a nursing-sisterhood, and though not "sister of the ward," each nurse of this sisterhood is called "sister" in respect of her religious functions. Probationers, staff-nurses, and sisters all wear distinctive dresses, which vary with the hospital, but all of each class in a hospital are dressed alike.

Daniells.—No assisted passages are being given to female servants to Canada. Unless going to friends, the best time for going is from April to July. There is some demand for them, but they should be well-trained and in good health. Depôts for emigrants are provided at the ports of Quebec and Halifax, and other principal towns in the Dominion.

Harebell.—Girls "are supposed to bring" themselves and their trousseaux only. The intending husband "is supposed" to take his bride to a comfortable home in exchange for her own in her father's house, furnished in all respects—plate and linen included.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

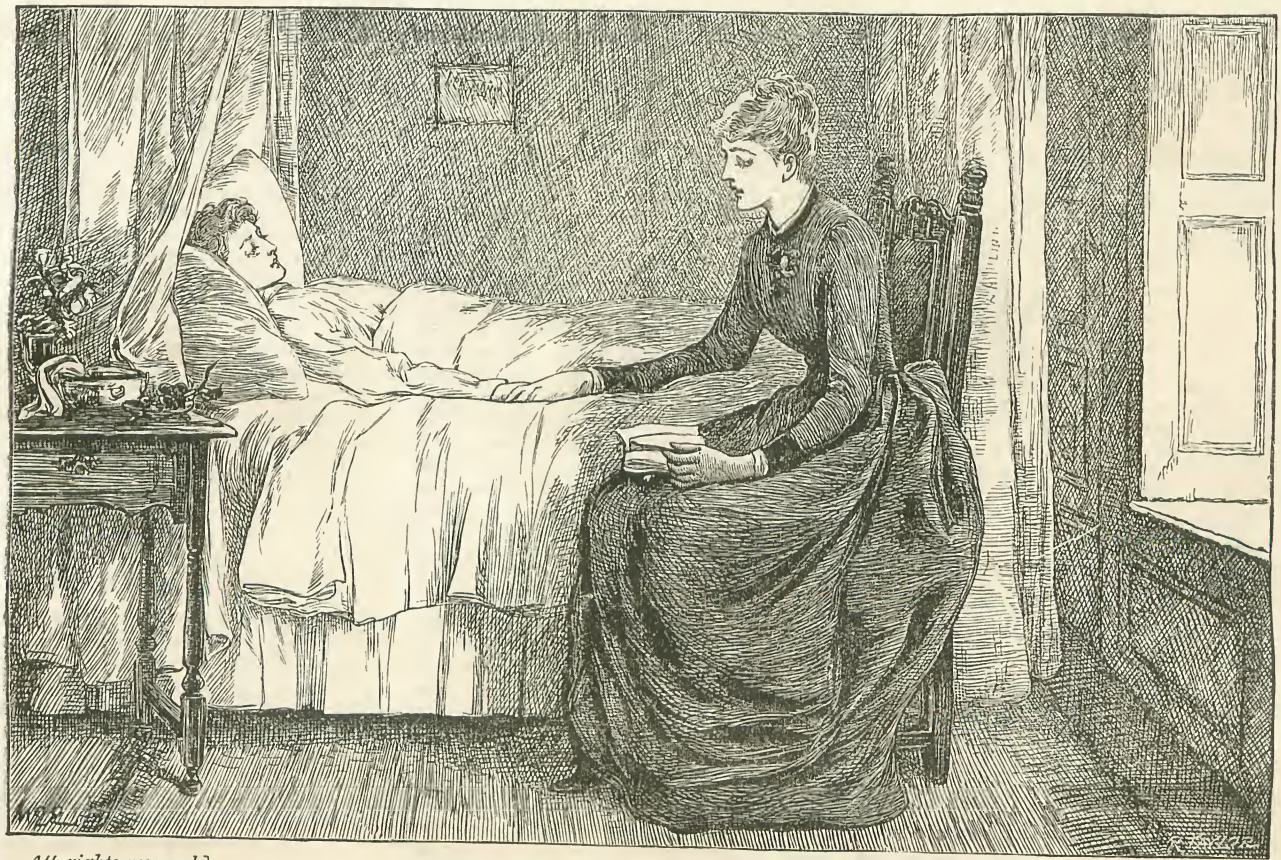
By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TRAGEDY.

THE eventful evening had come; the house was crowded with guests and their servants. The tableaux were passing in rapid succession, each one eliciting warm applause from the audience, who certainly seemed well satisfied with the entertainment. Esther found that she had judged wisely in keeping out of the acting herself, for she seemed to be wanted in half a dozen places at once, and was in constant requisition by her nieces and nephews, who had learnt that she was always ready to help, and always clever and dexterous in her handiwork. The French maid was not always to be found when called for. Esther had not time to take serious note of this fact, supposing her to be in attendance elsewhere when unsuccessfully sought. Afterwards she saw something suspicious in this absence.

Late in the evening Esther had occasion to run upstairs for a trinket of Bertha's Jessie required in her preparations for the ensuing tableau. Dacre was also on the staircase above her, running on



All rights reserved.] "READING TO HIM IN HER CLEAR LOW VOICE."

a similar errand. There was plenty of light and sound in the house, and footsteps along the gallery were hardly audible; but what was not Esther's astonishment and dismay as she reached the room—her sister Rosamond's room, occupied just now by Mrs. Gostling—to see standing beside the open safe there a tall, burly figure, which certainly had no business in that room, and she could not doubt that his hands were engaged in stowing into the black bag he held the valuable jewels she knew the safe to contain. That the entrance had not been effected by the window was evident, as the shutters were fast closed and the curtains undisturbed. He had plainly come in in an easier fashion, and by collusion with somebody in the house; and the very shock with which this conviction came upon Esther gave her calmness and presence of mind. Softly drawing back, she closed the door and noiselessly drew the small brass bolt on the outside. For a few moments he was a prisoner, and she made a rush down the corridor in the direction of Dacre's room, calling his name in low-toned though urgent accents.

And then something quite unexpected happened—Esther never could entirely recall what it was. It seemed as if there were a shrill shriek or call in a voice very like that of the Frenchwoman, and the next moment a man sprang upon Esther out of another room, grasping her fiercely by the wrist, and laying his disengaged hand upon her mouth to deaden the sound of the cry which she had begun to utter. The lights seemed to dance and reel before her eyes; for a second she did not feel certain that her last moment had not come; and then she heard a fierce exclamation in Dacre's unmistakable voice—there was a sudden sense of release; her hand was free; she was flung back as it were out of the danger of the combat, and a desperate struggle was going on between Dacre and the man, in whose distorted and furious face Esther was certain she recognised the groom, Miller.

She raised her voice to give a call for help, but simultaneously with that came another more ominous sound; there was the sudden and loud report of fire-arms, a flash and a bang, and Dacre fell helplessly against Esther, bearing her down in the fall she strove to break, whilst the ruffian who had fired the shot sprang past and along the corridor in the direction of a disused staircase, down which he might very likely escape unhindered.

No need to give the alarm now—it was given with a vengeance by that loud report. Servants and guests came hurrying up with white faces and scared looks; and Esther, who was supporting Dacre's head upon her knee, herself almost as white as the boy, could only ask if no doctor was of the company, and point to the door she had locked upon the accomplice of the villain who had shot down Dacre. To her immense relief Everard was one of the first to reach her side, and he understood her agitated words and looks as perhaps no one else would have done at such a moment. Leaving the capture of the burglar to the Colonel, who was better qualified to undertake that part of the business, he gave all his attention to the boy, and answering Esther's mute question by a grave, reassuring glance, said in a low tone—

"No; he is not dead; but we must get him at once to some quiet room out of all this turmoil. His own room will do as well as any, or better still, that big play-room of theirs, if you will get a bed made up there quickly. This may be a long business, and we must have him in the quietest place possible."

"I will see to that," said another voice, and Esther looked up to see Bertha hurrying off, with the housekeeper and one or two maids in her wake. Esther was glad not to have to move, for she had Dacre's head upon her lap, and he was showing signs of returning consciousness. She could not bear to leave him, for his glance seemed to seek out hers first thing, and his lips moved, though she could not hear what he said. But Everard, who was bending over him, seemed to do so, for he answered quietly—

"No; your aunt is not hurt. Do not try to talk. Lie perfectly still where you are, and we will soon have you comfortable,"

Dacre said no more, but it was plain that he was perfectly aware what had happened. His eyes were full of intelligence, and he watched Everard's face intently as the young man laid his finger on his wrist and looked from time to time into his face. Esther was afraid to ask a single question; but the blood-stains slowly spreading over the white satin doublet of the cavalier dress told their own tale, and the minutes seemed hours before Bertha's voice was heard saying—

"You can bring him now; everything is ready."

Gently and skilfully as the boy was lifted, one short, sharp cry of suffering broke from him, which he checked instantly, as if ashamed at having been surprised into it; and he never uttered another sound until he had been undressed and laid in the small camp-bed so warmly screened off for him near to the fire. Esther and Bertha busied themselves about the room on the other side of the screen whilst the patient was being put to bed, and it was then that Esther began to wonder how it was that none of the other members of the family had been near them all this time. Surely all the guests would have departed on the first rumour of an accident; but so far she had seen nobody but Bertha, whose first direct question was something of a revelation to her.

"You will not run away and leave him to the servants?"

"Certainly not, Bertha! What has put such an unnatural notion into your head?"

"Oh, don't you know? Have you never found out all these months? It is the rule in our family not to be able to stand sickness or suffering. Mamma is in a dreadful state downstairs. But she will not dare to come within hearing of this room; and grandmamma is as bad. But then she is old and frail, and it is not so strange. Jessie is almost hysterical with terror and sorrow, but she dares not come near. And the boys are not much better. It is the way in our family, I think. But I hate to leave anyone to servants, however kind they may be. Oh, Esther, if you do nurse him yourself, will you let me help you, and see if I am worth anything?"

"Indeed, I shall be most grateful if you will. I shall certainly nurse Dacre myself, whatever skilled help we may want as well. Do you know it was in coming to help me that he got this terrible injury. If ——" but Esther could not get on with her sentence, and turned quickly away. Everard came round the screen now, a look of gravity upon his face.

"We must have the best advice, and that instantly," he said. "I have done what is necessary for the immediate present; but the family physician must be sent for at once. Indeed, I believe a message was despatched some time ago. If it will be any relief to you I will remain till he comes, in case the bleeding should break out again. I suspect, too, that Dr. Gordon will want the assistance of a surgeon for the business of extracting the ball, and no doubt will select Sir John Hunt, who is undoubtedly the first authority upon gun-shot wounds."

"Do you think badly of him?" asked Bertha, who dared more in the way of questions than Esther at that moment.

"I should be sorry to commit myself to an opinion so early. So very much depends on the course the ball has taken—a point I have not attempted to discover. For the present the great thing is perfect quiet, and warmth, and strengthening food, so that he may recover from the effect of the shock, which has been severe. I think you had better go to him, Esther; he seems quieter when you are with him."

Neither noticed the unconscious use of the Christian name at the moment, and Esther passed silently to the bed-side, leaving Bertha to receive the necessary orders. Dacre's eyes were wide open, though his face was ghastly pale, and his brow drawn with pain. He made a sign to Esther to bend down over him, and then he whispered—

"Was it Miller?"

"I am afraid it was."

A contraction of a different sort crossed his face.

"Then you were right, and I was wrong," he said. "Well, I am glad it was me that he hit. If it had been you I should never have forgiven myself. But I don't think he knew it was I. The dress would be almost like a disguise."

He could not go on. Speech was most exhausting and painful; and Esther imposed silence both by look and word. Some potion was brought to him, which he reluctantly swallowed, more to please her, as it seemed, than from any other motive. And he presently sank into a fitful, feverish slumber, from which he was only roused by the arrival of Dr. Gordon.

The physician was a gentle and urbane old man, a good authority in medical

diagnosis, but not greatly at home in surgery. He had seldom seen Dacre in the capacity of patient, as the boy obstinately refused, as a rule, to be attended by the regular medical man, and declined all doctoring but Everard's; so that the physician was very glad of the young man's counsel and assistance; and without doing much to rouse or disturb the patient, agreed to telegraph for Sir John Hunt first thing in the morning.

It was almost morning before the doctors left, and Esther had no intention of leaving her patient, whose eyes always followed her about the room with the wistful glance that seemed to ask her to stay with him. It seemed to her, although no words passed his lips to that effect, that he felt the dark cloud of danger and death hanging over him, and would fain have with him someone upon whose calmness, and sympathy, and truthfulness he could rely, even if the very worst should befall him. As sleep was plainly far away now, Esther, unasked, found a Bible, and began reading to him in her clear low voice. She half expected that he would stop her with an impatient gesture, but he lay quite still listening. And when she presently closed the book, he said in his low, faint whisper, "Thank you," and lay very still, looking at the faint light of the winter's dawn that was struggling in through one of the uncurtained oriel windows. Somehow her mind went back to that evening not long ago when they had looked out together upon the moonlight and the snow; and she fancied he was thinking of it too, for there was in his face that peculiar sweetness she had seen then; and he said, very faintly, but audibly—

"I have been a great plague to you and to everybody, but if this is to be the end will you try and forgive me, and to tell the others that I am sorry? I do not think I always meant it."

She bent over him and stopped him with a kiss. It was very hard to keep back the tears, and she did not wish to lose her self-command or disturb his. He kissed her, and touched her hand in a sort of caressing fashion, and said—

"If you would only stay with me when the doctors come. I could bear it better, I think, if you would let me hold your hand. I want to be brave; but sometimes it seems easier to die when all is quiet and at peace. I don't want to be a plague to everybody, as I have been so often. But I'll do as you think best. I know you and Everard will do what is right."

The poor boy was evidently dreading what he might have to suffer at the hands of the surgeon, and Esther dreaded it as much as he did. But the kindly, handsome face of the great man, when he appeared, did much to reassure both; and Dacre nerved himself, and bore the pain of the probing and extraction without a murmur, only holding Esther's hand like a vice, and catching his breath from time to time with a little sobbing gasp. But it was all over in a very few minutes, for the bullet had lodged where its presence was easily detected, in a spot from which it was easily removed. And the great surgeon gave the boy a few quiet and cordial words of praise for his fortitude and heroism, which brought a flush of pleasure into his white face.

Esther much wished that she could read the expression on *his* face as he bent over his patient, adjusting pad and bandage with those gentle skilful hands of his that had been so steady and capable all through. It was agreed by the doctors that Everard should have the dressing of the wound, as he was fully qualified, and had had more recent experience in his hospital days, whilst Dr. Gordon watched the chest and general symptoms, which in Dacre's case were more likely to be troublesome than the wound itself. Dr. Gordon and Everard Chester were old friends and coadjutors, and had often worked together in similar fashion. Had Everard not come into the property he would most likely have been Dr. Gordon's assistant and successor. It was a great comfort to Esther to feel that he had a share in the professional work, for she had full confidence in his powers, and also in his comprehension of Dacre's constitution.

Before Sir John left she was summoned to an interview with him. He had tried to communicate his orders to the elder ladies of the household, but had been foiled by their utter lack of comprehension, and by their inability to enter into his directions. With Esther, however, no such difficulty existed, and he entrusted his orders to her with full assurance that they would be accurately carried out. And before the interview quite ended, she ventured to ask if he thought Dacre's life in danger, which question was answered fully and freely.

"The wound in itself is not dangerous, although it is serious from the fact that the bullet has touched one lung. But there is no denying that dangerous symptoms may develop, either through fever or from chest disturbance. The boy is very delicate, and has had a bad cough for some time, I am told. Coughing must irritate the wound to a certain extent, and hinder the healing process; but the quieter he is kept, and the freer from excitement or anxiety of any kind, the better it will be. He is a fine fellow, I am sure; and if he will make as good a patient for his nurses as he did to-day for his surgeon, he ought to do well. I am told that he is quietest when you are with him, so that if you will undertake to be in the room as much as your health and your other duties permit, you will be doing more for him than we can do."

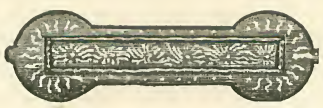
Esther had no need to protest. Her face gave answer sufficient. The great man smiled, shook hands, and after one more look at Dacre, took his departure; and as the boy was now sleeping, and in Everard's care, Esther went to see if she could find any of the others, and discover if they were in need of cheering up. It seemed so strange the way in which the sick room was avoided—as if it had the plague. She could not understand the shrinking from sickness and suffering that took such a shape as this.

Jessie and Trixie were wandering disconsolately about the house, not knowing what to do, and making common cause together in their restless discomfort. Both made a rush at Esther, and eagerly asked for news. They were not in the least indifferent about their brother, but they were afraid to come near him—afraid of what they might see. They had never been in the habit of trying to do anything for him when he had been ill before, because his caustic tongue kept them away, and now they had not the courage to approach him, when they knew him to be in danger of his life.

Esther said what she could to cheer them, and went on to Lady Eleanora's room, where she found Ethel trying to read the paper to her, but both too unhappy and agitated to make much out. Humphrey had been despatched to Harmer with some orders; and Cuthbert and Mrs. Gostling were making enquiries into the household affairs, and investigating, with the assistance of the police, the attempted robbery of the previous night. There was no room to doubt that the French maid and the man Miller had been implicated, and that there had been a deep-laid plot for obtaining possession of the Indian diamonds, for a counterfeit set in paste had been made and actually placed in the safe in the original cases, and the real stones were found in a bag that had been dropped by one of the accomplices in his hasty flight. It was surmised that Miller had admitted on the first night some expert in such matters, who had taken notes of the jewels on Jessie's person, and had contrived the counterfeit set, so that if suspicion did arise, it might be allayed by the supposed safety of the stones, and that this same man had been admitted by Miller at a time when the guests were occupied downstairs, and the servants busy with supper, and that they trusted to their knowledge of the house, and their clever accomplice, the Frenchwoman, to give the alarm in time if they were surprised over their work.

Thérèse and Miller had both escaped, and the man who had been captured was known as a regular burglar, on whom the police had long had an eye. So much Esther learnt in return for her report about Dacre, but she had to return alone to her charge, for, distressed and tearful as his relatives were about him, they none of them had the courage to pass within the shadows of the darkened room, and she and Bertha had the nursing to themselves.

(*To be continued.*)



MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT—*continued.*

MARY fled first to her own seat of Kenning Hall, in Suffolk. She did not flee too soon or too fast, for Sir Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, whose name was destined to be so closely linked with that of Mary's sister, was on the track, and arrived at Hunsden for the purpose of detaining its mistress not many hours after she had left the house. She rode the first part of the night as far as Sawston Hall, in Cambridgeshire, the seat of a gentleman named Huddleston, and passed the remainder of the night there. According to tradition, she heard the following morning that the Protestants of Cambridge were in arms against her, so that she had to start afresh, in the guise of a market-woman, riding on a pillion behind her host, or a kinsman of her host, who was disguised as a serving-man. From the rising ground of the Gogmagog Hills Mary is said to have looked back and seen Sawston Hall in flames, kindled by the Cambridge insurgents. "Let it blaze," she said, as if it had been a bonfire lit to celebrate her accession. "I will build Huddleston a better"—and she kept her word.

From Kenning Hall, as unfit to stand a siege, she went on twenty miles farther to Framlingham. The town and stately castle were built on a wooded hillside, and the girdle of three moats rendered the place strong enough for Mary's purpose. On the road between Kenning Hall and Framlingham she was overtaken by the Dudleys—a critical moment in her history, and theirs. But as the leaders dashed forwards to attack the Queen's little party the Dudleys' men turned upon them, declared themselves on Mary's side, and forced Sir Robert and his followers to "save themselves by the speed of their horses." Arrived at the castle the royal standard was unfurled, and royal state was maintained.

Already Mary was showing that she had "a man's promptness in action"—that, as in the case of all the Tudors, "the time to see her at the best advantage was in the season of greatest danger." She did not wait to receive the counsel of her great kinsman and ally the Emperor; if she had waited we are told she would have been lost. For, unable as he was to render her, at the moment, any active assistance, his advice, when it came, was that she should tarry till the decision of the Council and the will of the people were made known. Mary and the few friends who were with her judged differently, and, as it turned out, more correctly. She at once claimed her right, addressing the Council as their Queen, commanding her proclamation; and without delaying till she had their reply, causing herself to be proclaimed where she was, and, through her friends, in all parts of the country.

At Framlingham the Howards, Mordaunts, Whartons, etc., immediately gathered round the Queen, coming in bands of horse and foot under their respective leaders, sons of noblemen, and representatives of the country gentry, forming an ample means of defence. In the meantime, away in London was occurring the tragic little farce of the Twelfth-day Queen, in which Mary's cousin, little Lady Jane, acted a half-unconscious, half-heroic part. Northumberland had the girl of seventeen taken to Sion House, where she was told of the death of King Edward. While she was still thinking only of mourning tenderly for her young cousin and former playmate—who, if he had lived, and all things had gone well, might have been her husband instead of Guildford Dudley—she was informed that he had made her his heir, and bequeathed to her the Crown. In incredulous amazement she sat and saw her father-in-law, Northumberland, and her sister's father-in-law, Pembroke, with other mature men of mark in the Council, proceed to pay her homage, and hail her as their sovereign. She cried that she was unfit and unworthy, and then, in a revulsion of feeling, prayed to God to give her strength and wisdom to reign, if it were His will. She went in a State barge to the Tower, and was received there in silence. She was proclaimed at the Cross in Cheapside, and also at Paul's Cross, and in Fleet Street, still amidst the ominous silence of the mass of the London citizens.

On the other hand, all England was rallying round Mary. Lord Sussex declared for her, Lord Derby, with twenty thousand men at his back (it was said), did the same. Sir Peter Carew proclaimed her in Devonshire. The fraction of the nobility who had asserted the claim of "Queen Jane," in terror at the changed aspect of things, and at the overwhelming number of Mary's partisans, tried to make terms for themselves by hastily recanting, and giving in their adherence to their lawful sovereign. Pembroke, whose eldest son had married Lady Catharine Gray, as next in order of succession to the throne (a match which the imperious and wily nobleman would fain have unmade), was one of the first to turn his coat and proclaim Mary at the Cross in Cheap, where the whole air reverberated with shouts of "God save the Queen" from tens of thousands of throats.

Northumberland himself, the arch-conspirator in the plot for making his daughter-in-law Queen, shared the panic, and proclaimed Mary in Cambridgeshire.

Suffolk, poor Lady Jane's father, rushed into her room in the Tower, tore down the canopy erected over her seat, and told her she was no longer Queen. She said she was gladder to hear of her deposition than she had been to hear of her exaltation, and asked, in good faith, if she might not now go home!

The rapid renunciation of their pretensions saved some, but not all, of the conspirators; Pembroke, amongst others, escaped the penalty; but Northumberland, Suffolk, and the most innocent traitor of all, Lady Jane, with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, were arrested, sent to the Tower, where they had recently played so different a part, and detained there as prisoners.

Mary was Queen of England, and without doubt her first thoughts were thoughts of mercy, and of sorrowful recollection of the young brother for whom she had never had time to mourn. She opened the prison doors within her reach. She would have announced a general amnesty had it not been for the remonstrances of her advisers—especially of Renard, the Emperor's ambassador. She dismissed with scorn the idea of making a child, like "her cousin Jane Grey," answerable for the deeds done in her name.

Mary insisted, against cautious warnings, that she would have a requiem and dirge said and sung for Edward, in order that her young brother might not "be buried like a dog"—that is, without the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, on which she set such store. It is agreed that in the first days of her reign her mind was more occupied with what she viewed as the last mark of regard and respect for the boy Edward than with her own brilliant prospects.

Mary's progress to London was a triumphal one, and as soon as she approached the capital she showed that she came in peace by dismissing the army which had accompanied her, with the exception of a bodyguard. At Wanstead, one of her seats, she was met by her cousin, Frances Brandon, imploring mercy for her husband, the Duke of Suffolk, sick in the Tower. She so worked on the Queen's pity that she granted his release after only three days' imprisonment. Probably the Duchess did not dare to plead for the still more guiltless victim, her daughter, whose train the mother had borne during Lady Jane's brief experience of royalty.

At Wanstead Mary was joined by her sister, Princess Elizabeth, who came attended by two thousand horse and a suite of ladies. The Queen greeted the Princess and her ladies very graciously, raising each as she knelt, and kissing her. Elizabeth asked if the Queen desired her to wear mourning for their brother. The reply was, that Mary desired to see no mourning anywhere on so auspicious an occasion. It was a queenly and magnanimous speech.

Mary and Elizabeth rode into the City side by side. They entered it by the port of Aldgate, hung with streamers in honour of the event. A thousand gentlemen in velvet doublets and mantles rode before the sisters; behind them came the City Guard, to which Mary entrusted herself. The streets were lined by the different trades with their banners. The Lord Mayor and his aldermen were in waiting to welcome the Queen. The whole scene was joyous and splendid, as if inaugurating a happy and prosperous reign. Mary was then in her thirty-ninth, Elizabeth in her twenty-first year. Elizabeth was a handsome young woman, in full possession of the Tudors' fair, florid, stately style of beauty, and her majesty of feature and carriage were, even in youth, remarkable. Yet Mary, long past any delicate bloom which had ever been hers—short, thin, sallow, with symptoms of dropsy already perceptible—by sheer native dignity, and by dint of the frank, dauntless honesty which had hitherto distinguished her, was able to stand the comparison between the two. More than one spectator that day remarked on the Queen's attractions, even in such company, as more than mediocre. The flush of pride and satisfaction rounded and warmed her pinched brunette face, and lit up her brown eyes with a positive charm.

At the gate of the Tower, which was Mary's destination, a strange, pathetic spectacle was provided for her. Kneeling on the green were the State prisoners, old and young, men and women. Some of them she had known well in other circumstances in former days: all of them craved her mercy. The head of the Howards, the old Duke of Norfolk, the hard, pitiless uncle of the two miserable queens—Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard—who had been under sentence of death when King Henry died in time to save him, was under sentence of death still. Another petitioner was the arrogant descendant of Thomas of Woodstock, the widow of the Lord Protector Somerset, who had squabbled for precedence with Catharine Parr, whom Mary had addressed as her "gossip," her "good Nan." A third was Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon. He had entered the Tower on the execution of his father, the Marquis of Exeter, and the attainder of his mother, Lady Exeter, when Courtenay was a wondering boy of ten. He was now, after the lapse of fifteen years, an exceedingly handsome, and of all things, considering his gloomy surroundings, a frivolous, hare-brained young man of five-and-twenty. Two bishops were among the number of petitioners—Durham and Winchester.

The tears ran down Mary's cheeks at the sight. "Ye are my prisoners," she said, kissing each old friend, and giving each liberty. She did more; she restored to them such

forfeited estates and dignities as she could reclaim and bestow afresh. She made Gardiner her Chancellor, and gave Lady Exeter the appointment of one of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber.

During Mary's stay at the Tower the funeral of Edward VI. was celebrated in Westminster Abbey with Protestant rites—in accordance with a compromise to which the Queen consented reluctantly. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in one of his last official appearances, conducted the service. At the same time Mary, who had persistently regarded her brother as a boy whose creed was imposed upon him, had the requiem dirge and mass, which she had promised herself she should procure for him, sung and said in the Tower chapel. Mary, with her household, was present at the service, but Princess Elizabeth was conspicuous by her absence.

The early days of Mary's reign began at once to be troubled by the contending factions in Church and State. A devoted daughter of her Church, she not only took steps to assure the Pope's messenger of her unshaken allegiance; she followed these up by injudiciously bold and illiberal efforts to bring back the country to the old faith. She reinstated the deposed bishops, in the process ignominiously ousting their Protestant successors. She had mass restored at once, though some of the priests who celebrated it wore steel under their cassocks as a necessary precaution. She went on to forbid the Bible's being in the hands of the laity, to refuse to acknowledge married priests, and to prohibit preaching unless the preacher held a license from her. At the same time she made no concealment of her rooted aversion to assuming the title and authority of the head of the English Church, a position which, in her eyes, could only belong to the Pope of Rome.

Yet in her private life Mary showed no disinclination to have Protestants about her person, neither did she begin by pursuing any means, save that of argument, to convince them that they were in error. When they remained unconvinced, she did not, at that date, withdraw from them her trust, or assail them with persecution. Among the ladies whom she appointed to be her maids of honour were her old friends the daughters of the Protector Somerset, brought up in ultra-Protestantism. Among the ladies of her bedchamber were two daughters of Sir Anthony Coke, the one the wife of Cecil, the other the wife of Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis Bacon. These ladies were as distinguished for their intellectual attainments as for their Reformed principles. The only Roman Catholic lady, apart from Mary herself, who could compete with these learned maidens and dames was the bedchamber woman, Mrs. Basset, daughter of Margaret Roper, the translator of Eusebius. Lady Jane Seymour had been specially educated after the fashion of her cousin, the young king, with the hope that she, and not Lady Jane Grey, might become his queen. But the boy had preferred the cousin, who, through her grandmother, the Queen Dowager of France, was, like himself, a Tudor.

One of Mary's gentleman pensioners was a Worcestershire squire of the name of Underhill, who, from his fervent espousal of the Reformed cause, had received the nickname of "the hot Gospeller." He was the author of a satirical ballad against the Roman Catholics, which he might have written to sing to the lute, on which he was an expert. Underhill, who has left behind him a graphic narrative of his times, was had up before the Council, and was thrown into Newgate. But he was not only, with Mary's consent, released presently, he was re-instated in his office.

Mary was more vexed by her sister's attitude towards the priests than by that of any meaner person. But even here, where the discord between the sisters had its first manifestation, Mary commenced by trying friendly remonstrances. In a formal interview which the sisters had on the subject, in one of the galleries of Whitehall, with a half-door closed between them—for Mary no longer refused, as at first, to sit down to a banquet which was not graced by Elizabeth's presence, or insisted on leading her by the hand to the seat of honour next herself—Elizabeth temporised. She said that she simply worshipped as she had been taught, and declared that she was willing to receive instruction on the subject. Then Mary was quickly appeased, and was eager to send her sister learned Roman Catholic priests to be her instructors. With something of the ordinary tendency of an elder woman to regard a girl very much her junior as a child still in understanding and wilfulness—(a tremendous fallacy in the case of Elizabeth, who had a man's strength of mind combined with a woman's subtlety of nature)—Mary sought to coax her sister with timely gifts of jewelled rosaries, such as a coquettish beauty might like to wear, as well as to convince her by the disputations of masterly controversialists.

So little was there of natural cruelty in Mary's temper, that though urged by her confidential advisers, especially by the Emperor's ambassador, to show a necessary example in punishing the recent conspirators, it was only with difficulty that she could be brought to sign the warrant for the execution of Northumberland and two gentlemen of inferior rank, his aiders and abettors in treason; while his loud profession of Roman Catholicism on the scaffold did not procure for him a respite from the Roman Catholic Queen.

All the time Mary was seeking to spare her opponents, and was also, in defiance of the Emperor's advice, striving with a high hand to overturn the established religion of the country, her shrewdness and common-sense—of which she had no lack—told her how insecure was her hold of her kingdom; how alarming her danger; how strong the foes menacing her. Renard insinuated endless doubts and suspicions of Elizabeth above all, and pointed out that the Princess might at any moment, especially if she married Courtenay, the great-grandson of Edward IV., supersede her sister in the favour of the Protestant masses, and by them be elevated to the throne.

Mary was so conscious of the difficulties in which her religion involved her, that though she was loyal to it to the heart's core, and though she warmly welcomed the appointment of her old friend and kinsman, Reginald Pole, as the Pope's legate in England, she saw herself constrained to oppose the open announcement of the fact, and to urge that Pole might not be sent to England in this or in any other capacity, till the country was prepared for him. Mary was not happy in the trouble and perplexity which crowded upon her. With the restlessness of a harassed woman whose temperament was nervous and highly strung, she was eager to quit the Tower, where she felt herself controlled and overborne on all sides, and to repair to the palace at Richmond, where she might be more her own mistress. It is the greater credit to her, that she and her Chancellor, Gardiner, spent many hours at this time in projecting together what was the one redeeming feature of her administration. She agreed to discharge the debts of Edward's reign; she set about reforming many abuses; she prepared to practise many economies in order to fill a penniless exchequer; she determined to repeal many unrighteous and oppressive Acts of Parliament, and to see that justice was dispensed in a free and fair manner. In all this Mary acted like a true Queen; not Elizabeth herself ever showed greater concern for the welfare of her subjects. Would that this laudable spirit had been maintained throughout her reign.

In the uncertainty of her position Mary ardently desired her coronation. Money had been borrowed from the citizens of London for the purpose; but the Lords of the Council still delayed, on one plea and another, really with the intention of so altering the coronation oath that Mary, the most truthful of women, should be made to swear to an obligation to protect the freedom of conscience, and therefore the freedom in religious belief, of her subjects. When Mary could endure the delay no longer, at the last meeting of the Council to consider the necessary steps she appealed passionately to the members, and, flinging herself on her knees, besought them—Gardiner especially—to oppose her no farther by deferring the rite. The voluntary abasement of their high-spirited Queen extorted from the Council an unwilling consent to the measure.

Mary's coronation took place on the 1st of October, 1553, not quite three months from the date of Edward the VI.'s death. The ceremony, which was conducted with great splendour, was preceded by the almost equally dignified progress of the Queen and her Court to the Tower. A procession of five hundred noblemen and gentlemen, including the foreign ambassadors, led the way. Mary came in a litter drawn by six white horses. She wore a blue velvet gown furred with ermine, and on her head a caul or skull cap of gold network—so "beset" with pearls and precious stones, "that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand" because of the weight it carried. That weary, aching head, to be so gorgeously burdened! Princess Elizabeth, and worthy, phlegmatic Anne of Cleves, for a foil, were in an open chariot next the Queen, and wore robes and kirtles of cloth of silver. Mary's pony, led by her Master of the Horse, chariots with the maids of honour and the women of the household, seventy ladies in crimson velvet on horseback, made a fine sight for the city, which had furnished means for the show.

Not to be outdone, London supplied its own pageants to grace the occasion, and entertain its distinguished guests. Four great giants making speeches in Fenchurch Street; an angel blowing a trumpet in Gracechurch Street; conduits running wine on Cornhill and in Cheap; the Queen's old player, Heywood, who had marshalled his puppets to amuse her when she was a child, greeting her under a vine at St. Paul's School; Peter the Dutchman skipping on the weather-cock of St. Paul's.

On the coronation morning, the Queen and her train went in barges to Westminster. She wore her crimson Parliament robes, and walked under a canopy borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports, the Bishop of Durham on her right hand, the Earl of Shrewsbury on her left, the Duchess of Norfolk bearing the Queen's train. Behind Mary walked Princess Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves, as the ladies next her in rank. Eleven bishops, headed by the Queen's friend, Stephen Gardiner, were ready to consecrate her, but no Archbishop was forthcoming. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his fellow Archbishop of York, were already prisoners under charges of treason and heresy.

Mary was the first queen in her own right crowned in England since Saxon times, and there was some difficulty, in the absence of precedent, so to arrange the ceremonial that it might suit a female sovereign. There was nothing specially Roman Catholic in the rites—when it comes to that, they had been framed for Roman Catholics. Mary took the precaution of having fresh "holy oil" brought from Arras, whose bishop blessed it, in case what was in use in England had been polluted by passing through the hands of heretical bishops and archbishops; but except in this instance, in having mass said, and in prostrating herself twice before the high altar, Mary's coronation did not differ greatly from other

coronations. Her robes were twice changed, her final dress being purple velvet—surcoat, mantle, and train "furred with miniver and powdered ermine." As in the case of the boy king, her brother, she wore a crown at the coronation feast—the third or fourth crown with which she was crowned that day. The old Duke of Norfolk played the part of Earl Marshal, ushering in the first course of the banquet and clearing the centre of the hall on horseback; Sir Edward Dymock, the hereditary champion of the sovereigns of England, threw down the gauntlet as usual, in defiance of all the opponents to Mary's claim. Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves sat on the Queen's left hand, and had special services appointed for them.

Four days after the coronation Mary opened Parliament in person for the first time. The Queen and her lords rode all dressed in scarlet, with trumpets sounding before them. Their first destination was Westminster Abbey where mass was celebrated, and the harmony of the assembly was disturbed by two of the bishops—the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop of Hereford—who refused to kneel at mass, being turned out of the Abbey.

One of the first acts of this Parliament was to annul the Act which in the reign of Henry VIII. had declared Henry's marriage with Catharine of Arragon illegal. Another act was the attainder of Lady Jane Grey and her husband; but though Lady Jane pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death, there was no thought then that the sentence would ever be put into execution, and that the young girl would really suffer. Even when the offence was recent Mary had indignantly scorned the idea of making Lady Jane the scapegoat.

(To be continued.)

WINNIE'S WAITING.

CHAPTER IV.



NE evening in January, when Winnie had been laid by for more than eight years, the family at The Glen gathered round the fire after dinner, talking over what was, to some of them at least, a topic of absorbing interest—Gertie's baby boy, who was just a year old. Winnie's busy fingers were knitting him some dainty socks, and she laughed merrily as Connie, who had spent the day with her nephew, recounted some of his funny doings. Winnie did not look twenty-nine; she was pale, but scarcely sickly-looking, and her brown velvet dress, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, set off to advantage her sweet face and thoughtful grey eyes. Of all the party Jack and Connie were outwardly the most changed; he from being a rough-headed little boy with strong objections to frequent applications of soap and water, had grown up a young exquisite, most particular about his neckties and gloves, and he was accordingly much teased by his elders.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford sat in an easy chair on either side of the fireplace, nodding off into a doze when their children left them alone for longer than usual. Connie had seated herself on Tom's knee, and was engaged in turning out his pockets in search of the love-letters she told him she was sure he must receive at the office. "He is a darling," she said, alluding to the baby; "he looks so sweet in that white frock you made him, Winnie. He does like it so, and he is such a cherub with his crimson sash and armties."

"A fine cherub—a bawling, squalling, little monkey," said Jack, who in public affected great contempt of his nephew, whom really, however, he worshipped, and to whom he made presents of sweets, with which he secretly fed that precious infant, who was thereby rendered sick and cross, to the great dismay of his anxious mamma.

Connie's vigorous defence of her nephew was cut short as a loud double knock resounded through the house, and Mr. Clifford started from his nap and looked round in bewilderment.

"Whoever can it be on such a night?" said Connie, getting off her brother's knee to assume a decorous position on a chair.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, please sir," said a servant, opening the door.

"Who is it? Did he give you his name?" Mr. Clifford asked.

"No, sir; he said he wanted to see you particularly, and the name did not matter. I was not to disturb you if you were at dinner. He is in the dining room."

"Very well; I will come directly," and Mr. Clifford rose unwillingly. "I hope it is not that Dicker; I told him he was not to call at the office again. It is just like him to come here. Well, he won't get anything out of me this time, at any rate."

"Shall I see him, father?" asked Tom, springing up.

"No; I had better go myself. Besides, it may not be Dicker; but I don't know who else it could be at this time," and Mr. Clifford went out of the room.

He was gone a very long time. Presently the hall clock struck ten.

"How late it is," said Mrs. Clifford. "I wonder whoever it can be keeping your father all this time."

"It can't be Dicker; father would have sent him off long ago," said Jack, and just then a servant entered the room bringing a cup of beef tea for Winnie, and he spoke to her. "Susan, has that gentleman ever been here before, do you know?"

"I don't think so, sir," Susan answered, as she put a little table by Winnie's side.

"What is he like, Susan?" asked Connie, while Tom pulled her ear, and remarked that women never were curious.

"He is a grey-haired gentleman, miss, but he doesn't look old," said Susan.

"Winnie dear, you had better go to bed," said Mrs. Clifford in a little while. "Connie, you are half asleep; don't you think you had both better go?"

"Very well, mother. Say good-night to father—I hope he will not be kept much longer," and the sisters went off. Tom and Jack went into the breakfast-room to smoke, and Mrs. Clifford was left alone. She dozed off, and was roused by hearing the front door shut, and in another minute her husband came into the room.

"Whoever has been keeping you all this time, John?" she said. "I had a great mind to come in to you."

Mr. Clifford did not answer at first; he walked to the fireplace and stretched his hands to the blaze, and his wife repeated her question rather impatiently. Then he answered deliberately, "Well, my dear, it was Hugh Corrance."

Mrs. Clifford rose to her feet in astonishment. "Hugh Corrance! our Hugh Corrance?"

"Yes, my dear, our Hugh Corrance. Poor dear fellow, he is as affectionate as ever."

"But Susan said it was a grey-haired gentleman," said Mrs. Clifford, still helpless from surprise.

"Susan should have said a fair-haired gentleman, then she would have been right. Hugh has a great fair beard."

"But tell me all about it, John; don't make me ask so many questions. Is he married? Has he come for Winnie, poor child?"

Mr. Clifford was too excited to sit down and talk quietly, and walking up and down he told his wife in disjointed sentences what she so much wanted to know.

"I didn't know him at first, and, poor fellow, he was so broken down, for he had heard of Winnie's illness. He has been true to her all this time. He only landed in England this morning, and came straight here. He wants to take Winnie just as she is; he says it is his fault she is so, and he will devote his life to making her happy. I believe he has grown into a very good man, my dear; he says he owes everything to our Winnie and that good Mr. Baird. He doesn't say much about his sorrow, but I can see it is very deep. He begs to be allowed to have Winnie. He says he shall consider it a high privilege to be allowed to wait on her; the thought of her waiting on, as he never doubted she did, has kept him up often when else he might have despaired; so what could I do but give him leave to talk it out with her?"

"What is he doing? Has he enough to keep her on? Dear child, I am thankful for her!" said Mrs. Clifford, whose tears were flowing fast.

"Why, I forgot that part. Hugh is a rich man now—at least, he has a thousand a year, and money in the bank. It seems he was good—at least he did not say so, but that is what I gathered—to an old man he found in great trouble and poverty; he was in a wretched state, all the more so as he had seen better days. Hugh worked for him, took care of him, and, I should think, acted as a most devoted son. Quite unexpectedly the old man came in for some property which he did not live to enjoy; but he made it all over to Hugh, and there are no relations to dispute his possession."

"Why didn't you call me?" asked Mrs. Clifford. "I should so like to have seen him. I have never been able to put him out of my heart."

"He was so overcome or else I should have called you. I wanted him to stay all night, but he has taken rooms at an hotel. He is coming in to-morrow morning. How shall we tell Winnie?"

"You shall tell her after she has had her breakfast," said Mrs. Clifford, and though her husband had been glad to get out of telling the bad news all those years ago, he did not refuse to carry the bright tidings; and Mrs. Clifford with a thankful heart stole in to look at her sleeping daughter.

Mr. Clifford meant to break the news very carefully to Winnie, and made an elaborate plan for leading up gently to the subject; but he looked so bright, and so evidently had something to tell, that she anticipated him—and perhaps it was no great wonder. It may be said that Hugh was always in her thoughts, for at least he was never far from them, so when he bungled and faltered, rather at a loss

in spite of his preparations, her eager, "Oh, father, you have heard something nice about him," brought it all out.

Her faith that Hugh would do well had always been so strong that she was scarcely surprised to hear her father's glad outpourings of praise; but that he should come back to and for her was more than she had ever allowed herself to dwell on; and since her health had failed she had tried to accustom herself to the thought of his belonging to another, and she could only turn in her gladness to Him Who had upheld her in her sorrow, and murmur with a full heart, "My cup runneth over."

She looked very tired when she came downstairs, but such a look of happiness irradiated her face that her mother could only rejoice. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, in talking over Hugh's coming that morning, both thought the excitement of knowing he had come if she did not see him at once would be too much for her, though he had wished to see Mrs. Clifford first. Connie, who had been made acquainted with her sister's story some years ago, came to their relief by proposing to watch for Hugh's coming and then open the door herself. He would not know her, and she could take him straight to her mother.

They were glad they had made that arrangement when they saw how Winnie trembled at a loud double knock, which was only someone who left a note. Soon after she was left alone, for Connie took up her post at a window, from whence she could see the front gate, and Mrs. Clifford went into the dining-room and waited. She had not to wait long before she heard the front door opened, and Connie showed Hugh Corrance into the room.

He was altered, as Mrs. Clifford saw at once even while she advanced to meet him with outstretched hands. In the years that had passed he had aged more than Winnie had. In spite of her illness she still looked youthful, which he did not; his shoulders had broadened, and he wore a fair bushy beard; yet the frank straightforward look in his blue eyes was such as would draw trust and reliance. Mrs. Clifford did not see all this at once, but sitting near him, and looking into his face, she could be thankful he had come back for her Winnie. Saddened as he had been by hearing of her illness, he could yet make it into a cause for gladness, for he hoped to repay her for her long years of trustful waiting by unceasing love and care. Mrs. Clifford had no fear that he was unfit for his work; the sin of his youth had been bitterly repented and never forgotten.

Mrs. Clifford did not keep him with her long; she knew well the yearning that filled his heart, and very soon went in to Winnie. She was lying with folded hands, and eyes that gazed into the fire through a soft mist of happy tears. She heard her mother come in, and looked round. "My darling, he is here." That is the way Mrs. Clifford told her, and the colour leaped into her cheeks, though she did not speak; and in one more minute Hugh was in the room, and the door was shut upon them.

Surely such an interview is sacred, and the veil shall not be lifted from it. Winnie's patient waiting had been crowned, as all true waiting is, though not always in this world: though even in this world very often the blessing promised to waiting is granted—nay, is not the blessing always granted, even if its joy is reserved to a higher and fuller life?

It had been under May blossoms that Hugh and Winnie plighted their troth, with no thought of summer storms or winter snows; and it was by a fireside while outside the bitter wind blew, and laden clouds promised a heavy fall of snow, that after their storms they came together again. But what matter? a very spring-time of gladness was in their hearts; they had been tried and not found wanting; and now with fullest trust and even reverence for each other they clasped hands and gazed into each other's face.

Hugh Corrance stayed at The Glen all day. He sat by Winnie, and watched her when, tired by happiness, she fell asleep; and after a time Mrs. Clifford summoned him, and they had a long talk.

"You will let me have her soon," he pleaded. And what could she say? It was not of their ordering, and surely would be one of those marriages that are made in heaven.

"She is sadly delicate, yet does not need nursing; indeed, she helps me a great deal. Oh, Hugh, you will take care of her, won't you? she is very precious to us."

"Indeed I will. I shall count it a great privilege to be allowed to. In all these years I could see her face as it looked when she said she should wait for me; it seemed to give me strength to go on, though it was not till very lately I had the definite hope of coming back to her."

"Dear Hugh, the time has been blessed to you, and to her as well—you see I have taken our old liberty with your name."

"Thank you," said Hugh, simply. It was very pleasant to hear Mrs. Clifford revert so naturally to his Christian name. He could almost feel that the years that had passed were a dream; and yet not so—they had been too stern and hard to be anything but real.

Tom was delighted to welcome him again; he had never lost his feeling of friendship for him, and his faith in his well-doing had never died out. Jack had almost forgotten him, for of course he had been little talked of at The Glen; and Connie gazed at him as though she was having a very new experience. Indeed, she confessed to Tom—who was the recipient of a good many of her confidences—that it seemed as though it came out of a book, and she was more inclined to look on Hugh as a hero, or a modern St. George who had overcome and slain his dragon, than to look down on him because of his past history.

Hugh pressed for an early marriage, and Winnie's scruples on the score of her health were not difficult to overcome, only the thought of losing Winnie so soon almost took Mr. and Mrs. Clifford's breath away. However, Hugh found a warm and very unexpected ally in Gertie, who received him cordially; and, remembering her own hard thoughts—of which, however, she had speedily repented—felt she must do all in her power to help him. So she persuaded her parents that it would not be kind to make them wait longer than was absolutely necessary; and with her obedient doctor to second her efforts, she proved successful, and it was settled that the marriage should take place on the 2nd of February.

Hugh secured a house close to The Glen, for he would not take Winnie far from her home. The marriage was to be by special license in The Glen drawing-room; afterwards, Hugh was to take her to London for a fortnight, while Mrs. Clifford undertook to see that the house was ready for them. Hugh gave her *carte blanche* as to arrangements there, only stipulating that Winnie's taste and comfort should be consulted in all things. The house chosen seemed as if it might have been built for them; it was all on one floor, so that there were no stairs to try Winnie, and it was surrounded by gardens; moreover, what Hugh considered its greatest recommendation, The Nest was only a few minutes' walk from The Glen, so that virtually Winnie need not feel that she was going away at all.

The 2nd of February was the perfection of a winter's day; snow had fallen in the night, and as the sun rose, the earth looked as though it was covered by a fair jewelled mantle, telling of the purification we may all hope for at last, when snows shall be no more, but we may rejoice in perpetual spring.

Connie, with the help of her brothers, had decorated the drawing-room tastefully, and there the family assembled; surely a strange and touching wedding-party—Winnie in a soft white dress, lying on her couch, though she stood for the actual words of marriage; Connie, her anxious, loving bridesmaid; Gertie and her doctor, with their little son—who behaved in an exemplary manner; cousin Kate and her father; Tom and Jack, with their parents, and a background of servants, and the clergyman saying the words that are often so lightly treated.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene, and as Mr. Gilbert went into the next room, Connie, who had played an accompaniment to the two hymns they had sung, struck up the "Wedding March," and Winnie turned her happy, happy face to her husband. Two hours later she drove away with him from the home that in one sense was to be hers no longer.

They spent a quietly happy fortnight in London, Winnie always on her couch, but bright and interested in her surroundings, and Hugh began his work of caring and tending for her. Well he did it, anticipating her wishes, and watching for her every want. The fortnight was very happy. Then there was the coming home to The Nest, which loving hands had prepared; and she, looking round with glad, thankful eyes, declared they would spoil her among them.

Hugh and Winifred were very happy together—perhaps more happy than if they had married without that season of trial. They were never blessed with children, yet the house was seldom childless, for as time went on Tom, Jack and Connie all married, Tom with his wife and children living at The Glen—an arrangement which seemed rather doubtful at first, but was justified in the result; and their children and Gertie's considered The Nest quite a second home, and Uncle Hugh and Aunt Winnie beneficent fairies, who were always planning something for them, and comforters and sympathisers in their brief times of trouble.

Though Winnie in time got rather stronger, she was always more or less an invalid. It was a beautiful sight to see her stalwart husband wheel her about and take care of her; her face always lighted up when he looked at her; and they never ceased being lovers—not demonstrative ones, yet their perfect trust in each other was a pleasure to look on.

Hugh did not take up any business or profession, feeling that he ought to be much with Winnie. And he was far from an idle man; new houses, quite small, and let at low rentals, were springing up round them, which greatly increased the parish work; and Mr. Corrance became a most valuable worker, instituting clubs for men and boys, organising recreations, and even providing a parish room. In many of his schemes Winnie was the prime mover, thinking them out and making wise and practical proposals. Hugh called her his prime minister, and he certainly never undertook any fresh work without consulting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford were not left alone in their old age. Connie was the only one of their children who did not settle near them; but her letters were so full and frequent, and her visits home at least yearly, that they did not feel separated from her. Mr. Clifford in time surrendered his business to Tom, and he and his wife spent their declining years peacefully and happily, surrounded by the love of their children, and seeing their grandchildren grow up around them. They had the rare blessing of never seeing great gaps in the ranks of those they loved. And now they are at rest, and their children rise up and call them blessed.

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE event, in the way of new clothes, for the last month has been the new costume for muddy weather, which has been composed and put together by Mrs. Charles Hancock, a member of the "Rational Dress Society." It is intended for bad roads and dirty pavements only, and therefore is five inches shorter than our ordinary skirts, and being thus short, no under petticoats are worn with it. The material of the costume is of thick warm tweed, the skirt being plain in front, with a box-pleat on either hip and one at the back, which are held in place by a band of elastic. The edge of the skirt on the inside is faced with about three inches of leather, which can be sponged if splashed with mud at any time. The ordinary petticoat is replaced by knickerbockers of the same tweed as the dress, which are met at the knee by gaiters, likewise of the same material. The bodice is a tight-fitting basque-bodice of plain brown cloth, with a small Zouave jacket of tweed, which can be used as a supplementary when the weather indoors is cold enough to require additional covering.

For out-of-doors wear there is a thick tweed coat, short in the skirt and double-breasted. Mrs. Charles Hancock has "the courage of her convictions," and has worn her own ideal costume for some weeks during the dreadful weather of December and January, and she declares it to be convenient and comfortable, and is specially delightful for skating in. Five inches off the skirt of ordinary wear will make it about an inch or so over the ankles; but it is not needful to have it so short as this, as three inches would make sufficient difference in most of our gowns. The casting-off of under petticoats is no novelty during the present winter. I have met several ladies who do not, and have not, worn them, using warm knickerbockers of red flannel, or of the material of the gown if in serge, instead, and finding great comfort in the change, which at the same time is perceptible to no one. The divided skirt has also many adherents, and so have the American dress-drawers, both of them made of the material of the gown. As for gaiters, they are now so generally worn, and so useful, that most shoemakers and sellers keep them in stock, and can fit anyone who requires them at a moderate price. If something cheaper be required, they can be made at home by any good needlewoman, the only requisites being a good pattern, and care in cutting-out and making them up. The seams are turned inside the linings, and careful pressing with the iron is absolutely required. Some people, however, will draw back from the button-holes, which present rather a difficulty in cloth.



A WINDY DAY.



THREE TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

But I fancy that a working tailor would make them for you for a penny each.

As a finish to my account of the new "rational dress," I must mention that a weekly contemporary specially dedicated to the service of women, of the best and nicest kind, being fully convinced of the practical utility of it, and its real benefit to women, offered to receive the names of those who would appear simultaneously in the new dress, thus endeavouring, in a most laudable manner, to make it easy for the timid and weak-minded ones to adopt it under the sanction and shelter of numbers. I see in the last issue that only twenty names have been received of those willing to appear in it. I do not, however, feel at all despairing, for I know that each woman, when her attention is once turned to the subject and her wants are known to *herself*, will think out the matter and adopt the thing she likes best for herself, and in this she will probably take no one into her confidence.

The cheap sales of the winter season have been more than ever run after this year, and many, I hear, were the excellent bargains found at them, especially amongst the millinery exhibits, for hats and bonnets which had been marked at three and four guineas were put down to 12s. or 15s. in some of the best shops, where it is an object to get rid of the surplus stock before the spring approaches too nearly. There is no doubt that to those who are obliged to study economy the sales are a great boon; but in order to benefit by them, you must be fully aware of your own needs, and steel your heart against the seductions of all bargains in articles which you do not really need.

Amongst the hints gleaned from a recent fashionable wedding, is that nearly all the bride's gowns were made *en princesse*, including two of velvet, one all black, and the other *vieux rose*, a beautiful shade, with all kinds of lights and shadows in it. The return of velvet to fashion is very marked, and satin also for evening dresses has made a reappearance.

Another reappearance is to be seen in the three deep flounces, which came in at the close of last season, but were not generally seen. The going-away dress for the bride was of grey velvet cord, made with a Zouave jacket trimmed with silver braiding, the skirt having three flounces, plain in front, and only full at the back. The top flounce was trimmed with silver braiding, the two lower ones showing the raw edge of the material only. The great features of dress remain the same, viz., high collars, high sleeves, and generally tight-fitting to the wrist, and long waists. The high collars have proved most valuable this winter as protections against the cold winds, and they are becoming and pretty when not too high, but five or six inches seems a very unnecessary altitude.

The deep basqued bodices promise to retain their position during the early spring, and are made in two ways—either with or without a seam at the waist, and with a full or a fitted basque; or else the basque is cut with tabs all round, which are lined and turned up. The deep basques, which are full, look like skirts, and nearly reach to three-quarter the length of the figure. These are only made, however, by a few of the ladies' tailors.

The fashion of fur-lined and trimmed overcoats for gentlemen has been followed this winter by many of the best known of the London residents; and at the "private views" it was clearly to be seen that the male part of creation had discovered the secret that fur was a warm addition to their dress as well to that of the ladies. All kinds of fur were seen — otter, beaver, opossum, mink, lamb, sable, marten-tail, red squirrel, and even one long-haired fur, wolverine. Cuffs, collars, and front facings are in general the parts so trimmed, and gloves with gauntlets more or less deep.

For ladies' wear the fur is most generally put on as rolled bindings to the edge of jackets. Sometimes the fronts open and turn back, and show a fur waistcoat, the high collar being also lined with fur. The fashionable fur for all ordinary wear is lamb and beaver. The cocks' hackle-feather boas are more fashionable than the larger cocks' feathers from the tail of the birds. The boas reach to the waist only, or are mere collars tied with ribbon; and the muffs made of the smaller feathers are very pretty indeed. These little feather ruffs are quite as warm as fur, and are much lighter to bear.

Hats are still of two sizes, the small and the large; but they are no longer tilted over the forehead, but put on quite level, and show the lightly-curled fringe of hair below them. Some hats still have strings, but very few of them; and veils are large enough to go over the brim of the hats and cover the face below the chin. Great attention is paid to hat and bonnet pins, and some of them are very pretty indeed.

So far as colours are concerned, I find that blue is more extensively used this year than for many years before, and also a copper-hued red, both of these colours being employed for trimmings more than for whole gowns. Cornflower-blue is in high favour, and so is pale peacock, while dark blue is only represented by navy, which is seen in serges and ladies' cloth. Much grey is also seen, the chief tints being mouse, slate, and silver-grey. A great many of the mantles and woollen jackets now worn are lined with a colour. The two most seen are Indian red and yellow; but Egyptian blue is also popular, and striped satinette, of bright colours, mixed, is also seen as a lining to the rough pilot cloths which are so much worn.

In "A Windy Day" we see the various three-quarter length jackets, as well as capes, that are worn this season; and in the sketch of the



THE NEW CORSELET BODICE.

new corselet bodice, we see one of the prettiest bodices of the season. The most generally prevailing mode of making the skirt, with no fulness in front, and all the folds compressed into a small compass at the back, may be observed. The material is a ladies' cloth, bordered with a rough shaggy cloth, tufted, and used as bordering, sleeves, and corselet. This gown would be very pretty copied in black and gold, the black and gold striped silk being arranged in the same manner.

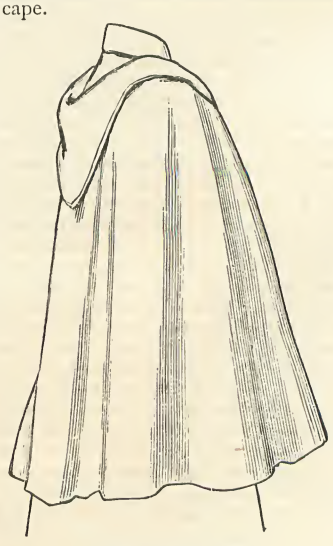
The newest Greek style of dressing the hair is shown on the first figure. The front hair is arranged in wide waves, and a light fringe at the forehead; and the back hair is coiled high up at the back, or crown, of the head. The bonnet worn by the other figure with her back to us is made of cloth and velvet, and is tied on with velvet strings of the same colour. These cloth hats and bonnets are as fashionable as felt, and are often trimmed with handsome gold or jewelled *passementerie* to match that on the dress. They may have feathers or not, as preferred by the wearer.

The illustration of the new cape, which is called by various names—military, "policeman's," Tudor, Don Giovanni, and "fireman's," being all in turn applied to it, will no doubt be gladly hailed by many of our readers who wish to make it for themselves, as there seems no great difficulty in the making. It is a very pleasant change to many people to have a loosely-fitting, sleeveless garment to wear instead of a tight one with sleeves and shaped back, and evidently the new cape will be very popular, if one may judge of its acceptance since it was first introduced to the public. It was hardly warm enough for the winter, but will be quite enough for the spring, which we are all hoping for so very much, and which will prove, as we hope, both fine, early, and warm. The nail-heads, or *clouté*, which are used to ornament everything in the way of sleeves and bodices, are used for these capes also, some of the *clouté* being as large as a shilling, put on at intervals of about five inches apart. They look just like nails hammered into the material, and are of jet or colour.

The new capes are made in many kinds of material—cloth, homespun, vigagne, velvet, and matelasse, lined with bright colours. It is made of double-width cloth, if possible, and in this way requires no joining. The hood is in two pieces, and the collar may be either a Tudor or a straight band. The former seems the most worn at present.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and remaking at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out- or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, new jacket with revers, cape mantle, new cloak, and new cape.



THE NEW CAPE.
(Paper Pattern.)

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING FOR GIRLS.

II.



My last paper dealt with auto-collecting in general: let me now give a few practical hints as to starting. To begin with a word of encouragement, I may mention that never once since I started collecting have I met with a refusal to contribute a letter, or a scrap of writing, I desired for my albums. It is all a matter of tact. Nobody with a trace of politeness or good sense would openly covet a letter which is obviously treasured by its owner, nor would she therefore lay herself open to the mortification of being refused, a course in all likelihood as unpleasant to the one who refuses as it is to the person refused.

An important point in collecting, and one to which I will now address myself, is the course of collecting to adopt. By "course of collecting," I mean the branch or line you intend to follow up. For, as an earnest collector speaking to those wishing to collect earnestly, I must lay it down as a law that should certainly be regarded as immovable, to take up a certain branch or vein and work it out. It is astonishing what a lot of working a comparatively small vein will take. I am acquainted with people who have large means to command and who have been trying for years to get the "Seven Bishops" without success. That, of course, is, for peculiar reasons, an exceptionally difficult thing to attempt. But let my reader think of a subject, any subject will do, as long as she takes an interest in it; then let her work up the chronology of it, and the biography of the persons it concerns, and then commence to work it out. I do not say, have nothing to do with interesting autographs of other people, and concerning other things, that may fall in your way. That would be an extremely improvident thing to do. But devote all your real energies to your speciality. Every collector should have his or her speciality. Some choose poets; some, statesmen; others, soldiers; and yet others, clergymen; but none of these people, I venture to say, would refuse an autograph of Garrick or Kean, merely because he was not in their line. My own line is a very extensive one, and will serve as an illustration at the same time of the method I adopt in classifying my collection. I take the period generally known as the Queen Anne period for my basis, and then extend it to include all celebrities who lived and died between the years 1700-1750. A glance at your history will show you the enormous extent of my field. It is, indeed, one I can hardly ever hope to complete, unless I live to be a millionaire, and I greatly fear half the pleasure of my collecting would go, if I continually knew it to be merely a question of taking the trouble to buy.

A very popular mode of collecting, and I may add, a frequently very expensive one, is "Grangerising," so called from the fact of its having originated in the idea of the Reverend Joseph Granger, an old parson of the early part of the century, who so enlarged a certain *History of England* by adding portraits and autographs of every single person mentioned, that from its previous moderate size and value, it swelled to the prodigious size of seventeen volumes, which, at his death, was priced at many hundred pounds. Such books as *Pepys'* and *Evelyn's Diaries* lend themselves to treatment of this kind. But, for a beginner, I do not recommend this course. Far better take up a small line to commence with, such as naval commanders of a certain reign, or a certain interesting period, such as the first decade of this century. Build it up gradually: begin with a Howe or a Collingwood, then advance to St. Vincent, and finally crown your set with a small piece of extravagance, and beg, borrow, or buy, a scrap of the autograph of the illustrious Nelson.

Now as to preserving your specimens. I have already, I think, enunciated the cardinal rule—*never stick*. It is fatal from any point of view, for besides spoiling the specimen, it utterly prevents its removal, should a different system of arrangement come into operation. I recently had the privilege of inspecting a large and very valuable collection, whose owner had adopted a plan, which, though presenting one or two novel features, is not an uncommon one. The autographs themselves, together with the pictures, prints, and cuttings "illustrating" them, were placed loosely on a plain piece of folio-sized paper. This was enclosed in a second sheet of paper, on which the contents, consisting of the letter, &c. were clearly described. This again was placed with others of its class in a large wooden box with the front arranged as a movable flap, to be let down when the lid is opened. Each box must have contained, roughly speaking, about 100 letters and documents, and the boxes themselves were safely stored in a large and deep bookcase, specially fitted for their reception. Outside each box was a label specifying the contents, such as poets, statesmen, &c. Of course, this was a very extensive collection, numbering, perhaps, some thousands of specimens; but there is no reason why a similar plan should not be adopted on a smaller scale by beginners.

The question of illustrations is one that must be left to the discretion of the individual. It is a branch of collecting that may be so enormously overdone as to quite overshadow the parent stem; or again, if left undone, may so greatly detract from the interest and value of a collection, that none besides its owner will care to spend five minutes looking at it. For myself, a good portrait or two of my subject, a short and, if possible, printed biography, together with perhaps a view of his or her birthplace or residence, is all I have ever deemed necessary; but, of course, one can reserve one's energy for any single favourite here and there.

Another important point to collectors is the value of autographs. This, too, is unfortunately a point about which it is hardly possible to frame rules. As far as possible, the following may, however, be fairly considered hard and fast:—

1. The most generally valuable form of an autograph is the A. L. S. or autograph, letter signed.

2. The next in order is the A. D. S., or autograph document signed, which is, of course, hardly less valuable and interesting, as a rule, than its predecessor.

3. In the third place may be put the L. S. (letter signed) or A. D. (autograph document) *un*signed.

4. In the fourth place, the D. S., or document signed.

5. While the mere signature, unless a scarce one, is hardly of any value whatever.

Even these rules, however, are open to exception. For example, it is quite conceivable that an A. D. of, say, Charles Dickens, might be of vastly greater value and interest than a good A. L. S. While a document signed by a monarch, presuming it to be the identical document condemning some famous historical personage to execution, would certainly be of greater value, both historically and pecuniarily, than an autograph letter signed by the monarch in question. Again, it stands to reason that the condition of the letter or MS. is an important factor in its worth; a disfigured or mutilated specimen, of course, being so much less valuable. An autograph letter written in the third person, is never reckoned half as good as an A. L. S. and should be avoided, if possible. A long letter is naturally more desirable than a short one, and the contents, if characteristic in any way, should always be carefully noted, as tending to increase the worth of the specimen.

With regard to forgeries I have but little to say. It is absolutely impossible for the ordinary beginner to detect a really clever forgery, and therein lies a pitfall for the unwary autograph collector; not, indeed, that he or she is more liable to be "taken in" in their hobby than a collector of curios of any description; but that they are too apt to sneer at the expert. The only plan for the young collector to easily and safely adopt, is to hie her to the British Museum and there with diligent and careful research compare her own specimens with well-known and authenticated MSS. of the same writer.

A not unnatural and very common error among beginners, is to imagine that because a MS. is old, it is necessarily valuable, or at all events more desirable than a more modern letter. Nothing can be more fallacious. An ordinary MS. of even as far back as the 15th century, can be bought any day in the proper quarter for, at most, a sovereign, while the smallest authentic scrap of a MS. of any scarce name of a later date, such as Milton, Defoe, or even Goldsmith, would be valued at its twenty, ten, or five sovereigns, and eagerly bought at the price. It is very difficult, in fact, impossible, to account for the extraordinary rarity of certain names, such as, for instance, those I have mentioned above. It is a well-known fact that, of the national poet, "the Divine William," there are but six signatures in existence, and three of those are on his will; of Milton, not to count a few unique and priceless MSS. in the British Museum, and Trinity College, Cambridge, hardly a single good letter is in private hands, while Daniel Defoe and Oliver Goldsmith, both of them quite recently deceased, (for what is a century nowadays?) are almost unattainable in the autograph line.

It by no means follows that an autograph is rare according to the celebrity, or the reverse, of the writer; rather the contrary. Any obscure English general who fought against the Americans in the War of Independence would be of greater value, in all probability, than the Duke of Wellington, premising that in size, &c. the specimens are identical. Among poets, Keats cannot be compared for an instant as to popularity with Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, or Coleridge; but the market value of his letters is at least five times greater.

And so on through all sorts and conditions of autographs. All these are small details, perhaps, but they must be learnt. Anyone may learn them, but neither I, nor anyone else, can teach them. There is nothing, however, to be frightened at. It is a recreation, not a task, and a recreation moreover that, as I have said before, teaches us while we learn it. Nobody who has once been bitten with the desire ("craze" is what our critics politely term it) to collect has ever regretted it, I am quite sure.

Even looking at it from a monetary and sordid point of view, it is good, for a judicious buyer may, by "watching the market," generally sell at a profit. You cannot lose, for what pecuniary value is lost, is amply repaid by the intellectual pleasure gained. There is, of course, more than one way of buying. The cheapest is, perhaps, having seen the catalogue of an auction sale, to mark the limits which you feel disposed to go to, and entrust the commission to a respectable dealer, who, besides relieving you of the trouble, will take pains to ascertain the authenticity of the coveted specimen. All dealers issue catalogues. Mostly they are dear, some few are moderate, and hardly any cheap. Perhaps the most satisfactory way in the long run of increasing a collection, is by "chopping" duplicates with other collectors.

But few girls (or other people besides girls) are aware that they have a good example of the genuine collector set them by the highest lady in the realm, our gracious Queen, who, I believe, has been an enthusiastic devotee all her life long. Let them, therefore, set their hands to it, if at all, with all their might, and I cordially wish them as many delightful and profitable hours at this most entrancing pursuit as I have had myself.

H. SAXE WYNDHAM.

MRS. GREY'S STRANGE SILENCE.

By RUTH LAMB.



THEY were what anybody would call a most interesting old, or rather elderly, couple to look at; and they were seldom seen apart. If one were missing it was the lady, who sometimes remained in her own room, but whenever she was visible, he was sure to be close at hand.

It was under the roof of a Swiss mountain *pension* that we saw this couple, and they were only items in a long list of guests, but they were a centre of interest alike to young and old.

We knew they were husband and wife by reference to the "Visitors' Book," where he had entered their names as "Mr. and Mrs. Grey, Lindham, England." They might have passed for brother and sister well enough, for they were so much alike both in face and figure, only she was much the nicer looking of the two. She was quite a study in monotint, for she had the most wonderful quantity of grey hair, iron-grey, but softening to silver, and it was alike wavy and silky without any artificial aid. She wore it in great coils round her shapely head, and disdained to cover it with the milliners' compounds of lace and flowers affected by her contemporaries.

Did I say "disdained"? That is not the word to use: my old lady's every look and act suggested good will and gentlest kindness towards all the world. Her beautiful grey eyes had a suspicion of violet left in them, and went perfectly with that exquisite hair of hers. She always wore gowns of some soft grey material, except when, on some special occasion, she donned a silk of similar colour. Even then the texture was rich and soft. A rustling garment would have been out of character, so that the old lady and her clothes made up a delightful harmony of tints.

Before we looked in the "Visitors' Book" we had given the couple the name which actually belonged to them, because the old gentleman wore a grey tweed suit, and it amused us not a little to find that even in that matter all was in harmony.

After we had spent a good deal of admiration and interest on Mr. and Mrs. Grey, we began to notice certain little peculiarities which excited our curiosity. Though they were always together, and present at meals and other social occasions, he did all the talking. We might have thought she was dumb, so silent was she in company, if we had not heard her speak to her husband at different times, but even with him she never held anything like a sustained conversation.

The end of the long dining table went close to the wall, and Mrs. Grey sat at the extreme of the right hand side of it. That seat had been originally allotted to Mr. Grey, but he put his wife in it and took the one at her left, so she had the wall to her right and her husband on the other side. This arrangement shut her off from all guests farther down than Mr. Grey. Her opposite neighbours did not count, for they were two stout Germans, who talked incessantly in their native tongue when they were not eating, and when they were, troubled themselves about nothing save their own wants in the way of food, which were not easily supplied. When satisfied they withdrew to the verandah and smoked continuously, save when they took an after-dinner nap, and snored loudly instead of talking at the top of their voices.

Mrs. Grey's silence was very puzzling. She looked so delightfully intelligent that we were sure stupidity had nothing to do with it. Her face beamed with enjoyment and sympathy when the young folk were playing games, or fun of any kind was going on, so her silence was not the result of a sour temper or because she did not like to see her neighbours happy. She patted the soft cheeks of the two babies of the establishment, and bestowed chocolates and other wholesome sweeties on the youngsters who were past babyhood, accompanying the same with kind words which needed no replies.

Mr. Grey looked equally smiling and sympathetic, and added other kind words to those spoken by his wife, as if he too believed in sunshine and sweeties, and youth, and in making people, especially little people, as happy as possible. Nevertheless he always came between Mrs. Grey and anybody who seemed inclined to open a conversation with her, to which conduct the old lady submitted without even a remonstrance.

There were several girls at the Pension Couronne, and naturally these used to chatter and talk over everything and everybody, as is the nature of girls and even older people to do. Amongst them were two sisters, Conny and Janet Leveson, and they slept in a room adjoining the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Grey.

We all know that even in many English houses, it is not impossible for us to hear much that is passing on the other side of an inner wall. Those of us who have stayed in a Swiss *pension* whose walls, whether outer or inner ones, are of wood, can tell that it is extremely difficult not to overhear what is said in the apartments next to our own, to say nothing of the thumping and rumbling overhead and beneath us which announce the coming and going of other travellers.

Well, when we whispered and wondered over the strange silence of our sweet old grey lady, Conny Leveson gave her head a little toss, and said, "Poor darling! I know why she does not speak to anybody. You need not tug at my gown, Janet; *I* have no need to be afraid of speaking."

Janet was a sweet, tender-hearted little thing, who never said an unkind word of any human being, and she was evidently anxious to silence her sister, if furtive tugs at her sleeve and beseeching looks would effect her purpose.

"Conny, dear, I would not say anything. It does not seem right to repeat what it was never intended we should hear. You would call a person very mean that did such a thing by you," pleaded Janet, finding that silent efforts were useless.

"Speak for yourself, Janet. I care not who repeats any of my words, whether they are accidentally overheard or not. Old Grey is a wretch. There!" and Conny looked defiantly at her sister, and added after a momentary pause: "You know it as well as I do."

"Conny, dear, do not say so. We have no right to draw such a conclusion. We may be mistaken, we must be, for think how good and considerate old Mr. Grey is to his wife. When she is out, how he guards her as if he were terrified that harm should come to her."

"He takes care to shut her out from everything that would cheer and brighten her life, by keeping her apart in that hatefully selfish way. He goes behind her if she is riding, so that no one else can come near her. Instead of letting her hear what is said about places and things, he pokes his guide-book under her nose and makes her read the stiff, stupid accounts of them written there. But he's more horrid when he is out of sight than in it. I am telling the truth, Janet, and you know I am."

"Do not tell. Wait, Conny. I feel sure there is something behind that we do not know about. Those words can be explained, depend on it," said Janet, with tears in her kind eyes.

"Something more behind! Of course there is; but I know quite enough. Take your hand away, and don't make yourself ridiculous. I am older than you, and I know what I ought and ought not to do better than you can teach me."

"I wish mother were here, I would ask her," said Janet, with a troubled face.

"My dear child, it is a pity you ever left home under other guardianship. You will never have a bit of self-reliance, and are not fit to be a yard from mother's apron-string," replied Conny, with an air of superiority which a difference of less than two years in age scarcely warranted.

The girls were travelling under the indulgent charge of an aunt, who was very good to them in her way, but having no children of her own was unaccustomed to such charges. Conny, revelled in her unusual independence of act and word; Janet was constantly saying to herself, "I wish dear mother were here, I am always wanting her. Aunty gives us everything she can think of—too much indeed; but no one is so wise as mother." She did not resent Conny's contemptuous words, but replied with rather a tearful smile, "I wish I

had the dear mother's apron string within a yard of me at this moment."

It was natural that Conny's other girl hearers should feel curious to know the meaning of her words, and ply her with questions. Feeling her own importance, she held back a little, then told her story.

"Mr. Grey is an old tyrant, I am certain. You know how smooth he is, and how gently he speaks to everyone. You have seen his way of looking up in his wife's face as if he worshipped the very ground she treads on. This is before other people. Well, when they are in the room next ours, he shouts at her and uses horrid expressions. He always shouts most unpleasantly, but does not always call his wife bad names. Last night I felt ready to knock at the partition and tell him what I thought of him—the hypocrite. I heard him call Mrs. Grey 'wretch,' and say that she deserved to be kept in prison and fed on bread and water, and——"

Conny's words were drowned by exclamations of disgust and groans from all her listeners.

"What a shame!" "That sweet old lady." "I wish I could punish him as he deserves," &c., &c.

As these voices ceased Janet's became audible.

"Conny, dear, we cannot be sure that Mr. Grey was using those words in reference to his wife."

"There was no one else to apply them to. And if not meant for Mrs. Grey, why did she sob? You and I heard her crying most distinctly. You cannot deny it," insisted Conny.

Janet could not deny it, and therefore held her peace, and, seeing she was powerless to stop her sister's tale telling, stole quietly out of hearing.

That evening and for a couple of days following, Mr. and Mrs. Grey were a good deal exercised in their minds by the conduct of the young people around them. The old lady found herself the recipient of all sorts of little attentions stealthily offered, however. Mr. Grey, instead of being frankly met and chatted with by the girls, was studiously "cut" by them all. Even some of the elder people began to answer him in monosyllables, or turn their heads in an opposite direction when he approached them. The gossip, begun amongst the girls, had got far beyond them. We know how tattle spreads from lip to lip, especially in a little world like a *pension*.

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Grey were all the more confined to each other's company, and in spite of this they did not look at all miserable. The mystery which shrouded them was not yet unravelled by the glib tongue of Conny Leveson.

One more day passed, and then a box came by parcel post addressed to "Monsieur Philip Grey, Hotel Pension Couronne, Comballaz aux Ormonts, Suisse."

The old gentleman's eyes glistened with pleasure at the sight of it, and his partner laughed like a girl at his eagerness to reach the contents of the box.

"O, Philip, how glad I am! It is here at last. The time has seemed so long," said Mrs. Grey, as she stretched out her hand to receive from her husband a silver trumpet, which she promptly applied to her ear.

"Now you dear girls, I shall be able to hear your merry voices as well as to look at your bright faces," she said, addressing some of the young people, Conny and Janet amongst the rest, who were in the salon when the box was opened. "I must have seemed dreadfully stupid and unsocial, but it was through my misfortune, not my fault. I am stone deaf in the left ear, but only dull of hearing in the right, and by the help of this"—holding out the trumpet—"I can hear perfectly. Of course, I always have it with me; but by some mischance, the little bag in which I carry it was lost on the journey. My dear husband wrote at once for a new one, but the makers had none in stock of my particular size and strength, so it had to be made. The waiting time has seemed very long, as the absence of my trumpet shut me out from social intercourse, and gave my good husband extra trouble and anxiety. When we have been out, he has kept behind me so that no danger might reach me from that direction. I could use my eyes for what was in front."

"Yes," chimed in Mr. Grey, "and this dear wife of mine is so afraid of giving trouble to her neighbours or even to me, that she preferred to pass as that unusual thing a silent old lady, rather than allow others to try their voices by shouting. I did not like to draw attention to her infirmity by repeating what would interest her in the conversation going on around us, for this old wife of mine is as sensitive as a girl. So I tried to make up for it by bearing in mind any matters of interest, and shouting my stories in her ear when we were alone. I hope we disturbed no one, though I think any neighbour, hearing my efforts, would think me a terrible ruffian in private life."

Had Mr. Grey guessed why the girls had looked askance at him, and matrons given him the cold shoulder for three days past? At any rate, his face was turned towards Conny Leveson as he spoke, and hers became crimson with blushes before that kindly look.

"My husband says that I have gained something by the absence of my trumpet, for the loud snores of our two neighbours on the other side have robbed him of many hours' sleep," remarked Mrs. Grey. "When he congratulated me on what I had missed, he quite forgot that I do not sleep with my trumpet at my ear. He is an Irishman, my dears," and the old lady looked archly at her husband, and led the laugh which followed.

So the slanderous gossip had no foundation in truth. Dear old Mr. Grey had all along been doing everything in his power for his partner's safety and comfort. He had been her guard out of doors, and to do this had kept close by her side. He had pointed out the most interesting bits in the guide-book, so that she might know all about her surroundings. He had warded off all notice of and talk about her infirmity by the shield of his constant presence, by the change of seats at table, by anticipating her every want. He had counted the hours and watched for the arrival of the post with less of patience than the dear wife herself, and when the longed-for box brought that precious trumpet, he was as full of glee as a schoolboy let loose.

It was perfectly delightful to see the Greys, and to note how everybody shared in their pleasure, and rejoiced that the little mystery which had gathered round them had been so satisfactorily solved.

There was one unhappy person at the Pension Couronne, and it is easy to guess who that was. Everybody was displeased at Conny Leveson for having misled them and made them suspect "those two old darlings," as the Greys were now called. Everybody forgot that Conny's whispers could only do harm if others listened and passed on the slander, and did not hesitate to give her the cold shoulder now.

Conny was angry, and glad to vent her feelings to dear sympathising Janet, who, unlike many sisters, did not join in reproaching her elder one, or say, "You know I wanted you to say nothing. I told you how it would be."

"Horrid things!" said Conny. "They were just as suspicious as could be, and they teased me to tell, and now they will scarcely speak, and are fussing after Mr. Grey—and—I wish I had not said a word."

"Never mind, dear, only if I were you I would——" Janet paused, doubtful how the words she had meant to say would be received by her sister.

"Tell me, Janet. You were wiser than I before—and better."

It cost Conny an effort to add those last words, but she was, for the first time, thinking humbly of herself, and longing to be advised.

In her loneliness Janet's sympathy was precious, and, moreover, it was generous in its silence.

"I would tell dear old Mr. Grey all about it," said Janet.

"How can I? You tell him for me," pleaded Conny.

"Do you think that would be quite the same thing?" asked Janet; and Conny, after some deliberation, was forced to own that it would not. Janet, however, asked Mr. Grey to see her sister, and once in his presence Conny's doubts and fears vanished. She bravely told him all, and owned her fault both in listening to his words and repeating them. She did not try to gloss over anything, but, in spite of her hot cheeks and trembling lips managed to make him acquainted with the whole affair—the gossip, the wrong construction put upon his words and actions, the feeling stirred up against him by the causeless slander—in short, all that could be told.

"I am glad, very glad, you have opened your heart to me, dear child," said Mr. Grey, holding the girl's hand in his. "'Forgive you!' Of course I do, though I see you can hardly forgive yourself. 'Tell Mrs. Grey?' No, dear child, I have just one reservation in my otherwise perfect confidence towards my dear wife. It is not easy to make her acquainted with all the pleasant incidents of daily life, so I never waste precious time by repeating anything that could give her a moment's pain unless it is absolutely necessary. As to the people in the house, when they see us such friends as we mean to be from this moment, they will forget to give you a share of the cold shoulder."

"You are the dearest, kindest old gentleman," said Conny, smiling through her tears. "How I wish I could do something."

"You shall do something for yourself. You shall read over each morning for a week one verse of a psalm. Let your heart go with it, and you will not read in vain."

Conny promised, and found the words in Psalm cxli., and verse 3: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

How the girl profited by what had happened, how she and her sister were drawn more closely together, how Conny owned her fault to her companions at the *pension*, and won their respect by so doing, and how Mr. and Mrs. Grey became more objects of interest and affection to all around them, may be well imagined. Moreover, the friendship begun between the old couple and the girls in a far-away land, is likely to prove a lasting one. Visits have already been exchanged between the families, and as Mrs. Grey has been extremely careful not to lose her ear trumpet a second time, there is no longer occasion to make a mystery or complain of her silence.

I had nearly forgotten to explain the words "wretch" and the allusion to confinement and bread and water diet overheard by Conny and misinterpreted. They referred to a woman who had ill-used her child and been prosecuted for it by a society in which the Greys took an active interest. The tender-hearted listener, who was ever overflowing with love towards little people, could not hear the story of a child's wrongs without being moved to tears as she listened. Hence her sobs and her husband's words had been equally misinterpreted when heard through the medium of a wooden wall.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOPS IS ADDED TO THE PENSIONERS.

AVERIL thought that hour the longest she had ever spent in her life; she was ready nearly half an hour before the time, and was sitting watching the minute-hand of the clock, or starting up at every sound. But she need not have disquieted herself—Jimmy was faithful to his appointment. At the exact stroke of the half-hour a cab was at the door with Jimmy on the box.

Frank handed Averil in, and then tried to question Jimmy; but the old sweeper was invulnerable.

"I'll take you there right enough; don't trouble your head, sir. Now then, cabby"—and Frank had to jump in hastily, for fear he should be left behind.

If the waiting seemed endless, the drive seemed still more interminable. A close, sultry day had ended in a wet night; only a few passers-by were hurrying through the rain. In the better thoroughfares the shops were closed; only the flaming gas lamps, or some illuminated gin palace, enabled Frank to see the route they were taking. Happily they had a good horse, just fresh from his stable, and a steady driver.

By-and-by, when Averil was tired of straining her eyes in the hope of recognising each locality, Frank discovered that they were turning into Oxford Street, and a few minutes afterwards the unsavoury precincts of the Seven Dials were revealed to them. Late as it was, the whole neighbourhood seemed swarming out of doors—women with ragged shawls over their heads, and trodden-down, slipshod heels, were passing through the swing doors of a dingy-looking tavern; loafing men, bare-footed children, babies in arms, and toddling infants, blocked up the narrow pavements. Averil looked out on them pitifully, until the cab suddenly pulled up, and Jimmy appeared at the door.

"We won't go no further, master," he said. "You just take the lady down that there street"—jerking his thumb backwards over his shoulder. "Halfway down on the left-hand side you will see a bird-fancier's—Daniel Sullivan is the name. Just walk in and say Jim O'Reilly wants to know the price of that there fancy pigeon, and you'll find you've hit the mark. Cabby and I will wait here; you will find us when you want us."

"Come, Averil," interposed Frank, eagerly; but Averil lingered a moment to slip some money into the hand of a white-faced, weary-looking woman, with a baby in her arms, and a crying child, hardly able to walk, clinging to her shawl.

"Take them in out of the rain. God help you, you poor things!" she whispered, as the woman looked at her in a dazed way, and then at the coins in her hand. That dumb wistful look haunted Averil as Frank hurried her along. Some quarrel was going on—a woman's shrill tones, then rough oaths and curses in a man's voice, mingled with the rude laughter of the lookers-on.

"Shure you are in the right of it, Biddy!" exclaimed one slatternly virago. "Ben ought to be ashamed of himself for calling himself a man—the sarpent he is—to trample on a poor cratur, and to get her by the hair of her head, the owld bully!"

"Daniel Sullivan—this is the place," whispered Frank, as he drew Averil through the narrow doorway into a small dimly-lighted room, crowded with cages and hutches, wherein were rabbits, pigeons, and every species of bird. A dwarfish old man, with a grey beard and a fur cap, was haggling with a rough-looking costermonger over the price of a yellow puppy. The mother, a mongrel, with a black patch over her eye, was eyeing them in an agonized manner, and every moment giving the puppy a furtive lick.

"Get out, Mops," growled her master, angrily. "You ar'n't going to keep this 'ere puppy, so you may as well make up your mind to it;" and Mops feebly whined and shivered.

The poor creature's misery appealed to Averil's soft heart; she heard the costermonger say, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, "I will give you a tanner for the pup"; when, to Frank's surprise, she interfered.

"Will you let me have that dog and the puppy? I have taken rather a liking to them. I would give you five shillings."

"I ain't so sure about parting with Mops," returned the old man, gruffly. "She ain't much to look at, but she is a knowing one." Evidently Mops was knowing, for she wagged her tail, and licked her puppy again, with an imploring glance at Averil that fairly melted her heart. Daniel was induced to hesitate at the offer of seven shillings and sixpence, and in another moment Mops and the yellow puppy were Averil's property, to be added to the list of Mother Midge's pensioners.

Frank waited until the costermonger had gone out grumbling, and then he asked for Jim O'Reilly's fancy pigeon. The old bird-fancier looked up quickly from under his overhanging eyebrows.

"Oh, that's the ticket, is it! Come along, sir"—and he pushed open a door, and ushered them into a close little room, lighted somewhat dimly by a tallow candle, and reeking of tobacco-smoke.

As they entered, Rodney, who was sitting by the table as though he had fallen asleep, with his head on his arms, started up; and at the sight of his white haggard face, and miserable eyes, Averil's arms were round his neck in a moment.

"Oh, Rodney, my darling, at last we have found you! Why have you kept us in such suspense three whole days?—and we have been so wretched." And all the time she spoke she was fondling his hands, and pushing the hair off his forehead, and the poor lad was clinging to her as though she were his only refuge.

"Oh, Ave," was all he could get out, for the lump in his throat almost choked him. He did not seem to notice Frank; he was half awake, and dazed, and paralysed with misery. Averil was shocked to see the change in her boy; his eyes were sunken, he looked as though he had not slept or eaten, and his hand shook like an old man's. "Don't you hate me?" he murmured hoarsely in her ear. "Ave, I'm a murderer—a murderer!"

"My darling, no. You are no such thing," she returned, soothing him, for his manner terrified her. "Do you know Frank and I have good news for you? Mr. Townley is not dead. Dear Rodney, God has been very merciful. He would not permit you to spoil your life—He has given you another chance. The poor man was stunned by your violence, but not killed; he is better, recovering—indeed, he will not die, will he, Frank?" For it seemed to her as though Rodney could not believe her—as though he dared not take in the full meaning of her words. He had pushed her away, and now he stood with his trembling hands on her shoulders, and his heavy bloodshot eyes trying to read her face.

"You are deceiving me—he is dead," he muttered. For the moment Averil thought the shock had turned the poor lad's brain; but Frank knew better; his common sense came to her aid.

"Nonsense! Don't play the fool, Seymour," he said, with assumed impatience. "You know as well as I do that Averil is not the girl to tell you an untruth. Of course Townley is not dead. I am going to see him to-morrow, and offer damages. We have taken up the bill for you, and it is all settled. You have got off far better than you deserve."

Frank was not mincing the matter; but his brusque matter-of-fact speech seemed to have the effect of recalling Rodney's scattered faculties. He drew a long breath, changed colour, and finally burst into tears.

Frank gave Averil a reassuring nod. "It will be all right now. I'll come back presently, after I have had a look at Mops;" for Frank's tact was seldom at fault, and his kindly heart, so like his father's, told him that Averil would like to be alone with her boy. "After all there is no cordial like a woman's sympathy," he thought, as he stood looking into a wooden box, where Mops, relieved in her maternal mind, was sleeping with her puppy.

Frank had time to indulge in a great many reflections before he thought it prudent to go back. Rodney looked more like himself now; he rose from his chair, and put out his hand to Frank somewhat timidly.

"I could not offer it before," he said in a low voice. "I thought I should never venture to shake hands with an honest man again. I felt like Cain, branded for the whole term of my miserable life. Will you take it, Harland?"

"To be sure I will," and Frank shook it cordially. "Let bygones be bygones. We are not any of us ready to throw stones. Averil, don't you think Jimmy will be tired of waiting?—and our cabby will be making his fortune out of us. Besides, they do shut up shop here, even in the Seven Dials. Come along, Seymour! I expect you have had about enough of this place."

"Do you mean I am to go home with you?"—for somehow such a blessed idea had never occurred to Rodney. Home—he had never hoped to see it again. "But it is not safe, is it, Ave?"

"And why not?" returned Frank, in his cheerful, offhand manner. "Of course Isaacs had a writ out against you, but Averil has settled that. As far as that goes, you are a free man. I hear Townley's solicitor intends to claim damages. I am going to see after that to-morrow. Your mother means to sell out of the Funds and clear you. I can't help thinking"—and here Frank eyed him critically—"that a warm bath and a shave—I strongly recommend a shave—and a good supper will make a different man of you. We will just settle with your landlord and Jim O'Reilly, and then we will make the best of our way home." And to this they both assented.

But Averil did not forget her new pensioners—oh, dear, no! Mops and her puppy were both put into the cab. The way home did not seem half so long, for Rodney was telling them all they wanted to know. He described to them his panic-stricken flight that night, and how he took refuge in a dark entry, where Jim O'Reilly found him.

"He was a regular pensioner of mine," explained Rodney, "and he recognised me at once. 'You come along with me,' he said, when I had implored his assistance. 'There is a pal of mine in the Seven Dials that will keep you dark for a bit. You will be safe along of Daniel Sullivan;' and then he brought me here. I believe I have been nearly out of my mind half the time. And at last I could bear it no longer, and then Jim said he would take my note. I thought I must see you and get some money; that you would help me to escape out of the country. I never had a doubt that Townley was dead. Forbes' words, 'You have killed him!' rang in my ears day and night. Oh, Ave, if I can forget what you have done for me to-night!"—— and the pressure of his hand spoke volumes.

"Seymour, there is still that post in Canada. Just at the last moment Hunsden was unable to go. They cabled to us yesterday for another man."

This was joyful tidings to Averil—a mute thanksgiving for another mercy crossed her lips. But Rodney only said, in a dispirited voice, that Mr. Harland never would give him the chance again.

"How can I expect people to trust me after what has happened?"

"We'll talk of that later on," was Frank's answer; and then the cab stopped, and the door flew open, as though Roberts had been stationed there some time.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said, as Rodney sprang up the steps, for Roberts was a privileged person, and knew all the family secrets.

Mrs. Willmot was in her dressing-room, and Rodney went up at once to see her and Maud. When he came down he found a comfortable meal ready for him. How sweet and homelike it looked to the poor prodigal; but for the sight of Mops, who was making herself quite at home on an armchair, blinking with one eye at the eatables, those three days might have been some hideous nightmare. Rodney rubbed his eyes, and then looked again, and met Averil's smile.

"I must see you eat and drink before I go to bed," she said, beckoning him to a seat beside her. "Frank says he is hungry, and no wonder, for it is nearly one o'clock! Frank, will you put down a plate for Mops—the poor thing looks half starved!"—and by the way Mops devoured her meal Averil was probably right.

* * * *

How peacefully the household at Redfern House slept that night. What a happy reunion the next morning when Rodney took his accustomed place at the breakfast-table by his mother's side. It was such a pity, as Annette observed, that Maud should be missing. Poor Mrs. Willmot could scarcely take her eyes off her boy; every moment she broke into the conversation to indulge in some pitying exclamation about his looks. Did not dear Averil think he looked ill; he had grown thin; he was altered somehow? Then it was, poor darling Maud had not slept all night; her nerves were in a shocking state, and so on; but no one attended to her. Frank was talking to Annette in rather a low voice; and Rodney was listening to Averil. Frank tore himself away with much reluctance; true, he was coming again that evening. He was to see Mr. Townley's solicitor, and to offer apologies and ample damages on Rodney's account; and there was the Canada scheme to be discussed, for he had already hinted to Averil that there was not a moment to lose.

When Frank had gone off, Averil sent Rodney to sit with his sister, who was still too weak to leave her bed; and then she went into her own room and lay down on the couch and looked out on the sunshiny garden—much to the black poodle's disgust. Mops had followed her there; Mops' sense of maternal dignity was evidently strongly developed—she had certainly a ridiculous fondness for the fat, rollicking, yellow thing. It amused Averil to see the way Mops looked at her every now and then, as much as to say, "Did you ever see a finer, handsomer puppy?"

It was utter peace to Averil to lie there and watch the thrushes on the lawn; the soft ripeness of the September breeze seemed laden with a thousand vintages; the birds' twitterings, the bees humming, even the idle snapping of Ponto at the flies, all seemed to lull her into drowsiness.

She woke from a delicious doze to find Rodney beside her; he was about to move quietly away, but she stretched out her hand to stop him.

"I have woke you," he said, penitently. "Ave, I never saw you asleep before. You have no idea what a child you looked," and there was a little touch of awe in the young man's voice. Something in Averil's aspect, in the frail form, the pure, soft outlines, the child-like innocence, seemed to appeal to his sense of reverence.

Rodney was not wrong, for was she not a happy child? just then resting in her Father's love, content to trust herself and her future to Him.

"You look too shadowy and unsubstantial altogether," he went on, half seriously, half humorously; "as though you only wanted a pair of wings to fly away. But we could not spare you yet—we could not, indeed."

"Not till the time comes," she said, stroking his face as he knelt beside her. "Oh, Rodney, how nice it is to have you again! Do you think I should ever forget my boy, wherever I may be—'in this room or the next'—as someone has quaintly said?"

"Oh, one can't tell about those sort of things," he returned, vaguely.

"No; you are right, and I have never troubled myself with such questions, as some people do. How can we tell if we shall be permitted to see our dear ones still militant here on earth. I am content to leave all such matters; our limited human intelligences are unfit to argue out these deep things. Of one truth only I am convinced—that God knows best."

"I always said you were a little saint, Ave."

"Nonsense," she returned, playfully. "I don't believe you know the meaning of the term. Do you remember what Dryden said—

'Glossed over only by a saint-like show.'

It is far too big a word to apply to a poor little sinner like me. Now, I want to talk to you about something else, Rodney—something peculiarly earthly—in short, about Canada for Frank will be here this evening, and we must make up our minds on the subject."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AN IVE GIRL.—It is well to learn your business thoroughly; but do not leave your family, or at least the protection of their near neighbourhood, if it can possibly be avoided.

ORPHAN.—Such nervous shyness as you describe quite disqualifies you as a teacher. You should acquire the art of teaching, over and above the necessary self-possession. Excepting in the instruction of older pupils sufficiently advanced to profit by lectures, you should endeavour to say little yourself, and make your pupils speak, and tell all that they know. Then correct their mistakes, and set them further studies; and when the lessons are over, endeavour to make what they have learnt interesting by descriptions and stories. Try to make their lessons agreeable.

TESSA.—The "idle words" of which our Lord speaks are of various kinds. There are the "jestings which are not convenient"—that is, unseemly or profane—words that may have a bad influence, or may bear a signification other than, when thoughtlessly spoken, they were meant to have; words that hurt the feelings of others; and those that disparage them behind their backs; innuendoes, that are more injurious than plain accusations.

COOKERY.

MARY NEWTON.—A nice way of dressing chestnuts is to peel them by pouring boiling water over them, then to put them in an enameled saucepan with crushed candy sugar and water, and let them boil till soft. Then pound them in a mortar, in small quantities at a time; place in a basin, and before serving pour some whipped cream over them.

MAB, and many others.—The making of Scotch shortbread can be accomplished thus: Take two pounds of flour, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, six ounces of candied peel (cut up finely), ten ounces of butter, six ounces of lard, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a tablespoonful of water, and, if liked, half a pound of currants. Put the butter and lard, with a little water, into a japanned saucepan to melt and be of the consistency of batter. Mix all the dry ingredients together, and then blend the whole together, so as to form a stiff dough. Divide all into eight pieces, and make each of them into flat cakes of about half an inch thick. The edges must then be pinched into an ornamental border with finger and thumb; and then lay all on flat tins covered with paper, and bake. This will take about three quarters of an hour, or perhaps an hour; but they should not be made brown, but be of a pale colour. When perfectly cold lay one on another, with a slight sprinkling of sugar between each.

A NOVICE.—Of course the haricot beans were hard and unfit for table if only boiled. They should be left in cold water to soak all night previous to being boiled. A little chopped parsley should be added to the sauce.

C. TUFFIN.—To make sausages you must get a mincing machine, and then prepare the meat—scraps of all kinds of lean meat free from gristle and of fat, excepting that of bacon or pork. Also mix in chopped herbs, and add a little pepper and salt. You must obtain the skin in which to put the mince from a pork butcher. We have already given directions for making "Devonshire cream."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIBLE STUDENTS.—The address of Miss Mary L. G. Petrie, the author of the "Difference Between Bible Reading and Bible Study," is Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

F. J.—Always present yourself and your salutations to your hostess before you look at anyone else; and in making an afternoon call, address yourself to the lady of the house in the first instance, and in her absence to her daughter, if there be one. Use a fork in eating tomatoes, and a knife if necessary. In taking them from a dish use a spoon, or a salad fork and spoon, if provided, when served with oil and vinegar.

UNE FRANÇAISE.—The book you name is quite unsuitable to so young a girl. *It* is to be hoped that you will grow no more. Five feet eight and a half inches is an "outside" height for a woman. You should lie down and rest your back whenever tired, as your bones do not harden *till of age*.

BRIDE-ELECT.—The letter "M" is simply a contraction of "N," the initial letter of the word "name." Thus, in the "Church Catechism," the child is told to give his names, or name if he have one only.

CORN-CRAKE.—We have many enquiries on the subject of creaking boots; and certainly it is very disagreeable to carry such music wherever you go. Try the plan of pouring some linseed oil into a large flat dish, and standing your boots in it for a time.

PENELOPE TABOR.—1. We do not undertake to give "immediate" answers. The space allotted to them is very small, and the demands on it exceedingly large. Mrs. Alexander, the writer, was known at first as "Annie Hector"; she was born in Dublin. She was unsuccessful until after she became a widow.—2. Adelaide Anne Proctor was born in 1835, and died February 2, 1864. She was distinguished as a poet, and was the daughter of a poet—Bryan Walter Proctor, born 1790. His works were published under the *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall." He died October 4, 1874.

VIOLET.—1. Camphor is a solid essential oil—a kind of steroptine found in many plants, but chiefly obtained by boiling the chopped branches, stem, and roots of the camphor trees, when, after some time, the camphor becomes deposited, and is purified by sublimation. The species belong to the order *Lauraceæ*. In large doses it is poisonous, in smaller ones it has stimulating properties; and is useful in keeping moths from woollens. Certainly it is not right to "eat it all day." 2. The subject of silkworm-keeping has been given in our paper.



FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

JOAN CARISBROOKE.—It is the nature of some people's hands to be hard. You might grease them with vasseline, and then put on a pair of loose kid gloves at night.—2. It is impossible to calculate how long gold-stopping in teeth will last. Why not try harder stopping?

AN AFFLICTED LEG appears to be suffering from very bad circulation, and this caused by a weak action of the heart. We could not prescribe for you. Your diet and clothing, the exercise taken, and hours kept need attention; and you should obtain medical advice at once.

THOMASINA.—The origin of our term for a newly-married man, or one just about to marry—"bridegroom"—is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *Bryd* = bride, and *Guma* = a man. In the Anglo-Saxon glossary, by Vostegan, a slight difference is made in the second word, as he spells it *Bridgrome*, or, "the groom of the bride"; because, on the marriage-day, he serveth and waiteth on the table of the bride." This rule of etiquette, requiring the newly-married husband to be the chief servitor at his marriage banquet, remained in force down to the time of George II. in many parts of this country.

COSY CAT.—You should not give your photograph to any man, nor ask for his, unless engaged to be married to him.

CHARLIE.—Some good texts for putting round the walls of your school would be:—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" another, "Occupy till I come"; "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat"; "Learn of Me; for I am meek, and lowly of heart"; "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "Submit yourselves under every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake"; "Obey them that are over you in the Lord." You might likewise have a few of a different character, such as "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"; "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him"; "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"; "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." We think a selection from these would suit you. There is a society called The Illuminated Text Mission—Secretary, Miss Platten, Park Holm, Upper Tooting, S.W.

G. O. P.—If your future husband be rich, and he wish to present you with your *trousseau*, being in straitened circumstances yourself, there is no reason whatever to prevent your accepting such a gift.

CURIOUS MEG.—Some of our nursery rhymes are of exceedingly ancient origin, and are translated only into our language; but there are many due to writers of our own, some of very early date, as, for instance, the "Frog and the Mouse" in 1580; the "Three Blind Mice," 1609; and "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" to 1639; "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" dates from Queen Elizabeth's reign, and alludes to her; "Little Jack Horner" belongs to the sixteenth century; and "London Bridge is broken down" dates back to an unknown period. Perhaps the manner of spelling the name might assist a little as to the date. It was once called *Llyn-Din*, or "the town on the lake," and we know that the city wall with its eight gates was built in 379. "Boys and Girls come out to Play" belongs to the time of Charles II., also "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket"; "The Old Woman tossed in a Blanket" belongs to that of James II. The "Three Blind Mice" was discovered in a music book. "The House that Jack Built," and the "Old Woman with the Kid," are derived from an ancient Chaldæan parabolic and prophetic hymn. It is to be found in the *Sepher Haggadah*, and was sung by the Jews at the Passover, as relating to their past and future history; we refer to "the kid." The animals refer to their several antagonistic powers. The kid represented themselves; the cat, the Assyrians; the dog, the Babylonians; the ox, the Saracens; while the butcher represented their deliverers, the Crusaders; the staff was the Persians; the fire, the Greeks; the water, the Romans; and the Angel of Death, the Turks. The curious prophecy winds up with saying—

> "Then came the Holy One—blessed be He!
> And killed the Angel of Death,
> That killed the butcher,
> That slew the ox," etc.

SARETTA.—If you want a situation as stewardess on board a passenger ship, you should go to the several offices of the companies; you must give not only excellent testimonials, but good assurance that you are not liable to sea-sickness, and well qualified to attend on ladies. At the same time we think you will find it difficult to obtain a situation of that kind.

MURIEL says their "house is *infected* with ants!" Had they measles, or whooping cough, or what? Perhaps you mean that the house was *infested* with them. Fill a large sponge with sugar and water and lay it on a plate in the cupboard, or shelf, and, when filled with them, throw it where they cannot easily re-enter. Also, to wash the shelves with alum and water is thought to be of some use.—2. We are much pleased to hear that our paper has proved so useful to you, as regards housekeeping especially. Your writing is not yet formed.

BUTTERCUP.—Your grandfather's daughter—your father's sister, of course—takes precedence of her niece. Your father's sisters all hold the same rank as their eldest brother, such as it may be in their father's lifetime. Thus, an earl's eldest son is Lord So-and-so, and all his sisters hold the same complimentary rank, and are the Ladies So-and-so; while all the younger sons, and their wives, are simply Honourables. Now, this shows what an aunt's precedence is, as regards her eldest brother's daughters—she follows *next* after her *eldest* brother's *wife*, and precedes all the rest. And if she follow "next" (after her eldest brother's wife), it is clear that her nieces cannot do so, unless carried in her arms and at her own pleasure! We have explained all this more than once already.

KATE WREN.—You might as well "cry for the moon" in your position as a domestic servant. If eligible for a different calling enabling you to have a home of your own, you might have a piano and practise if you liked.



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A KNITTING IDYL

A FACE, as poet's vision fair,
A drooping head with wealth of hair,
Golden as summer's sun;
Two knitting-needles long and bright,
Two hands that wield them, small and white;
Low, murmured words — what do they mean,
Those sounds so soft and sibylline?— [one."
"Pearl one—knit two—make

In admiration dumb I sit,
Fair Margaret, and watch thee knit—
I am most awfully hard hit;
My business thou hast done!
I dare not kneel at those small feet
And tell thee how I love thee, sweet;
For ah! no kind words ever greet
My ears—those red lips just repeat,
"Pearl one—knit two—make one."

I mused upon that mystic phrase
Through restless nights and heavy days,
Until at length, with sudden blaze,
Its meaning on me shone:
I seek my Margaret—I press
My suit—I hear her whispered "Yes;"
I take that finger white, and there [fair,
A half-hoop of her namesakes
I place, and cry with joyous air,
"'Tis thus that I 'pearl' one."

"Thy knitting incantation, love,
That erst my wonder oft did move, [prove—
A prophecy most true will
Its working has begun:
Soon shall I claim that little hand,
Soon at the altar shall we stand,
The Church her blessing give us, and
By 'knitting two — make one!'"

I. G.

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KNITTING.

AVERIL.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

"GOOD-BYE, AVE."



FRANK had a whole budget of news that evening. He had seen Mr. Townley, who was recovering fast, and had made him handsome apologies on Rodney's part.

"They say there is good in everyone," observed Frank sententiously, looking round a little patronisingly on his listeners. "There is often a touch of good in what seems most evil. Evidently Townley's conscience has been giving him a twinge or two, for he won't ruin us in the way of damages: in fact, we have come to terms without his solicitor. You are to pay the doctor's bill, and that is about all, Seymour. And now let us go into the Canada question. My father wishes to know if you will take the berth."

There was no hesitation on Rodney's part this time; his grateful acceptance was annotated very tearfully by his mother. Rodney's repentance was too real to haggle over terms, to desire delay; if they wanted him, he would go at once—the sooner the better. His outfit could be managed in a couple of days. And to all this Averil assented.

She left them still in full conclave, and went up to tell Maud the news. As she did so she was struck with the melancholy wistfulness in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, how I envy him," she sighed.

Averil looked at her in surprise. "You envy Rodney!"

"Yes, not because he has sinned so deeply, and has been pardoned so generously—for I might almost say the same of myself—but because he is going to a new place, to begin afresh, to make another commencement. It will be like a different world to him; no one will remember his past follies, or cast a slur on him."

Maud spoke with intense earnestness and passion; and as she paused, a sudden thought flashed into Averil's mind—one of those quick intuitions, that made Frank now and then call her a woman of genius.

"Should you like to go too, Maud?" she asked very slowly.

"I!" with a quick start and flush. "What is the use of putting such a question?"

"I mean, should you care to go and make a home for Rodney?"

"I should love it of all things. But mamma—you know she could not do without me. Georgina is not thoughtful, and somehow she has always depended on me."

"Yes, I know that; but why should you not all go? It would be better for Rodney, and his mother cannot bear to part with him. I would help you to form a comfortable home, though perhaps not an extravagant one. Rodney will keep himself. After all, it is not a bad idea. I have often heard you and Georgie long for a Canadian winter. What do you say, Maud?"

"Oh, Averil, do you really mean it?"—and now Maud's eyes were full of tears, and she could hardly speak.

"Tell me exactly what you think of it, dear," went on Averil in an encouraging voice. "I know your mother will agree to anything you propose. She has never been selfish with regard to her children, except in that one instance—her refusal to part with Rodney."

"And that was more my fault than hers," returned Maud, remorsefully. "Do not blame poor mamma—she has her faults. We have none of us treated you well; but she has always been good to us. I know she is so fond of Rodney that it will almost break her heart to be separated from him; and it does seem so lonely for him out there without any of us. Rodney is so unlike other young men of his age—he never seems to want to leave us."

"I think he would love to have you."

"I know he would; and a home would be so comfortable—he would come to us every evening. Averil"—dropping her voice—"if you only knew what it would be to me to get away, so that I should not be obliged to meet them everywhere! I am afraid"—speaking with great dejection—"that you will think me very weak, but I feel as though I should never get over it if I stay here, doing just the same things, and going to just the same places, and having no heart for anything."

"My poor child"—caressing her—"do you think I do not understand? Do you imagine that I am sending you away from me for my own good?"

"Ah, that is the only sad part—that I should have to leave you, Averil, and just as I was beginning to love you so! It is all my selfishness to plan this, and leave you alone."

"But I shall not be alone," returned Averil, brightly. "I do not mean you to take Lottie, so you may as well make up your mind to that. Besides, Ned Chesterton wants her, and I intend him to have her by-and-by, when Lottie is a little older and wiser. Then I shall have Annette, and Mother Midge, and a host of belongings. Never was a little woman richer in friends than I am."

"You deserve every one of them," replied Maud; and then a shade passed over her lovely face. "You will be better without us, Averil. Mamma, Georgina, and I have only spoiled your home, and made it wretched. You will be able to lead your own life, follow your own tastes, as you have never done yet. Do you think I do not see it all plainly now? how it has been all duty and self-sacrifice on your part, and grasping selfishness on ours? I wonder you do not hate us by this time, instead of being our good angel!"

"You shall not talk so," returned Averil, kissing her. "You are my dear sister, and sisters always bear with each other's faults. Well, it is settled; and now I shall leave you to talk it over with your mother, while I give a hint to Rodney and Frank. Then there is Georgina; she must come home at once, and you must get well, Maud, for your mother will do nothing without you."

"I feel well already," replied Maud; and indeed she looked like a different creature; something of her old energy and spirit had returned at the notion of the change.

Averil knew her suggestion had been a wise one; it was a "splendid fluke," as Frank observed when he heard it.

If a bomb had exploded at Mrs. Willmot's feet she could not have been more utterly aghast than when the idea was jointly propounded by Maud and Rodney. "Preposterous! Impossible!" she repeated over and over again. "A more impracticable scheme had never been heard. Cross the sea! Never! She was a wretched sailor. She would rather die than cross the Atlantic. Live out of England, where her two good husbands were buried! How could anyone ask such a thing of a widow? Averil just wanted to get rid of them; it was a deep-laid plot to set herself free."

Rodney was too indignant at this charge to utter another word. He took himself off in a huff, leaving his mother dissolved in tears. He had been so charmed with the idea; the Canadian home had so warmed his fancy; but, if his mother chose to feel aggrieved, he would have nothing more to say to it—and as Maud was too weary to carry on the discussion, the matter dropped.

But a night's sleep effected wonders, for, lo and behold! the next morning Mrs. Willmot was in a different mood—the only impossibility now would be to bid good-bye to Rodney; sooner than be separated from that dear boy she would cross a dozen Atlantics! Maud had evidently taken a fancy to the scheme, and the thing should be done.

"Thank you, mother," returned Rodney, gratefully; and Mrs. Willmot heaved a deep sigh.

"It was a sacrifice," she said, a little pompously, "but she had always thought more of her children than herself, and the change would be good for the dear

girls. Young people were very gay in Canada, she heard. They had nice sledging parties; and there were a good many dances," and here she coughed, and looked significant.

In spite of her troubles, Mrs. Willmot would always be true to her own nature; her pleasure-loving instincts would always crave indulgence. She was neither stronger nor better for all her trials.

But as Averil looked at Maud she did not fear the mother's influence. Maud's character was strong, for good or evil. With all her faults there was nothing small or mean about her. If she had erred, she had also repented; and though hers might be a weary, uphill fight, Averil felt there would be no weak tampering with temptation. Maud would be a little hard in her judgment of herself and others; a little prone to hold the reins too tightly. She would discipline herself sternly, and exact the same scrupulous honesty from others; but Averil knew she could be safely trusted to do her best for her mother's and Rodney's comfort. To her strong nature, their very dependence on her would bring out her best points.

Her present position in the household had never suited Maud. She had grudged Averil her power, and though this might have been checked in the future, her life at Redfern House did not afford her sufficient scope.

"She will be far more her own mistress out there," observed Mr. Harland, as he joined the family circle the night before Rodney sailed. It had been arranged that Rodney should start alone, and that his mother and sisters should follow him in a month's time. Their preparations were much more extensive than his, and they had to bid good-bye to their friends. Besides, Averil was not willing to part with them quite so soon. Strange to say, she felt fonder even of her stepmother now she knew they were to be separated. There had never been anything in common between them, and yet Averil discovered, or thought she had discovered, a dozen new virtues.

"Maud will be very much admired out there," went on Mr. Harland, in the same aside.

But Averil scarcely answered. She was not thinking of Maud that night, but only of Rodney. Her eyes seemed to follow him everywhere. Had she realised how she would miss him? How quiet the house would be without his boyish laugh, his merry whistle! From the very first he had taken the place of a young brother to her. Frank had been her great, big brother; but Rodney was a sort of Benjamin. His very faults, his moral weakness, had kept her closer to him. It is impossible to be anxious about people and not to grow to love them.

He saw her looking at him at last, and came and sat beside her, with a very sober face.

"I do hate good-byes, don't you, Ave?" he said, in rather a melancholy tone.

"Why, no," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I think the word the most beautiful word in our language. 'Good-bye—God be with you.' That is what it means, Rodney."

"Oh yes, of course; but I was not meaning the word itself. It is only that I do hate leaving you, Ave." But she would not let him say that either. Though her own heart was aching, she would send him away brightly.

"It is a grand thing you are doing," she said, in her sweetest and most serious voice. "You are going out to do a man's work in the world; to carve out your own career; to make a home for your mother and sisters."

"It is you who are doing that," he returned. "You have been far too liberal; we could have managed with much less."

"I do not need it," was all her answer; and then she went on with a few words of sisterly advice—not many words. Averil did not believe in much speaking; but she knew that Rodney loved her well enough to hear her patiently.

Of the two he seemed more affected when the time of parting came. There were no tears in Averil's eyes as there were in his—only something of solemnity.

"God bless you, my darling," was all she whispered, as he kissed her again and again; and his "Good-bye, Ave," was dreadfully husky; but, as she smiled and waved to him, no one knew how her heart ached. "Shall I ever see him again?" she said to herself, as she turned away. But she left that, as she left everything else, to the wise and loving will of her Heavenly Father.

The month that followed Rodney's departure was rather an ordeal for Averil. Georgina had rushed home at the first news of the flitting, and her exuberant spirits and abundant energy seemed to turn the house upside down.

If the Seymour family had contemplated a move into the wilds of Africa, to a spot most remote from civilisation, there could not have been greater excitement. Friends crowded round them; dressmakers and milliners held mysterious interviews at all hours; huge travelling boxes filled up the passages; and Lottie and Annette had their work cut out for them. It was "Lottie, will you do this for me;" or "Lottie, you must really find time to finish this," from morning to night.

Lottie was quite equal to the occasion. Her affectionate heart was brimming over with goodwill to everyone. Lottie's magnanimity had long ago overlooked the past. She had forgotten the minor miseries, the petty tyrannies, the small denials, that had harassed her youth; she only remembered gratefully that her aunt and cousins had given her a home. She must do everything she could for them in return. Lottie even chided herself secretly for her hardness of heart; she could not be as sorry as she wished. The thought of being alone with Averil and her dear Fairy Order was too delicious altogether; and as she found Annette held a similar opinion, the two girls indulged privately in many a delightful day-dream.

Averil was thankful when the ordeal was over, and the last parting words had been said. Her real "Good-bye" to Maud had been said over-night. Maud had come to her room, and they had had a long, long talk. Maud had been very much overcome, and Averil had found it difficult to soothe her; but just at the last she said hurriedly—and Averil loved to remember her words—

"Don't think I shall ever forget your goodness, Averil. If I ever become a better woman, it will be all owing to you, because you trusted me, and I dare not disappoint you. All these years you have set me an example, though I did not choose to take it; but I shall remember it when I am away from you. I must not promise—indeed, I dare not trust myself; but, Averil, you shall see—you shall see how I will try to do better!" And Maud nobly kept her word.

It was the end of October when the Seymours left Redfern House, and Averil, who was weary, and had long needed rest and change of scene, took her two girls the very next day to Brighton, where they spent the greater part of November.

It was a glorious time for Annette and Lottie; and even Averil, in spite of her fatigue, enjoyed the long, sunshiny mornings, the pleasant drives, and the cosy evenings, when they worked and read aloud, and during the pauses of their conversation they could hear the water lapping on the stones in the starlight.

It was a little strange settling into Redfern House again. The rooms looked large and empty, and for a long time a pang crossed Averil each time she passed the door of Rodney's room. But she would not give way to these feelings of depression. She devoted herself more than ever to her girls' interest. She had found a music master for Annette, and a drawing master soon followed; lectures on English literature, concerts and oratorios, social evenings with a few congenial friends, soon filled up the busy day.

In the spring, Louie Harland came for a long visit, and remained for some weeks, joining the girls in all their studies and amusements, and setting Averil free for a lengthy visit to Mother Midge; and when she left them it was with the full understanding that the first fortnight in June was to be spent by the trio at Grey Mount House.

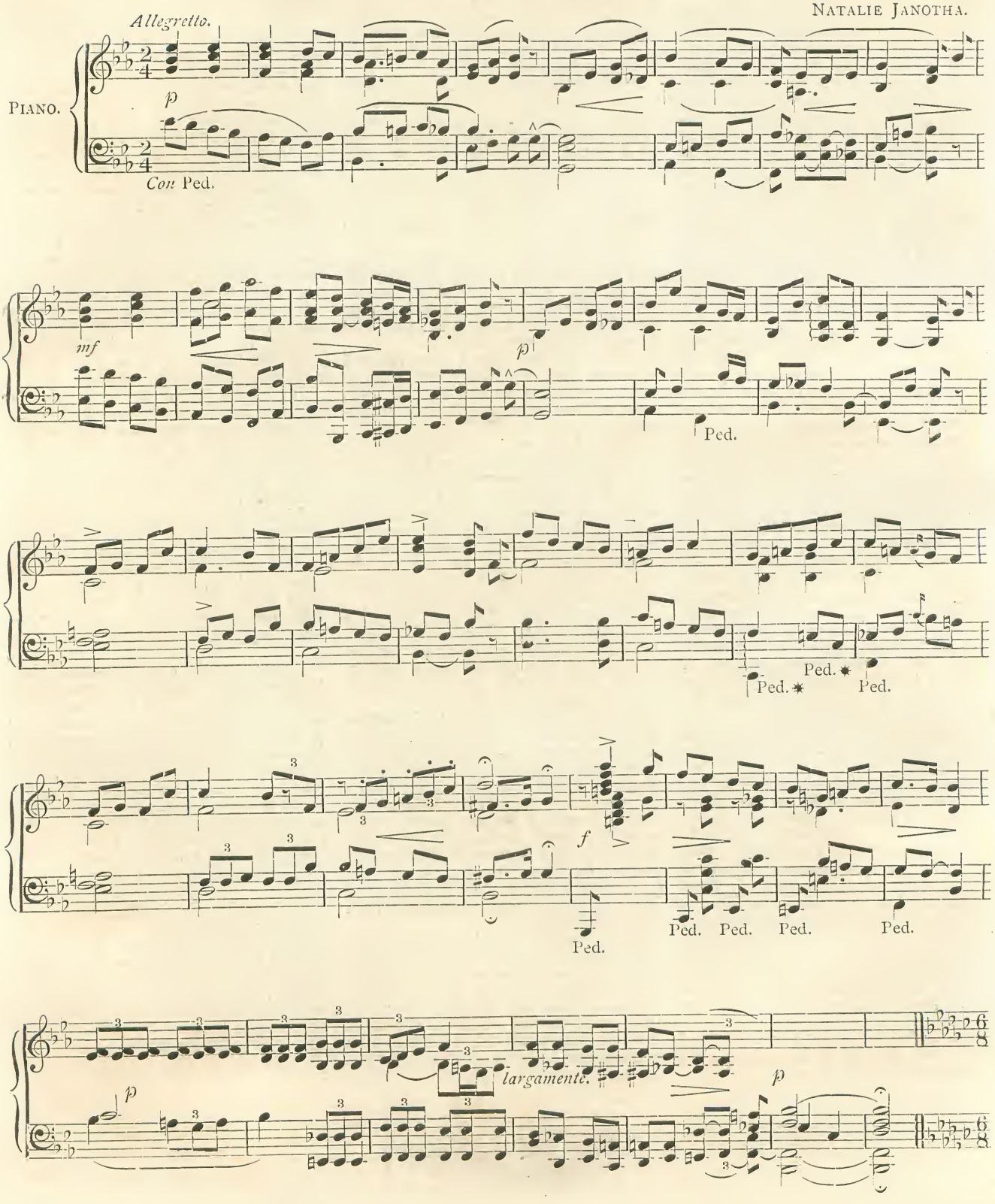
(*To be concluded.*)



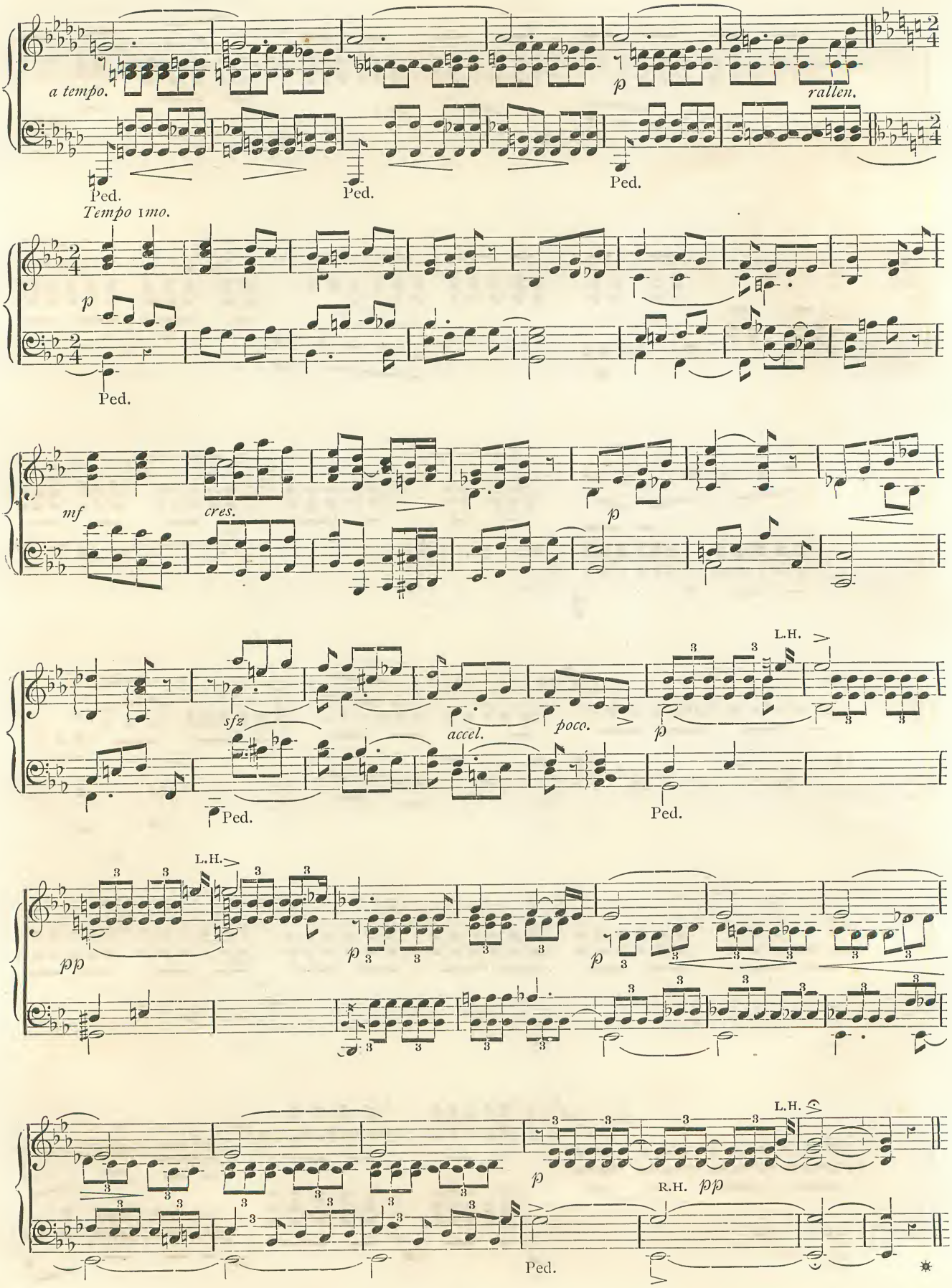
EDELWEISS.

(Dedicated to MADAME SCHUMANN.)

NATALIE JANOTHA.




R.H.
sfz
L.H.
pp
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
mf
mf
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
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L.H.
L.H.
cres.
cres.
e
accel.
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R.H.
f
rall.
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a tempo.
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rallen.
Ped.
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Tempo 1mo.
p
Ped.
mf
cres.
p
sfz
accel.
poco.
p
L.H.
Ped.
Ped.
L.H.
pp
p
p
L.H.
p
R.H. pp
Ped.

EDELWEISS.

NOTE ON MADEMOISELLE JANOTHA'S PIANOFORTE PIECE.

By MARION CHAPPELL.



THE "Mountain Scenes," of which this composition, *Edelweiss*, is to form one of a series, owe their origin to a tour which the composer took through the Tatra range of the Carpathian Mountains. Each little musical sketch is suggested by some different aspect of the varying landscape, where Gerlach, the grandest mountain (the composer was the first lady to ascend it) rises to the height of 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Eagles haunt the mountain tops, where the edelweiss raises its snowy head; huge rocks are piled one upon another in Nature's grand disorder. Lower down in Koscieliska valley a large rock appears to take the shape of an organ, while close at hand are two stones side by side, which are said (according to an old legend of that part of the country) to be the petrified forms of a youth and a maiden, who fled to be married against the wish of their parents, and when lured to this spot by the sound of the magic organ, were turned to stone by an avenging Providence! This valley, which suggested to the composer a musical expression of its beauties, has been thus described in verse, of which the following is a literal translation:—

"With what grandeur the valley
Winds between the rocks,
Amid the streams, raging stones,
Wild bears are found.
The mountain tops keep guard,
The sound of the organ is heard,
With the 'Wedding song,'
At midnight, owls are crying for revenge;
The moss is red at this spot,
For it has drunk of human blood."

There are rumours of the existence of vast treasures hidden underground in these regions, and in one of the valleys is the lovely lake poetically named "The Eye of the Sea."

The following extract from an article in *Polish Song* (by Sikorski), thus describes the scenery and sources of inspiration derived by the inhabitants of this wild and mountainous district:—

"The songs of the mountaineers, who live at the first of the long chain of mountains which extend from Siebenburgen through Hungary, Austria, and Silesia, though sometimes fantastic in form, often express really chivalrous sentiment. A half-savage life, an unceasing struggle with nature, rocky and almost inaccessible passes, and the fury of the unbridled winds of heaven; all these influences seem to live and resound again in the songs of this race, which appears to be almost cut off from all the rest of mankind.

"On the heights and summits of the mountain, in the woods and fields, one hears continually voices upraised in a kind of falsetto singing. The strong personality and unrestrained individuality of these hardy mountaineers of Tatra and Carpathia, who led not long ago the life partly of brigands and partly of roving herdsmen, appear characteristically in the songs of the race.

"In households, and in the home circle, the sharply defined character of these melodies is softened, but the freshness and vigour of movement remain, especially when the tune is caught up by a violin, which produces melodic wonders by embroidering on the primitive simplicity of the original air."

The following are the descriptive titles of the "Mountain Scenes":—

1. "The Tatra Mountains," Chorale and "Wanderer's Song."
2. Melody and Two Dances ("Tatar the Brigand").
3. "Edelweiss."
4. (Valley Verses) Koscieliska Valley.
5. "The Eye of the Sea," Barcarolle (in which is introduced Tempest Music).
6. "Gerlach," the highest mountain (the Chorale and the Wanderer's Song return).
7. "The Eagle." (In this movement we trace the "Edelweiss" melody:)
8. Dance—Wedding Song (used at all kind of festivities).
9. "Sabala," the Bard. After an improvisation, the opening theme returns, leading to the close.

VARIETIES.

THE BESIEGED PRINCESS.

It was a singular revenge that the Princess Cande took on Akbar, when that emperor laid siege to her capital, Amadanagar. Akbar was kept for more than two months at the foot of her ramparts, but she saw at last that she must yield. She then got all the gold and silver in her possession—there was an enormous quantity of it—and caused it to be melted into bullets, and on these were engraved words expressive of exasperation against her foe. With the bullets huge cannon were loaded, able to carry ball to the distance of a league, and the bullets were fired into the copses and lesser woods by which the place was on every side surrounded. When she had scattered all her riches in this way the princess capitulated, and was as happy as could be in the circumstances to see the disappointment of the conqueror at his finding an empty treasury.

WIT AND GOOD NATURE.—Great wit is not often allied to good nature, for the indulgence of the first is destructive to the existence of the second, except where the wit is tempered by a more than ordinary share of sensibility and refinement, directing its exercise towards works of imagination instead of playing it off, as is too frequently the case, against those with whom its owner may come in contact.—*Lady Blessington.*

ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered—

"By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

"According to this notion," says an American writer, "a five-year old boy, travelling in the cars with his mother, ought to acquire enough in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head open."

AN EASY MIND.—Ease of mind is incomparably the most valuable of all possessions—not the ease of indolence, but of action—the smoothness of the unruffled current, not of the stagnant pool. This possession is not the gift of fortune; the gifts of fortune frequently destroy it. It must be of our own acquiring, and is in a great measure within the reach of all who diligently seek after it.

THE SHORT MEMORY.

The talk ran on Wagner and *leit motifs* and what not. Then said Drusilla—

"Let's see, who wrote the libretto of *Lohengrin?* Queer I forget."

Clarissa: "Don't know. Oh, yes I do; Faust."

Drusilla: "Of course! Forget my own name next." [*Curtain.*

MODEST EXPECTATIONS.

"To put this business on a cash basis, Mr. Peduncle," said the father of the young lady; "in case you should marry Irene, you must have something to live on. What are your expectations?"

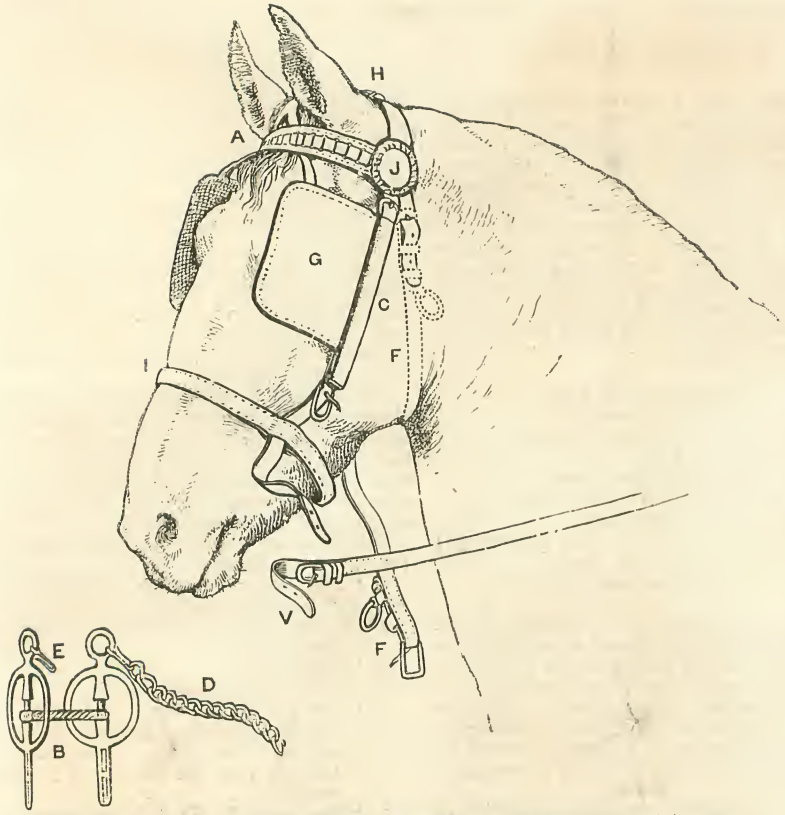
"Well, as to that," replied the embarrassed young man, "I shouldn't expect much of course at the start, though it's kind of you to ask."

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—A custom was instituted in the city of Toulouse by Charlemagne that at Easter any Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew wherever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation who had at that season crucified the Saviour of mankind. This usage, scandalous in itself, was sometimes through zeal practised with great violence. It is stated that the eye of a poor Jew was forced out on that side of the head whereon the blow was given. In the course of centuries this cruel custom was commuted for a tax.

ANSWER TO DISAPPOINTMENT (p. 307).
Solution. (The letter A.)

Alas! that all hard tasks and art,
As stars that fall, shall pass apart,
And fatal craft man's plans can thwart!

HOW TO DRIVE.



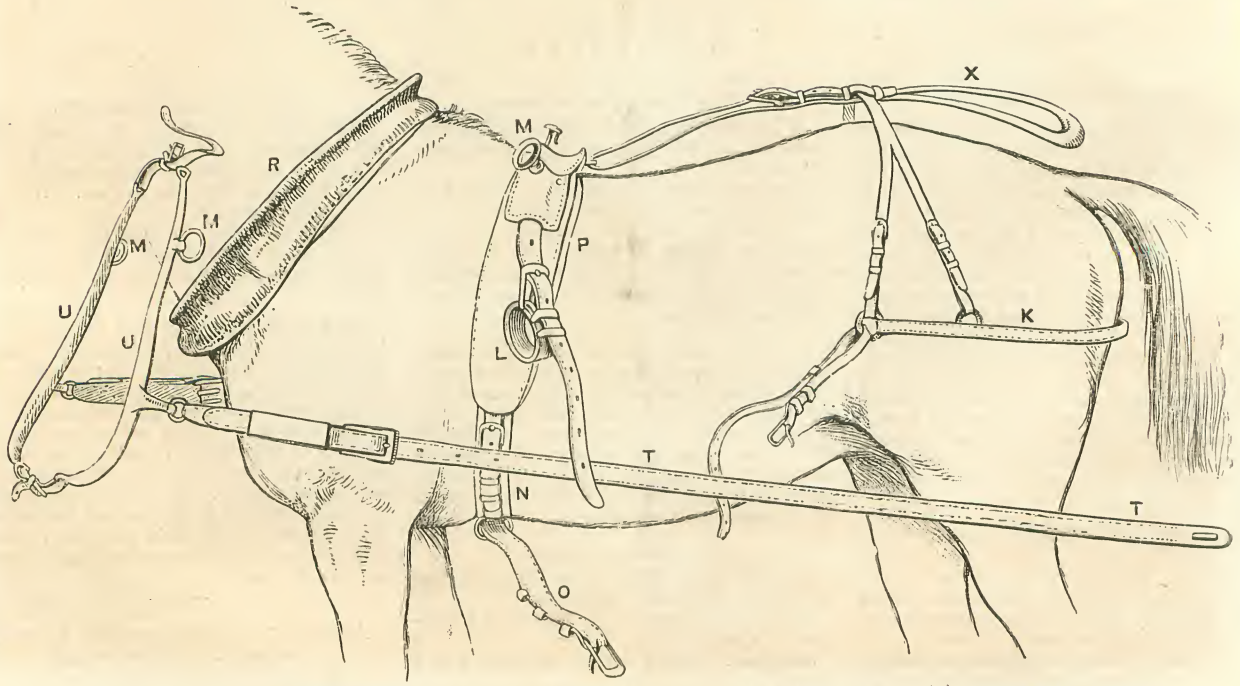
HORSE'S HEAD:—(A) BROW-BAND; (B) BIT; (C) CHEEK-PIECE; (D) CURB-CHAIN; (E) CURB-CHAIN HOOK; (F) THROAT-LASH; (G) WINKERS; (H) HEAD-PIECE; (I) NOSE-BAND; (J) ROSEITES; (V) BILLETS.

It is just three years since I have been the happy possessor of a horse and trap of my own, and I was determined from the first thoroughly to master everything that could be learnt regarding my new acquisition.

There have been so many excellent articles written on riding and driving for ladies, that I shall not touch on these points; but as I hunted in vain for a few simple directions for harnessing and unharnessing, it has occurred to me that a short article on the subject, written in very plain language, quite for the uninitiated, may prove useful to the numerous girls who are in the habit of driving themselves about the country unattended by a groom. I have often thought how helpless many of them would be in case of a trifling accident, not from want of strength and pluck to grapple with the difficulty, but from sheer ignorance of the uses and appliances of the various parts of the harness. Surely every woman who aspires to drive at all, should at the outset make herself thoroughly acquainted with the names and uses of every strap and buckle of the harness, and should be able, if necessary, to harness and unharness her horse herself. You may say this latter is the groom's work; so it is, but it certainly is as well that the mistress should understand the matter so as to detect any carelessness on his part as well as to be herself prepared for any emergency that may arise. For instance, it may happen some day in a small establishment that, returning unexpectedly early from her drive, she may find that her groom has gone on a message, and there is no other man to be found at that moment; it is certainly convenient in such a case that she should know how to take her horse out of the shafts, remove his harness, and tie him up with a halter until the groom returns. At all events, I hope that the following directions, which I have purposely put into very simple language, may prove welcome to the class of readers for whom they are intended.

The first thing to do is to thoroughly know each piece of the harness by its proper name. For this purpose I supply a list; and if there is any item in it unfamiliar to you, my girl readers, I advise you to thoroughly look over the harness in the presence of your groom, with my list in your hand, that he may assist you to identify each separate piece of it.

The bridle comprises the bit, curb-chain, curb-chain hook, head-piece, throat-lash, nose-band, brow-band,



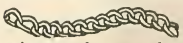
SIDE OF HORSE:—(K) BREECHEN; (L) TUGS; (M) TERRETS; (N) INNER BELLY-BAND; (O) OUTER BELLY-BAND; (P) PAD OR SADDLE; (R) COLLAR; (T) TRACES; (U) HAMES; (X) CRUPPER.



A MORNING DRIVE.

cheek-piece, winkers, rosettes. The rest of the harness comprises the traces, collar, hames, pad or saddle, crupper, breechen, tugs, terrets, reins, billets, outer belly-band, inner belly-band.

We will now proceed with how to harness a horse. As a preliminary, I would remind you that a horse should always be approached *on the near side; you* will of course, therefore, stand on his near side to harness him. When the horse is properly dressed and taken out of his stable, start by putting on the pad, drawing the crupper, which is attached to it, under the tail. Buckle the inner belly-band, seeing it is tight enough not to slip in any way. Pass the collar over his head, the narrow end pointing downwards, and then twist it round the *right* way, *i.e.*, the narrow end pointing upwards, and fasten on the hames, buckling them at the top. You can now remove the halter, take the bridle in your left hand, catch hold of the horse's head by his ears, and as you pass the head-piece over his ears, simultaneously slip the bit into his mouth. Next, buckle the throat-lash; twist the curb-chain till it comes even, thus



and hook it to the curb-chain hook; take the reins, and pass them first through the terrets on the pad, then through the terrets on the harness, and buckle the billets to the bit. Now your horse is ready for "putting to." Back him into the shafts, and pass the shafts through the tugs on either side of the pad; uncurl the traces, and fasten them on to the trace hooks; unfasten the tugs on either side of the breechen, and fasten them back through the tug loops on the shafts; buckle the breechen back to the tugs, and lastly, fasten the outer belly-band.

To unharness a horse is naturally to reverse this order of things. Commence by unfastening the outer belly-band, unbuckle the breechen tugs, slip them out from the tug loops, and buckle them back to the breechen; unhook the traces and loop them up. You can now walk the horse out of the shafts and proceed to undo the billets from the bit, and pull the reins right out through the terrets; undo the inner belly-band and remove the pad, unfasten the hames, turn round the collar (the narrow end pointing downwards), and remove it simultaneously with the bridle. Before the bridle can be removed you must unbuckle the throat-lash and unhook the curb-chain. Place your left thumb over the top buckle of the head-piece and draw the head-piece over the horse's ears, while with your right hand you are drawing off the collar. You can now slip on his halter and tie him up until the groom is ready to take him in hand.

EVELYN.

ON BEING A "VISITING LADY."

PART IV.

PERHAPS the most interesting family that I have come across, however, was that of a bead-worker named Dodd. I never clearly ascertained what Mr. Dodd, the father's, occupation, was, for the business practically belonged to Mrs. Dodd, who had been taught the trade when a girl, and who was "wonderful clever" in designing and working all sorts of useful and useless articles in coloured glass beads, and had educated the whole family in the art of making elaborate fringes and "French roses" and "pines," and other intricacies necessary to their composition. She had also been taught to read; but as, unfortunately, that accomplishment was not needful to the production of pincushions, it had not been imparted with equal care, the consequence being that, at the age of fifteen and sixteen, the two eldest boys, Samuel and David, did not even know their letters. Nevertheless, they were very proud of their mother's superior attainments, and I was very quickly informed that "Her is a scholard, mother is; her can read anything as is set afore her!"

Bead-working seemed a precarious method of earning a livelihood, however; one necessitating frequent change of residence. It was calculated that in about three years a neighbourhood would be well supplied with such articles as pincushions, with or without jewel glasses in the centre, toilet-bags worked in elaborate and rainbow-hued designs, pen-wipers crowned with red or blue cloth dogs, with staring bead eyes, or with toy chairs formed of wire and beads, and a move had to be made to new quarters, where Mrs. Dodd and David soon became familiar figures, trudging down the streets, carrying in turns the heavy, carefully-covered basket, in which reposed the solid cushions of red or purple velveteen, stuffed with sawdust, and as hard as wood, ornamented with more or less elaborate designs in glass and gilt beads, and often weighing from three to four pounds apiece.

At the time at which I first made their acquaintance, Mrs. Dodd, a fat, hearty, good-tempered woman, was the accepted head of the household, and was looked up to with the greatest admiration and respect by all her children; whilst the father seemed to occupy a peculiar, undefined sort of position in the midst of his family, which I could never quite understand. A twinkle came into the boys' black eyes, and the corners of their mouths curled up at any mention of their father; he seemed to be regarded as an irresponsible sort of person, almost as a "natural" might be, giving a good deal of trouble, yet an amusing fellow enough, often causing a hearty laugh in the light-hearted family circle.

"Him's never unkind to us, him ain't!" It will be observed that their grammar was even more faulty than that of the generality. "If he's got any food he'll share it, but sometimes him'll empty the bucket, an' then he *do* cut capers and make us roar!" From which, I suppose, we must gather that Mr. Dodd occasionally took too much, and acted accordingly.

"Him used to sing at the theayters, father used," Samuel told me one day. "You'd think it was a woman a-singing; but he sung on a Sunday once, and then his voice cracked; on Monday it was gone; God had cracked his voice, and he never sung no more."

Thus thrown out of his profession, and not taking kindly, I presume, to stuffing pincushions, which was his share in their manufacture, Mr. Dodd, I fear, caused his family a good deal of trouble at times, for it was hinted that Samuel and David took it in turns to accompany and keep an eye on him when he went out, lest he should "give them the slip," or, appropriating such of the stock-in-trade as he could lay hands on, dispose of them in his own way and "go off on the spree."

"And what happens then, Samuel?"

He shook his head and looked grave. "Us has to hunt for 'im," he said. "Mother won't do no work when him's not found; she goes one way and Dave and me another, and us finds him sometimes miles off; then us brings him home and us sets to work again."

What went on for a time after these stoppages had occurred, and the little money that may have been put by had been expended during the hunt, was, I am afraid, something near starvation; on one occasion at least, Christmas Day was spent without a crust to eat and with neither fire nor light.

In the autumn the whole family trudged down to some Kentish hop-garden to gather in their little harvest of earnings for the coming winter, a change looked forward to with delight by the little girls, who were unwilling scholars in the Board School, and even tolerated by the boys, who otherwise had a decided contempt for any other mode of life or work than their own, which they were at no pains to conceal.

I remember on one occasion, whilst watching an artist at work on a sketch with deft and skilful fingers, I happened to glance at Samuel, and observed him regarding the painter with cold, critical eyes, his hands in his pockets, indifferent and uninterested.

"Well, Samuel," I asked, "what do you think of that work? Would you rather paint pictures like that or make pincushions?"

I had not long to wait for the answer; it came with a contemptuous curl of the lip and a scornful glance towards the unconscious artist.

"Why, make pincushions, I should think!"

With increased stature and incipient moustaches, however, I noticed a gradual restlessness and a desire for a change—a wish to be independent and launch out for themselves. Proud as Samuel was of his mother's calling, and quick and clever as he himself might be at it, he found he had a soul above beads, and ambition began to stir within him.

"I takes after my uncles and cousins," he said to me gloomily one day, as we were talking it over. "My uncles is sweeps and my cousins is costers, and I wants to have a donkey of my own an' to be a coster."

"And what shall you sell?—pincushions and bead-work for your mother?" I asked.

"Bless you, no! Herrings and haddicks and pertatoes pays best—people must buy them things! Dave's not sharp enough—he'll stick to mother I expects, but what I want is to lay by some money."

Somewhat to my surprise, Mrs. Dodd entered into the spirit of her son's ambition, and presently a tumbledown barrow was bought, and was carefully patched up and mended, and painted bright blue and yellow by its happy owner, and shortly after, the result of much hard work and pinching and saving on his part, Sam appeared in the full glory of a coster's suit, the most important part of the stock-in-trade, I believe, being the brilliantly-striped jersey, the violent neck scarf, corduroy trowsers, and a coat of many buttons, without which, I suppose, no coster would feel himself capable of doing business. It appeared, too, that after all Dave also took after the uncles and the cousins, for soon after he also launched out, and apprenticed himself to a sweep; proving, I think, that the taste for certain professions must be hereditary.

Perhaps the peculiar views of religion, of which I have already spoken, might be considered to reach their climax in these boys, who, unable to read, and bored by the restraint of church and services which they were unable to follow, never having been sent to Sunday school, and early impressed with "mother's" superiority and learning, and accustomed to take her ideas as their gospel, had become imbued

with superstitions which she had imparted from time to time over their work; weird stories of strange things that were supposed to have happened in her youth, but which had more the ring of the Middle Ages and days of witchcraft about them than of this enlightened nineteenth century, were mixed up with a good deal of reverence of a blind, groping sort, expressing itself sometimes in certain grave observances, one of which at least was, I think, quite original. "Us never eats no meat on a Good Friday, nor no butter. Mother won't let us, 'cause He died then; nor us don't use no soap neither; us washes ourselves with it over night, but mother won't let us have none on a Good Friday." Asked why not. "'Cause they throwed a bucket of soapsuds over Him!"

To return, however, to the actual work of a "visiting lady"; one must guard against being too sanguine against looking for gratitude in one's district work; with the very best intentions one may give offence; and there is a good deal of jealousy in the average human heart, and, as I have before hinted, a childish unreasonableness in the uneducated mind which one must always take into account. One must learn not to be shocked or disappointed at any falling short in one's expectations; not to be discouraged at backslidings, or fault-findings, or grumblings. Hostility can be lived down in a few weeks; displays of temper, or jealousy, or illwill towards you are forgotten by the next visit—if you show that you on your side have done the same; and a uniform gentleness and friendliness and hopefulness of demeanour, even to the thankless and unworthy, is a quiet sermon that has its effect always. Hopefulness, indeed, and the remembrance that, after all, the work is God's and not man's work, are the only safeguards against discouragement and depression. There will always be outsiders ready to suggest that the visitor is tolerated or welcomed only for what may be got out of her; and perhaps, after penetrating into a filthy room, which needed an unselfish, loving heart to make her enter, and where a whole family, father, mother, and children, may be herded together in dirt and discomfort, where she is received with unwillingness, gloom, or contempt, and where, on taking her leave and producing a ticket, she finds tongues immediately unloosened, and even the husband assuring her that she is "a real lady, one of the real sort, of whom it would be better if there were more!" she herself is tempted to take a pessimistic view of things; but a moment's reflection will suggest the inevitable result of grinding poverty, thriftlessness, and misery, and the hand-to-hand conflict with starvation continually going on, and she will find that the next time she calls, and the next, and the next, though she may give nothing, they will talk more readily and freely, and accept her as a friend and well-wisher, and will be more open to any little practical suggestions as to cleanliness and order, especially if accompanied by a small present of soap and soda, and a smile or good-natured remark to rob the gift of any offence; and a change will be seen in time which will gladden the heart and make amends for all the disagreeables of a first visit. A shilling ticket may be a sordid, humble sort of key to unlock a human heart, but then God works sometimes by just such unlooked-for humble means.

I would here insert one piece of advice to district visitors, however, and that is, if living anywhere near their district, to keep their private address strictly to themselves. If this is not done, they in their turn may expect to be visited, and at any hour of the day, by such begging, dissatisfied, or ungrateful members as are sure to form part of a community, however small. In that case messages such as the following may be looked forward to as likely to be of daily occurrence.

"Please, miss, mother says will you send her a ticket; she ain't had one for a fortnight, and we want something for supper to-night;" or "Please 'm, mother says as how if you gives Mrs. S., as lodges in our house, a ticket, you ought to give her one too, as it's time *she* had one; an' father's done no work to-day;" or "Mother sent me to tell you as how we've nothing for dinner to-morrow, and will you send her a ticket for meat and groceries—half and half 'll do, mother says; and please be quick!" or "Our Jimmy's took ill, and mother says will you come at once;" or, worse still, "Mother says, will you come round to see her at once; she wants to speak to you," which may turn out to be to ask you to lend a "trifle" to pay a few weeks' back rent, or to request you to purchase half a dozen pawntickets in order that they may raise some money, or something equally impossible and out of your province and power. Then, besides these imperative knocks and messages from children, may come men and women in want of work, or clothes, or food, or travelling expenses, or tools; people whom you may have never seen before, but who have been "recommended" by others in the district, or have heard you "highly spoken of" by some appreciative person or persons, otherwise quite unknown to you; and these visitors, especially the female portion, take it for granted that such recommendation is quite sufficient to ensure your most active sympathies and instant help, and are proportionally disappointed and dissatisfied when you explain your inability to give the latter. You may even be astonished to learn from one of these unwelcome strangers, that it is only your selfishness and love of ease and comfort that makes you unable to help all the poor around, and that if you liked you could keep them all from the workhouse.

On the other hand, if your heart is touched by some worn, hungry face, and in a compassionate moment you tell one of your visitors to step inside, and fetch a cup of tea and some bread, you may be met with the remark, "Thank you, miss, but the doctor says I'd better not drink tea, but I should like a cup of cocoa;" or, you may be asked if there is not a room handy, where the tea might be drunk in comfort, as "it's awkward to have to hold one's cup, and no table to put a plate on."

Such are a few of the experiences that befall a "visiting lady;" such the sort of people that make up an average London district. It will be seen that not very special qualifications are needed for the post—merely a kind heart, patience, and a little commonsense, by no means out of the reach of anyone. And I would mention here that very often a young district visitor is more successful than an old one; that sometimes a girl can better win the hearts, confidence, and goodwill of a district than her mother could. Of course I am not speaking of the very young, who may have just left school, but I *do* mean a cheerful, sympathetic, goodnatured girl, who has some time left on her hands from social and household duties, and is willing to do her best to share a little of that sympathy and cheerfulness with her poorer, toiling, often friendless neighbours, and to try to elevate—her very presence, fresh, and neat, and clean, amongst them will do something towards this, without any preaching—to raise, and cheer, and by a simple word or two here and there, or a kindly act, console and comfort those who know little enough of such influences in their sordid, sorrowful, and degraded lives.

Of course there are impostors everywhere, and they are never wanting in a district; those who spin out long and doleful tales, hoping thereby to obtain a ticket or two, or something towards paying the rent always owing; many who can talk cant, and *do* talk it, to gain the same end; but one soon discriminates easily enough, and speaking from my own experience of the girls of the present day, I do not think they are, as a class, so credulous as to be easily taken in.

As I have before remarked, too, the interest grows, and the experience has not only its dark, but its light and amusing side also, and one soon becomes a well-known and almost public character. "I knows where you live now, miss. My husband took me round the other day a-purpose to show me your house. He promised me ever so long, and he came home early and took me a-Monday;" or "Excuse me speaking to you, miss, but I've heard so much of you; the children about, and one thing and another, talks so much about you, I thought I'd ask you if you could advise me how to put my two girls out in the world?"

And even if such interesting incidents are not in everyone's experience, there are compensating events and occurrences which will vary the monotony of the "visiting lady's" rounds, and awaken and sustain her interest in the poor, whom it is one of our responsibilities to have always with us, and one of our privileges to help and befriend.

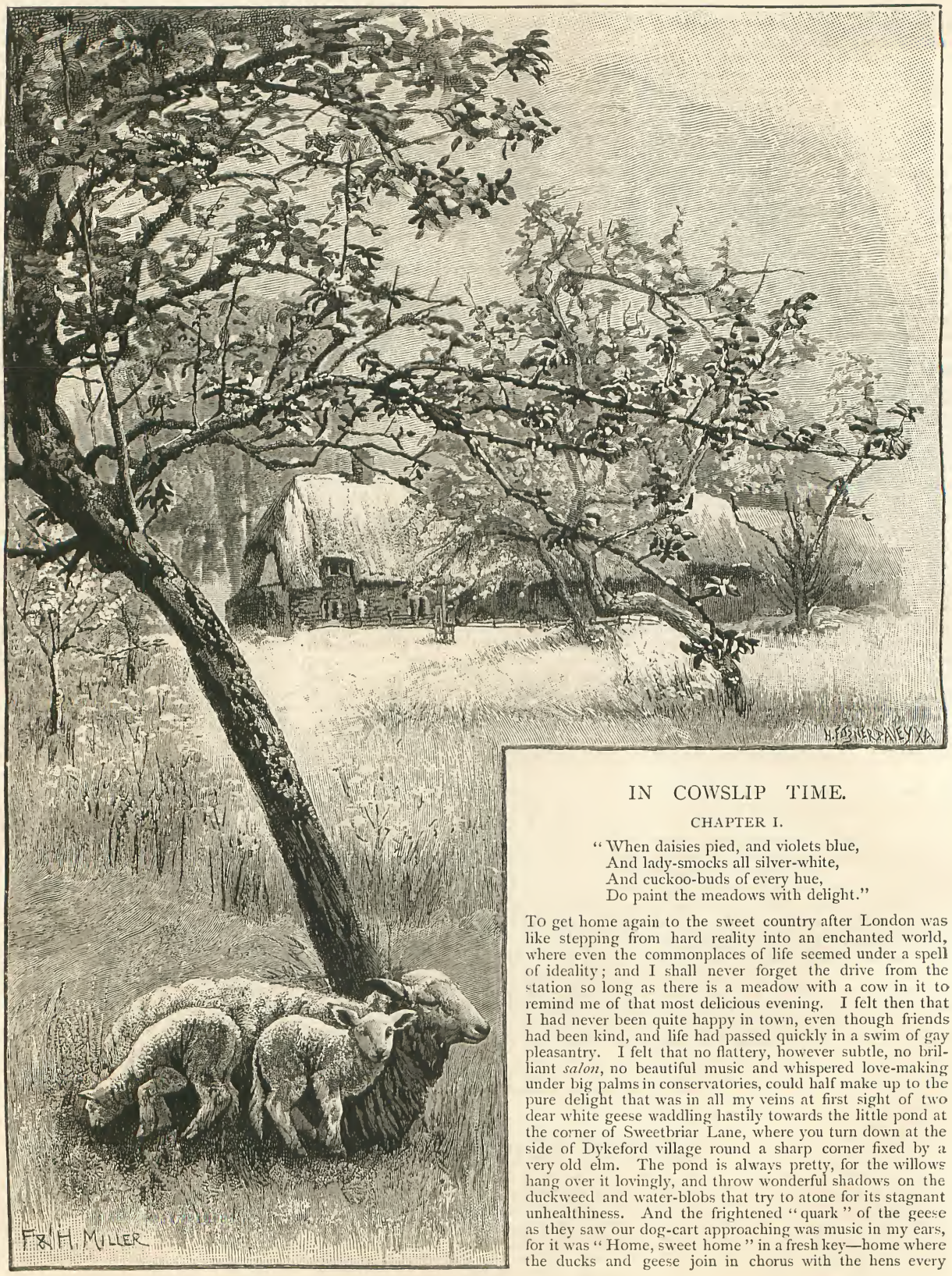
C. Y.

CHURCH EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

THE protected party sent to Australia by the Church Emigration Society sailed in Messrs. Houlder's steamer the *Murrambidgee*, on which special arrangements had been made for them, a large space—more than double the Board of Trade requirement—having been set apart for the women and children. The ship outfits were of superior quality, and a large supply of extra comforts were ordered; books, toys, and games were also sent on board by the Ladies' Committee for the amusement of the emigrants.

The party assembled at the Emigrants' Home, Blackwall, where everything was done for their comfort. In the evening a service was held, and a suitable address given by the Rev. George Everard, Vicar of Christ Church, Dover, who was much interested in four orphan children who were going out under the care of the society to join their aunt in New South Wales. On the next day the party were taken on board by the secretary of the Society, and when he quitted the steamer at Gravesend they were all in the best possible spirits.

Protected parties will be sent by the Church Emigration Society to Canada in April, and to Australia in May. Full information can always be obtained at the Society's offices, 49, Victoria Street, Westminster, or from Miss C. E. Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.



IN COWSLIP TIME.

CHAPTER I.

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of every hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

To get home again to the sweet country after London was like stepping from hard reality into an enchanted world, where even the commonplaces of life seemed under a spell of ideality; and I shall never forget the drive from the station so long as there is a meadow with a cow in it to remind me of that most delicious evening. I felt then that I had never been quite happy in town, even though friends had been kind, and life had passed quickly in a swim of gay pleasantry. I felt that no flattery, however subtle, no brilliant *salon*, no beautiful music and whispered love-making under big palms in conservatories, could half make up to the pure delight that was in all my veins at first sight of two dear white geese waddling hastily towards the little pond at the corner of Sweetbriar Lane, where you turn down at the side of Dykeford village round a sharp corner fixed by a very old elm. The pond is always pretty, for the willows hang over it lovingly, and throw wonderful shadows on the duckweed and water-blobs that try to atone for its stagnant unhealthiness. And the frightened "quark" of the geese as they saw our dog-cart approaching was music in my ears, for it was "Home, sweet home" in a fresh key—home where the ducks and geese join in chorus with the hens every

morning under my window in order to arouse me from vain sloth and idle dreams. My father was talking and asking me questions as he urged poor old Robin along with many words of endearment and less welcome jogs at the rein. I smiled to think how little the old horse heeded his blandishment and practical reminders of his presence. After steadily keeping his one standard pace for ten years, was it likely he was going to dishonour his horsehood by any undignified attempts to emulate the racer?

I didn't want to talk much; simply to soak in enjoyment as a sponge absorbs water was all I wanted to do, and I knew my evident appreciation of this home-coming, which must have showed itself on every feature of my face, would speak eloquently enough to my father, who did not attempt to disguise his pleasure at seeing me, though he only said at the station—

"Well, Peggy, you've come home, then, at last to plague us!"

He talked of the things that occupied his life—of the hay season and growth of crops, of promising lambs and the price of butter. It had never struck me before how delightful these things are to talk about, and how thoroughly Arcadian my life at home had hitherto been, before my fashionable aunt had chosen to introduce her rustic niece to London society.

I have often wondered how it was that two sisters could choose such different lots as mother and Aunt Jessie have done, and I know the latter thinks our life almost a degraded one, living out of the civilised world as it were, and not even seeing a daily newspaper. Vaguely still I wondered, was there in me the spirit of emulation and ambition for position and wealth that had married Aunt Jessie to a man without love and in defiance of fancy, or was I my mother's own girl, with lungs so formed as to breathe easily only in the free air of the country, and heart so formed as to thrive only on a diet of love?

I laughed merrily at a market anecdote of the father's just here, and took the reins as he got out to open the first gate in the home close; for don't suppose I was not listening to him through all my reflections, which were but a running accompaniment to his blithe talk.

It was too delicious to see the dear old orchard again, with its tumbled trees looking in their sweet white raiment as if they wished to conceal their tough brown hides, like wrinkled old women dressing themselves as brides.

The apple tree where the swing used to hang until I became too heavy for it, and nearly broke my nose by the splitting of the bough—how full of rose and white bloom! Surely there is nothing on earth more beautiful than an apple-tree in full blossom!

And the big walnut overhanging the garden gate, with branches just testing the weather in soft brown until they dare venture out in their new green attire—how sweet and modest is the spring dress!

"I am so happy to be home again—so glad and happy that I don't know what to do!" I cried, with a silly little lump in my throat nearly choking me; for to see them all again, mother and father and the fruit trees, all looking so loveworthy in the bath of spring sunlight was almost too strong a draught of joy to a maid who had spent eight long weeks amongst the forced fruits of London pleasures.

Tea was set in the parlour, with home-cured ham and home-laid eggs and mother's own bread, which was nearly always a great success. Sometimes the oven went wrong, and then it was a little sad—the bread, I mean—but to-day it was perfect, and I did full justice to it, while the father and mother talked and criticised my London clothes. The very flowers at the window seemed pleased to see me, and greeted me with strong wafts of fragrance as I drank my tea, with Bogie, the black cat, on my lap, and the young foxhound rapping the floor with his tail by my side.

"You'll be very dull, Peggy," mother said wistfully, "now that you have had so much frolic and pleasure. I hope you won't want to go away again directly?"

I felt rather guilty, for had I not promised to go and see several new friends made in town soon? But my pangs were for the promises I meant to break: I could not leave the dear old place again for—oh! for ever so long.

"Dull!" I ejaculated. "What, dull with all the trees bursting and the cowslips waiting to be picked! Dull, with the woods pale with primroses and larks beginning to tune up with blackbirds and thrushes! Don't you know your own daughter better?"

"I expect the country does seem nice and fresh after smoky London," was all my mother answered; but there was a look of gratification on both their faces. And father added—

"She won't have time to be dull. There's the new litter of pigs to look after, and the lambs, and Clover's foal, and the guinea chicks to count, and the garden to weed, and——"

"Oh, father, have my seeds come up, and will the purple lilac bloom this year?" All the interests of my life two months ago were coming fast back upon me. I had laid them down for the theatres and picture-galleries—now I lifted them up again gleefully.

"The lilac's full out. Mark Blythe was only saying, when he was up here yesterday, how pleased you would be with it."

"Ah! how is Mark?" I asked, with a large display of carelessness, and with a little sensation I could not analyse.

"All right. He's showing a horse at Daslington Show next week, and thinks he's going to get a prize. He's been here pretty often since you've been away, so he doesn't only come to see *you*, Miss Margaret!"

I laughed as I ran up the narrow staircase beside the parlour door, and I could think of no retort because my mind was so full of many things, and Mark Blythe's name jarred against some of them.

I had gone upstairs to unpack, yet when I got into the little white low chamber I called my bedroom instead of unstrapping the heavy boxes I sat down on one of them to think.

The sight of the room nearly made me cry. The dimity curtains were so full of tender memories, and every clumsy cane-bottomed chair, and every bit of the room, even to the broad thick beam across the white ceiling, seemed to reproach me for absence and some change of feeling.

The faint scent of lavender suggested my mother's careful toil to get out the clean things and make my room fresh and sweet for me to come home to; and the open window introduced the familiar cries of the farmyard, where fluffy little chicks were cheeping for food, and the distant bleat of sheep melted into the soft rippling coo-oo of the dove-cote. It was all pleasure with a thrill of pain in it, and this is why—I contemplated leaving it all some day: the dear old homestead, my father and mother, the garden and the orchard and the farmyard, the pond by the willows, the woods and meadows just beginning to colour with spring flowers. And when I thought of this a weight seemed to fall upon me. I had told Aunt Jessie when Mr. Treadgold proposed to me, thinking it due to her after all her kindness to me; but I certainly expected to be commended for not having accepted him at once. I think limpness is a dreadful quality in a man; but Aunt Jessie said, "My dear, why should he not be limp? A man as rich as Crœsus can be anything he likes, for he would never have to exert himself to be welcomed everywhere."

Oh, dear! What *would* father say to him, with his white silky hands and that eyeglass? Yet he is very good, they say, and he must be more determined than he looks, as he would not take my denial, but made me promise to think over the matter and let him hear from me.

I must marry, I suppose, and Aunt Jessie says every girl ought to marry to "better herself;" but the question *is—would* it be "bettering myself" to marry a man for whom I have no love? to live in a grand style for which I have not been trained? No; I have almost decided to marry Clive Norcot. He is not rich but he is greatly talented, and likely to succeed, every one says. I dared not tell aunt he had said anything definite because I know she thinks I ought not to hesitate over Mr. Treadgold. Clive is very good-looking, and passionate and romantic. He is not limp, and he expresses himself always in most beautiful language—although he certainly does seem a little affected sometimes. But that is only to be expected in a writer, especially a poet, I think. Yes; I am almost sure I could love Clive Norcot. He has such glorious eyes, dark and deep—as if he could take and drown me in them. He is not very large and strong, like Mark Blythe: but then Mark is an exception. Certainly he seems far more in love with me than Mr. Treadgold; but then I suppose aunt would say that is because he is not such a "catch." To marry him would be an entrance into literary society, the world of letters, of talent, of genius—delightful! It has always been my great ambition to know personally some of the great authors and artists whose works have enchanted me. I wonder how it was I told Clive Norcot I could not decide at once. I must marry him, of course. But I should have to live in London. Could I? Well, I will wait till to-morrow before writing.

And with thus much decided I quitted thinking, and opened my trunks, laying out my crushed gowns on the bed, creased with packing, and soiled with the smut of London. How they positively seemed to smell of smoke! Poor tumbled ball-dresses, your occupation's gone. I should frighten the folk around here if I appeared at the next village dance in one of those sleeveless bodices! How could I do it? I shuddered now to look back on such an indelicate exposure of arms which had been much admired for their white, smooth roundness. "It must have been another I," I said aloud to the looking-glass; for the simplicity of the room lent a country, innocent sort of look to me.

"Peg—gy!" sang out my mother's voice at the foot of the stairs. "Come down, child; here's a visitor."

I smoothed back my curly fringe a little, as I knew it found no favour in the parental eyes, and descended to where the front doorway was filled up with a stalwart figure, who advanced down the passage to greet me. It was Mark Blythe, of course. I knew before I came down, for we do not have many visitors at The Lodge, and Mark often comes. I could not help thinking how handsome he looked in his light summer clothes, with his fair hair in warm rings on his forehead and ruffled round his ears. I have always been very fond of Mark, ever since he came home from Daslington Grammar School to manage his mother's farm, and licked the village "bruiser" for setting a big dog on a little one.

"Have you really come back?" he asked, with a frank, unquestioning smile, that exhibited his strong white teeth, and lighted his grey eyes; while my hand was lost for some seconds in his large brown one, rough inside with the handling of reins, rakes, and pitchforks.

"I have really come back at last," I said,

"and very good it is to be home. We must all go for a walk now round the farm, to see all the new things, and talk over home policy."

"I've brought my new mare to show you," said Mark, as we went through the gate. "She'll carry you beautifully when I've trained her to a skirt, and we'll have some glorious rides."

"That will be jolly!" I said deceitfully, for I thought it was not likely that Oliver Norcot's affianced wife would be allowed to traverse the country on Mark Blythe's mare with Mark for escort.

"That barley doesn't look bad, does it?" asked my father, as we reached a gate overlooking the pale green shoots, that were coming up in even lines across several brown acres.

"It looks better than mine."

"Does it, though?" exultingly. "Well, I ought to have a good crop, for I put in——" But I really can't remember what it was father put in, being not at all a model farmer's daughter in that respect. I never could properly understand the feeding of the land.

"It's getting chilly," my mother said, "and I think the plants will want covering up to-night, John. Before we go in, though, Peggy, you must come and see the new henroost, and my Cochins, though they'll be asleep."

It was all so primitive, and simple, and Arcadian. The three people, my father, mother, and Mark, had not the slightest need to trouble themselves for "topics of conversation." They talked of the things around them, and found them quite absorbing. There was an animated discussion on the merits and demerits of the Guinea fowls—upon which I was called on for an expression of opinion—that, for thrilling interest and earnestness could not have been beaten by the most advanced discussion on theosophy or art in society. And there was a tone through all the talk that somehow seemed to have been lacking in London conversation—a tone of reality and conviction, of true knowledge of the subject minus any desire to shine or show off in brilliant expression, or make talk where matter began to dwindle. In fact, matter did not dwindle, for no sooner were the Guinea fowls fairly disposed of than the crops came up again; and then the affairs of the village occupied the ground, with a short digression on a new book from the village library (new to the country folk); and the forthcoming Agricultural Show was a kind of goal for all topics to arrive at eventually.

Supper that night was the happiest meal I think I ever ate in my life. To hear father's laugh, after the subdued murmur of polite cachinnation to which I had grown accustomed to, was a treat; and Mark's rich tones made up for lack of pure accent in force of earnestness and quaint expression. I did not speak to him one word alone, not even when we said good-night at the gate, for father was there too. Yet I knew intuitively that he was just the same Mark that two months ago had asked me to be his wife, and to whom I had answered frankly—

"I don't know my own mind yet; let me think it over,"—just as I had said to Clive Norcot and Mr. Treadgold. Was it fair? Was I not behaving badly to these three men? The question oppressed me when I blew out my candle and nestled into my downy little white bed while yet it was not long after sunset.

Last night I had just finished dinner at this time, and was *en route* for a musical "At Home," and a dance later. Now the stillness of such nights as is never known in London and great towns had settled with huge soft wings like a giant moth over our little farm nest at nine o'clock, and nothing was to be heard save the distant creek of a cricket in the kitchen, and the occasional cry of an owl, or a neigh from the stables. What should I decide? What to do? I went to sleep finally promising myself that to-morrow should be the test—whether I should choose life in the country or out of it.

(*To be continued.*)

GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXII.

WITH DACRE.

DACRE did not die. For one long week he lay hovering between life and death, and no one dared to say how the struggle would end. Several unfavourable symptoms showed themselves one after the other, and the boy had been unwell and in a weakened state for some time beforehand, which was all against him then. But as a set-off against these disadvantages, he had two most devoted nurses, in addition to the hired professional woman, whose skill was almost equal to that of the doctors themselves; and Esther and Bertha were steadfastly resolved that if care and nursing could save him, Dacre should not die.

Esther had seen a good deal of sickness in her life, and had some experience to fall back upon, but she was forced to admit that with Bertha nursing seemed an actual genius, and that the younger girl was more efficient than herself in the absolute ministrations, though no one could soothe and calm their patient like herself, and to sit beside him holding his hand, or read, or sing to him when he was in the mood to listen, did more for him than all the doctors' drugs or all the skill of the more active nurses.

But he grew very fond of Bertha; and indeed one of the strangest things about him in those days was his wistful longing for those he loved to be near him. Though he never asked directly for his sisters and brothers, he would often lie and watch the door, and a flush would steal into his face at the sound of a footstep outside. And when, first Humphrey, and then Ethel, overcame their strange shrinking, and put in an appearance to ask how he was, or bring him a message or a flower, his white face would beam with pleasure; so gradually the rest learnt to conquer their fears, and to slip in and out two or three times a day; and Dacre always had a smile for them, even in his hours of greatest pain and weariness; and when they had gone again he would sometimes turn to Esther and say—

"If I get better I will try to love them more. I never thought before what it would be like to leave them. I did not know I was so fond of them all. I have been such a plague to them; but I think they will miss me if I go. I should not like them to feel it was a good riddance, though I'm afraid it would be."

Dacre never got over his habit of perfect frankness, and his speeches were curiously unconventional at times. He never lost the clearness of his perceptions, and was as well aware of his danger as any of those who watched over him. Esther knew this well from the strange light in his hollow eyes, from the questions he would suddenly ask, and the way in which he would look at the little Bible on the table, as if to ask her to read it to him. Then there had been long and solemn night watches, when she had had to go through trying scenes with him; the sense of his many misdeeds and resolute rejection of light coming over him like a black flood, and sweeping away all the comfort of the teaching she had gently tried to instil, when he had looked to her for help in the hours of greatest suffering.

But Dacre was always very much in earnest, and deep down in his nature, overgrown by the habits and rebellion of years, lay a strain of devotionalism which had never been killed, and which had at times, even in health, made itself felt. To reach that hidden stratum, and to free the gold from its dross, was the work that taxed Esther's best energies for many long nights and days; but in the end her prayers and her toil were rewarded, and Dacre looked into her face with his wonderfully sweet smile, and said—

"I think it is all right now. I am quite happy. I think I should like to die now, before I can lose it again."

"If it is worth anything to you, Dacre, you must be willing to live, and to show that you can make it the guide of your life. You have faced death very bravely. Do you think you can face life so too?"

He smiled again with a touch of weary sweetness very pathetic in one so young.

"I'll try," he said, "though sometimes it seems harder than the other, and I am *so* tired. But I suppose that will go off as I get well, though I don't know if I shall ever have any health worth speaking of; and it is a hard life always being more or less ill. And I have had such a lot of it."

It was the first time he had ever admitted that he had felt his health as a burden, and Esther felt a great tenderness and pity for him. She knew well that this illness would leave its impress on him for a long while to come, and that there was small likelihood of his

being a strong man at any time. What could she say to cheer him? It was difficult to know how to treat one so very clear-sighted and so keenly alive to his own condition. But Dacre saved her the necessity of speaking by doing so himself, and that with a light in his eye and an expression on his beautiful face that brought a rush of tears to Esther's eyes.

"But after all what does that matter? Everybody has something in his life that is a nuisance, and one always knows that it's just those things that make fellows worth anything. I suppose it will count as something if I try to make the best of it, and don't bother other people more than I can help. If it's sent from, well, you know where, one ought to think it an honour to have it to bear, I suppose. A crippled soldier can do something, if he looks out for the chance. I needn't think I can do nothing, I hope, because I can't do what I should like best?"

Esther smiled at him with the drops in her eyes. It was his look and not the words themselves that upset her.

"Dear Dacre," she said, "if you will take it in that spirit it may be the greatest of all blessings to you, and you will be not only a soldier but a hero. Those who have the heaviest cross to bear here, will assuredly have the brightest crown to wear by-and-by."

He made no reply, unless one of his earnest, luminous looks could be so called, but from that day forward there was an increase of interest in life, and a braver facing of the tedious convalescence before him. There had been moments before when Esther had instinctively felt that he had almost wished to die—that life seemed altogether too much of a burden to be taken up gladly; but now he was different in his ways and looks, and before really pronounced out of danger, his sisters and brothers had learned to look at him without any fear, and his room gradually became quite a centre for merry talk and quiet enjoyment. It was so large that voices did not make a tumult, and he could lie and watch his companions at work or play without feeling oppressed. Bertha was an excellent dragon, and would note the least look of excitement even sooner than Esther, and clear the room at once; but on the whole visits were encouraged, for Dacre's mind was too active not to crave variety, and he was always eager to know about everything that went on in the house.

He had not asked questions for some time about the attempted robbery, possibly because he dreaded to hear the answers. But as he grew strong enough to stand a little excitement, he began to wonder how it had all happened; and one day, when his sisters were sitting with him, whilst Esther had been hunted out for a drive, he asked point-blank if anything had been found out.

"Yes," answered Trixie, "a good deal. The man that Aunt Esther locked up, and who was caught, is in prison, and he has stolen lots of things before; and the police were after him, though they had never caught him before. And it's proved now that *he* sold the diamond that was lost out of mamma's necklace in the summer. You know for a long time it was not heard of, because he dared not sell it whilst it was being advertised, and so on. But just a very little while ago it was offered for sale, and I think we shall be able to get it back if papa cares to buy it. Fancy buying one's own jewels again! I wonder what they will say to it when they come home."

"Are they coming home soon?" asked Dacre, who had once or twice during his illness expressed a wish to see his mother.

"Well, I expect they will if they get any of the telegrams that have been sent after them since you were so ill. But we don't know exactly where they are, and they may not have heard; and the last one sent off was to say you were better, so nobody can tell. But as papa is quite well again, I don't see why they shouldn't come. They have been away the best part of a year as it is, and I should think they would be in a hurry to get back."

Dacre lay silent a few minutes, the colour coming and going in his face, and then he asked—

"Was it the man who was caught who shot at me?"

"Oh, no; that fellow got away in the confusion—more's the pity."

"And nobody knows who he was, I suppose?"

"I don't think it's known for certain. Some people think it was Miller, because he has run away since. But I don't think he would have hurt you, Dacre."

"I don't believe he would if he knew me," said Dacre. "But when a fellow is dressed up like a popinjay his own mother might hardly recognise him. And has nothing been heard of Miller since?"

"No, nothing. He and Thérèse have both run away. Aunt Esther is almost certain that Thérèse was on the watch whilst the men were trying to get the jewels, and that she gave the alarm which made Miller come rushing out upon her. He might have killed her if you had not come to the rescue. Oh, Dacre, now that you are getting better I do think I am glad that you have been such a hero."

"Bosh, Trix," said the boy, impatiently. "As if any fellow *could* stand by and see a villain like that set upon a woman. Girls don't know anything about it. As if I hadn't done harm enough in getting the fellow back into the house, without having *that* on my head as well."

"Then you knew it was Miller yourself? Oh, we have been so wondering if you did. Aunt Esther could not be certain, and did not like to say anything against the man without being perfectly sure. But if you recognised him——"

"I sha'n't give evidence against him, if that is what you mean," answered Dacre, with a contraction of the brow that was not one of irritation so much as of perplexity. "Not for this at least"—indicating by a glance that he referred to the injury he had sustained at the hands of the servant he had befriended; "and it does not seem to have been proved that he had anything to do with the actual robbery, though I suppose he must have been a sort of accomplice. It is a wretched piece of business altogether. I wish I had never gone and got myself mixed up with it."

"You didn't," said Ethel, indignantly. "You only saved Aunt Esther's life."

But Dacre sighed uneasily.

"I got Miller back into the house when Aunt Esther had turned him away. I might have known it was for no good purpose that he was so eager to come back."

"Why, Dacre," said Jessie, "you know you did it to try and give him another chance. You wanted to make him better. Aunt Esther says so herself; and granny says you had the very noblest motive, and showed a better spirit about it than Aunt Esther did, because you wanted to reclaim him, and she——"

But Dacre stopped her with a gesture.

"Very good of you to say so, but don't let people make a saint of me, when all I wanted was to get my own way, and to have a fellow on the place who would help me into all sorts of mischief, and teach me to be as bad as himself. No; listen, girls; I *will* speak if I choose. I won't have anybody believing in such absurdities. Aunt Esther was perfectly right. The man was not in the least sorry, and I know *now* why he was so precious eager to get back. I wanted him partly because it was dull at home without Cuthbert to go about with in the evenings, partly because I was angry that Aunt Esther had got the best of it, and wanted to upset her arrangements. I got granny over to my side by using all kinds of mean arguments, which I knew were not true all the time, but which sounded fine and generous. And I tried to make out Aunt Esther to be mean and uncharitable. I got my own way; but when I'd got it I didn't much enjoy it. Miller disgusted me again and again. But he was really fond of me, poor fellow; and sometimes he would listen to me when I argued with him; and I was trying to get him to drink less, and to spend an evening sometimes at home with a book; and I used to sit in his rooms over the stable sometimes in an evening and read to him. He had the making of a better fellow in him than he has turned out." And Dacre paused and sighed. "But I did not know how to get at the good, and this is how it has ended."

"But you did try to teach him something," cried Ethel, eagerly, "Oh, Dacre dear, I am glad of that."

"Well, I did try to stop his drinking; but somehow I don't think I went to work quite the right way. I didn't know a better way myself then, and so it wasn't likely I should be very successful with him. I might have a better chance now; but I'm afraid I shall never see him again; and I shall always have the feeling that perhaps if I had not brought him back here he might have turned out better than he has done."

"You did what you thought right," said Jessie, hesitating, for this sort of talk was very new to the brothers and

sisters; and though they felt that it drew them nearer together, they were shy of speaking out their thoughts. All had been learning lessons during the past weeks, and especially during these days of deep anxiety and suspense; but the reserve of youth was upon them, and they liked better to *feel* than to express their mutual understanding.

"That's just what I'm afraid I didn't do," said Dacre, quickly. "But it's no good crying over spilt milk. One can only try to do better for the future. If I could only see the poor fellow again I should be happier. I believe I might do something with him perhaps *now*."

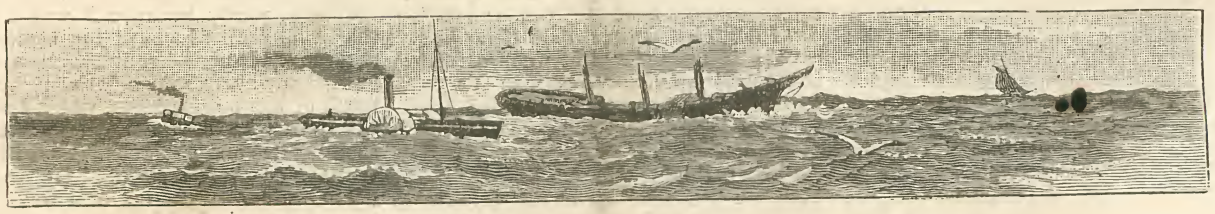
"Talk to Aunt Esther about it," advised Ethel; "she will tell you what to do. Dacre, what should we have done without Aunt Esther all this time? I can't think what we shall do when papa and mamma come back, and she goes away. I wish she would live with us always."

"So do I," said the boy, so fervently, that they all looked at him in a sort of surprise; and though he coloured up slightly under the gaze of so many pairs of eyes, he said in his cool, unhesitating way, "Yes, I mean what I say. It's all very fine for you to talk of what Aunt Esther has been to you, but she can't have been one quarter to you what she has been to me. You haven't been ill and nearly died; you don't know what it is like to feel as I did then. And when everybody else kept away because they couldn't bear what was horrid, she never left me, and held my hand all the time when I know mamma never could have stayed, even if she had been here. And that was her way of paying back my insolence and insubordination and defiance. Well, she couldn't have chosen a better one to humble me, or to show me what it is to be like her, and to believe the things she teaches. Some people are all for precept and not a bit for example; but Aunt Esther never talks unless you ask her to, but she just shows you what she is by the things she does."

The hearty assent from the three sisters would have gladdened Esther's heart had she heard it, though she no longer needed aural testimony of the change that had come over her young charges. They showed it in a hundred little ways; and now that Dacre's room had become a sort of gathering-place both for brothers and sisters and cousins, especially in the twilight hour, when the invalid was strongest and most disposed for company, she was always forced to make one of the circle, which never seemed complete without her. It was often now one of the children who would lead the talk into a graver channel than would once have been relished by any of them, and get her opinion on a hundred little points which were still rather dark to them. Sometimes they were very merry; but there was something in the atmosphere of the room, in Dacre's shadowy looks, and in the recollection of recent events, that at others gave a tinge of seriousness to their minds; and Esther, though never obtruding such themes, was glad to note the unfolding of their minds, and to guide their own thoughts rather than obtrude her own. Now and then Everard would make one of the party, and then he did the greater part of the talking; and he was always interesting and original, and they all took a delight in his company.

It was to him that Dacre confided his great wish to hear something of Miller, and his aspiration to see him once again; and the young man made many inquiries in the quarters the boy thought likeliest, but without gaining much light upon the subject. The man had made off to some other locality, that was self evident; but where he had gone was quite another matter. One person surmised one thing and another another, and the only information that seemed of any value to Dacre was contained in a very dirty note, carefully sealed, that came to him through the post, marked "Private." Dacre burned the paper as soon as he had mastered its contents, and said not a word about the matter; but he was thoughtful and preoccupied for a good while after that, and began for the first time to show some impatience to be up and about again.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

R. M. and Annie.—Méringues may be made with corn-flour. Take four heaped teaspoonfuls of corn-flour, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, one tablespoonful of preserve-jelly or jam, one quart of milk, three ounces of butter, and whatever flavouring may be preferable. Heat the milk just to boiling-point; and having mixed the corn-flour with a little cold milk, pour it on the flour, and boil for about fifteen minutes, stirring it the whole time. The yolks of two eggs should be beaten up with sugar and flavoured, and poured into the boiling mixture immediately on removal from the fire. Then place the whole in a buttered pudding-dish, and bake until the custard begins to set, which will take about a quarter of an hour. Whip the whites of the eggs until sufficiently stiff with the jelly; draw the dish from the oven, and heap what has been whipped gradually upon the top. You may then replace the dish in the oven just long enough to brown the méringue. We think that this dish will be found satisfactory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Snap.—The foot to put first on the step of the carriage must depend on the seat to be taken. If at the back, put the right foot on the step, and the left into the carriage, and then you will sit down with ease. If you take the front seat (back to the horses), you must put your left foot on the step, and the right into the carriage.

Chang.—The origin of calling the Chinese "Celestials" is because they termed their country "Heaven" from the earliest ages, the emperor being styled "Heaven's-Son."

Fleur de Lys.—Your English does you credit. Certainly you may read *Marmion*, and any works in prose or verse of Sir Walter Scott's.

X. Y. Z.—There are many blessings distinctly indicated in the Scriptures for which you may pray day by day, under the promise of your Heavenly Father's acceptance, if offered in the name of His Blessed Son; and if, in praying, you do not "regard, or wilfully entertain, iniquity in your heart." We are told to "call upon" Him "in the time of trouble;" to pray for our "daily bread," etc. But there are many desires, apart from those for which direct promises are given, for which, in praying, we must ever say—in our ignorance—"if it be Thy will." These may be most undesirable for us. Where there is a special and distinct promise and command to pray for any blessing, there is no "if"; but in every other case there must be an "if." Do not persist in prayer for such a questionable blessing as that of which you speak. It might prove a source of evil and sorrow.

Miss Richardson.—Our correspondents number by hundreds and thousands, and their letters are not sent about for answers to the contributors of articles. We provide Indexes, and our readers are therefore placed in a position enabling them to refer to any subjects in which they are interested. Besides this, persons who have monthly numbers only can refer to the blue wrappers for the subjects contained in each, and the names of the writers. We cannot undertake to hunt through back numbers for scores of correspondents.

Buttercup.—Certainly you may be a correspondent of ours and a competitor.

Chubbie.—A man has no business to "cut" other acquaintances whom he may pass in the street because he may be walking with a lady. What a queer idea!

D. A. Y.—Send any "painting books" to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C., or to the Cripples' Home, in Marylebone Road, W., unless you hear of one that you would prefer.

Madge B.—The first woman known to have held a medical diploma was a very distinguished woman, an Italian lady of Bologna, about the middle of the last century, by name Anna Morundi Mazzoni. She filled the chair of anatomy in the university of that city. There were several other Italian ladies of high reputation who likewise subsequently obtained such diplomas. In 1788 there was Maria Petracini, followed, in 1800, by her daughter, Zaffra Feretti; also, Maria Mastellan, 1799; and Maria della Donne, in 1806. In Germany the Frau von Heidenreich received her diploma in 1817; and Miss Elizabeth Blackwell was accorded her degree (of M.D.) in a college of New York State. If you want to learn anything further you should read *Medical Women*, by Miss Jex Blake.

Wilful Kate.—There are certain questions which must ever be matters of individual conviction. In allusion to some of these, St. Paul says that there are some who "regard days," and some who do not; some who "eat meat," and some who do not; and that one, equally with the other, may do so "to the Lord," with a view to His will and His honour, and thus equally accepted of Him. This statement holds good as regards many other things: dress, style, and luxury in living, society kept up, recreations, etc. Of such like, we believe, the injunction also applies, "Let no man judge you." At the same time we must ever be careful to "avoid all appearance of evil, and keep a conscience void of offence." But beware of the "binding heavy burdens" on others, especially on the young.

Muriel.—If needing the remuneration to be obtained by singing, you can do so under any condition of family bereavement. If for amusement, the case is different, and you should postpone the diversion until at least your paper be out of such deep mourning as yours, even if your heart be little oppressed by it.

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By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," etc.



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"HE LOOKED, HESITATED, THEN LOOKED AGAIN."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"YOU ARE MONSIEUR'S SON."



ONE lovely June afternoon Annette was sitting on the steps that led down from the verandah at Grey Mount House. She was alone, and looked unusually pensive; indeed, there was a slight shade of melancholy on her expressive face. Annette had just remembered that it was on this very day last year that she had first seen Monsieur. "A year ago—actually it is a year," she said to herself, "since I left the Rue St. Joseph! Oh, those days—how dark and narrow they seem beside my life now!" And Annette shuddered involuntarily as she remembered the close dark room, the long weary hours, the frugal, solitary meals, when the tired lace-mender had finished her work.

But the next moment the old street, with its curiously-gabled houses, vanished from her mental vision, and she took up a different thread of musing. "What could she have said last night to offend Mr. Frank so deeply? He had kept away from her all the evening, and this morning he had gone off with only a hurried good-bye, and without waiting for his button-hole bouquet, though it was all ready for him—the prettiest she had ever made."

It was this remembrance that had been tormenting Annette all day, and had spoiled the sunshine for her. She had left Louie and Nettie to finish their game with Lottie because she was playing so badly, and of course that was Mr. Frank's fault too.

Annette did so hate to hurt people; but, though she did not like to confess it even to herself (for she was very loyal to her friends), Mr. Frank had been so very touchy lately. He was always pulling her words to pieces and grumbling over them, and he never seemed quite satisfied with her. "I think I disappoint him terribly," she said to herherself, plaintively. "And yet what had she said?" And here Annette tried painfully to recall her words. They had been talking very happily. Frank had been giving her an account of a walking-tour, and somehow the conversation had veered round to Dinan and Monsieur. Perhaps he was a little bored with her praises of Monsieur, for he suddenly frowned (and she had never seen him frown before) and said, "It is no use trying; I may as well give it up. I don't believe any man has a chance with you; you think of no one but my father."

"I think there is no man so good and wise as Monsieur," she had replied, very innocently; and then, to her dismay, Mr. Frank had looked hurt, and became all at once very silent.

"I do not understand young men," she said, as she laid her head on the pillow; "they are strange—very strange. Mr. Frank looks as though I had committed some crime. Friends ought not to quarrel for a word. To-morrow I will make him ashamed of himself. His bouquet shall be better than Monsieur's."

Annette was quite happy as she prepared her little offering—she even smiled as she laid it aside. She was sure Frank saw it, though he took no notice; he always petitioned for one so humbly. But on this unlucky day he went out of the breakfast room without a word; he was in the dogcart beside his father as Annette crossed the hall, and his cold, uncompromising "Good-morning, Miss Ramsay!" left her no opening. The poor flowers were left to wither on the marble slab, and Annette, in rather a melancholy mood, settled to her practising; but her scales were less perfect than usual. "What can it mean?" played the prelude to every exercise and study.

Annette had laid aside her mourning; she was in white this evening, and the cluster of dark roses at her throat suited her complexion admirably. Her pretty little head, with its dark smooth plaits, was drooping slightly. Something in her attitude seemed to strike Frank as he crossed the lawn on his way to the house; he looked, hesitated, then looked again, and finally sauntered up to the verandah with a fine air of indifference.

"Do you know where Louie is, Miss Ramsay?"

"She is playing tennis with Lottie. Oh—you are leaving me!"—as Frank nodded and turned away, and a distressed look crossed her face. "All day I have wanted to speak to you, and now you will not listen! Mr. Frank, I do not like my friends to be angry with me when I have done no wrong—no wrong at all. It is not treating me well!" And Annette looked at him with grave dignity.

Evidently Frank had not expected this. He had been brooding over his grievance all day—nursing it, magnifying it, until he believed that he was greatly to be pitied. But this frankness on Annette's part cut away the ground from beneath his feet. How could he explain to her the manner in which she had hurt him? She was so unlike other girls—so simple and child-like. Frank found himself embarrassed; he stammered out something about a misunderstanding.

"A misunderstanding surely, since I have been so unhappy as to offend you," returned Annette, gently. "Mr. Frank, will you tell me what I have done, that I may make amends? I have hurt you—well, that gives me pain. I think there is no one for whom I care so much as——"

"Monsieur," finished Frank, gloomily, and there was quite a scowl on his pleasant face. "Why don't you finish your speech, Miss Ramsay? We all know what you think of Monsieur!"—which was very rude of Frank, only the poor fellow was too sore to measure his words. He was angry with himself, with her, with everyone. He could not make her understand him; all these months he had been trying to win her, and there had been no response on her part; but this frank kindliness——

Annette looked at him for a moment with wide-open, perplexed eyes. She wished to comprehend his meaning.

"Well," she said slowly, "and you are Monsieur's son, are you not?"

Now what was there in this very ordinary speech—the mere statement of an obvious fact—to make Frank suddenly leap to his feet and grasp her hand?

"Do you mean that?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Annette, do you really mean that you can care for me as well as for him? Tell me quickly, dear! I have been trying so hard all these months to make you understand me; but you never seemed to see."

"What is it you wish me to understand?" she said, shyly; for with all her simplicity, Annette could hardly mistake him now. "You quarrel with me for a word; but you tell me nothing plainly. Is it that I am too slow, or that you have not taken the trouble to instruct me?"

"Trouble! where you are concerned!" he said tenderly. And then it all came out—the story of his love, his patient wooing, his doubts if his affection could ever be returned.

"You were always so sweet and friendly to me," he went on; "but I could never be sure that you really cared for me—that you cared for me enough to become my wife," finished the young man in a moved voice.

"You could not be sure until you asked me," returned Annette, *naïvely*. "There was no need to make yourself so miserable, or to have given me this unhappy day."

"Have you been unhappy too, my dearest?" but Frank looked supremely happy as he spoke.

"Yes; for I could not bear that anything should come between us. So you see, my friend, that I too have cared a good deal." But when Frank wanted her to tell him how long she had cared—"Was it only yesterday, or a week ago, or that day on which they had gone to the Albert Hall, when he had given her the flowers?" and so on, Annette only blushed, and said she did not know.

"But surely you have some idea, my darling?"

"But why?" she answered, shyly. "Is it necessary to find out the beginning of affection? Always you have been kind to me. You have made me glad to see you. I have never separated you from Monsieur since the day we talked of him so much. 'This young man resembles his father—he has the same kind heart;' that is what I said to myself that day"—and Frank was too content with this statement to wish to question his sweetheart more closely.

Mr. Harland was sitting in the study reading his paper, and talking occasionally to Averil, who was in her hammock-chair beside him, when a slim white figure glided between him and the sunshine, and Annette stood before him.

"Well, Mademoiselle," he said, playfully—for this was his pet name for her—"what has become of the promised walk?"

"Oh, I have forgotten!" she said, with a little laugh; "and it is your fault,

Mr. Frank"—but she did not look at the young man as she spoke. "Monsieur, you must forgive me, for I am not often so careless; and you must not scold your son either, because we are both so happy."

"Eh, what!" exclaimed Mr. Harland, dropping his eye-glasses in his astonishment, for Frank actually, the young rogue, had taken Annette's hand, and was presenting her to him in the most curiously formal way.

"Father, do you want another daughter?" asked Frank, hurriedly. "I have brought you one. The dearest girl in the world, as you have long known."

"I know nothing of the kind, sir," returned his father, in much anger. "To think of your saying such a thing with Averil sitting by. The dearest girl in the world—humph!"

"Monsieur knows that is not the truth," replied Annette, and her dark, soft eyes were very pathetic. "Perhaps he is not willing to take the poor little lace-mender for his daughter."

"Is he not!" was the unexpected reply. And Annette, to her delight and astonishment, found herself folded in his arms. "My dear little girl, I am more than willing! Monsieur is not such a conceited old humbug. He knows what is good as well as other people; and he respects his son"—here he grasped Frank's hand cordially—"for his choice; and he begs to tell him, and everyone else concerned, that he is a sensible fellow"—and here Mr. Harland marched away, using his handkerchief rather loudly, to tell his wife the news.

"Dear Annette," exclaimed Averil, "will you not come to me and let me wish you joy?" And as she warmly embraced her, Annette whispered, "Are you glad, my cousin? Have I done well?"

"Very well indeed," returned Averil. But for a moment her heart was so full that she could say no more. Evidently Frank understood her, for he glanced proudly at his young betrothed.

"I am a lucky fellow, am I not, Averil? Ah, here comes Louie. I expect my father is literally publishing it on the house-tops. Come with me, Annette; let us go and meet her."

"So you have been and gone and done it, Frank," observed Louie, with great solemnity; "and I have a new sister. Annette, I warned you before that Frank was my own special brother; and now you will have to be fond of me as well as him, for I don't mean to be left out in the cold." And though Louie laughed, and spoke in her old merry way, the tears were very near her eyes.

"But I do love you already," protested Annette, earnestly. "And it makes me so happy to know that I too shall have brothers and sisters. Mr. Frank will not have them all to himself any longer. They will be mine too. Is it not so?"—appealing to her lover; and of course Frank endorsed this with delight.

What a happy evening that was at Grey Mount House. Frank, who was idolised by his brothers and sisters, found himself in the position of a hero. The Harlands were simple, unworldly people. It never entered their heads that the son and heir was not making a very grand match in marrying a young orphan without a penny to call her own—a little sallow-faced girl who had once earned her living by mending lace. To them, "Kind hearts were more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood"; and they were wise enough to know that Annette's sweet disposition and lowly virtues would keep as well as gain her husband's heart.

It was very pretty to watch her, Averil thought that evening. She took her happiness so simply; she seemed so unconscious of herself. Her one thought was to please her *fiancé*, and all those dear people who had taken her into their hearts.

"You are very happy, Annette," Averil said to her later on that night. "But I need not ask, for your face is brightness itself."

"I think I am more than happy," returned Annette, with a deep sigh of utter content. "Ah! if only my mother could know that I am to spend my life with as good a man. Lottie has been trying to teaze me. She will have it that Mr. Chesterton is nicer—as though he could compare with my Mr. Frank," finished Annette, with a gesture of superb disdain.

"God has been very good to me," thought Averil, reverently, when Annette had left her, and she sat alone in the moonlight. "How different things were with me this time last year. Then I was troubled about Rodney; my home life was miserable; Annette was an unknown stranger; even Lottie was a care to me. And now I trust, I hope my boy is beginning a new life. I am happier about Maud. My burdens are all lifted; and if the future looks a little lonely, it will not be for long—not for long——" She stopped and folded her hands, and a sweet, solemn look came into her eyes. What if her work were nearly done; if the weary, worn-out frame would soon be at rest! Would that be a matter of regret? "When Thou wilt and as Thou wilt," was the language of her heart. Soon, very soon—yes, she knew that well—the tired child would go home. And as this thought came to her in all its fulness, a strange mysterious joy—a look of unutterable peace—came on the pale face. "Even so, Father," she whispered—and the dim summer night seemed to herald the solemn words. "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And for me—for me too," prayed Averil.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

A Pious Direction Post.

On the highway near Bicton, in Devonshire, in the centre of four cross roads, there once stood, and perhaps still stands a direction post with the following inscriptions, by which the traveller not only learned what way to go but was furnished with food for meditation:—

To Woodbury, Topsham, Exeter.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

To Brixton, Ottery, Honiton.—O, hold up our goings in Thy paths, that our footsteps slip not.

To Otterton, Sidmouth, Culliton.—O, that our ways were made so direct that we might keep Thy statutes.

To Budleigh.—Make us to go in the paths of Thy commandments, for therein is our desire.

No Need for Fear.

Women's rage, like shallow water,
Does but show their hurtless nature;
When the stream seems rough and frowning,
There is still least fear of drowning.
—*Thomas Durfey.*

Railway Signals.

All who travel by rail should know the meaning of the colours of signals employed for securing safety and despatch. The railway code is—

"For 'caution' green,
For 'danger' red,
For 'right' show white,
And go ahead."

Or, as it is sometimes put—

White for right, and red for wrong,
And green for gently go along.

English Girls and American Girls.

"Take an English girl," says an artist, "and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and colour. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter limbed, thinner featured, and more vivacious and excited in talk. The English girl is fuller, rosier in colour, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high—that of the English girl is rich and low.

"But where you will find the greatest physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched, and tendonous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full in the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an American and an English foot, and anyone can distinguish them with half an eye. All the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendonous in the American than in the English."

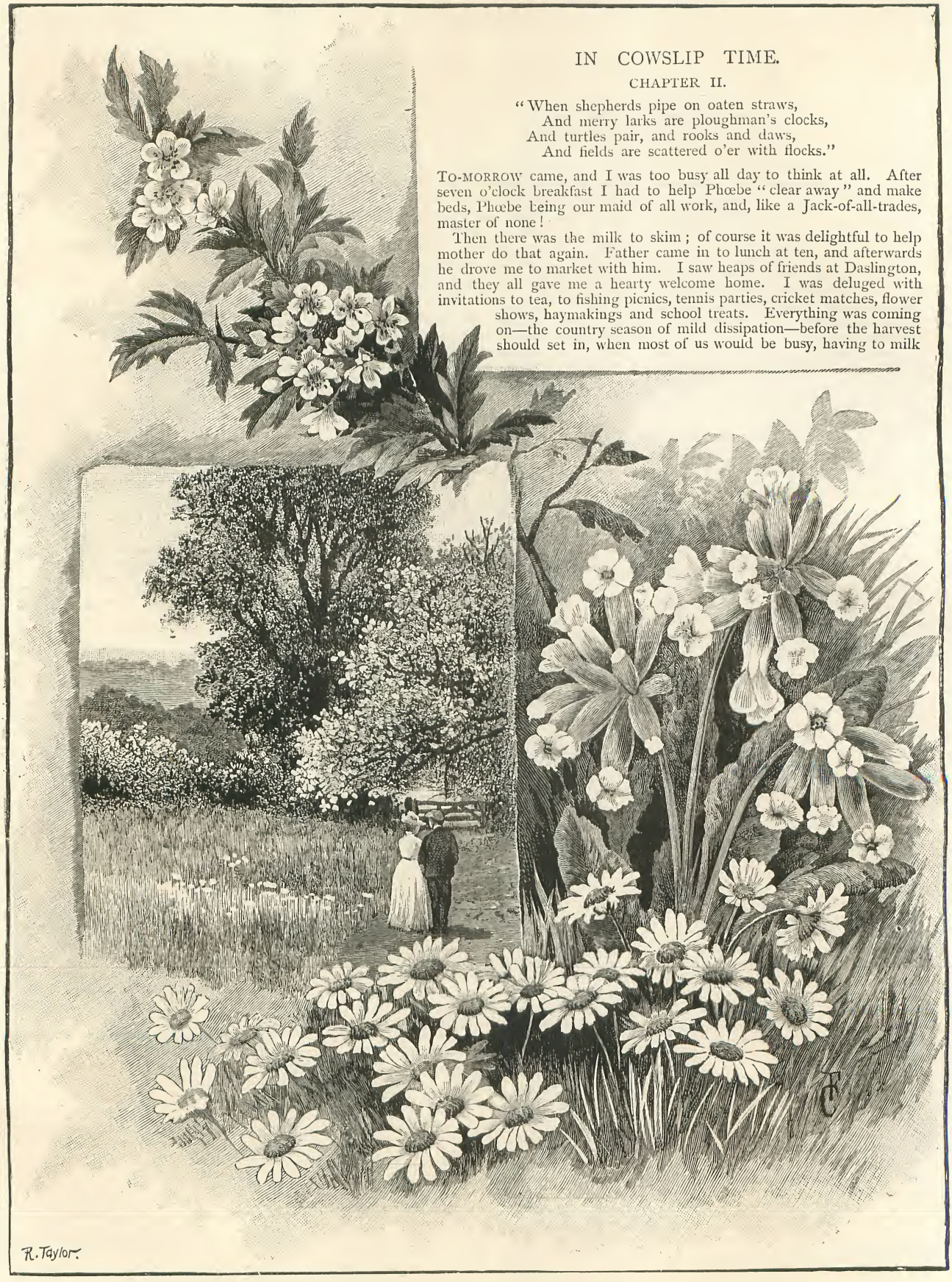
Father Time on "Killing Time."

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing; but when I've a mind
I think I can be even with mankind.

A Hopeful Love Letter.

The following laconic but hopeful love letter was sent the other day by a Colorado miner to his best girl:—

"Seven years is rather long to kort a gal, but ile hev you yet, Cate."



IN COWSLIP TIME.

CHAPTER II.

"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
And turtles pair, and rooks and daws,
And fields are scattered o'er with flocks."

TO-MORROW came, and I was too busy all day to think at all. After seven o'clock breakfast I had to help Phœbe "clear away" and make beds, Phœbe being our maid of all work, and, like a Jack-of-all-trades, master of none!

Then there was the milk to skim; of course it was delightful to help mother do that again. Father came in to lunch at ten, and afterwards he drove me to market with him. I saw heaps of friends at Daslington, and they all gave me a hearty welcome home. I was deluged with invitations to tea, to fishing picnics, tennis parties, cricket matches, flower shows, haymakings and school treats. Everything was coming on—the country season of mild dissipation—before the harvest should set in, when most of us would be busy, having to milk

our own cows and harness our own horses because the menkind would be absent on the field of glory—I mean the cornfield, of course.

That evening we had a perfect sunset exhibition during the drive home—a marvel of green and gold and crimson, with the moon just fainting of the dazzling colours as she rose up softly.

My room was almost as light as day when I put out the candle, and I felt a strange sensation of rest and peace after a tiring day—strange because I had not felt so for two months.

And here was another day gone without a decision. Oh, dear me!—and I fell asleep in spite of conscience.

* * * *

A week actually went by, and during that week I heard from both my London lovers. Clive's letter was just beautiful—it was like a poem from beginning to end. I felt it a great honour to be loved in such exquisite terms. Mr. Treadgold's was a nice letter, too; respectful if a trifle cold, and sincere if rather business-like.

I did not answer either of them till Sunday, after dinner, when father was having his nap and mother was reading. Then I wrote and told Mr. Treadgold I couldn't marry him because I didn't love him enough. There seemed no doubt to linger about this answer, and I wrote and told aunt at the same time. It was different with Clive Norcot. I *did* like him very much, so I thought I would just thank him for his splendid letter, and say I would try to love him if he would give me a little time—say a month—and if he would promise I should pass half my life in the country, as he had said he would; and would he consider himself quite free to fall in love with anyone else. I didn't feel quite satisfied with this last letter, but yet when it was off my mind I felt better on the whole—as if I had a month's reprieve from care.

Then came the day when I went cowslipping with the Gosling girls—old friends, who were bred up in the country as I was, and loved the meadows as I did.

That morning I had a letter from aunt Jessie; rather a nasty one, expressing her disgust at my want of sense in refusing Mr. Treadgold—"the best chance you are ever likely to get," she wrote; and went on to say, "As for your other admirer, whom I fancy you were inclined to have if he would only have asked you"—I smiled at this—"he is soon consoled for your absence, and is now devoting himself to the beautiful heiress, Miss Trevanion, whom, people say, he is going to marry."

I did not like this sentence. In the first place it was an unkind cut at me, meant to wound my feelings, and in the second place it made Clive seem such a hypocrite. To have written all that rhapsody to me when all the time he was courting another girl! I felt justly indignant, and on the spur of the moment wrote off to congratulate him on his engagement, and release him from any obligation he might feel under to me.

And I was still smarting a little when we started for the meadows where the cowslips live. But when we got there I forgot everything else. Perhaps it was that I scarcely really believed what aunt had said about Clive, or perhaps I did not care enough about him to mind; anyhow, when once we reached the enchanted spot I was quite fancy free. The fragrant, yellow, juicy things made me laugh with pleasure as I buried my face in a handful of them. Oh, how sweet, how good, how soothing, how inexpressibly refreshing they were! I was just as happy to be in their company as the lark is when he builds his nest amongst them. The other girls were happy also; but not too happy to talk, as I was. They chatted away all the time, until at last one of them said—

"Oh, Peggy, how is it you're not going to marry Mark Blythe? We always thought you would!"

"Indeed," I said, trying to feel quite cool, but getting violently hot; and before I could say more she went on—

"And now you're going to let Dora Chester have him, and she's that conceited over it she can hardly stoop to go through a barn door."

I never could understand how it was, but at that moment all the scent went out of the cowslips I was smelling, and the lark overhead must have stopped singing; I couldn't hear it any longer.

"Dora Chester!" I said with a gasp, for somehow my breathing went wrong for a moment. And then I laughed and tried to say quite easily, "Well, why not? She's quite welcome to him, so far as I am concerned!"

"Then I think you're a great flat!" said Patty Gosling, with more candour than elegance, "for if there is a fine fellow under God's sun it is Mark. Everyone speaks well of him. He comes of a good old stock; he is clever and good, and works like a man. Lord Ronan says he is the best tenant he has."

As if I didn't know all that! As if I didn't know that Mark was the noblest as well as the best—— But I could not speak, and I only went on gathering cowslips under a dull mist. Scentless cowslips—they might as well have been chickweed!

There must have passed a dozen hours between that time and the time that came for me to lie in my bed, staring at the moonlight through the white blind with the shadow of a rose spray across it. This, then, was the end of my triumph, my three lovers, my self-deception! I had thought Mark still loved me, and had reserved to myself the right to put him out of his misery just so soon as I chose.

His misery! And he was wooing Dora Chester! His strong arm was round her waist perhaps even now, his deep voice in her ear, speaking such words as I had heard him speak. I could not bear it! Why had I not known, miserable idiot that I was? Why had my heart refused to tell me the truth till too late—until the truth must almost kill me with pain and self-disgust?

The nightingale outside was driving me mad with its song. Mark's voice, Mark's face, Mark's name haunted me, and when I slept at last it was with a damp pillow and wet eyelashes which the dawn discovered.

How dreary everything seemed next day! Was it the country I had really loved? Then why did it seem so sad, so stagnant, so maddeningly quiet? I told mother I had not slept, and had a headache to account for my pale face and heavy eyes. She was anxious, and said she was afraid I had a touch of fever. And for two days I worried the dear souls, though I tried hard not to do so, for I could not sleep or eat, and I felt sick all the time.

Till one evening Mark came. I heard his voice in the kitchen, for he came in the back way with father, and the book I was trying to read almost fell out of my hands, and my heart-beats drowned the clock-ticking.

It was dusk, and the lamp was not yet lighted. The twilight was still too clear for my burning face, so I plunged into a chair with its back to the window—father's "sleepy chair" we always called it; it stood by the fireplace in the chimney corner, well out of the light.

"You'll find her in the parlour," I heard mother say; and then he came in just as usual; as he had used to do before I had discovered how his tread and his voice could bruise me and make me ache, as I ached now, with love and pain.

For some time we talked about the weather and sundry uninteresting things. At last I made a great effort, and taking advantage of the growing darkness and my face in the shadow, said in a strained voice—

"I suppose I must congratulate you, mustn't I?"

"Upon what?" he asked.

"Your—engagement—to Dora Chester."

How ridiculous it is when we have to breathe between each word!

"My—engagement to—Dora Chester!" he articulated, also in gasps. "Am I mad, or are you, Peggy?"

For the life of me I couldn't speak for a few minutes. And he wouldn't.

"Isn't it true?" I asked at last faintly, though a strange light seemed everywhere, and something jumped off my heart.

"True!" His voice rang with indignation. "So you think I am a man who changes his mind every few months, and makes love to every woman he sees, do you? What gave you such an opinion of me, I beg to know?"

He was really angry. As for me, I am not going any further, because I should have to confess how absurd an exhibition I made of myself, and I am rather ashamed of myself now. All I will say is, that when I went to bed that night I was so happy that I could do nothing but cry and thank God, and make good resolutions and then cry again, until long after the nightingale had ceased singing, and the cock's crowing had taken the place of that heavenly music.

And the sun poured into my room, yet mother did not wake me, so that when I got down at last father was just having lunch.

"Well, my girl," he said, "these are nice hours for a farmer's wife as is to be!" and his eyes twinkled to show he was pleased.

Then I told him about my other lovers, and he gave a long whistle of astonishment.

"Nonsense, child!" he cried. "Well, my dear, I can tell you this much—if I'd caught any long-haired poet or jumped-up dandy on *my* farm after you I'd soon have shown him the way to the duck-pond."

And I knew he would have done nothing of the kind, but offered them every hospitality. Yet he meant it at the time.

The country is lovelier than ever now that the prime is giving place to the cherry season, and all the deepest green is out on the hedges, with dog-roses blushing in it. But I think, to be quite honest, it is not only the green and pink and beauty of everything that makes me so perfectly happy; it is that I have got what I never deserved to get, but what I hope to make myself worthy of—the best product of the country, a brave, steadfast, patient English farmer, who is so near to Nature that he has caught her simple wholesome ways. But perhaps I am not quite unbiassed on this subject.

Dora Chester was very nice over my engagement. She came to congratulate me, and she told me that she always knew Mark cared for me, and thought I treated him unfairly, so she persuaded the Gosling girls to try and make me jealous. And thus it was all a plot between those artful damsels! But I forgave them heartily, and never a cowslip time comes but I think it all over again, for the fragrance of the blossoms is always a memory of the day when I thought my heart was broken.

I wrote at once to Clive Norcot, so that he had two letters from me just after each other. He answered them by denying his engagement to the heiress, and hoping I would be happy, in very beautiful words. He said he would never care for anyone else as he had done for me; but since I heard from aunt last week that he is to be married directly, I hope that was only a figure of speech.

And I love the sweet country and farm life more than ever, for is not Mark in it, and my home, and all the loveliest green creatures and feathered singing creatures, with perfect sunsets and glorious harvests and pleasant work and kind friends? And over all there is always the peace of brooding silence and the exhilaration of pure air.

MARY L. PENDERED.

PLAIN LOOKS AND GOOD LOOKS.

By NANETTE MASON.



THERE is a great deal to be said in praise of beauty, and she is a queer girl who does not show her belief in that fact by taking pains to look her best. She may even wish now and then that she were as handsome, say, as the Miss Gunnings, who could not walk in the Park but crowds followed them, and stood on the seats to have a peep at their loveliness.

Aristotle was right when he said that beauty was superior to all the letters of recommendation in the world. In intercourse with our fellows good looks are a real power, giving us a satisfactory start, when the first impression is perhaps everything. Plain features, just in proportion to their plainness, create a prejudice against us which even striking ability has sometimes a difficulty in getting over. John Wilkes, the politician, who had fascinating manners, but uncommonly ugly features, used to say that it took him at least half-an-hour to talk away his face.

By way of consolation to the plain-looking, good-natured people often quote the wisdom of our ancestors, to the effect that "beauty is but skin deep," and that "handsome is that handsome does."

It is all very fine talking. So long as it is a case of beauty it does not matter whether it is skin-deep or so deep that it cannot be fathomed; and as for those only being handsome who do handsomely, we must not be misled by what is little better than a play upon words.

In the interests of truth we ought to acknowledge that a girl's merit is all the better of being lit up by a ray of beauty. But there are weak points in beauty, as everyone knows who has seen anything of the world. It is a dangerous gift, needing far more sagacity to manage rightly than falls to the lot of most women, and often rendering its possessor neither happy nor fortunate.

The outspoken admiration it receives, especially from the empty-headed, gives rise to the most silly vanity; it is only by an occasional miracle that it happens otherwise. Flatter a girl continually and you almost certainly spoil her, her delicate nature not being suited to receive that sort of incense.

And so it happens that a beauty grows up noted for endless caprices, and unfit for doing any service in life of real use and value. Her chief aim comes to be the cultivation of her own personal appearance, and whoever is engrossed in that kind of business is never good for anything else. "A woman," says Ben Jonson, "the more curious she is about her face is commonly the more careless about her house."

She is so much in love with herself that she rarely feels a sincere affection for other people. Her indifference not unfrequently degenerates into cruelty, and that, if it were not for the spell of her good looks, ought to make her universally shunned and disliked.

According to poets and fiction-writers, cruelty is one of the privileges of beauty, but the sooner the privilege is abandoned the better. We wish all cruel beauties could be served as was a celebrated one in the Middle Ages, who made it a condition of winning her hand that the successful suitor was to do something in which he had to encounter almost certain death. Several knights perished in the attempt; and at last came one who performed the exploit in safety, and when the lovely young woman went to throw herself into his arms, instead of a kiss he gave her a box on the ear, mounted his horse, and rode straight away.

A comforting reflection for the plain-looking is that beauties are often stupid—much more so, as a rule, than their neighbours. In many cases it is a natural defect, for which they are not to be blamed. Who is sent into the world perfect in everything? But in other instances it is entirely their own fault. They hope by the aid of their faces to get successfully through life, and so take no pains to sharpen their wits. The plain-looking, despairing of their faces, take to polishing up their minds.

This is how we see many lovely features utterly expressionless, as if the girls who owned them were waiting for their souls; and plain features full of brightness and animation, as if their owners had received souls long ago, and had no reason to complain of their quality.

Seldom it happens that beauties are conscious of their failings, but now and then we find they know that much. There was once a beauty who was heard to wish her lovers all good qualities except a good understanding, "for that," she said, "would make them out of love with me."

When contrasted with intellectual merit beauty has also the worst of it in this, that it is not so lasting. Its empire lasts but for a day, whereas one cannot put so short a date to the empire of mind. According to an old saying, beauties die twice, and a poet has it that—

> "Beauty is but a flower
> Which wrinkles do devour."

It is a remarkable point in human nature, that however much lads may be enamoured of lasses because of their beauty, a girl in choosing a girl-friend thinks little of her good looks. She wants good spirits and a kindly disposition, and knows well enough that a real beauty is most often too much taken up with her own appearance, and the sensation it creates, to be either entertaining or sympathetic company.

A man may work himself up into raptures over a girl with an oval face, faultless nose and chin, and rich golden hair, all her own. We have heard of one such who had so many lovers that their sighs would have turned half-a-dozen windmills.

But a woman—it may be on this subject only—has more common-sense and philosophy. She wants superior diet in substance to beauty. It may be a libel, but they do say that her choice in matrimony is not unfrequently influenced by the same sort of utilitarian considerations. "Poetry, a waxed moustache, mystery, long hair, and a tenor voice," remarks a friendly critic, "will often make a woman feel as if there were only a sheet of tissue paper between bliss and herself; but it is the ugly rich man with his bank balance who scoops her in and makes her happy ever afterwards."

When everything has been said in favour of beauty of person, how trifling it appears compared with what can be told in praise of beauty of mind. It is the mind that makes the body rich, and interior loveliness is what we should almost alone consider in those we choose for our friends. Carew was right when he wrote thus of the true beauty:

> "He that loves a rosy cheek,
> Or a coral lip admires,
> Or from star-like eyes doth seek
> Fuel to maintain his fires;
> As old Time makes these decay,
> So his flames must melt away.
>
> "But a smooth and steadfast mind,
> Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
> Hearts with equal love combined,
> Kindle never-dying fires;
> When these are not, I despise
> Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

How quickly plain-looking, and even repulsive looks, are forgotten if people only do and say what rouses respect and admiration. A striking example of this is found in Madame Pisaroni, the leading Italian contralto of her day, who flourished early in this century. The account Fétis gives of her first appearance in Paris in 1827 as Arsace, in *Semiramide*, is worth quoting, if only to prove to girls that none need lose heart even if their station was "behind the door when good looks were given out":—

"I shall never forget," he says, "the effect produced on the audience when, advancing up the stage with her back to the public, contemplating the interior of the temple, she enunciated in a formidable voice, admirably produced, 'Eccomi alfine in Babilonia.' Enthusiastic applause responded to those vigorous accents, this broad style, so rare in our days; but when the singer turned round, displaying features horribly disfigured by smallpox, a shudder of horror succeeded to the first enthusiasm, many of the spectators shutting their eyes so as to hear without being forced to see. But before the end of the opera her performance had gained a complete victory. After a few months the public thought no more about Madame Pisaroni's face, dominated as all were by her surprising talent."

And here is another example. Alain Chartier, the most distinguished French man of letters during the fifteenth century, was the ugliest man of his day. And yet, girls, he was the recipient of perhaps "the most honourable kiss, both to giver and receiver, ever recorded in history." It was bestowed on him, one day when she found him asleep, by Margaret of Scotland, wife of Louis the Dauphin, who afterwards became Louis XI. "I do not kiss the man," said Margaret, "but the precious mouth that has uttered so many charming things."

We are far from saying that Madame Pisaroni and Alain Chartier would not have been more fascinating had their personal characteristics been on a level with their mental qualities. But, as we said before, it

seldom happens that even the favourites of fortune possess everything. An every-way perfect woman, at any rate, says a Chinese proverb, is as rare as a cat with wings.

The most perfect human beauty is defined by Flaxman, the famous sculptor, as that most free from deformity of body or mind—that is to say, it is the most perfect soul in the most perfect body. But though none of us probably can attain to this high standard, a good deal lies in our own power to preserve and improve our looks when we are young, and keep us from ever, however long we live, occupying a place in the dismal catalogue of ugly old women.

There is an easy way of destroying whatever beauty we possess, and that is to indulge in mean feelings and degrading passions. Anger tells on the features; so does vanity; so does pride. A waspish disposition soon gives a turn to the mouth that is unmistakable, and you can read a sneering mind in the nose just as plainly as if "sneer-well" were printed across the forehead in big letters. Who ever saw a hypocrite good-looking, or a cruel person, or a cunning, or a peevish? A bad disposition, girls, will certainly in the long run make an ugly face.

It is equally true that if we wish to improve our looks we must cultivate all those mental qualities which go to make up a praiseworthy character. "I have come to the conclusion," says a well-known writer, "that if man, or woman either, wishes to realise the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body that contains it."

The fact is that such an intimate connection exists between the mind and the personal appearance, that what improves the former cannot fail to have a good influence on the latter. Even the cultivation of such a simple thing as a sweet and cheerful temper does a great deal to brighten up beauty and make it lasting.

Such is the art of being beautiful for ever, and of rendering natural charms irresistible, so that girls who follow this counsel may look forward, barring accidents, to leading happy and successful lives.

One who has gone over this ground before says—and it will do to conclude with—"When girls are grown-up, and begin to be courted and caressed, then they think that the recommending themselves to the affections of the men is the only business they have to attend to, and so fall to dressing and practising all the little engaging arts peculiar to their sex.

"But it is fit they should be given to understand that there are other attractions much more powerful than these; that the respect we pay them is not given to their beauty so much as to their modesty, and innocence, and unaffected virtue. And these are the true, the irresistible charms, such as will make the surest and most lasting conquests.

"If, as a celebrated writer has remarked, girls would spend their time not so much in weaving nets as in making cages, there would be fewer unhappy marriages to deplore. There is no reason why they should be more anxious to captivate than to retain: prolonged occupation of a conquered territory is quite as much to be gloried in as conquest itself."

(*To be continued.*)

AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES.

DAINTY cakes are always a welcome addition to afternoon tea, more especially if home-made, and so I venture to give a few recipes for some delicious and easily made cakes.

LEMON CAKES.

Into three quarters of a pound of flour rub three ounces each of lard and butter, add six ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix into a moderately stiff paste with two well-beaten eggs; divide into small rough pieces, place on a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes. When done, and while hot, sift castor sugar over them.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.

Into half a pound of flour mix a quarter of a pound of ground rice, then rub in three ounces each of butter and lard, add six ounces of castor sugar, one teacupful of desiccated cocoa-nut, and a dessertspoonful of baking powder. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, mix in, add a little milk if not moist enough, and bake the same as above in a moderate oven.

COCOA-NUT CAKES, NO. 2.

One cocoa-nut skinned and grated, the milk of same, an equal quantity of water, a pound and a half of castor sugar, and the whites of three eggs. Dissolve one pound of the sugar in the milk and water, and stew till it becomes a "ropy" syrup; turn out on to a buttered dish. Have the whites beaten to a very stiff froth with the remaining half a pound of sugar whipped into it. Mix this with the nut, and then little by little—beating the while—the boiled syrup when it is a little cooled. Drop the mixture in tablespoonfuls on to buttered papers. Bake in a very moderate oven, and do not let them brown at all.

SPONGE FINGERS.

Beat two eggs very light with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar; sift in gently two ounces of fine flour and the grated rind and juice of half a small lemon. Drop on buttered papers in long fingers, not too near each other. The oven should be very quick, and the "fingers" a delicate brown. When you drop the mixture, if it inclines to run, beat the mixture a little longer *hard*. These are very nice dipped in chocolate icing.

COCOA CONES.

One pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of grated nut, five egg whites, one teaspoonful of best arrowroot. Whip eggs stiffly, adding sugar as you go on until it will stand alone, then beat in nut and arrowroot. Mould the mixture with your hands into small cones, and set them on buttered paper two inches apart. Bake in a very moderate oven.

DROP CAKES.

Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a basin; beat to a cream; add half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and work in gradually half a pound of flour; add a quarter of a pound of currants, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of mixed peel (finely shred), and grated rind of a lemon. Beat one egg well, mix it with a gill of milk, and stir into dry ingredients. It should be stiff. Drop in knobs the size of a walnut on baking sheet dusted with flour, and bake in a brisk oven. Place cakes on tin an inch and a half apart.

HUNTING NUTS.

Rub five ounces of butter into one pound of flour; add three quarters of a pound of very coarse sugar and a quarter of an ounce of ground ginger. Break an egg into a bowl, and mix all together with half a pound of treacle. Make the nuts the size of a marble, and bake on buttered tin in a slow oven.

OSWEGO CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of corn-flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add eggs (two) one at a time, then corn-flour and powder. Bake in a rather shallow tin, buttered, in a moderate oven.

QUEEN CAKES.

Beat two ounces of butter to a cream; beat two eggs well; add half a pound of fine sugar to the butter, and a little of the beaten egg, and one tablespoonful of milk. Beat in half a pound of fine flour, another tablespoonful of milk, the grated rind of a lemon, or a few drops of any essence, and pour in the rest of the egg by degrees. Roll out to about as thick as a penny, cut into round cakes, lay on buttered tins dusted with flour, and bake to a pale brown for about fifteen minutes in a well-heated oven. Lay on a sieve to cool.

ALMOND CROQUETTES.

Whisk a batter of half a pound of castor sugar and six eggs; add six ounces of ground almonds, grated part of lemon rind, and sift in half a pound of fine flour. Place in small, well-buttered tins, and bake in good oven.

INVALID CAKE.

Three ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, grated rind of half a lemon. Beat butter and sugar in a basin to a cream, add one egg and half the flour; beat well, then add the second egg and remainder of flour, lemon rind, and lastly the powder. Beat well a minute or two, then pour into a small round tin, well buttered, and dusted with sugar, and bake in good oven. While still warm pour over an icing made with half a pound of icing sugar, moistened with a tablespoonful and a half of water and a few drops of essence of lemon. Beat it free from lumps, heat before the fire for a few minutes, then pour over cake, and ornament with a few dried cherries on top.

GÉNOISE CAKES.

Beat a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a white cream with a wooden spoon, add to it four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, and beat till light and white; then add one egg and beat smooth, then add three more eggs, singly, and always beating between each. Lastly, mix in lightly a quarter of a pound of fine flour, and as soon as you have beaten it smooth pour out on a well-buttered plate and put into the oven *at once*. Bake till done (in about ten or fifteen minutes) and turn out, underside up, on a sieve to cool. Spread on half the cake some apricot jam, place the other half of cake on top, and with a sharp knife cut into neat squares or diamonds. Ice over top with the icing flavoured with vanilla.

GERMAN BISCUITS.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, one egg, and a good pinch of baking-powder. Rub dry ingredients together, and mix to a paste with the egg well whisked; roll out thin and cut into round cakes. Moderate oven to bake them a pale brown. Put in pairs with jam between and icing on top. "CONSTANCE."

MY SONG.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



"When love is mine," said I, "I'll make a song
In praise of love that maketh life so sweet;
One worthy such a grand and noble theme—
Worthy to lay at my belovèd's feet.

"Pure, perfect pearls of poesy I'll string
On Music's silken thread, so rhythmic, sweet,
That those who hear will feel as though each word
Is but an echo of my heart's warm beat."

* * * * *

"Now Love *is* mine; but where my boasted song?
My heart is full—too full, ah me! for words;
And yet methinks my new-found joy has lent
Fresh rapture to the voices of the birds.

"And I am dumb; the world will never hear
The music filling all this life of mine.
O! Love is too sublime a theme for me;
I can but kneel in silence at Love's shrine."

MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.—*Continued.*

ALMOST simultaneously with Mary's accession the question of her marriage was started—that question which had been so often raised when she was a princess, and so often suffered to fall to the ground. It was much more vital now to herself and to her friends and foes. It became at once a source of heart-burning between them. Mary was not averse to marriage; as a younger woman she may have coquetted with such proposals, and professed herself either utterly indifferent, or inclined to lead a single life; but as a queen she did not propose, as Elizabeth did a few years later, to live and die a virgin queen. She did say on occasions, touching her coronation ring as she spoke, that her first marriage was to her people, and that she would never be unfaithful to that vow; but she did not profess to be determined against a second marriage. In the middle of the strife of faction, Mary, with all her self-reliance, was keenly conscious that she stood alone in her greatness: she wished the support which a husband could give her. The question was, whom should she marry? The desire of the nation was that she should marry an Englishman; but her pride rebelled at a union with a subject; and if a subject were chosen, only two recommended themselves strongly to the public. The one was Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whose misfortunes and romantic history appealed to the popular imagination. In addition he was the lineal descendant of the Plantagenets. But it is a mistake to hold that Mary ever hesitated in her rejection of Courtenay. He was an arrogant, dissipated, foolish, and fickle lad, without even the personal courage which distinguished Mary. His whole character was antipathetic to hers. His mother, Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, was one of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber, whom Mary recognised as a kinswoman and friend; indeed, the Queen admitted Lady Exeter to such a degree of intimacy that she shared Mary's bed. But perhaps still more because of the close intercourse with his mother, the Queen's feelings towards Courtenay were more those of a second mother than of a future wife. She "treated him like a child;" tried to restrain him, and to impress upon him more regular and decorous habits. She put him under the care of a nobleman on whom she could depend, ordered at least one suit of clothes for him, and then interdicted him from wearing it. But she never wavered in her statement that she would not have Courtenay for her husband. The fourteen years in which he was her junior were the least of his faults. She greatly resented his boastful self-conceit in proposing for himself such high promotion. She would never marry him, she said—never.

The other English subject—by birth—also of royal descent, was much better suited to Mary, in years, moral character, and mental attainments. He was Courtenay's uncle, Reginald Pole, just appointed the Pope's legate. True he was a priest, but the Pope could give him a dispensation from his vows as easily as he could appoint him legate. If old rumours had any truth in them, he had been, after the Emperor of Germany, Catharine of Arragon's choice as a husband for her daughter. Certainly he had been a firm and faithful friend to Catharine. He was, in addition, the son of the slain Countess of Salisbury, who had been Mary's early guardian. Pole had been so long out of England, to which he longed to return, that he might have been held in a sense a foreigner. Still, he was an Englishman by birth, with the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins, just as it flowed in those of his nephew, Courtenay, and, with all Reginald Pole's faults, he was a more princely type of man. If he had not Edward Courtenay's blooming youth, he had what was more appropriate—the dignity of fifty years. He too had his share of the Plantagenet beauty of person—a refined cast of beauty in his case. His devout, fervid temperament was calculated to recommend him to Mary.

But for a second time Reginald Pole refrained from becoming a candidate for Mary's hand. He was a priest to the heart's core; no earthly temptation would induce him, even with the Pope's consent, to lay down his vows to the Church. Even if he had been less devoted, Mary's own conscientious scruples would have come in the way of the transformation.

The most desirable of her subjects being thus dismissed, Mary's attention was directed to a foreign alliance, and from the first this was her secret wish and dearest ambition. If a foreign alliance could be accomplished, why not the most splendid of all, with the royal house which at that time towered over every other European dynasty? Spain was in the possession not of Austria alone, but of the Low Country and the Indies—what was just beginning to be reaped of the splendid fruits of Columbus's discovery of the New World, a discovery which he had made in the reign, and by the help of Mary's grandmother, Isabella of Castile.

With the tenacity of purpose which was so marked a feature in her character, Mary recalled the mighty Prince to whom she had been betrothed as a child of six years, whose faithlessness to his troth-plight had cost her the first of the many mortifications she had to bear before entering on her high estate. He had, nevertheless, been her constant friend, protector, and counsellor in the days of her mother's degradation and her own, in her orphan condition up to the date of her ascending the



MY SONG.

throne. Charles was a widower between fifty and sixty years of age—why should he not at last fulfil his troth-plight and render Mary not merely a Queen, but an Empress? Here indeed would be support for her tottering throne and her woman's weakness.

But the Emperor when consulted was provided with a substitute. He had from the moment that his cousin Mary was Queen of England coveted the alliance for Spain, but not in his own person. He pleaded his years and his infirmities as a patent excuse for declining taking upon him new responsibility and a change of habits. He suggested his son and heir, Don Philip, to be Mary's bridegroom in the Emperor's stead.

Mary was dazzled but not at once satisfied. In fact, the years of Don Philip were little more than those of Courtenay. Don Philip was twenty-seven years of age—twelve years Mary's junior—therefore Mary pooh-poohed his juvenility, and doubted a little, with reason, whether she could inspire him with affection. She feared also what she had heard of the Prince's wild youth. On the other hand, as a Prince, the heir of a great inheritance, accustomed betimes to serious responsibilities and weighty duties, he had early attained a certain maturity. He was already a widower, the father of a son, the unhappy Don Carlos, a boy of eight or nine years of age; for Philip had been married in his early teens to Mary of Portugal, a kinswoman of his mother, and had been at eighteen the father of a son. Surely such obligations must have sobered and steadied him, Mary was tempted to argue. Nay, she could easily ascertain that he had all his father's seriousness, with more than a shade of his sombreness, and that he was in all outward manifestations even austerely religious, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic faith, however widely his practice might differ from his profession. To such a young man, her kinsman, supposing him honest and kind—and the Emperor's ambassador, Renard, who was one of Mary's evil geniuses, was always ready to answer her anxious enquiries whether Philip were a good man with solemn assurances of his many excellent qualities—would not the unbounded love of Mary, and her unstinted duty, together with her queenly estate and the kingdom she proposed to give him, make up for all other deficiencies and disparities? The benefit to the country of the alliance with the power and majesty of Catholic Spain—though her wisest English counsellors distrusted the measure, and the common people detested it—the Queen was persuaded would be immense. She hesitated a little, and was lost.

Thenceforth she was entangled in fresh warfare and new difficulties with her Council and Parliament as to the advisability of the Spanish marriage. She awoke the wrath of the Protestant part of the community; she exposed herself to the insults of the scurrilous mob. These she had let loose on her by annulling the Act which constituted libels against the Sovereign and the Government high treason. But the fiercer grew the opposition, the more doggedly Mary—supported by Renard of course, though dissuaded by Bishop Gardiner—stuck to her resolution. The more her imagination dwelt on what she believed were the advantages of the match, and exaggerated the supposed virtues and attractions of the bridegroom, till a woman's soaring ambition and a woman's romantic love, so long trampled down in her lonely heart, became concentrated with deadly power on the project and she was driven the length of saying that she would give up her kingdom before she would give up Philip. Ere the crisis was reached many stormy passages occurred between Mary, her Council, and her Parliament.

In January, 1554, Count Egmont, one of the future heroes in the wars of independence in the Netherlands, arrived from Spain to arrange on the part of the Emperor the treaty of marriage between Philip and Mary. So great was the public hostility to the connection, that the messenger did not pass through Kent without danger to his life and liberty. The marriage settlements made under the direction of the Emperor were studiously framed to conciliate the English. All the advantages seemed with England. Among the most prominent provisions were, that the two kingdoms were to be governed separately; that none but Englishmen were to hold office in the English Government and in the Queen's household. If Mary had a child, it was to succeed to her dominions in right of its mother, and to Holland and Flanders in right of its father; while his elder son, Don Carlos, was to succeed to Spain and Austria. If Mary survived Philip she was, while she was to bring him no dowry, to receive an annuity of sixty thousand ducats. England was not to be involved in the Emperor's French wars. Fair words these, which Mary implicitly believed, but many of her Council doubted them. The marriage could not take place without a dispensation from the Pope, since the intending bride and bridegroom were cousins; and while Philip in Spain was striving to escape the fate which involved exile to a country he hated, and marriage with a faded, haggard bride, altogether distasteful to him, Mary, in her unconsciousness, was hurrying the commissioners at Rome, and striving with feverish haste to get the marriage accomplished before Lent, because otherwise the religious season would delay the wedding till Easter.

But a period of terrible anxiety had to be undergone, and a path of blood and fire traversed, in which the lion-like qualities that Mary, as well as Elizabeth, had inherited from King Henry, again came into prominence, and served her well with her people, before the inauspicious event on which she had set her heart was accomplished.

The week after the public announcement of the Queen's marriage insurrections broke out all over the country—in Devonshire, under Sir Peter Carew; in Kent, under Sir Thomas Wyatt; and in the Midlands, under the Duke of Suffolk and his brothers. The fact that Suffolk and Carew were Protestant leaders, while Wyatt was a Catholic, is one of the proofs that the English Catholics and the English Protestants were alike violently hostile to the alliance with Spain. But the manner in which Protestants and Catholics were balanced against each other, and the fact that their mutual animosities did not even slumber while they were united in a common cause, are reasons cited by Mr. Froude for the ultimate failure of their plans. It seems a matter of uncertainty to this day, whether Suffolk, in joining the rebellion, did so for the purpose of proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, queen in all the towns he passed through—according to the testimony of one witness—or whether, as there seems some evidence to show, he joined Wyatt and Carew with the purpose of placing Princess Elizabeth on the throne, and of marrying her to Courtenay, thus combining their two claims, and ensuring an English husband to an English queen. Courtenay (professedly a Catholic) was undoubtedly in the plot, but there was no convincing evidence of Elizabeth's complicity. If she was a conspirator she took care that no clear sign of her share in the insurrection should survive, though her name of course formed the rallying cry; and there were not wanting rumours that she had a personal partiality for the handsome, feather-head Courtenay, to whom she was well suited in years.

The revolts in Devonshire, and in Warwick, Worcester, and other midland counties, were speedily mastered; prematurely discovered, as they were, by the cowardice and treachery of Courtenay, they vanished like morning dew before the sun's rays. Carew fled for his life; poor Suffolk, sick and sorry, hid himself in the hollow of a tree near Warwick Castle, was betrayed by a keeper to whom he had entrusted his secret, and, with one of his brothers, was carried prisoner to London. But Wyatt's rising was less easily quelled, and at one time assumed alarming proportions. The old Duke of Norfolk, sent to meet the rebels, incautiously exposed himself and his men to the enemy between Gravesend and Rochester at the very moment that a Captain Brett, at the head of a detachment of train bands from London, turned sides and went over to Wyatt. A general panic and confusion followed. The Duke was ignominiously routed, and Wyatt, with a large force, marched upon London, which was practically undefended, save by its citizens. Mary was at Whitehall when the news of Wyatt's approach reached her. In place of quailing and flying, she went straight to the Guildhall, and standing on the steps addressed the crowded assembly in "her deep man's voice," with her unshrinking courage. She made one of her vigorous, telling speeches; she said plainly that her subjects were in rebellion, and went on to declare as plainly that she believed her marriage with the Prince of Spain was the cause. She told her audience that she had sent to Wyatt offering to hear and pay respect to the objections of him and his followers. She repeated his arrogant answer, that he could only treat with her when he had the Tower of London and her person in his possession. "She stood there," she said, "as lawful Queen of England, and she appealed to the loyalty of her great city to save her from a presumptuous rebel." She assured her hearers that Wyatt's object was "general havoc and spoil." As for her marriage, she said she had thought so magnificent an alliance could not have failed to be agreeable to her people. Marriage in itself was indifferent to her. She could continue happy in the virgin state in which she had hitherto spent her life. She would call a Parliament, and the matter should be farther considered. If the Lords and the Commons disapproved of the Prince of Spain, "on the word of a Queen she would think of him no more."

If Mary was not so entirely sincere in this as in most of her speeches, she was sufficiently in earnest to carry the hearts of her hearers with her. For a second time her prompt and brave action saved her cause. She "converted the Corporation." On the following day no less than five and twenty thousand men were enrolled for the defence of London.

Wyatt and his company arrived at Southwark. No one ventured to attack him, and a strange pause occurred, which lasted for four days. During these days the lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded in harness. The judges wore armour under their robes. Dr. Weston sang mass in harness before the Queen. Tradesmen attended well-armed behind their counters.

Wyatt, finding the other bridges either barricaded or destroyed, turned back and approached London by Kingston Bridge, after marching all night through mud and mire. One portion of his force, when it reached what is now Hyde Park Corner, divided and attacked St. James's Palace before and behind, while Wyatt himself advanced as far as Charing Cross, where several gentlemen, among them the recreant Courtenay, were stationed in command of a detachment of the Queen's Guards. In spite of the remonstrances of his companions Courtenay galloped off towards Whitehall, shouting "Lost, lost—all is lost!" and spreading terror as he rode.

In the meantime Mary was at Whitehall unprotected, save by what remained of her guards and her gentlemen pensioners. So imminent did the danger appear, that she was

roused at three o'clock in the morning, and her very ante-chamber was filled with such armed men as she could command, while her ladies went wringing their hands and bemoaning themselves. But Mary neither wept nor bewailed her hard fate. When more than one of her friends urged her, while there was yet time, to go in a barge to the Tower, she listened with a stout heart to Renard's sound opinion, that if she fled she was lost. She refused to stir, though her Chancellor Gardiner implored—it is said knelt—to her to go. When her cousin Courtenay dashed up, like a beaten hound, with his senseless clamour, she watched his arrival from a gallery unmoved. "If others durst not stand the trial against the traitors," she said, "she herself would go out into the field, and try the quarrel, and die with those who would serve her." There is a tradition that she even descended and stood in the gateway, where the *mêlée* was so complete, that some of Wyatt's followers, returning from St. James's, got mixed up with the Guards, and could only be distinguished by the mud with which their long night march had bespattered their hose. In other encounters between the Londoners and Brett's deserters in Wyatt's company, the uniform being the same, the mud still formed the distinguishing feature, and the cry of the Queen's men was, "Down with the draggle-tails."

Frustrated on all hands by the unexpected resistance he encountered, and especially by finding Ludgate closed against him, Wyatt, who has been described as "the most gallant and accomplished gentleman of his time," surrendered, after fighting desperately at Temple Bar, to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who, in order to protect his prisoner from the violence of the rabble, took him up on his own horse and rode with him to Westminster. From Whitehall Stairs Wyatt, and five of his followers, were conveyed in a barge to the Tower, Mary looking down on them from a window in the palace.

Wyatt's insurrection was an era in Mary's history. It aroused in her the fiery, overbearing temper and reckless vindictiveness which her father had so often exhibited. On her accession she had been merciful to excess, and had been reluctant to punish even one notorious offender, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Now, goaded by Renard with representations—the truth of which seemed to have been proved already in her reign of six months—that clemency was a folly; plied with warnings that her throne would never be secure so long as she left her enemies unpunished; tortured by repeated threats that the Prince of Spain, the Emperor's heir, would not be suffered to come to a country in so disturbed a state, where his foes, and those of the true Church, received in return for their crimes only a weak amnesty, Mary's nobler, gentler instincts were warped, misled, and betrayed. Within two days in that dreary February of 1554 she signed the death-warrants, not merely of Suffolk, but of her favourite cousin, little Lady Jane, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. Wyatt's rebellion had sealed their doom: though lying, as the husband and wife were, in the Tower when it took place, they were the merest passive instruments in the strife. Yet, with that piteous anxiety to do right, and to save the soul even though she slew the body, Mary sent Abbot Feckenham to convert the girl of seventeen, about to die, from the errors of her creed, before the stroke fell. When the distressed and kindly abbot pressed for greater time in which to do his work, the Queen willingly granted three days' respite to the condemned prisoner. This is not the place to tell how heroically yet sweetly Lady Jane died, without a murmur. Her chief concern, nay, her only trouble, was lest her father should apostatise on the scaffold, as Northumberland had done before him. But Suffolk, with all his faults and weaknesses, was made of truer, manlier mould, and died maintaining the Reformed doctrines in which he had lived.

The Greys, and Wyatt himself, were by no means the sole sufferers for the abortive insurrection. The victims were of all ranks, and were executed wholesale. In order to strike the deeper awe into their neighbours, those citizens of London who had followed Wyatt's standard were hung in all public places and thoroughfares, and at the doors of the offenders' shops and houses, so that the city, like the wayside trees of France in the reign of Louis XI., was decorated thickly with the ghastly adornments of dangling corpses. Some five hundred men, who appeared before the Queen with halters round their necks, were pardoned; but this was grand exception to the general rule. The cruelty of the reprisals went far to blot out of men's minds the guilt which had provoked them. Courtenay, in spite of his betrayal of his party, was sent back for a time to the Tower, where his handsome, soulless face had been familiar from boyhood to manhood. But a greater than Courtenay was in danger. Princess Elizabeth, without any direct evidence against her, was sufficiently implicated to be summoned to London to answer for her conduct. She was lying ill at one of her country seats; but Mary believed her illness was feigned, and when Elizabeth was at last able to come to London, which she entered in an open litter, she was dressed in white, and looked in her paleness, "lofty, scornful, and magnificent." She was taken to Whitehall, when the Queen refused to see her sister. Alas! alas! the family ties which bound together Henry VIII.'s children were little likely to stand the test of time and trial. The daughters of different mothers, sinned against and sinning, were only too liable to vindicate their descent. The affection which the girl-Princess Mary had shown for her baby-sister; the kindly passages between them when, as simply the sisters of King Edward, there was comparatively little rivalry where they were concerned; even the friendly intercourse which had existed for a space on Mary's accession, were all things of the past. Possibly, in any circumstances, it would have been a shock to Mary to realise that the child and young girl accustomed to defer and look up to the sister older by so many years, had developed into a haughty, beautiful young woman, with a clear judgment of her own on all things, and no lack of wit to support it. Elizabeth was far too sagacious openly to defy or disobey her sister, who was also her Queen. She had also a suppler nature than Mary, who, with her blunt honesty, had difficulty in dissembling her feelings. But however plausible and complacent Elizabeth might show herself, she made no disguise that she regarded herself as the next in the claim to the throne, nor did she make the least objection to be hailed as the hope of the Protestant party, whose tenets she held in a modified form. Add to these inevitable grounds of dissension the persistent, urgent representations of Renard, on the part of the Emperor, from the first day Mary was Queen—to remove Elizabeth as a deadly danger from her path by fair means or foul. And now, to crown and give terrible point to the advice was the suspicion of Elizabeth's complicity with Wyatt, though it rested only on the intercepted despatches of the French ambassador, and on the copy of a letter which the Princess had written to Henry II. of France, together with two letters from Wyatt to Elizabeth, which she solemnly declared she had never received.

It is hard to believe that Mary could have proceeded to the last extremity against her sister, or that, having gone so far, she would not have relented before it was too late. Yet the Queen had sacrificed her favourite cousin, the little girl of seventeen, to a mistaken sense of duty, and State policy; and Mary's old wholesome heart was fast changing to gall. All the wrongs which Catharine of Arragon and Mary had sustained at the hands of Anne Boleyn—who, as Mary believed, had threatened their lives; all the devastation wrought by her and her party in the Catholic church, were fresh again in the Queen's memory; and Elizabeth was Anne Boleyn's daughter, a meet Jezebel to come between Catharine of Arragon's daughter and her people, to tempt them back into rebellion, and, what was infinitely worse in rigidly Catholic eyes, into deadly heresy. The re-establishment by Act of Parliament of the marriage between Henry and Catharine of Arragon had necessarily invalidated his marriage with Anne Boleyn, though care was taken neither to mention her name, nor that of the Princess her daughter, in the Act. Still, the deposition of the Princess Elizabeth from her rank and rights existed by implication if Mary chose to act upon it, and Mary chose as far as even she dared.

In the old days when goodwill was still possible between the sisters, Mary had insisted, not without risk to herself, on styling her little sister "her Grace;" but, even before Wyatt's rebellion was heard of, the Queen had made Elizabeth walk in Court ceremonies *behind* her cousins, the Countess of Lennox (Lady Margaret Douglas) and the Duchess of Suffolk (Frances Brandon). Altogether it is idle to believe—even with the best opinion of poor Mary's original character and earnest desire to do right, beginning as they were to be fatally warped and distorted—that any feeling save distrust and enmity, thinly veiled by compulsory courtesy, existed latterly between Mary and Elizabeth. The bad health and serious illnesses of Mary, which did not cease with her accession, though they were kept more in the background, had shattered her nervous system. The sudden exaltation to the throne; the work, worry, and sharp warfare into which she was plunged; the passionate dream of finding in Philip of Spain deliverance from her evils, and food for her woman's starving heart, did the rest. Gradual symptoms of an intellect becoming unhinged began to present themselves. There was no special mysticism in Mary's religion that we can discern; no expectation of miracles; no calling out for signs—in itself the sign of an unbalanced mind—in her earlier years. The evil began with the fantastic sermon of Harpsfield, Chaplain to Bishop Bonner, which he preached before the Parliament in 1553, the sermon being an introduction to a controversy between selected members of the Catholic and Reformed Churches. Harpsfield compared Mary to Judith, to Esther, to Deborah, to Mary of Bethany, who had chosen the better part; finally, to the Virgin Mary, with whom she might sing, "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The comparison, strange on the lips of a Roman Catholic, sank into what was the latent soaring enthusiasm of Mary's spirit, and found an echo in the sympathetic souls of all highly-strung enthusiastic Roman Catholics. From that time there was a disposition, both in herself and in those who held her views, to regard her as a woman with a divine mission, set apart, to be distinguished by particular intimations of God's will and marks of His favour—a conviction which, even when it is held dispassionately, with no mixture of motives, or of personal loves and hates, is perilously fraught with danger to the reason.

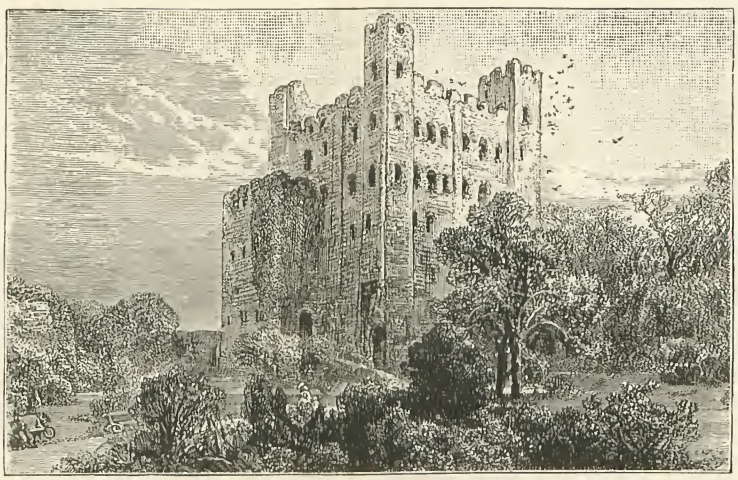
Then Mary summoned Renard—who was neither an enthusiast nor a man of religious principles—and, in the presence of one of her ladies-in-waiting, made him approach the altar bearing the holy wafer, which she was accustomed to speak of as "her protector,

her guide, and her adviser." She told her two companions how she had spent her days and nights in tears and prayers before it, "imploring God to direct her." "She flung herself on her knees, with Renard and Lady Clarence at her side, and the three together before the altar sang the 'Veni Creator.' . . . As the chant died into silence, Mary rose from her knees as if inspired, and announced the Divine message. The Prince of Spain was the chosen of Heaven for the Virgin Queen. If miracles were required to give him to her, there was a stronger than man who would work them. The malice of this world should not keep him from her; she would cherish and love him, and him alone. On another occasion Mary took Renard into her confidence, when she swore, in his presence before the Host, that she would marry Philip and only Philip.

It was in a manner not altogether dissimilar that Mary's great-grandmother, the venerable Margaret, had, in her tender youth, risen from her little bed and sought the direction of higher powers in her choice of a husband, when, as the child believed, St. Nicholas appeared to her, and bade her wed young Owen Tudor. But Margaret was a simple, humble-minded child, who never dreamed that she was different from other children, or that she was appointed to redeem England, though it were by fire and blood. From the date of that conviction a strain of insanity, always increasing, was visible in Mary's conduct.

Mary used the failure of Wyatt's rebellion to wring from her Council and Parliament their consent to her marriage with Philip of Spain. The Pope's dispensation was procured in March, 1554. Count Egmont was again in the country as the proxy of Philip, and was brought to Whitehall by Lord Pembroke and Lord William Howard, the commanders of the army and navy. On the 6th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of her Court and of the foreign ambassadors, Mary, kneeling before the Sacrament in her Presence-room, gave her hand to Egmont as Philip's representative, and the marriage by proxy was accomplished. The next moment the Queen fell on her knees and asked all present to join in asking a blessing on the marriage. Egmont presented her with a ring from Philip, which she showed to the company. She sent the donor an affectionate message, but declined to write, as he had not yet written to her, a remissness which was one of the many indications of Philip's inveterate dislike to the marria into which ambition and avarice, with his father, the Emperor, as their exponent, forced him.

(To be continued.)



GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ESTHER'S SURRENDER.

"It really cannot be allowed to go on. I never did know anything so perfectly illjudged and absurd. Really, mother, you must do something to put a stop to it, or the poor boy will actually die from low spirits and doleful dumps. I knew the moment I set eyes on her just the sort of woman she was—a little sanctimonious, stuck-up humbug, something like what Rosamond might have been if we had not got hold of her so young. But to take advantage of that poor boy's weak state, to go and cram her notions down his throat day by day, and all day long, just when he really needs cheering and rousing, is a thing that cannot be allowed to go on. Even my own children are growing different, and losing their high spirits. Bertha looks years older, and has got a steady, grown-up air about her that is absurd at her age, whilst May has hardly been saucy ever since Dacre was taken ill. I have caught them again and again up there in his room, all as grave as judges, and talking, I have no doubt, in the most absurd way, led on by that young aunt of theirs, who seems to have got all of them under her thumb. It really is time to interfere. Dacre's health will not stand the constant strain of such lugubrious talk."

Lady Eleanora moved rather uneasily in her chair.

"Dear Dacre seems to me to be going on very well. He looks bright and cheerful whenever I see him. And the doctors do not complain."

Mrs. Gostling gave a vicious little sneer.

"The doctors, indeed! I should like to know what they know about it! The doctors seem to me to be content to depute their duties to Mr. Chester a great deal too freely."

"That is Dacre's own doing. He so much prefers Everard to anyone else, and Dr. Gordon has the fullest confidence in him."

"Well, I call it a very unprofessional way of doing things, and I do not approve of it in the least. And to tell you the truth, I think that these visits ought to be put a stop to, and that quickly. They are nothing more nor less than an excuse for that artful young woman to carry on a promising flirtation. Can't you see for yourself that she has been trying to get Everard Chester to her feet almost ever since she has been here. Why, I saw it plainly the last time I visited Greyfriars. And it is even more patent now."

"Well, if they like one another I see no reason against it," was the old lady's quiet reply. "They are very well matched as to birth and age; and we should all be pleased to have Esther as a near neighbour. We owe her a great deal for all her kindness to us in this sad crisis, as well as for her judicious management during the months that went before."

Mrs. Gostling was surprised and not best pleased with the tone of this reply; but it showed her that her mother was not so pliable as she once had been, and she changed her tactics slightly.

"Well, if you have no fault to find I am sure I do not wish to interfere; and if Dacre likes to be talked to in that most depressing of ways it is no concern

of mine. I only know I should not like it for one of my boys; and I should have thought it peculiarly unsuitable for one so susceptible as Dacre."

"Dacre is quite equal to taking care of himself in those ways. He has not lost his power of repartee. To tell the truth, I find him more merry and cheerful than I have done for a long time. I think his aunt has rather a cheering than a depressing effect upon him."

"Well, I am delighted to hear it; and it is a great relief also; for it is plain that somebody will have to go with him when he can be moved from Greyfriars, and no one is so free from other cares as Miss Egerton—only I was afraid he would be moped to death with her."

Lady Eleanora opened her eyes in surprise.

"Is Dacre to leave home?" she asked.

"Yes, as soon as ever he can be moved. You know the east winds in these midland counties are bitter, and Dr. Gordon is insistent that he shall be taken away as soon as possible. He recommends Bournemouth or the Isle of Wight, as the journey to the Riviera would be too much for him to encounter. I was speaking to him about it only yesterday, and have been wondering ever since how it could be managed. Of course it would be out of the question for me to leave you or the household again in such inexperienced hands after the way things went on before. But if Miss Egerton could go with Dacre, we could be very comfortable and happy together till Rosamond's return, and she need not trouble to return to Greyfriars at all. When Dacre is fit to encounter the cold winds of his native place she will be able to return to her own home again. I only wonder that she had been able to leave it so long. But some people never do strike root anywhere, though it always seems to me a radical defect in their character."

Lady Eleanora was not as much pleased as her daughter had anticipated at having Esther thus disposed of. She said, with a certain decision and dignity which Mrs. Gostling was hardly prepared for, "If Esther is good enough to go with Dacre into banishment, we must certainly have her back here when he returns, to meet Rosamond and Algernon, and receive their thanks for all she has done for them. And I shall miss her greatly if she goes, as will all the children, I am sure. They have changed very much for the better since their aunt came amongst them. She is a very sweet girl, and we have all learnt to love her."

Possibly Mrs. Gostling had never been so glad before as for a turn in affairs which gave her an excellent excuse for hunting Esther out of the house, whilst appearing to act for Dacre's good all the time. What would be the use of Bertha's sacrifice of time in nursing her cousin so cleverly if that tiresome Esther were still to stand in her light all the same. The designing woman of the world had not the smallest idea that any but interested motives had been in her daughter's mind when she had asked leave to share the nursing with Esther, and the mother had only consented because she saw that it would of necessity throw her into communication with Everard, and perhaps show her ability in a new light. And so it had, and very good friends were the pair, though without a spark of tender feeling on either side. But that was a sort of friendship in which Mrs. Gostling never had and never would believe.

So Esther was banished to Bournemouth with her delicate boy, still a very anxious charge. He had fixed upon that place himself, and very eagerly, out of all those selected for him; and certainly the softer air, and the sunshine and sea breezes, seemed to tell favourably upon him when once he found himself there, though the journey had been very exhausting, and he had taken several days to pick up after it.

Esther had bidden Greyfriars adieu with rather a sad heart. She had read Mrs. Gostling through and through, and knew that if her tactics could close the door against her return, she would never enter the house again. But her duty seemed to lie with Dacre, who would certainly not have moved without her, and it was only now and then that she thought with regret of what she had left behind, and wondered if the page in her life had closed altogether and for ever. They had been sent away very suddenly at the last, nominally because the weather was favourable, really, Esther felt assured, because Everard Chester was away from home on business, and there would be no possibility of a farewell interview. Often as Esther had seen him of late, they had never been alone together, and circumstances had debarred them from entering upon personal topics. There were moments now when she asked herself, with a sort of pang at her heart, if she had been deceived, if she had mistaken a quiet, chivalrous friendship for something deeper and stronger; if she had given her own heart where it was not asked or wished. She had never felt this doubt or anxiety in his presence, but now that he was far away, and she knew not when she should see him again, it would force itself upon her from time to time, and she would wonder if it were true that out of sight were, with some men, out of mind as well.

They had pleasant sheltered rooms overlooking the sea, and Dacre was never tired of watching the passers-by, or the tossing of the blue waves. He made Esther go out every day when he could not encounter the exertion, and was quite content to be alone with his books and his window, until the specified time had expired and she returned to him. Once he gave her a letter to post, asking her not to look at the superscription; and a day or two later he told her to take a really good long drive or walk, as she had not been much out the two previous days, and he should be quite happy alone.

She saw that he wished for solitude, and as she had full confidence in him now, and he had promised not to go out alone himself, or do anything rash, she was willing to gratify him. She thought she would walk by the shore as far as Poole harbour and back, as she liked the feeling of being near the water, and she had never been much beyond the ordinary limits of a walk.

Esther had not gone very far along the shore before she was aware of a rapid step behind her, and turning her head she saw that she was followed, and the next moment her hands were closely clasped in those of Everard Chester, whose grey eyes, full of a strange, glowing light, were fixed full upon her face.

"Esther," he said, and at the sound of her name in that tone her colour flew rapidly up, "did you try to escape from me by running away here so suddenly?"

She shook her head and smiled. Her words were not ready for use. All her heart was in such a tumult of joy and surprise—and yet was it surprise? Did it not seem the most natural thing in the world to be standing thus face to face with him—alone, save for the great blue sea, beating out its changeless music on the shore.

"Esther," he said, once more drawing her closer to him as he stood, "do you know what I have come here to say?"

Her eyes were raised for a moment to his, and then dropped again. She did not shrink or tremble now; the deep sense of happiness and well-being which was flooding her soul drove out all else beside.

"Esther, I love you," he said, very gently, though there was a vibration in the tone which thrilled her through and through. "I have loved you long and truly; but I dared not tell you at once, lest you should not have learned to give me that which I fain would ask; and of late it has hardly seemed the fitting time or place. And yet I have thought that we understood each other without over many words. Tell me, my life, am I right? Can you give yourself to me? Can you love me enough to trust your future into my hands? Indeed, by God's help, you shall not regret it if you do."

For answer she lifted her face to his, and he found it on her lips. They stood together a long time, very silent and very happy, and then, with her hand upon his arm they walked onwards together.

"We must come and tell my mother," he said. "She has been longing for it only second to me."

"Your mother? Is she here?"

"Yes, I brought her with me. I thought her presence would make many things easier. Esther, do you know you have taken a very bold and a very grasping man as your life's partner. Do you know what I am going to ask? Will it frighten you if I tell you?"

Esther did not look as though she would be easily frightened. She turned her face smilingly towards him.

"Dacre has come here for two or three months, they tell me at Greyfriars, and, indeed, he ought not to go back before the end of April. Esther, when he returns home, will you return with me as my wife? My house seems lonely and empty without its mistress, and, though I must not complain, seeing I have my dear mother with me, we both long to see you there, and we neither of us see cause to wait. Will you think of it, and tell me if you can? Our engagement would be

short, but we have known each other long, and I cannot see why we need wait. A quiet wedding here would be more to our liking than a grand one anywhere else; and your brother will not be back in any case, you say, for another year or more."

Esther was perhaps a little startled, and yet there was something very sweet in thinking of a home of her own. It had dawned upon her latterly that her brother would be little in England in the future, and that the old home she had kept for him would be his no longer. To be taken to that quaint old Manor House and share her husband's life there was a prospect too sweet to be really startling—and, after all, what was there to wait for?

"You are sure your mother would like it?"

"Indeed I am. You can ask her yourself if you do not believe me. I have long felt that I have been acting rather selfishly in engrossing so completely my mother's time. She has three sisters living, all bound by family ties, and all eager to see more of her. One, who is an invalid, and to whom she is closely attached, has longed for years to see me married that she may claim an old promise, namely, that if I cease to want her, my mother spends at least half her time with her. The old north country has attractions for her which the Midlands never had, and if she sees me safely and happily married she will be happier amongst her own kindred, though we shall insist on having a good deal of her company year by year. So will you think seriously of it, my darling, and let me have your answer soon. I feel as if I shall never settle to anything again until we two can share it together."

Esther promised to think of it, and promised in such a way as to be almost an assent in itself. Was she not as hungry for him as he for her? And if her consent would smooth the way for all, why withhold it? Could any amount of interviews increase her love and trust? And if not, what was the object of delay, seeing she was alone in the world, and absolutely independent?

Dacre had certainly no reason to complain that his solitude was invaded too soon. He had even begun to grow a little impatient before his aunt returned to him; but he was so full of his own news that he had no time to mark the change that had passed over her during her hours of absence.

"Aunt Esther," he cried eagerly, "I have such a lot of things to tell you. I've seen Miller to-day. Don't be angry that I didn't tell you, for I knew he wouldn't come if I hadn't given him my word that nobody should know. And oh! if you could only have seen how changed he is, I know you would be sorry for him! He thought he had killed me that night, and you don't know how it has changed him."

"And quite enough too."

"Oh, but he did not mean to hurt anybody when he fired, and he hadn't a notion it was me. He wanted to show he had firearms, so as to frighten me into letting go. I believe he spoke the truth; and then the next day he saw in some wretched little paper that I had been killed—you know we did hear that there had been a report like that—and he hid away for his life afterwards, and it wasn't for quite a long time he found out I wasn't dead. And all that time he was so miserable, and I do think it quite changed him. He got to London first, and drifted to one of those night refuges, where they are kind to the people who come for shelter there, and it was there he heard that I'd been inquiring for him, and made him write the note. He said he'd got an old mother in Bournemouth, whom he thought of going to, and that's why I wanted so to come here. I thought if he could only see me again, and know that I did not think so badly of him, it might be a comfort—and I do think it has been. Oh, Aunt Esther, please do not think I have been self-willed again this time, for I really did want to do right!"

She bent and kissed him, though not even now did outward demonstrations often pass between her and her wayward nephew.

"I am sure you did, Dacre, and I am very glad if the shock has sobered him. He has bought his experience dear, and you have been the sufferer."

"Ah, but that has been so good for me," said the boy, with sudden earnestness. "That is what I wanted Miller to understand. It was my fault in one way, so I deserved to suffer; but, quite apart from that, it has done such a lot for me. I would not have been without it for anything."

"Then, Dacre, no one need be sorry for you; and, if Everard approves, we will try to befriend the poor young man, who has had so much against him. Oh, yes, I forgot you did not know. Everard and his mother are here; and Everard and I are going to be married soon." The pink in Esther's cheek deepened, but her voice was steady and her manner very quiet. "We settled all that to-day; and Everard is coming here this evening to see you, and I am sure——"

But for once Esther was not allowed to finish her sentence, for she was half-smothered in a bear-like embrace, so foreign to Dacre's usual ways, that she could only laugh and cry for mercy.

"Bravo! bravo!" he cried. "Why, I couldn't have arranged it better myself. And so we shall not lose you from Greyfriars after all, for, if you are our nearest neighbour and Everard's wife, it will be almost like having you for a permanent sister. Esther—I am going to drop the aunt from this day forward—Cuthbert was quite right: it is ridiculous to call you our aunt when you are hardly a bit older than ourselves, and, if you marry Everard, you turn into a sister as a matter of course. Oh, I call it an awfully fine arrangement! And won't old Aunt Gostling be well sold?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE VIOLIN:—ITS PAINS AND PLEASURES.

II.—PARNASSUS.



UR young player has reached Parnassus; she has emerged from the chrysalis state of solitary scales and studies, and she may now indulge in concerted playing.

Chamber-music is the "happy hunting-ground" of every true amateur; to few is it given to play a grand concerto with the accompaniment of a full orchestra, and to still fewer would such a performance be possible or desirable. But chamber-music, a quiet convivial study of great masters with a musical friend, is within the domain of every successful student. How beautiful a recreation is this which enables a girl to pass many a wintry afternoon in the ennobling study of music, with all its elevating influence!

Perhaps the most delightful and most easily attainable form of chamber-music is the sonata for violin and piano: there is a delight to both violinist and pianist in the *concertante* sonata which is wanting in the solo form for either instrument. A great part of the enjoyment will be the reading at sight. To read well at sight, a good ear, a well-trained mechanism of hand and eye, and a quick intuition, with rapid decision, are necessary. By quick intuition I mean the immediate comprehension of the effect the composer desires; and by a rapid decision, the formulation of that effect clearly and without hesitation. To one who has caught the knack of reading at sight all new music possesses a charm which a new book does to the *litterateur*. A great help in such reading is a good reader by your side in your pianist; for after all mainly on the piano does the proper accentuation of the time of the composition depend. Sonatas are as legion in number and form: at first, the student will in all probability play those of what we may venture to call the "broad" school—those which have for their distinguishing feature solid grandeur and beautiful contrapuntal writing, and which require broad, generous treatment and strictly-observed time. Such are the works of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. Later, a little more of the imaginative and beautiful melody may be sought in the "Ten Pianoforte and Violin Sonatas" by the immortal Beethoven. What a stock of splendid ideas, almost inexhaustible, always welcome; by repetition never hackneyed, but always grand and beautiful! But in your contemplation of the masters of the old time, do not neglect the more recent or living writers. The sonatas of Grieg, Brahms, Gade, and Dvorak are wonders

in the imaginative school. Such sonatas for the most part require strong originality in their production, as there is in their conception. The wild, Norse beauty and nationalism of Grieg must be reflected by the player as well as possible: and yet how easy to convert these traits into a foolish travesty and musical affectation! The violin, of all musical instruments except the human voice, is the one which is most in touch with the player. There is no complicated mechanism of pipes or hammers or pedals or stops: you must make your own notes; and it is given to you to place as much or as little meaning *in each note* as you like. Your violin will reflect your feelings in a startling way: your mental and physical health may be greatly judged by what your violin says: if you are worn out in mind and body it will be a difficult thing for you to play with any force or vivacity.

Here let me speak of the lessons to be learnt at first-class concerts where the great performers of our time take part. Many are heard to say, "Oh, I don't care about going to those concerts; they make me so disgusted with myself." Think of the many times those great performers have been disgusted with themselves! Nowadays the opportunities of hearing great artists perform are so frequent, and within the reach of so many, that it is a lost lesson not to go. You will hear, perhaps, the very sonata which you have already essayed; you will see how the great performer's rendering differs from your own interpretation, and next time you play it, you will, almost unconsciously, imitate that performer in your playing. Take your score with you; note the player's methods of producing various effects; notice the gradations of force and volume, and there and then note them down. The concert at which you do this will live in your memory, and as you play, the vision of that artist whom you watched will come back to you, and you will play after his fashion as much as possible.

Excesses of style seldom escape becoming vulgar and hateful to the true artist. Avoid them! they are like so many germs of disease hanging about the youthful player. You may fall into them by trying to reproduce individualities which are not your own, and consequently you are innocently burlesquing that which, from its very originality, is saved from becoming ridiculous.

The mannerism of taking great liberties with the time of the piece played must be used like a potent drug, very carefully. The mannerism of excessive "vibrato" is even more hateful, and is as foreign to true "cantabile" playing as it is to singing. Time after time do we see in our English papers violent denunciation of the "vibrato" affected by foreign singers, generally not of the best class, who thus violate the unwritten laws of good musical taste and judgment. The excessive "portamento" mannerism is another to guard against: this consists in the gliding from one position to another; and though very effective, it is a strong flavouring, and too much of it is nauseating.

As a great aid in the cultivation of a proper taste in violin-playing is the study of singing, Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, when first he played in public on the continent, was much struck by a criticism, somewhat adverse to his playing, which appeared in one of the papers. He sought out the author of the *critique* and had a conversation with him, which resulted in Ole Bull learning singing from this critic, who was himself a practical musician. The faults that lay in Ole Bull's playing were exaggeration of the marks of expression.

Now many players excel in the execution of very brilliant and rapid passages, but fail in the rendering of the "cantabile" movements. In the old days, and even now, among a certain class of players, the aim is rather to astound and surprise their hearers than to stir any deeper feelings. Now of course it is very necessary that the execution of various passages should be neat and clear, and that intonation should be correct; but the attainment of proficiency in music merely from a gymnastic point of view should never be the "Ultima Thule" of the girl-violinist. The days of Paganini, Ernst, and such players, is past, and great as one's admiration must be for such old masters, still, modern taste demands something simpler, purer, and less melodramatic.

The violin attains its highest end when it aims at imitating the trained human voice. However marvellous the eccentric ability and *technique* of a well-trained player may be, it is only marvellous, and such ability stands in relation to true and intelligent playing as does the marble statue to the human being. True, the statue may have features more perfect in their mathematical symmetry, and limbs more beautifully moulded in our earthly notions of the lovely, but it has not the vital principle—the Life! the Soul! Man's invention, the Automaton, may be caused to play most perfectly, as may be learnt in an account of such a thing in *Hart's Book of the Violin*, as far as mechanical *technique* is concerned. But God's creation, Man, alone can appeal to the higher sense, the mind of man.

I would urge, therefore, on my girl readers the advisability of cultivating a good style of "cantabile" playing. Be assured it gives a greater pleasure, not only to the general hearer, but also to an audience of true musicians, to hear a simple melody well, truly, and intelligently played, than to hear a perhaps none too successful attack on a gymnastic musical composition full of inartistic and unmelodious fireworks.

The character of a young girl-player will often be gauged by her judicious or foolish selection in playing. Never try to play anything that is beyond you or out of your reach. You should understand your composer or you cannot interpret him fluently to others.

Many compositions, as you advance in your musical education, notions, and taste, may seem trivial and commonplace to your more enlightened mind; but you must remember that perhaps the other members of your family and your friends have not advanced with you in their musical taste, and the "old tunes" may be the dearest and best appreciated by them. Never look with disdain on those simple tastes, for you learn to play your instrument not for self-glory, but to charm and delight yourself and those around you; so never refuse to play a composition that you may have outgrown as it were, if it is still a pleasurable one to those who, no doubt, have watched your career with a tender interest.

And now a few words about other departments of violin-playing. There are few things more enjoyable to a general, or especially a family, audience, than a song with an "obligato" played by a good violinist. The violin, viola, and violoncello lend themselves admirably to this purpose; and although, perhaps, the violin is the least adapted of the three, its claims to consideration are very great. The actual mechanical difficulties of "obligato" playing are not as a rule very great; but, as a celebrated musician once said, "It takes many people a lifetime to play in time, and as many more a lifetime to play out of time;" and in the "obligato" a great deal depends on being able to "play out of time:" what I mean to say is, that the "obligato" player must obediently follow, not lead, his singer, and all "obligati" should be subsidiary to the vocal solo. The singer will, in many instances, take great liberties with the time of the song, and these are frequently quite allowable, and in the very best taste: all such variations must be watched, nay, almost anticipated, by the violinist. It is in the "obligato" that the importance of correct bowing comes most markedly before our notice. What correct breathing is to the singer, correct bowing is to the violinist; and if the violinist does not bow as the singer breathes, the passages which are often identical in the two parts will undergo utterly different interpretations by the two performers. The mistake generally made by beginners in "obligato" playing is to play too loudly, and she who has been in the habit of playing solo compositions will find it necessary to modify her force when she comes to accompany a singer, and subdue her "forte" and "mezzo-forte" very considerably.

Perhaps the young violinist will be fortunate enough to have friends who play the viola and violoncello: should this be the case she will be able to enjoy the performance of the highest forms of chamber-music—the trio and the quartette.

Our greatest writers have chosen the combination of two violins, a viola, and a violoncello for the performance of some of their most fascinating compositions, and one has only to look over the list of quartettes by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn to see how great a field of reading, of enjoyment, and beauty lies before the players.

String trios, too, are very delightful, and some beautiful trios for violin, viola, and violoncello have been written by Beethoven. Should only a violoncellist be obtainable, the only other form of concerted music to be played will be the pianoforte trio, *i.e.*, a trio for violin, piano, and violoncello. The piano is of great service, brightening by its solo passages the more sustained characteristics of the string parts. The two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello by Mendelssohn are particularly charming, but of course can only be attempted when all three artists are competent masters or mistresses of their respective instruments. The same remark holds good in the attempt to play most pianoforte quartettes, in which, in addition to the violin and violoncello, a viola-player is present. All such exercises in concerted playing are of inestimable service to the violinist after she has reached a certain point in playing, and I would venture to say that at that point she will get a much truer view of all compositions if she plays them at first sight not by herself but with another or others. The difficult passages of a sonata or trio can be very well subsequently analysed and elaborated after a rough sketch of the composition as a whole has been made.

After a while, perhaps, our young violinist will join an orchestral society; and it is a good thing to do so, for should she tend to vain-gloriousness about her playing, she will soon have occasion to remodel her opinion about herself. As in a public school all soon find their level, so in an orchestra the committing of one flagrant error in time, such as an unexpected squeak or scrape in what would otherwise have been a silent bar, covers the erratic one in unutterable confusion not to be forgotten for a long time by her.

In whatever line of violin-playing she may be engaged, let our young violinist strive for purity of tone, trueness of intonation, a discreet observation of the marks of expression, and let a desire to interpret her composer honestly rather than to draw remark on her own dexterity, fire all her efforts. Quoting again the ode which terminated my first conversation—

"To your bright mother homage render,
Boldly to gain her heights aspire;
Enthroned she lives in distant splendour,
No other crown than her's desire."

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLADYS MARON.—It is evil advice on the part of your mother's friends that tends to make you at variance with your stepmother. As your father's wife, and head of his house, you owe her respect and kindly consideration. Such advice may usually be traced to old servants, who feel prejudiced against a new mistress, and is quite unworthy of persons of education, to say nothing of Christian profession. Do not expect anyone to fill your mother's place altogether towards you, nor to feel the same affection for you. But as your father's wife, and the head of his house, you owe her respect, and should endeavour to win her affection by your behaviour towards her, and your endeavour to render her new home a happy one.

CHILLY READER.—Keep away from the fire when you first come in from a cold walk, and let your nose grow warm or less cold for a short time. At least, to have a nose temporarily red from cold is not so trying as one permanently so from indigestion. If you go near the fire too soon you will probably acquire the further decoration of a chilblain upon it. There are few circumstances that might not be worse.

TERESA.—Jealousy is a hateful characteristic; it is mean and ungenerous; it is insulting to those whom we think worthy of affection and esteem; it is selfish to the last degree; and, moreover, it is "cruel as the grave." Crush the vile sentiment out of your heart, which has been well symbolised as a "green-eyed monster."

APIS.—Yes; in any case your jump of three feet eleven inches is an exceptionally high one for a girl. But you should have said what length of run you had, and what your own size and weight are; and due allowance should have been made for the stature and weight of the girls competing with you. A leap over a walking-stick laid across the backs of two high dining-room chairs, with only a run of two or three steps, is a very good one for a girl encumbered as she is by her very unsuitable style of dress worn outside a *gymnase*.

HARD TIMES and MAY.—You are neither of you eligible for a situation as companion. First, you are much too young, and your writing and spelling are unsuitable. A woman should be eight-and-twenty or thirty, and upwards, to be suitable; accomplished, well acquainted with the rules of etiquette, and all the habits of the highest circles of society; able to receive, and to superintend entertainments; to write letters of business and society, and to make herself useful in every way required by her employer. She must be pleasing in appearance, and thoroughly well-bred in her manners. She will have need of good temper, patience, quick perceptions, and great tact. She should speak French, and be competent to act in travelling.

PERPLEXITY.—We see no cause for perplexity in such a case as yours. The man who sent you a mouse in a match-box could scarcely be called a "gentleman," and such vulgar practical jokes are unknown in "polite society." They are only played by schoolboys of a low class, and are beneath contempt. Your best way of putting a stop to them is completely to ignore them. Are you quite sure that you did not expose yourself to such impertinence by too great familiarity and frivolous joking with an unsuitable acquaintance? Beware of ever forgetting your own dignity and self-respect.

MOLLIE DOLLIE.—Miss Cole's Half-hour Reading Society, Helion's, Bumpstead, Haverhill, Essex, includes French, Italian, and German works; also Miss Allen, 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight; and Miss L. Hudson's Society, Reigate Lodge, Reigate, Surrey. We believe all these still exist.

FLORA.—It is not from "weakness of intellect" but of nerves that some people "cry when censured." We recommend you to make a strong effort at self-restraint, and avoid dissolving in tears, as it is bad for the eyes, and if indulged in will get a mastery over you. Still better, be more careful not to deserve censure.

CATHIE.—1. We regret to disappoint you in our reply to both questions. We cannot give addresses of shops; and are unable to speak favourably of your verses, which are not correct in composition. But we thank you for your nice letter.—2. The zither is a charming and very portable instrument, but rather difficult to learn.

ANXIOUS LILY.—There is only one "step to take" in reference to the proposed publication of your MS. Send it to any publisher who brings out works of the same kind, accompanied by a letter, and request to have it returned within a specified time. Also, name any articles of yours, and the magazines in which they appeared.

GIPSY.—The best cure for a bilious headache is to attend to your diet and take a mild course of mineral waters, suitable for putting the liver in order. Your medical man would prescribe what would suit you best, or a good experienced chemist. But your adviser should see you, and know something about you.

A. M. WYATT.—You should conduct the gentleman to the lady, and present him to her, giving his name. Then pronounce the name of the lady. Just in the same way you should present the younger person, or the inferior in position or rank, to the superior, naming the person presented, and afterwards the superior. You appear to be well qualified as a teacher, if you could get an appointment in a school—public or private—to take a situation as a governess, or find pupils as a visiting governess.

MISS M. PATERSON.—We have pleasure in mentioning your Early Rising Society, and give your address—Elie, Fife. Member's fee on entrance, 6d. only. Prizes given every half year. The rules to be had for 2d. We are glad to encourage our readers to join this branch, amongst our girls' clubs, as the value of the morning hours is so great; and study, or work of any description, can be done free of interruption.

TROUBLED ONE thinks of "shutting the door when the horse is stolen." Why did you allow this very excellent young man to kiss you on several occasions when alone? You should have objected on the first attempt; and said that you could not allow such familiarity except from an engaged lover. Be sure he does not respect you the more for permitting him to take such a liberty so often without resistance or rebuke. You have only yourself to blame.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—1. If a strange man picked up anything you had dropped, or showed any such little act of politeness, of course you should say, "Thank you." But it is a rule, that holds good in most cases, that you should not speak to strange men; nor look at, nor appear to hear them, if they presume to address you.—2. You had better take the plush to a cleaner, and consult as to whether anything can be done to it.

THREE SCHOOLGIRLS.—1. The 5th of November, 1837, was a Sunday.—2. The cure for blushing is to forget yourself and think of somebody, or something else. Girls of fifteen and sixteen have other studies than novel-reading to which their time should be devoted. Such books are very unwholesome for them—unformed and undeveloped as the judgment is at that tender age; and the mind is too open to evil influences, not to speak of the waste of time, which should be devoted to reading standard works—history, biography, travels, natural history, and works of research, by way of recreation.

BOOK-WORM.—The iron-mould colour that comes over the leaves of old books, produced by damp, might be removed by two applications successively, first, of a solution of sulphuret of potash, to render the iron soluble, and then one of oxalic acid, or either citric or tartaric acid; these acids will also remove writing on the margin, if desired, without affecting the printed matter.

CARRIE.—You should read the articles given on the subject of the hair in this magazine. Rosemary tea is good for making it grow, which can be made at home; but we could not give recipes for washes sold in the shops, nor trade addresses.

A WAITING-MAID should keep her nails cut short, and carefully rounded and filed smooth, so that they may not scratch or easily hold dust and dirt.—2. If we could give an absolute remedy for "neuralgia in the head" our fortune might be made. Sometimes a tonic will do good; and avoidance of damp is essential. The mind should be kept free from anxiety likewise. But a doctor who understands your constitution alone could advise you safely as to what sort of tonic would suit you.

BESS.—1. The French phrase you quote means literally "Answer if it you please."—2. The 16th of February, 1874, was a Monday.

KETTLE SMITH.—In Genesis xxii. 16 you will find the words, "By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord." It had reference to Abraham, not to Joseph.

MADEMOISELLE.—Your English is creditable. We regret that we can make no promises about future articles or stories.

MISS MASON.—Our friends who need the benefit of a "Home of Rest" will be glad to be informed of your change of address, viz., "The Hawthornes," Framfield, near Uckfield, Sussex. It may be well to remind our readers that this Home is provided for "business women, Post Office clerks, school teachers," etc. The railway fare from town, for a month's return ticket, is reduced to 5s. 3d.; and board and lodging for a week to 12s. 6d. In some special cases a further reduction has been made. The maintenance of the Home demands an income of £120 per annum, and it may be well to state the fact that Miss Mason (once herself a shop assistant) has no private means, and has only nine annual subscribers. But the little institution has proved a success since it was opened at Horsted Keynes in March, 1886.

SALLY OF OUR ALLEY.—Editors and authors prefer to employ the pronoun "we" to avoid the constant repetition of the more egotistic-sounding "I." By general consent the use of the latter pronoun is avoided as much as possible. The substitution of the first person plural dates from the time of King John, who perhaps may have adopted it in compliment to the barons who compelled him to sign the Magna Charta. But this is only a suggestion. Previous to his reign our monarchs used the singular pronoun "I."

IVY.—1. The best colours to suit a sallow complexion are red and gold.—2. You must refer to our Indexes to find our directions, given from time to time, on painting upon silk and satin with water-colours.

A. G. B.—The question of the migration of birds who seek warmer quarters than ours for the winter season, was for some time a matter of uncertainty. There is no doubt, as regards swallows, that they make their way to Africa, some travelling to the Island of St. Thomas, on the west coast, on the Equator, and on the east coast to Natal. They also visit Cape Colony. At Sierra Leone and the Senegal River they are not mere visitors, but may be seen all the year round. They are likewise visitors to the North-West Provinces of India.

M. A.—We thank you for your nice letter and pleasing verses.



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GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

"MY DEAREST ESTHER,—You will want to hear how Dacre got home, and what we all think of him; and really we hardly knew him, he seemed so well and so strong. You know Aunt and Uncle Overton got home two days before him, and uncle is quite well again; but they felt very anxious about Dacre, though they knew he was mending and away from home, so that they did not hurry on his account. They never got the telegrams about his being so ill till they got the one saying he was out of danger, so that they had not altered their plans. They reached Greyfriars nearly a week ago, and were disappointed not to find you there; but were very much pleased to hear of your marriage, and thought it would be delightful to have you for a near neighbour. Indeed, everybody was very much pleased except mamma. Oh, Esther, I must tell you, because it will amuse you so very much—mamma had got it into her head that I was fond of Everard—I may call him so now, may I not, because he seems like a sort of cousin as well as an old friend?—and that he liked me too. Well, I hope he does, though not in the way mamma meant; and when she heard of your engagement she was dreadfully cross, and said I had lost my last chance, and that she really did not know what to do with me. She disliked a daughter who was such a failure, and I should be in May's way when she came out, always making our party so overweighted with women. Well, when she got as far as that I thought my time had come, and so I took courage, and said I was tired of society life, and might I go into a hospital, for I liked nursing better than anything, and had proved that I could do it? At first she seemed very much taken aback; but she was not quite as much against it as I had feared. And then granny spoke up, and said she could not see anything against it. Many ladies of the best families did that kind

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"SHE DID NOT SHRINK OR TREMBLE." (*See p.* 381.)

of thing in these days, and she had heard how clever and managing I had been in the sick-room whilst Dacre had been so ill. I saw then that you had paved the way, and praised me up, and I'm ever so much obliged to you for it. Mamma goes a good deal by granny's opinion, and she was just in the mood to think anything better than taking me back to town, to be dragged through the usual set of summer gaieties—an unmarketable daughter whom nobody will have. So I am to stay on at Greyfriars, looking after granny, who really wants somebody with her a great deal, until something has been settled, and I can begin my new work. And I am so delighted, I cannot tell you, not to be going back to all the boredom of those wearisome parties, where all the silly boys and girls say exactly the same things every time they meet, and the sensible men and women do not care to talk to me because I know so little and am so badly educated. And then, by staying here, I shall see you when you come to settle down after your wedding tour, which Dacre says will be very short because your husband has been so long away already. Papa and mamma and May are going away almost directly, and of course the boys are all gone back to school, and Humphrey has gone with them this time, to his great joy. Dacre is the only boy now at home, and he seems so grown-up, and is so delightful and so courteous to everybody, that we hardly know him again. Living alone with you for two months seems to have made a new man of him; and his great triumph is having got his *protégé* and ex-servant, Miller, a place in the service of that good clergyman in Barford who takes such interest in black sheep, and does so much to rescue them. Of course the whole truth is known to him; but he is not daunted, and he thinks the man is truly penitent, and will be reclaimed with time and patience. Dacre is so pleased about it; and I am sure having tried to influence Miller for good has done an immense deal for him. He seems to have lost all liking for going about to all sorts of places which was such a difficulty once. As he said to me, when he was talking about Miller, 'Of course, if I want him to keep straight, and out of bad company, I must set him the example myself. He is certain to hear if I go about into the old places and with the old set, and he will think me a humbug, and that will be worse for him than anything.' You know how determined Dacre always is, and I believe, now that his mind is made up to 'turn over a new leaf,' he will be just as steady and trustworthy as he was wild and *difficile* before. And you cannot think how pleased his father and mother are, not only with him, but with them all. They will have a great deal to say to you, I know, when you come back; and I am so glad I shall be there to welcome you too, for you are the very first friend I have ever made, and I want you to be my friend always.—Yours very affectionately,

"BERTHA GOSTLING."

Esther smiled as she passed the letter on to her husband, and his face brightened as he read it through. It was pleasant indeed to have such good news of "their boy," as they sometimes called Dacre, and as he liked to be called. During the weeks passed at the seaside together both had come to know him better than ever before, and the softening and change wrought upon him by dangerous illness, and other influences latterly brought to bear upon him, had been strengthened and fostered by Esther's motherly gentleness and Everard's brotherly care. He had been happier than ever in his life before, and happiness is one of the best of tonics. He had recovered faster than they had dared to hope; and though he must always be delicate, and unfit for the life of public school or college, there seemed room to hope that with time and more reasonable conduct and submission to rule he might grow up to a sufficiency of strength for the easy life of a country gentleman, which, luckily, his father's means would allow him to provide, independent of any profession.

"I always thought Dacre the most interesting of them all, though he was by far the most difficult subject. I am so delighted to hear him spoken of like this."

"You see your residence at Greyfriars was not in vain," said Everard, with a proud, fond smile at his wife; and as Esther glowed, and disclaimed what his words seemed to imply, he answered gravely—

"Of course I know that there may have been other influences at work too. I believe that the girls certainly, if not Dacre himself, had got into a state of secret dissatisfaction with a good many things about them, and were unconsciously feeling about for the thing they lacked. They had fine minds, running to waste, and you gave them just that ballast which they so much needed. Changes are not wrought in a day, and it seemed a long time before there was any improvement; but example is never thrown away, whatever precept may be, and they did see in you a something which attracted them in spite of their first hostility. You have won their hearts; you will always be looked on as a friend, and as we shall be their nearest neighbours as well as their relatives and intimates, I trust the impression once produced will be permanent. It is a great thing for their parents to recognise the change. They are not exactly indifferent to their children, but they had let them get beyond them, and then they got into a sort of resigned despair. Mr. Overton, however, was awaking to the consciousness that things were growing serious, and I believe no one will be more grateful than he for the result of your year with his boys and girls."

And it seemed as if Everard were right in this.

It was not very many days later that he took his young wife home to the quaint old Manor-house, which she entered with a sense of deep happiness and gratitude. It was not so large or so beautiful as Greyfriars, but it was more homely and peaceful, and she had nothing but sweet associations with it, which is more than could be said of her sister's house, though she had learned to love the place in spite of all. She could never forget that the great happiness of her own life had come to her through her residence at Greyfriars, and there was such a welcome for her when she crossed its threshold again as to show her that here was always a second home, and that her own kindred delighted in her presence.

Her sister came towards her with outstretched hands and tears of feeling in her eyes, and Esther thought that even in her days of youthful bloom and beauty Rosamond had never looked more lovely than she did then.

"We can never thank you, dearest Esther, for all your goodness to our dear children. They all say that Dacre owes his life to you, and the dear boy is so changed for the better we hardly know him again. But there, I must not keep you. There are half a dozen of them ready to eat you up. Yes, Everard, you may well be grateful to me for having such a sister, and for bringing her here in my place. You have got a treasure for your own, and out of gratitude to me for bringing you together you must make up your minds to spend as much of your time as you can spare from home at Greyfriars, to let Esther go on with the work she has begun here." The last words were little more than a whisper, but he heard them and rejoiced.

As for Esther, she was almost overwhelmed with the warmth of her welcome. Dacre and Bertha both claimed her as lawful prey, and Lady Eleanora was unfeignedly glad to see her, and everybody had so much to say that the first hours were almost bewildering; but when, after dinner, Rosamond insisted on carrying off her sister to her own boudoir for a little quiet talk, they spent a very happy hour together there, and Esther learned more of her sister's cares and difficulties since her early and imprudent marriage than ever she had done before.

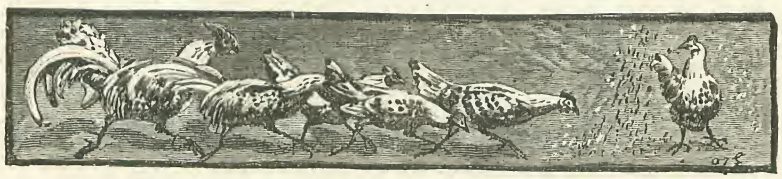
"You see they all thought differently from anything in which I had been brought up, and I was weak and timid, and gave it all up, and tried not to care. But, Esther, it did not do—it did not answer; and we were punished by seeing the effects of our careless ways upon our children. It took some time for Algernon to see it as I began to do; but since his health has failed, and he has had more time to think, it has come over him, as it did over me, that there is only one way in which children ought to be brought up, and that is—as our dear mother used to phrase it—in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' We met several very nice people when we were away—people of the old-fashioned sort, as I had got to call them—and Algernon quite took to them, and he has been different ever since. We were so thankful to find you had begun the work here. I had half hoped you would when I asked you, though I was ashamed to ask you in so many words. And if the change in Dacre has anything to do with a change in his mind (and I cannot doubt that it has, though he is much too reserved to say a word), I am sure we cannot be thankful enough. I have

always been haunted by a terrible fear that he would do something desperate, and perhaps come to a fearful end; and to see him as he is now is more comfort than I can express. All the children are improved, and Miss Fisher is quite in spirits about them, and has lost her air of depression; whilst as for Jessie, I hardly know her in her diligence, and her readiness to sacrifice amusement to the desire of getting more knowledge, and fitting herself to be something more than a mere butterfly young lady—like her mother at her age. That unlucky ball, though it cost us a pretty penny in buying back the stolen diamond, did a great deal of good to the girl. It has quite cured her of wishing to be a woman before her time. And though this must be quite a secret between you and me for the present, I should like you to know that Lady Easterby has whispered to me that her son seems more than ever smitten with Jessie's prettiness, since she has grown more shy and retiring, and has ceased to try and attract his notice. I am so sorry we ever put silly ideas into her pretty head about marriage, when she ought to have been thinking of her books and her music, and such things. But she turned to them of her own accord when she was frightened at the lengths her folly and vanity had carried her; and now I do trust I have learnt sense enough not to disturb her again, but to encourage her to keep her youth and unconsciousness as long as possible. Why, my dearest Esther, you are younger in looks and mind, and are far fresher now, than I was at twenty. I mean to take a leaf out of your book both for myself and for the children."

"Yes, that we do," said Mr. Overton's voice at the door. "Well, Esther—if I may take a brother's privilege and call you so—I have no doubt you have been enough harried with thanks as it is, so I will keep mine for another occasion, only don't go away with the impression that I am ungrateful, because I am not, and that I hope to prove to you as occasion may serve, now that we are to be such near neighbours. Ah, you want to escape, I can see; and there is a great outcry for you downstairs, so I will not detain you longer. I wish you all joy of your future, and hope you will never regret the year you spent in the bear-garden here."

"Indeed, indeed I never can," said Esther, warmly. "And you must not think that I was unhappy here. I had my cares and anxieties of course, but those I should have had anywhere. And I do not think I ever spent a more interesting or, on the whole, a more happy year anywhere than this last one has been when my home has been at Greyfriars."

[THE END.]



ARTIFICIAL HATCHING.

ARTIFICIAL hatching can hardly be called a modern discovery, as it was practised in Egypt thousands of years ago. I do not know exactly how it was done there, but I will try to describe how I have seen it done here.

Most likely some who read this have seen the contrivances used in Regent Street, or those in the Health Exhibition, but I may say, for the information of people to whom the subject is new, that the first thing required is an oven: not that any chickens need be expected if eggs were put into the oven in the kitchen range and left there for three weeks. Pure air is so necessary to success in hatching that the egg oven requires a room to itself, in which the temperature should be kept at 60° Fahrenheit.

The structure called an egg oven looks like a large box, having plugs or slides in it for ventilation, a small round hole in the top to pour water into, and a tap near the bottom to let the water out: for the box-like object contains a tank holding several gallons of water, and within this is an aperture for the eggs, often called the nest.

When the eggs are put in—which is best done in March—the tank must be quite empty before it is filled with boiling water through a funnel. It will have to be always kept full; and no eggs should be put in the nest until a day or two after the tank is filled, that the heat may be steady. Some sand is put into the nest to place the eggs upon. They should not be shaken; and if they are brought from the hen-house while the sun is shining they ought to be covered. After being put into the nest the eggs should be turned every day, and also held up between the operator and the light, to see if the little dark speck, or germ, is increasing in size, or whether any eggs are clear. The latter will not hatch, and should be taken out and replaced by others. The eggs in the nest must be damped occasionally: a sitting hen would not keep them dry always. The temperature must also be tested whenever the oven is opened by putting a registering thermometer upon the eggs in the nest—the arrow looked at to learn how high it has been, and drawn down by the magnet to the present level of the mercury.

When not in use, a small bar of iron should be kept upon the magnet. The temperature of the nest was generally 98° Fahrenheit. It may be as low as 75° Fahrenheit just before hot water is put in the tank, and as high as 103° or even 104° Fahrenheit just after.

One must *do* anything—or as poor people, and those who have earned their incomes, more often say, *give*—anything rather than let the heat be greater than this. The chickens would all die if the nest were allowed to be hotter.

About three gallons of water have to be taken out of the tank at half-past eight o'clock twice daily, and the same quantity of boiling water put in, to keep the tank full. The exact quantity of water taken out depends on the size of the oven and on the heat of the weather. More is required in cold than in warm weather. The nest, too, is always warmer when the eggs are nearly hatched.

Some people think that a sitting hen having to leave her nest to feed is at best a necessary evil so far as the eggs are concerned, instead of which it has been found a distinct assistance in hatching the eggs. In artificial hatching it has proved indispensable to imitate the effect of this by opening the ventilators and both doors of the oven twice a day. Only experience will teach how long they should remain open. If the nest is ever found too hot, a woollen shade, sold for the purpose, must be put over the eggs.

When all these operations have been performed with the utmost regularity for three weeks, chickens will appear, unless all the eggs first put in the nest were clear.

Hens have often been blamed for throwing eggs out of the nest: it was generally supposed they had done so accidentally; now it is believed they have some means of knowing which eggs will hatch, and discard the others. This must also be done in an egg oven. Should any eggs be addled, or chickens die, they should be immediately removed.

Chickens generally announce their existence by chirping cheerfully a day or two before they come out of the shell. They often leave one half of the shell neatly inside the other, which was formerly supposed to have been done by the hen.

The chickens may be left in the oven for some hours. They will not need any food for twenty-four hours after they are hatched: that is provided in the egg, just as bees carry their food with them when they swarm. When the chickens are taken out of the oven they should be put into another box, called a "brooder," kept warm by a small tank of hot water over them. They will need feeding with fine oatmeal or bread-crumbs at regular intervals of an hour and a half, and to be supplied with clean water to drink.

When they get old enough to be out of doors, they will be so tame they will run to whoever feeds them, and like to be handled. They usually follow the largest chicken of the party. Being without a mother to defend them, they must be kept in a place secure from rats and hawks.

The only notice hens take of artificially hatched chickens is to drive them away, hunting and pecking them if they go into their inclosure. The hens will also steal their food if they can. Among the advantages of artificial hatching are the tameness and cleanness of the poultry.

They will not be infested with insects if the hen-house is kept clean and strewn with fresh ashes every day; and if instead of the eggs being laid in nests, they are laid on a little bracken placed on a bit of waterproof in a dark corner of the henhouse. Many more chickens can be reared in this way in a season than could be hatched under hens, for none can be killed by hens treading upon them.

A. LOCKHART.

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

VI.



WHEN the "Underground Railroad" had been successfully carrying on its traffic for twenty years, in 1850 the friends of the slave were put afresh upon their mettle by the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, that gave the Southerners new power to reclaim run-aways wherever found in the territory of the United States. This notorious Act, interfering as it did with the rights of individual States, roused to fury many who had hitherto felt little sympathy with the Abolitionists. So strong was the force of public feeling in the North that its being put into operation nearly brought about a civil war in the heart of New England; and in many neighbourhoods it practically became a dead letter, as might have been expected of a law which the most virtuous and orderly citizens proclaimed themselves ready to defy. There are many inhabitants of Boston who still remember the excitement of that day when poor Anthony Burns, carried back to slavery amid the indignant protests of the whole city, had to be escorted by a hollow square of United States troops through the streets, where the places of business were shut, the church bells tolled as if for a funeral, flags hung half-mast high, and many of the houses were draped with black in token of the general mourning and humiliation.

Scenes of actual violence took place in several northern towns. A notorious instance was the rescue of Jerry at Syracuse, in New York. Daniel Webster, whose influence had been largely responsible for the passing of the law, made a violent speech at Syracuse, declaring all who resisted it to be traitors, and threatening that it should be enforced if needful in the middle of the city. But there were men at Syracuse who thought this great orator the traitor to freedom; they formed themselves into an association for standing by one another to prevent any slave being taken from among them. At the first sign of danger the bell of a meeting-house was to be rung in a certain manner, and at the sound of this tocsin the confederates would come together to act as might seem best.

After two or three false alarms, in the autumn of 1851 a mulatto named Jerry McHenry was arrested. As if to carry out Daniel Webster's tone of defiance, the moment had been chosen when an anti-slavery convention was being held at Syracuse, as also the meeting of an agricultural society, so that the city happened to be full of people, many of them the last men to look quietly on at the outrage of re-enslaving a fugitive. The signal bell soon brought an excited crowd to the place where Jerry, in handcuffs, was undergoing the mockery of a trial. Not being very closely guarded—perhaps his guards would not be over-anxious to keep an eye on him—in the middle of the proceedings he slipped out into the street, and ran off at all speed, the crowd cheering and making way for him. The police followed, but he had run some half a mile before they could catch him up. Then, manacled as he was, he fought like a tiger among the hunters, and could be overpowered only by numbers, all torn and bloodstained, covered with bruises, and one of his ribs broken. In this plight he was thrown upon a waggon, two policemen sitting upon him to hold him down, and thus brought back to the police office through the raging and execrating crowd, almost worked up to the point of tearing him out of the hands of the officers. "Speak the word, and we'll have Jerry out," was said more than once to the Rev. Samuel J. May, who again appears playing a prominent part in this affair. But Mr. May, as full of zeal as anyone, urged caution for the present, pointing out what had come of a rash and unsupported attempt at rescue, and promising that at the right time proper measures would be taken. There could be no good in getting the poor fellow away till it had been arranged what to do with him.

Presently Mr. May was called on by the chief of the police to calm down Jerry, whom he found in his cell raving like a madman, as was not unnatural for one handled as he had been.

"Would you be calm with those irons on you?" he roared out. "What have I done to be treated so? Take off these handcuffs, and if I do not fight my way through these fellows that have got me here, then you may make me a slave!" But he became more tranquil as by whispered snatches the visitor gave him some hint of what was being done outside on his behalf.

On leaving him, Mr. May went to a house where twenty or thirty resolute Abolitionists were holding council, among them Gerrit Smith, a Member of Congress and a tried friend of the slave. It was agreed to have a swift horse and a buggy in readiness, in which Jerry when got out should be driven rapidly about the streets hither and thither, so as to throw pursuit off the scent; but then, for the meantime, he was to be hidden in the city, every exit being guarded, as the report ran. At a given signal the doors and windows of the police office were to be demolished, and the rescuers would rush in, making themselves masters of the situation by numbers rather than by blows. Special injunctions were given not to hurt the policemen, who were doing only their duty. "If anyone is to be injured in this fray," said Mr. May, "I hope it may be one of our own party." Such was the spirit in which those philanthropists set about breaking the law.

About eight o'clock in the evening the plan was successfully carried out. One of the officers jumped from a window and seriously injured himself; another fired a pistol which slightly wounded one of the rescuers. At no greater cost, the police office was quickly in their hands. Jerry was carried off as arranged, and found shelter in the house of a worthy couple, who did not fear the penalty of aiding one in such a case. It was well for him that he had not far to go that night. Battered and broken, now that the excitement was over he had passed into a state of feverish exhaustion, which urgently demanded rest. Rest he had for several days, only half a dozen persons being in the secret of where he was. Most people believed that he had escaped to Canada. When he did set out, however, suspicion was awakened, and a hot chase took place for eight or ten miles; but the rescuers had provided swift horses that carried him safe to another asylum. Finally he reached Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and the captain of a small schooner was found to take the risk of getting him across to Canadian soil.

For this business eighteen of the "traitors" were indicted, with the usual result in such cases. The prisoners came to answer this charge attended by a hundred of their fellow-citizens, many of them the leading men of the place. Gerrit Smith, S. J. May, and another of the ringleaders, published in the papers an acknowledgment that they had done all they could to rescue Jerry. But the prosecuting officials did not venture even to bring them to trial.

After this triumphant exploit, the anti-slavery men of that region were left for several years without any great cause for agitation. In the spring of 1859, however, the law that had lain almost dead and buried was resuscitated at Troy, on the Hudson. Here a mulatto named Charles Nalle was seized at the suit of his own half-brother, who looked no whiter than himself. Harriet Tubman, that eccentric agent of the "Underground Railroad," happened to be passing through the town, and at once flew to her fellow-black's aid. She found a waggon waiting at the door of the Commissioner's office to carry Nalle away; but already so many people had collected that the officers were afraid to bring their prisoner out. To increase the confusion, Harriet sent off some small boys to cry "Fire!" which had the desired result of swelling the crowd till the street was blocked up. Such seemed the temper of the mob that the slave-owner thought well to come to terms. He offered to give up his half-brother for twelve hundred dollars; and there were those who, for the sake of peace, would gladly have got rid of his claim at this price. But a gentleman shouted out from a window, "Two hundred dollars for his rescue, but not one cent to his master!" and this was received with a roar of approval from the crowd. From another window at one time were seen projecting the slave's legs as he tried to squeeze himself out, having for the moment slipped from the hands of his guardians; but he was hauled back. At a third appeared Harriet, her black old face set in a great sun-bonnet, calling on those below to snatch away the man when the officers brought him out. Such were the incidents that kept up the excitement of this waiting multitude.

At last the door opened and the slave appeared in handcuffs, his master beside him, the two brothers scandalously like each other. Harriet from her window rushed down to the rescue; and her sun-bonnet was the oriflamme of the tumult that followed. Tearing away his guards, she threw her arms round the slave, clinging to him through all, as again and again he and she were knocked down together in the middle of the surging crowd, which bore them along through street after street, the officers vainly trying to keep a hold on their prisoner. The slave was bleeding; Harriet's clothes were torn off her back. She had crowned him with her big bonnet, perhaps in a vague idea of disguise, and thus, after a long scrimmage, they reached the river bank. The fugitive was thrown into a boat and hastily rowed away to the other side. But there he was seen to be arrested afresh by a police

officer, who naturally laid hold of a man running off in handcuffs. Hundreds of people, the unconquerable Harriet still at their head, crowded into the ferry-boat and crossed over in pursuit. Some school children showed them the house into which the prisoner had been taken. They rushed to the charge. The officers within fired on them, but apparently took care to aim over their heads. Shots and stones came back in return. A powerful negro tore open the door, to be at once felled by a hatchet in the hands of the deputy sheriff. But the fallen man's body blocked up the door; before it could be closed, the prisoner's friends had forced their way in and hauled him out. At this moment, as luck would have it, a gentleman drove by with a thoroughbred horse in his trap. Learning the cause of the commotion, he told them to take his horse and drive till it dropped. So, the irons having been cut off his bleeding arms, Charles Nalle was soon speeding on his way to Canada, like so many others before him; but the time was not far off when Richmond and New Orleans would be as safe for such a one as Boston or Toronto.

So much would white men do for negroes endangered under the Fugitive Slave law. To what extremes, then, might not desperation drive the hunted slaves themselves? Levi Coffin has one sad and terrible story on this head. A band of fugitives had got safely away to Cincinnati. There they came to be tracked out, and their retreat surrounded. The doors and windows being barred, they fought for their liberty, though only three men were in the party, with Margaret Garner, a young mother, and her four children. When, after several shots had been fired, the officers battered their way into the house, Margaret seized a knife, cut the throat of her daughter, and was about to kill the other children before stabbing herself; but her hands were held in time. The struggle ended round the corpse of the murdered child. The others were overpowered and lodged in jail.

This affair of course caused a great sensation, and called forth much sympathy for the unhappy mother. There were white women who did not stick at saying that, in her place, they would have done as she did. Three years later, during the Indian Mutiny, English gentlemen vowed to do the same by their dear ones before seeing them fall into the power of a cruel enemy. Margaret Garner's friends sought to have her charged with murder in Ohio, which seemed better than letting her be taken south as a fugitive slave. The prisoners told their counsel that they would "go singing to the gallows," rather than return into slavery. But this impassioned advocate vainly appealed to the feelings of the court, asking if Congress could demand obedience to a law requiring men "to carry fuel to hell." It was decided that the stringent terms of the Fugitive Slave Bill overrode all other laws, so that a prisoner under it could not even be tried for murder in the State where the crime had been committed. Margaret was given up, and carried down the river. A story came back that she had sprung off the boat with her youngest child in her arms; the mother was rescued but the babe drowned. Then the dark curtain of Southern thraldom fell on this unfinished tragedy of horror, of madness, of reckless despair.

At Christiana, not far from Philadelphia, was a numerous community of negroes, some of whom knew themselves to be imperilled by the new Act. About a year after its passing, information leaked out, as it did so often in such cases by connivance of the officials, that a party of slave-hunters were getting up a raid on that quarter. The Philadelphia Vigilance Committee at once sent off a messenger to Christiana, warning those concerned of what was in the wind. The threatened negroes would not fly; taking heart from numbers, they resolved to stand on their defence, backed up by the other coloured people of the neighbourhood. So when a number of Marylanders, accompanied by a constable, were discovered at daybreak lurking near the house of one of the coloured men, there was no difficulty in guessing their business. They forced their way into the lower storey; but the negroes within barricaded themselves in the upper part, and refused to let the house be searched, declaring they were determined never to be taken alive. One or two harmless shots were fired, a horn was blown from the windows, and at this signal the black people began to flock together, armed with axes, sticks, or agricultural implements, which would serve as formidable weapons in the hands of angry men, till there were three or four dozen assembled about the house, some of whom also had fire-arms. The slave-catching party had not reckoned on encountering an organized resistance of such strength. An hour or two had been spent in useless threats and parleyings, when two respectable Quakers rode up. The constable called on them to aid him in enforcing the law: but they refused, and advised the strangers to give up their errand to avoid bloodshed. It is stated that they interfered only to protect the officer against the growing indignation of the crowd, and that he then, judging discretion the better part of valour, made his retreat into a corn-field and held himself at a safe distance from what followed. His employers did not show the same prudence. Their southern blood, too, was up, and old Mr. Gorsuch, the leader of the party, swore he would have his slaves at any cost. As the Quakers turned to leave the scene where they had vainly endeavoured to cast oil on those troubled passions, a scuffle began, caused by one of the negroes trying to make his way out of the house. The white men, it is said, were first to fire their revolvers; the blacks fired back again. Old Mr. Gorsuch was shot dead, his son lay badly wounded, and their companions ran away. Several of the coloured men received slight wounds in this affray, but it was their clothes that suffered most. They said that "the Lord protected them." When the fighting was over, a number of friends and other anti-slavery men came up to look after the wounded. The master of the attacked house behaved like a man and a brother to young Gorsuch, still in danger from the angry excitement of the other negroes. He was taken into the house of a Quaker family, who, after a due protest "that they had no unity with his cruel business," treated him so kindly that he repented of his share in it, and vowed never to go slave-hunting again if his life should be spared. This may remind us of an incident in Mrs. Stowe's novel, where Tom Loker was nursed among the Quakers into milder ways.

Such a riot naturally produced a burst of indignation on the other side. The moderate as well as the pro-slavery newspapers denounced it as an act of insurrection, and clamoured for punishment of the offenders, censuring the Abolitionists as more to blame than the negroes, whom they were supposed to have encouraged. The law put out its powers, and no less than thirty men, white and black, were arrested, among them the worthy Quakers, who had taken no part in the matter but to counsel peace. The grand jury found true bills against these men and ten others, charged with so high-sounding a crime as treason. They lay in prison three months, not without marks of sympathy from various quarters. The son of the judge who had committed them treated the whole party on Thanksgiving Day to a dinner in jail, at which they entertained the mayor, the marshal and other officials. Two of them were in special danger, having been identified as fugitive slaves. These two somehow contrived to escape; and it was suspected that the marshal himself had a hand in it. The rest had not much to fear. The trial ended in their favour, to which public opinion had veered round when the matter came to be more fully considered.

Such incidents show how much public opinion had changed since mobs attacked the early Abolition Societies a generation ago. In the North the mobs were now on the side of freedom, and the band of obscure agitators had grown into a powerful party. Before long their cause became matter of famous history. The Kansas border troubles, John Brown's daring attempt and tragic fate, were quickly followed by the great Civil War, which washed out in so much dear blood that blot upon American freedom. A few more years and the oppressed negroes could sing—

"There is mourning in the North, there is mourning in the South,
For the young men of the people who have perished in their youth;
But our hearts are filled with gladness, and a song is in our mouth,
To the Lord that set us free."

Thus this crusade begun by Quakers and peaceful social reformers in the name of mercy and justice, ended "with the shaking of the nations, with the hurricane of fight." Let us not forget that throughout its long progress one of the most effectual blows was struck by a woman. The turmoil stirred up by the Fugitive Slave Bill was at its height when Mrs. Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which, originally planned as a series of newspaper sketches, grew under the author's hands, and came out in the very nick of time to make an unparalleled sensation. Within a year of its publication two hundred thousand copies were sold in America. In England it is stated that thirty editions were brought out within six months. All over Europe the title of the book and its characters became household words. Seldom has it been given to any writer to exercise such an immediate and widespread influence. This story made converts by myriads to the anti-slavery cause; it was like a telescope bringing near to distant people the wrongs of its hero's race. The American negro was henceforth adopted into the sympathies of every Christian heart; and the whole civilised world cried shame upon Columbia till she had done away with that cruel mockery on her declaration of independence.

That the shadows of her tale were not exaggerated Mrs. Beecher Stowe proved by the publication of *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, presenting in painful array the facts upon which she had based that dark picture. No one can now doubt how many wrongs, sorrows, and outrages must be laid to the charge of slavery, a system which cursed the oppressor as surely as the oppressed. But while we remember with pity the negro's sufferings, of which the whole Anglo-Saxon race has been in the past so guilty, we should give due honour to the memory of those men and women, wiser and nobler than their fellows, who bravely played the hero and sometimes the martyr in individual efforts against a national sin. A generation has nearly passed since America cleared herself of that crying reproach. For our part, we English have the right to be proud that no living man knew the day when a slave breathed in our land, and that for more than half a century we have fought to strike the fetters off slaves in the dark places of the earth, thereby truly earning the praise of our great woman-poet—

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are they among nations who dare to be strong for the rest."

POTATOES.



POTATOES form such an important part of our daily food that it is difficult to realise the fact that three hundred years ago they were unknown in this country. As the world advances in civilisation, so too does our food supply advance with it. It is perhaps difficult to imagine the daily life of the poorer classes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Tea and potatoes were alike unknown, and it is said that tobacco was first smoked in Penzance by Sir Walter Raleigh after landing from the almost unknown shores of America. As the world advances and becomes more populated, the same Divine Providence that brought down manna in the wilderness will assuredly provide sufficient food for those who are willing to work, but, at the same time, all should bear in mind the righteous law which says, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

At the present time, when so many thousands—ah! tens of thousands—are suffering from absolute want, it is more than ever incumbent on those who are better off to practise strict economy in their daily food. Probably no vegetable is so universally used in this country as potatoes. Every family in England who can afford meat daily are, almost without exception, in the habit of having a dish of potatoes with their meat. The question arises, How far is it possible to use potatoes, not simply as an accompaniment to meat, but as a dish in itself.

We all know that in many parts of Ireland potatoes are almost the only form of food; but then in Ireland potatoes are very cheap indeed, the climate and soil are particularly favourable to their growth, and the poorer inhabitants plant, and ultimately eat, their own supply of food. We must remember that if we live on potatoes alone it would be necessary that we eat a very large quantity in order to sustain life. Sir Henry Thompson, in writing on this subject, states: "The Irishman requires for his support ten to eleven pounds of potatoes daily, which contain chiefly starch—of which, therefore, he consumes a superfluous quantity—very little nitrogen, and scarcely any fat. Hence he obtains, when he can, some buttermilk or bacon, or a herring, to supply the deficiency." Again, Sir Henry Thompson states: "The potato forms a vegetable basis in composition closely resembling rice, and requiring therefore additions of nitrogenous and fatty elements. The Irishman's inseparable ally, the pig, is the natural and, to him, necessary complement of the tuber, making the latter a complete and palatable dish. The everyday combination of mashed potato and sausage is an application of the same principle. In the absence of pork the potato-eater substitutes a cheap oily fish—the herring. The combination of fatty material with the potato is still further illustrated in our baked potato and butter; in fried potatoes in their endless variety of form; in potato mashed with milk or cream; also served in the ordinary way with *maître d'hotel* butter; finally arriving at the most perfect and finished combination in the *pommes de terre sautées au beurre* of a first-class French restaurant, where it becomes almost a *plat de luxe*."

We have quoted Sir Henry Thompson word for word and, without venturing to differ from such a great authority, may remark that the ten or twelve pounds of potatoes said to be eaten by an Irish labourer would probably be the extreme limit that a man would take were he to have what he would call "his fill," as probably half this amount would be nearer the mark as applicable to his everyday life. What we will endeavour to do is to give a few simple recipes showing how potatoes may form a cheap and nourishing dish in themselves, instead of simply being used as an accompaniment to material that costs per pound ten times as much.

First, let us endeavour to grasp the principle at stake. Potatoes contain starch, but no fat. In what way can we add fat so as to make them a meat in themselves, or, at any rate, a dish in itself. Sir Henry Thompson speaks of potatoes *sautées* as a dish considered luxurious even in a Parisian restaurant. The luxury consists more in the skill used in cooking it than in the cost of material. We will describe how to make this simple dish. We take the remains of some boiled potatoes that will cut firm and hard. They must not be floury. We cut these into slices about half an inch thick, and place them in a frying-pan with a little butter. We toss them lightly about with a fork till they begin to turn brown round the edges, but it is not necessary to brown them all over. We now throw them into a vegetable dish, which, of course, must be made hot; pour what little butter remains in the frying-pan over them, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over them, and then throw a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley over the whole. We can also add a little pepper and salt. This is a most delicious dish, and with a slice of bread forms an excellent supper by itself, and a far cheaper one than is too often made, even in economical families, off cold boiled mutton. Strange to say, this dish is rarely met with properly cooked, not only in English families, but even in English hotels, and a few words on the cause of failure may not be amiss.

How often do we get an omelet in a private house to compare with one obtainable in a French restaurant? Hardly ever. The reason is, that English cooks do not grasp the fact that one frying-pan will not do for all purposes. You cannot make an omelet in a pan that has fried liver and bacon, meat, &c.; in the same way you cannot cook potatoes *sautées* in a frying-pan unless the inside is bright and shiny. Butter very soon turns black, or rather dark brown, with heat, and if our fried potatoes get burnt black round the edge instead of brown, and if the butter poured over them is a species of brown grease, the whole dish, instead of a *plat de luxe*, becomes an unpalatable-looking mass. In frying the potatoes it will be some time before they get hot through and sufficiently dry to brown round the edges, and a certain amount of patience must be exercised, as indeed is the case in all high-class cookery.

At the present season of the year we are on the eve of the advent of new potatoes. When new potatoes first come in they are expensive; probably they are not generally bought till they reach fourpence a pound; but even then, if used simply as an accompaniment to young lamb or salmon, so far from being economical they are an extravagant dish, but of course very nice. If, however, we have our new potatoes as a dish in itself, the extravagance ceases. Three pounds of new potatoes at this price would cost about the same as two mutton chops. We will mention one or two ways of cooking new potatoes in the French style, which will be a guide to us how to make a cheap English dish. It is a great mistake for people to think that a dish, because it has a French name, is either necessarily extravagant or difficult; and it must be remembered that on the subject of economy we can learn from the French.

A very popular dish in France in the country is what is called potatoes *à la crême*. It is very simple. The potatoes are boiled till they are tender. They are then put into a small stewpan with a little cream, butter, nutmeg, pepper and salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Where cream is not to be obtained, or cannot be afforded, a very cheap and good substitute can be made by simply thickening a little milk with butter and flour. In France this dish would be surrounded with what they call fried *croûtons*, but in England it is more usual to use what cooks call "sippets," or triangular pieces of toast. A great deal depends upon taking pains in making the toast, which must not be pieces of half-burnt bread, almost white in some parts and black in others, but a nice brown. A little forethought in cutting the bread some time beforehand saves a great deal of trouble. You cannot make respectable toast out of a slice of bread nearly new. Of course these pieces of toast must be placed round the edge of the dish after the white sauce has been poured over.

Another very nice way of serving new potatoes is what the French call *au gratin*. This is done by making a mixture of thickened milk and Parmesan cheese. A little clear stock, such as could be made from fowl bones, and which, when cold, is a jelly, would be a great improvement. So, too, would yolks of eggs; but these are not essential, and we wish to make the dish an economical one. Thicken some milk till it becomes almost like a hasty pudding, or, say, the consistency of bread sauce. Add to this some pepper and salt and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and the juice of half a lemon. This quantity would be sufficient for an ordinary-sized vegetable dish—enough for five or six people. Boil the new potatoes till they are tender, and drain them till they get dry, and put a layer of potatoes in the vegetable dish; then spread a layer of the mixture, then another layer of potatoes, and another of the mixture, and pile the potatoes up in the middle of the dish like a dome. Spread a layer of the mixture over the lot, shake a little Parmesan cheese over the whole, and some fine bread raspings, and place the dish in the oven for about twenty minutes, till the whole gets thoroughly hot. This makes a very pretty dish, and a very palatable one. Parmesan cheese is now sold in bottles about 8d. or 9d. each. It goes a long way, and is probably far cheaper in reality than Dutch cheese, which we all know we eat in such large quantities.

Potatoes cooked what the French call *à la maître d'hôtel*, is a very simple dish. A little white sauce is a great improvement, but a little clear stock made from chicken bones or veal bones, thickened with a little butter and flour and a little milk added, is all that is necessary. The ordinary kidney potatoes are first boiled till tender, and then cut into slices about an eighth of an inch thick. A very small quantity of sauce is sufficient, and when we have a little jelly run out of a cold fowl it is a very nice way of using it up by having a dish of potatoes by themselves. We place these slices of potatoes in a small saucepan—an enameled saucepan is the best—and toss them lightly about in the same; add a little piece of butter, some pepper

and salt, a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and the juice of half a lemon, and serve some toasted bread sippets round the edge. Of course new potatoes must be put in boiling water at starting, or lukewarm water if they are large. It is customary to boil a sprig of mint with them. When they are drained off it is best to let them dry, which they will soon do of their own accord, before placing them in the vegetable dish. A little piece of butter must be placed in the dish, so that the potatoes look oily. It will be found a great improvement to their appearance if we chop up finely a few mint leaves and sprinkle a few of these green specks on the top of each potato. This adds very much to the appearance of the dish.

Ordinary fried potatoes make a very good dish in themselves, and the grease in which they are fried supplies the fatty material we require. One of the prettiest forms in which fried potatoes can be sent to table is that of ribbon potatoes. We take an ordinary raw potato and peel it, and then with a knife cut it round and round in strips, like peeling an apple, so as if possible to get the ribbon a foot long, or even longer. These ribbons can be fried in dripping, and a small saucepan is better than a frying-pan for the purpose, as we want the fat to cover the potato. The saucepan must be deep, and about one-third full. The raw potatoes contain such a large amount of water that, if you are not careful, the fat will boil over. As soon as the water has evaporated the potato ribbon will begin to get brown, and directly it begins to turn colour take it out of the fat—which must be very hot indeed, for you will find that they will turn a darker colour after they are taken from the fat—and we want them a light golden brown, not too dark. The potatoes had better drain a little while on a wire sieve, or else they will taste too greasy. A little pepper and salt must, of course, be added before serving.

Suppose you have a few new potatoes left over for the second day that have been plain boiled, you can make a nice little dish as follows:—Make some dry bread-crumbs, beat up an egg, roll the new potatoes in flour till they are dry, having first peppered them. Then dip them in the beaten-up egg and roll them in the bread crumbs. Fry them till they are a nice golden brown. It is a very tempting-looking dish, as they look like rissoles.

A very handsome and economical dish can be made from cold potatoes by means of what are called potato borders. You must first make some ordinary mashed potatoes rather firmer than usual, and it is important to boil the milk separately first. Now place all this mashed potato on a dish; make the centre hollow, and the outside smooth, flat, and oval-shaped. Beginners will find that they can make a very good mould out of a piece of tin or cardboard, although a Frenchman would do it very quickly with a wooden pat like they use for butter. You can make the inside hollow right down to the bottom of the dish, or only halfway down. This will depend upon what quantity you are going to add, as the interior can be filled with a variety of substances, such as ordinary mince, minced chicken and ham, calves' brains, pigs' brains, etc. But we will confine ourselves to describing the border made with potatoes. You can make the outside look very pretty as follows:—Cut a carrot or potato in halves, say about an inch to an inch and a half wide, and scoop out, about half-way down, a hollow groove. You can do this with the point of a teaspoon. By pressing this mould round the edge of the border you can make the border look like a mould of jelly surrounded with small half columns. You must grease the mould with a little butter or oil to prevent the potatoes from sticking. Of course all the columns will be exactly the same size. You can now brown the border in the oven, and you can roll up some balls of mashed potato like a marble and place them on the top round the edge. The whole border must be browned in the oven, and to do this to perfection you can beat up an egg thoroughly and brush the whole of the potato border with it before baking, just in the same way as you would brush the pastry of a meat pie. The beauty of this dish is that it is very cheap, so far as material goes, although perhaps it is somewhat troublesome. If by chance there are girls in the house who understand modelling in clay they will be able to produce a dish that will rival in appearance one of Francatelli's masterpieces.

One of the cheapest soups known, and at the same time one of the most nourishing, is potato soup, and the best of it is we can make this soup from almost any kind of greasy stock. Potato soup requires onions. The onions must be boiled tender, and rubbed through a wire sieve with the potatoes. The proportion of the potato to onion should be about three to one, and of course the remains of cold potatoes do for the purpose. The great secret of the flavour is to add some thyme; a quart of potato soup bears a lot of flavouring, and would require about a teaspoonful of dry thyme, though of course the quantity will vary according to the time it has been kept.

Suppose you have a dish of new potatoes from your own garden. Very often some of these will be no bigger than marbles. These very small ones can be picked out and served whole in the soup.

Cold potatoes are often very useful in making rich puddings plain. Suppose, for instance, we have a rich lemon cheese-cake made from the following materials:—A quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar (which has been rubbed outside two lemons till the lemons are white) four eggs, and the juice of the two lemons. This is a very rich mixture indeed, and can be used to fill small tartlet cases. If, however, we add to this some cold potato we can make a large pie-dish full of a very rich pudding, but more wholesome and far more economical than the somewhat bilious compound generally found in lemon cheese-cakes.

In conclusion, we have that very nice supper dish, potato salad. Cut the cold boiled potatoes in slices and place them in a salad-bowl with some chopped parsley and some finely-chopped spring onions; pepper and salt must be added, with oil and vinegar in the proportion of three of oil to one of vinegar. Also be careful to add the oil first, and mix the salad thoroughly before you add any vinegar at all; otherwise the vinegar is apt to soak into the potato unequally, some pieces being more sour than others. Tarragon vinegar is better than ordinary vinegar, or a few fresh tarragon leaves can be chopped up with the parsley. To this potato salad can be added any kind of cold fish, cold bloater and cold kippered herring being particularly suitable. Suppose, also, you have a few sardines left; these could be added to a potato salad. Those who have tasted marinaded pilchards—which are manufactured in Penzance, Cornwall—will well understand how delicious a potato salad will taste with the addition of a few of these. When they are used, however, less vinegar will be required. Considering that pilchards are caught in such quantities that they are *sometimes* used as manure, it is a pity that more of these marinaded pilchards are not made, as thereby we absolutely increase the food supply of the country.

A. G. Payne.

VARIETIES.

What Imagination Does For Us.

Imagination enriches everything. A great library contains not only books, but "the assembled souls of all that men held wise." The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded.

Even bricks and mortar are vivified as of old at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history and its literature; its towers and rivers; its art and jewellery and foreign wealth; its multitude of human beings, all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at midnight; and the noise of its many chariots heard at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The Dying Wolf.

The wolf lay at his last gasp, and cast his glances back to his past life. "I am a bad fellow, it is true," he said; "but I hope not one of the worst ones. I have done a great deal of mischief, but I trust some good too. Once I remember very well a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near me that I might easily have seized it, but I did it no harm. At the same time, too, I bore the taunts and revilings of a sheep with the most Christian equanimity, though there were no dogs near to protect it."

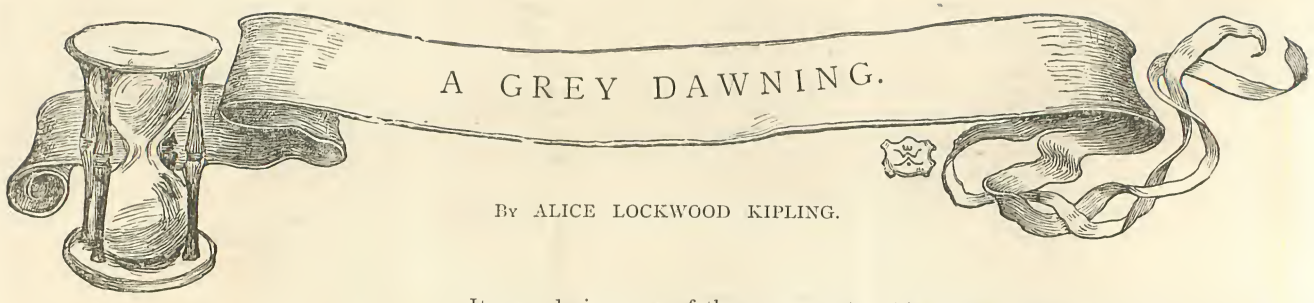
"Yes, I can bear witness to all that," remarked the fox, who was nursing him. "I recollect all the circumstances. It happened just at the time that you broke both your forelegs, when the crane helped you out of the marsh you lay buried in."

Which is to have her?

Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfeguinn, in marriage.

The emperor, after taking a long time to make up his mind, one day informed them that, esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants themselves to settle the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter each other with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter.

This singular combat between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ehberhard, Baron de Talberg, having placed his rival in the bag, took it upon his back and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day.



A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER I.

VENETIA TURNER was an only child and the especial darling of her father, a simple, goodhearted man, who, some two years before her birth, had made a marriage which had astonished no one so much as himself. How it had occurred to him to seek in marriage the young, gay, only half-English girl who had come from her convent school to live with his old friend, Dr. Christopher Aitkin, whose stepsister she was, Robert Turner never knew, and how it was that she had accepted his offer he always wondered. Lucile was younger than he by more than twenty years, and when he first met her, the brightest, lightest, gladdest creature he had ever seen. A fit companion for butterflies and birds and flowers, he thought, with unconscious poetry, as she flitted about the old-fashioned garden, and made the dull old house echo with the music of her laughter and her singing. This young stepsister was a great anxiety to the good doctor, who had been old enough at the time of his father's second marriage to foresee what actually befell in a very few years' time. When the Italian woman, whose dark eyes and musical voice had bewitched the quiet country lawyer with a glamour that had induced him to commit the supreme folly of his life at an age when most men's follies are forgotten or repented memories, repaid his trust with deceit, his faith with falsehood, his love with indifference, and the honest heart broke beneath the weight of its disappointment, Christopher Aitkin had taken charge of the little girl, who, though his father's daughter, seemed to have drawn her nature from the mother's side only. That mother, glad to be relieved of an uncongenial burden, left the child to his care, returning to the unknown region whence she had emerged to such fateful purpose, and the tidings of her death, which were received a few years later, woke neither emotion nor regret in the hearts of the ignorant child and the unforgiving man. For though, from some sense of duty which he would have found it difficult to put into words, Christopher had made himself responsible for the future of his father's young daughter, his feeling towards "the Italian woman," as he always called her mother, was one of unmixed bitterness. She had clouded, if not disgraced, the last years of an honourable man's life, and there were times when the son, regarding Lucile only as the living evidence of his father's folly, regretted the impulse by which he had made himself her protector.

It was during one of these moments of regret that a suggestion, made by some officious acquaintance, that he should send Lucile to a convent school in France, had commended itself to him, and for five years she had passed out of his life, remaining connected with it only by such feeble threads as a stiff little note written by her once in twelve months, and the necessary remittances made by him twice in the same period.

At the end of these five years, Lucile returned to the house and guardianship of her stepbrother, who was dismayed to find himself responsible for the care of a beautiful young girl, so little English in appearance, manner, and forms of speech, that to call her "Miss Aitkin" sounded like a mocking absurdity. She was gay and charming, but she was also wilful and petulant, and the grave man of fifty found his colourless bachelor life at once illuminated and disturbed by her presence. He sought in vain for his father's share in the spirit that looked through her mischievous dark eyes, and in the impulsive nature that was so impatient of control and so intolerant of restraint or reproof. Before she had been under his roof for a fortnight he began to rue the day that saw her take up her dwelling there, and at the end of a month he anathematised himself with some energy for having been weak enough to make an arrangement so destructive to his personal and domestic comfort. For the housekeeper, whose attentive care had for years made his home life one of exceptional ease, resented what she considered to be the intrusion of Lucile's presence, and did not know which vexed her most—the girl's careless defiance, or indifferent recognition of her authority, complaining of both with not altogether unreasonable bitterness. No one could be more winning than Lucile in her amiable moods; but there were times when she showed herself a veritable little shrew, and the slightest contradiction or disappointment would serve as an excuse for an outburst of childish temper of a kind that the indignant housekeeper said, with some show of truth, ought to have been "whipped out of her when she was younger."

Before she had been at home a year poor Christopher Aitkin was at his wits' end to know what to do with this troublesome girl, and nothing could have been more welcome than the offer of marriage which his old friend Robert Turner made for his stepsister about this time. Delighted as he was in the prospect of being quit of his troublesome ward, Christopher had conscientious scruples which obliged him to point out to his friend that Lucile was lacking in almost every quality which he considered went to the making of a good wife. If the pretty girl, who sat under the large cedar on the lawn, just out of earshot of the two men who were discussing her future, the one with critical coolness, the other with all a lover's warmth, could have known the subject that engrossed them, it is not unlikely that she would have put an end to their conversation by wishing to take part in it. She cared nothing for Robert Turner, and would have found no difficulty in telling him there and then that he was middle-aged and dull, and that she could not entertain his proposal. In his eagerness to settle the matter when he found that his arguments had no weight with his friend, Dr. Aitkin would have called the girl at once, and laid the question before her; but the lover, middle-aged and dull though he might be, was far too wise to permit such an outrage upon sentiment. "No, no," he said; "leave it to me. I have your permission, and the rest is my affair."

Lucile found her life very uninteresting between the brother who paid her so little attention, and the housekeeper who plainly showed dislike and hostility. Rockly, a small country town in the north of England, afforded few opportunities for diversion, and of the few there were Lucile could not avail herself. She had shown contempt for the country-bred girls who, upon her first arrival, had made faint overtures of friendship, and later, had not hidden her scorn of the young men who, in their simple fashion, had tried to bestow upon her attention and admiration; so that long before the end of the year she found herself no longer sought, and had the mortification of being left out of the little pleasure parties that roamed the woods in the summer evenings, and met to while away the longer winter nights.

Robert Turner never really knew, though perhaps in later years he came to suspect something of it, how much the dulness and loneliness of Lucile's life and position had to do with her willingness to accept him as her lover. She felt no sentiment, and feigned none. She yawned during his tender speeches, and answered wide of the mark to his lover-like questions; she was, on the whole, as unsatisfactory a sweetheart as a man could well have. But he loved her, and found a charm in her every caprice.

In one thing at least his wooing was happy—it was not "long a-doing," and Lucile's nineteenth birthday saw her established in her own home, some half



VENETIA IN THE DOCTOR'S GARDEN.

a mile distant from the one she had left, the beautiful young wife of an adoring husband.

At first she made some little attempt to fulfil the duties of the new position which she had undertaken, almost without thought or knowledge of its requirements; but with the novelty the interest of her life died out. Of housekeeping she knew nothing, and cared less; and though she had a certain skill in ornamental needlework, acquired at her convent school, she was not to be relied upon for homely details of buttons and strings. Robert Turner's personal comfort was certainly not enhanced by her bright, restless presence; but his devotion to her was too strong to be weakened by such a trifle, and for a year after his marriage he was successful in putting aside the thought, which at times sought to obtrude itself, that he had been mistaken in seeking to confine this gay being within the narrow circle of his own existence.

Within two years of her marriage a daughter was born, and Lucile, who had from the first regarded the prospect with irritation and annoyance, showed no pleasure and took no interest in the little creature. She was wilful, however, in the choice of the child's name, ridiculing the old-fashioned taste of her husband, who would have named her after his mother, and who tried in vain to persuade her that by the diminutive of "Dolly" the Dorothea to which she so much objected might be suited to their baby daughter. Lucile carried her point, as she invariably did in any controversy with her husband, and the babe was christened Venetia, to the astonishment of the whole parish, which could have understood the child's being called after its mother, though Lucile was outlandish enough, but which had serious doubts as to Venetia being a Christian name at all.

When his little daughter was nine years old, Robert Turner died. His illness was short, and when he knew that its termination must be fatal he had but one regret—that he must leave his little Venetia to the care of her mother. For it had come to this during the last nine years, that Lucile, who no longer pretended to any love for her husband, had yet a morbid jealousy of the affection which he lavished upon their child, to whom her own heart seemed impenetrably closed, while Venetia's brightness and childish beauty were a source of the greatest delight to her father. In his never-failing tenderness the little girl found all her happiness, and he heaped upon her all the devotion which the indifference of his wife had thrown back upon his own heart. The two were almost inseparable. Lucile went her way—they went theirs; the points of contact were few, of sympathy none. "You neglect your child," he had sometimes said. "And you spoil her," she retorted. Venetia admired her mother as she might have done any other pretty thing, but she loved her father with her whole heart.

No calamity could have been greater for the child than the loss of such a father, which quenched the light of her whole life. Lucile, whose bright eyes were for a short time dimmed by natural grief for the loss of one who had never spoken to her harshly or ceased to show her as much tenderness as she was willing to receive, was yet not sufficiently softened to open her heart to the child thus completely orphaned, though she stood by her mother's side. "I shall send her to school," she thought, as the pale, sad face reproached her by the evidence of a sorrow so much heavier than her own. "She is fretting for her father, and I cannot devote myself to her as he did." That indeed was impossible, and she had no intention of attempting it.

But Venetia was not sent to school. Robert Turner's profession—that of a solicitor—had not enabled him to make a large provision for his widow and child. Moreover, investments which had seemed sound when first made some years before, proved, on realisation, to have little market value, and the failure of a local bank in which he had held shares still further reduced Lucile's income. True to herself to the core of her selfish heart, she at once decided not to waste money on sending her daughter to school. Her father had taught her to read and write. How much more than that she might have learned the indifferent mother neither knew nor cared to enquire; and trying in childish fashion to supplement obvious deficiencies in the household, she had acquired the use of her needle and an aptitude for the performance of domestic duties beyond her years; and Lucile decided that in two or three years it would be quite soon enough to think seriously of taking her education in hand.

At the end of a year, the widow, still young and always gay, suddenly wearied of the little world in which she played so small a part, and of the life which afforded her no opportunities of amusement, conceived a violent wish to leave England altogether.

A letter of condolence which she had received from one of the good nuns who had been her instructress in her school-days, thrown carelessly aside on first reading, fell into her hands again one dreary winter day, and as she re-read it, across the gloom of the English November shot a sunny gleam of the memory of brighter skies under a less clouded sun.

There was no reason, she said to herself, why she should lead this dull life in this grey little town while there were lands in which the sun shone always, and the days succeeded each other in a merry ring of mirth and pleasure; no reason whatever,—except Venetia.

The child was in the room with her as this recollection scattered for a moment the half-formed vision, a book in her hand, her thoughts wandering, as her mother's had done, beyond the cloud and gloom of the day to a brighter country, one to which, with infantile faith, she believed that her father had gone, and where she imagined that he waited for her coming. She had grown dreamy in her loneliness since his death, and there were times when her mother's voice was less real to her than the thought of her father in that other world for which he had so cruelly left her. There had been no one to whom she could speak of the thoughts that came like memories, and the real and ideal had become confused in her brain and heart.

For a whole day Lucile pondered her difficulty, and at last found what she imagined to be a solution of it. Her brother, still a bachelor, and still living under the care of the same housekeeper in the same old house that had received her twelve years before, would help her, she had no doubt. Venetia should live with him, for a time at any rate.

But Christopher Aitkin had not sweetened or softened with advancing years, and the tie between himself and his stepsister was now so slight that he declined to recognise it in the way that Lucile suggested; he declined, moreover, in a manner that gave her great offence. It might be, as he said, her duty to take care of her own child, and of course it was true that she had no claim upon him, but there was a rude frankness in his way of stating these facts which she resented with some bitterness. So the interview ended in a fresh quarrel, and Lucile returned home with anger smouldering in her heart and blazing in her eyes, but none the less firmly determined that Venetia should be left in her uncle's charge while she sought diversion in some more congenial place.

For a time, however, she took no further steps towards the end she had in view, but as the days began to lengthen she removed herself and her child to a distance of some fifty miles from the small town in which she had lived for the last twelve years.

Before doing this, she again paid a visit to Christopher Aitkin, and repeated her request as though she had not already asked and been refused; but her audacity did not help her in any way, and she finally left her brother's with the threat that, whether he would or no, Venetia should be sent to his care!

"At your peril!" he shouted, as he shut the door upon her; and for answer she threw back at him a glance of defiance, and went on her way with her purpose firmly fixed.

Beyond the hope that she should one day see her father again, Venetia, child-like, had no future. She thought more of the past than most children of her age; but for the rest she lived entirely in the present, and had grown to be happy enough in the little-recurring pleasures of daily life, and in the absence of all desire for greater enjoyments. She was not a morbid child, and did not contrast her lot with that of other children to her own disadvantage. From her mother she had never received any show of sympathy or affection, and so did not consciously miss what is to most children the very breath of life; but she had inherited her father's loving and devoted nature, and a word from Lucile would have unlocked the closed doors of her heart, which cherished only the memory of the one love of her young life, and had found no other upon which to lavish its undiminished store.

But this word was never spoken, and mother and child remained apart almost as though no tie of blood existed between them.

(To be continued.)

THE RECREATIONS OF THE LEARNED.

It is a common notion that literary persons are grave and reserved, and spend most of their time in the study, surrounded with their books, and are altogether indifferent to the ordinary pleasures and relaxations of society. Now this is a fallacy. Authors can unbend the mind and amuse themselves, and enter into what may be called frivolous pursuits as well as other people.

> "A little nonsense now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men."

Illustrations of these hackneyed lines crowd upon us from the lives of the learned. In his *Curiosities of Literature*, Isaac Disraeli reminds us that it was a standing rule of the Order of the Jesuits that, after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. After protracted studies, Spinoza would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversation; or at another time he would set spiders to fight each other, a recreation of the learned philosopher which we cannot commend. He would observe their combats with the greatest apparent interest, and when an unusually fierce tussle took place, would often burst out into immoderate fits of laughter.

"Continued labour," Seneca observes, "deadens the soul." However, he does not approve of robust and vigorous exercise for the student. It is a folly and indecency, he says, to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties. "Whatever be the amusements you choose," he goes on to say, in his treatise on *The Tranquillity of the Soul*, "return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold, nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise: give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!" Socrates used sometimes to play with children, an amusement in which Melanchthon, the German Reformer, also indulged. A friend, entering his room on one occasion, found the grave theologian on all-fours, romping with his little ones. His great contemporary and friend, Martin Luther, would frequently leave his writings and forget the weighty cares that pressed upon his heart in play with his children, or in watching and moralising over the habits of birds. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours.

Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments. D'Antilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees. Ariosto, the poet, was fond of gardening, though so ignorant of botany as to mistake one flower for another. Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed part of the day in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning he occupied himself with the system of the world, and in the afternoon he relaxed his profound speculations in favour of tending his flowers. Evelyn loved "books and a garden." Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was in a garden, for a walk in it. Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

It was Schiller's habit, as Carlyle tells us in his charming "Life" of that great poet, to "wander in solitude mid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places. . . . At times he might be seen floating on the river (Elbe) in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky."

Cardinal Richelieu, amongst all his great affairs of state, found recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the Cardinal's, confessed that his Eminence surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician, and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister. The great Samuel Clarke, like the Cardinal, was fond of robust exercise, and this profound metaphysician has been found leaping over tables and chairs. Once, perceiving a pedantic fellow enter the room, he said: "Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in." When Petavius was employed on his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive learning, the chief recreation of this great scholar was at the end of every second hour to twirl his chair for five minutes. Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends. There he mingled festive hospitality and musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. His biographer says: "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character." An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, sought recreation in collecting from the Classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of those recreations which most accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. St. Francis de Sales used to take his recreation in a game of chess. And there is a story told of him, that once, after intense labour, unbending himself at his favourite game, some morbid precisian who was near asked him what he would do if he knew the Lord's coming was even at hand. "Finish the game," said the Bishop boldly, "For His glory I began it." Into play as well as into work he brought the spirit of religion. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand—a strange characteristic of the author of *Natural Theology* and of *Horæ Paulinæ*. Sir Henry Wotton called angling, "idle time not idly spent." We may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment. It would occupy many a page to notice the learned men who sought recreation in "the gentle art."

Erasmus composed to amuse himself, when travelling in a post chaise, his panegyric on *Moria, or Folly*, which, on account of the pun suggested by the word, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More. His *Colloquies* are more the results of his recreative hours than his hours of severe study. And it has been remarked that, "deeply as the impress of his mind was fastened on his own generation those only of his countless works retain their charm in later times which he regarded but as the pastime of a few leisure hours."

It would be easy to extend these examples from the lives of the learned in illustration of our subject, but for the present what we have given in this paper must suffice. At some future time we may strive to show how some learned ladies sought recreation and amusement.

WILLIAM COWAN.

YOUNG WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS.

In a progressive age, when education is extending its empire on all sides, and when girls, in common with their brothers, are carrying off the best honours which universities can confer, it seems to be the most natural thing in the world that young women should aspire to places in the ranks of journalism. For some reason or other that profession seems to have peculiar attractions for the ambitious youth of both sexes; for its emoluments are supposed to be as large as its distinction is certain. In their eagerness to press forward, it may be feared that young people do not always take into proper account the hardships or the difficulties that will inevitably have to be encountered. In the main, journalism is an arena in which the disappointments greatly outnumber the successes. When, therefore, it is asked, "Shall girls compete with men in such a useful and honourable calling?" the answer is, that there can be no possible objection to young women undertaking any kind of honest service in which they can excel, provided that the conditions of the work are becoming their sex. Let girls always remember that they are still the weaker vessel, however, and that they must of necessity be physically debarred from entering many openings which might otherwise be tempting to them.

In the present day journalism really represents a large field, while the term is a very comprehensive one, including many departments which may be said to be quite distinct one from the other. Thus, because reporting is a department in itself, aspirants are too ready to assume that the one equipment they require to make their mark in such a service is a competent knowledge of shorthand. Shorthand is a very useful art; but those whose capacities only enabled them to take verbatim reports of speeches would make no headway. As Mr. Charles Cooper, a high authority on the subject, well says, "Far more is required for that better reporting which conveys to the

public the full sense of what a speaker has said without giving all his superfluous words. This is an art which is not universally acquired by reporters. They have learned to depend so much upon their notes that they do not learn to exercise their brains." As regards work in Parliament, it is even said in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that "cases occur in which the reporter enters the gallery without being able to write shorthand at all." It was also said of shorthand by another authority some years ago, "Some of the best reporters never use it." Thus shorthand is not only not everything; it very far from equals in importance that other art which skilfully compresses by seizing the main points of what a speaker says. The greatest reporter in this respect of whom England can boast was James Boswell, the shadow of Dr. Johnson, and whom Macaulay was bold enough to characterise as a mere fool. Whatever he was, his summaries of the nightly conversations, in which he himself took part, are perfect models of their kind, and even incomparable in our literature.

But supposing the young woman to be mistress of all necessary accomplishments, she will still have to decide whether it would be quite seemly for an unprotected girl to travel about London or a great town in the evening until after midnight. The work also has to be done in all kinds of weather. We have seen such a girl at her work, and one who was apparently well fitted for what she was about; but we sympathised with her in regard to the hardships of her lot while we could not but admire her courage. As things are at present, the girl reporter has to assume a bold mien when, with her notebook, she takes her place at a table among perhaps a dozen men, on whose province she is encroaching. It is not an occupation which tends to the development of feminine graces; and this will be as fully realised by the girl herself as by those with whom she comes in contact.

But an aspiring and talented young woman need not turn her back on journalism because she does not choose to compete with ordinary reporters. Reporting is only one branch of the profession, and, as a rule, it is in this service many who have afterwards distinguished themselves serve their apprenticeship. It is not indispensable that such an apprenticeship should be served, however, for many accomplished journalists have never been reporters. Hence, provided she can do the work, journalism, as a profession, is as open to a young woman as it is to a youth of the other sex. A great deal of the most effective work on our newspapers has been done by women; and, could it be told, the public would to-day be surprised to learn how much of the total is still done by them.

There are numbers of girls who, being desirous of entering this profession, somewhat innocently ask a number of questions respecting it which no one could possibly answer. They would like to be told whether they could readily find the openings they covet; how long they would be in perfecting themselves at their work; and, more important still, how many pounds sterling a year they would be able to count upon. These are things which time alone can answer. All would depend, first, on the quality of the work turned out; and, secondly, on the worker's industry. The gains of journalism vary as greatly as those of ordinary authorship. It has also to be borne in mind that, quite apart from reporting, journalism has many departments; and, as she cannot expect to excel in all, even the duly qualified candidate must decide whether she will chiefly direct attention to political matters, to social, ecclesiastical, or literary topics. Some of the most successful writers mainly confine their efforts to one or two departments, although some specially-endowed geniuses may manage to excel in all.

As regards success and methods of procedure, several misapprehensions need to be corrected. There is a widespread notion that the only indispensable things are genius and "introductions." While, however, genius is always to be coveted, and its possessor always to be congratulated, there is perhaps no calling in which hard, persevering toil in face of difficulties and frequent disappointments is so necessary as it is in journalism. Then, in the matter of competent contributors, what common-sense editor cares a pin about introductions in the conventional sense? All the introduction he requires is that of effective work, good articles being far more weighty arguments with him than the most persuasive words of interested friends. Ask the most successful journalists of the day who "introduced" them, and they will tell you that they introduced themselves. New writers of merit are always cordially welcomed into the ranks; but then they must really possess abilities, and not be mere ambitious aspirants, of whom there are great numbers.

It will be remembered that Dr. Johnson said in his time that literary success was harder to secure than it used to be, and that it was daily becoming harder. If that was true of the last century, it is more emphatically so of this more restless age of eager competition. Hence, in making her calculations, the girl who aspires to journalism should realise that the profession is already very much overcrowded. While so much depends upon temperament and outward circumstances, we should always hesitate before recommending any girl, whose livelihood depended upon her own efforts, to risk embarking on what, in the majority of cases, would be likely to prove a very precarious enterprise. Journalism is a field in which prizes are to be won; it is one in which a moderate but still sufficient income may sometimes be won even when other sources have failed; but, at the same time, the prizes are necessarily much less numerous than the blanks.

G. H. P

OUR HIGHLAND HOLIDAY.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

"Caledonia's outermost rim,
Kissing the ocean grim."



NEXT to visiting John o' Groat's and the Stacks of Duncansby we had looked forward to being in Wick* during the time of the herring fishery, and fortunately we were able to accomplish this. Wick is only twenty-two miles from Thurso, and the journey by rail only an hour and a half; but a greater contrast to it can scarcely be imagined. There was no grass growing in the streets of Wick; the town was simply teeming with the elements of success, viz., plenty of people, an ever-increasing number of new houses, and an abundance of work of all kinds.

Naturally this state of things is in a great measure the result of the herring fishery, the origin of which was the starting and fitting-out of two small sloops in 1767, at a time when there was no harbour at Wick save that at the mouth of the river. The venture did not meet with much success until it became incorporated into the British Fishery Society. In 1808 this society commenced the establishment of Pulteney Town by making a harbour and granting feus in perpetuity for building on liberal terms.

In 1810 the inner, and in 1831 the outer, harbours were completed, and by this time the quantity of herrings caught during the season was enormous, and the number of people employed, such as fishermen, packers, coopers, etc., was over ten thousand.

As soon as we arrived in Wick we made our way to the Station Hotel, which, notwithstanding that it is the principal one in the town, did not please us, it was so unlike those comfortable ones in the north we had grown accustomed to. We did not trouble ourselves about the new and upper part of the town known as Pulteney, which, being built of the blue Caithness flag-stone, looked sombre and uninteresting, but picked our way, ankle deep in mud, to the harbour, and were rewarded by a sight unparalleled in any other town, be it where it may.

About four or five hundred boats, filled to overflowing with silvery fish, and each having a crew of five or six swarthy men, were making their way into the harbour, while hundreds of sea-gulls were sailing over them, darkening the air, and making it resound with their cries. Each of these boats, with nets and appliances, is worth from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, and it is said that if the netting of the whole fleet were laid in a line it would reach from the Pentland Firth to the English Channel.

Well, to go on with what we saw. The quay was alive with every kind of industry, and the number of barrels alone was worth seeing; there were miles of them as they stood in rows filled with salt from Lisbon, cotton from Liverpool, and cured fish for the Baltic, where all herrings are sent which are neither large nor oily enough for bloaters.

There were several large shallow pits on the quay, into which basket after basket of fish was emptied from the sides of the boats. At each pit stood a clerk, with pencil and note-book in hand, to mark the number of baskets emptied in; for the fish is paid for by the *cran*, which is a measure of four baskets.

Each layer of fish is sprinkled with salt until the pit is full. The labour is divided, for

* "Wick" signifies bay. Some say it gave the name "Vikings," or Baymen, to the northern pirates who lurked in the wics or bays.

the men catch, unload, and salt, while the women and good-looking lasses cut and pack the fish. The amount of work being done on all sides was enormous, but every department was so well organised that there was not the slightest confusion nor ill-temper anywhere. The quantity of herrings caught and the number of persons engaged vary greatly each year. As a rule about twelve thousand people are employed, a hundred thousand crans of fish are caught, and about a hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth exported (£150,000).

Our attention was drawn off for a few minutes by a poor woman with a baby in her arms, and four little children holding by her skirts, who came up to us and asked which way she was to go to the Aberdeen boat. We went about enquiring for her till we got the required information; and on our asking the superintendent how it came to be so difficult to reach the boat, he told us that both harbours have sanded up to such an extent that the Aberdeen steamer is never able to enter owing to the insufficient depth of water.

The kindness of the various officers, clerks, and fishermen in answering our many questions put us in possession of a number of interesting facts about the herring. It appears that when caught in the nets they squeal like mice, and the strange thing is, that they cannot endure blood—for example, if by any chance a quarrel take place on a coast frequented by them, and blood flow, the fish leave at once, and do not return the whole season.

Herrings make no pilgrimages without a leader, and this leader is always one double the size of the ordinary fish, and known to the fisherman as king herring. If they are unfortunate enough to catch the king in their net they always, if possible, drop it into the sea again. There is not a single fish that swims that is not an enemy to the herring.

A quarter of a century ago over eleven hundred boats were employed in the herring fishery at Wick, while now quite as much fish is caught with only half the number. This is owing to the improvements in the size and seaworthiness of the boats, which carry double the length of netting, and are more than double the amount of tonnage.

Of late years there has been an important winter catch of herrings, which are as a rule sold by auction, and despatched in a fresh state, or kippered, to our English markets. This trade is becoming so successful that it is likely in time to rival the summer fishing.

From the busy quay we made our way to the streets leading from it; and if there were several public-houses, and many inducements for young and old to turn aside from the right path, the inducements and helps to resist the temptations were equally many in number. There were temperance society meetings and concerts announced, the Fishermen's Association, the Benefit Society, reading rooms and library, templars' lodges, Salvation Army, band of hope, and boys' brigade all doing their best to amuse and elevate the busy folk, whom Satan is so eager to entrap. We saw also good cafés, where well-cooked, cheap food, together with non-intoxicating drinks, could be had. There was no idleness anywhere. We should have liked to visit all these institutions, and seen their working and results, but we had only time to glance at them and wish them God-speed.

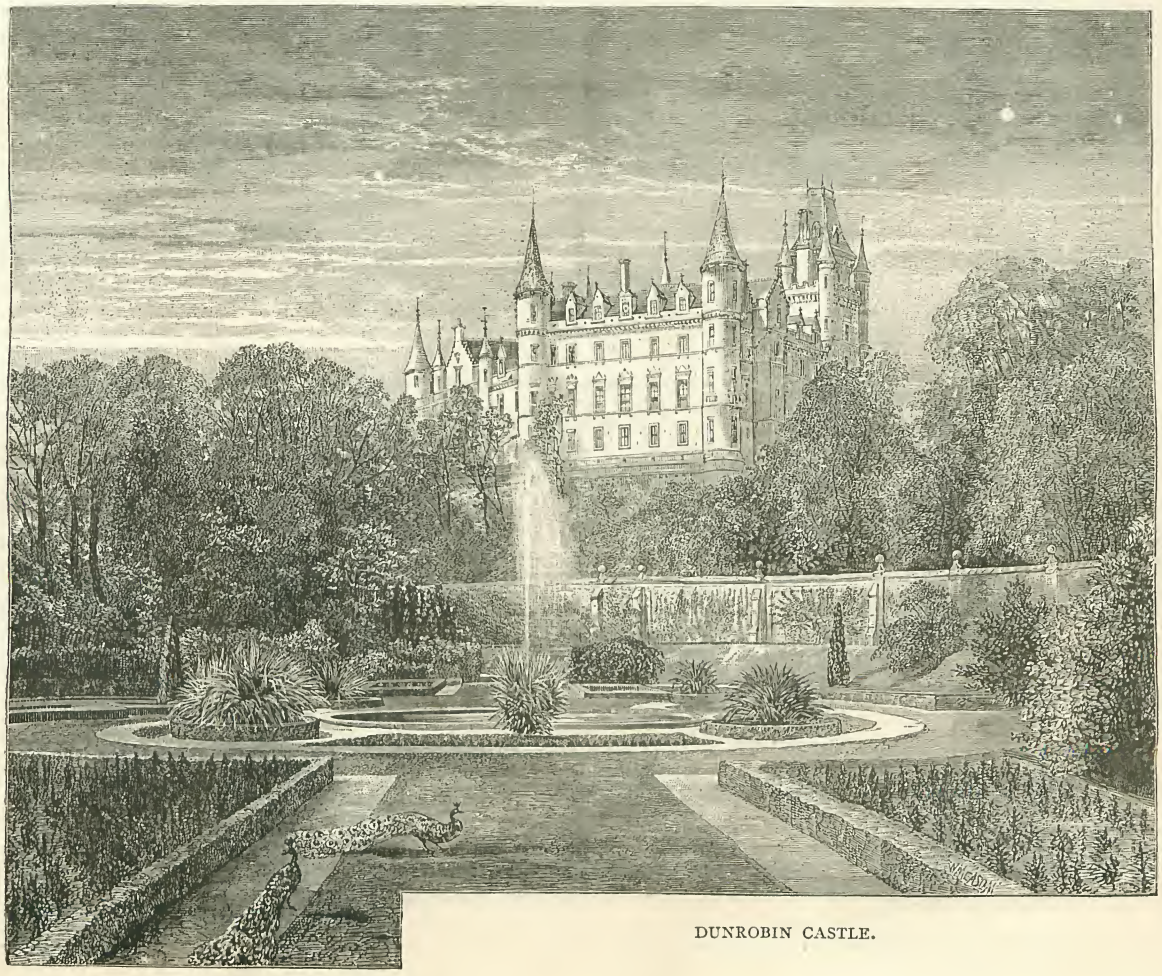
Very tired and hungry we made our way back to the hotel, and tried to eat the food set before us. We then started off to the lighthouse at Noss Head, the tower of which is seventy feet high. Previous to its erection there were many shipwrecks in Sinclair Bay, and even after many accidents occurred until the light became well known.

We were shown over the lighthouse by a very intelligent man; and this made all the difference to us, as there were so many things impossible to understand except minutely explained. As we mounted the steep stairs the wind moaned gruesomely, and the man remarked that it was not a nice sound to hear on a winter's night. Stepping out on to the tiny balcony, we had a magnificent view of land and sea, such as those who have not visited the north of Scotland can form no idea of. The light, as it is technically termed, can be seen fifteen miles off, and is of the greatest use to vessels making their way from the south to Pentland Firth, especially when the Skerries' lights are a little obscure. It acts by clockwork, a little bell striking all the hours, and the lantern moves on castors.

The light takes eight minutes to revolve, and gives a flash every thirty seconds. The centre fixed lamp consumes seventeen hundred gallons of oil a year, and has five wicks, the largest of which is four and a half inches in diameter. It is filled with a gill of paraffin oil every five minutes. The red glass fixed in the lantern here means danger—just contrary to that in Scrabster, where it signifies safety.

From the balcony of the lighthouse we saw a wounded solan goose floating on the water, and this led us to ask if many birds were injured by the light. The man said yes; and that where he had been previously stationed, he had known as many as five hundred killed in a night by dashing against the lantern.

The lighthouse keeper admitted that he had plenty of time for thought, but not, as many



DUNROBIN CASTLE.

people supposed, plenty for study, for the light required constant attention, and it would be disastrous to get absorbed in a book, for the flame must always be a certain height: and then the Northern Light authorities often visit the various lighthouses at night, to ascertain if all is as it should be; and the men pride themselves on not being found wanting on these occasions.

We went down into the cellar under the lighthouse, where the immense oil tanks are kept, and it looked for all the world like Ali Baba's cavern, where the slave girl killed the robbers who were hidden in the oil-jars.

From this man, who was most observant, we learned that the solan geese are very particular about their quarters, and send out an advance guard to spy out the land, and if the report be satisfactory, the whole flock come pouring in from the far north-west.

He told us that he had watched them making up their nests daily during the summer months on the shelves of the high rocks close by, and had often been highly amused at the material they collected for the purpose. Nothing came amiss to them, whether it were part of an old red coat, or grass, or arrows, or beans, and they seized upon anything they saw floating on the water. A solan goose can preserve five or six herrings entire in its gorge, and it is no uncommon thing for them to do this, and so carry them to their young in the nest.

On coming down from the lighthouse the keeper took us into his living-room, which contained a large collection of eggs, a very good library, and a portrait of Mr. Gladstone: the short curtain at the window had the appropriate pattern of the sea, a lighthouse, and some boats.

I am always interested in the lighthouse men, and the way they pass their time, for the life they lead is so very solitary. As a class I notice that they are religious and thoughtful, great readers, and keen observers, and nearly always have a hobby.

We wished the man good-bye, and turned westward to a bold peninsula rock, on which stand the ruins of Girnigoe Castle, the original key of which has been handed down through the descendants of the last warder, until now it finds a resting-place in the very interesting museum at Wick. It is a foot in length, and very elaborately carved.

"Goe" means an inlet, and it is a large one sheltered by this rock which gave the castle its name of Girnigoe. It has been said that this stronghold was turned into a heap of ruins by a righteous God on account of the amount of sin and cruelty alleged to have been committed within its walls.

The ruins, which are very picturesque, seem to be of different ages, the larger portion being of very remote antiquity, and the more modern dating probably from the 16th century. On the extreme point of the rock is a chamber with a trap-door in the centre of the floor, leading down through the rock into the sea. If these crumbling ruins could speak, what horrible tales they would reveal! The master of Caithness was fettered and cast down into one of the dark and noisome dungeons under the castle, and remained there for years. At the end of this long period the most inhuman plan was adopted for getting rid of him. Food was withheld from him for five days, and then a piece of very salt beef was set before him, of which he ate ravenously, and when, a short time after, he asked for water, the keepers refused it, and he died of raging thirst. This occurred in 1576.

From this spot, with all its cruel memories, we drove to the remains of the castle of Auldwick, about two miles south of the town, and known to mariners as the Auld man o' Wick. It is the most ancient of all the ruins in Caithness, but quite devoid of picturesqueness. They are, in fact, only the grim remains of a strong tower of extremely rude masonry, with just a few slits for windows; but such as they are they form an excellent landmark to sailors, who are well acquainted with them. The tower is roofless, and there is a deep broad moat which defends it on the land side. We found the whole scene very wild, but failed to see any beauty in it, and quite agreed with Calder, that "it is an old keep, gray and weather-beaten, scowling amid the storm like an angry demon." We were told that during a gale the inlet or "Goe" below is a perfect "hell of waters." All visitors are told of the wonderful leap across the chasm taken by Lord Oliphant when pursued hotly by the Earl of Caithness. As we drove back to the hotel, we could not help comparing the well-built houses of the poorer classes with the habitations of former times, which were wretched hovels of turf and stone. The fire used to be in the middle of the floor, and the smoke got out when and where it could, and the people liked it because it kept them warm. Instead of the decayed fir which was formerly made use of for lights because of its resinous matter, the town is now well lighted.

And here we say adieu to Caithness, and proceed on our journey to Golspie, in Sutherlandshire, a charming place with a quaint village street, and where the cottages are hemmed in by brilliant and sweet flowers, which fill the air with their perfume.

The walks by the sea are beautiful, and visitors are permitted to walk in the grounds and gardens of Dunrobin Castle on certain hours of each day. The grounds are well worth visiting, where white-tailed rabbits take refuge in the ferns, and glimpses of purple hills, sombre woods, and blue sea add to the beauty of the scene.

The Castle Dunrobin is very interesting—part of it dates back to the year 1225. The walls are six feet thick, and it would be easier to bore through the stones than through the lime, so hard is it.

The hotel is one of those quaint comfortable ones met with sometimes in the far north. It is well looked after, and is a delightful home for ladies while their husbands are fishing in out-of-the-way places. North Golspie is a centre for the Shetland shawl industry. We went to the house of Miss Smith, who is a great knitter of the very fine shawls, one of which we bought.

The time spent in Golspie was, I think, the pleasantest part of a very pleasant holiday, and we came back to London better in health, and the happier for it.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

QUEEN BESS.—It is quite possible to study shorthand without a master; the small manuals are to be found at nearly every stationer's.

ALINE might obtain the engagement she needs by an advertisement or an agent, but should be careful in going abroad unless to people she knows.—2. We should think the "Iron Gates of Europe" were the Rock of Gibraltar, formerly known as one of the pillars of Hercules. Perhaps the *Leisure Hour* would answer the purpose.

ALICE.—Perhaps Bryce's *American Commonwealth* would suit you. Your letter and little English tale are both very well and correctly written for a foreigner. We were glad to hear from you again.

VIOLET GRAHAM.—A manual of coins is published by Gill, *Bazaar* Office, 170, Strand, W.C.

FARMARINGO.—1. Many governesses do not play well, though they teach music, singing, and harmony; so you had better keep up your knowledge of it, and perfect *yourself, especially in the* theory of music.—2. Your knowledge of Italian should be useful. Write the stories, and wait till you return to England to dispose of them.

FIDO.—We should advise you to study at a school of art. There are always evening classes, we believe.

MISS M. GIBB.—We have pleasure in reminding our girls that the session of your Utopian Reading Society commenced on the 6th of October, at Glentyon, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.

EVELYN GRACE.—We should think the standard pretty nearly the same anywhere.

MONA does not say whether she has the "G. O. P." volumes. If she has the *Girl's Year*, vol. ix. will show her what to read for a year, and help her in every way.

J. C. must enquire of a bookseller. The book would be issued by an educational publisher.

WORK.

AVERIL AND GREYFRIARS.—See our illustrated articles on "Work."

POPPIE.—The screen might be covered with Christmas cards if you like to take the trouble of putting them on, or with chintz, crêtonne, or some coloured material to match the room in which it is to stand.

ECONOMY, and ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE.—The feathers on a hat can be re-curled without difficulty by passing each filament between the thumb and a blunt knife. It must be done gently, so as not to break them.

G. M. T.—1. You should find out what the boy himself would like for a present—a cricket or lawn-tennis bat, or something of that sort, would answer.—2. Wash the gloves carefully, making a lather first.

ALICE.—We are very sorry to hear of your difficulties in service; but if you be "slow" you would not be likely to get on in anything else until you have conquered that fault. So you had better begin at once, as you are already twenty-one. But the first thing to do is to ask help from God; the next, to avoid day-dreaming, and thinking of other things than your work; and cultivate an attentive habit of mind, fixing your thoughts on your business, and remembering that we have the joy of knowing that "we serve the Lord Christ," even if we only sweep a floor. This makes our work sacred.

JESSIE.—"Wood carving" is the cutting of designs and patterns in wood for the ornamentation of furniture, houses, etc. Wood engraving means pictures first drawn and then cut out on wooden blocks (usually of box-wood) for pictorial illustrations and pictures.

CURLEY.—The frame for a screen must be made by a carpenter, and then covered with cotton or paper so that pictures can be pasted on it.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CALCRYSICCA.—All animals should be able to get at water, and a basin of clean drinking water should be supplied where it can be easily got at for them in every house where animals are kept.

TRIXIE.—Gum arabic should be put in a bottle with cold water and left, with an occasional shaking, till dissolved.

L. F. G. R.—Any ordinary recipes in use for cooking could be used for cookery by an oil stove. It would make no difference.

A. B. Z.—The cheapest method of staining floors is to put on a few coats of kerosene oil with a brush. After each coat, when quite dry, at some days' interval, the floor should be well polished with a woollen cloth. This makes an excellent floor, and is cheaper than boiled oil used for the same purpose.

A. F. S.—1. A small amount of thin glue would be used to make the plush adhere to the wood. It would not show through if carefully managed.—2. Brasses should be cleaned with rotten-stone and oil, which is far better than bath-brick. A penny's-worth of rotten-stone and the same of vitriol put into an ordinary black bottle with soft water is an excellent mixture, and will last a long while.

NELLIE.—Potato peelings, tea-leaves, and shot are all of them good for cleaning the insides of water-bottles.

NANCY BELL.—1. We should not know how to keep the mincemeat in that manner. The jar should be very well covered.—2. Try scrubbing the cocoanut-matting with cold soap and water.

GOOD FIGURES.—There are several kinds of extracts of meat, and they are to be got at a chemist's or grocer's, and directions how to use them are supplied with them.

COOKERY.

One Ill in Bed writes to say that the jam or treacle may be prevented from boiling out from the ends of "Roly-poly" puddings by sprinkling a few bread-crumbs along the edges of the paste before rolling it up.—2. The Scripture texts, when marked on cards or canvas, are not filled in. A border only is worked round the edges as a finish.

Learning to Cook.—The reason that your custard pudding is honeycombed like gruyère cheese is very probably on account of your placing it to bake in too hot an oven. One way of preventing it is to mix a teaspoonful of cornflour in the milk before adding it to the eggs, etc., and you will find that, having baked it in a moderately hot oven, the custard will be quite smooth and free from these holes.

Mrs. Mills.—There are articles on "Tinned Meats" in vol. viii., pp. 177, 253, 338, 406, 518.

Quintillienne sends us a recipe for "shortbread" which she has used for years, and which is simple and good. Rub half a pound of butter—unmelted of course—into one pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of sugar; roll into a flat cake when mixed, and bake in rather a slow oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bookworm.—Dust the leaves of the books infested with insects with a mixture of powdered alum and white pepper. You should also dust the shelves with the same. If the wood be worm-eaten, brush them well over with lac varnish, and do not lay your books flat on them, but stand them up. If your library or room where you keep your books be damp, stand a small jar of lime near the bookcase, and change it every three days, and you will find that a more effectual method of preserving them than even a hot fire—which may injure them in the opposite way almost as seriously. Books should be taken out, slapped together, and wiped from time to time.

M. L.—The difference between what is called a black and a white frost may be explained very simply. The white results from the coldness of the earth, which is always varying from its great radiating power, and is otherwise known as a "hoar" frost. The black frost, on the contrary, results from the coldness of the atmosphere, and is more likely to last, because the temperature of the air is less variable than that of the earth; and it is called "black" because usually accompanied by dark unbroken clouds, giving a dull leaden hue to the surface of water.

A Perplexed One.—We scarcely agree with you in thinking that all the sunshine will go out of your life when you give up a young man who has a violent temper, swears, frequents public-houses, and wastes his earnings in betting! Never does a woman make a more disastrous mistake than when she marries a man with the view and expectation of thereby reforming him. Put such an idea out of your head. If you select such an associate for life as a man of the kind you name, you will wilfully place yourself in a position of great temptation; your own character will be deteriorated, and you will be a miserable woman.

Trio.—We have given so much advice on the subject of professions, trades, and other occupations open to women that we cannot undertake to repeat them. Besides, we do not know for what sort of employment any one of the trio is qualified, nor their position in life. There is the Civil Service, medicine, nursing, private and visiting governess, or mother's help, and domestic services. There are also clerkships, shop assistants, etc.

Nil Desperandum.—It is difficult to suggest an introductory verse for an album. A couplet from Ben Jonson might suit you, viz.:

"Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well—that is, to understand."

Granny wishes to know whether anything can be done to improve old sight apart from the use of spectacles. If not suffering from congestion, nor incipient cataract, but merely failure of sight, no drops that any oculist could give you would be of the least service. The cornea of the eye becomes flattened, and the roundness of the orb is essential. The contracting power is weakened, and the eye cannot accommodate itself to the right focus according to the nearness of the object. To press the eyeball is at all times injurious to the sight, and has been known to produce blindness; this obscurity of vision occasioned by inadvertently pressing the hands on the eyes must have been observed by most people. The glasses of your spectacles should be convex, not flat, which will assist the enfeebled eye, and supply the amount of refraction required so as to see near objects. In drying the eyes, after washing the face, the thin towel should be passed from the outer corners of the eyes inwards to the nose, so as to round the eyeball rather than flatten it, which drying in the contrary, and more usual, way serves to do.

E. H. F. D.—1. A white woollen fleecy shawl can be cleaned with flour. Sprinkle it well over it and rub gently, shaking the flour all through it. To do this you should use a tub or small bath, and wear an apron.—2. You should refer to our indexes for prescriptions for the cure of chilblains. For rough hands use a little glycerine while still wet, after rinsing off the soap.

Kangaroo tells us that she has all the volumes of the "G. O. P." complete in monthly parts, and in good condition, from September, 1880, to October, 1890, and that she wishes to dispose of them. "An English Girl in Canada" having enquired for back volumes in our magazine "Correspondence" (in No. 560), we recommend "Kangaroo" to write to our Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and it may be easy to dispose of them, although we have not got the private address of our transatlantic correspondent who wants them.

Mildred.—You are deceiving yourself if you think that your desire is sincere in coming to Christ and being His disciple, so long as you wilfully disobey His command, acknowledged as such by you, for you are living in a state of rebellion.

Mona.—1. The usual cause of white opaque spots on the finger nails is a blow, which serves to detach them from the underlying membrane. The small semi-circular white part of the nail is occasioned by the fact that the nail is but newly formed in that part from the vascular substance out of which it grows, and has not acquired its horny and transparent character.—2. You may fix your pencil sketches by means of a weak solution of shellac in alcohol, not over the drawing, but applied with a flat camel's-hair brush at the back of the paper. We understand this plan has been found effectual, but have not personally tried it.

Dorcas writes to ask us to remind our readers of her "Dorcas Society." Members are required to contribute six articles of wearing apparel annually, made by themselves, for the benefit of the poor of London. If the work be supplied to the workers a subscription of 2s. per annum must be sent to the Secretary, but if they supply their own materials no subscription is required. Some members have been obtained through a former notice of ours. Address Miss Dodd, Secretary, 2, Petherton Road, Highbury, London, N.

Frau Försterin.—The disease of which you speak should be prescribed for by a doctor, or you should go to a hospital for skin diseases and have its real nature investigated. We could not undertake either to give an opinion, or prescribe for it on your description. It may be a form of scurvy, eczema, or leprosy, and before getting worse you should take your case to really competent judges.

Erin.—It is not necessary for two friends who are walking together to part company because one of them may stop for a moment to bid "good day" to a friend, nor is it necessary to introduce your two friends to each other. On the contrary, it is better not to do so unless a wish for introduction has been previously expressed. Hold your shoulders back without straps, and sit upright when writing. You write fairly well.

Intending Emigrant.—You had better tell your friends that, by a decree recently issued, "assisted passages" to the Argentine Republic can no longer be obtained in this country. Applications can only be made for them in the Republic itself.

Agna Cara S.—1. We could not enter into such a question as that which you raise in such a paper as this. But it is a fact, which appears well established, that persons very sympathetic to each other, and gifted with strong "animal magnetism," are able to impress each other's minds in a curious way without the use of speech.—2. We thank you for your praise of the teaching given in our paper. We are unable to give your friend any advice on the subject of your letter.

S. M. E.—The breath is a good test of the state of the health. Persons who have a bad digestion are rarely gifted with sweet breath; and probably, when the lungs are diseased and tuberculous, the breath would be affected, as in a case of chronic catarrh.

Domestic Servant (and Others).—Female domestic servants can obtain passages to Natal at £5 a head, which will be returned to them after a year's good service. You may also obtain a free, or assisted passage, if unmarried, to Queensland either as a domestic servant or a semptress. You should obtain a penny handbook on these colonies containing maps, also the *Emigration Statutes* and professional handbooks at 3d. each, are to be had by those who want them at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. There is a demand for female domestic servants in most districts of the Eastern and North-Western Provinces of the Dominion of Canada. Wages vary (with board and lodging) from five dollars to ten dollars a month in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec. A laundress's wages in the North-West Territories are from 1s. 8d. to 3s. per dozen pieces. We must refer you for all other information to the office above-named.

A. F.—Your question about the coloured picture and title page, index, etc., should be addressed to our Publisher. The Editor has nothing to do with that department.

Distressed One.—1. Your digestion is out of order. That is the origin of your trouble.—2. It is disgraceful on the part of any girl to have gone out clandestinely with any man, during two years, unknown to her parents. It is absolutely wicked.

Pepper and Salt.—1. The 8th of July, 1889, was a Monday.—2. White alpaca trimmed with a colour would make a pretty evening dress for a young girl; or a sprigged mousseline-de-laine of different light colours—now much used.

Peggoty.—If you cannot obtain assistance from a teacher you can only learn to read either vocal or instrumental music by careful and diligent practice. There is no other way, after having thoroughly learnt the notes.

Charlotte.—The first introduction of letters into Greece was due to Cadmus, son of Agenor and Agriope, king and queen of Phœnicia, the alphabet containing sixteen letters only. It was at about the middle of the thirteenth century that students began to collect together in hostels. Afterwards the endowed colleges at Cambridge gradually absorbed these hostels, the last of which was annexed by Trinity College in 1540.

Mother.—Dip the child's finger-tips in quassia, and it will probably cease biting the nails. Should this fail tie on a pair of gloves. Better to try these means before having recourse to punishment. You will certainly know, by a little careful watching, whether the child makes an effort to remember your prohibition to do so.

Juno.—Yes, you are right in saying that the eyes in early infancy are not always of the same colour when the child grows a little older. In a large proportion of the newly-born children they are blue, and change afterwards, a circumstance explained by the fact that, to speak scientifically, "the pigmental structure of the choroid coat of the eye is not complete, and the blue and violet rays of light are more fully reflected by the iris." We know a case in which the eyes of the infant were originally blue, and which became hazel as the child grew older.

Lilian Stewart expects what we have never promised to our correspondents, who number, not by hundreds, but by thousands. It is quite a chance that your grumbling letter should have turned up even now; and had the question, asked a fortnight ago, been now repeated, we might have answered now. As it is, we do not know what you want.

Pupil Teacher.—"Hallamshire" is not enumerated amongst the other counties of England because it is only a district within a county. By some it is thought that it was a separate county originally, but this idea does not seem to be substantiated. It is a portion of the West Riding of Yorkshire, which comprises Sheffield, Ecclesfield, Handsworth, Treeton, Whiston, and the Chapelry of Bradfield; and its name is derived from the Manor of Hallam, or Court of the Earl Waltheof. The manor and its *rill*, or hamlet, made so strong a resistance to the Conqueror that he destroyed it. The title of "shire" has been bestowed on other districts in the north of England which are not counties, nor are they indicated on the maps; but you may hear of them as Bamboroughshire, Hexhamshire, Islandshire, and Norhamshire.

Nineteen.—1. Mourning for an uncle would be worn for about three months.—2. The best things to wear are suspenders, which consist of a piece of elastic sewn on each side of the stays, with a button on the end, and a loop to meet them on the stockings.

Josephine.—The *Domesday Book* was a statistical survey of England, drawn up by order of William the Conqueror during the years 1081-86. In old English it was called "Domesdaeg," or the day on which a local court pronounced its "dooms" or decisions. The original book is still in existence, preserved in the Record Office, Fetter Lane, London. It is in three volumes, written on vellum, bound in massive board covers, and these are kept under a glass case. The king had it made to show him in what proportions the country was allotted, to guard small landowners against the encroachments of the greater, and to facilitate legislative measures. But the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham are omitted in the surveys made.

E. A. D.—The Irish prefix "O" to a surname, like the Scotch "Mac," the Cymric (or Welsh) "Ap," and the Cornish "Pen" and "Tre," are all employed to signify descent, like "Fitz," the old Norman word, from the Latin *filius*, and the "Fils" of modern French, and the Oriental "Ben," denoting a son. In the Russian language the termination "witch" has the same signification. The Arab word "Beni" is the plural denoting sons, and designates a tribe, as the Highland clans are called Mac-Duffs, Mac-Donals, and so forth.

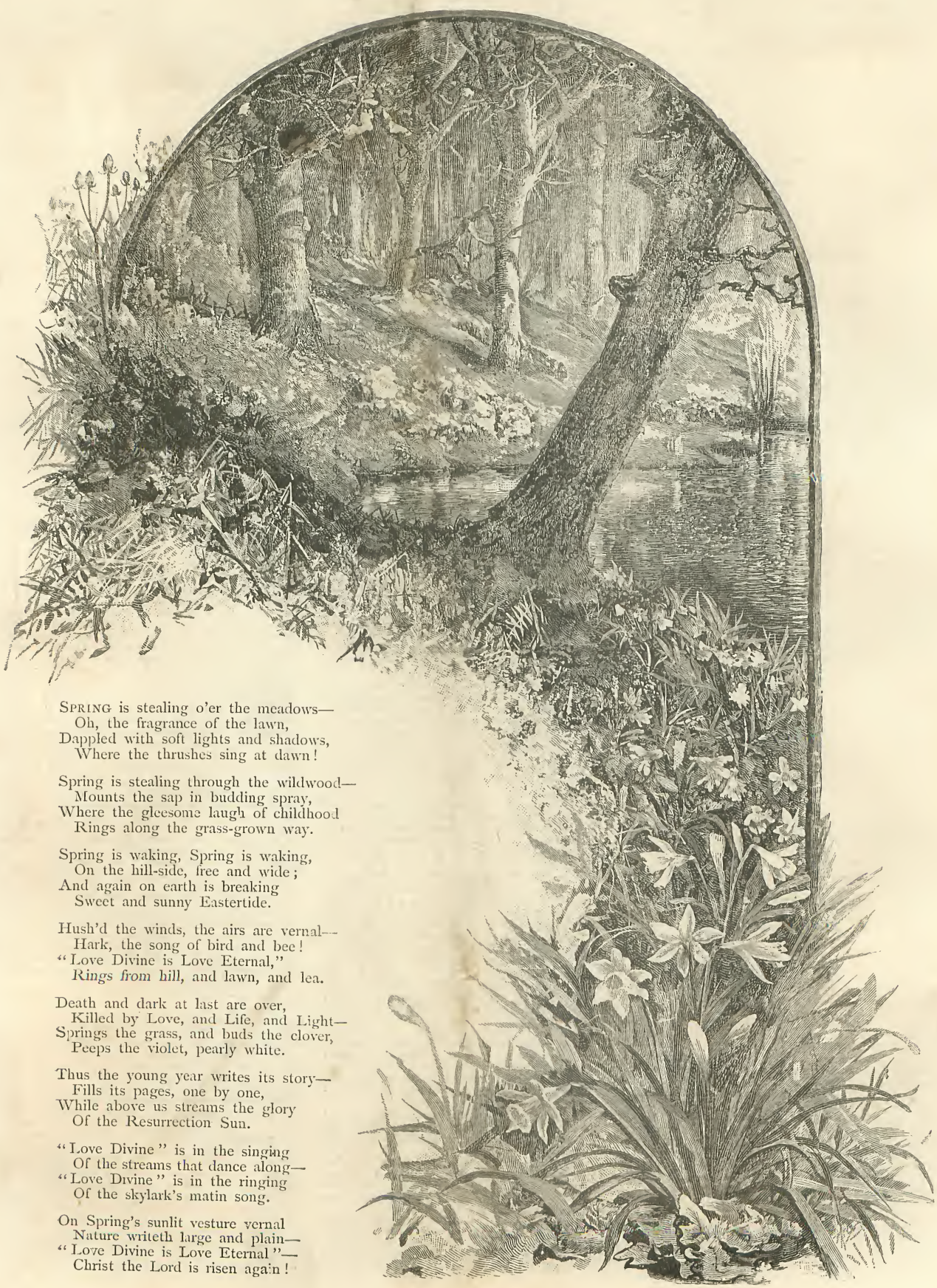
Etiquette.—Your father should call if he has not done so, of course.

A Lancashire Lass.—The first day of the week was the day on which the Disciples met for Divine worship, and they called it "the Lord's Day." They probably (in those early days, if they were Jews) kept both days; but "the first day of the week" is especially commemorative of the rising of the Redeemer from the dead, which belongs to the New, or Christian, Dispensation, as the Saturday Sabbath belonged to the Jewish; and it was considered better to make a difference in honour of Our Lord's resurrection. His teaching in reference to the obligations of the sabbath was different from that of the Pharisees; and He expressly declared that "the sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath." We gather that the sabbath had been made by them a burden, and He wanted it to be a rest for both body and mind in its consecration to thoughts of higher things in prayer and the "breaking of bread."

L. N. P.—1. Every animal rests in sleep, we believe, and it seems decided that fish do also.—2. The 2nd of January, 1874, was a Friday.

LOVE DIVINE IS LOVE ETERNAL.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



SPRING is stealing o'er the meadows—
Oh, the fragrance of the lawn,
Dappled with soft lights and shadows,
Where the thrushes sing at dawn!

Spring is stealing through the wildwood—
Mounts the sap in budding spray,
Where the gleesome laugh of childhood
Rings along the grass-grown way.

Spring is waking, Spring is waking,
On the hill-side, free and wide;
And again on earth is breaking
Sweet and sunny Eastertide.

Hush'd the winds, the airs are vernal—
Hark, the song of bird and bee!
"Love Divine is Love Eternal,"
Rings from hill, and lawn, and lea.

Death and dark at last are over,
Killed by Love, and Life, and Light—
Springs the grass, and buds the clover,
Peeps the violet, pearly white.

Thus the young year writes its story—
Fills its pages, one by one,
While above us streams the glory
Of the Resurrection Sun.

"Love Divine" is in the singing
Of the streams that dance along—
"Love Divine" is in the ringing
Of the skylark's matin song.

On Spring's sunlit vesture vernal
Nature writeth large and plain—
"Love Divine is Love Eternal"—
Christ the Lord is risen again!



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A WOODLAND NOOK IN APRIL



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APRIL

By AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

NATURE grows apace in April. The world of herbs leaps into life, and the rapidity with which vegetation pushes ahead, bursting buds and flower-sheaths in order to unfold its leaves and open its blossoms, is very striking to those who notice it for the first time.

I was sketching in Burnham Beeches one spring, and studying carefully the same spot day by day for some three weeks. I found that during this time the whole aspect of nature had changed, and the sketch I had in hand was no longer true to the scene before me ere I put the last touches upon it. April with us is usually a most delightful month. Winter, which too often has not lost her grip of March, has passed out of harm's way by April, to reappear perhaps in May, bringing those late frosts which do so much damage to gardens.

April is the first month to bring us wild flowers in profusion. Nuneham Woods, so well known to Oxford men, is one sheet of that marvellously subtle purple blue of the wild hyacinths. They grow in such profusion that one living poet was literally true when he described the effect of these myriads of bluebells as a "wisp of sea blown inland." The colour is best described as resembling the sea under a sunny blue sky. It is a most difficult colour to paint, as three of us found one year when we attempted to represent it in colour. It just escapes one. The wild hyacinth is rarely found outside woods, and it flourishes best under the shade of leafless trees. Two other flowers keep it company—the delicate wind flower, or wood anemone, and the primrose. The anemone is a very thin white-petalled flower, slightly tinged with pink on the under side—the unopened buds are quite pink—and it usually hangs its head in a characteristic way. These three flowers make a perfect harmony of colour, and any girl wishing to combine three colours in a dress might get a suggestion from this harmony "in three parts."

Poets have always sung in praise of spring; and Matthew Arnold, who knew the Nuneham and Bagley Woods so well, tells us—

"Oft thou has given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leafed, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drenched with dew of
summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves."

These purple orchises are very common in our meadows in the spring. Children call them snake's leaves, owing to their purplish black markings. The poet goes on to say—

"The sweet spring days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest ways."

The still more delicate wood-sorrel is also in flower in the woods. You generally find it growing in small close patches at the foot of some tree, the brilliant yellow-green leaves, like three hearts joined, quite carpeting the ground, while the almost transparent white flowers, with faint purplish veins, push their way through between the leaves. These leaves if chewed have an acid flavour, due to the presence of oxalic acid; hence its botanical name, *oxalis acetosella*.

The primary impulse with most of us is to gather huge handfuls of these spring flowers in our exuberance at the first sight of them at the year's awakening, and yet nothing is more disappointing than the effect of them when gathered. They wither so rapidly, that before one can get them into vases they have got into so limp a condition that many people throw them away in disgust. Primroses, "Orpheus of the flowery prime," are the only ones that at all revive in water; but how different is the effect of these dense bunches of blossoms sold in London and the delicate flowers growing on their thin pink stalks, with their accompanying background of yellow-green leaves! My own feeling is, that cultivated flowers are the only ones worth gathering for the house, and for two reasons—they keep better when cut, and are much more effective as decoration. There is a certain modesty and diffidence—if I may use





the expression—about all wild flowers that makes them out of place in our necessarily artificial surroundings.

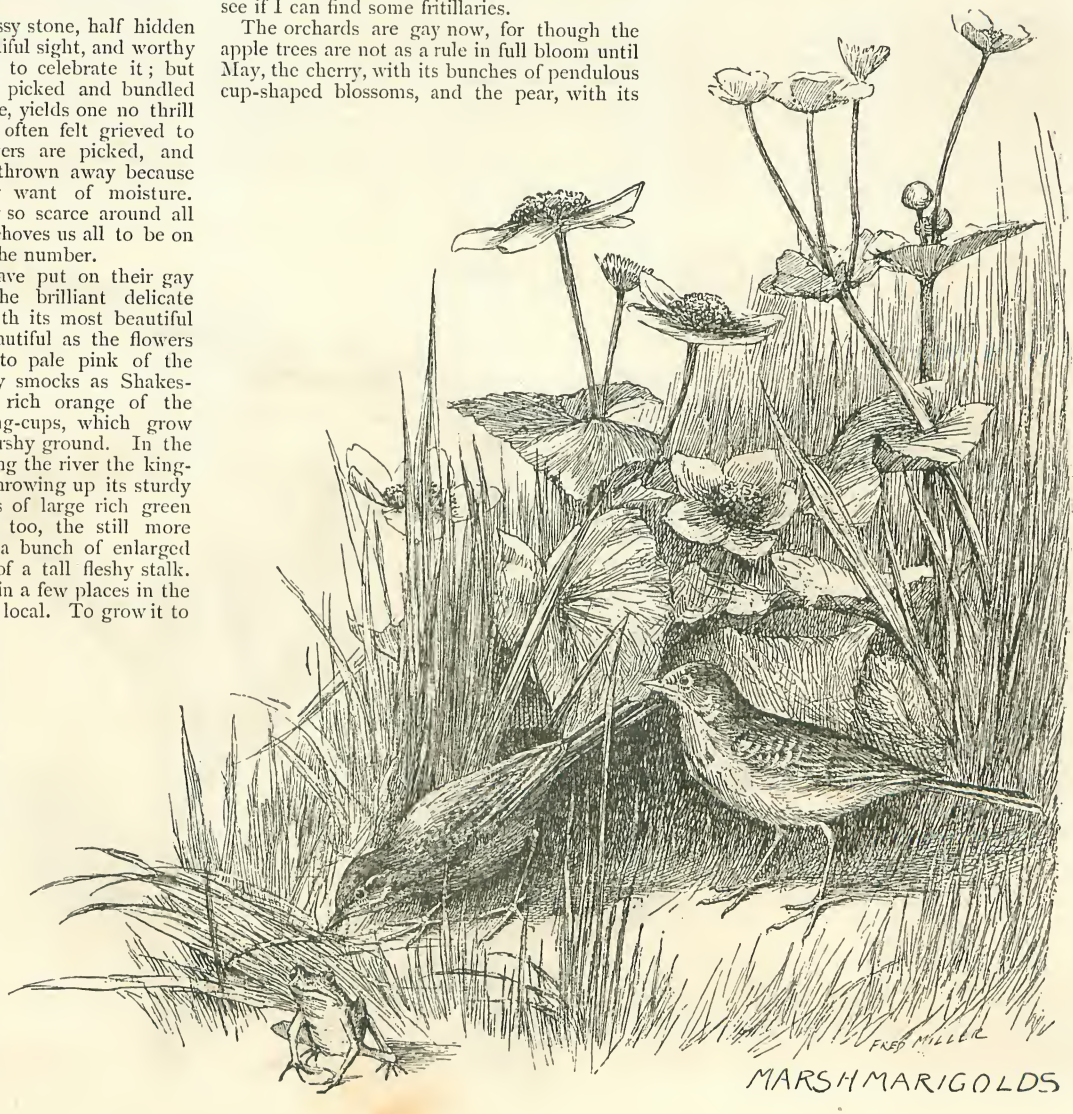
"The violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," is a beautiful sight, and worthy of Wordsworth's genius to celebrate it; but that same violet, when picked and bundled together with many more, yields one no thrill of pleasure; and I have often felt grieved to see the way wild flowers are picked, and before the day is over thrown away because they have drooped for want of moisture. Wild flowers are getting so scarce around all our big towns, that it behoves us all to be on our guard not to lessen the number.

The fields in April have put on their gay attire, and we have the brilliant delicate yellow of the cowslip, with its most beautiful pale green calyx as beautiful as the flowers themselves; the white to pale pink of the cuckoo flowers, or lady smocks as Shakespeare calls them; the rich orange of the marsh marigolds or king-cups, which grow wherever there is any marshy ground. In the fields about here bordering the river the king-cup is a striking plant, throwing up its sturdy flower stems from a mass of large rich green leaves. We have here, too, the still more beautiful snowflake, like a bunch of enlarged snowdrops growing out of a tall fleshy stalk. This plant is found wild in a few places in the Thames valley, but is very local. To grow it to perfection requires a damp situation, but it is often grown in gardens. The snake-flower, or spotted fritillary, is found in some fields, but I have not been fortunate enough to come across it myself. It is quite unique, looking not unlike a tulip growing with its head downwards, and covered with dark spots.

"I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries."

I must visit these spots where Matthew Arnold saw these flowers this next spring, and see if I can find some fritillaries.

The orchards are gay now, for though the apple trees are not as a rule in full bloom until May, the cherry, with its bunches of pendulous cup-shaped blossoms, and the pear, with its



thick clusters of brilliant creamy-white flowers, as well as the plum, all give their scent to the passing breeze.

Speaking of scents, it has often astonished me how few people seem alive to the fact of the sweetness of perfume given off by flowering trees. The wych elms, which flower in April, are very fragrant, and yield as much smell as lime trees. The blossoms appear like dense frills around the twigs, and have been likened to Brussels sprouts. We have a fine specimen in the centre of the village, and when the greenish-yellow petals fall, the ground is quite carpeted with them. The leaves do not come out until May. I have given a drawing of a piece of larch to show the curious, thick, fleshy, pink blossoms, and also a spray of willow, with its beautiful golden flowers, or rather tufts of stamens, not unlike a thick, bushy tail.

We are not accustomed to think of some very familiar trees as flowering, and yet of course they all have to bear blossoms before they fruit or seed. The bright-red cat's-tail blossoms of the elm are familiar to all of us. The leaves in all these cases, as well as the ash, succeed the blossom. The oak, walnut, and chestnut, on the other hand, come into leaf before the flowers appear; but the majority of trees are still almost bare in April, though the buds are swollen almost to bursting. It is no exaggeration to call April the month of breaking bud and bursting blossom. A week of genial weather is sufficient to clothe the willows with delicate green leaves that at a distance have the appearance of a vapour over the branches. The flower-buds of the elm, of a reddish-purple hue, are very striking when seen in the sun against a blue sky, the trees literally glowing with colour at such a time. Gooseberries and currant trees flower and come into leaf about the middle of May, and the lilac and elder are among the earliest trees to come into leaf, followed by the elms, chestnuts, and willows. The beeches, birches, and oaks have to wait until next month to put on their spring attire.

Poets, we know, have ever been loudest in praise of spring, and there is an exhilaration about spring that makes many prosaic folk almost attempt to versify, though it is fortunate for the reading public that editors do not accept such rhymes. Everything is before one in spring. It is all anticipation, with no regrets that come of looking back. Browning describes this feeling in the song—

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
> The hillside's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in His Heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

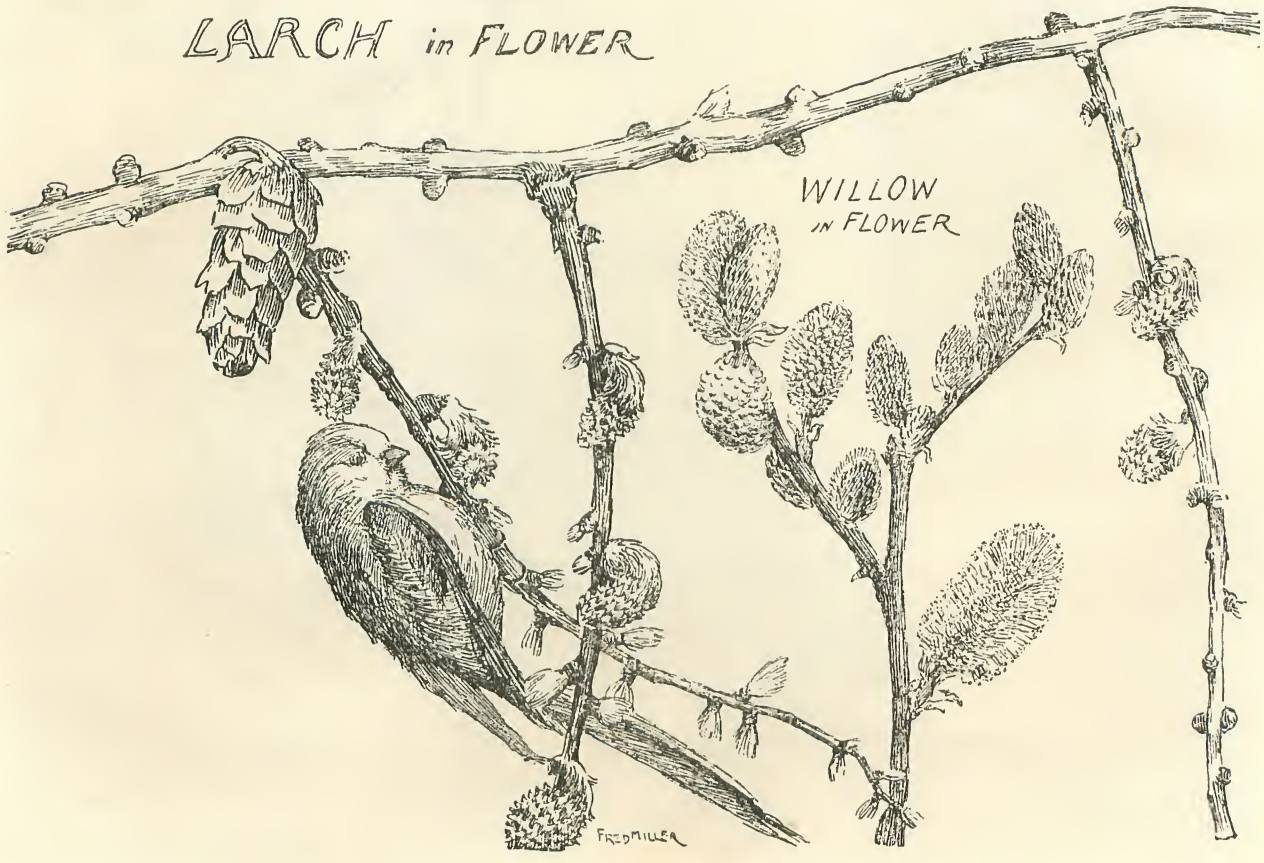
In the gardens we have quantities of wallflowers, one of the most effective of our perennials. The colours are very varied, and I obtained a few cuttings of a fine double-yellow wallflower growing in a near garden, which, I hope, will bloom this spring. To propagate any particular wallflower, the vigorous young shoots from the old plants should be pulled off and stuck into some good potting soil in the summer. These will strike, and form good plants to flower the next spring. Seed should be sown in the early summer to get good bushy plants for the next spring's flowering; but these plants will last for some years if desirable, though they are apt to get leggy and unshapely. The double German wallflowers that are so striking, with their spikes of dense blooms, are annuals, and must be sown the previous summer, and then bedded out in the autumn for spring flowering. They are not so hardy, and a very hard winter is apt to destroy a good many.

Pansies are easily raised from seeds, though cuttings are better if you desire to propagate any particular colour, for seedlings are apt to vary in colour from the parent plant. April should see a good show of these effective plants, which keep in bloom right until the late autumn.

The forget-me-not makes a most effective bordering plant, flowering during this and the next month. When exhausted, they should be plunged into the earth, only leaving their tops out of the ground. The plants will send out roots from every joint, and in the autumn these can be separated and planted out for the next spring. It may be said that all herbaceous plants can be increased by dividing up the roots.

Polyanthuses, or cultivated primroses, are a feature in our garden early in April. The colours are very varied, every tone of red and yellow being found. The ordinary primrose can be made to assume a deep pink colour by cultivation, but personally I prefer the colour of the wild flowers.

Tulips and hyacinths are in flower now. In many of the cottage gardens the bulbs are left in the ground year after year; but the result is that they degenerate, the flower stems increasing in length and the blooms decreasing in size. To keep them true, the bulbs should be taken up every year and dried. On the other hand, the narcissus and several of the lilies do not degenerate by being left in the ground, but, on the contrary, the clumps get larger year by year. I have seen clumps of the ordinary white lily that had been left for years with as many as a dozen strong flower-spikes. Pansies too very soon degenerate unless the plants are lifted or fresh cuttings struck; and the same is true of all flowers that have been largely improved both as to size and colouring by careful cultivation. I have found from experience that pansies better repay the trouble of growing them well, as they offer as large a



variety in colour as any flower growing, and keep in bloom for months.

* * * *

By the beginning of April, the birds that visit us during the summer months add their songs to those birds who stay with us throughout the year. The sand martin comes first, then the swallow, and after these two the martin, the swift not putting in an appearance until the end of the month. The cuckoo, which is such a herald of spring, is heard about the second week in April, and as the evening comes on the nightingale begins its well-marked song with its trill, guttural, and whistle. The outskirts of woods or small plantations and spinneys are favourite building places. The nightingale's song is very striking when heard in a wood, as they call to each other, one cock bird answering a near one until the whole place echoes with them. Singing through the night when other birds are quiet, everyone notices its song, and I think that is the reason it has such a reputation as a songster, rather than its superiority over other feathered singers. One remembers Mrs. Browning's lines, "The fireflies and the nightingales sang each to other, flame and song," in speaking of this bird, and if we substitute glowworm for firefly—though glowworms do not make any sound—the association of the two is true of April in this country.

Birds are all busy building now; indeed, several, such as the blackbird, thrush, and some of the finches, have hatched their eggs by the end of April, and even earlier if the spring is a mild one.

Our migratory birds begin building very soon after they land on our shores; and it is while building operations are progressing, and more particularly while the hen is sitting on her eggs, that the cock birds fill our woods, hedgerows, and gardens with their notes. April and May are the months that birds sing at their fullest, and it is now that they are in their finest plumage. The brilliancy of a chaffinch (to mention one familiar example) in the spring would astonish those who have not seen one in April, and particularly those who know them best from stuffed or caged specimens. The colouring of all birds fades after death, and caged specimens are rarely so large or full-coloured as wild ones. I had occasion to make a sketch of a goldfinch, and went to a cottage where some were kept; but to have painted literally from such specimens would have been a libel on this handsome bird.

The blackcap and whitethroat are two of our garden birds that come in April. The former is a most sweet singer, and has been christened the mock-nightingale. I do my utmost to encourage birds in my garden; and



though my fruit buds suffer, it is very pleasant to be able to watch birds building in front of your windows, and to see them coming around the house for crumbs. I had two thrushes build on two small firs in front of the house, and from my bedroom window I could look into one of the nests and see the old one sitting on the eggs. I will allow that gooseberry and currant trees suffer somewhat through the finches picking out the buds; but some old fish net thrown over the trees will protect them. But to watch a thrush creep under a yew hedge, find a snail, and then bring it out and crack its shell on the tile sedging until he can get the body clear of its covering, and then, after rubbing it up and down on the gravel path, swallow it with all the relish of a *gourmet*, is worth a gooseberry or two.

Birds very soon get to know whether they are molested or not, and act accordingly. It is a pleasing sight to see the sparrows in the public promenades in Paris alight on the hands of those who daily take food to them. The London sparrow is tame, and in the parks we can soon get a hundred round one by throwing down a few crumbs; but I have never seen a bird actually alight on one's hand. Birds in towns get very fearless, and I have known wood pigeons build and bring off two broods in a season in a London square; yet this bird is one of the wariest we have in the country, as those know who try to shoot them.

FRED MILLER.

A ROMANCE IN THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BRANDON.

SOME four centuries and a half ago, when the Tudors were on the throne, few families in England could hold their heads higher than the Brandons, Dukes of Suffolk. It is probable that they originally came from Brandon, a small town on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk; but their pedigree is not very clear before the reign of Henry VII., when we find a Sir William Brandon married to a lady who was one of the Wingfields of Letheringham and of Wingfield in Suffolk, and who must have been a person of consequence, being a granddaughter of a former Duchess of Norfolk. One of this gentleman's sons, Sir Thomas, was an "esquire of the body" to the sovereign, and a Knight of the Order of the Garter, and "Marshall" of the Court of Common Pleas. Another, the eldest, who bore his father's Christian name, was standard-bearer to Henry at the battle of Bosworth Field, in which he fell, slain by the hand, it is said, of King Richard himself.

This Sir William's son and heir, Charles, if we may believe the historian Dugdale, "being a person of comely stature, high of courage, and conformity of disposition to Henry VIII., became so acceptable to him, especially in all his youthful exercises and pastimes, as that he soon attained great advancement both in titles of honour and otherwise." In the very first year of the new reign he was made one of the "esquires of the royal bodyguard," and Chamberlain of the Principality of North Wales; three years later he gained great distinction in a naval engagement off Brest; and in the next year, attending the King on the expedition to Tournay, he was raised to the peerage as Viscount L'Isle, and appointed to command the vanguard of the army, in which campaign (writes Sir Bernard Burke) he behaved so valiantly that in the following February (1514) he was promoted to the Dukedom of Suffolk.

Not long after this we find him again in

France, assisting at the coronation of Henry's sister, Mary, and of her husband, Louis XII. of France, at St. Denis. A princely tournament was part of the entertainment which followed the ceremony; and here he showed much skill in the tiltyard, where he jousted with and unhorsed one of the most gallant of the French knights. This success gained the comely young duke the favour of the Queen, who, on the death of Louis soon after, bestowed on him her hand, with the full consent of King Henry himself. It was easy, in the days of the Tudors, to find some estates for the King to settle on the newly-married pair; and it so happened that those of De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, were vacant, the latter having been attainted and beheaded only a few years before. And, as Sir William Brandon had already the title, what more natural, seeing that he was the King's favourite, than that he should have the broad acres also which once had belonged to it? He attended Henry at "the Field of Cloth of Gold," and took a leading part in preparing the articles against Cardinal Wolsey. He was also made a Knight of the Garter, and Chief Justice in Eyre of the royal forests, and got more than his fair share of the spoil at the dissolution of the monasteries. He was married no less than four times in all, the Lady Mary Tudor being his third spouse, and the other three being all members of noble and titled houses.

The greater part of the life of the Duke's father, old Sir William, was spent in a retired and sequestered spot in Hampshire, on the borders of the New Forest, and his favourite son Charles was his chief companion, for he had long been a widower. He had, however, early in life, adopted an orphan child, the daughter of a deceased friend; and very naturally this young lady fell desperately in love with Sir William's other son. One day, as she was wandering through the glades of the New Forest, this young lady was savagely assaulted by some robbers, and the King, who happened to be hunting in the neighbourhood, heard her screams. Without waiting to make himself known, he at once drew his sword on the robbers and called lustily for assistance, as he had to fight single-handed against three. The noise arrested the attention of Charles Brandon, who ran up to the aid at once of the lady and the King; and the latter lost no time in arranging for his reward. At once he made him one of the Royal household, and followed up the appointment by heaping on him the other honours and favours mentioned above.

The King proved himself his friend throughout the Duke's life, and showed the steadiness of his friendship by gracious words of kindness when he heard of the Duke's death. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death was brought to him; and he publicly took occasion then and there, in the royal palace of St. James', to express his own deep sorrow for his loss, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared that during the whole course of their long acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word in his hearing to the disadvantage of any of his compeers and rivals. "And how many of you, my lords (added the King), can say as much?"

The Duke, at his death, in 1545, left by his fourth and last wife two sons, Henry and Charles, the former of whom succeeded to the ducal title and to the broad acres and mansions which belonged to it. But he did not live long to enjoy his honours and estates, for while still under age he died of "the sweating sickness" at the Bishop of Lincoln's palace of Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, in July, 1551, a few hours after his younger brother Charles. And so the dukedom, after an existence of less than forty years, became extinct.

It will interest my readers to learn that by his royal wife, Mary Tudor, the Duke had a son, the Earl of Lincoln, who died young, and also two daughters, of whom the younger married Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and the elder married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, in whose favour the dukedom of Suffolk was revived soon after its extinction. But that honour would seem to have been singularly unfortunate; in fact, the dukedom of Suffolk seems to have been as luckless and as perishable as that of Buckingham, for within three years the new Duke was attainted and beheaded, leaving three daughters—the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, who aspired to the Crown on the death of Edward VI., but paid the penalty of failure on the scaffold; while her next sister, Lady Katharine, died a prisoner in the Tower; and her youngest sister, Lady Mary, made an unfortunate match with one of Queen Elizabeth's groom-porters, but died childless.

E. WALFORD.

"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

BY "MEDICUS."



I HAVE been out of it for the last fortnight—out of the world, I mean. And I am out of it still. During that time there has been nearly all sorts and conditions of weather. It has rained, and hailed, and snowed; there has been frost, and now there is thaw. But it affects me but little, because, unfortunately, I am out of it, and in a little world of my own, bounded by four picture-hung walls; a world in which medicine bottles, and pill-boxes, and glass dishes containing jelly, figure prominently; a world in which the fire in the grate is a very *great* factor indeed. I can assure you, that pun came quite unconsciously. I would no more think of making a pun in my present condition, than I would think of giving a party. A fortnight in bed has taken pretty nearly all the "go" out of me, and all the fun as well, leaving behind only a weary, chastened kind of a feeling.

Yes, most assuredly my "go" seems all gone, for if "to go" means "to walk"—and it sometimes does—walking is what I am worst at. And yet this day fortnight I had as usual gone for a three-mile "spin" with the dogs and the children. A fortnight, did I say? It feels more like forty years ago. A long dreary space of time, filled up with racking pains and wretchedness, with snatches of dream-perturbed slumber at intervals, at the end of every four or five years, for instance. And yet only a fortnight ago no ship's mast stands so high aboveboard that I could not have gone to the top of far more easily than I can now turn myself in bed.

Was it an accident, then? some one may ask. No; it was and is lumbago; but I was cut down as suddenly as if struck by a six-pound shot, and the paroxysms of pain could only be compared to forcible dislocation of the spine by the old-fashioned torture of breaking on the wheel. And the slightest movement brought them on.

Stay, though; I do not mean to weary you with my complainings. The force of the storm, I think, is past, and if body were as willing as mind, I'd be up and out. It is such a lovely day to-day; the snow has all gone, and it seems indeed as if spring were on the wing, and cold winter on the wane. I look from my pillow at a clear opal sky out yonder, at my poplar trees bending gently in the breeze, at quivering arbor vitæs, at deodar cedars moving their green-fringed fingers, and dark pine trees, studded over with golden cones, waving to and fro, and at bare bright fields and far-off hills and woods all asleep apparently, or dreaming in the spiritualising haze of distance. But the trees and the woods will all wake up by-and-by when winter goes, and I cannot help wondering whatever they will do if I am not with them and among them to lovingly watch the output of bud and burgeon and little leaflet green. And wouldn't my wild birds miss me too, and my russet-brown squirrels, with their black beads of eyes, that hop so perkily from beechen bough to beechen bough away in the woods, and my rufous weasels that stand on end among the withered pine needles the better to see me and the—— Hullo! here is "Queen," my pet Newfoundland, who every morning comes up to pay her visit, who places her two great fore-paws on the bed, licks my ear, then stands there looming high above me like a statue of jet. I dare say that, after her own canine fashion, she is thinking and wondering how it is the world has changed so, and her master does not come out to cross the hills and dells as in the days of yore.

Heigho! Well, one naturally feels dull and heartless when one is ill. And yet how much one often has to be thankful for even when laid upon a bed of sickness. I believe I am truly grateful that I am able to read, ay! and write, as I lie here, to my indulgent readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." I never knew personally till now how excruciatingly painful was the complaint called lumbago; how low it can bring one; how sick and weary even of life itself it can render the sufferer; and, as many thousands suffer from it, both young and middle-aged, it occurred to me to-day to say something about rheumatism, from which those afflicted with the terrible complaint may gather some hope and a hint or two for its alleviation.

Rheumatic fever itself, usually called acute rheumatism, is a most dangerous malady, and the sufferings of a patient therein are not to be described in words. I was out in India when I was struck down by this terrible fever. I had been in the jungle, and sleeping in the dew, and doing every daring thing with my constitution—I was a very young man, and of course imagined I was immortal. I attribute my recovery to the kindly attentions of an army surgeon, to the brightness of the climate, and the faithfulness of a native servant, who was positively dog-like in his fidelity to me, all through those pained and racking weeks,

when I could not raise a hand to brush a fly from off my brow.

Now the tendency to attacks of rheumatism, either of the joints or of groups of muscles, such as those in the back, to which the name lumbago is given, may either be hereditary or acquired during life. But it is a comfort for those who have the rheumatic diathesis to know that attacks may be prevented, or warded off. Every effort should be made to prevent the oncome of an attack if only for this reason: as with winter cough, one attack leaves the muscles and their sheaths or tendons in such a condition, that they are predisposed to further attacks.

Again, when one has suffered from an attack, the more complete the cure the better, and treatment should not be given up as long as the slightest symptom remains. After the intensity of an attack has passed, pains will still be left, often acute, generally dull and wearying pains, however, that are bliss perhaps compared to those that have already been undergone. Well, one may think, "Oh, these pains will go away by degrees. I may as well grin and bear them, and give up medicine." But this is unwise. You must not give up treatment until your physician pronounces you perfectly restored. You must not shout until you are well out of the wood.

But as regards the prevention of attacks, there is a good deal to be said and thought. You and I, reader, when well, may feel very well indeed. We must ride our cycles, we must make one at tennis or some other ball game occasionally. There is no power to prevent us—no power, at all events, we are likely to permit to prevent us. But having finished our ride or our ball game, it would be the height of folly to go and sit in damp underclothing. If we have been some distance from home, and have no cycle with us, but are offered a seat in a carriage or dog-cart, even that pleasure has to be foregone; we must walk home, and having arrived there, go at once away and change the underclothing, after perhaps a light sponge all over, and a rubbing with hard dry towels. The underclothing must be woollen, of course. After this change and a refreshing cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, we will feel as bright as burn trouts.

I am a great advocate for good tea after a fatigue, if it be preceded by a good wash and rub down, with change of under garments. Every cyclist, or amateur athlete of any other sort, should possess the means of making a cup of tea in his own or her own room. You don't like to bother servants. Servants ought not to be bothered. If you do appeal to them, ten to one you'll get some vile decoction not worth drinking. They have not put enough tea in, or they have put it in a cold tea pot, or water was not boiling, or "the water *has* boiled, miss," or the tea has been bad itself. But lo! with this spirits-of-wine apparatus you can boil your water while you wash, you can put a generous allowance of really good tea in, and ——you are a new being as soon as you have swallowed it.

Tea soothes the nerves under circumstances like these, and calms the mind, while every organ in the body is gently stimulated to perform its functions instead of—after great exertion—becoming stagnant, and permitting the deposit of matter in muscle, joint, or sinew, that may lead to stiffness if not to an attack of your friend the enemy.

But rheumatism of all kinds is accompanied by or even dependent upon an acid state of the secretions. In their endeavours to cure attacks of chronic rheumatism, medical men make a point of getting rid of this acid or sour condition of blood, and nature has then a chance of fighting the trouble with a freer hand.

But would it not be much better if we could live in such a way that the acidity of the system should be reduced to a minimum? This leads me to give a few practical hints as to diet.

Rheumatically-disposed people are not, as a rule, very fleshy or stout. If they are stout the complaint generally shows itself in another guise or disguise, namely the guise of gout. Neither should such persons hanker after being too fleshy, or making too much blood. They will find themselves far more active both in body and mind if they restrict themselves as regards eating and drinking. I don't counsel them being anchorites altogether, but I do advise them to toy more with their meals than they usually do. Listen, please. There is a form of dyspepsia almost the only symptoms of which are slight discomfort after eating, and a feeling of fulness and distress which sometimes amounts to positive pain. If the individual has sat down to a meal feeling more hungry than usual these symptoms are more likely to supervene. Now I will tell you the cure. First and foremost, if at all delicate, do not permit yourself at any time to become very hungry, eat a little biscuit, and sip—don't drink it—half a cupful of milk. Take nothing else—take no wine, that were ruinous. Then at table make a point of eating very slowly. That is the cure. If you do not use the new table salt called pepsalia, then immediately after dinner take a peptonic tablet. Eating slowly is followed thus by quick digestion, just as surely as eating quickly is punished by dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia must be kept at bay above all things by the chronically rheumatic; and therefore all indigestible foods *must* be avoided—pastry, pickles, cheese, oily fruits, and oily fishes. By oily fruits, I mean nuts; by oily fishes, mackerel, plaice, salmon, herring, and some others. Any kind of meat may be eaten, but only the fat of beef, not of mutton, while even the skin, however crackly, of game or fowl should be avoided. Pork, except in the form of bacon for breakfast, is sure to disagree. All meat eaten must be very tender and not overdone. Except in private houses, it is rarely indeed one in this country gets really good tender beef or mutton. John Bull eats like an ogre, and restaurant caterers know this, and heap his plate with stuff that a civilised Frenchman or American would turn away from with loathing.

As for tea, where, tell me where, in all the wide world of London, is a man to get it? One day I tried an experiment, and betwixt our office (GIRL'S OWN PAPER) and Paddington, I called at seven different *likely* places to get a cup of tea. I was unsuccessful, and my persistency went unrewarded. I can assure you, the water that turnips have been boiled in would be nectar compared to any of the insulting decoctions placed before me. So I went tealess.

Well, then, a carefully-regulated and almost spare diet helps to keep rheumatism at bay. Lithia water is an excellent thing to drink, or, in summer, lemonade and lime juice. But wine, unless under the doctor's orders, and beer especially, does much harm.

Exercise should be constant and regular when it can be taken. It must be carried almost to the verge of fatigue, and quite up to perspiration point, with of course the precautions as to changing damp underclothing I have already mentioned. The skin is one of the most important emunctories to everyone; but if an acid or semi-acid perspiration be retained in the body the direst results may be expected to follow in those inclined to rheumatism. The cold bath in the morning, and now and then a nice hot one at night, are greatly to be recommended, if they can be borne at all.

Again, there are times when people with this rheumatic diathesis feel for days perhaps an unaccountable weariness of body and dulness of mind. Nothing seems then to go well with them; life is hardly worth having; music itself ceases to comfort and soothe. This is not caused by the weather, though people will say so, but by a vitiated state of the secretions. The sufferer should at once have recourse to the Turkish bath—a couple of baths with an interval of two days between will work wonders: but a little nitrate and bicarbonate of potash will do good, and so assuredly will a few aperient pills.

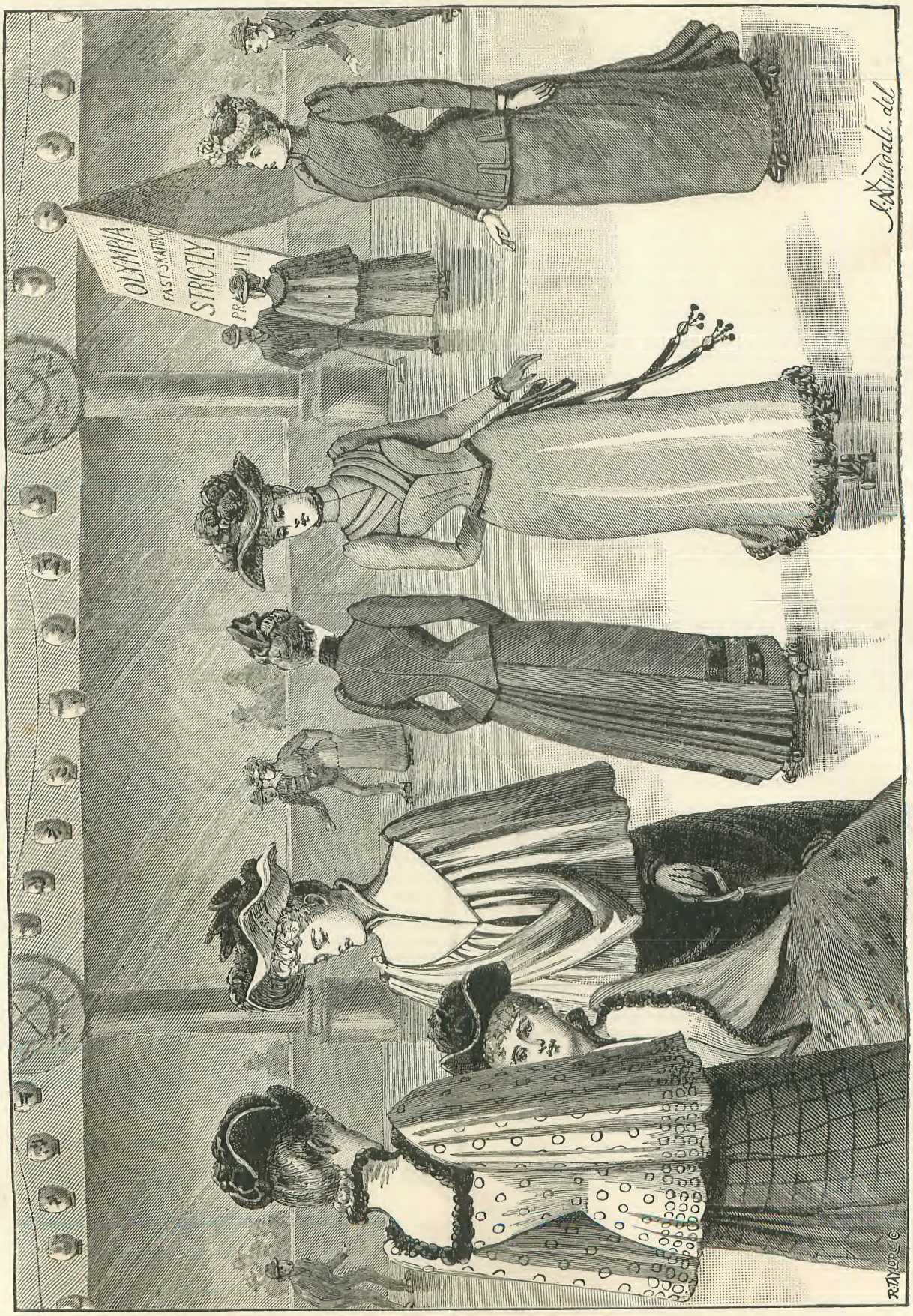
As to clothing, it must not be too heavy, especially for walking. Heavy clothing sweats one too soon. Of course the underclothing must be of wool; and the fashion now coming much into vogue of using woollen sheets instead of cotton or linen deserves the highest praise.

Persons who suffer much from neuralgia of the face or toothache, should never lay their heads on a pillow that is not covered with something woollen.

I have very little faith in drugs for the cure of chronic rheumatism, and they often do far more harm than good. Besides, if you fix your faith on physic, you are likely to neglect diet and hygiene, and these are far more important.

A seaside or inland holiday often does great good. It can really never do harm, if the patient can travel in comfort, and has not to undergo too much fatigue; and if, above all, pleasant apartments can be obtained. If you cannot have home comforts—not the advertised article though; fight shy of that—at the watering-place you go to, it is far better to remain where you are.





ON A SKATING RINK.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THAT sure precursor of spring, the London shop-window violet, makes its appearance in the middle of February; and this year it was even before the time, varying in colour from the deepest purple in single and double kinds, to the double Neapolitan, of white and delicate violet. The flat bonnets are generally trimmed with a tiny wreath of the single blossoms. Green velvet and violets seem a usual mixture this year, and the Neapolitan violets are mixed with brown and white.

It must not be imagined for an instant that there is any *new* fashion exhibited in the bonnets which so largely grace the shop-windows. There is nothing really new so early, and the flat bonnets are exactly what we have seen for the whole winter. The violets only are new and fresh, and of the spring, and milliners are increasingly making use of them to dispose of the difficulties of old bonnets, which they wish to sell off before the really spring fashions arrive. No wonder if after so severe a season we should long to see something that reminds us of that season.

There is little change in millinery as yet. The hats are nearly all of felt, and much bent and doubled up, while the only novelty is the hat of black Tuscan straw, which was seen in the early autumn but was not much adopted; and now they are evidently being brought out anew, and will be much worn for the spring and summer.

All the bonnets are very small still, and the trimmings are still placed at the back in England, though in Paris they seem more collected together in the front. Rather large flat-brimmed hats of smooth velvet, with a gathered crown of silk, velvet or cloth, are more the rage than anything, and the inside of the brim is sometimes richly embroidered in with silks in satin stitch. Many toques in all materials are seen, and some of them are novel and very pretty, and are generally becoming. Toques are always a popular style of headdress amongst young people, for they are so easily made and altered at home, and may match with any dress.

As regards colours, there seems a great tendency towards yellows, which are not of the "old gold" kind, but are of a decidedly red hue. One of the new winter shades was *feu*, which shows the reddy gold of the fire, and another was *mort d'or*, which last is like a copper coal-scuttle when it begins to tarnish. Tangerine and Maltese are both of them orange yellows of the most vivid kind.

With many people the renovation of the winter dress is the first thing to be attended to in the spring, and so I will devote a few words to that subject first of all. It appears to me that all renovations must be done at home to repay the trouble entailed. We will suppose, for example, that you have been wearing during the winter a brown cloth or vigogne, and that it has grown rather worn and shabby. On looking it over, you find the wrong side of the skirt is good and unworn, and, accordingly, you devote your leisure to unpicking the top from the foundation at the waistband, then the breadths apart, and the hem at the edge. You should then lay each breadth on a table, brush well, pick out the threads, and, if needful, take out spots with benzine. This done, you must proceed to turn the skirt, putting each breadth in the place from which it came; and when you come to the hem, where it is probably a little worn at the edge, you can run it along and turn it up, and where the machine-stitching was done, you can lay a band of some kind of trimming, velvet ribbon, braid, or braid *passementerie*. After this you put it back into the band, and, before doing so, you must carefully brush and clean it, mend it if needful, and put fresh braid in the places where it is worn at the edge of the skirt.

When you arrive at the bodice, perhaps you will find it is too much worn for mending, and you may obtain an inexpensive jersey to replace it. But if not too much worn, you may perhaps find some way of "doing it up." A brown velvet "Senorita jacket," for instance, will cover up the damaged parts of the bodice, and you might add a bias band round the edge of the basque or pointed bodice, or else a full front of some kind of figured material. An idea for the re-trimming of an old bodice may be often found in the pages of a fashion magazine.

Serges of all kinds wash extremely well, provided that they are really of an all-wool stuff; and in making your purchases of them you had better find this out. Many people wash serges in borax, ammonia, or in a simple soap-lather of tepid water, hanging the serge to drip dry, and ironing it on the wrong side while damp. The bodice, if good enough, may also be washed. There are many ways of making-up a serge again, and you should choose one that you can manage yourself, as I am trying now to help you to do up your old dresses without the aid of a dressmaker, or with perhaps only the aid of a person who goes out to work by the day, but is not a skilled dressmaker. It is only in this way, to my mind, that dresses are worth making over.

One bit of advice I will give you, and that is, if you find it needful to turn a bodice, be sure to put a *new* lining in, and do not think of using the old one for anything else save as a pattern to cut the new lining on. If the bodice be worth making-over, the new lining will make it worth double, besides giving the pleasant feeling of newness belonging to a really new gown.

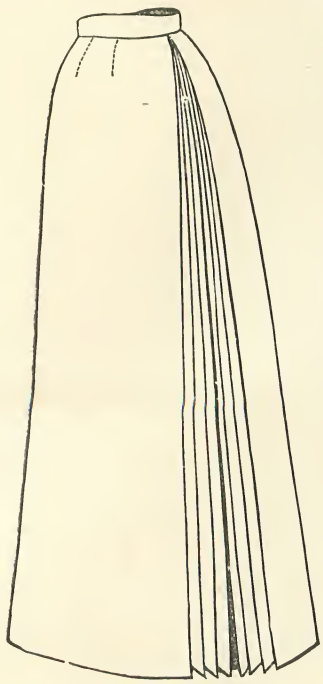
Amongst the old friends revived we find the real and veritable old Norfolk jacket, with three pleats both back and front, which is being made by ladies' tailors, as well as dressmakers again, and seems to be received very cordially; in fact, no nicer garment was ever invented for ordinary day wear, either indoors or out, and for young or middle-aged. It is best used for woollens of course. It seems an entirely woollen article of dress indeed, and is prettiest now made with a sailor collar and worn with a knotted scarf. The four side pleats meet on the shoulders, and in some patterns they are slightly lessened at the waist. This is a difficult matter for a novice, and is best done by the inexperienced with one or two small tucks taken on each side under the pleats, so as to draw them together a little at the waist.

The further we go on towards the spring, the more plainly we see that the long or three-quarter length jackets are going to be *the* correct wear, and that the cape which last month we gave as the paper *pattern, which is called* indiscriminately Henri II., Tudor, military, and policeman's, is, and will be, more used than anything else. These will be most worn of the material of the dress lined with a colour, and the most recent ones reach quite as far as the knees, and I do not myself think that either they, or the very long jackets that are nearly as long, are becoming or smart in appearance, and I do not fancy they will have



A TRAVELLING DRESS AND TWO HOUSE-GOWNS.

a permanent success. One of the new ones we illustrate in our present number, in "On a Skating Rink," and it is somewhat novel, and has the front thrown across to the opposite shoulder, and in some of these the cape is caught up at the back of that shoulder, and so leaves the arm completely exposed. Some of these capes are made of fancy and brocaded cloths, and later on will no doubt be made of silk, velvet, and the finer kinds of summer cloths. Chestnut and grey are both fashionable colours at present, and the lining



PAPER PATTERN.

is chestnut silk when the cape itself is of grey cloth. Brocaded woollens are now the most stylish, are best worn of anything for morning wear, and are seen for dresses, capes, and cloaks; black on grey or sand colour is the most becoming.

In "On a Skating Rink" is a sketch of several of the newest gowns, and from these it will be seen that the full yoked bodice is quite one of the fashions of the month; the yokes are made of the brocaded material, and so are the sleeves if the dress be of two materials; otherwise the yoke may be braided, or folded; and in serge we find many of them are of velvet, for black serge of black velvet, and for grey serges of green of a darker shade of velvet. The girdles of gimp are still much worn, and are narrow or wide, as preferred, and may be tied either in front or at the back. Fringes are put at the edges of bodices as illustrated, and for woollen dresses are sometimes knotted ones; at others, if for rich silks, they are very long indeed, and of rich jet *passementerie*. This is repeated on the skirt or on the bodice, as may be suitable; and this style, as it is very becoming, we shall probably see as one of the prevailing ones worn. Sleeves are quite as high, if not higher, than they were, and show no signs of decreasing; in fact, I find in many of the newest jackets horsehair is used to pad them and make them stiff enough to stand upright. Most of the basques that are worn are put on with a seam at the hips, but many dresses also are made in one, and the seams of the long basque are left open, forming tabs, which are edged with double braid stitched on.

All the high collars, which go by the name of Medici, Tudor, Elizabethan, and Valois, are to be seen, but they are smaller and less extreme, and the edges are generally softened off with feather-edging or a tiny puff. They seem likely to be worn during the spring also, judging from the favour shown to them now.

There is not much to relate about skirts of dresses; they still remain plain in the extreme, and this style seems the most becoming to our English figures; but in France they are endeavouring to reintroduce the panier style, and more fulness immediately over the hips, some of the French skirts being draped so that they almost appear to be pinned on to the bodice edge in the most slight and careless manner.

In making up cloth skirts there is a great desire to show the selvedge, and some recent specimens have had two or three wide flounces with the selvedge left rough on them; and as I said last month, there is an idea that we shall have the fashion of two or three wide flounces back again.

One of the newest skirt-patterns we have selected this month for our paper pattern, which has the most absolutely plain appearance round the figure, a small spire-shaped space being left at the back through which the back breadth is arranged so as to escape in folds. This style is used for trained dresses as well as for short skirts. There are three pieces in the skirt, half of front, half of back, and side piece. Though the shaping is cut at the waist, it is advised that the skirt should only be tacked before fitting there, as each figure requires fitting; and this will be found quite easy to do. When the skirt is on an extra pleat is often required on each side for very slight figures.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out- or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, new jacket with revers, cape mantle, new cloak, and new cape.

THE EMANCIPATION OF SEAMSTRESSES.

By ANNE BEALE.

As several kind and thoughtful friends have interested themselves in the seamstresses through the articles that have appeared in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, it is expedient to make the readers acquainted with certain suggestions they have volunteered.

In the first place, however, many thanks are due to all who have gone to the fountain head, either to make enquiries, or to render actual assistance to the Needlewomen's Association by giving orders for work. All who abhor the sweating system could scarcely do better than aid in its suppression by assisting those who are struggling to free its slaves from its bondage. The secretary says that much good has been done by our small efforts, and she is anxious to meet the demands of all new enquirers or clients; but she would humbly suggest that every one who desires an answer should enclose a stamped envelope. She fears that some of her numerous correspondents may have been disappointed in the matter of replies, owing to this defalcation. Funds are low, and, ridiculous as it may seem, stamps are a considerable item in the current expenses—stamps and printing. Owing to increased demands, price lists are exhausted, and time and money are needed to supply them. We mention this, because many ardent young people, anxious to benefit their toiling fellows, may complain of their letters not being answered. But we hope their ardour may not decrease on this account; particularly since the aforesaid secretary is quite hopeful that both making and mending may continue to increase through their instrumentality.

And now, as regards the suggestions. They have been made by friends who have pondered over the subject for years, and think they see light at last, if not actual "emancipation" as yet. The light dawns with the possibility of the young men of this great city having their clothes regularly mended week by week at a moderate charge. They give pitiful and even ludicrous accounts of the socks and stockings of brothers and cousins "alone in London." One, a Mildmay worker, says she dares not complain, because, when no longer wearable, they are sent to her for the poor—but, if mended at all, the work is atrocious, and of all colours. Another, also engaged in good work

at home and abroad, rejoices at the prospect of any improvement in the condition of the "ill-mended" lords of creation. Let it be understood that these relatives do not reside at home. A third has matured her plans, and even suggests that there shall be a regular service to fetch and carry the articles to be repaired from their owners' dwellings to the work-rooms of the Association. She would employ Carter, Paterson & Co. to go the rounds of the helpless males, and convey their goods to the more helpful females, and to take them back again when duly set in order. This would be mutually beneficial, and perhaps, in course of time, tend to increase the number of work-rooms, and decrease the multitudes of women who are overtasked and underpaid. If only the men would take a little trouble themselves, and go to Carteret Street and make their own arrangements, the "service" above-mentioned may be managed. But alas! they would rather go about with heel-and-toeless stockings than thread the mazes of Westminster.

Several young men of our acquaintance, who seem really anxious to employ the Association, are always "going to see about it," but fail to go. We hope the girls will keep the mankind up to the mark; such at least of them as have no womenkind to "mend their gloves, and sew on their buttons." It is impossible to realise the amount of patient thought expended on this difficult question by tens of thousands of people who would fain see the toiling needlewoman paid for her day's work without the intervention of the sweater or middleman.

Our readers will like to know, that in addition to this fair wage for fair labour our seamstresses enjoyed a pleasant social evening on New Year's Day. Between eighty and ninety of them sat down to a bountiful meat tea provided for them by kind friends. The workers themselves had tastefully decorated their long room. Flowers, fruit, and all sorts of sweets adorned the tables, and happy faces surrounded them. Songs and recitations succeeded the feast, and donors and guests rejoiced together. Before they separated, a presentation of New Year cards took place, each member of the party receiving four. They were given by the Religious Tract Society and other kind friends, and doubtless will often serve as reminders of a happy evening.

Even though the results have not, as yet, appeared to be commensurate with the outlay and efforts made, it must have rejoiced the hearts of the hosts of the evening to see so many respectable women withdrawn from the evils of the sweating system, and provided with work and wages apart from it. We must repeat, what we have already said in previous numbers of this magazine, that orders, both small and large, will be instantly attended to, and that, if required, a forewoman will be sent to receive them. The excellence of the work can scarcely be overpraised. For full details we must refer the reader to the number of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for November last, but we again give the full address in the hope of enlisting "orderers:"—Needlework Registry, 4, Carteret Street, Queen's Anne's Gate, S.W.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY LUCAS AND CO.

Rêves—No. 1, *Berceuse; No.* 2, *Scherzino; No.* 3, *Chant d'Amour.*—Three "Dreams," by Senor I. Albeniz.—We have received Nos. 2 and 3 for piano only, but No. 1 is composed by the talented Spanish pianist for violin or 'cello and piano. We could wish that 'cello music should belong exclusively to that instrument, and not, by the transposition of an octave, become violin music so easily.

PITT AND HATZFELD.

Album of Eight Songs, with German words (English translations by Charles Hervey), music by Arthur Hervey.—Of these eight songs we prefer the May song. In setting the well-known words, "Du bist wie eine Blume" of Heine, Mr. Hervey finds it difficult to forget his predecessors. "The Violet" is a most graceful composition. The piano part is, throughout the Album, a feature of interest.

Album of Six Songs, by Benno Schönberger, with German and English words.—Beautiful original work, but occasionally marred by passages for the singer which are literally unvocal. No one writes violin passages for the French horn; why should unsingable effects be provided for the voice?

Album of Ten Songs, composed by C. A. Lidgey.—There is a great deal of promise in these settings of good poems, and we look forward with considerable interest to this young composer's further writings. It would be well if all composers limited their choice of words to those which are worthy of good music. It might limit the propagation of rubbish in both arts.

España—Six Album Leaves for the Pianoforte, by J. Albeniz.—Most of these are Spanish dance forms, and all contain the quaint characteristics with which the music of that country fascinates and delights us.

Largo (*Mélodie religieuse*), for violin, by Tivadar Nachez.—In addition to the pianoforte accompaniment is an *ad libitum* part of a sustained character intended for the organ. Although printed upon three staves, a very little management would make this part available for the American organ or harmonium, instruments more likely to be found in the drawing-room than an organ with pipes and pedals.

Gavotte—Première Valse, composed by Benno Schönberger. — Capital pianoforte pieces, free from commonplace ideas, and ably developed. The waltz has a beautiful dreamy persuasion about it which is delightful to hear.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Part Songs for Treble Voices.—A selection of trios and duets, old and new, specially adapted for high schools by the able editors of the *Children's Hymn-book*. There are so many compositions for female voices that it seems to us as unnecessary as it is inartistic to take part-songs originally composed for male or mixed voices and convert them for this purpose.

Eight Pianoforte Pieces, by Strelezki.—This is the latest Pianoforte Album brought out in all the excellence of style and type to which this firm has accustomed us. Of the eight pieces, we specially recommend a "Notturno," "In the Meadows," "Mazurka," and a "Miniature."

Ten Violin Pieces (*Eclogues*), by Nešvera, are of greater interest and greater difficulty. We commend these to our readers who are advanced violinists.

Beyond; I Shall see Thee Again.—Two songs by Willem Coenen.—Both of these are sacred songs, and of moderate compass. The second song, a setting of touching words, by Rev. E. Husband, is the more interesting one.

A. HAMMOND AND CO.

Arpeggios, by Professor Bradbury Turner.—Yet another collection of *arpeggios!* you cry. But this is certainly by far the best and the most complete we have met with. They are carried into all scales; the inversions of each chord are there, and so are several scales in double-sixths, &c. Candidates for local examinations will find all they require in this ably-arranged work.

Examination Series of Pianoforte Music. This collection of pieces, by Dr. Gordon Saunders, useful alike to student and professor, is not only carefully fingered and revised, but is furnished with notes on the form and construction of the piece—information which is always needed, and not so often to be found clearly set forth, for such examinations as are held by Trinity College, and kindred bodies. The series is sub-divided into three sections, corresponding to the requirements of senior, junior, and primary examinees, and about sixty numbers are ready, well engraved, and with large-sized clear notes.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

By the Brook, sketch for Pianoforte; *A Book of Fancies*, also for pianoforte.—Both the above works are by that accomplished student of the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Ethel Boyce, and they fully justify the high opinion and the full hopes which her earlier compositions drew forth.

The sketch, *Allegro Molto in C*, requires delicate playing, and will well repay the work it demands.

The Book of Fancies is a collection of finished sketches of varying difficulty. They are also published separately. Graceful, thoughtful, and good as they are, they will each give you pleasure of some sort—sad or bright.

ALFRED HAYS.

Shadow Children. A song for contraltos, by H. A. J. Campbell.—An altogether effective song, with bright gleams of originality enough to raise it far above the average ballad. It should become a great favourite, as the words, in addition to their setting, are thoroughly good.

MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Three songs, words by W. E. Henley, music by H. F. Birch Reynardson.—Of the three songs we think No. 2 will prove itself the most attractive, as it is the most simple. They are all published together at a very moderate price for the set, and are worth possessing.

The Spinning Wheel.—Words by George Barlow, music by George A. Lovell.—A simple melody, mainly dependent upon a most descriptive accompaniment for its interest. When properly played, the effect is good.

O Swallow, Swallow!—Words by Lord Tennyson, music by Arthur Somervell.—Notwithstanding the recollection of Piatti's beautiful setting of these words, with 'cello obligato, Mr. Somervell's composition strikes us as fresh and original, and possessed of beautiful, expressive thought.

Three 18th Century Studies for Violin and Piano, composed by Arthur Somervell.—By way of contrast to the song just noticed, the tendency of which is decidedly modern in both form and harmony, and as a proof of this artist's clever versatility, come these quaint imitations of a quaint period. The set includes an Air, a Sarabande, and an Allemande.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Welcome. Song by Walter J. Lockitt, with words by Ruth Lamb.—The composer is greatly helped to his intellectual setting by the beautiful words which have already impressed us in a past number of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER II.



THERE came a morning in the early summer which Venetia was destined to remember to the end of her life. For days she had been conscious of an air of excitement in her mother's manner, and had seen that preparations for movement of some kind were going on; but it had never been her habit to ask the questions that fall so freely from the lips of most children, and she watched in silence, wondering a little to herself what it might mean. Lucile was gay and moody by turns, and the night before this memorable morning she had been depressed in her manner to an unusual degree. The child, looking up from the book which she had carried to the window to catch the fading light of the long evening, saw an expression she was unfamiliar with in her mother's pretty eyes. In after years she thought she knew what must have been the nature of the struggle which she saw there reflected.

Venetia, waking early, was surprised to see her mother already dressed in her little bedroom. She was putting the few articles which composed the child's slender wardrobe into a trunk, and to Venetia's enquiry as to where she was going, Lucile answered volubly—

"She was going to send her to see her Uncle Aitkin, whose garden she must remember; had she not often seen it before they had left the old home?"

The child had no pleasant recollection of dull visits paid at long intervals to an uncle with a grey beard, whom she thought must be at least a hundred years old, and who had invariably quarrelled with her mother before they left the house. The housekeeper, too, had never made her welcome there, even when feeding her bountifully with cakes and jam, and the sensitive spirit of the young creature had been quick to note an absence of cordiality and kindliness which had robbed these dainties of half their sweetness. To go to her uncle's house, and to go alone—for through her mother's disconnected speech ran a thread of meaning which Venetia could not fail to catch—was a terrible prospect; and all her precocious power of self-restraint broke down under the fear of some impending evil. She wept with childish violence.

Then Lucile, impulsive, heartless, and childish still, even at thirty years, wept also; and Venetia never forgot the scene, though its details afterwards faded from her memory.

The mother's tears meant nothing; nervous irritability perhaps, or hysterical sympathy with her child's real grief and alarm, but certainly not what Venetia came to believe that they had done when, long years afterwards, she tried to find comfort in the thought that her mother's tears had mingled with her own on the day when they had been together for the last time.

Through the quiet streets in the early summer morning Lucile and her little daughter walked in silence to the railway station. Some sudden enlightenment had caused the child to feel that her mother's resolve was inflexible in spite of tears on either side; and ceasing to weep, she had accepted her destiny, whatever it might prove to be, in her own curiously quiet way, asking no questions, making no remonstrance.

It was not until all arrangements had been made for her journey that Lucile put into her hand a letter addressed to her uncle, bidding her on the arrival of the train at Rockly to go at once to his house, and give it to him. Perhaps the heartless woman had persuaded herself of the truth of the assurances of Christopher Aitkin's goodness and kindness with which she tried to soothe the trembling child, who for once clung to her as though the bond between them, which she at least had never recognised, existed in unbroken strength; but though one would be glad to think so, it is not easy to imagine that she could so soon have forgotten her last interview with him.

Lucile stood for a moment to watch the departing train as it steamed out of the little station; and then, lightly wiping away the tear that still hung upon her eyelash, turned and passed away out of this story, as she had already gone out of her daughter's life. She had deserted her child as literally as though she had left it on a doorstep in its infancy; but stifling the voice of conscience by imagining an impossible future which should more than make amends for any present unpleasantness, she went on her way with the conviction that at any rate she had done the best thing possible, under the circumstances—for herself.

It is doubtful if Venetia could ever have given any accurate account of the next two hours. She was alone in the carriage, and if she had wished to weep there was no reason why she should have restrained her tears. But she shed none; she sat still, and in her hand grasped the letter which Lucile had given to her at parting—the key which was to open at once her uncle's heart and the future of her own life. Her thoughts were indistinct, and ran one into another like the features of the blurred landscape through which the quick train was speeding. The few years of her short life which she could remember seemed to whirl in her memory, until a sudden recollection of her father cleared her mind. She should see his grave again, with the simple headstone, on which she had so often read the inscription of his name and age—"Robert Turner, aged 54." She had not known how old he was until she had seen the figures placed under his name, and it had struck her childish mind as a coincidence that these figures added together made the number of her own years. Now the thought came to her with a pang that she was a year older than when she first made that strange little computation which had in some way been a consolation to her, and it was as though a link between herself and the memory of this much-loved father had been broken. And so the old grief, never at any time far away, returned to push aside the new sorrow, and when the train stopped, as she reached the end of her journey, it was with an effort that she recalled her mother's instructions, and prepared for the short walk between the station and her uncle's house.

Though Rockly had been dignified by the name of a town, it was in reality little more than a village, picturesque in some parts and commonplace in others, where rows of little ugly red-brick houses had begun to take the place of the old cottages fallen into decay by sheer neglect. It had been hooked on to the railway in an irregular, almost violent, manner by a short branch line that swept through the fields a mile away; and the very small station was almost too large for its requirements, since no train ever stopped at Rockly, but only paused there for a few minutes on its way to more important places. The inhabitants and regular residents would never have bestirred themselves to procure this privilege, but in this picturesque neighbourhood were the country houses of some of the landed gentry, one of whom was a member of Parliament, whose journeys to London were in themselves almost important enough to warrant the loop-line, which obviated the necessity of driving twelve miles to the post town, which had been the custom till some six years previously. By degrees it was expected that the farmers would appreciate the facilities thus afforded for despatching their produce direct almost from the very gates of their fields; but their minds, which moved slowly and laboriously in grooves laid down by their fathers, very much like their own cart-horses along the ruts of the roads, had not yet realised the advantage which might result from the change, and they continued to despatch their teams to distant market towns as had been done for fifty years and more.

The quiet of Rockly was generally mistaken for peace by the casual visitor, but it was in reality due to the dulness and stupidity of the lives of its inhabitants, who, though not more quarrelsome than others, had yet on hand a few old family feuds, and indulged in neighbourly squabbles enough to preserve them from stagnation. Outward quiet was, how-

ever, its most striking feature; the clatter of a hob-nailed shoe upon the cobble stones of the market-place, the cry of an angry child, or the shrill voice of some virago now and again, broke the noontide silence, as a stone thrown into a pool breaks up the surface of the water; but the momentary disturbance over, the shattered silence settled down again into the brooding tranquillity which was the ordinary condition of the place.

In the bright sunshine Venetia walked along the narrow lane that passed between the fields and led direct to Rockly. The hedgerows on either side were rich in their summer luxuriance, and the child gathered, almost without knowing that she did so, a handful of wildflowers which made their chief beauty. She was in no haste to reach her journey's end. With every step her vague alarm seemed strengthened, and she loitered and lingered over her flower-gathering, now stopping to look back down the lane, at the end of which was still visible the brick-red railway station, now pausing to look forward to where she could see the tower of the old church that crowned the market-place, standing out grey and square against the blue sky. As she paused there came to her across the sunny air the chiming of the church bells, and the little traveller knew that it was one o'clock, the hour at which she was always ready for dinner. Instinctively she quickened her pace, and leaving the green-bordered lane behind her, turned to the right, and found herself within sight of the big clock-dial, and close to Christopher Aitkin's house.

There was no sign of life in the large brick front that rose three stories high, and was only three windows wide in the upper part, though on the ground floor you could count two windows on either side of the front door. These extra windows, however, belonged to shallow wings, which were not very important additions to the size of the house, though giving it a certain air of importance. The one on the left was occupied by the kitchen offices, and the other was devoted to professional purposes, and a smaller and less important door than the one in the centre bore Dr. Aitkin's name on a bright brass plate. A small grass enclosure, railed in and divided by a narrow stone paved footpath, and entered by a tall iron gate, led from the outer road to the white steps of the dark-painted house-door, and Venetia, exerting all her little strength to push back the rusty hinge, passed through the gate and walked slowly toward the entrance door.

The little figure that stood up on the doorstep, with downcast eyes that were fixed upon the bunch of faded field-flowers in her hand without seeing them, was a pathetic sight enough had anyone been there to take note of it. Perhaps her timid pull at the stiff bell-wire had awakened no response in the distance to which it had to travel, and the strain of silent waiting growing unbearable, it sought relief in a nervous clutch at the pendant pear-shaped handle that sent a peal through every room. Such a peal, violent, yet withal tremulous, from the bell of a country doctor's house, even though it be the front door and not the surgery bell, is a summons not to be neglected, and before the startled child had time to realise that her hand had waked the clanging echo, quick steps were heard rapidly advancing, and the door was thrown open by an elderly woman, breathless with haste and excitement.

"What is it?" she began, and then stopped, for though the piteous little face of Venetia might well have suited some messenger of woe, the old housekeeper had recognised in it the features of "Lucile's child," as, perhaps in unconscious imitation of her master's tone, she had always called her.

Even a child, though playing unconsciously its little part in some tragedy of life, becomes so stamped with the mark of the character assumed that the dullest eye cannot fail to perceive the change, and Mrs. Piggott saw at a glance that the little girl had come on no ordinary errand.

"I have brought a letter," she said, holding out the envelope, crumpled and stained by the close clasp in which it had so long been held; for Venetia had regarded it as a talisman, and even when gathering the wildflowers—which she now let fall at her feet—had not relinquished her careful hold of it.

Mrs. Piggott recognised Lucile's handwriting, and snorted with displeasure as she did so. The original feud between herself and the wilful girl, fresh from school a dozen years before, had been kept alive by perpetual irritation, and what the older woman called "aggravation" on the part of the younger, and she never willingly lost an opportunity of expressing her feelings on the subject by word or sign.

None the less she took the note, and brought Venetia into the living room, the open door of which was behind her as she stood in the narrow entrance-hall.

Dr. Aitkin was not at home; he had been called away early in the day to a case at some distance, and the time of his return was uncertain; so placing the child on one of the hard horsehair-covered chairs stiffly ranged against the walls of the room, the old woman began to question her as to the reason of her unexpected arrival. It was more ignorance than reluctance which made her answers so vague and unsatisfactory; but knowing of Lucile's stormy interview with her brother, and the threat with which it had been closed, Mrs. Piggott was able, from the little Venetia could tell her, coupled with the fact that she had left a trunk containing her clothes at the railway station, to arrive nearly enough at the truth. The indignation which she felt against the mother fell upon the child, who, overcome with fatigue, exhaustion, and many hours of overstrained feeling, on realising that the torrent of reproaches, in which her mother's name and her own were confusedly mingled, was aimed at herself, gave one little sobbing cry of fright, and fell fainting from the chair on which she was rather perched than seated.

No premeditated scheme of action could have saved the cause of the innocent creature half so well. The angry woman calmed herself at once, and taking the little figure in her arms, laid her upon a couch, and sought such simple restoratives as the case demanded. When Venetia opened her eyes, and when her scattered senses were so far collected that she could take in what she saw about her, the face that looked anxiously into her own was no longer distorted by passion, but had recovered its ordinary expression.

Food and rest restored the child's strength, and she lay in silence on the hard comfortless couch till the evening shadows made the parlour dark, and still Dr. Aitkin had not returned.

Mrs. Piggott, who knew by years of experience that after this prolonged absence her master was certain to return fatigued and out of temper, judged it best that Venetia should not by her presence increase the irritation which she felt instinctively that the reading of Lucile's letter would cause. She therefore roused the child, now more than half asleep, and, taking her upstairs, bade her undress, and arraying her in the voluminous folds of one of her own night garments, laid her in her own bed, and left her with a "good night," in which, if there was little tenderness, there was at least some kindliness of tone.

Mrs. Piggott was not easy in her mind, as, having made all the necessary preparations for the evening meal, she sat in the dim candlelight, listening for the sound of a horse's step, which in the silence of the summer night would give warning of Dr. Aitkin's approach some minute or so before his actual arrival. Though in her way she was a domestic tyrant, and though there were moments when even her master felt the weight of her tyranny, she knew exactly how far she might go, and what liberties she might take with one whose nature was in truth far more tyrannical than her own. They had lived under one roof for so long, their interests becoming yearly more united by habit and custom, that it seemed highly improbable that any circumstances could arise to bring about a change in their relationship; yet the housekeeper could not shake off a feeling of apprehension in the prospect of telling her master that "Lucile's child" was an uninvited guest under his roof, and that she had so far made her welcome as to give her food and lodging for the night.

Theoretically Mrs. Piggott viewed the matter as she knew that Dr. Aitkin would do, and resented, as keenly as though it had been a trick played upon herself, the manner in which Venetia had been foisted upon her unloving relative. But still she was a woman, though at times a very cross one, and the sweet, pale child's face with its lonely look had touched her heart

"If Lucile has gone off and left that child, as I expect she has," was her thought, "someone must look after her, and I suppose it'll be me." And in those unspoken words she summed up the present and future of the child upstairs, who had by this time passed beyond the recollection of the day's

fatigue and trouble into the safe keeping of dreamless sleep.

Dr. Aitkin was, as his housekeeper had anticipated, tired, hungry, and cross when, as the church clock struck ten, he dismounted at his own door. In spite of her anxiety, and her uncomfortable knowledge of what was in store for him, her woman's nature tempted Mrs. Piggott to make enquiry from the doctor as to the condition of the distant patient whose troubles had been the cause of his late return.

"All right now," he said gruffly, as he took his seat at the supper-table, at the opposite end of which the housekeeper presided. "Twins this time. As if there were not mouths enough already for all the bread there is to give them. Fools people are," he grumbled on testily. "Where should I be now if I'd had to bring up a dozen young ones, I wonder? I am thankful there's neither chick nor child in this house."

Guiltily conscious of what had taken place during his absence, Mrs. Piggott took no notice of this churlish thanksgiving, but with an expression of sympathy for the mother of the unlucky twins allowed the subject to drop.

Supper over, the doctor prepared to enjoy a pipe over the glass of cold gin and water which was his summer nightcap, and as he leaned forward to light it at the nearest candle, his eye was caught by Lucile's letter, which had been purposely placed upon the mantel-shelf. The housekeeper, anxious to escape, or rather to delay as long as possible, the storm which she knew must break sooner or later, had remained in the kitchen, whither she had conveyed the remains of the evening meal, but at the sound of her name, uttered in loud tones of sudden anger, she returned to the parlour with a quaking heart.

Familiar as she was with Christopher Aitkin's outbreaks of temper, she was startled by his aspect. In one hand he held the open sheet of Lucile's letter, and with the other, from which the long clay pipe had fallen and lay broken on the floor, he grasped the table by which he stood. His tall spare figure literally trembled with rage, and he seemed to require the support which this grasp afforded. His eyes glared from under his grey eyebrows—every wrinkle in his thin face seemed alive with wrath.

"Who brought this?" he almost yelled, holding out the letter in his shaking hand.

"Lucile's child," replied Mrs. Piggott, her voice, in spite of herself, shaken with an emotion very like fear.

"And where is she?" he continued in the same shrill key.

By this time the woman had recovered herself. His anger was not likely to hurt her, she reflected, and as the truth must be told, the sooner the telling was over the better.

"Upstairs asleep in my bed," she answered as firmly as she could. "She came here with that letter in her hand at one o'clock, and——"

"If I had been at home——" he interrupted, and then stopped, for the physical effect of his passion was making itself felt, and he sat down with a sudden feeling of exhaustion. "The huzzy," he muttered; "the impudent huzzy; when I had told her that I would have nothing to do with the child."

The tide had turned, and had begun to ebb without overwhelming the housekeeper, who was extremely glad not to have to defend her unavoidable action in the matter.

Mrs. Piggott brought another pipe ready filled, and without a word laid it upon the table at her master's elbow. He pushed it from him with an air of irritation.

"Read that!" he said, smoothing out the sheet of paper which had been crushed into a ball by his angry hand. The housekeeper adjusted her spectacles and did so.

"I am sending Venetia to you," Lucile's note began, without a word of preface, "as I said I should do. All her clothes are in the trunk that she will bring with her. Be as good to her as you once were to me and she will be happy. I shall leave England immediately, and do not know when I shall come back. Another year of this life would kill me.—Your grateful sister, LUCILE."

She laid the letter down after reading it without a word of comment, and looked over her glasses at the old man seated opposite. His face was pale and set, and though the spark of anger had died out of his eyes, there was a light there which did not promise well for the happiness which Lucile demanded for Venetia at his hands. She broke the silence with a time-honoured little jest.

"Put on your nightcap, sir," she said, pushing towards him the untouched glass, "and go to bed. It's late, and you've had a bad day."

"Ay, ay," he muttered, as he lifted the glass with his still trembling hand; "a bad day—a very bad day."

Ten minutes later Christopher Aitkin went slowly up the narrow staircase, closely followed by Mrs. Piggott, who carried beside her own the lighted candle which he had forgotten. As he passed the open door of the room in which Venetia lay, he paused.

"In there?" he asked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the door, and without waiting for reply he went into the room.

The pretty child lay flushed with sleep in an attitude of complete repose, her brown curls tossed loosely over the pillow, her hands folded tranquilly upon her bosom; a sight fair enough to warrant Mrs. Piggott's impulsive words of admiration—

"She's like a picture, isn't she?"

"I'll never forgive her!" said Christopher Aitkin, in tones of concentrated bitterness, as he turned from the sleeping child. The housekeeper caught her breath with a horrified little gasp. But it was not Venetia who was in the old man's mind as he uttered that threat.

(*To be continued.*)

KATE MARSDEN, AND HER MISSION TO RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

PART V.

ON THE WAY—AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND TIFLIS.



THROUGH the kindness of the American Minister, Kate Marsden, during her stay in Constantinople, had the rare privilege of seeing the Sultan quite close at a review. He is so seldom seen face to face that it will be interesting to hear her opinion.

She was in her place an hour before the Sultan arrived, and saw the assembling of the troops. The masses of colour proved very effective. There was a sea of the Turkish red fez cap—a body of soldiers with a green cord bound round the cap, white gaiters, red waistcoats, and blue coats, and the horsemen, on grey horses, holding red flags, made a very harmonious whole.

Shortly before the moment of the arrival of the Sultan a number of small carts filled with sand appeared on the scene, and very rapidly the ground was strewn with the *clean dirt*, as Miss Marsden calls it. Presently the bugle sounded, the soldiers presented arms, and the Royal carriage appeared; then suddenly in the intense silence a weird cry was heard, which was the signal for the troops to raise a shout of welcome, a shout that travelled away and away, and echoed from every hill.

The Sultan is an elderly man, dark, very thin, and somewhat Jewish in appearance. He was talking to Said Pascha, one of the most powerful of his subjects, and just raised his hand every now and then in salutation. She says there was no ray of sunshine in his worn face, and he looked wretchedly ill.

All the old generals, who were drawn up on either side of the door of the Mosque, bowed low and saluted him, while the soldiers turned their faces to him the whole time. He remained there about an hour, and then returned, driving himself this time. He whipped up the horses, and as they dashed off all the old generals scrambled after him as best they could; for, strange as it may seem to us, they are not allowed to drive or ride, but must always follow on foot.

It seemed rather an undignified ending to such a grand spectacle to see these old and tried generals fairly out of breath endeavouring to keep up with the Sultan's carriage.

Miss Marsden says she would rather be a beggar in England than a Sultan in Turkey, for there is no freedom or liberty, as we understand it, for him. He dare not leave the palace without a strong guard, and even on Friday in each week, when he goes to pray in the Mosque, about a hundred yards from his

gates, he is surrounded by soldiers. No wonder he looks worn, ill, and wretched.

Another day was spent by Kate Marsden in the English cemetery at Scutari, where seven thousand of our brave countrymen are buried. Starting early in the morning, she walked from the hotel down the principal street to a dirty station, where all sorts and conditions of men were congregated to go by train towards the bay. The carriage was a large compartment, with a seat placed all round, into which she hurriedly stepped—for it is a case of first come, first served—and then the train was driven down a tunnel very quickly. She describes it as a most unpleasant way of travelling. The men stand in this compartment smoking and spitting, and the women elbow their way through in the most reckless and selfish manner; and just as she began to wonder how long it could be borne, the train suddenly pulled up with a jerk, and she stepped out, dazed and giddy, and made her way down to the boat, where dirt, discomfort, and everything disagreeable were forgotten. How could it be otherwise with the fresh pure air fanning her, and the beauty of the surroundings acting like a spell upon her. The bay was alive with boats of every nationality, and put the last touch of beauty to a most exquisite scene.

Miss Kate Marsden says that as she sat in the boat she pictured to herself how, in the midst of this same scenery, thousands of our brave soldiers had travelled in weariness and in pain, longing for the homes and the dear ones they would never see again.

Arriving at the port, she took carriage and drove straight to the cemetery, which she describes as most perfectly kept; it is in truth a little bit of England amid eastern surroundings.

Noticing that some of the graves were very large, her guide told her that he was on the spot and saw the burials—that each body was wrapped in a sheet and then placed one at the head and the other at the foot, and so one on the other till there were in some cases sixty in one grave, rich and poor alike—no coffin, just the bare earth.

She says the view is perfect as you look away over the bay; the hills on the left and Constantinople on the right; while the sea comes up to the cliff on which the cemetery is situate. All this her glance took in as she stood there, the living among the dead; she with her life-work before her, they with theirs finished, and quietly resting and awaiting their summons. Her heart was very full as she looked round, and thought of the labour ended and the sorrowful hearts of those to whom the labourers had been dear, and resolved afresh, in the presence of her dead countrymen, to do the work well and with all her heart that God had given her to do.

Leaving Constantinople, she went on board a Russian steamer, which was to convey her to Batoum. The fact of having been received by her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia made everything easy for her, for to be in touch with the Court acts like magic. The stewardess came to kiss her hand, and just to touch the Red Cross Russian medal which she wore. The best cabin was allotted to her; and this was well, for both decks were filled with third-class passengers, who spread all their dirty rugs over the decks, and lived there day and night.

Some Turkish women outside Miss Kate Marsden's window interested her. They kept their faces covered, and hung up a large shawl to shield them from the men; but as their faces were exposed to the gaze of two or three favoured ones, she thought the whole thing a farce.

As they drew near the Black Sea many strongholds and forts were to be seen on all sides, and made her realise how easily they could sink a vessel were they so inclined. Notwithstanding that the Black Sea behaved its best with scarcely a ripple to break the surface of the water, she was glad to find herself in Batoum for a few hours before setting out on the railway journey of eighteen hours to Tiflis.

Batoum is, she says, a pretty little place, with broad streets and good conveyances—which is rare in Russia; but the hotel, kept by a Frenchman, was so awful in its sanitary arrangements that she wondered the whole family were not dead of fever.

The journey was extremely picturesque, but a remarkable feature was that men were stationed at short intervals throughout the line, whose duty it is to traverse every yard of it day and night for its protection.

She arrived at Tiflis about eight o'clock in the morning, where again she was spared all trouble by the magic wand of her Imperial Majesty's favour. She called upon the Military Governor, a man all-powerful, who treated her with the utmost politeness, and promised her any help within his power. He placed one of his *aides-de-camp* at her service, and gave directions that she should be admitted to any of the hospitals or institutions in Tiflis. Arriving at the first hospital, she was accompanied through the wards by several doctors. She found everything scrupulously clean and tidy, each patient having an iron bedstead, mattress, table, and cupboard; but of course the air of homeliness and comfort belonging to our English hospitals was lacking. She did not hesitate to ask many questions, and there seemed no reserve in answering them. Beside other patients, there were many lunatics, who seemed to be well cared for. The whole hospital was heated by naphtha, and a more dangerous looking place than the engine-room or house she never saw. They have frequent explosions. In order that she might see how it acted they lighted the vast engine, and the flame shot out quite seven feet from the furnace. She said she longed to start, but dared not show fear before so many foreign spectators; but she was thoroughly glad to be away from it. She found both typhus and typhoid within the building.

As she was leaving the hospital a cart drawn by two buffaloes arrived with a sick Armenian: how the rough roads in that uncomfortable springless cart must have hurt him, coming, as he had, from far up in the wild Caucasus Mountains, lying only upon straw, and being weeks on the journey! He was removed from the cart and taken in at once; and there stood the empty cart, the buffaloes all covered with mud and dirt, and the wife and children sitting on the ground crying, and all the straw scattered about. It was a sad sight: they had no home, and must leave their poor sick one there while they toiled night and day back again to the mountains, living as best they could, and not able to hear how their dear one fared for months. How little our English poor know of this kind of suffering! They can always remain near to and visit their sick friends within reasonable limits: but there it is quite otherwise.

She then drove through the town and far out of it to the Military Hospital. Here everything was different. Soldiers guarded each entrance. The paper from the Governor authorising her to visit the hospital was given in and carefully read, and she was at length received by the colonel, inspectors, and doctors, but by no means heartily: it was an unheard-of privilege that an English lady should be permitted to inspect the Military Hospital of Tiflis, and they evidently did not approve of it. At length, seeing that she was really interested in their work, they began to thaw, and the inspection went on more pleasantly.

It is a large hospital, for four hundred men; most of the wards are well ventilated, and certainly not overcrowded; but, to use her own words, "in the typhus wards the air fairly took away my breath—it was horrible." She only went through three of these wards, and envied the doctors who could remain outside.

It is purely a military hospital, and seeing that Russian soldiers are born and bred in every kind of what we should call hardship in order to fit them for their duties, she was not so very surprised to notice the hard beds, scanty clothing, and utter want of comfort; but she wondered what *our soldiers* would say to the same fare and treatment if they were ill. The men have their soup in tins with wooden spoons, and have a large piece of black bread for one meal, and for the second, tea and a piece of meat.

The wards showed no signs of loving women's hands about them, as at our Netley: the few Red Cross sisters who devote their lives to the sick and wounded have as much as they can do in simply nursing and tending them.

One very sad sight came to her notice. At the door of the operating theatre two sentries stood with bayonets fixed, while inside a man was being operated upon who was a prisoner, and these men were his guard. The poor fellow was under chloroform, and so entirely in the hands of all the doctors that it seemed rather out of place to have his guard there; but it is the law, and so it must be. With this operation before her eyes she left the hospital, very tired, but glad that she had been permitted to see the inside of these two Russian hospitals and to find them so much better than she expected.

She went from Moscow to St. Petersburg for a few days in order to see Her Imperial Majesty the Empress about her journey to Siberia. On her arrival she went at once to the Winter Palace to see the Countess Tolstoi, who has always been a kind friend to her, and on the second day of being in St. Petersburg she was graciously received by the Empress. Nothing could exceed the gentleness and kindness with which Miss Kate Marsden was treated. Her Imperial Majesty presented her with her own photograph, and her name written on it, an honour hitherto only bestowed on her most intimate friends, and in every way possible smoothed the way for her difficult journey.

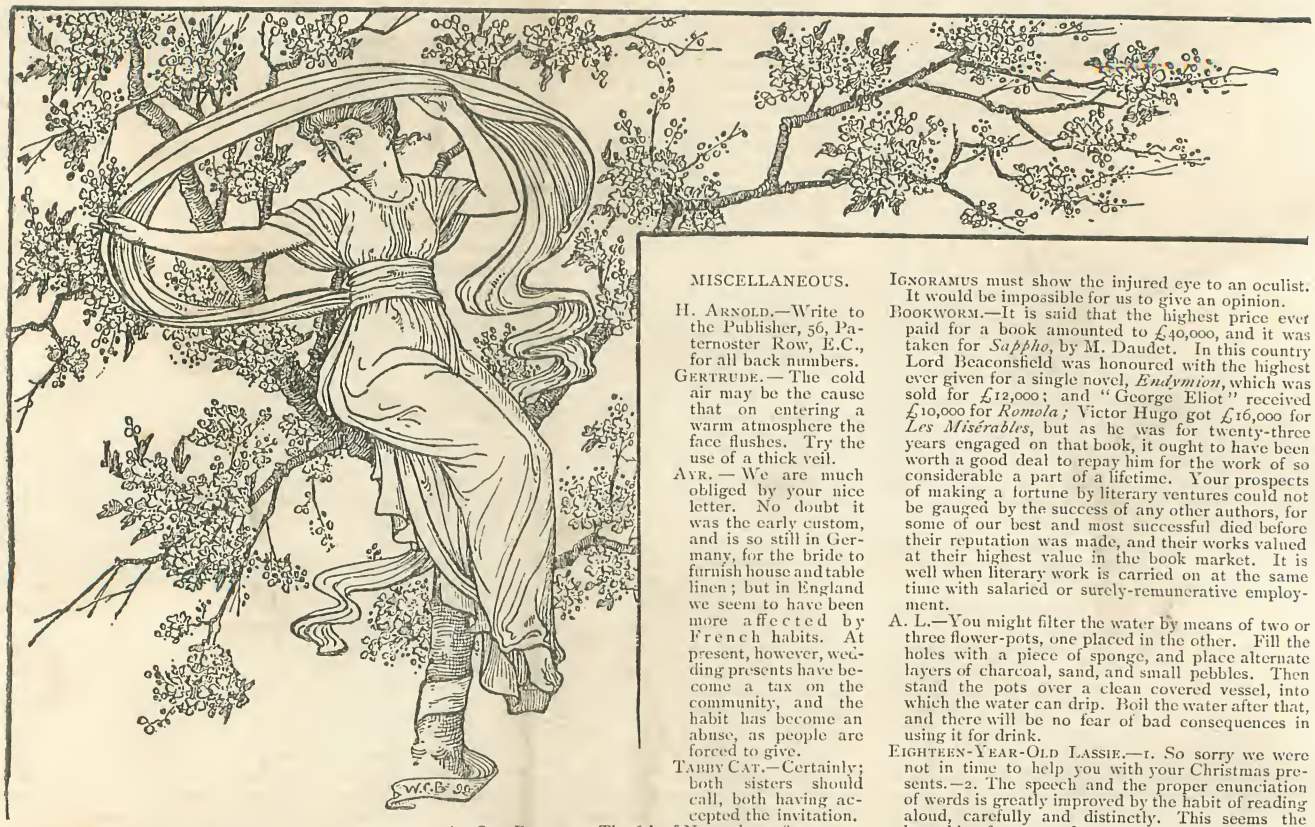
She then went back to Moscow, her starting point for Siberia, to finish her preparations. The Empress gave her £100 towards her expenses, and some Russian of wealthy position gave her £50, and she was permitted to lecture in the Historical Museum of Moscow upon her past travels and future work. This was to take place under the protection of Her Imperial Majesty and of the Governor-General, and the police were to form part of the audience. The entrance fee was to be a rouble (about 2s. 5d.) each, and to go towards her expenses of the journey, which will cost at least £400.

When last I heard she was starting for the far North-East, and so for the present we shall have no news; but a message will be sent whenever there is an opportunity. In the meantime we can only help her by our prayers, that she may be kept safe in all the dangers with which she is surrounded.

We have received and banked since our last publication the following contributions:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Gertrude Colman, £1; A. J. B., 5s. . . .	1	5	0
G. A., 10s.; H. C., 2s.; Sympathizer, 10s. . .	1	2	0
Mrs. Frank Newman . .	0	5	0
Bessie Matthews (collected) .	0	7	6
Miss Bullock (collected) . .	0	5	6
Mr. Silvester and friends' Entertainment . . .	20	0	0
The Misses Tregarthen (from Scilly) . . .	3	5	6

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

GRIMSBY DOCKS.—We are of opinion that want of memory is frequently only caused by lack of attention, lack of thought, and due reflection.

M. A. is not at all too old to learn singing at twenty-two years of age.

FRIZZIE WIG could begin by going through the ambulance and nursing classes this spring, which would be useful to her in every way, and help her to understand the A B C of nursing and medicine.

E. J. SHEFFIELD, TELEGRAPH LEARNER, WAITING, ISALDE, AND OTHERS, who have questions about the Civil Service, are informed that they will find every information, with the papers set, in Cassell's *Guide to the Civil Service*, price 1s. Order of any bookseller.

MUSIC.

HOPEFUL M. T. B.—If purchased second-hand, a mandolin or violin would not be expensive.

MARY HUGHES.—There is no such college that we know of, but there are scholarships which you might take which provide an education free.

SONATA is not at all too old at twenty-six to pick up everything she used to know of the piano. If she only practise half an hour at a time she will not be fatigued so soon and will obtain more benefit.

OLIVE.—Order it of any music-seller.

EVA.—A little bit of borax sucked for a few minutes is said to cure hoarseness of voice. Use glycerine or some mutton suet for your chapped hands, wearing gloves also.

CECILE DENE.—*Will* answer for music very fairly, we think, but a *little* too much repetition in the verses.

T. H.—We see no reason why you should not put "silver medallist" after your name, and also wear the medal if you like on your chain.

VIVA.—Have patience, and consult some medical man whom you know well about your general health. He may suggest a reason for your troubles.

NELLIE AMERICA.—The music in the "G. O. P." is not published separately in book form, nor is there, at present, any intention of publishing it.

HOUSEKEEPING.

GOWERIAN.—The best way to keep cake is in a tin canister, otherwise it will get dry. When a stale cake has to supply the place of a new one, dip it in a basin of milk, and when wet through place it in the oven till dry, and it will be perfectly restored to apparent newness.

AMY ROBSART will find it answers best to keep the sardines in the tin, and not empty them in the sardine-dish. The tin can stand inside it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. ARNOLD.—Write to the Publisher, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., for all back numbers.

GERTRUDE.—The cold air may be the cause that on entering a warm atmosphere the face flushes. Try the use of a thick veil.

AYR.—We are much obliged by your nice letter. No doubt it was the early custom, and is so still in Germany, for the bride to furnish house and table linen; but in England we seem to have been more affected by French habits. At present, however, wedding presents have become a tax on the community, and the habit has become an abuse, as people are forced to give.

TABBY CAT.—Certainly; both sisters should call, both having accepted the invitation.

AN OLD READER.—The 6th of November, 1872, was a Wednesday.

A LOVER OF READING.—We liked your nice little letter very much; many thanks for it. We should think that both the books mentioned would be good. Your tastes are evidently boyish—do you read Jules Verne's tales?

EDITH NEWLINS.—The names of "the daughters of the house" are placed on their mother's card below hers, thus: Mrs. John Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Beatrice Smith. You do not leave a card when you find the lady at home and go in to see her unless it be your father's card, supposing there be a master of the house.

NIGHTSHADE.—You should consult a doctor. Some simple eyewash will probably set your eyes right.

AN ANXIOUS ONE must read the articles by "Medicus."—2. The 7th of August, 1872, was a Wednesday.

C. B. should read the articles by Dora de Blaquière in the "G. O. P.," vol. xi., "On the Purchase of Outfits for India and the Colonies." We should recommend India-ganze undervests and some thicker ones also, as well as flannel petticoats. But the vests should be woven ones—not made of flannel.

UNCONTROLLABLE D.—So much has appeared in our paper about nursing, and training for nursing, that we think you had better read up the subject. The age for entering the profession is from twenty-three upwards. If you enter as a nurse-probationer you receive wages, and agree to remain in the hospital a certain number of years, otherwise you pay for training.

FABIAN MACALISTER'S blank verses have much merit and poetic feeling. It is fairly correct. Angus' *Handbook of the English Tongue* would be of use to you.

FAITHFUL.—Herbert Fry's or Lowe's *Charities of London* would either of them suit you.

FRANCES WINTER.—Perhaps either the *Leisure Hour* or the *Sunday at Home* would answer.

A. W. C. B.—Enquire at the German or Austrian Legation or Consulate before contracting any marriage which might not be legal there, though quite legal here.

JAPANESE FAN.—We should imagine that the improvement in your health will soon show itself in your complexion. But if not, you should consult the doctor again, for you probably need some tonic medicine.

UNE PAUVRE PETITE can say, "It will not matter," but not "I shall not matter," nor "You will not matter." "I shall not matter," does not mean "I shall not mind" at all; but say rather, "My presence will make no difference."

IGNORAMUS must show the injured eye to an oculist. It would be impossible for us to give an opinion.

BOOKWORM.—It is said that the highest price ever paid for a book amounted to £40,000, and it was taken for *Sappho*, by M. Daudet. In this country Lord Beaconsfield was honoured with the highest ever given for a single novel, *Endymion*, which was sold for £12,000; and "George Eliot" received £10,000 for *Romola;* Victor Hugo got £16,000 for *Les Misérables*, but as he was for twenty-three years engaged on that book, it ought to have been worth a good deal to repay him for the work of so considerable a part of a lifetime. Your prospects of making a fortune by literary ventures could not be gauged by the success of any other authors, for some of our best and most successful died before their reputation was made, and their works valued at their highest value in the book market. It is well when literary work is carried on at the same time with salaried or surely-remunerative employment.

A. L.—You might filter the water by means of two or three flower-pots, one placed in the other. Fill the holes with a piece of sponge, and place alternate layers of charcoal, sand, and small pebbles. Then stand the pots over a clean covered vessel, into which the water can drip. Boil the water after that, and there will be no fear of bad consequences in using it for drink.

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD LASSIE.—1. So sorry we were not in time to help you with your Christmas presents.—2. The speech and the proper enunciation of words is greatly improved by the habit of reading aloud, carefully and distinctly. This seems the best thing for you to do.

ETHEL FIEZ BRANCH had better apply to Miss Pryde, 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, Governesses' Home (for Christian workers and art students), for advice in the matter. We think the representations made by her Austrian friend are untrue.

A READER.—*Ennui* and dulness are the main cause of birds in captivity eating or picking off their feathers. Give them an empty reel to hang in the cage, or a chicken bone almost bare, and talk to them often.

DOLOROSA'S first duty is to inform her mother, and the man who has been making clandestine love to her will best show his true-hearted and manly affection by telling her father all about it. We must do right, even though we suffer.

A PERPLEXED GOOSEBERRY.—Bow, of course, to him or her after having been introduced. What is your objection? Are you too lazy? Surely a bow and a smile cost nothing.

HAMPSHIRE, ANNIE, and MAY AUSTIN.—Write to Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, for part iii. of *Englishwomen's Year-Book on Nursing, etc.*, price 6d., and look through the list of Homes for Incurables, etc., for something suitable for your two ladies.

LITTLE NAN.—It is perfectly true that not only are certain insects light-givers, but fish and plants are also gifted with this beautiful phosphorescence. The discoveries made during the cruise for exploration of the ship *Challenger* were very wonderful in reference to the finny tribes, and especially those of the deep sea. In the great depths these light-bearers would be in perfect darkness, and their less favoured companions, both friends and foes, likewise, but for their ability to throw out rays of light at will, or for the permanent brightness of some portion of their bodies. The light emitted by plants was discovered by the daughter of Linnæus, the great naturalist.

PRIMROSE HILL'S writing is quite good enough for an ordinary clerkship.

A HEALTHY GIRL of five feet six or seven should weigh at least ten stone, or very little under that.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.—The bridal visits are paid as soon as the bride has been seen in church, and are paid in person. At present it is very usual to fix a certain day for being at home. If the bride should come from a distance, and the family be friends of your husband's, you should persuade him to go with you.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Premature greyness of the hair is often the result of illness or nervous failure. You must give up worrying yourself, and try to improve your general health.

TWENTY-FOUR and TWENTY.—Jules Verne was born February 8th, 1828, at Nantes, and studied law there and in Paris. He is living at Amiens.



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THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER I.

How to escape! That was the question occupying the minds of those unfortunate members of the *noblesse* who had not yet succeeded in leaving Paris.

Camille de Riancourt, Marquis de St. Eustache, was about to attempt to solve the problem that night. He had not chosen to fly the country as so many of his friends had done. He and his son, Adrien, had remained to support the King as long as he needed support; they had fully expected to die with him, and they looked at each other with a slight congratulation every morning that their heads still remained to them. It was all the more credit to them that Camille de Riancourt at least shared to the full the bitterness of the *noblesse* towards the monarch whose concessions, in their opinion, had opened the sluice-gates of revolution.

Father and son had gone on living in their own house, the Hôtel de Riancourt, without a single attendant. They had learnt to do without help. They did not show themselves abroad. Time after time they were annoyed by fierce domiciliary visits, but as yet they had escaped actual imprisonment.

"It cannot last," said M. le Marquis. "It is either some extraordinary

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"'SEE, ADRIEN, I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU.'"

luck, or we have a secret protector; whichever it is, we must not trespass too long on forbearance."

He did not look up or he would have seen a hot blush mounting up through the fair skin of Adrien. He went on speaking: "So, my son, to-night we make an attempt. It is all in our favour that you speak Breton like a native. As for myself, why, I shall not be so easy to disguise. But bah! it is marvellous how easy it is for a gentleman by the mere act of unloosening his hair to transform himself into a ruffian."

"I am glad we are going," said the young man, quickly. "This life of hiding has been hateful! At Riancourt we shall be safe. Our people are faithful."

"Ahem!" said the Marquis, thoughtfully. "I see you have not read the despatch I received this morning. It is here. There is a new mayor at Quimperlon. They have dismissed the Curé."

"The Curé gone! Ah, me!"

"Yes. The château is safe still; but Mathurin writes that there is no time to lose if we wish to secure papers and diamonds, for any day in the week Triponnet may take it into his head to burn it down."

"Let me go, my father! It cannot be safe for you! I speak Breton like a native, and the likeness between myself and Ange makes me safe anywhere. I can personate him."

"No, no! I must go!" said M. de Riancourt. "I cannot stay here to be killed like a rat in a trap. You do not know the papers of value. You cannot carry off the contents of a whole room. No, no! I must go alone. I wish it were over."

A look of deep care passed over the delicately-chiselled face as the old man leaned back in his chair.

"Adrien," he said, presently, "come here."

The room in which they were living was small, very tall and narrow, looking into a little court, the well-like depth of which shortened the length of day. The exit of the house to the street was under a huge covered portico, at this hour almost dark.

Adrien came and stood by his father.

"My child," he said, gently, "I would speak to you of Valentine."

"What can you say?" said the young man, gloomily. "The subject gives me pain."

"It was not without reason, Adrien, that I forbade the marriage. You do me that justice?"

"My father, it is not only you that forbid the marriage."

"How? What do you mean? Surely Jean de Lemprière would not have presumed——"

"You forget our relative positions," said Adrien, bitterly. "Why should M. de Lemprière bestow his daughter on a beggar, soon to be an exile—one whose head is not worth a day's purchase?"

The old man's head sank on his breast. Adrien went on more tenderly: "So think no more that it is your hand that has divided us, my father."

"Valentine, beautiful child! I also loved her; but her father, Adrien—renegade! liar! false to his country and his king! For you, the representative of our race, to wed with the child of such an one!"

"Say no more, father," cried Adrien, restlessly. "See, it is seven o'clock. In one hour we must be gone. At the door will be the market cart we chose in the Rue du Bac, and you and I, stalwart peasants, shall be ready to return to our native village. Meanwhile, I have an appointment to keep. Dear father, complete your preparations. See! we have still some food left; the last you will taste for many a day that can tempt you."

Adrien opened a cupboard and put before his father a portion of a *pâté* and a bottle of wine.

"Try and eat," he said; "and I will be back in a short half-hour."

He caught up a cloak which lay on the sofa, wrapped it round him, throwing one end over his shoulder, and went out.

M. de Riancourt drew the food towards him and began to eat. "I wonder how I shall thrive on rye-bread and sour cider?" he said to himself. "Bah! let me eat while I can."

Meanwhile Adrien, his cloak well round him, had gone softly downstairs into the portico. It was very dark there, and he started when a light touch on his arm revealed the presence of another.

"'Sh, Adrien!" said a voice close to his ear. "I have obeyed you. I am here. Old Paul is waiting outside. It is a great risk."

He threw his arms round her. "Valentine, my own, my precious one! Oh! is this safe?"

"Everything is safe for me. See, Adrien, I have come to warn you. People have begun to suspect. My father can no longer protect you; he cannot, and—and he will not."

"It is a good thing that we depart to-night."

"To-night! Oh, Adrien, the danger, the terrible risk! But it is better—anything is better than staying in this *boucherie*—this hell upon earth! Adrien, my nurse came home yesterday all red with blood from the guillotine—my own nurse, who has lived with me all my life. She is horrible, horrible! And my father dares not send her away, and insists that I should still bear with her attendance—with her hateful, savage love of me."

"My darling, if you could only fly with us! At home there is shelter, there is peace." He thought suddenly of what his father had told him, and stopped with a bitter sigh. "No, no, I forgot; there is no safety even there! Oh, this life is very terrible. We must part, Valentine!"

He held her to his heart, her sobs choking her, the tears raining from her eyes.

"It is hard—it is hard!" she cried. "Oh, Adrien, for my sake take care of your life, darling! Darling, for my sake!"

"My Valentine, my precious love. Heaven have pity on us if we never should meet again. Is it for ever—for ever, love?"

She drew herself away. There was a sound outside; the old servant's harsh voice whispering "Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, you must come!"

"God keep you, darling. Farewell, Adrien. I must go."

One more long kiss, and she was gone.

Adrien, covering his face with his hands, staggered back against the wall.

CHAPTER II.

THE Breton coast in the neighbourhood of Quimperlon is wild and rocky, and dangerous in every way to the fisherman's trade. The town itself is inland, but straggling rows of houses find their way down to the edge of the tall cliffs.

A narrow walk starting from these outskirts of Quimperlon follows the irregular line of the cliffs, sometimes on the very edge, from which a false step would precipitate the unwary hundreds of feet down, either on to hard yellow sand when the tide was low, or at its height into the foaming, seething sea.

Rougemont, the farm belonging to old Jaques Laurent, was about two miles from Quimperlon, and the cliff walk passed behind it. The house stood in a hollow in the rocks about two hundred paces from the road, a broad belt of orchard ground in front of it. The hollow in which it stood might have been an old stone quarry: it afforded a snug shelter from the sea-storms, and within it Père Jaques had gathered his cattle sheds warmly and safely, almost under the same roof as the dwelling-house.

There was another break in the cliff just after it swept on, encircling Rougemont in its embrace. The sides broke away, forming magnificent jagged pinacles and cones of rock. Far under foot lay an exquisite little bay at all times filled by the sea, which took beautiful deep green and purple hues in the shadow. There was a mystery in this little bay—a secret known only to Rougemont. In former days it had been a famous smuggling centre, defying the vigilance of all *douaniers* the French Government had at command; but to the end the secret had never been discovered—it was handed down from father to son as an heirloom. It had never been divulged to Adrien, even though the first eight years of his life had been spent at Rougemont, running barefoot with his twin-brother, living on the rye-bread and fresh milk on which his peasant playmates lived, and talking the same Breton language unintelligible to ears polite.

It was a strange history altogether, for Mère Finette, the wife of old Jaques Laurent, was the grandmother of the two boys, though both had the habit of calling her simply mother. No one could ever understand the infatuation which had induced Camille de Riancourt to make such a *mésalliance*. His wife was a village girl, the only daughter of Rougemont. He was very young indeed, perhaps nineteen, not twenty, and she still less, and he was devotedly

attached to her. She was of rare beauty, but altogether unsuited to him—a real peasant, with only nature's uncultivated refinement. He had married an ideal, and probably discovered only too soon that he had made a fatal mistake. But if so, it was soon over, for she died very young.

When her twin sons were born it was thought a terrible calamity by their father, and even more so by his own mother, the Marquise Douairière, who was still alive at the time. She persuaded him that a great misfortune had befallen him. She hated his marriage, and had never consented to receive his wife; but she came forward when the boys were born, and took on herself the management of their lives. The poor young mother lived about a fortnight after their birth, and then passed away from a life too difficult for her to manage; and after that the Douairière had it all her own way.

She told her son that the only way out of the difficulty was to resign the youngest of the boys entirely to his peasant kindred. Let him be brought up by them as one of themselves without ambition; let him have enough money to farm on his own account, and be a prosperous man in his mother's class.

Camille de Riancourt cared little what happened. To a youth of his age the children were absolutely indifferent. He left it all to his mother, and returned to Paris.

In Paris and in his own circle they knew all about the peasant marriage. Camille concealed nothing—he even allowed a joke about it now and then. But little or nothing was known about the second son.

People prophesied that he would marry again, but he never did so. He lived at Court, in a constant whirl of society; and all the time he wore round his neck a little locket, on which the initials, "A. de R." were written in diamonds, and which when opened disclosed a very tiny wedding-ring and a lock of hair—sunny, golden, so like that of her children that the curls might have been indistinguishably mingled.

Adrien and his brother Ange bore the most extraordinary likeness to each other. Both were tall, slender boys; both had grown into tall, slender men. The difference of dress, and the fashion of wearing the hair, the one powdered and clubbed, the other hanging in long locks, as was the custom of the Breton peasantry, alone marked the difference. Adrien loved Ange dearly. For the first eight years of his life he had been a delicate child, and his grandmother had been compelled so far to change her plans as to allow him to be brought up with his brother by his mother's people in the fresh country life of Rougemont. She removed him at last, and the boys parted with overwhelming sorrow. Adrien was placed in the hands of one of the most refined of men, the Abbé Delmark, an early friend of his father's, a man whose great culture and exquisite manners made him eminently fitted to undertake the boy's education.

Under the charge of this admirable gentleman Adrien remained for many years. The Marquise Douairière died, satisfied with her work, seeing her favourite, Adrien, fast becoming a finished gentleman, while his brother Ange, debarred from all education, could neither read nor write, yet contrived to combine a curious amount of refinement with perfect content with the lot she had chosen for him.

Abbé Delmark passed away, happily for him, before the bad days dawned for France. So are the good taken away from the evil that is to come.

Adrien mourned his dearly-loved tutor bitterly. He had not many to love, and he was at first very desolate.

Monsieur de Riancourt had lived so long alone that he had lost the little tricks of family life. The society of a boy bored him; but, after the Abbé's death, he made an effort to comfort him, and found himself unexpectedly rewarded by the devotion he excited for a very little kindness. Furthermore, it astonished the man of the world to discover how welcome the demonstrative caresses and fervent admiration of his son became to him. They weaned him away from the self-indulgent ease in which he habitually indulged; and if Adrien loved his father dearly, that father simply idolised him.

M. de Riancourt had long destined Valentine de Lemprière to be his future daughter-in-law. Her father, the Comte de Lemprière, had been a friend of his youth. The Abbé Delmark, whose opinion he valued greatly, highly approved of the proposed alliance. Valentine was an only child, and would inherit considerable wealth. She was beautiful; she had lovely blue eyes, large and soft, veiled with thick golden lashes; she had a mouth delicate and fresh as rose petals; her fair, shining hair was so much admired that her father would never permit her to disguise it with powder.

Adrien was tall and well-made. Both were young, both so comely, that it was not wonderful that they accepted their betrothal with joy, and grew to love each other with the one love of life.

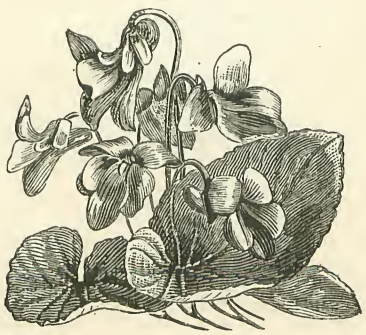
But dark troubles were gathering over France, and not the least of them was the severing of friendships and family ties that must ensue when political feeling waxes high and opinions become matters of life and death. De Lemprière espoused the side of the people; De Riancourt held to his order. He spoke home-truths to his friend with the bitterness that cuts like a knife, and they parted. De Riancourt could not forgive. It seemed to him so gross a treachery that De Lemprière deserved any degradation that could come to him. De Lemprière could afford to forgive, for he was on the winning side.

Had De Riancourt known that he owed his safety in Paris and the means of escape to his former friend, he would have rejected both with scorn.

Adrien knew, and he did not scruple to avail himself of them. He, like many of the best young men of the day, had entered into the question more liberally than their fathers had done. He had passed through a period of generous dismay at the condition of the people; he had seen the need of change, and had welcomed the unhappy king's first concessions. The phase had passed away, blotted out in blood, and dark deeds and burning indignation had succeeded it; yet he had so far entered into the question as to be able to see two sides to it, and pardon De Lemprière. He knew, as his father did not, that De Lemprière, in spite of Liberal opinions, viewed the present state of things with a sickening horror, which it was the object of his life to conceal, for that purpose affecting to sympathise in even the worst excesses. The man was a miserable coward.

Valentine had persuaded him to extend his protection to their friends. It was through her persuasions that the papers had been procured for the fugitives in the character of honest peasants returning to their native village. But Valentine did not know that her father was in communication with Triponnet, the new Mayor of Quimperlon, and that he was carefully hedging, with one hand protecting his friend in Paris, with the other urging Triponnet to burn down the old château and destroy the nest which had sent forth so many aristocrats.

(*To be continued.*)



A LADIES' STUDIO—PARIS.



THE studio I take for my sketch is the Atelier Colarossi of the Avenue Victor Hugo, where Alice Havers worked during her residence in Paris. Large, lofty, and well-lighted, it gives ample room for the workers, and is one of the healthiest amongst the overheated studios of this city. The hours are from eight to twelve in the morning, from one to five in the afternoon. And as you approach the dressing-room on a Monday morning you may hear a perfect babel of voices—English, French, German, American, Russian, Swedish, and Italian—as the students arrive to fill up this ante-room with their fur cloaks, rubbers, luncheon-baskets, etc., and commence the week's work. Opening a door, with the request, "Shut the door" chalked on its upper panel, and which some one has facetiously translated *Je t'adore*, one is immediately in the studio, fitted with wide couches, the usual platform for the model with a great stove behind it, a curtained-off dressing-room—also for the model—in one corner, a glass case filled with plaster casts of all descriptions in another, whilst mirrors, oil-paintings, and charcoal drawings by the students adorn the walls, and high stools, easels, and portfolios the floor. Monday is the day for the new models and the selection of places. And how many alarm clocks strike the half hour after six, or how many spirit-lamps are lit at the same moment throughout Paris to heat the students' breakfast of coffee or chocolate, it would be difficult to say. The student knows that unless she arrive early her chance of a good position in the studio is gone until the following week, and once hesitate—once, as Alice Havers used to say, begin on a cold *morning to think* of getting up—and you don't do it. The plunge has to be made at once into the dark. Therefore the courageous student makes it, though the English girl confesses that the hours are much earlier here than in London, and Swedes, Russians, and Americans find the cold infinitely more trying than in their own countries.

As a rule the Colarossi students are punctual. And this, of course, is at once a gain to the whole class, for nothing upsets the ideas or is so disturbing as the arrival of a student ten or twenty minutes after work has commenced.

"Posez!" is the immediate cry, when at eight o'clock the model appears upon the platform occupying the centre of the studio; and the command is instantly followed by a noisy rushing to and fro, a rapid inspection of the model from every position, and the clattering of easels as places are selected, each student choosing her own place at once, and marking the spot which her easel is to occupy with a piece of chalk. The first position of the model may be unsatisfactory, or some one, generally a new-comer who expects to make a picture of her study, petitions for a more elaborate pose—something with more action in it; and the same performance of rushing and clattering is rapidly executed; or the model, a practised hand at posing, understanding the new-comer's ambition as completely as if she had expressed herself in words, shrugs his shoulders and assumes an extravagant attitude impossible to be sustained more than a few minutes at a time. "Keep the first pose!" cries a more experienced student, and the model complacently relaxes into the more familiar, easier pose, and keeps it, but for an occasional slight vibration, like a statue. A few minutes of rustling of papers, questions and answers as to whether one student obstructs another's view, then work begins in earnest, and silence—so far as talk is concerned—reigns until *l'heure* is announced, when, the first hour's work over, the model rests for ten minutes, and the babel of many languages recommences. You may hear Germans conversing with Russians in bad French, English nervously attempting German, Swedes Italian, but you seldom hear the Frenchwoman conversing in any language but her own, though she makes grimaces enough whilst attempting to turn a deaf ear to the Germans' "*che*" (*je*) and "*ch'ai*." You hear also interesting discussions on Art matters, the Salon reforms, the probable reduction in the number of exhibits, or the latest work of the professors. Some one has been the round of their studios, and gives thrilling accounts of a Dagnan-Bouveret, a Courtois, a Rixens; or one of the three professors is known to have tickets to distribute for an exhibition—the Volney or the Boissy d'Anglars—and fears are entertained lest the distribution be forgotten.

Then the model mounts to the platform, and work is silently resumed.

In the afternoon a costumed model takes the place of the nude—a prêtre, a pretty Italian child with mischievous black eyes and hair parted on each side of her olive-tinted face, an Arab, or a handsome Frenchwoman flirting a fan.

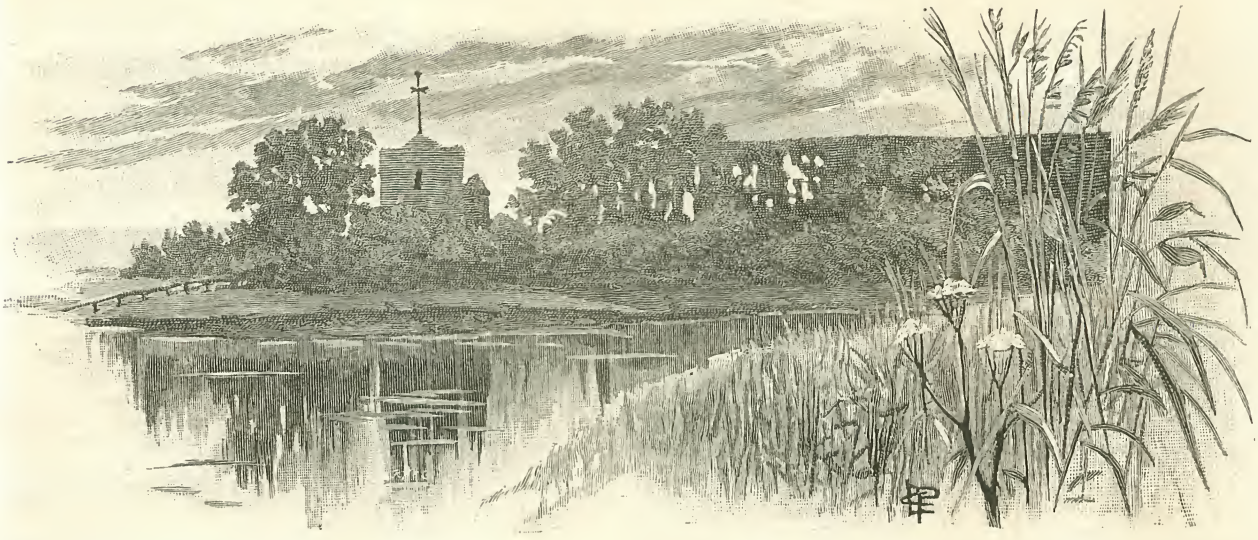
The professors attend twice a week, and though receiving no remuneration for their work, take a genuine interest in their pupils, even where there is not a great deal of natural talent. Earnestness, and a ready submission to their authority, secure their interest at once. The student is there to study, the professor to teach; and if half the students who come abroad with the intention of getting themselves a name would bear *this* in mind, they would have some really good work as a result of their six or twelve months' sojourn in Paris, instead of—as too often happens—disappointing their parents, and wasting their money in an effort to paint very questionable "pictures."

When a professor insists upon a pupil laying aside her paint brush for her charcoal, she may be sure it is to her own advantage to do so, and worse than folly to take up her brush again directly his back is turned. For the professor is not—as girls frequently imagine—keeping her back, but actually helping her forward. No amount of paint will conceal bad drawing; and the professor's first duty towards his pupil is to teach her to draw correctly.

Too much, I think, cannot be said against the influx of beginners in Art to the studios here. As a matter of fact the Paris studio is not intended for beginners. A student who cannot draw a *morceau*, a head, hand, or foot well, is ordered to draw from the cast for a time: like the student who is advised to draw instead of paint, she weeps, or is angry; and a very little forethought or enquiry would have saved her from this, to her, humiliating position. The student who intends merely to study painting abroad should prepare herself for instruction in this branch of her art by being able, before she starts for Paris, to draw thoroughly. The reason for the daily exclamation, "I can't afford to spend my time drawing when I am here only for six months!" would then cease to be. American students, as a rule, make much more rapid progress in the Paris studios than the English; and the reason of this is easily explained, the American girl obtains information before leaving home, and comes prepared for her battle, whereas the English girl, equally talented—often more so—comes unprepared. The glory of studying in Paris seems to have excluded all other thoughts; she has no decided goal in view: she only knows that she is crossing the Channel to study, and "supposes," if she have two or three sisters, that upon her return she "will have to teach;" whereas the American girl—perhaps because she has farther to come, and her expenses are greater—has made her decision. She is either preparing herself to become a teacher of drawing, an illustrator, a decorative artist, or an artist in the generally accepted sense—that is, a picture-painter. Every girl wishes to paint if she can draw, and every girl believes herself capable of colouring in oils if she can colour at all. Marie Bashkirtseff believed she could paint, and was angry when the Salon jury, instead of awarding her Honourable Mention for her oil portrait, awarded it for her pastel drawing. As a matter of fact, Marie had studied drawing more or less all her life, and her collected works show that she had not a remarkable eye for colour: but so it is with hundreds of students; in their feverish impatience to paint they modify or wholly destroy their talent. As one of the Colarossi professors is fond of remarking, "They expect to accomplish in six months what took us six years to arrive at." Alice Havers too, talented herself, and ever generously ready to acknowledge and delight in the talent of others, used often to grieve over the wasted talent to be met with here. Advanced as she was she worked up to her professors' directions, and worked hard too, whilst many who might have followed her example with advantage fell into a sort of dilettanteism, and tried various studios, in the afternoon, for a month

at a time, in the vain hope of finding a professor who would ignore their inferior drawing and teach them to paint well in a short time. But the short way of studying art is, like the short way home, invariably the longest in the end. The training of the Paris studios is thorough from start to finish; but in order to profit from her studies from the moment of her entry there, and so save time, the student should know, and keep constantly in mind, the three things that will be always required of her by her French professors—She must be able to draw a *morceau* well from life before she will be permitted to attempt the *ensemble;* she must keep her drawing as simple as possible, *never* attempt to laboriously shade it up to make it *pretty* or picturesque, and must know how to get her proportions exact and the character true. These are the things she is taught here. These are the things she must know if she wishes to commence painting at once.

ALISON RAE.



THE SPIRIT OF FUN IN LITERATURE AND ART;

OR,

THE WORKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE WORLD LAUGH.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH the highest forms of poetry the spirit of fun has little or nothing to do; but our best poets have had a twinkle in the eye at times, and produced quite as laughable literature as many of their prose brethren.

To begin with Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," as he is called, and one of the brightest names in the whole realm of authorship, he had a fine vein of humour, and was a man full of jokes. In his works we find both gravity and mischief; he was not confined to one style, but could pass at will "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." "His comic genius," says Leigh Hunt, "is so perfect that it may be said to include prophetic intimations of all that followed it."

One obstacle to getting at the fun of Chaucer is that it requires some previous education in old English. His pages at first sight do not look attractive, and the spelling is enough to give one a fit of the fidgets. "Mr. Chaucer," says Artemus Ward, "had talent, but he could not spell; he is the worst speller I ever knew."

Another objection is that, as is the case with many of these old writers, Chaucer's humour is often coarse, and not to be recommended for present day perusal. This was a fault of his time as measured by our standard. The poet himself—and it is a warning to all who write without a constant sense of moral responsibility—repented late in life of some things he had given utterance to, and in his last hours would fain have blotted out of existence some too well-remembered lines.

"Woe is me, woe is me," he exclaimed, "that I cannot recall and annul those things which I have written; but alas, they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire!"

But apart from this, the wit of the poet is of a thoroughly delightful sort, at once entertaining and good-natured. As an example let us take the opinion of the merchant in the *Canterbury Tales* on wives. It will be best given in the modernised prose version of Leigh Hunt. In the writings of Chaucer there is a good deal of "chaff" directed against women, from which some extra-knowing critics have inferred that the wife of the poet was a termagant. But his graceful and chivalrous compliments to them are just as frequent, so the inference is hardly a fair one. The following is an instance of his kindly mockery, making game of wives in a tone that hovers between jest and earnest.

"A wife," says the merchant, "is the gift of heaven—there's no doubt of it. Every other kind of gift, such as lands, rents, furniture, right of pasture or common—these are all mere gifts of fortune, that pass away like shadows on a wall; but you have to apprehend no such misfortune with a wife. Your wife will last longer perhaps even than you may desire.

"A wife? Why, upon my word, how can a man have any adversity that has a wife? Answer me that? Tongue cannot tell, nor heart think, of the felicity that is between a man and his wife. If he is poor, she helps him to work. She takes care of his money for him, and never wastes anything. She never says 'yes' when he says 'no.' 'Do this,' says he. 'Directly,' says she.

"O blessed institution! O precious wedlock! thou art so joyous, and at the same time so virtuous, and so recommended to us all, and so approved by us all, that every man who is worth a farthing should go down on his bare knees every day of his existence and thank heaven for having sent him a wife; or if he hasn't got one he ought to pray for one, and beg that she may last him to his life's end; for his life in that case is set in security. Nothing can deceive him.

"He has only to act by his wife's advice and he may hold up his head with the best. A wife is so true, so wise! Oh, ever while you live take your wife's advice if you would be thought a wise man."

And now we come to a still greater literary artist. It has been affirmed that there is no subject of which any poet ever wrote but one could produce it much better done in Shakspeare. Without subscribing to this thoroughgoing enthusiasm, we may go as far as to say that the wit and drollery of the great dramatist are equal to anything on record.

According to Dr. Johnson, Shakspeare's comedies are better than his tragedies, and he accounts for this by saying that he was more at home in the one than in the other. Hazlitt, the famous critic, however, combats this notion, holding that the tragedies should have the first place. "Shakspeare," he observes, "put his strength into his tragedies and played with comedy. He was greatest in what was greatest. . . . He was a greater poet than wit; his imagination was the leading and master quality of his mind, which was always ready to soar into its native element; the ludicrous was only secondary and subordinate."

The question is hardly worth disputing about. Whether we laugh over *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or weep over *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, it is all one; we feel we are under the spell of "an intellectual miracle," and that the mirth and the melancholy are the best of their kind.

Though there is fine fun in the comedies we have named, the best example of humour, from a girl's point of view, is perhaps to be found in *As You Like It*. What could be more delicate in jesting and foolery than some of the scenes in the forest of Arden, where they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

The character of Rosalind has an element of gaiety that is quite infectious. In her, it has been remarked, Shakspeare has made the dangerous attempt of embodying humour—the comic in its capriciousness or fancifulness—in the form of a woman, or rather, which is still more venturesome, in that of a girl.

Rosalind represents "absolute mischief, absolute caprice, and exuberance of spirits"; she even makes fantastic game of her serious love for Orlando. All her conversations with Orlando are full of wit and grace. In her playfulness she is a true child of nature; and how lovable she is, and how deep in love too! "Oh, coz," she says to Celia, "that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal."

"How full of real fondness and pretended cruelty," observes Hazlitt, "is her answer to Orlando when he promises to love her "for ever and a day!"

"Say a day without the ever," she begins. "No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids; but the sky changes when they are wives."

When Jaques, who loves melancholy better than laughing, and can "suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs," encounters her in the greenwood, she strikes the keynote of her character by telling him, "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

The scene that follows with Orlando, when the lover comes late, is one in which "her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart, and she talks herself out of breath only to get the deeper in love."

"Why, how now, Orlando," she says; "where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more!"

"My fair Rosalind," says he, "I come within an hour of my promise."

"Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole."

"Pardon me, dear Rosalind," exclaims Orlando.

"Nay," she says, with a mixture of coquetry and mischief, "an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail."

And so on. "There is hardly," remarks one critic, "any of Shakspeare's plays that contains a greater number of passages that have been quoted in books of extracts, or a greater number of phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. If we were to give all the striking passages we should give half the play."

Leaving Shakspeare, and passing over one or two minor contributors to literary fun, the next to be mentioned is Samuel Butler, the famous author of *Hudibras*. He has been called, and happily too, the Hogarth of poetry, and is spoken of by Dr. Johnson as "a man whose name can only perish with the language."

He was born about 1612—four years before the death of Shakspeare. "The date of his birth is doubtful," says one writer—"the mode and place of his education are unknown. The events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

His death took place in 1680, and about forty years afterwards an ardent admirer erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory, a circumstance which gave rise to the following lines—

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned to dust
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

Hudibras was not Butler's only poem, but it was his chief production, the one with which his name will ever be associated; and a remarkable production it is. "If inexhaustible wit," said Dr. Johnson, "could give perpetual pleasure, no eye would leave half-read this work of Butler—one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast."

The first part of *Hudibras* was published late in 1662, and quickly became extraordinarily popular, though Pepys the Diarist, who bought a copy on the 26th of December of that year, failed to see any wit in it. So little did he think of it that he sold his copy, for which he had paid half a crown, to a man he met for eighteenpence. But there is no pleasing every taste. The second part was brought out in 1663, and, if possible, exceeded the first in popularity. The third was published five years later.

Hudibras, the hero of the poem, is a Presbyterian justice, who "in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance," ranges the country to put down superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an Independent clerk, Squire Ralph, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates without ever getting the better of him in argument.

The time of the action is the troublous period which led to the formation of the Commonwealth, and the execution of Charles I.:—

"When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why,
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears."

The plan of *Hudibras* was undoubtedly suggested to Butler by the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, about which we spoke in our first article. Hudibras is a seventeenth century Don Quixote, and Squire Ralph is another Sancho Panza. The relations of knight and squire are identical in both works, and both go forth in search of adventures, differing only in their objects.

The characters, however, drawn by Cervantes and Butler, it has been pointed out by Mr. Robert Bell, in his edition of the poetical works of the latter, are as different as could be. Hudibras is intended by Butler as a mark for derision and contempt; while Don Quixote always awakens our sympathy, and sometimes commands our respect. Sancho Panza, with his shrewd proverbs, his cunning, and his practical common-sense, supplies a running commentary on the visionary theories of Don Quixote, while Ralph is in his way as fanatical as his master, opposes him with the same weapons of argument and irony, and illustrates with equal effect another phase of the same sectarian extravagance.

"The main design of *Hudibras*," says Mr. Bell, "is to hold up to ridicule the conduct, manners, and doctrines of the sectaries exhibited in strong relief during the Civil Wars. Hudibras himself represents the Presbyterians and Ralph the Independents, whose jealousies occupy as prominent a place as their combined action against the King's party and the Established Church. The superstitions, profligacies, and pedantry of the age are also included in this comprehensive satire, which presents upon the whole a complete picture of the social and theological phases of the Commonwealth and the opening years of the Restoration."

In reading *Hudibras* we must not forget that Butler wrote as a partisan. His whole warfare, however, was against hypocrisy, and that is a healthy and commendable warfare all the world over. Every good cause, it has been well said, has its Hudibrases, and in such people satirists find fitting objects of attention for their tongues and pens. But take note, girls, that it is very foolish to be prejudiced against a good cause merely because some who advocate it, and even claim to represent it, are not everything they should be. Such a course only lands us in enmity to much to which we ought rather to give friendship and allegiance.

The great merit of *Hudibras* lies in the style and execution. The weak point of it consists in the story; indeed, a month after reading it you can hardly remember that it has any story at all. No reader was ever heard to sit up all night in a fever of excitement to get to the last line. To read it continuously would need a literary appetite seldom met with; but in spite of the poverty of the incidents, and the incompleteness of the story, we turn to it again and again, filled with admiration at its wit and learning, and at the wonderful art with which these are displayed.

"It is hardly possible," says Dr. Johnson, in his memorable criticism on *Hudibras*, "to peruse a page without finding some association of ideas that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more, strained to astonishment."

The versification has often been written about—"the doggrel metre, never heavy or coarse, but framed so as to be the very voice of mocking laughter, the astonishing similes and disparates, the rhymes which seem to chuckle and sneer of their own accord." These rhymes have always been much admired. They are laughable not merely in themselves, but from the masterly way in which they are made to correspond to the absurdities they lash.

It is a poem of considerable length—over ten thousand verses, but Hazlitt is bold enough to say that "half the lines are got by heart." This is rather an exaggeration, but it is certainly a fact that diligent students of later English literature have read a great part of *Hudibras* though they may never have opened its pages.

As examples of lines, some wise, some witty, and some absurd, that have passed into general circulation, let us take the following:—

"Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led than slain.

* * *

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.

* * *

Ay, me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

* * *

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

* * *

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.

* * *

He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words.

—'Tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak.

* * *

In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.

* * *

Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient for one time."

The next writer who deserves a few words of notice is George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the lively favourite of Charles II., he—

"Who in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

He was born in 1627, and died in 1688, and was the son of the Duke of Buckingham whom the House of Commons declared a public enemy, and who came to his end by the knife of an assassin.

One cannot write of him as a man of the least principle; but he had great talent, and was versatile and whimsical to the last degree. De Grammont, who knew him intimately, describes him in this way: "The Duke of Buckingham," he says, "who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice, was both the father and mother of scandal, made songs, and invented old women's stories; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it; in short, he knew how to act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry that it was difficult to do without him when he had a mind to make himself agreeable."

His chief claim to remembrance in literature rests on *The Rehearsal*, a clever parody on Dryden, and other stilted tragedians, whose plays—heroic plays they were called—struck all people of taste and sense as absurd. They were called heroic because they were written in a language above nature, and exhibited passion as it might be seen in a world inhabited by maniacs.

They had held possession of the stage for several years when the Duke of Buckingham resolved to make a fool of them by writing something which would teach the public to recognise their extravagance, grandiloquence, and bombast. Bayes, the chief character in *The Rehearsal*, is for the most part meant for Dryden; but the play rehearsed, of which it is part of the joke that characters come and go without opening or developing any distinct plot, is largely made up of whimsical parodies of passages in plays by other comtemporary writers.

The Rehearsal was first performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was published in the following year. The town was highly amused, much of the success of the play as acted being no doubt due to the mimicry employed. The Duke took almost incredible pains in teaching Lacy, who took the part of Bayes, to mimic Dryden in his style of recitation, which was hesitating and tedious. The humour was enhanced by the dress, gesticulations, and by-play of the actor, which were made to present a close imitation of the original.

"Dryden," remarks Mr. Robert Bell, "bore this unwarrantable attack in silence, being fully conscious, no doubt, that so far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanswerable. But he afterwards showed that he had a keen sense of the obligations the Duke had laid him under on this occasion, and he discharged them in full with compound interest in his *Absolom and Achitophel*.

Whatever the amount of amusement to which *The Rehearsal* gave rise, it apparently had no effect on the public taste. Dryden continued to write heroic plays and the public to receive them with favour for many a day afterwards. But in spite of its partial failure to influence at the time, it is a production of considerable importance in our national literature. When we are acquainted with what it so laughably parodies it is by no means dull reading, and to the student it will always be interesting as marking a bend in the stream of dramatic composition.

Some good examples of wit and humour are to be found in the poems of Dean Swift, who was born forty years after the Duke of whom we have just spoken. The fame of Swift, however, rests chiefly on his prose, and we spoke of the fun of that when dealing with prose writers.

For the qualities of sheer wit and humour he has perhaps had no superior, ancient or modern. "He had not," says Leigh Hunt, "the poetry of Aristophanes, or the animal spirits of Rabelais; he was not so incessantly witty as Butler; nor did he possess the delicacy of Addison, or the good nature of Steele or Fielding, or the pathos and depth of Sterne; but his wit was perfect, as such: a sheer meeting of the extremes of difference and likeness; and his knowledge of character was unbounded. He knew the humour of great and small, from the king down to the cook-maid."

The worst of it is that he was often coarse and indelicate, and not at all to be recommended for general reading. One of his poems, which will repay perusal, is *Baucis and Philemon*, which has often found a place in books of poetic extracts. It admirably illustrates the "kind of knack at rhyme" which the Dean claimed, and rightly too, to be the possessor of.

As a short and pithy example of Swift's humorous verse let us take the following matrimonial experiences:—

"As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice:—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife."

John Gay, the poet, who lived from 1688, the year of the "glorious Revolution," till 1732, had an appropriate *surname*, for he had a marked turn towards gaiety. It was he who wrote for his own epitaph:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

His "Shepherd's Week," a series of six pastorals drawn from English rustic life, may be taken as an example of the sort of humour with which he enriched literature. This work was undertaken in order to make ridiculous the Arcadian pastorals of Ambrose Philips, who had been lauded to the skies as the first pastoral writer of the age and the true Theocritus, the praise bestowed on him sadly ruffling the feathers of Gay's friend, Mr. Pope. The malicious wit took with the public, and a good deal of amusement was excited by Gay's ludicrous pictures of the English swains and their loves.

Another of Gay's poems of considerable humour is his *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*. It contains graphic and amusing descriptions of the metropolis of that period, and is deservedly held to be "a fine specimen of that species of burlesque in which elevated language is employed in the detail of trifling, mean, or ludicrous circumstances."

We all know Gay's *Fables*, and most doubtless have heard of his *Beggar's Opera*, which was his great success in life, and gave him fame as the Orpheus of highwaymen. This famous piece was designed to ridicule the Italian opera and to satirise the Court. The poet offered it to Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, who produced it in 1727, and such was its great popularity that it was humorously remarked that it made Gay *rich* and Rich *gay*.

"It is," says Hazlitt, in rather exaggerated strain, "a masterpiece of wit and genius. In composing it Gay chose a very unpromising ground to work upon, and he has prided himself in adorning it with all the graces, the precision, and brilliancy of style. . . . The general view exhibited of human life is of the most subtle and abstracted kind. The author has with great felicity brought out the good qualities and interesting emotions almost inseparable from the lowest conditions; and with the same penetrating glance has detected the disguises which rank and circumstances lend to exalted vice."

In private life Gay was not a great person. His ambition, it has been said, was limited to a life of ease, fine dressing, and good feeding. But he must have had many valuable and engaging qualities, for when he died many friends, whose good opinion was worth having, sincerely mourned his loss. Pope wrote his epithet, and in it represents him as—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man—simplicity a child."

(*To be continued.*)



THE SPRING O' THE YEAR.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



IS the Spring o' the year, the caresses
Of sunbeams have wakened again
Earth's nurslings from sleep, with their tresses,
Agleam with fresh rain.

From some lair in yon tangle of bushes
The blackbirds' melodious throats
Are drowning with jubilant gushes
The cuckoo's far notes.

The violet's sweet breath is betraying
Its home in the orchard's lush grass,
Where bloom-laden branches are swaying
O'erhead as we pass.

A virgin white veil o'er the hedges
Fair Hawthorn has daintily flung;
With pendants of gold the green sedges
Gay Iris has hung.

More gracious thy young incompleteness;
Thy spell to my heart the more dear,
That thou leadest to Summer's full sweetness,
Oh, Spring o' the Year!

A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER III.

IT was at breakfast the next morning that Venetia and her uncle met. The child had awakened refreshed after a good night's sleep, and rising early, had wandered into the large garden behind the house, then gay with summer flowers; and her young heart had been cheered in tuneful sympathy with the singing of the birds that year after year had built their nests and hatched their young in the same trees, unnoticed and undisturbed. She would have liked to gather a bunch of the red and white June roses, whose old-fashioned fragrance scented the sunny morning air; but timidity born of repression stayed her hand, and she contented herself with looking and admiring. The sharp voice of Mrs. Piggott calling her name startled her as she stood on tip-toe to bring her little nose on a level with one of the sweetest blossoms of the garden, and she hastened at once to the door whence the summons came.

The housekeeper had not slept as well as the child. Dr. Aitkin's words as he turned from the picture of innocent repose which she had found so sweet, and to the meaning of which she had not been intelligent enough to find the clue, haunted her for half the night, and haunted her very dreams when sleep came at length to her relief after hours of wakefulness. It augured ill, she thought, for the future intercourse of uncle and niece, for she knew Lucile too well not to believe that she had thoroughly meant what she said when she wrote of leaving immediately—that such words should have fallen deliberately from his lips; and she felt herself to be a woman much to be pitied, as with her rough hands she smoothed Venetia's nut-brown curls, which her run in the garden had blown into admirable confusion. The child was sobered in a moment by this touch, in which there was conveyed an unspoken reproof which she was quick to feel; and her steps, as she followed the old woman towards the parlour, where breakfast awaited them, was almost as heavy and inelastic as Mrs. Piggott's own. At the door she paused, for the grim face of her uncle confronted her, and the soft brown eyes were cast down after meeting the hard grey ones that were so sternly fixed upon her.

"Take your seat there," he said, pointing to a chair which was placed in the middle of the side of the oblong table, at an equal distance from Mrs. Piggott, who presided over the teapot with her back to the fireplace, and from his own seat at the end nearest to the door; and without another word the three sat down to the morning meal.

A large basin of bread and milk, in which was placed a big spoon, had been prepared for Venetia, who, conscious of the unsympathetic glances of her uncle, which fascinated her so strongly that she found herself irresistibly compelled to look in the direction whence they came, found herself unable to swallow a single mouthful.

A little awkward handling of the unaccustomed big spoon upset part of the contents of the basin upon the spotless table-cloth, and her nervous discomfiture culminated in a burst of tears. Dr. Aitkin's fidgetty sense of order and propriety was outraged by this accident and its consequences, and he addressed his housekeeper in tones of unconcealed irritation.

"Give that child her breakfast in the kitchen to-morrow," he said, "and don't let me see her at table again till she knows how to feed herself properly."

Poor Venetia, by nature and habit a most orderly and handy little maiden, was overwhelmed with distress at this harsh speech; and her sobs becoming uncontrollable, Mrs. Piggott, at a sign from her master, rose from her chair and, taking her by the hand, led her from the room.

Though not welcomed, and in no way formally received into her uncle's house, it became from that time forward Venetia's home. Dr. Aitkin's enquiries resulted in confirmation of the statement in Lucile's note, that she intended to leave England immediately. She had left no address at the lodgings which she had occupied for so short a time, and she had made no friends or acquaintances whom she had taken into her confidence in any way. A bird flown from a tree leaves no more trace than she had done.

To Venetia her uncle never spoke of her mother, though he never saw the child without a harsh thought of her; but to Mrs. Piggott he opened his mind with great freedom. Advancing years, which had soured him, had softened her; and though she had at first no pleasure in the child's presence, and bitterly resented the manner of her coming, to the child herself she was at least negatively kind. Seeing that all reference to the matter was so distasteful to her master, she made as little fuss as possible, and



IRIS.

without consulting him, completed the arrangements absolutely necessary for her permanent residence.

A long low garret room, that ran along one side of the house, was made into a bedroom, and the little girl was well contented with it, though at first she shrank with nervous terror from the thought of being alone so far away from the other occupants of the house in the dark hours. But before the winter came, with its long nights, she had, by dint of making a kind of play-room as well as sleeping room of her garret, familiarised herself with its position, and the shadowy corners were no longer peopled with fantastic forms born of twilight fancies.

All through the summer she spent a great deal of time in the garden, watching with interest the potting and bedding-out of plants as performed by Bob, the stable boy, when not otherwise occupied in the care of Dr. Aitkin's horse. She would have liked to make a friend of Bob, who had a foolish, goodnatured face under a thatch of red hair; but her uncle had forbidden her to talk with him, and it never occurred to her to disobey this command. Sometimes, however, Bob gave her a geranium or a rose-cutting for her own, and she busied herself with little gardening operations, which gave her much satisfaction in the doing, though the results were scarcely perceptible.

If she had been a morbid child nothing could have been worse for her than the idle, lonely hours of the long summer days, for she had literally nothing to do, and the few books which her uncle kept locked behind glass doors in the best parlour did not attract her by their titles so far as to make her even wish to look inside them. The one or two story books which Lucile had packed among her clothes as part of her personal property she knew by heart, and had there been any other child to listen, she could have repeated almost word for word the histories of *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Blue Beard*. But the sweet, wholesome disposition which had characterised her from infancy remained unspoiled even under these conditions, and she was tranquil if not happy. She avoided her uncle as much as possible, never willingly going where she was likely to meet him. She had never forgotten her distress on the morning of her first meal at his table, and it was a daily recurring trouble that she was obliged to eat her breakfast and dinner in his company.

Tea was a meal that she and Mrs. Piggott took together in the pleasant kitchen, always at that hour a picture of brightness and cleanliness, with its shining brass and tinware, and red-tiled floor. By the time that the drawing-in of the days obliged her to light a candle before pouring out the tea, the old housekeeper had really begun to enjoy the little girl's company; and as the winter came on, bringing with it the rheumatism which, of late years, had always made itself felt at that season, she was glad to avail herself of Venetia's help in various little ways. Her little feet ran briskly down the stone steps of the cellar to fetch the bread, butter, and cream, and came up again with so much care and deliberation that Mrs. Piggott, sitting by the fire, had no fear that any misfortune would befall jug or basin on the way. She put the cups and saucers on the tray neatly and silently, and when the meal was over, wiped the china which the old woman washed as she sat by the table so deftly that she never twisted off one of the slender old-fashioned handles from the pretty cups, a misfortune that had happened more than once in older hands.

Mrs. Piggott had grown stout as well as rheumatic as she had grown older, and bore this double affliction with an ill grace, for she was convinced that at no distant date she should no longer be able to do the work of the house single-handed, as it had been her pride and pleasure to do for more than twenty years. The idea of being obliged to seek the assistance of one of "those girls," as she invariably called the young women of the village, was unendurable to her. As a south-country woman she had never found herself in sympathy with the peculiarities of north-country character.

The love of cleanliness and willingness for hard work which distinguished many of these sturdy Yorkshire women pleased her; but the roughness of their manners and the coarseness of their speech, combined with what seemed to her loose notions on certain important subjects, displeased her still more.

She had never forgotten how once, when laid aside by illness, she had been reduced to seek help of the kind she despised, and for two months her life had been made a burden to her by a certain Meg, who had taken service under her for the time. Just as it is easy to see a large prospect through a small opening, Mrs. Piggott always declared, that during that period she had learned what all those girls were like. In general society she contented herself with this statement, emphasised by a melancholy shake of the head; but in speaking to a friend she had no hesitation is using very plain language in describing the shortcomings of Meg and her class.

In Venetia's willingness and general handiness she saw for herself a chance of escape from the dreaded necessity of bringing one of "those girls" into the house as a servant. This winter she hoped to get about no worse than she had done last; but by next year, when the rheumatism would very likely be worse, and the little girl would certainly be older—and, thanks to the training Mrs. Piggott meant to give her, cleverer—she hoped to receive from her all the help that was necessary. So, if Venetia had only known it, there was opening out before her, as she went up and down the cellar steps with the cream and the butter, the prospect of becoming a maid-of-all-work to a rheumatic and not always very amiable old woman.

In a small place like Rockly, though there is a good deal of curiosity and no little gossip and chatter about a neighbour's affairs, his sayings, doings, comings, and goings, there is very little intelligent interest displayed in the events of this life. A broken milk jug or a strayed bantam are subjects far more absorbing than matters concerning the vital well-being of one of whom little is known; and though all the community was aware of the fact that "Lucilly Turner's child" had come to live with her uncle, it did not occur to any member of it to take any interest in, or notice of, the child herself.

Dr. Aitkin was respected as a doctor, but he was not a sociable man, and it was only in case of illness that the inhabitants of Rockly saw anything of him. He was not popular either; how could a man be popular who spoke as he did to Mary Mason's mother about giving the poor child's clothes to her cousin when the poor child herself wanted them no longer? Whoever heard before of burning a good merino frock because it had been worn when its owner was sickening for the fever, of which she died soon after? And if the cousin did take the fever, there were others who had it too; and how did they get it, for there were no frocks of Mary Mason's in their case? These were questions that no one could answer satisfactorily, and the passing of them on from mouth to mouth did nothing to increase the doctor's popularity. Little he cared.

"A set of dunderheads," he said on one occasion to the rector. "I hope you find their souls easier to cure than I do their bodies!"

The class of society to which Dr. Aitkin and his family by right belonged was limited, and curiously constituted. Rockly had a peculiarity which has been noted in other places of a similar kind—the masculine element was almost wanting. The rector, the curate, the doctor, and the lawyer comprised all that could strictly be said to belong to the village; and the curate had only been added recently on account of the increasing deafness of the rector, who could preach as good a sermon as any man need wish to listen to, but who could not hear a word that was said to him unless it was shouted at the top of the speaker's voice.

The bulk of the middle-class residents were elderly widows with grown-up spinster daughters; and there were also spinsters of middle age who lived by themselves. As Venetia grew to be old enough to think of the meaning of what she saw around her, she used to wonder very much what all these women found to do. One of them she knew had sons abroad—the sons and brothers of Rockly families generally did go abroad—in Australia, and in India, and she wrote letters to them every month; but this only removed the original wonder a step further back, for what could she find to say in writing from Rockly? But she was not old enough for these speculations to occur to her for some years after her arrival at her uncle's; and meanwhile these excellent women saw the little girl, with her pretty nut-brown curls and her sweet brown eyes, sitting Sunday after Sunday by her uncle's side in the long pew at church, and not one of them thought of what her life might be during the rest of the day, and all the

other days of the week, or if it might not lie in their power to lighten or brighten what all must have known could not fail to be but a sombre life for so young a child. One of the oldest among them, who remembered the second marriage of Christopher Aitkin's father, said the child had a great look of her Italian grandmother, and those who heard the speech hoped that the likeness did not go further, and that she would turn out better—and then they thought of her no more. The recollection of the days when Lucile was among them, but not of them, still rankled; and the memory of the mother was not a legacy upon which the daughter could draw for sympathy and kindliness.

Venetia, sitting, standing, or kneeling, very still and bolt upright in her corner of the long pew, gave her uncle no cause to complain of her conduct in any way; but if he could have known how her mind was occupied during those parts of the service in which, as a unit of the congregation, she had no share, it is very certain that he would have found most serious fault with her. For, little as one would have thought it from the childish gravity of her manner, and the conscientious regularity with which she joined in responses, and took part in psalm and hymn singing, Venetia enjoyed her Sunday mornings at church in a most worldly spirit. It was indeed to her the most amusing and interesting time of the whole week. Here she could sing with all the strength of her sweet shrill voice without any fear of Mrs. Piggott's "hush"; and this was a great pleasure, for Venetia loved to sing, and her notes were true, and clear as those of a bird. She felt her voice upborne by the organ and the loud treble of the school children who performed the duties of the choir, and carolled so joyfully through the tuneful double chants of that old-fashioned time, as now and then to draw down upon herself a look of surprise from some less musical neighbour.

But it was when the singing was over, and the rector had put on his spectacles, and spread his sermon before him on the pulpit cushion, and cleared his throat to begin the reading of his half hour's discourse, that she was most happy. She listened carefully for the text, looked it out in her Bible, and learned it by heart—for her uncle would require her to repeat it to him on her return to the house; but, having done this, she put it away in her memory, which she knew to be a trustworthy keeping-place, and from which she was certain of being able to produce it at the proper time, and did not listen to one word of the sermon. She was much too busy in looking at all the faces within her range, and imagining for herself a score of possible and impossible things in connection with them. There was a little blind boy, who sat by the side of his sister among the Sunday-school children, who interested her immensely. When the sermon began, the sister, who was quite a big girl, used to take the little fellow's hand and keep it clasped in hers the whole time; and Venetia would not have missed seeing this for any inducement. If the day was hot and he fell asleep, the sister made a pillow for his head against her shoulder; and then she found herself wondering how the blind boy knew when he was going to sleep, since he was always in the dark with closed eyes. Quite near to her uncle's pew, at the end of a form, so that she could see him from head to foot, sat a character well-known to all Rockly as "Silly Billy"—a middle-aged man with a small head out of all proportion to his heavy, high-shouldered body, who was, in fact, the village idiot. He came regularly to church, and always held a prayer-book upside down, making hideous grimaces as he looked at it. This poor creature had an overpowering fascination for Venetia. She had heard his story from Mrs. Piggott, and knew that he was the only son of a poor old widow, who loved him and devoted herself to taking care of him. There were mothers, then, the little girl thought, who loved their children, even when they were idiots and never gave them anything but anxiety and pain; and though she could not have explained how it came to be so, the knowledge that his mother loved him gave a peculiar importance in her eyes to the poor idiot. One day, in passing the open door of the widow's cottage, she had seen the poor old mother feeding her helpless son, and the pitying tenderness in the expression of the wrinkled face had made a strong impression upon her young mind. She recalled this scene every Sunday when she saw poor "Silly Billy" in church, and speculated with childish interest as to what dinner his mother would get ready for him before she came to meet him at the church door, his infirmities making an escort necessary even for so short a distance.

Then there was a family of naughty little children on the left hand, who behaved so badly that one or other had always to be taken out of church before the service was ended; and sometimes this scene gained additional excitement when the culprit set up a cry, which he made no attempt to restrain, in the very aisle. The rows of Sunday-school children too were a never-failing source of interest to Venetia, who, though she knew none of them, had given them all names; and it would have been very hard to persuade her that the fair little girl with the rosy cheeks, who could not be kept awake by any device known to her teacher, was called Sarah Ann and not "Nellie." No sermon was ever too long for Venetia, who thus occupied herself week after week without growing weary of the familiar strange faces of those around her.

Sunday afternoons were more tedious, unless the weather was fine enough for her to spend the long hours in the garden. For her uncle slept in the parlour with a coloured silk handkerchief over his head, and Mrs. Piggott slept also, sitting by the kitchen fireplace in her large arm-chair, with the skirt of her black silk dress folded back upon her knees, and there were no sounds in the house except the heavy breathing of one sleeper and the snoring of the other. Venetia would have liked to go to the Sunday-school, more, it must be confessed, with a view to making the acquaintance of other children there than with any desire for spiritual benefit; but a suggestion which she made to that effect was so ill received by Mrs. Piggott that she never repeated it. When cold or wet kept her indoors on Sunday afternoons she sought entertainment in reading; and one happy day she found an old copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book which she read again and yet again, until her thorough knowledge of its contents obliged her to lay it aside.

(*To be continued.*)

SPANISH, GREEK, MALTESE, RUSSIAN AND POLISH LACES.

By Mrs. ERNEST HART.

THE lace mantilla enters so largely into the romance, the poetry, and the art of Spanish life, that we are not surprised to find lace-making an industry which has always been highly patronised in Spain. Point d'Espagne has, indeed, enjoyed as great a reputation as Point de Venise. Vanity of dress and the requirements of fashion did not, however, give so great an impetus to lace-making in Spain as the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, of which the Spaniards have always been devout observers. In the churches the numerous images of the patron saints and "Our Lady" were, in the time of Spain's wealth and greatness, dressed and re-dressed daily in garments decorated with the most exquisite and costly lace. "Of so great value," says Beckford, "were the laces of these favoured madonnas, that in 1787 the Marchioness of Cogalhudo, wife of the eldest son of the semi-royal race of Medina Cœli, was appointed mistress of the robes to Our Lady of La Solidad, at Madrid, a much-coveted office." Beautiful point laces were also used for the albs of the priests and the decorations of the altar.

Point d'Espagne, the most splendid of Spanish laces, was worked in gold and silver thread, and was often further enriched by embroidery in coloured silks. It was much sought after in France, particularly during Louis XIV.'s reign, when it was used to trim velvet and brocade coats and dresses, and to decorate the hangings of royal bedsteads at Versailles. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the manufacture of Point d'Espagne was introduced into France by Simon Châtelan, a Huguenot, who, in return for his good services, received special protection from the minister Colbert. Point d'Espagne figures in the ceremonies of the Inquisition. The oldest of their banners, that of Valladolid, was bordered with real Point d'Espagne of a quaint Gothic design; and at the autos-da-fé we are told that the grandees of Spain and the officers of the Holy Office attended dressed in cloaks with

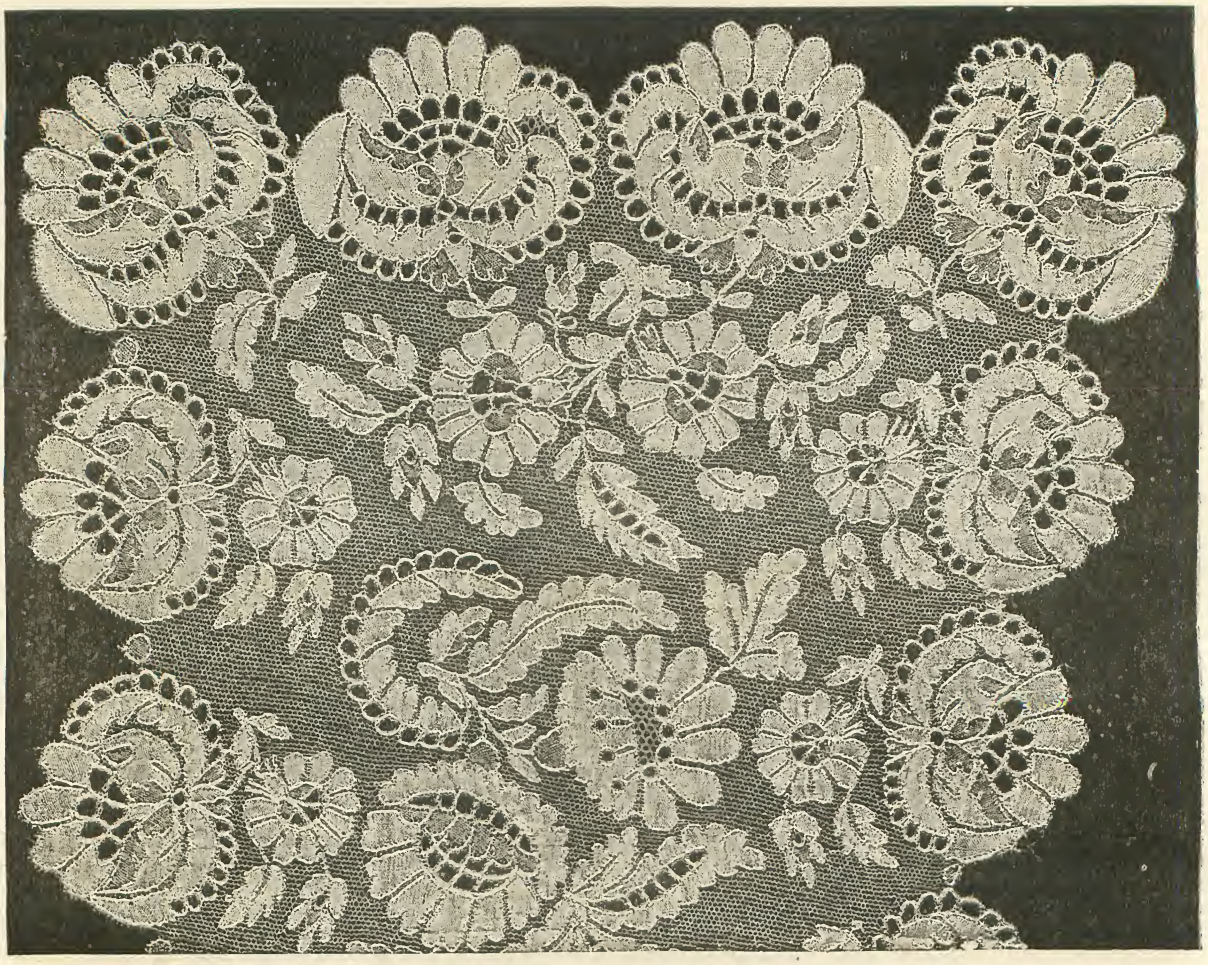


FIG. 1.—SPANISH SILK BLONDE LACE. (*The property of Mr. Biddle.*)

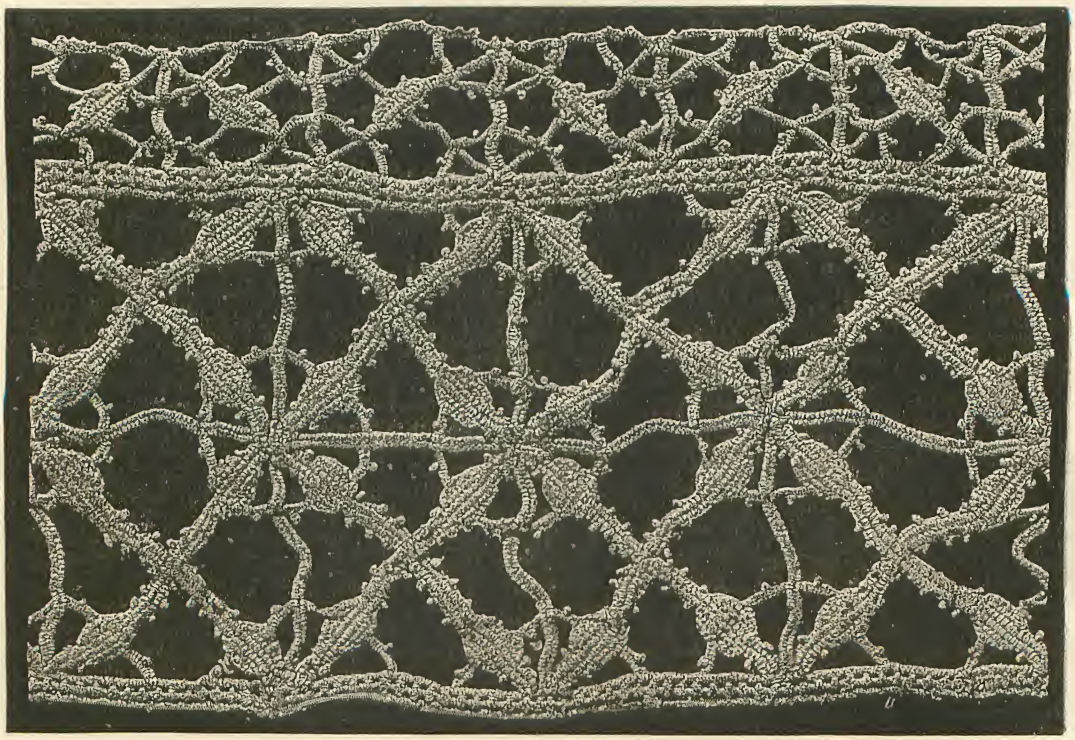


FIG. 2.—SPECIMEN OF GREEK RETICELLA LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

black and white crosses edged with this gold lace.

In *The Letters of a Lady*, published in London in 1679, the extravagance of Spanish ladies, in the matter of lace, in the seventeenth century is graphically described. The lady writes: "Under the vertingale, of black taffety, they wear a dozen or more petticoats, one finer than the other, of rich stuffs trimmed with lace of gold and silver to the girdle. They wear at all times a white garment called "sabenqua"; it is made of the finest English lace (Point d'Angleterre), and four ells in compass. I have seen some worth 500 or 600 crowns. . . . So great is their vanity, they would rather have one of these lace sabenquas than a dozen coarse ones, and either lie in bed till it is washed, or else dress themselves without any, which they frequently enough do." Describing the visit to the Princess of Monteleon, she says: "Her bed was of gold and green damask, lined with silver brocade, and trimmed with Point de Spain. Her sheets were laced round with an English lace, half an ell deep. The young Princess bade her maids bring in her wedding clothes. They brought in thirty silver baskets, so heavy, four women could only carry one basket. The lace and linen were not inferior to the rest." This account hardly agrees with the opinions so often expressed of the simplicity of life in the "good old times."

The fine church laces which were made in the convents were, however, little known in Europe outside of Spain till the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830, when large quantities of the finest laces were suddenly discovered and dispersed. These were not only the heavy points but the most delicate and exquisite laces, the work evidently of nuns for the decoration of the effigies of their favourite saint—labours of love for which no money could pay.

Spanish mantillas are made of blonde laces, both white and black. The white mantilla is only worn on State occasions. A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. The blondes are pillow laces, and are manufactured by women and children in Catalonia, principally in and around Barcelona. The workers follow their own fancy in the designs, which are chiefly naturalistic sprigs of flowers worked solidly in a lustrous silk, set in a gossamer net ground (Fig. 1).

Spanish Rose Point differs little from the Venetian; indeed, it is almost impossible for the most competent connoisseurs to distinguish one from the other. They were both made almost exclusively under the direction of nuns, who were frequently transferred from one country to the other, and thus carried their art with them. In Spanish Rose Point the pattern is splendid, the fillings are intricate, and show the most patient care in execution, and the cordonnet is heavy and rich in appearance.

Greece was doubtless the birthplace of European laces, and as long ago as in the fourteenth century Cyprus was celebrated for its gold and silver network and its embroidery. Cut-work, which was afterwards called "Reticella" by the Italians, who learnt the art from the Greeks, originated in the Ionian Isles, and is the true Greek lace. The designs are geo-

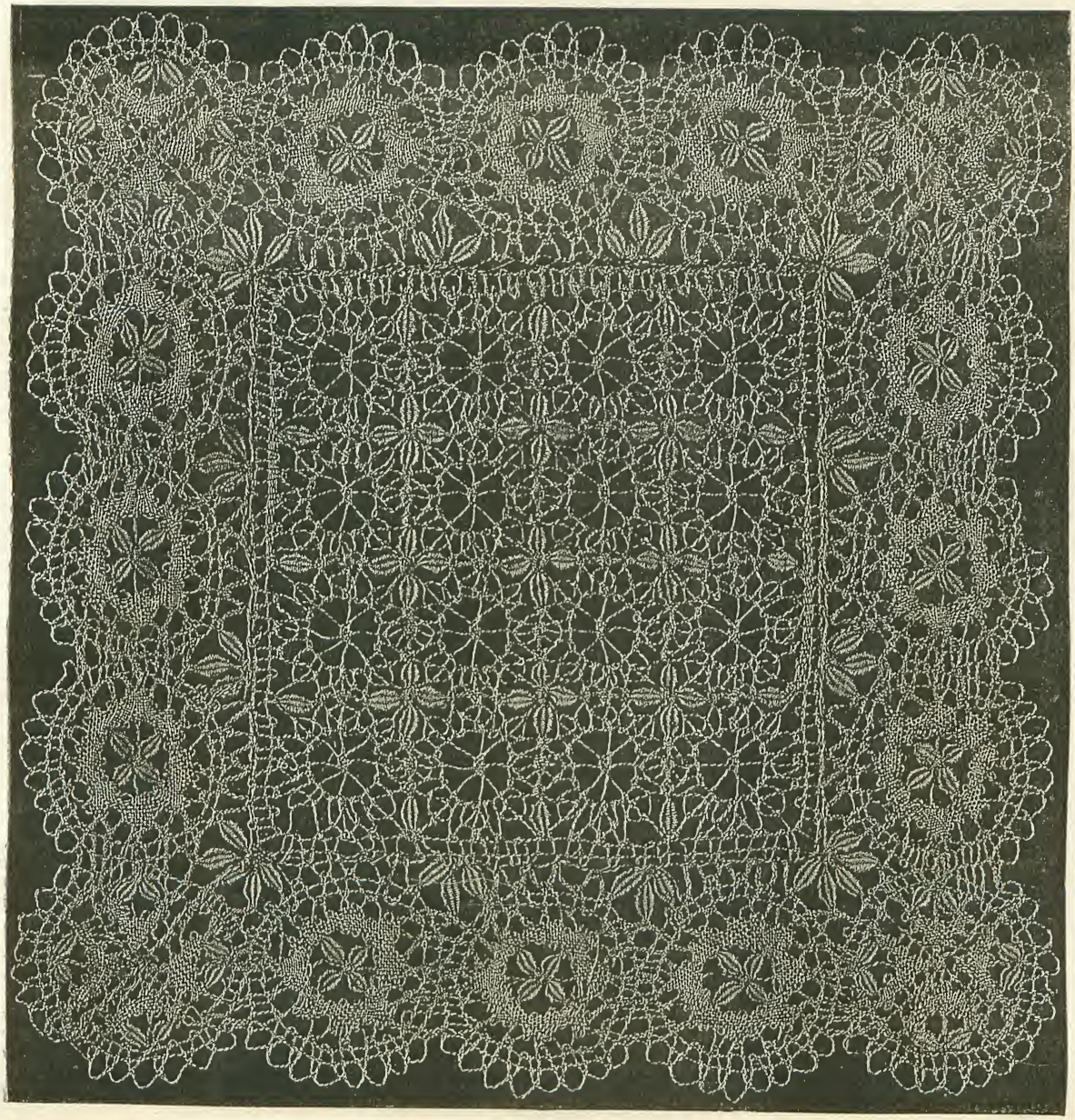


FIG. 4.—SPECIMEN OF MALTESE LACE.

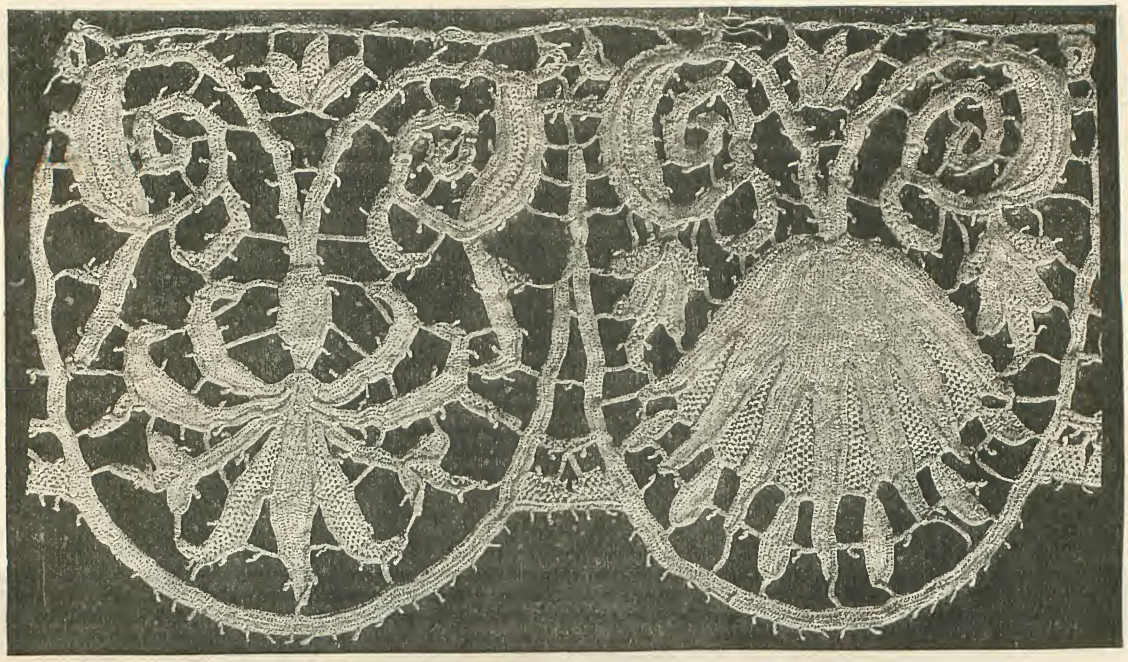


FIG. 3.—SPECIMEN OF GREEK NEEDLE LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

metrical in pattern. But little of the lace is made now in the Greek Islands, and specimens of fine lace have to be searched for. Figs. 2 and 3 are from specimens of old Greek laces which I bought in Corfu last year. Coarse pillow laces of good design were till recently made in the Ionian Islands, and are used by the peasant women to trim the aprons and kerchiefs they wear on *fête* days.

A society called the Cyprus Society has recently been formed to stimulate the industrial arts of Cyprus, and it is very much to be hoped that its members will collect fine specimens of old Cyprus embroidery, cut-work, and lace, and set the peasant women at work reviving an industry the traditions of which are so ancient and good.

Maltese lace is an imitation on the pillow of old Greek Reticella. It owes its origin to Lady Hamilton Chichester, who in 1833 induced a woman of the name of Ciglia to copy the lace of an old Greek coverlet. The lace which had previously been made in Malta was a coarse pillow lace resembling Valenciennes. The Ciglia family began then to make both black and white pillow lace on the Greek model, and, the industry spreading, it became one of the most important in the island. Maltese lace (Fig. 4) is a kind of torchon, or plaited lace, and it is chiefly made in black and in white silk.

It is calculated that every great merchantman and ironclad which calls in at Malta leaves about £200 behind, chiefly in exchange for laces. After passing so many days at sea, everybody on board ship is anxious to land and eager to buy something to take home as a memento of the island, and lace being easily carried, and "sure to come in useful" to some lady friend, vast quantities of it are bought by buyers whose ignorance and credulity are easily imposed upon by the clever Maltese lace-dealers. The lace has, however, the advantage of cheapness and of making effective and pretty trimmings.

Russian lace is of very ancient manufacture, though it has never had a great reputation in Europe. It is quaint, and Byzantine in design. It closely resembles much of the pillow lace made in Bohemia. Peter the Great established a lace school in Novgorod, but it fell into decay. No needle points were made in Russia till the present century, when a lady founded a school in Moscow under the patronage of the Czarina for the making of old Venice Point. The school has been very successful, and Point de Moscou is, though Italian in stitch, original and Russian in design. In Poland a lace school has recently been established at Zakopane, in the Carpathians, one of the principal patrons of which is Madame Modjeska, the well-known actress. The peasants, who are an agricultural people, are glad to work at lace-making during the winter, when out-door work is impossible. They show great talent, and are not only quick at copying French and Italian laces, but they cleverly produce original designs and work of their own. The school has many branches, and is now self-supporting. The Polish girls generally work at lace-making only in their early youth. They keep the money earned by it for a dower, and, once married, they abandon the work to younger companions, who have not house, husband, and children to look after. Lace-making may in this way be a most valuable industry, not as the employment of a life-time, but as the occupation of otherwise idle hours, by means of which extra money can be earned to lift the family out of poverty.

A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GABRIELLE and I are foster sisters; she is one of the Tregarons of Veryan Court, and I am Eleanor Lea, the daughter of a farmer. Gabrielle was a weakly baby when she was first brought to Veryan Court, and my mother saved her life—at least, that is what Gabrielle always says—and it is one of the reasons that she gives for loving me as dearly as if I were her own sister.

"The Tregarons have always been true to their friends, Nellie, and I am a real Tregaron in looks and disposition."

At any rate, if my darling, like her ancestors, has a hot temper, she is honourable and straightforward, and that, I am sorry to say, some of her relations have not been. But to go back to the beginning of the story. When I was about thirteen years old my mother died, and I went to live at the Court. I had always spent a good deal of my time there, but now it became my home. Gabrielle is really only a few weeks older than I am, but nobody would think so to see us together; for she has a very dignified manner (and had when she was a little child), and makes the impression of being much older than she really is. She is the only direct descendant of the Tregarons, and her grandfather, Sir Philip Tregaron, ought to have thought a great deal of her; but he was terribly disappointed that she was not a boy, who would have inherited Veryan Court. Now, as a matter of course, both estate and title would go to a distant cousin, a lawyer in London; and though Gabrielle lived at the Court, Sir Philip did not in those days take any notice of her.

Lady Tregaron was an invalid, and lived apart in her own rooms; she spent her time chiefly in making embroidery for the drawing-room furniture, and could not bear the noise of children. Consequently, Gabrielle was left a great deal to herself. She had governesses, of course, but none of them ever stayed very long, or gained any influence over her.

I remember quite well the first evening that I arrived at the Court. Sir Philip was in the hall, scolding one of the servants for some

neglect of duty: he just looked up when I came in—what a fierce old man I thought him!—and said: "Oh, it's you, is it, Eleanor?" and went on storming at the servant.

I passed him as quickly as I could. The long passages were very dark, but I knew my way; I could have found it blindfolded. First I went to the schoolroom, but it was quite desolate; then I went to Gabrielle's room, but she was not there; so I wandered up and down the corridor, feeling very disconsolate indeed. Presently I heard voices: two of the maids were coming up the back stairs.

"*I* wouldn't be in the child's shoes," said one, "for a pretty penny."

"No, indeed," said the other—it was the lady's maid, Blacker—"she will be neither fish nor fowl, poor little Miss Nellie! She'll not belong upstairs nor down, and Miss Gabrielle will lead her a pretty life with her tantrums!"

They did not attempt to modulate their voices. Another door burst open, and Gabrielle appeared in the corridor with a candle in her hand. Her hair was all blown about by the wind, her cheeks were red, and her eyes so bright, that I knew before she spoke that she had heard every word that had been said.

"What do you mean," she exclaimed angrily, "by talking in this manner, when you know—*you*, Blacker, must know!—that it is not true? Nellie is coming to be my dear sister. We have never quarrelled in our lives, or if we did it was my fault. It is wicked to tell stories!"

"Well, Miss Gabrielle," answered Blacker, "you are very quick at accusing other people of telling stories, and those that are old enough to be your mother too, just because you happen to hear what was not intended for you! And I hope that you *do* intend, now that all is so outspoken, miss, to make Miss Nellie happy. Emily"—with a quick change of manner—"go directly, and attend to the young lady's tea!"

Emily's step creaked on the staircase—not one of the maids dared to dispute Blacker's word.

It all happened so quickly that I could not make up my mind whether to come forward or not, when Gabrielle spoke again, and I knew that she was putting great self-control on herself.

"I shall try," she said quietly, "and I beg your pardon, Blacker; I had no right to interrupt your conversation."

"There, there, Miss Gabrielle," said Blacker, coaxingly, "never mind a little haste."

But Gabrielle broke away from her and came running down the passage; here in a twist of the corridor we met, and she threw her arms round me, crying—

"Nellie, I have been looking for you all over the place! Where have you been, when I want you so much?"

By-and-by I told her what I had heard; she shook out her long hair—as she did when she was very much in earnest—and said—

"I am altogether in your debt, Nellie. I am only just going to begin to pay you back a little—a very little—of your dear mother's goodness to me."

"But I am not good, and it is altogether different."

"You are very like her. Do you know"—now we were walking arm in arm towards the schoolroom—"that grandmamma thinks so well of you, that she put it into grandpapa's head to ask you to come. It would be no use for *me* to ask him."

"Who put it into Lady Tregaron's head, Gabrielle?"

"Ah, that's a secret! You are to have the room next mine, and I will help you with your music if you will help me with my sums. If you like I will give you my collection of shells."

"You are so fond of your shells," I remonstrated.

"That is just *why* I want to give them to you—besides, Harry will help us to find some more. I must do something to show you how glad—how very glad—I am to have you, my own Nellie!"

I cannot say that Gabrielle and I never quarrelled or disagreed; but our disputes were of short duration, and our love for each other was so great that it bridged over the social difference that there was between us. This I know in looking back, but at the time I never thought seriously of such a thing, in spite of the servants' gossip.

In a very few days I slipped into my place at Veryan Court. I sat for an hour every afternoon with Lady Tregaron, and the rest of my time was spent with Gabrielle. The months passed by, and we neither of us fairly realised that we were fast growing up.

We led a very quiet life. Sir Philip was not rich, and could not afford to entertain, so he said; but I do not think that he liked having visitors at the Court; and as long as Lady Tregaron had her daily drive and her embroidery, she did not require anything else—not even the companionship of her grandchild.

Every now and then there was a dinner-party, and on these occasions we appeared in the drawing-room after dinner. It was always very solemn and very grand. The big drawing-room, with yellow silk walls, was thrown open, and the guests gathered round the fire and talked in subdued voices.

"If it was *my* home," said Gabrielle once, "I would ask young people, or at least people who would enjoy themselves. I wonder what Harry will think of us? He has not dined here for months, and he told me yesterday that he felt quite frightened—and I don't think Harry is easily frightened, Nellie!"

Harry Beechworth was the younger son of a neighbouring squire. We occasionally went to spend the day with his sisters, and more often he met us when we were out walking or riding; for the last year or so he had been at Woolwich, and we had not seen so much of him.

When the evening arrived we were dressed long before the appointed hour. We wore white frocks, and Gabrielle had a red sash and I a blue one. How charming she looked, with her auburn hair rippling to her waist, and her grey eyes sparkling with excitement! We ran into the drawing-room and stood on the hearthrug, watching the logs that crackled on the broad hearth. We knew that when the first carriage creaked on the gravel drive we should have plenty of time to escape. Besides, Lady Tregaron was not down yet. What was our horror to hear a footstep in the passage, and to see Sir Philip enter! Gabrielle held her head high.

"Grandpapa is going to scold," she whispered. "Never mind, Nellie—it was *my* fault. I persuaded you to come!"

To my great surprise, Sir Philip was not angry. He appeared to have forgotten that we had transgressed all rules in leaving the schoolroom.

"I wish to speak to you, Gabrielle."

"Yes, grandpapa."

"You have heard of your cousin, Cyril Tregaron?"

"Do you mean your heir, grandpapa?" asked Gabrielle, gravely.

"Yes. Matters which I need not explain have kept us apart for many years, but Cyril has sustained severe domestic losses; his wife is dead and his only son. He is staying in the neighbourhood, and I expect him to-night. You are of an age to understand that I want you to receive your kinsman in a proper hospitable spirit. He will probably come and stay here for a few days—your grandmother wishes it."

"Grandmamma has never told me anything about it."

"Probably not; it is not necessary to tell you everything. But you are no child now, Gabrielle, and I hope that you understand my meaning."

She did not understand him in the least. How should she know that Cyril Tregaron, the childless widower, had become a personage of infinite importance in her grandfather's eyes?

"Would you rather that I did not come down to-night, grandpapa? Do you wish to talk to Cousin Cyril alone?"

"You will appear as usual; you will drop your childish way of speaking, and behave yourself as a daughter of the house of Tregaron should."

My darling's pride was touched; the colour mounted to her face as she answered—

"I will do my best."

Half-an-hour later the guests had arrived, and we were stationed at the top of the back staircase to see them go in to dinner. It was a large party; they walked two and two, talking demurely.

"There," I said, "that must be Mr. Tregaron—he is a stranger."

"Let me see, Nellie." Gabrielle peeped over the bannister. "Oh, what a curious-looking old gentleman! But he is handsome too—don't you think so?"

Cyril Tregaron was at that time about forty years of age, but I was quite ready to agree with Gabrielle in "writing him down" an old gentleman. He was tall and very good-looking in a dignified, pompous sort of way; altogether he reminded me of the ancestor who had been Ambassador in the reign of George III. His portrait hung in the hall.

'I shall *never* find anything to say to him!" sighed Gabrielle. "I wish he would not come to stay! There!—there's Harry at last!"

Harry Beechworth's bright face was unnaturally clouded; the stiffness of the company had infected even him. Just as he passed the staircase he looked up; we were as quiet as mice, and Gabrielle pulled me back—but he had seen us. He nodded and smiled.

"I hope he won't tell that we are here," I said.

"Oh, no!" replied Gabrielle, decidedly; "He is much too good a friend to get us into a scrape. We can trust Harry."

A few days later Mr. Tregaron came to stay at Veryan Court. He was exceedingly polite to Gabrielle—in fact, he treated her as if she had been a grown-up young lady, and I am certain that she tried to behave according to her grandparents' standard. She would sit sewing as grave as a judge during the long evenings; she played and sang directly she was asked. She refrained from talking of our walks and gardens, and the subjects that she had most at heart: she endeavoured to entertain the visitor.

One evening, I remember, Lady Tregaron had taken a nap over her fancy-work, while the gentlemen talked politics and discussed the iniquities of poachers. When coffee was served there was a general stir; Cyril rose and addressed his conversation to Gabrielle.

"I am told that you know the country round about very well. I have not been here since I was a boy. Will you allow me to join your walking expedition to-morrow?"

This was a great trial of Gabrielle's politeness. The next day was Saturday, and we had planned a long scramble alone. Mademoiselle, the French governess, always preferred staying at home shut up in the schoolroom—a third person would be very much in the way.

"If you like, Cousin Cyril," she said, with

some hesitation; "but it is very rough walking."

Mr. Tregaron smiled.

"You think that we Londoners don't know how to face the dangers of the country? I will show you to the contrary if you and Miss Nellie will allow me to be one of the party."

"We shall be very glad," said Gabrielle—and now there was a shade more cordiality in her manner. "The view from the rocks is very fine."

Lady Tregaron looked up from her embroidery to say—

"Do take care, Gabrielle, where you go! Blacker tells me that you return with wet feet, and you might meet with an accident by the sea."

"I will not lead Cousin Cyril into any danger, grandmamma!" said Gabrielle seriously.

At this her tall cousin smiled again, and observed that under such guardianship it would be safe to travel to the world's end.

Soon afterwards, at a hint from Lady Tregaron, Gabrielle and I withdrew.

"You are sure that you will keep your word?" asked Mr. Tregaron, as he held the door open for us.

"I always do!" exclaimed Gabrielle, with a quick flash of annoyance.

She seized my hand and we ran to the farther wing of the house; the moon was full, and it threw a bright light on the floor, making the shadow look black and mysterious.

"Our half-holiday is quite spoilt, Nellie! Grandpapa might just as well have taken Cousin Cyril for a drive. I don't like him, and I never shall!—never, never!"

* * * *

The next day proved cold and fine; there was a fresh wind blowing, and Gabrielle decided that our best plan would be to walk on the top of the cliff and see the view. Mr. Tregaron was punctual to the moment. As we set forth he cast an amused glance at his little cousin. I suppose her costume was very different from a town young lady's, but it suited her. She wore a cloth cap well over her forehead, and she had plaited her beautiful hair into a pigtail that was tied with a ribbon. She had a blue serge dress and jacket, wash-leather gloves, much stained with sea-water, and big boots with nails in them.

In the open air, within sight of the sea, her spirits rose amazingly. I think she forgot that she was entertaining a dull relation, and chatted and laughed as usual. If Mr. Tregaron took the trouble to notice the change, he must have been much amused; but I doubt his thinking very much about anybody except himself. He asked a great many questions concerning the farms that we passed, and the tenants, and the shooting. (One of the farms, Longmead, had been my old home; now it was let to Walter Everlegh.)

"The trees want thinning round the house," observed Mr. Tregaron, as we stood on high ground, looking down upon the village of Lyndene and Veryan Court, with its cedars, its walled gardens, and grey chimneys.

"Grandpapa would never allow it," said Gabrielle, hotly. "I hope that when you come to live here, you will not think of such a thing."

He seemed amazed at her candour.

"My coming here," he said, "will not take place, I trust, for many a long year, and we need not anticipate the event."

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Miss Ridley, Kathleen Aroon, Esperance, G. D. C., and others who wish to emigrate, are advised to apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., for the last circulars published respecting all the colonies, or to the Hon. Sec. of the Female Middle-Class Emigration Society, Miss Blake, 7, Roland Mansions, South Kensington, S.W. To those ladies of reduced means who do not mind work in the household we should recommend an application to the Guild of Aid in Home Duties, Mrs. Henslow, Zeals Rectory, Bath, Somerset, who supplies help to private families, and perhaps in this way they may find what they require in their own land.

Reader of "G. O. P."—There is no such thing as slipping a stitch in crochet; you are probably thinking of knitting, where to slip or pass a stitch is to change it from one needle to the other without knitting it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One Wishing to do Right.—The marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is not legal in England.

Russian Bear.—The only hope for recovering moth-eaten furs is to send them to a good furrier to be treated.

Beryl Brisbane.—Verses written by the author of the story herself.

Bright as Gold.—You would learn all about the heathen mythology in an agreeable way by reading the late Charles Kingsley's book called *The Heroes*. It was written for his children in reply to a question of theirs similar to your own. Any librarian would inform you of the price, and procure it for you, if so desired.

Madge.—You will need all kinds of thin clothing for the West Indies—cottons and thin silks and India-gauze underwear.

Belle enquires whether our Lord Himself broke the seal on the stone which closed His sepulchre or the angles (by which we suppose she means angels) "or those who keep (kept) watch." She asks a silly question in the first place, and an unbelieving and evil one in the last. He rose from the dead and left the tomb of Himself. No one "stole Him away." But possibly He employed the ministration of His servants the angels.

Lover of the "G. O. P."—1. Put some blotting-paper over the cloth collar and pass a hot flat-iron over it, changing the paper when greasy. Or else rub it with benzoline on a piece of flannel.

A. L. W.—If you think that your narrow views of the state of suffering humanity and of its causes refute the passage "God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy" (1 Tim. vi. 17), you make a grave mistake. Who made the world, with its fruits, its crops, its flowers, its sunshine, its variety of climates, and its mines of wealth? And who endowed man with mental and physical powers, and gave him the teaching of His Divine Word? Has He not "given all things" to be "richly enjoyed"? And is it not man's own sin that has brought sickness, penury, oppression, and fraud, idleness, and neglect of opportunities for realising, and deriving benefit from His abundantly liberal gifts? Of course the children must suffer—the weakly, the dissolute, and the idle—for the sins of their parents and predecessors. But "better is little with the fear of the Lord," and "better is little with righteousness than great revenues without right;" and "no good thing" (individually "good" for His trusting child) "will He withhold from them that lead a godly life."

Edith C.—You would find a list of the London hospitals in a directory. It is said there are few vacancies at present, so many have taken up the profession.

Mona.—Girls of seventeen may dress their hair like grown-up women. The hair is often, at present, dressed in what is called a "Greek knot," coiled low at the back of the head. But the majority of people continue to dress it high on the top of the head. Your writing is fairly good.

Twenty.—We think you would be obliged to go through a course of training in cookery. For the north of England, address Miss F. L. Calder, 49, Canning Street, Liverpool, the Secretary of the Northern Union of Training Schools.

Bashful Seventeen.—1. "Selah" seems to be a music mark meaning a pause, or a special raising of the voice. It is not known exactly.—2. The name Jennie is short for Jane, which is the feminine of John, and means "the gracious gift of God."

A. J. S., Romola, Ethel Meysey, Edward M., A Blonde Maiden, Louie, Sympathy, Fido, Edgyth, Whitstable Native, Lilian Shamrock, Bath-seven; Neerg, Esther Annie, M. R., Jenney, H. M. S.—All send us poetry to consider, none of it being in any way remarkable for originality or beauty of diction.

Marie Dhu.—Find the address of the company and write your application to them, enclosing references as to ability. We should advise your trying a smaller line of steamers first.

A Jersey Girl.—According to a Manx tradition it was the Danish King Orry who, at the beginning of the twelfth century established an independent throne at Mona, and the so-called "House of Keys." In the report of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament to enquire into the condition of the island, it was said: "We are in doubt when, and the manner in which, the Keys were first elected;" but it goes on to say that they were styled "the representatives of the people." A paragraph written in 1422 says . . . "those were xxiv. free houlders, viz., viii. in the out islands and xvi. in your Land of Mann." The title derives its origin from *kiare es feed*, or twenty-four; the members being formerly called *taxiaxi*, for *tesaag*, "elders." The idea seems as if borrowed from the "four and twenty elders" of the Apocalypse.

Lover of the "G. O. P."—The climate of Adelaide, South Australia, is hot in December, January, and February. The wages obtained by general servants varies from eight to twelve shillings a week. There is an excellent Servants' Home in Flinders Street, Adelaide.

Ignorant.—Lady Jane Grey was beheaded by order of Queen Mary, partly because she had been proclaimed queen to her dispossession, and partly because she represented the cause of Protestantism. The Duke of Northumberland had used his influence with Edward VI. to set aside the claims of his sisters, and to name Lady Jane Grey his successor, whom the Duke had married to his son, Guildford Dudley. Being subsequently defeated and beheaded, the queen of ten days only was imprisoned in the Tower, and cruelly put to death on the 12th of February, 1553.

L. A. P.—The 15th of October, 1865, was a Sunday.

One Tired of Teaching Music.—Apply at one of the company's depôts for information.

Carrots.—The quotation about which you enquire is from the works of Tom Brown, born 1663, died 1704—

> "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell;
> But, this alone I know full well,
> I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

It is to be found in Latin (Martial, Ep. I, xxxiii.), and in French (Bussy, Comte de Rabutin, Ep. xxxiii., Book i.

The Lady of Lewes.—You can improve your writing by daily and careful practice. Write small round-hand copies. As to recommending you anything to make you thin, we decline so doing.



VOL. XII.—No. 589.] APRIL 11, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



THOV SING'ST TO HER.



THOV PRETTY BIRD HOW DO I SEE
THY SILLY STATE AND MINE AGREE!
FOR THOV A PRISONER ART;
SO IS MY HEART.
THOV SING'ST TO HER AND SO DO I ADDRESS
MY MVSIC TO HER EAR THAT'S MERCILESS;
BVT HEREIN DOTH THE DIFFERENCE LIE;
THAT THOV ART GRAC'D, SO AM NOT I:
THOV SINGING LIV'ST, AND I MVST
SINGING DIE.



OLD SONG 1606 JOHN DANYEL

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A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER IV.

When she had been at Rockly for about a year, it occurred to Mrs. Piggott that Venetia ought, if possible, to be sent to school. It never seemed to occur to her uncle that she could need anything beyond a due allowance of food, and her arms and legs had grown far beyond her sleeves and skirts before he had recognised the necessity of renewing her small wardrobe. They were slender round arms and shapely legs, it is true, but the custom of the time and place made so frank an exhibition of them objectionable; and the housekeeper's first battle on behalf of the child ended in victory and a new frock. Mrs. Piggott was not a little proud of this success. As she said, "She had never stood up to the master before," and as she cut out and fitted on the serviceable merino, of a shade so well chosen that it was neither quite too dark for summer nor quite too light for winter wear, she rejoiced in her heart over what she flattered herself was but the beginning of a series of victories. When, however, she made a second attempt, she met with ignominious defeat.

"Frocks," as Dr. Aitkin truly said, "were one thing, but going to school was another," and when the good woman had exhausted her simple arguments, and was about to give up the question in despair, he asked, with something very like a sneer, why "she didn't teach the child herself if she was so anxious about it?" He added something unnecessarily offensive about making a pudding and darning a stocking being all that a woman needed to know; but Mrs. Piggott's mind had been started in a new direction by his scornful enquiry, and that very night before she slept she had decided that, since better might not be, she would herself undertake Venetia's education.

In spite of herself she had grown to love the little girl, who was so gentle, obedient, and helpful, and so pretty. If only her hair had been less curly, and would have grown long enough to be fastened smoothly above her ears, Mrs. Piggott thought she was as pretty a child as anyone need to see; but this opinion she was careful to keep to herself, while freely commenting on the drawbacks hinted at, and blaming the innocent little sinner for what she called her "ruffle-headedness." In those days when beauty was not recognised as beauty unless the eyes were surmounted by a forehead well displayed beneath smooth bands of hair, such rings of curls as wandered over Venetia's brows were ill-esteemed; and if ever she was disposed to feel envious it was when she saw some little girl of her own age with sleek and silky locks arranged in the approved fashion.

Mrs. Piggott, in her desire to do things thoroughly, determined to begin at the beginning, and the very day after she had come to this notable decision, gave Venetia a spelling lesson in words of one syllable. The aptitude of her pupil delighted the good woman, and to the child's laughing expostulation she made answer by explaining the system upon which she intended to work.

"But you know that I can read," pleaded Venetia; "and I can do sums—multiplication and addition sums—and I can write almost nicely. What I do want to learn," she went on coaxingly, "is more grammar, and geography—and French, perhaps," she added doubtfully, as she watched the expression in the face of her would-be teacher, "and a little music, my father said." She stopped suddenly. Never until that moment had she mentioned her father's name since she had entered her uncle's house.

She had not forgotten him, nor ceased to cherish his memory; but the new life, stagnant and uneventful as it was, had pushed the old one further back than she knew, till the once familiar name struck her ear with a sense of unfamiliarity. When Mrs. Piggott looked up to see what had caused the sudden break in Venetia's words, she saw that the child's face was hidden in her hands, and that she was silently weeping.

With the best intention in the world to win her confidence Mrs. Piggott had never been able to do so. On the subject of her mother's conduct the little girl's reserve was impenetrable. The old woman did not remember, what the child could not forget, how angrily and bitterly she had spoken of Lucile on the ever memorable day of her arrival at Rockly. Every one of her words had sunk deeply into the mind of the sensitive child, who was careful to avoid the possibility of any similar distress by never mentioning her mother's name, as well as by making no response to the references to Lucile, which from time to time Mrs. Piggott permitted herself.

This silence, however, did not mean indifference. As time went on the consciousness of her mother's lack of affection grew and strengthened, but it was with no bitterness towards her mother that she realised her heartlessness. She had persuaded herself that when they met again—for she never abandoned the hope of this possibility—the love which the deserted child had failed to win would be freely bestowed upon the recovered daughter; and this hope grew in time to a settled conviction, which, so long as she believed her mother to be living, nothing could shake.

Mrs. Piggott, disconcerted by the failure of her educational scheme, no less than by the impossible demands made by Venetia upon her slender stock of knowledge, in which geography and grammar had but small place, and French and music no recognised existence, speedily abandoned the idea of teaching what she called "school learning," and devoted herself to the more congenial task of imparting the practical details of domestic work, in which she was really proficient. To the idea of instruction in this form Venetia took readily; what could be better than to learn to make bread? and what more delightful than to know how the pies and cakes, for which Mrs. Piggott's housekeeping was famous, were constructed?

The young creature was very happy as she kneaded her first panful of dough. The slender arms were tired before the process was completed, but what fun it was to thump the yielding mass with a doubled fist, and to claw it with an open hand and outstretched fingers. The brown curls seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and danced merrily over her bright eyes as her whole figure vibrated with the energy she threw into her task; and the floury hand that was raised from time to time to push them aside gave the effect of powder to the "ruffle head." This, however picturesque it might be, was considered unbecoming by the old housekeeper, who ended the lesson in bread-making by hurrying Venetia off to her room to make herself tidy.

Though for anything that her uncle seemed to care, or that Mrs. Piggott was able to do to the contrary, there was every reason to fear that Venetia would grow up a dunce, clever enough in household works and ways, but in all other respects unlettered and unlearned, an educational process of a very real kind was being carried on of which she was even herself unconscious.

About the time that regular daily employment had given a purpose and meaning to her life, by the veriest chance there opened before her an unexpected prospect. It occurred to her one day to try the handle of a door at one end of her long garret. When she first occupied the room she had, for no reason whatever, taken it for granted that her right of possession stopped short of this door, which was that of a closet under the sloping roof. She had amused herself by calling it Blue Beard's closet; and putting her trunk to stand upon the floor opposite to it, had thought no more about it. But a wet Sunday afternoon having driven her upstairs in search of occupation or diversion, a sudden inspiration caused her to look upon the closed door in a new light, and hastily removing the obstructing trunk, she opened the cupboard.

It extended the whole length of the end of the garret, and was lighted by a small window in the higher side of the sloping roof, and was so full of dust and dirt that Venetia's first thought was one of amazement that under Mrs. Piggott's notable despotism of brush and duster such an accumulation should have been possible. It was in truth a lumber closet, which in the housekeeper's more vigorous days had, like the rest of the house, been subject to periodical cleaning and turning out,

but which since Venetia's arrival, more than a year before, had remained untouched. On a shelf at one end were sundry articles of broken crockery, and two or three crippled chairs leaned against the wall as though seeking for themselves the support they could no longer afford to others. A large oblong mirror on a tall-legged stand, across the whole length of whose dust-blurred face ran a diagonal crack, stood in the corner. If Venetia could have known that the last form which its unbroken surface had reflected had been that of her mother in all her girlish beauty, and that its present condition had been caused by the petulant flinging behind her of a brush as she turned in reply to Mrs. Piggott's hasty call, with what interest she would have regarded the damaged glass, upon which she did not bestow a single glance!

Directly opposite to the door was a small brown hair trunk, which, being partly open, showed its lining of mottled paper, and its roughly-heaped contents, which consisted of old and shabby-looking books. There were other boxes, closed as well as open, calculated to arouse interest and excite curiosity; but the books attracted Venetia's attention at once, and without a thought for the clean Sunday apron, and the best frock which it was intended to protect, she knelt upon the dusty boards and began to take them out one by one, reading their names as she did so, and laying them upon the floor by her side.

Few girls of eleven years old nowadays would have cared to do more than glance at such a collection; but this girl's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure as, one after another, she lifted from their dusty bed volumes of the *Spectator*, Johnson's *Rasselas*, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, essays and poems, a little volume of "Elia," and an old edition of Shakespeare in several volumes. There were some lesson books too, a musical primer, a French grammar for beginners, and a dictionary; and Venetia's heart gave a bound as, on opening these last, she saw her mother's maiden name written in small, fine, girlish hand on the fly-leaf. There were a few novels, "Sidney Biddulph," and "Henry, Earl of Moreland," being among them, and two books which were better bound than any of the others, and looked as though they might have been school prizes, proved to be Moore's *Poems*, and Byron's *Hebrew Melodies*.

She was so engrossed in these new-found treasures, that she forgot both time and place, and Mrs. Piggott having called her name several times without receiving any answer, came panting up the garret stairs at last in search of her.

"Venesher!" she cried, as angrily as her want of breath permitted, "I would not have believed it of you!"

It was the dusty frock and apron that had roused her indignation, and not the opening of the Blue Beard closet, which was a matter of indifference to her.

"May I read these books—all of them?" asked Venetia, eagerly, unable to realise anything at the moment but the delight of her discovery.

"Well!" said Mrs. Piggott, suddenly changing her tone to one of contemptuous good nature, "you're younger of your years than any child I ever knew if that'll please you! Read 'em if you can. A parcel of dry rubbish, I call 'em, and some worse than that. But come down and get tea first."

And down she went and performed her little duties; but all the time she was thinking of the books; of where she should put them, and which she should read first.

She was up betimes next morning, and hastened to complete her examination of the other boxes in the closet, Mrs. Piggott having given her leave to do exactly as she liked in the matter. She put on her very oldest print frock, that no traces of dust on her ordinary raiment might give offence, and gleefully began her researches. A heap of miscellaneous articles lay in a corner upon the floor, and these she turned carefully over without finding anything to interest her till she came upon a little set of hanging book-shelves. The worsted cord that had held them together was broken and useless on one side; but there were evident possibilities of mending it, which her ready ingenuity grasped at once.

Through the little window on the roof the morning sun sent down a shaft of light, in which particles of the dust she had disturbed whirled and danced like joyous living things, and through this radiant beam Venetia came and went as she dusted the books and carried them into her room, smiling to herself as she anticipated the pleasure of reading them which was in store for her.

Some of these books remained sealed to her for years, and her immediate profit was not so great as in the first enthusiasm of her discovery she had believed it would be; but with instinctive intelligence she chose from her little library what she could best understand and enjoy, laying aside for the future what she found unintelligible.

When her delight in the books had settled down to tranquil enjoyment in their possession, the remaining boxes came in for their share of her attention, and one of them, which was full of odds and ends, of bits of chintz, of scraps of ribbon, and remnants of silks, suggested to her a notable idea.

She had no doll to dress, nor would she have cared to possess one, but Mrs. Piggott's course of practical training embraced needle-work in certain homely branches, and she had held out to her pupil as a possible future reward for present industry that she should be allowed to make some patch-work. Among the old woman's most cherished possessions was a bed quilt of small pieces of silk patch-work so arranged as to form an infinite number of little boxes so skilfully put together that they seemed to stand out quite solidly, and had an appearance of great intricacy of design, though in reality they were a very simple affair of a number of diamond-shaped pieces. A great ambition seized Venetia as she saw the trunkful of scraps. Why should she not make such a quilt, and give it to her mother one day?

She hastened to ask Mrs. Piggott's sanction to the first half of this magnificent scheme; the purpose to which she meant to devote the result of her labour was her own secret, and not to be spoken of.

The housekeeper declared at first that so gigantic an undertaking was impossible, and could not be accomplished by "any one person in the life of man," but at last consented to a beginning being made with a piece large enough for a cushion, and fixing some of her materials.

How many days of her young life she stitched into this labour of love it would be difficult to say, but there were times when in connection with it she displayed a feverish energy of industry which greatly puzzled Mrs. Piggott, who did not know that she had grown to associate the idea of her mother's return with the completion of this work which was intended for her use, and that each little piece was counted by the eager girl as a step towards the long-deferred meeting between them. A thing so great as a patch-work quilt may be begun in haste, but it must be finished at leisure, and months and years after the finding of the silken scraps Venetia, still toiling at her needle, counted up her diamonds as greedily as though they had been the gold and gems of a miser's hoard.

The lumber closet gave Venetia occupation for some time before she had arranged it to her satisfaction as an addition to her own quarters. The looking-glass, carefully cleaned, had a place of honour, though not so high a place as she would have given to it had she known the history of the accident which had originally caused it to be put out of sight. The little glass before which she daily tried to smooth her curly hair had no room on its small surface for the reflection of more than her bonny face; but in this larger mirror she could see her whole slim figure, unnaturally distorted, it is true, by the crack in the glass which divided it, but still presenting a very attractive vision to the eager eyes that, by its help, made their first acquaintance with the general appearance of their young mistress.

A small table, which with a little help from Mrs. Piggott she had induced to stand steady upon its rather ricketty legs, was placed beneath the book-shelves, which were her especial pride, and adorned one side of the wall. It was in the drawer of this table that Venetia had found a treasure indeed—a miniature portrait painted on ivory, and representing a young and beautiful woman with nut-brown, curling hair, and sweet brown eyes.

"Oh! who is this?" she asked eagerly, holding out the pretty picture.

"That?" the old woman answered, indifferently. "Oh, that's your grandmother!"

Venetia looked at the portrait with amazement. All the grandmothers she had ever seen or heard of were old and grey; Mrs. Piggott was a grandmother; but if there could be grandmothers like this—young, smiling, and beautiful—the

age of fairy tales could not be passed, and there was nothing impossible in the whole world.

"Was she like this?" she asked at length.

"As like as two peas," said Mrs. Piggott. "And now I come to think of it, you're the very image of her—and that's where you got your ruffle head," she added, pointing to the brown curls of the miniature.

The latter part of this speech checked the words of admiration on Venetia's lips, and sent a thrill of satisfaction through her whole frame. If she was like this portrait, Mrs. Piggott might be as contemptuous of her untidy locks as she pleased. She looked from the portrait to her own reflection in the cracked mirror; certainly her hair and eyes, and her fair rosy complexion, were one and all like those of the grandmother there represented.

This portrait, valueless to everyone else, was priceless to Venetia. She hung it below the little bookshelves, where her eye was sure to rest upon it when she raised it from her book as she sat by the little table, and for long after its discovery she lived in a world in which no one grew old, where even the grandmothers were young and beautiful.

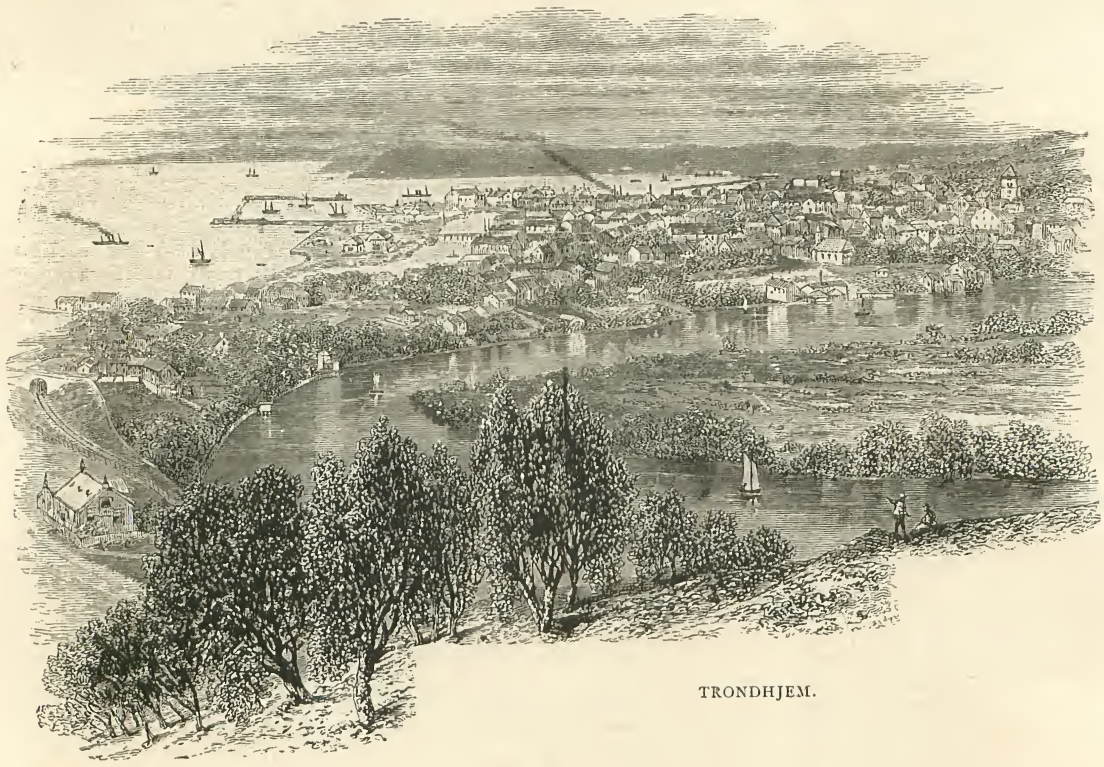
Mrs. Piggott had volunteered no information about this wonderful grandmother, and the girl was too shy to ask questions on a subject which interested her so deeply; and it was not till some years later that she learned how, in being left to the care or neglect of Christopher Aitkin, Lucile Turner had only repeated that which her mother had done when she abandoned Lucile herself without taking any thought of her future fate.

But Venetia was happy in her ignorance, and the portrait was carefully cherished by the granddaughter, who, fortunate in having inherited the Italian woman's beauty, was even more fortunate in possessing a nature in which there was no resemblance to that of the selfish, cold-hearted woman to whom she was so nearly related.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE NORDLAND.

By THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A., Author of the "Handy Guide to Norway."



TRONDHJEM.

MANY of my readers have lingered with pleasure over that charming little story—now an old one—by Harriett Martineau, called *Feats on the Fjord*, in which she tells of the beauties of the far-distant north, and the exciting adventures of Rolf and Oddo in the recesses of the Salten Fjord. Now although we are not to take too literally all that she tells us there—for she had never, I believe, been in Norway herself—yet there are few more picturesque little tales of that northern land than the one I have mentioned, and if the reader does not know the story it will repay the reading. Let me then tell something about that region, and the equally or more interesting Lofoten Islands, with their strange and fantastic forms, which look so very weird when lit up by a midnight sun.

We—for there were four of us—made Bodö our headquarters for a while. We had enjoyed our well nigh two days' sail from Trondhjem in the most perfect of weather, which showed all the wonders and the beauty of that strange coast to perfection. The great ice-field of Svartisen, so often wrapped in cloud, unveiled itself as we sailed along; the wild and lonely Trænen Islands rose like pyramids far out to sea. We had had the excitement of witnessing the little town of Björn on fire, and of going several miles out of our course to offer shelter and conveyance to the homeless people—which offer, however, was not accepted very largely, and at last we dropped anchor at Bodö, having first had a view across the broad Vest Fjord, of the most southern of the Lofotens.

Bodö itself is not a very interesting spot: one "long unlovely street," with a few short ones at right angles, a new church, and some shops constitute the whole of it. But the views around are very fine. Seaward you have the Vest Fjord, with the large island of Landegö near at hand, and the Lofotens about twenty miles distant. Inland—the town is built on a peninsula—you have the fine mountain-ranges of the interior covered with snow, the group of which Sulitjelma is the highest point; and further south the magnificent range of the Börsvatnstinder. Much of this region is quite unexplored at present; roads are few, and tourists still fewer. Occasionally some make their way to Sulitjelma, to reach which a beautiful chain of lakes has to be traversed; but the interior all along this wondrous coast is still more or less an unknown land.

The Salten Fjord, which lies behind Bodö,

is remarkable for the famous Saltströmmen, the most powerful of all the Norwegian "ströms," or rapids, caused by the tide. This can be seen twice a day, when the waters of the tide make their way back again from the Skjærstad Fjord, as the inner part of the Salten Fjord is called. Two small islands block up the entrance to this fjord, and in the narrow passages between these and the mainland, the water rushes with terrific force, and presents a very striking scene. No steamer can pass at this time, so that if you want to see it in its force, you must take up a position on the land close by. This place has been visited by the present King of Norway, Oscar II., and an obelisk marks the spot from which the best view can be obtained. The Emperor of Germany went to the same place a few weeks after we were there. We passed up through these narrows on one of our visits to the Salten Fjord; but at that time of course the water was only running with the rapidity of a fairly swift river, and the steamer quickly passed it and reached the open Skjærstad Fjord. We had intended making the ascent of Sulitjelma, but as we had to leave one of our party behind us at Bodö, we were not able to go the whole way.

We landed, however, at a place called Fineid, and made our way for some distance along the lowest of the chain of lakes, over which you have to journey to reach the base of Sulitjelma. It was quite delightful and wonderful to see the richness of the vegetation in the far north. The lakeside was all clothed with trees—birch and alder, and the grass and wild flowers in abundance made it more like the English lakes than a spot in the same latitude as Greenland.

A few days after this we made another excursion to the Saltström by a route preferable to going all the way by steamer. First we had a drive of about ten miles, passing the interesting old church of Bodö, with its great parsonage, or "præstegaard," where they once entertained Louis Philippe, and where the walls of the rooms are covered with very strange and grotesque paintings; on to a spot called Kvalvaag, where after a short time we succeeded in getting a boat with a sail, and two "hardy Norsemen," to take us across the wide stretch of fjord which separated us from Ström. It was a most glorious day, and the snow-clad peaks of the Börsvatns-tinder, with their several glaciers, glittered in the sun. There was a fresh breeze blowing when we started, and we made good way; but about half-way across we found the wind and tide met, and the result was that we began to ship water at a very alarming rate, and had to bale it out with all speed, lest this should be the last of our "Feats on the Fjord." However, we escaped with nothing more than a partial ducking, and were none the worse after we had a good walk on shore. Unfortunately, however, the Saltström did not show itself to advantage on this occasion, as the tide was a very low one, and we had to content ourselves with imagining what it would be like. Going back to Kvalvaag we had another rough crossing, but reached shore without mishap.



GROUP TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Before we crossed to the Lofotens we made one or two attempts to photograph the midnight sun. His solar majesty, however, was rather coy of showing himself at the right moment, and although he was not below the horizon all the time we were in the Nordland, it was but seldom that we had an unclouded midnight. However, our photographer was not easily daunted, and one evening about 11 P.M. he and I left Bodö and climbed up the hill, which lies to the north-west of the town, overlooking the Vest Fjord. When we gained the top we found it blowing rather hard, but the sky was fairly free from cloud except just where the sun was, partly behind the island of Landegö. The camera was got ready and we waited anxiously for the sun to emerge. We were much afraid that the island would obscure our view, as it rises about 2,000 feet from the sea, but, to our great delight, about five minutes before midnight the sun emerged from the bank of cloud in its full and wondrous glory—the glory of a summer



THE RAFTSUND.

sunset, which lit up the mountains and island with a golden light. It was blowing so hard that we had to hold on to the legs of the camera to keep it steady while the necessary exposure was given. Then we waited, watching the sun, and soon we could trace the upward movement, which told us another day had begun. It is something marvellous in what a short space (a few minutes) the change of light takes place, from sunset to sunrise, from the deep red of the setting sun, to the golden rays of the dawn. I have always thought this one of the most beautiful effects produced by this phenomenon. In itself there is nothing so very peculiar in the appearance of the sun at midnight, except for the quiet which reigns around. It is little more than an ordinary sunset effect, and those very highly-coloured representations of the scene which one often meets with, exist partly in the imagination, or under certain rare atmospheric conditions not generally met with.

We contrived, notwithstanding the difficulty of keeping the camera steady, to use three or four plates in our attempt to take this view of the midnight sun, but unfortunately, as we found afterwards, the results obtained were not very satisfactory. With respect to photography at midnight in Norway, I may say that, as far as I can learn, some most beautiful photographs can be taken at that time; I am not alluding to the pictures of the sun itself, but to views taken at midnight. It seems, from pictures which I have seen, that it is a time specially adapted to photography. The light is diffused, and the absence of strongly-marked contrasts of light and shade is very favourable to photography. Our photographer took some very beautiful views both at Bodö and Svolvær at midnight, with only an ordinary exposure of a few seconds; and not only in this "land of the midnight sun," but even much further south, on the Dovre Fjeld, I have seen some taken at midnight, which are remarkable for the beauty and clearness of all the details of the picture.

From Bodö we crossed the wide Vest Fjord to Svolvær, an important place in the Lofotens. The time we were there, however, was not the busy season. It is in the early months of the year that the Lofotens are full of fishermen from all parts of Norway. Then it is that the great harvest of the sea is reaped, and millions upon millions of cod fish are caught and dried, for exportation to the Mediterranean. Svolvær consists of a number of wooden houses built on small islands, backed by precipitous mountains — the Svolværsjure almost overhanging a part of the little town. On this mountain is a very curious pinnacle of rock resembling a gigantic stack of chimneys, and quite unclimbable. All over the place are the wooden huts erected for the fishermen during the fishing season. They are little more than long sheds with berths along the sides, where the men sleep. These huts may be counted by the dozen in Svolvær and other important fishing stations, such as Henningsvær. Without them it would of course be quite impossible to accommodate half of those who come for the fishing. The entire population of the Lofoten group is only about 20,000, while there are usually about 25,000 fishermen assembled in the spring-time.

We enjoyed our stay at Svolvær exceedingly, and our photographer was busy securing many beautiful pictures of the islands and their inhabitants. Not far from Svolvær is Kabelvaag, and it is connected with it by one of the few roads on Lofoten. We walked there one day, and a very interesting walk it is. The road runs along the sea amid huge boulders, which have fallen from the mountain sides, skirting some lovely bays, and then creeping between narrow walls of rock. On the way we met with an interesting object. Fastened to a mighty boulder was a thick iron box which hung from a staple. It was within easy reach of the passers-by. In the lid of the box were two slits like those in a collecting-box, and under one the words, in Norwegian, "Will you give an öre for missions to the heathen?" and under the other—"Will you give an öre for the poor seamen's widows and their little ones?" What an excellent combination! The dangers of the winter fishery are many, and often there are poor widows and little ones to lament the loss of the breadwinner; but the other appeal was none the less appropriate, for we were in the parish where that noblehearted missionary, Hans Egede, was pastor for about eleven years —from 1707 to 1718—before he began the arduous work of the evangelisation of the Eskimo of Greenland.

A short distance further on we came to the church of Vaagen, a very plain wooden building, which replaces an ancient church which stood on the same site. Around the gallery are pictures of the various pastors who, in former days, had charge of the parish. The oldest dates from 1559—a very curious one, painted on panel. Among the others we found one of Hans Egede. Except for these pictures, there was not much of interest in the church, and as works of art they were by no means remarkable.

During our stay at Svolvær we visited one of the industries for which the Lofotens are noted. The Norwegians are a thrifty race, and do not allow any part of their harvest of the sea to go to waste; and so, when cod are caught to be dried for the southern markets, their livers are duly transformed into that useful but unpleasant oil, so familiar in this country, and then it might be thought that the cod had done its fair share in providing for the wants of man. But it is not so. In preparing the dried *stokfisk*, or *klipfisk*, for exportation, the head is first cut off. Now the head of a cod is no small part of the fish: so these heads are all collected and dried, and when dried are ground to a powder, which is extensively used as guano. The oldest of the factories where the heads are so treated is at Svolvær, and we paid it a visit one morning. On reaching the *Fabrik* we saw vast sheds with their heaps of these fishy remains. The odour is not at all as bad as might be imagined, as of course the heads, before being brought there by the fishermen, are first dried in the sun; still, there is a very unmistakable smell about them. The manager of the factory was very kind, and showed us all these treasures. He told us at that time (and the sheds were not quite full) they calculated they had in stock about six and a quarter *million* of cods' heads waiting to be ground down. By his kindness we were allowed to see the whole process. The heads are first roughly ground, so as to bring them to a kind of powder; then this powder is thoroughly dried on hot plates of metal, and then ground down to a fine powder. I have said the smell was not at all trying when passing the sheds where the heads are stored; but it is a very different thing in the house where they are dried after being crushed. There the smell is something to remember for a long time, and to this may be added the dust of dried cods' heads, which is flying about, and gets into the nose and down the throat, so that for a day or so afterwards you cannot fail to be reminded of your visit to the factory. Still, notwithstanding this drawback, it is interesting to see the way in which all parts of this fish are turned to account. In other places, I believe the heads are pounded up with a kind of seaweed, and given to the cows during the winter. I am not over fastidious, but I think I should prefer not to drink the milk of cows accustomed to such a diet.

One more excursion in the Lofotens I may mention here, because it is one of very singular beauty, even in that wonderful land. It was to the Trold Fjord. This fjord is a narrow inlet of the Raftsund, which is so well known, and is visited now several times a week by the tourist steamers; but the Trold Fjord is so narrow that no large steamer can well turn in it, and so it has hitherto escaped with less notice than it deserves. We were able to charter a small steamer which lies at Svolvær for this excursion, as in the summer-time she has but little to do, though very busy during the fishing season. The Trold Fjord is about two hours' sail from Svolvær, through delightful scenery the whole way. The only important place passed is Brettesnæs, a picture of which can be seen in every railway-station in London—indeed, we might say in England —in a pictorial advertisement of what in Norway is called "Tran." The reader can easily guess what that is. Soon after leaving Brettesnæs we came into the Raftsund, with its wonderful mountain-peaks and glaciers. A short way up this "sund," the entrance partly hidden by a small island, is the Trold Fjord. This inlet is, I think, not more than a mile long, but it would be hard to find in Europe such a bit of water and mountain scenery as is to be seen there in such a small space. On the right hand is a terrific wall of rock (polished and made bare by frequent avalanches), which must rise some 2,000 feet right out of the water. It is one of the most imposing of the many walls of bare rock I have seen in Norway, and which, even in Nordland, where rock scenery is unexampled, is almost unique. At the head of the little fjord is a magnificent group of jagged peaks, with five small glaciers among them, and the invariable glacier torrent rushing down to the calm waters of the little bay. Up to now the Trold Fjord has enjoyed its splendour almost unknown; but alas! like so many other places, this must not be expected to last; and some of the tourist steamers, later in the summer than we were there, made their way in for the first time; and now this quiet little spot, where nature, so grand and lovely, showed herself to but a few, will become as well known as Torghatten or the North Cape.

But I must say no more about this strange and wonderful Nordland. Time and space alike would fail to tell one half of its wonders. Much of it remains to be explored, and it will be long before it can be overrun. Vast districts of unrivalled grandeur exist on all sides. Magnificent mountain-ranges, with glaciers of great extent and beauty, are yet wholly unknown, like the Oxtinderne in Helgeland, and many other ranges and ice-fields further north. But it is not unlikely that if the marvellous development which is going on in the south-west of Norway spreads much further, then these names, like many others a few years ago almost unknown, may become to tourists household words, and the Nordland, in spite of its distance from England, become the playground of the north.



MADGE VAUGHAN'S FIRST DINNER-PARTY.



WHEN Madge Selby married Ted Vaughan everyone said what a thousand pities it was that a girl so pretty and so attractive should throw herself away on a young fellow who had nothing but his looks to recommend him.

However, Madge thought differently, and being an orphan possessed of £100 a year of her own, and with no one to consult as to her prospects of happiness or unhappiness in the future, she took Ted Vaughan with his good looks, his £300 a year, and his love for her, for better and for worse.

As it happened, contrary to the expectations of her intimate friends, there was no "worse" in the matter, for Ted turned out to be a perfectly model husband; and when the quiet little wedding was over, and they had settled down in their tiny house, no happier couple could have been found in the length and breadth of England than Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan.

Of course the house, No. 5, Park Road, Lensham, was a very small one, and, as one friend took the trouble to inform Madge, she would soon find out the difference between her old country home and this *bijou* residence, where you had to think twice before you turned round on the staircase, and bitterly regret the change. But although Madge had been married for nearly six months, regret had not been even a momentary visitor at No. 5.

Her husband's business took him away all day; but as he got home about six o'clock in the evening, there was not much to grumble at on that score. And Madge had plenty of work to do in seeing after her little house, and training her capable servant in the ways of a refined household. She had also, as well as the general servant, a nice-looking girl of fourteen to assist in the kitchen, who was willing to come to her for very small wages to be trained for good domestic service: so that their establishment was a modest but comfortable one.

As Madge had been a popular girl all her life, and had been born and brought up within five miles of Lensham, she knew everyone worth knowing—both in the town and outside. And, therefore, the invitations to dinners and dances, consequent on her wedding, were very numerous; and during the winter they went out nearly every night.

Now, no one in the world likes to receive favours without doing anything in return for them. And Ted, who, in some ways, was exceedingly proud, declared that nothing would induce him to go into society at all again unless they were able to devise some return for the hospitality of their friends.

To be very hospitable on £400 a year is a little difficult; and Madge was one of those girls who, always having been accustomed to refinement in her home life, could never offer anything to her guests but what was perfection in form and substance.

Afternoon teas are all very well, but are apt to be unsatisfactory and prosy; and it was after a series of them that the brilliant notion of giving a little dinner struck Madge Vaughan. Having confided this magnificent notion to her husband, and having gained his cautious consent to the plan, the next move was to arrange the number of guests, and to speculate upon the proper number of persons to fill their table. The dining-room was proved to be capable of holding eight people very comfortably; and the Vaughans, visiting-list in hand, spent an anxious quarter of an hour in deciding "who was to meet who."

"Lady Millette is out of the question, kind though she has been to us, Ted," said Madge, raising her pretty head, and looking at her husband with a wrinkle of anxiety on her forehead. "You see, she would not quite do for our tiny establishment! Now that pleasant Major and Mrs. Dacent, whose party we went to last week, and our old friends the Hancocks, and Miss Studd, whose people have been so kind to us, and that nice young gentleman, Mr. Bosanquet, would make up a very pleasant half-dozen, and they are the sort of people who will all be glad to meet one another."

And so the charming half-dozen were settled on. For Madge had made a wise selection, and one which it would be well if all hostesses were to follow. She had asked only those friends whose sympathies and tastes were all in common, who knew the same people, and who were both pleasant-looking and pleasant-tempered.

The invitations were sent out eight days beforehand, and every one of the six accepted with pleasure, so that Madge began her preparations with feelings in which anxiety and excitement had the upper hand. She fortunately knew of a good cook, in the shape of a woman who had married a greengrocer in a small way, and who was very glad to turn an occasional honest penny by helping at dinners and parties; and she at once engaged her to assist on the eventful evening, so that her two maids might have their minds free to attend to the waiting.

Madge was too wise to commit the mistake of hiring waiters, whose black coats and mutton-chop whiskers look so palpably unnatural in a small room, and who always give one the impression that the host and hostess have strained every nerve "to do the thing respectably." But she wrote out minute instructions to be learned by heart, both by Sarah and Annie, as to every detail of the attendance she required from them.

As the dinner was to be *à la Russe*, one was to help the soup at the sideboard, and the other to hand it round with the *croûtons*, or fried bread; and as soon as everyone was served, the hock was to be in its turn carried round. The fish, and second and third courses were to be managed in the same way; but the *entrées* were to be brought in straight from the kitchen, and handed to each guest in turn, with their plates. And when the cloth was drawn, and the crumbs and breads removed, the servants were, of course, to leave the room.

There is very little difficulty connected with the waiting at a dinner-table; and when they had rehearsed the whole thing once over, the two girls proved themselves quite capable of performing their duties satisfactorily, and in their plain black gowns, and white muslin caps and aprons, looked extremely nice. Madge possessed two nice white china *menu* tablets, and, after deep thought, this is the bill of fare that she drew out upon them for her dinner-party:—

MENU.

Julienne. Mock-turtle Soup.

Cod and Oyster Sauce. Filleted Herrings.
Dutch Sauce.

Herrings' Roe and Mushrooms on Toast.
Madras Curry.

Boiled Leg of Mutton and Caper Sauce.
Roast Chicken.

Orange Jelly. Raspberry Cream.
Pine Apple Trifle.

Cheese Straws. Olives on Toast

Dessert.

They had arranged that the wines to be offered to their guests must be good but simple. With the soup and fish was to come a very pleasant "Hochheimer," purchased from a well-known firm at 1s. a bottle; and with the other courses, a sound claret at 1s. 9d., which would not be ruinously extravagant. The after-dinner wines were to be a delicate claret at 3s. 6d. a bottle, and port at 5s.; but then, as Madge sagely remarked, "You can make the move early, dear Ted, and with the charms of our society before them, the men will have no desire to stay and punish your wine!" Of course, had Madge and her friends been total abstainers, wine would not have been an important item in the fare; but delicate home-made lemonade, made with fresh lemons, might have been handed round, or toast and water. And with the dessert might have been introduced some of those delicious syrups one buys nowadays, and which are quite perfect with the addition of a little soda-water.

Madge, after due consideration, bought tinned soups, which save endless worry, and, with the addition of a little sherry, are quite as nice as those made at home with most expensive stock.

A nice head and shoulders of cod, carefully boiled, was accompanied by the following excellent

OYSTER SAUCE.

Three dozen oysters, half a pint of melted butter made with milk. Put the oysters, with their liquor, into a saucepan, and boil them until they just reach boiling point, when remove them and pour them into a basin. Mix the liquor with one teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, and a little salt and pepper, and make the mixture into a good smooth sauce, when add the oysters.

The filleted herrings—a delicious and cheap dish—were split open, cleaned, and the roes removed, and then delicately fried; and the following is the recipe for the Dutch sauce, which lends a piquancy to the dish.

DUTCH SAUCE.

Beat the yolk of an egg well; add to it one teaspoonful of vinegar, and then beat all together. Add to this as much butter and milk as will be required, and put it over the fire till as thick as custard. Don't let it boil or it will curdle.

The roes of the herrings, carefully cooked, make the following excellent *entrée*.

ENTRÉE.

A few rounds of thin buttered toast, cut into small squares and seasoned with pepper and cayenne. Place half the soft roe of a

herring, which has been lightly fried, upon each, and on the top one fried mushroom to cover the toast. Serve very hot.

The curry which Madge had arranged to form the other *entrée* was made from a very excellent recipe—for if curry is badly made there is no nastier dish under the sun, and if well made, no nicer.

MADRAS CURRY.

Take three large onions, slice and fry them in butter. Then fry your meat in the same pan, first taking out the onions. Stir into a pint of well-seasoned gravy two large spoonfuls of curry powder, a little sour apple, and a little salt. Add it to the meat, and stew quickly an hour and a half. When nearly done, add the juice of half a lemon, and serve it up, cut into little dice or squares, with dry rice.

If the rice is badly done, or too moist, the dish is ruined, and therefore in making the curry Madge was very careful to impress upon her cook the absolute necessity of watching the rice as it boiled, and when at boiling point to separate the grains with a fork, then to shake it out into a dry, hot dish, and to leave it for a few moments in front of the fire.

The leg of mutton and caper sauce presented no difficulties; and the potatoes served with the third course were grated through a sieve into tiny flakes.

The other vegetable, being tomatoes, was a plainly-stewed dish, and was handed round also with the roast chicken and bread sauce.

Madge bought an orange "Clarnico" jelly, which, with the addition of a glass of sherry, made a delicious and cheap sweet, and the raspberry cream was not much more expensive.

RASPBERRY CREAM.

Take a pint of thick cream and put two large spoonfuls of raspberry jelly into it. Whisk it all one way until thick, and put it into glasses.

PINE-APPLE TRIFLE.

Soak an ounce of gelatine in a cup of cold water. Put into a bowl with two cups of white sugar one chopped pine-apple (tinned), the juice and rind of one lemon. Mix, and let stand for one hour. Pour on it three cups of boiling water; strain, and squeeze hard. When the mixture jellies, whip the whites of four eggs, and drop a spoonful in at a time. Beat well, and let all harden. Cover the top with *meringue*.

The cheese straws, piled neatly on a snowy napkin, came next.

CHEESE STRAWS.

Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, cayenne, salt. To be made into a thin paste, and rolled out very thin; then cut in pieces four inches long, baked a light brown, and sent to table *very* hot.

The other savoury—Olives on Toast—was too perfectly simple to need any careful recipe. Into small squares of toast insert a stoned olive standing upright; or, if liked better, use small squares of white bread spread thickly with anchovy paste.

Thus ended the *menu;* and Madge was able to turn her mind to the decoration of the table and the dessert, which, in the case of dinners *à la Russe*, is placed upon the table before dinner begins. The dining-room was a fair-sized room, papered in dark blue, and furnished with light oak sideboard, table, and chairs; and Madge determined that her dinner-table should be a harmony in yellow. Down the centre of the white table-cloth, from point to point (thus, ><), she placed two strips of canary-coloured silk, which she bordered by purple violets, apparently thrown carelessly down on the cloth. In the centre, where the strips met one another, lay a sheet of looking-glass, of course unframed, on which rested an opal glass swan, laden with violets. The simple glass desert-dishes were filled with crystallised ginger and yellow fruits, while yellow apples and oranges completed the harmony. Of course the same effect might have been arranged in the summer with crimson silk and pale pink rose petals, or in the autumn by salmon-coloured silk and Virginian creeper leaves; but the colouring would not then have been so delicately perfect.

Madge felt that a considerable difficulty presented itself in the appropriate lighting of the dinner-table—for silver candlesticks had not been among her wedding gifts, and a glaring chandelier of gaslights above the heads of her guests was an inartistic innovation which she cordially detested. So after due thought she bought shades of canary-coloured tissue-paper, in the shape of huge poppies, which she placed over each gas globe; and in the centre of the table, at each corner of the little mirror, she hid among the violets four fairy lights of artistic yellow colouring.

When the table was completed she felt, with a pardonable throb of pride, that the *tout ensemble* was most successful; and Ted, in a beaming state of bliss, with uncorked bottles in his hands, quite agreed with her.

As her husband did not return from work till six o'clock, Madge had fixed the dinner-hour for a quarter to eight, an hour both fashionable and convenient, as it does away with the tedium of a very long evening. The table was laid at seven o'clock, and all the arrangements completed; and Madge, in a pretty white muslin gown, with a knot of violets at her breast and in her hair, busied herself with making up tiny violet button-holes to place by every guest, and by carefully putting each name-card in its proper position, so that there might be no difficulty as to the right assorting of the couples.

To complete the harmony of colouring she had, with her skilful fingers, painted a single violet blossom on each card and at the corner of each of the *menus*, as well as filling the drawing-room vases with that flower.

When the guests were announced, Sarah opened the door, and conducted the ladies to the top of the stairs, where Annie was waiting to take their wraps off in Mrs. Vaughan's room, and to help them to shake out their dresses and to smooth their hair. Dinner was punctual to the moment; and when Ted, with Mrs. Dacent on his arm, as the lady of the highest rank, led the way to the dining-room, he felt, by the little thrill of surprise that ran through that lady down to her very finger-tips, that their efforts, so far as outward show went, had been more than successful in her eyes.

And when the excellent dinner, and the pleasant evening, with its conversation and music, were at an end, Mrs. Dacent, as she kissed Madge good-bye, whispered, "Well, my dear child, I have never been at a more delightful or prettier little dinner in my life." And Madge felt thoroughly rewarded for the trouble she had spent in planning her "First Dinner Party."

C. E. C. WEIGALL.

A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER II.

IT was just as well that we had not decided to walk on the sands that afternoon, for the sea was rough, and the waves were rolling in so fast that the bay was full of water already. We stayed on the top of the cliff till it was nearly time to return, and then, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Tregaron expressed a desire to scramble down the face of the rock and get a little nearer to the sea. Gabrielle selected the easiest path, and she and I went down first.

"I am the guide of the party!" she said, laughing. "But I suppose that Cousin Cyril won't like it if I offer to help him, will he, Nellie?"

It seemed so ridiculous to offer to help that tall man that I persuaded her to go with me a little farther, to a point from which there was a magnificent view of the coast.

We sat there for some time, watching the waves dance and the sea-gulls swing themselves through the clear air.

"What is he about, do you suppose?" asked Gabrielle. "Shall we go and see?"

"It is very tiresome," I replied; "but I suppose that we ought!"

After all, Mr. Tregaron had no notion of rock-climbing; he could not help his London education, but he might have helped wearing such slippery boots, and pretending that he could do what he couldn't. He had got a very little way down the rock, and he looked exceedingly uncomfortable. Gabrielle took a short cut towards him (she was like a goat, so nimble of foot), and I followed more slowly.

I found the cousins engaged in a lively altercation. Mr. Tregaron had made up his mind to take another path across the short grass, and Gabrielle was dissuading him from doing so.

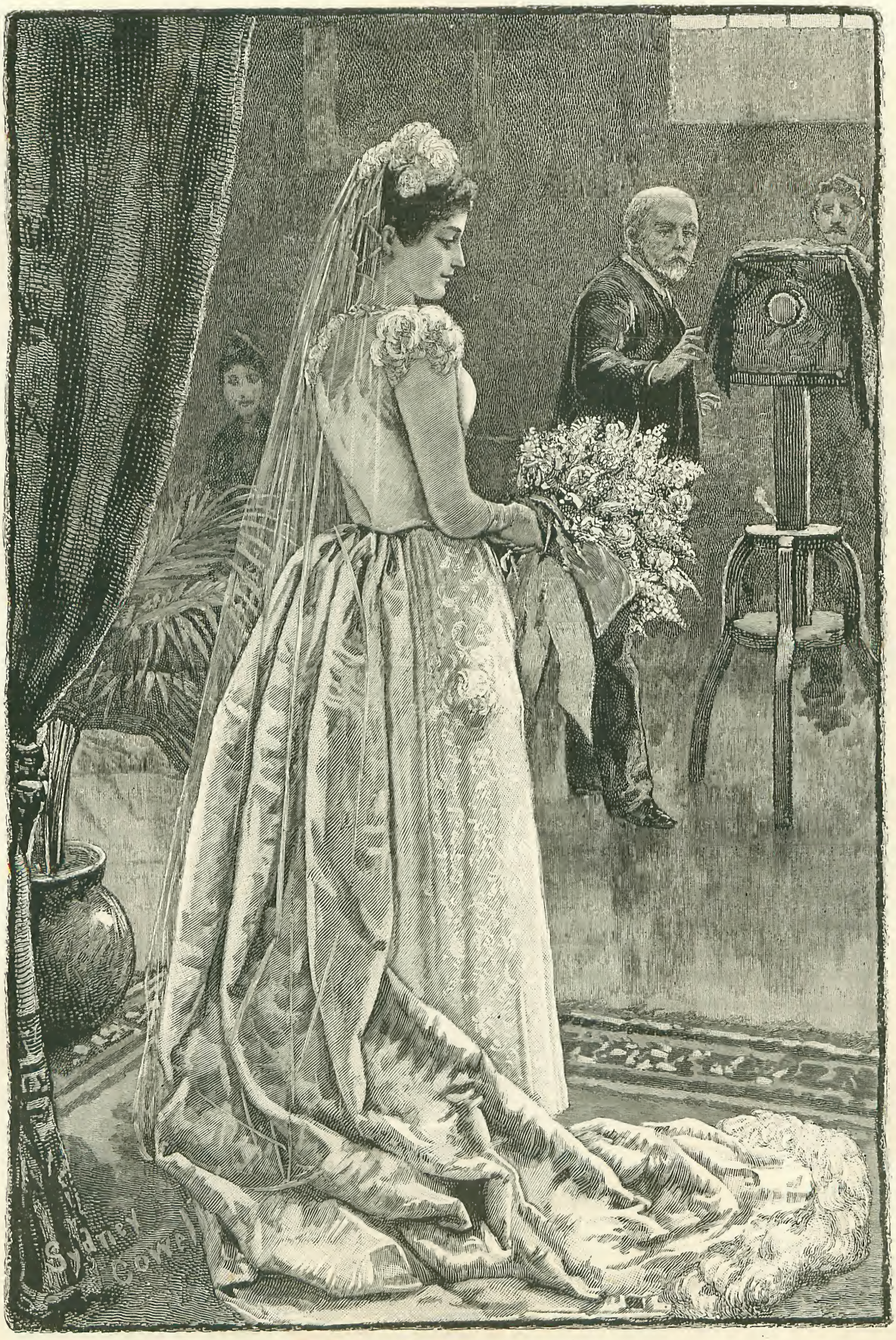
"It is not safe," I heard her say; "the grass is so slippery, and the drop to the sea is tremendously steep just there. Take my stick and I will help you down our way. Strangers often find our rocks very difficult to climb," she added, for her cousin was beginning to look thoroughly vexed.

"I can judge for myself, thank you, Gabrielle, and you had better come with me. I shall tell your grandfather that it is not safe for you to be out here alone."

This was really too bad! We had been allowed to wander about alone for years, and there was surely no better guide in the neighbourhood than Gabrielle. However, she kept her temper, and begged him to think better of it. Cyril liked his own way as well as every Tregaron did. He doubtless considered that she was talking like a silly child; perhaps he did not hear all she said—the wind was very high. Anyhow, he turned round and walked in the direction of the dangerous slope: he was certainly as conceited as he was unwise. In a very few moments we saw him stumble over a grey boulder, miss his footing a second time, and slip down towards the spot where the rock fell sheer to the sea. Gabrielle grew white to her lips.

"Go and fetch help, Nellie! I will try to reach him another way. Be quick!"

I cast one more look, and saw Mr. Tregaron lying on the edge of a precipice. He had managed to find a halting-place just in time, but I knew as well as Gabrielle that he could



GABRIELLE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

never get up again unassisted. I was afraid for her too—she was so rash and so brave. I did as I was told, and hurried as I had never hurried before. As I gained the top of the cliff I almost fell against Harry Beechworth.

"I came to look for you," he said gaily. "They told me that you had come this way. Why, Nellie, what has happened?"

I gasped—"Gabrielle—and Mr. Tregaron—down there! Go!"

He needed no second telling; he was down the face of the cliff in marvellously short time. Yet Harry Beechworth was not foolhardy. I wondered at his coolness as I watched him dropping from point to point, and taking dangerous short cuts.

I could see him and Mr. Tregaron. Gabrielle was out of sight; she must be somewhere below. Did she mean to climb *up* the precipice to join her cousin? I hoped not!

I saw Harry shout a few words to Mr. Tregaron. I could *hear* nothing, but I saw his face as he looked over the edge of the precipice; then I knew that Gabrielle was there. I could bear it no longer. I went back as near to the spot as I dared.

Harry had left Mr. Tregaron and gone in search of Gabrielle; he was very sure of foot. She could not have had a more skilful helper. Oh, Gabrielle—oh, my sister! She had undertaken more than she could do. She could not scale that steep wall for all her desire to save her cousin! The feat was impossible.

She was clinging bravely to the rock; she knew her danger, and that the only chance was to wait. She had not to wait long. I saw her move her head in answer to Harry's directions. He was by her side now, patiently and cleverly half lifting and half dragging her; he placed her hands in niches and her feet in the most likely holes, and helped her up to firm standing again. If she had not shown such implicit trust in him, he could not have done it. Her dress was rent across and across; she had lost her gloves, and her hands were bleeding—but she was safe, I was thankful to see.

"Go to him, Harry," she said. "He might slip, and it is too horrible!"

"It would do him good to stop there for an hour or so!" exclaimed Harry, angrily. "What right has the man to jeopardise your life?"

But he went for all that. When we were all four once more on the top of the cliff a great silence fell on the party. Mr. Tregaron was the only one who volunteered a remark, and he was inclined to make light of the accident.

Gabrielle walked as far away from him as she could. She was still perfectly white, but she would not take my arm. Harry accompanied us to the garden-gate. He was determined to see Gabrielle safe home.

"Well, Mr. Beechworth!" said Cyril Tregaron, with a forced laugh; "the little mishap seems to have depressed our pleasant party. If you had been to Switzerland you would think less of your coast scenery. But in any case I shall advise Gabrielle to go no more on such wild-goose chases!"

"I quite agree with you," said Harry, stiffly. "Another expedition of the kind would be most undesirable."

Gabrielle lingered a while at the gate. "Harry!" she whispered, putting out her hand, "he does not understand what peril he was in. *I* know what you did for us. I shall never forget it!"

She must have been very overwrought, for there were tears in her eyes, and Gabrielle hardly ever cries.

"It's all nothing, Gabrielle; don't think of it again." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

I cannot tell you much more of those schoolroom days. They slipped by very fast, and nothing happened except that Lady Tregaron grew gradually more feeble, and Gabrielle increased in beauty and in stature.

Occasionally Cyril Tregaron came down for a few days. He and Gabrielle never got on very well together; she avoided him when she could, and rejoiced when he left. The expedition to the rocks was never alluded to again, nor did Cyril even acknowledge how loyally she had kept her word when she risked her life for his.

When we were seventeen, Sir Philip announced his intention of sending Gabrielle to school for a year. She was loath to leave home, but she liked the prospect of having good music and drawing lessons.

I remained at Veryan Court, as Lady Tregaron did not wish to part with me. I missed Gabrielle at every turn. I did not care to walk or drive alone; but I took care of her pets and plants, and counted the days to her return as if I had been a little child instead of a grown-up girl.

This is Gabrielle's story, not mine. But I must pause to tell of a great joy that befell me now in my solitude, and changed my whole life. Sir Philip had quarrelled with his agent and appointed a new one, Walter Evelegh, of Longmead Farm. He and I were very much thrown together, for Sir Philip used to employ me sometimes to write letters and keep accounts, and of necessity the new agent had to be consulted a great deal. I met him nearly every day one way or the other. He used to ride over and bring me flowers, and before Gabrielle's last term was over, he had asked me to become his wife. Ah, how happy we were! His parents were delighted, and Sir Philip had no objection to make beyond observing that we were both very young.

When my darling came home she laughingly accused me of being changed. But I knew that I was not changed—my love for her was part of my life, and could never alter. She knew that too, but she liked to tease me. She had learnt a great deal at school; even Sir Philip, who had never before uttered a word of praise, was pleased with her improvement. He did not speak to her any more than formerly, but sometimes I saw him look at her, and I wondered if, after all, in his queer way he had any affection for his granddaughter. I do not know; at any rate he began to recognise the fact that she was beautiful and talented. That she had a warm, generous heart was apparently a matter of indifference to him.

Gabrielle had learnt more at school than mere accomplishments. She had learnt to value her own gifts, and she had become certainly prouder and harder than she used to be. Now and then, when her grandfather said something more than usually cynical, she would contradict him, and hold her own as she had never done before.

But she was just the same to me, and as glad as ever to ride or walk with Harry Beechworth, who missed no opportunity of coming to the Court. Curious to relate, Sir Philip made no attempt to check this friendship, though he must have been perfectly aware of it. Perhaps he considered that it would be unwise to thwart her high spirit openly. About this time he began to talk of taking a house in London for the season. Gabrielle must be presented, and see something of society. But when the time came round, Lady Tregaron was too ill to leave home, and Gabrielle was well content to put off making her entrance into London society.

I cannot attempt to tell you how good she was to me during that winter—the last winter that we were to be together. My marriage was fixed for the following summer. Walter wanted it to take place sooner, but Gabrielle, with her arms round my neck, entreated me to go to London with her, and of course I consented. For it was now finally settled that she was to be put under the care of a *chaperon*, a widow lady, Mrs. Gorman, who lived in London. Sir Philip had made every arrangement without consulting his granddaughter, and go she must.

Very soon Gabrielle found herself in a whirl of dissipation. The house was thronged with visitors, and amongst them there was none more frequent than her cousin, Cyril Tregaron.

The day of the drawing-room Sir Philip came up to town. He could not fail to be proud of her now, I thought, in her fresh, young beauty; and, indeed, he seemed to be making an effort to be agreeable. He was anxious to have a good photograph taken of her in her drawing-room dress. I remember that he was particular about the size of the photograph, and at the last moment he presented her with a magnificent bouquet to hold in her hand. She was to look exactly as she had done on the day of the drawing-room.

Mr. Tregaron happened to call as we were going to the photographer's studio, and offered to escort us; but Gabrielle said that she would rather go with me alone; and though Sir Philip was annoyed, Cyril was obliged to give way to her. When she was so very peremptory I believe that they were both afraid of her.

"Grandpapa and Cyril Tregaron behave sometimes as if they were my jailors instead of my only relations!" she said, as we drove from the house. "Oh! Nellie, I wish we could go back to the old days when you and I were alone together."

I soothed and petted her. It was no use contradicting her when she was in this mood, and by the time we alighted she had regained her composure. The photographer was an artist. He took an immense deal of trouble about the arrangement of his sitter's dress and veil. I sat quietly in a corner and looked at her. How lovely she was in her white dress with the brocaded front, standing there still as a statue, with downcast eyes. The feathers in her hair suited her well. The light shimmered on the silken folds of her dress. She was so proud and yet so gentle. A mist of tears rose to my eyes as I looked. I could not understand her mood, but my heart ached to think that she was unhappy.

Gabrielle's refusal to allow Mr. Tregaron to accompany her to the photographer's was but the beginning of a series of misunderstandings, or rather disagreements, between her and her grandfather. Two copies of the photograph were sent home. The likeness was very good.

"One is for you at home, of course," said Gabrielle. "How kind of you to have ordered two. You will let me have the other one, won't you? I should like to give it to Nellie."

"On the contrary, Gabrielle, I require both the photographs. One, as you say, is for your grandmamma, and the other is for Cyril Tregaron."

"Why should Cyril have my picture? Give it to me, please, grandpapa?"

"That is a very dictatorial manner in which to speak, Miss Tregaron," he replied, with a sneer. "I have promised the portrait to Cyril, and he shall have it!"

"He shall not!" cried Gabrielle; and she tore the photograph across, and threw the pieces on the table. I had never, since she was a little child, seen her so give way to her temper—but she was sorely tried. Sir Philip's face was not pleasant to look at, but he said nothing. He put the torn photograph out of sight, and just at that moment two visitors were announced—Mr. Tregaron and Mr. Beechworth. They had met on the doorstep.

(*To be continued.*)

MENDELSSOHN'S "SONG WITHOUT WORDS," in G., Op. 62, No. 4.

By OLIVERIA PRESCOTT, Author of "Form or Design in Music."

It has been said that, of all composers, Mendelssohn is happiest in expressing the emotion of joy—pure, fresh, unalloyed joy. Certainly a more joyous little piece than the one before us now it would be impossible to find. There is something in the form of the phrases, the peculiar measure, the rapid increasing and diminishing of power, the rising and falling of the melodies, which seems to make the music bound with the heart-beats of strong, active youth; and the very chords are fresh and clear as the green leaves of spring.

Mendelssohn was a great song writer. Many and beautiful are his songs for voices of different kinds; but, not content with giving the singers so much of his genius in that direction, he must needs enrich the players too. Hence we have all this wonderful collection of songs for the piano, which he truly called Songs Without Words.

All of them bring out, more or less, the singing or *cantabile* effect that is in the pianoforte when properly treated. Sometimes it is a single part prominent through an accompaniment, as if it were a vocal solo; sometimes it is a duet, or even a choral piece, with or without a florid accompaniment. The little prelude, with its repetition afterwards, which is in some of the pieces, is a distinct imitation of vocal songs, where we have a phrase played on the pianoforte before the voice enters and after it ceases. Sometimes there is no imitation of song parts, but, while the music is of a character peculiar to the instrument, it is still vocal, or *cantabile* in general effect.

All of the Songs Without Words are written in musically artistic forms. That which is now before us, between the little prelude and its repetition (see Ex. 1) is in *rondo* form.



Now, a *rondo* consists of a strain of music called a principal subject, which is repeated as often as the composer judges fit, with episodes placed between the repetitions. In the simplest kind of *rondo* the principal subject is played only twice, and there is, therefore, only one episode, which is between the first time of the subject and its repetition.

This *rondo* design is something after the fashion of an alderman's collar, which is made of beautiful medallions joined together with links of gold. Between every two medallions there is one link; the link may be as beautiful as you please, but the medallion is the chief, the principal subject. If you please, also, you may take off two medallions with their connecting link and make an ornament for the dress of the alderman's little daughter, if he is so fortunate to have one; this is the *rondo* with one episode; or you may take off three medallions with their two links, or four with three links: each group will be complete as an ornament, and like different kinds of *rondo*.

The *rondo* form of this beautiful little song for the pianoforte is of the kind with one episode, and is very little extended beyond the limits of an ordinary ballad tune. That little extension, however, is a piece of delicate art—the art of a man who was skilled enough both to write large works and to put good workmanship into his smallest trifles.

The principal subject of the *rondo* consists of a complete strain of two phrases, with half close and full close, and throughout in the same key. Ex. 2 is the first phrase with its half close at the end;



the second, equal in length, begins the same, but is changed so as to end with the full close. These two phrases form the principal subject.

The episode is what is termed incomplete; for, unlike the principal subject, it goes through several keys, and ends with a half close in the key of the returning principal subject. Listen how it begins in G and modulates to A minor at*.



The second phrase starts with the same thought but in C, and comes back to the half close in G. Here is the end of the episode.

It is the artifice of a half close that it draws on the continuation. We cannot finish except with the tonic chord; and the dominant is therefore no real end, but craves for another chord to follow it. This other chord, so craved for at the end of the episode, is given by the returning principal subject. Listen to the last bars of the episode; how the dominant chord with the second pause seems to ask for the continuance, and how it thus draws on the return of the former subject.



A composer, who did not want to take much trouble about his music, might have copied out the strain from the beginning of the *rondo*, added a couple of chords at the end, and sent off his music to the printer. It would have been a complete *rondo*. Mendelssohn was not so niggard of his time and trouble. He wrote out the first phrase, indeed, of his former principal subject, but he added a pedal bass to it (see Ex. 4**) and thus gave it a new colour. The second phrase, too, is almost recomposed; we have the repeated G, which is the extreme point of the former melody, but it is carried on to a new form of the cadence.



Another richness is the repetition of this newly-formed phrase with yet another cadence, lengthened out for two bars more than before.



It is this lengthening out of the phrase which gives greater value to the close of the movement, and points it out as the end. We may think of this repeated and lengthened phrase as the *coda*, or tail-piece, of the movement; it is like the train of a lady's Court dress, which gives dignity and grace to her whole appearance.

There is a pretty effect in the lightening of the parts in these added bars. We have had four and five parts for most of the movement. Here, when we might be getting wearied of so many weighty chords, with the effect of full chorus for so long, we have first one part alone (see Ex. 6) high in the register; then a second enters under it, then a third, and a fourth. Still later, a part in the lower register enters, answering in effect to the bass voice.

The song does not actually fall upon its closing chord till the first note of the symphony (see Ex. 6) at the double bar. This is the little introduction (from Ex. 1) brought back to serve as the closing phrase, after the manner of a song with words.

People talk a great deal now, and have done so for a good many years, about art being free from fetters, and that a musician, more than all other artists, should be above rule. Poor people! they do not know any better, we must suppose, and we must be sorry accordingly for the great loss they suffer by their ignorance. Does the harlequin spring less lithely for the perfect training of his muscles, for the symmetry of his whole body, even for the elastic fitness of his glittering garment? Surely, no—and, believe me, you will not feel the joy of this little song any the less for knowing the beautiful symmetry of its form and the grace of its balanced phrases. Rather, you will feel it many times more, and show it to others many times better, for knowing that every bar and every note is in its right place. Play it again; now—— Let me whisper in your ear. You play it a great deal better than you did before.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER III.



SUPPER was ready in the old farm-house at Rougemont. As Père Laurent and Ange came in, Mère Finette lifted a huge pan of potato soup from the fire, and proceeded to place a dish of frizzling cod-fish on the table. It was a great wide kitchen, heavily furnished with black oak shelves and panels. All round the walls were box-beds in recesses, with great black oak shutters closed up, so that they looked like so many presses.

Mère Finette, in her white coif with great lappets crossed on the top of her head, standing out on each side like wings, looked up with a smile of greeting.

"You are late, *mon homme*," she said. "Sit down and eat; if the soup is over-boiled it is not my fault."

"Are the men gone?" said Ange, quickly.

His grandmother looked up at him and saw that he looked harassed and anxious.

"What is it, Ange?" she said. "Yes, the men are gone; they had their supper and are already up in the loft. It is eight o'clock. The soup is good. Sit down and eat."

"I have no time," said Ange, quickly. "Pardon me, mother, but there is news, and I am anxious."

"News?"

Mère Finette rose, went quickly to the door, opened it, and looked out. All was dark and quiet. There was a sharp frost, and an icy wind blew in. She shivered, and came hastily back. "The coast is clear," she said quickly. "Go on—tell me all."

Ange, glancing right and left as if the very walls might have ears, bent forward and said—

"Joseph and I were coming home over the cliff when he touched my arm. 'Hist, Ange!' he said. 'There is smoke coming from a chimney of the Château!' I looked, and so it was, from the chimney of Monseigneur's own salon. *Peste!* what could possess them to light a fire?"

"*Imbécile!*" cried Mère Finette. "If the gentlemen had arrived could they exist on a night like this without fire? What did that thief of a Joseph say?"

"He said nothing at first. I pretended I did not see it; but where was the use! The sun was setting—it was clear as mid-day—the smoke rose up straight and fine against the yellow sky. 'Joseph,' I said, 'it is doubtless some one whom the Mayor has put in possession. You heard his proclamation read after church on Sunday, that the Château was condemned, and the family proscribed. He has put some old woman in possession.' Joseph scratched his head. 'Old Triponnet does not like to be interfered with,' he said. 'But you saw the proclamation? They offer a reward for the heads of aristocrats now; and as I am about to be married, a few gold pieces towards setting up house would not be unacceptable.'"

"Ah, the villain!"

"I said to him, 'Bah! are you such a fool as to imagine you would get the reward? Do you not know Triponnet better than that? Take my advice, and keep away altogether from the neighbourhood of the Château. I heard only last week of a fellow like ourselves caught prowling round Château St. Cyr in the Landes, and they would not even listen to his story, but shot him on the spot for a "suspect."' Heaven forgive me for the lie. The fellow turned white as a sheet; but he is not such a fool as he looks. 'Bah!' cried he, cracking his fingers, 'It is very easy to see that this accursed young aristocrat is your foster-brother! You don't want me to go and look. But I don't care; no one shall control me! Here goes.' He said no more, but struck off across the fields towards the Château, I keeping with him of course. I saw he was jealous about the reward, and I said to him frankly, 'See, Joseph, I come with you, but the man is my foster-brother, and if he and his father are there, I tell you frankly that I shall not touch the reward with you. Bah! I won't interfere with you; but blood-money carries a curse, not a blessing.' 'I am willing to run that risk,' he said, cheering up."

"You terrify me!" cried Mère Finette, wringing her hands.

"Patience, my good mother!" said Ange. "There is time; we are still safe! You know how the great elm tree grows close to the Château windows?—the one M. le Marquis ordered to be cut down, and spared because my brother cherished a nest full of young ones in its branches? I wondered whether Joseph thought of that. From its branches you can see into Monseigneur's private *salon*. Joseph, alas, was sharper than I thought. As we crossed the plantation together he said, 'Ange, it is all safe about the reward, eh?' I nodded. 'Well, you are lighter than I am; go up the elm tree first, and tell me what you see.' When we reached the spot it was dusk; the sun had gone down. I looked at the window; the shutters were all shut except the small ones at the top—you remember we had to mount on steps to close them."

Mère Finette nodded. Ange was speaking with the rapidity of lightning; she was panting with terror and excitement.

"Well, I accepted Joseph's proposal, and in a second I was in the tree and peering down into the private apartment of Monseigneur."

"They were not there?" she almost shrieked. "Oh! do not say it, Ange!"

"They were there; Monseigneur sitting at the table, the door of the strong-room open; he was rolling up papers and parchments into the smallest parcels he could make. Adrien had glittering shining trinkets in his hand, and was looking at them as if he saw them shining on the neck of Mademoiselle Valentine. There was a fire in the stove. Madness! what madness to have lighted it!" and he stamped his foot.

"The diamonds," whispered Finette, in an awe-stricken whisper. "They say they are worth all the lands of Riancourt and his ransom thrown in. They were the dowry of the Laval."

"I cried out, 'I was right, Joseph'; it is an old peasant put in by Triponnet to guard the house. Seigneurie indeed! They have hair and clothes like mine!'"

"'That is possible even to others than ourselves!' he said, with a grin. 'I also shall have a look for myself,' and as I slid down, the rascal, with puffings and groanings, climbed up to my perch. He went on muttering up there, but I was occupied by a few little preparations below, and did not heed him. Time was everything, do you see. I must gain time. There is a grating over the cellar at that spot. After all, sometimes neglect does one a good turn. I am strong, and the desperate have double courage. I tore it up, and stood aside. Down came our friend with a run; he catches at the bark of the tree, which tears his hands and his clothes. 'I see! I see!' he pants. 'Fiendish rats! we will catch them alive in the trap!' Then crash! Down he goes; down, down, with a shriek! Down, down!"

"It was an exciting moment!" Finette cried. "Was it a murder?"

"Bah! No; he is alive. I put all the anxiety I could into my voice as I knelt down and spoke over the cavity. 'Dear friend, are you hurt? Speak, for the love of Heaven!' At first he only groaned; at last he gasped out, 'Help, help! it is all dark. I die! Help!' Then I told him to be patient, and that I would call assistance. He must be patient, for I could not drag him out alone. I must fly to Rougemont. He whined out something about the reward, and I reassured him as best I could, promising to bring help with all speed. Then I hurried round to the entrance

you know of—that Adrien and I have often used in secret—and in a moment was in the *salon*. Monseigneur was most kind, most gracious, while I kissed his hand. Adrien's arms were round my neck; we embraced as we used to do when together we played at your knee, and my father had not divided us. As I stood there grasping his hand it came upon me how terrible it was, my mother, too terrible to see them like that in disguise and in hourly peril of their lives."

Mère Finette was sobbing, her apron to her eyes.

"Well, I warned them of the fearful danger of their position. Monseigneur was as cool as if I had told him that his carriage was at the door; my brother was more agitated. It is natural, he has so much more to lose. I whispered to Monseigneur (for even walls have ears, and I fancied I could hear Joseph's groans), I whispered that there was safety near Rougemont. We could hide them, and embark them safely if necessary. I asked if they had eaten. Adrien laughed, as he answered, '*Mon cher*, we dined last week.' I urged them to put together all that is absolutely essential, and to move by that secret way I told you of into the great fagot-house in the yard—a safer retreat than the *salon*, for others besides Joseph might have seen the smoke. I promised to return at once with food, and if we saw any danger, conduct them to the Secret of Rougemont to-night."

Finette brought out cakes of rye-meal, some dried fish, apples, and a bottle of cider.

"And this for Monseigneur! What is the world coming to?" she sighed.

"I accompany you half-way," said Laurent, rising heavily.

Ange put the provisions into his fisherman's basket, and hastily kissing his mother, followed the old farmer.

It was so dark now that Père Laurent turned into the stable and took down a lantern. Ange, as they walked on, was absorbed in anxious thought, not only of the danger of his father and brother, but also with misgivings on his own account. Would Joseph become suspicious of his long delay, and would not his own position, when he released him only to find that his prey had escaped, be one of great peril?

They crossed the fields into the young plantation, when suddenly Père Laurent gave a loud snort. "Look, Ange, look!" he exclaimed, and he pointed to the sky, where a strange red light appeared above the trees. "What is that?"

In answer Ange bounded forward, the perspiration bursting out on his brow.

"The villains! It is the Château!" he cried.

Père Laurent pressed on as fast as he could follow the rapid footsteps of his nephew, and just as they emerged from the young woods into the open, a volume of flame burst out, and every turret in the old building stood out in sharp relief on the crimson glare.

All round were groups of black figures dancing, shouting, leaping with frantic gestures of delight and triumph. The two men looked at each other with scared eyes.

"My uncle," said Ange, quickly; "you can do no good among these villains. Go home at once. Get the key, and make ready the secret cave. If Monseigneur and M. Adrian are alive I will bring them there. This fire must have been arranged without knowledge of their presence. Doubtless they are safe in the fagot-house.

"But Joseph?"

"Joseph is in the west cellar. Ah! the flames seem to burst out chiefly on that side. See! the great elm is blazing. Go, go!"

Laurent saw the wisdom of the advice and obeyed. He went off without another word. Ange rushed on towards the burning Château as fast as he could run. As he approached he perceived that the crowd of wild figures before him were intoxicated with triumph and mischief; they scarcely seemed to know what they were doing, some even dashing into the flames, and emerging singed and charred, howling with wild pain and gratified vengeance. Breathless and excited Ange poured out his story. In the west cellar one of themselves, Joseph Chenu, was lying—had probably already perished from suffocation.

Away they rushed, tumbling, shouting, clambering past each other. Seeing the first rush, others followed, Ange exciting them with wild gestures. Hardly had they swept off when he rapidly made his way round to the great outbuilding in which the huge stacks of winter fuel were always stored. It was pitch dark as he stumbled in, gasping rather than whispering, "Monseigneur! Monseigneur!"

He almost sobbed with relief as a warm hand caught his, and a voice whispered in his ear, "We are here, Ange; is there any chance? My father travelled far to-day—he is a good deal exhausted."

"There is not a second to lose—follow me," said Ange. "In this darkness you may escape recognition; they will think you are one of us. The mob is on the west side. Quick—can you come?"

"At once!"

There was no need of a lantern; the glare of the fire had reddened the sky till it was light with a lurid brilliance. The three men hurried on; already violent shouts proclaimed that the mob was returning. They were near the plantation now, on which Ange had calculated for shelter, when suddenly a loud voice shouted, "*Halte là!* Where are you off to? Are you making off with some of the spoil?" They took no notice, when suddenly through the air rang a sharp report. The villain had fired; they could hear his fierce unrestrained laugh as he turned back, and the rush of the mob coming past swept him away. On, on, not a moment to stop; not a moment to draw breath.

"My father," cried Adrien, "can you go on?"

"No delay! No delay!" cried Ange. "It is close by. We are there!"

They dragged on. Now the red light was obscured by a great burst of black smoke rolling across the sky like thunder-clouds.

"It is here," said Ange, suddenly. They had been going down a steep narrow path cut in the cliff, closely following his guidance, for neither De Riancourt nor his son knew where they were, or when they had quitted the beaten track. Ange paused, pulled aside a mass of furze and brushwood, and disclosed a stone slab in the side of the rocks.

"Père Laurent has kept faith," he muttered, as he turned in its lock a small key, and the stone slab or door rolled back. There was a light within, faint and distant, but enough to reveal to them a steep flight of stone steps. Ange motioned them forward, and himself drew the door to behind them. "Monseigneur," he said, "there is a room down here in which you will be perfectly safe for a time. No one knows this place; it is the Secret of Rougemont."

Adrian started. "The Secret of Rougemont!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. See, I have brought food!"—he gave them his fishing-basket. "And I see Père Laurent has put lights there. I must go at once. I must not be suspected, for your sakes as well as my own. As it is there must be risk, for there are some who know my parentage. See, Adrien, the room communicates by a long passage and flight of steps with a cave in the bay. In that cave there is a boat—it is only available when the tide is low enough to allow it to pass out. I must not stop. God be with you. Monseigneur, adieu."

Ange went out quickly; he shut the door upon them, locked it carefully, and sped away back to the burning Château.

The mob had found barrels of cider and bins of fine old wines in the cellars. Joseph had already been regaling himself when they dragged him, half suffocated, out of the cellar. He was too drunk to make his story intelligible; they danced round him, chaired him for leading the way to the wine, and when Ange rejoined them, greeted him with tipsy effusions as one of themselves.

(*To be continued.*)



THE EMPTY GRATE, AND WHAT TO PUT IN IT.

In these times of change and novelty most housekeepers like to make some little difference each year beyond the lawful and expedient transition from smoke and grime involved in spring cleaning. Some are content with a new disposition of the furniture, a fashionable way of holding back the curtains, or a novel arrangement of those little wonders of modern ingenuity, the muslin half-blinds in the bedroom windows. Perhaps, however, I shall express the feeling of many housewives if I say that the greatest puzzle of all is *what to put in the empty fireplace*. Here, if we are artistic and original, is our grand opportunity for exhibiting individual taste; but alas! what if we are not?

For my part, a prettily-arranged summer grate makes a wonderful impression on my mind; and it always seems to me that those housewives who can produce a cool and airy effect in the very spot where all look throughout the winter for their best inanimate friend, may pride themselves on having done more for the comfort of their callers than when they have filled their drawing-rooms with any number of plush knick-knacks, and any amount of the handsomest furniture.

Long, long ago, in the ages before æstheticism, this point gave little trouble to housekeepers. In those days, too, the grates were nearly all of the same shape, and the orthodox arrangement for all alike was a wonderful set of frills and flounces in coloured tissue paper, with perhaps a few paper flowers as a centre-piece. This marvellous "ornament" being suspended just within the open register produced a general effect as if the chimney had turned into a cataract of tinted paper. Well, it was very hideous, certainly; and times are now so far improved that few of us object to a little trouble spent on making our "ain fire-side" look pretty and pleasing throughout the year.

Perhaps we all agree in thinking that the most beautiful and unexceptionable summer substitute for the friendly red embers of winter is the large plate-glass mirror placed behind the drawn-back fire curtains, with a long box at its foot filled with lovely plants of fern and moss. But we do not all possess the "wherewithal" to procure a plate-glass mirror, or even to keep up the supply of plants. My object in this paper is rather to make a few simple suggestions which may aid those who must not spend much on their grate ornaments, but who are properly anxious to have their fireplaces as pretty, tasteful, and, above all, as fresh-looking as the rest of their charming little drawing-room.

This point of *freshness* is very important, for in the case of fireplaces we must remember that we have to counteract the impression of warmth so strongly associated with them. Indeed, there was once a young damsel entrusted by accident with the care of mamma's drawing-room for the summer, who resorted, in her desire for "freshness," to the old-fashioned "beau-pot," which she placed behind the bars and daily filled with flowers and ferns, wreathing the bars themselves with small-leafed trailing ivy. This effort, however, did not win the approval of the housemaid, who traced to the dampness of the ivy-leaves sundry spots of rust on her brightly polished steel bars. Moreover, in order to keep up an unfailing supply of flowers for so large a bouquet, one need live in the very heart of the country, which is not everybody's lot. Akin to the "beau-pot" in its best points, but not so quaintly antique, and much more easy of attainment, is the following simple device. A bundle of willow shavings, or similar light material, is to be bought for a few pence, well picked asunder, and arranged so as to cover completely the bars and the back of the grate; in the centre, standing on the tiles, place a good-sized vase or pot—a common gallipot will do, as it must be quite hidden by the shavings—and fill the same with water. Then gather a large bundle of grasses, flag-leaves, bullrushes, wild corn, barley, oats, or cotton-grass—in fact, anything that is light and airy-looking, and dispose their stems in the gallipot in such a manner that the bunch shall fall in a careless fan-shaped bouquet, its slight green outlines thrown into relief by the creamy white of the shavings. As a finish to the bouquet, a few small fern fronds, or, failing these, the fern-like leaves which may be gathered in every hedge-row, placed to droop over the edge of the gallipot and rest upon the shavings, will look wonderfully well. Of course this bouquet, as well as the water in the vase, needs frequent renewal; but such grasses as I have mentioned keep fresh a long time, and the exertion of cutting them during one of our summer evening strolls is not a serious one. The beautiful white marguerites, the dull red meadow-sorrel, the wild clematis and honeysuckle, together with other variations, will suggest themselves, but it will be found best at all times to keep to such slender forms and low-toned colours as are found *par excellence* in river and meadow grasses. This arrangement would probably take the prize in any competition for simplicity and economy! But if my readers are not deterred from trying it by these two attributes, they will find that it also attains in a very high degree that cool and airy effect we so much desire to produce.

The lack of this latter is perhaps the weak point in the pictured cardboard screens now sold to stand in front of the grate. They are apt to look stiff and hard, which is almost as uncomfortable in summer as anything that looks hot. It is, however, a convenient fashion, and some of the water scenes are very appropriate and pleasing. One charming idea could be easily imitated by clever fingers. In the centre of a three-fold screen was depicted a rushing Devonshire stream, while each of the smaller folds at the sides represented respectively the left and right banks. As the river was the Lynn itself, just where it foams down to the sea between banks of picturesque old houses, the whole effect was particularly good.

Fern leaves dried and preserved, and grouped between layers of glass, or behind glass with a background of cardboard of some cool neutral int, might tastefully replace these cardboard screens. They would stand on the tiles, their edges kept in place and softened by a little bed of willow shavings or dried moss, or a frame of Virginia bark, bamboo, or pine cones would look very suitable, and would not be extremely difficult of construction. Fretwork screens in light wood would also look very pretty.

Very useful in all kinds of house decoration are the pretty and inexpensive palm-leaf fans, and now that we see them folded so daintily into hanging brackets they may be admirably used to hold ferns or bulrushes, or the dried foreign grasses now sold everywhere, and then placed, three together, in front of our empty grates. They are also very effective left unfolded and placed among the shavings or other soft background, which is almost essential in all these grate arrangements, the fans being adorned with trailing blossoms of purple clematis or other flowers boldly painted in oils over the roughnesses of the leaf, or trimmed with lines of wool and tinsel, and edged with lace. In fact, there is something happily suggestive of coolness in the use of fans of all kinds, though I must except the stiff red fan thrust in front of the fire by means of wire. Nor can the open Japanese umbrella be greatly admired, though it doubtless suits a certain style of apartment.

Fans of peacocks' feathers, or the feathers used singly, almost always look well, and of course have one advantage over flowers and grasses in their greater durability.

One friend of mine has made her fireplace look very handsome by placing on the tiles in front three or four art pots containing beautiful plants of a hardy kind, such as the indiarubber plant.

Some of my readers will be glad to be told how they may bend the palm-leaf fans into any shape they like. Soak the leaf in water for four-and-twenty hours or longer, then take something hard and smooth of the form you wish the fan to be, and bend the leaf round it—an old ink-bottle of a good size is the very thing—keeping it in place by a broad bandage giving an even and equal pressure. When the fan is dry, you will find it smoothly bent, not crushed, into the required shape.

M. A. WHITBY.

VARIETIES.

BE HUMBLE.

Frail creatures are we all! To be the best
Is but the fewest faults to have:—
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave.
—*Coleridge.*

STUDY AND CONVERSATION.—Study gives strength to the mind; conversation grace. The first is apt to give stiffness, the other gives suppleness.—*Sir William Temple.*

ODD-LOOKING TILES.

"Those are odd-looking tiles on your hearth," said Robinson to Jones.

"Yes," said Jones; "those are some of the first loaves of bread my wife baked after we were married."

A CONTENTED MIND.

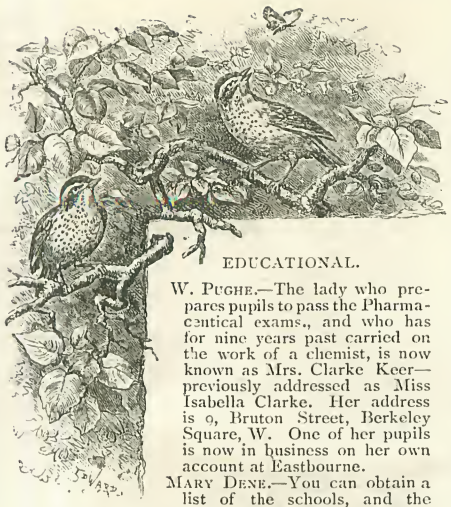
Content feeds not on glory nor on pelf—
Content can be contented with herself.

CHRISTIANITY.

When *I cry that I sin* is transposed,
My resource, *Christianity*, will soon appear.

"PIPING HOT."—This expression, according to a dictionary published in 1783, is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe or horn in villages to let the people know his bread is just drawn, and consequently hot and light.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

W. Pughe.—The lady who prepares pupils to pass the Pharmaceutical exams., and who has for nine years past carried on the work of a chemist, is now known as Mrs. Clarke Keer—previously addressed as Miss Isabella Clarke. Her address is 9, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W. One of her pupils is now in business on her own account at Eastbourne.

Mary Dene.—You can obtain a list of the schools, and the private teachers, where, and by whom, the art of massage can be taught, from the Secretary of the Nurses' Club, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. A really good constitution is essential in an operator, and the age, we should say, between twenty-five and forty. A *masseuse* should have had some training as a nurse, but not for so long a period as to have told in any degree on her health and strength. She should at least have had the benefit of rest and change of air to recuperate after the fatigue and strain on the mind and nervous system resulting from a course of hospital nursing.

ART.

Jack.—Try gently rubbing the varnish with the inside of a raw potato cut in two, sponging off the dirty lather produced, and using a clean-cut potato again. After a few rubbings, and spongings with tepid water, you may see some improvement. We have succeeded in removing bad varnish from an oil-painting ourselves; but your picture may have more than one coat of varnish, and, if so, we advise your not making any amateur attempts at cleaning, and so, perhaps, destroying the picture.

Dodgie.—1. We could not possibly tell you whether you would succeed as an artist, even if you took lessons, or attended art classes. Perhaps the fault may be on your part that your elder sisters "do not like you."—2. Even if your bad knee should render it painful, and even impossible, for you to be of use to them, still, if you expressed regret, and were sweet and gentle, and showed proper respect to their age, we think they would scarcely be so ill-natured as to tell you of their dislike to you. Perhaps you could show your willingness to oblige them by doing needlework, or otherwise assisting them, which would not in any way be trying to your knee.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Bessie de Vittre.—1. "Guipure d'art" which is only soiled in the working can be cleaned by rubbing it with flour, and afterwards shaking it well and brushing to get the flour out.—2. The words in which the aspirate is *not* sounded in English are heir, heiress, honesty, honourable, hostler, hour, humour; but in humble, herb, and hospital it is sounded, and always at the beginning of words.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dinah.—"Rafe" seems the general way of pronouncing "Ralph."

Mistletoe.—No matter who your guardian may be—whether a brother not very many years older than yourself—you are legally bound to regard him as such, and to confide in and consult him in all important matters. Of course you should not correspond with any man in secret. This is far too serious a procedure at the early age, too, of eighteen. It would be exceedingly wrong to do so clandestinely, or against your guardian's consent, when consulted on the question.

Miss S. A.—You should state your case to a medical man. Were we qualified to prescribe we could not venture to do so for a person whom we had never seen. You should be out as much as possible without over-fatigue, and go to bed early.

Wasp.—Your writing is good; and you have our thanks for your kindly expressed wishes for our magazine.

Trusting in the Dark.—We feel for you, but cannot act as an agent for finding situations with any particular people for domestic servants. You will have to apply at some respectable registry office.

E. Persey.—We regret to say that the tone of your letter, and your great assumption of superior knowledge, is not at all seemly. Beware of deluding yourself with the idea that you can attain to the infinite perfection exhibited by your Divine Master, excepting in the fact of "His righteousness" being "imputed to" you in the same sense in which it is said that "He has borne our sins," and that "His righteousness is made ours by faith." When you have "done all" you will still be an "unprofitable servant," and all your "righteousness as filthy rags." The standard of personal sanctification to which we should strive to attain should be the most exalted, but we should never lose sight of our own incompleteness in each and all those fruits of the Spirit which nevertheless live and grow in God's people. May that Holy Spirit guide you into clearer light.

S. M. E.—Persons whose breath is sweet have good digestions, and good, well-kept teeth. Any disease of those great organs the lungs and liver is productive of a taint in the breath; as also certain unhealthy conditions of the mucous membrane.

Dame Durden.—It would be well if your sisters exhibited more consideration for one who has been working for their comfort all day. But while the brief season of recreation which you claim of an evening is undoubtedly your due, and is accorded by your parents, it might be well to conciliate your sisters by giving up an evening, or sometimes two, in a week to sociable intercourse in the home circle.

Willie's Monkey.—The name "Daphne" belongs to mythical history. It was that of the daughter of the river god Peneus, in Thessaly. Also, "Daphne" was the name of a splendid grove and sanctuary situated about five miles from Antioch, which was founded by Seleucus Nicator. The temple was dedicated to Apollo and Diana.

Canary Bird.—The legend of St. Christopher represented in your coloured glass window is this:—He was a native of Syria or Palestine, and was martyred for his Christian faith under Decius, in the third century A.D. Being a man of great size and strength, he used to do penance for his former sins (so it is said) by carrying pilgrims across a river. But once on a time he unknowingly carried Christ Himself, disguised as a little child; and when beginning to sink, the Divine Child bade him to push his staff into the ground to support him, and the next day it was transformed into a fruit-bearing palm. Such is the legend.

Lover of Travelling cannot expect to accompany a family to travel on the continent as a cook, housemaid, or parlour-maid. She could only go as a well-trained lady's-maid or nurse. Only the most fully qualified would be considered worth taking.

Mona.—Perhaps hairdressing would suit you, as it does not necessitate your having had a good education, and it is not at all laborious. But you must get your hands into good order. There are at least four houses conducted by women for this trade—Miss Keys, Spring Street, Paddington; the Misses Muston and Collins, 48, South Molton Street, W.; Mrs. Skellern, 14, Duke Street, Manchester Square, and Mdme. Doré (French), 16, Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus. We advise you to enquire on what terms they might receive you as a pupil, supposing they had vacancies.

Seventeen.—You are too young to be taken into any hospital for training. Perhaps the employment recommended to "Mona" would suit you, and the work would be far more conducive to your health. So many girls are possessed with the idea that they are physically, mentally, and morally eligible for that most arduous and in every way trying vocation.

Pussy Cat.—Of course you should return the visit of the vicar's wife, and your husband should accompany you. If you like to give an invitation of any kind you are free to do so; but such attentions are not obligations.

Miss Blake.—Yes; there are homes for the aged poor for which some payment is made. Also homes are to be found at 25-7, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; at 7-17, Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park; at 65, Walterton Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington. Rent-free apartments, and the benefit of medical attendance, are provided for persons above fifty years of age whose income is not more than 6s. nor less than 4s. a week. Hon. Sec., Miss Harrison (and Miss S. A. Harrison), 5, Grand Acre Terrace, Anerley, S.E. There is also the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, which both grant pensions and provide homes. There are the Hornsey Rise and the Camberwell Asylums; and Homes at Brighton and at Stamford Hill; the Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazelton, Office, 83, Finsbury Pavement; and for the Asylums, Secretary, Mr. William Jackson.

Melrose.—1. The best brush to employ for the teeth is a small narrow one, not very hard, and the edges cut off so as not to rub the gums. The latter are apt to recede from the teeth, especially in middle and advancing age, and a broad, hard brush drives them back still further.—2. We should imagine that the art of confectionery could be learnt in a couple of years. But you had better consult a confectioner on the subject.

Stamp Collector.—We do not see what pleasure could be derived by the blind from a present of old postage stamps. The children should at least have eyes to see, and to paste them into books or on boxes.

Outward Bound.—Emigrants are received on arrival at the Emigration Hall, Quebec, and can remain there a few days for a small sum. There are likewise Reception Halls at Montreal and Toronto, where girls are received back from their situations on condition of their having maintained good characters. You can go out in April, and from that time to October, under the auspices of the S. P. C. K., who send out a matron every month to take charge of single women.

Rosa Grey.—We thank you for your gratifying letter. It is pleasant to learn that the answers given prove useful to so many more than those to whom they are specially addressed.

Pomona.—No; the Bible was not originally divided into chapters and verses, but such an arrangement was essential to enable references to be made. By some people the division into chapters was due to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and by others, to Hugo de St. Caro, in the thirteenth century; and to Robert Stephens, a printer, the further sub-division into verses in the year 1548. At the same time sections and verses were marked in the Hebrew Bibles by accents.

Little Aggie.—The cathedral of St. Paul's, London, has been rebuilt several times. It is recorded that two churches occupied its site before the year 610, at which time the first Bishop of London, Melitus, was appointed by Othelberht, King of Kent, which church existed till 1083. The building that succeeded it was remarkable for its grandeur—said to have been 690 feet long, 130 broad, and with a spire 520 feet high. It was repaired in the reign of Charles I., but in 1666 it was burnt down in the Great Fire, as were the churches that preceded it. The present cathedral, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and built by one master mason, Thomas Strong, was commenced in 1675, and completed in 1710.

Silver.—It was an absurd statement to say that when persons talk aloud when alone they are "talking to Satan." However, it is an unwise practice, and you may be overheard, and may sometimes betray private matters of other people, besides yourself. We have heard it said that it was a sign of having "a bee in your bonnet"—otherwise, being a little "off your head." We do not think this at all follows, although it is certainly a favourite practice of mad people.

Gipsy.—If you read our "Answers" you would not ask such a question; it has so often been put to us. The bride has nothing to do with the providing or the furnishing of her new home. When a man takes a girl away from her own home, it is his business to provide another, and suitable, one for her. A present from her family is quite another thing. There is nothing to hinder their presentation of any articles of household use, from a suite of drawing-room furniture down to a door-mat or a blacking-brush. But it is in no sense to be expected of the bride or her parents.

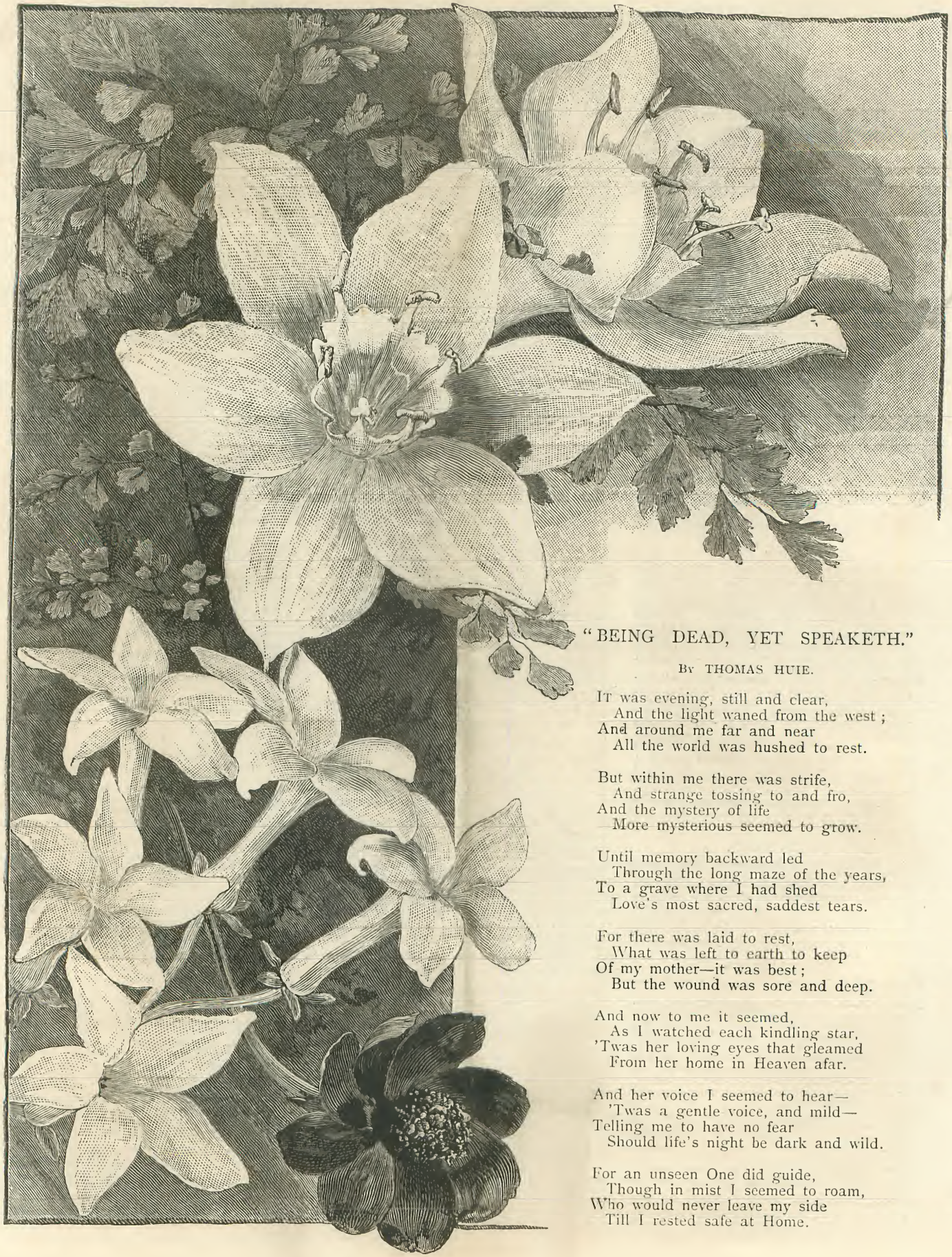
(No Name).—No married woman can be a bridesmaid. She can only act the part of a friend—if there be no bridesmaids—to hold her gloves and bouquet, and do any little service as occasion may require. Black dresses are unsuitable at weddings, but of course, "necessity has no law."

Only Seventeen.—1. To arrest decay in the teeth they should be well stopped and cleaned by a good dentist, and well brushed at least night and morning, using camphorated powdered chalk and Castile soap in turns, and once in a way some prepared charcoal sold for the purpose. Avoid eating bon-bons, and take whole-meal bread for breakfast. Very fine white bread does not supply what is requisite for making bone.—2. Introduce the gentleman to the lady, informing her of his name first, and then hers.

Flora.—1. We do not undertake to give trade advertisement—that is to say, the names of shops, prices of things, etc.—2. We consider the mandoline to be more suitable for women than the banjo. You should go to a music-seller and enquire about the music published for it.

Ivy, Helen, Rose.—Under the circumstances which you name it would not be expedient for you to intrude any advice, however good in itself, on the person you name. He has evidently drawn off from you; and we are admonished not to "let our good be evil spoken of"—that means, misunderstood—and so rendered useless; nay, more, a cause of bringing reproach on a Christian profession. Other motives, little creditable, would be attributed to such an act.

Isabel H.—The question of obtaining money for ordinary used postage stamps has been answered long ago. If such an offer be made have nothing to do with those who offer it. Stamps have been cleaned by some process by which the Government has been defrauded, and the nefarious transaction is liable to prosecution. Your writing slopes the wrong way.



"BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

By THOMAS HUIE.

It was evening, still and clear,
And the light waned from the west;
And around me far and near
All the world was hushed to rest.

But within me there was strife,
And strange tossing to and fro,
And the mystery of life
More mysterious seemed to grow.

Until memory backward led
Through the long maze of the years,
To a grave where I had shed
Love's most sacred, saddest tears.

For there was laid to rest,
What was left to earth to keep
Of my mother—it was best;
But the wound was sore and deep.

And now to me it seemed,
As I watched each kindling star,
'Twas her loving eyes that gleamed
From her home in Heaven afar.

And her voice I seemed to hear—
'Twas a gentle voice, and mild—
Telling me to have no fear
Should life's night be dark and wild.

For an unseen One did guide,
Though in mist I seemed to roam,
Who would never leave my side
Till I rested safe at Home.



VOL. XII.—NO. 590. APRIL 18, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PERPETUA AND FELICITAS.

MARTYRED AT CARTHAGE, MARCH 7, A.D. 204.

IN THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for last July was published a fac-simile of the original autograph of the well-known hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," by Mrs Sarah Flower Adams, and on the accompanying pages was a reference to a "dramatic poem," which during the lifetime of the author was considered her chief work, entitled *Vivia Perpetua*.

I am requested by our Editor to give some account of the true history on which that touching poem was founded. For with some mixture of what must be legendary tradition, it is certainly true that a noble and beautiful Carthaginian lady, in the year A.D. 203, stood forward to testify among the wealthy merchants of Carthage to that new Gospel, the gospel for the poor; and amongst the conquering hosts of warlike Rome, to the glad tidings of the reign of peace on earth, the deliverance of the captive, and God's goodwill towards men; and was finally one of the earliest of that "noble army of martyrs" who confirmed their testimony by dying for their faith.

That we may realise the story more completely, I think it may be well to try and picture to ourselves the place, the scenery, the life of the time into which Perpetua was born; something of the ideas of the old world across which came this new life, with ideals altogether different in so many ways from those of the former ages.

Vivia Perpetua was born in Carthage towards the close of the second century. Carthage was no longer, at this date, the great commercial city of the Phœnicians, the flourishing offshoot from Tyre, the Tarshish of the Bible. It was, at the date of which I am writing,

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PERPETUA AND HER SLAVE FELICITAS.

a Roman colony, peopled for the most part by citizens from Rome and other parts of Italy, with some admixture of the conquered native race. We may take it for granted that Perpetua was of Roman parentage, and that her father was a man of good position in the city.

The Carthaginians had brought their religion with them when, in prehistoric times, they came out from amongst the tribes surrounding Judea, and, leaving the coast of Tyre, established themselves on the African coast, building Kartago, or "the new city," for themselves. What that religion was we have some idea from the many references to, and denunciations of it, in the Old Testament. Do we realise the horrors and cruelties of those barbarous rites which were so frequently presented to the sight of the Jews when we read such words as these, so often repeated: "Thou shalt not let thy sons and daughters pass through the fire to Moloch." Children, most often infants, were cast *alive* into the fire kindled before a black image of the god Baal, or Moloch, as an acceptible offering to the idol; and, while the priests danced before the image, drums were beat and cymbals clashed that none might hear the pitiful shrieks and wailings of the victims.

After the Romans had conquered Carthage, B.C. 164, and destroyed the city, the worship of Baal was abolished in the country; but it probably was carried on in remote places by the native population, for when, a century and a half later, the Romans rebuilt and themselves colonised the city on its former site, the old cruel practices in honour of Baal were transferred to the Roman god Saturn by the common people. The name was changed, that was all. For habits of cruelty, especially when practised under the guise of religion, are not easily done away with.

The wanton cruelty, the reckless disregard of human life, amongst all classes, but more especially towards the poor, were in the very essence of this Syrian religion, and fill us with the deepest horror. We are not surprised to learn how often it happened in the early days of Christianity that slaves were amongst the first converts to the new faith. "To the poor the gospel is preached"; "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows," were words to warm the hearts and thrill the impulses of the poor downtrodden outcasts of society.

Felicitas was most probably a slave in the household of the noble lady Perpetua, and was probably, though this is not actually on record, the means of bringing the gospel of glad tidings to the knowledge of her mistress.

I have said that the worship of the Baal of the Phœnicians was transferred, in a somewhat modified form, to the Roman god Saturn; in a similar manner many of the rites paid to the impure Astarte (the Ashtaroth of the Bible) were in Roman times paid to the name of Venus. The poet Virgil gives a touching picture of Dido, the mythical Carthaginian Queen, in his great poem the *Æneid*,* her grief, and her tragic end. Æneas, the hero, is the favourite of the goddess Venus, who does not approve of his love for Dido, and causes him to desert her. Dido, deserted and disappointed, destroys herself, and all her previous love turns to hate, and a frantic desire for revenge. She dies with a passionate curse on her lips upon her betrayer, his friends, his children, and his country, praying that there may—

"Rise an avenger of our Lybian blood,
With fire and sword to pursue the perjured brood.
May our arms, our seas, our shores be opposed to theirs,
And the same hate descend on all our heirs."

* *The Æneid*, Dryden's Translation.

This was the pagan spirit! What a contrast is here to the precepts of Christianity, which enjoin on its followers, "To love them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

It is supposed that the Roman city of Carthage was rebuilt on the same lines as the older Phœnician city, and presented a very similar aspect. A flight of sixty steps led up to the famous citadel called the Byrsa, where had formerly stood the temple of Moloch, but which in Roman times was crowned with a temple to Æsculapius, the god of medicine.

Let me try and call up a picture of the place before our minds.

As we stand under the open colonnade which surrounds the temple, the servants of the priests watch the flight of birds for propitious omens (a Roman religious practice), and visitors to the shrine wait here for the message of healing that shall be brought them from within. From this airy standpoint, this "high place," we can look down into the very heart of the city as on a map. We see the white towers of the lighthouse lights at the end of the harbour gleaming far out into the blue sea to the eastward. The harbours are again filled with ships as in the days when Carthage, and not Rome, was queen of the Mediterranean. The busy market-place, the Agora, resounds with the voices of buyers and sellers. It is the month of March, but the hot sun of Africa pours down his piercing rays—"Those sunbeams like swords."

Inland, on the north, the long line of aqueducts skirt the horizon; in the far distance, the river Bagrada* flows lazily along, refreshing the eye, and giving verdure to the many villas that surround the city, extending along the sea-shore almost as far as the catacombs; and the gardens are gay with roses, and oleanders pink and white, and crimson pomegranates, and fragrant with spice trees. At our feet lay the black and gloomy cypress groves, where the Tyrian gods of Carthage had been worshipped. In the city itself, every height is crowned with the temple of a pagan god—Diana, Juno, and Venus; Saturn, Apollo, and Æsculapius, hold the places formerly held by the more corrupt Astarte and the grim and terrible Moloch. Superstition abounds, and cruelty follows in its train. All the city lies spread out before us, and the amphitheatre looms in the distance.

But nearer is the Basilica, the great public hall, where the justice of the Roman law is administered. What is it to-day that fills its courts to overflowing? crowds press in on every side. Let us descend from our airy height that we may mingle with the crowd.

The Præfect is seated in his place, surrounded by his lictors, a little group of men and women of very various ranks stand before him, accused of an offence against the law. Hilarianus, the Præfect, points to the statue of the reigning Emperor, Lucius Septimus Severus. A board was fixed at its base, which bore an imperial edict that said, "that every class of the state, freemen and slaves, soldiers and civilians, were hereby commanded to offer to the gods expiatory sacrifices, falling down with supplication before them;" and adding terrible threats of torture and death to those who refused.

An altar stands before the statue of the Emperor Severus, on which fire burns.

One of the accused steps forward; a lady, young, fair, noble of presence. She speaks a few words. What has she said that the crowd, one and all, shrink back aghast? She refuses to comply with the Præfect's demands to throw incense on the altar to the Emperor, the recognised sign of allegiance to the laws of the realm. What were the words she said? "I am a Christian!" No more! But the Christians will not offer sacrifice on any altar, either to gods or Emperor. They will pray to God, the Heavenly Father, to grant unto the Emperor health and success in all good works, the love of his people, and the confidence of the senate; but they will neither bow down nor sacrifice to Emperor or any pagan god.

* Now called the Majerba.

Their reasons are not understood. The custom is an absolutely universal one; and as they will not conform to it, they are accused of disloyalty towards the Emperor, and suspected of treasonable intentions against the government. They are ordered to be conveyed at once, one and all, straight to prison.

They were five in number; two women and three men—Vivia Perpetua, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Carthage, beautiful, well educated, about twenty-two years of age, a young mother, apparently a widow; Felicitas and Revocatus, servants or slaves, probably in the household of Vivia and her father, and Saturninus.

The father of Vivia appealed to her in vain to make her deny her faith. He attempted to prevent the lictors from obeying the order to remove his daughter to prison, and was struck down by them, to her horror. She was conveyed away with the rest of the party to the common prison for slaves and malefactors.

"This was the inner prison, called the Robur, or Signum, a terrible place to be confined in, more especially in such a climate as Africa. It had no window, or outlet, except the door into an outer room, and when that was closed, light and air were absolutely shut out. This Signum was the place into which St. Paul and St. Silas were cast at Philippi, before it was known that they were Romans."

The miseries of such terrible prisons, in which the inmates were confined day and night, is often dwelt on by the martyrs and their biographers.

"In the acts of St. Pioneus and others of Smyrna we read that the jailors shut them up in the inner part of the prison, so that, bereaved of all comfort and light, they were forced to sustain extreme torment from the darkness and stench of the prison. And in like manner other martyrs of Africa, about the time of St. Cyprian's martyrdom (viz. A.D. 258), say: "We were not frightened at the foul darkness of the place; for soon that musky prison was radiant with the brightness of the Spirit. What days, what nights we passed there, no words can describe. The torments of that prison no statement can equal!" *

On the eve of her martyrdom, Vivia Perpetua wrote down an account of her sufferings and her visions, hoping, doubtless, by the bright example of her own enthusiastic courage, to strengthen others who might be similarly tried to keep steadfast in the faith.

I quote from this valuable and pathetic document.† She says "After a few days we were taken into the dungeon, and I was very much afraid because I had never felt such darkness.

"I was shocked at the horror and darkness of the place, for till then I knew not what such sort of places were. We suffered much that day. O terrible day! O the fierce heat caused by the crowd, and the ill-treatment we received from the soldiery! I was, moreover, tortured with concern that I had not my infant.

"There were present there Tertius and Pomponius the blessed deacons, who ministered to us, and had arranged, by means of a gratuity, that we might be refreshed by being sent out for a few hours into a pleasanter part of the prison." Her infant child was brought to her that she might suckle it; for, continues the journal, the poor baby "was enfeebled with hunger. In my anxiety for it

* From *Callista*, by Cardinal Newman.

† "The Acts of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas," preserved and completed by an Eye-Witness of the Martyrdom.

I addressed my mother, and comforted my brother" (who was also a Christian, but had not been amongst the party then arrested). "I commended to their care my son. I was languishing because I had seen them languishing on my account. Such solicitude I suffered for many days, and I obtained leave for my infant to remain in the dungeon with me; and forthwith I grew strong, and was relieved from distress and anxiety about my infant, and the dungeon became to me as it were a palace, so that I preferred being there to anywhere else."

Then, while still in prison, Perpetua prays for a vision, that it may be made known to her whether this terrible trial "shall result in a passion or an escape." In answer to her prayer, this was the vision that was granted to her. She says: "I saw a golden ladder of marvellous height, reaching up even to heaven, and very narrow, so that persons could only ascend it one by one; and on the sides of the ladder was fixed every kind of iron weapon. There were there swords, lances, hooks, daggers; so that if any one went up carelessly, or not looking upwards, he would be torn to pieces, and his flesh would cleave to the iron weapons. And under the ladder itself was couching a dragon of wonderful size, who lay in wait for those who ascended, and frightened them from the ascent.

"And Saturus went up first, who had subsequently delivered himself up freely on our account, not having been present at the time that we were taken prisoners. And he attained the top of the ladder, and turning towards me, he said: 'Perpetua, I await you; but be careful that the dragon do not tear you.' And I said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall not hurt me.' And from under the ladder itself, as if in fear of me, he slowly lifted up his head; and as I trod upon the first step I trod upon his head. And I went up, and I saw an immense extent of garden, and in the midst of the garden a white-haired man sitting, in the dress of a shepherd, of large stature, tending sheep;* and standing around were many thousand white-robed ones. And he raised his head, and looked upon me, and said to me, 'Thou art welcome, daughter.' And he called me, and from the cheese, as he was milking, he gave me as it were a little cake, and I received it with folded hands; and I ate it, and all who stood round said Amen. And at the sound of their voices I was awakened, still tasting a sweetness which I cannot describe. And I immediately related this to my brother, and we understood that it was to be a passion, and we ceased henceforth to have any hope in this world."

Then occurs what must have been to the young widow the sorest trial of all. Immediately on the report being spread that the Christians would be had up for final trial and sentence, her aged father came from the city to see her in prison, worn out with anxiety, and determined to make a last effort to induce his beloved daughter to recant, and to avoid a shameful and terrible death. I continue to quote her own recorded words: "He came to me that he might cast me down, saying, 'Have pity, my daughter, on my grey hairs. Have pity on your father, if I am worthy to be called a father by you. If with these hands I have brought you up to this flower of your age, if I have preferred you to all your brothers, do not deliver me up to the scorn of men. Have regard to your brothers, have regard to your mother and your aunt, have regard to your little son, who will not be able to live after you. Lay aside your courage, and do not bring us all to destruction; for none of us will speak in freedom if you should suffer anything.'

"These things said my father in his affection, kissing my hands, and throwing himself at my feet; and with tears he called me, not daughter, but lady.

"And I grieved over the grey hairs of my father, that he alone of all my family would not rejoice over my passion. And I comforted him, saying, 'On that scaffold (or platform) whatever God wills shall happen. For know that we are not placed in our own power, but in that of God.' And he departed from me in sorrow."

The final sentence was not long delayed. The Christian prisoners were summoned to the hall of justice. The rumour spread quickly, and an immense crowd collected. Curiosity, suspicion, and fear were the prevalent feelings in the crowd towards the Christians: curiosity, as to the appearance of a new sect who denied all the received ideas; suspicion, for that their refusal to offer the usual sacrifice to the Emperor indicated to the popular mind that they must be plotting against the state; and fear, because "it was currently reported," says a Roman lawyer, a contemporary, who afterwards embraced Christianity, "that the Christians were sorcerers and witches, that they worshipped monsters, devoured infants, and, besides other abominations, polluted the sacred rites (of the pagans)."

Perpetua's journal continues: "We mounted the platform. The rest were interrogated and confessed. Then they came to me, and my father immediately appeared with my boy, and withdrew me from the step, and said in a supplicating tone, 'Have pity on your babe.'

Even the Roman Præfect, Hilirianus, who sat in the seat of judgment to deal life or death to the accused, was touched, for he appealed to Perpetua, and said, "'Spare the grey hairs of your father, spare the infancy of your boy, offer sacrifice for the well-being of the Emperor.' And I replied, 'I will not do so. I am a Christian!'

"The procurator then delivered judgment on all of us, and condemned us to the wild beasts, and we went back cheerfully to the dungeon.

"While they were yet in prison, God called Secundalus, one of the devoted band, by an earlier exit from the world, not without favour, so as to give a respite to the beasts." And Saturus, the leader, had a lovely vision which, being related, comforted them all in their time of trial and waiting. The martyrdom is described by the Eye-Witness above-mentioned, in the following words:—

"The day of their victory shone forth, and they proceeded from the prison into the amphitheatre, as if to an assembly, joyous, and of brilliant countenances; if perchance shrinking, it was with joy and not with fear. Perpetua followed with placid look and with step and gait as a Matron of Christ, beloved of God; casting down the lustre of her eyes from the gaze of all."

Felicitas, the slave, who was but newly a mother, and was still faint and weak, was supported and upheld by Perpetua, and they went together singing psalms and strengthening each other. They were led out into the arena and wounded by the furious animals, but not at first killed.

The Witness tells how that Perpetua fell into a sort of ecstasy, and began to ask "when they should be led out to the wild beasts." And when she heard what had already happened, she did not believe it, until she had perceived certain signs of injury in her body and in her dress. Then, causing her brother and others to approach, she addressed them, saying, "Stand fast in the faith and love one another, all of you, and be not offended at my sufferings."

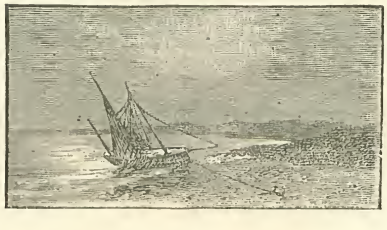
The final scene I prefer to give in the words of the poem by Mrs. Adams, before referred to, where it is faithfully and beautifully described:—

"All's over! or begun: for if she fell
On earth, or rose an angel to the skies,
I scarce can tell, for wonder at the sight.
Life seemed to gather in her as she moved
Towards her death; while with her arms—such strength
Most strange in one so delicate—she still
Held up Felicitas; who, sinking fast,
No sooner reached the spot where all was ready,
Than down she dropp'd, dead, at Perpetua's feet!
The lady straight unclasped her drapery rich,
And laid it o'er the slave, as tenderly
As though it were her child. And then she rose,
And like a marble pillar there she stood
As firm upon the earth. No signal came,
Till she herself did gently bow her head,
And cross her hands upon her breast, in token
Of readiness for the sword. And when the swordsman,
For youth, or shame to pierce such willingness,
Or awe, more like, of such presence, lost
All mastery of his hands to guide his weapon,
Herself did turn the point against her throat,
Her hand placed thus, as rest unto his aim:
A word to encourage him—and it was finished!"

Saturus was killed by a savage leopard. The Witness concludes thus:—"O most brave and blessed martyrs! O, truly called and chosen unto the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ! whom whoever magnifies and adores, assuredly ought to read these examples for the edification of the church, so that new virtues also may testify that one and the same Holy Spirit is always operating even now, and God the Father Omnipotent and His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, whose is the glory and infinite power for ever and ever. Amen."

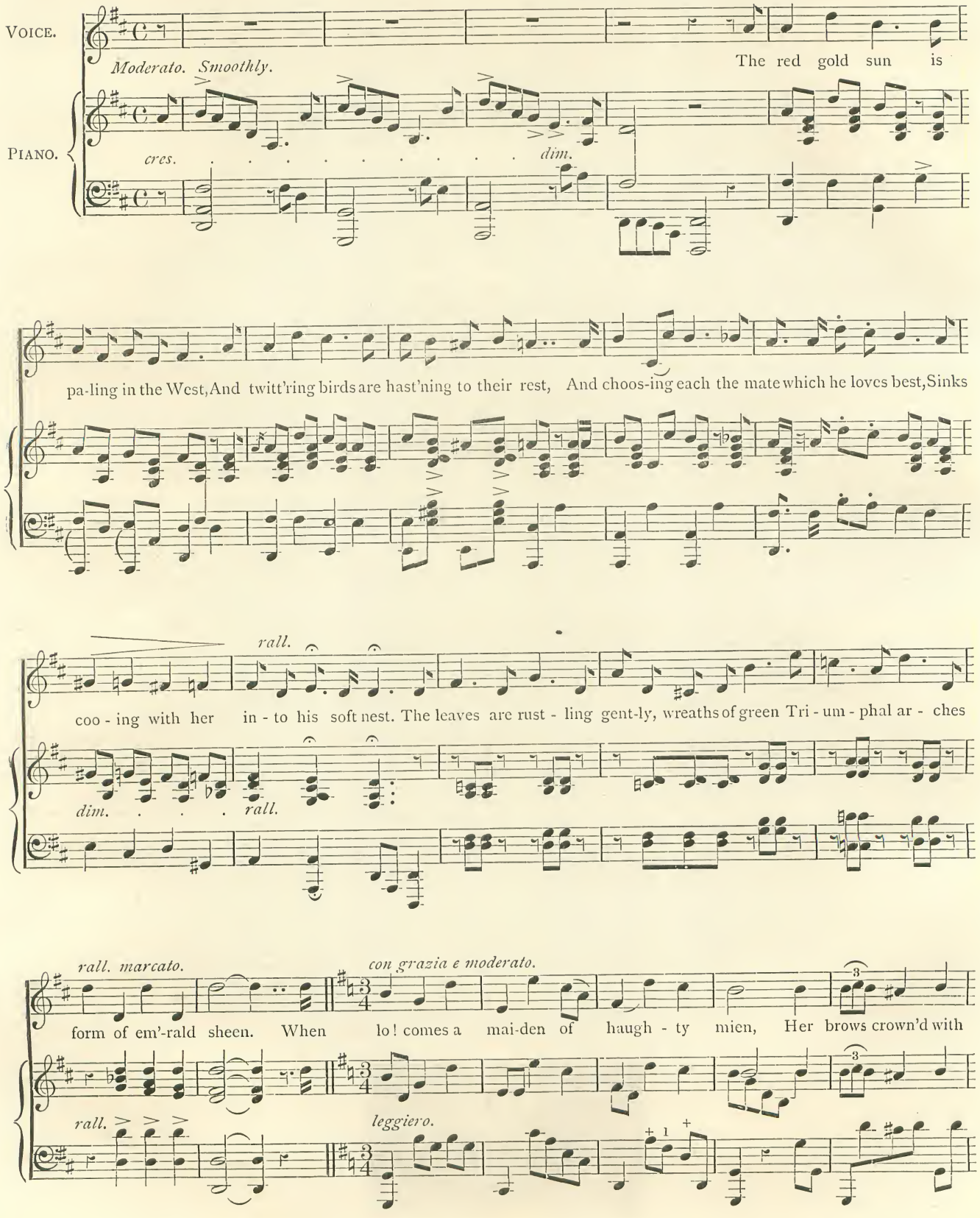
E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

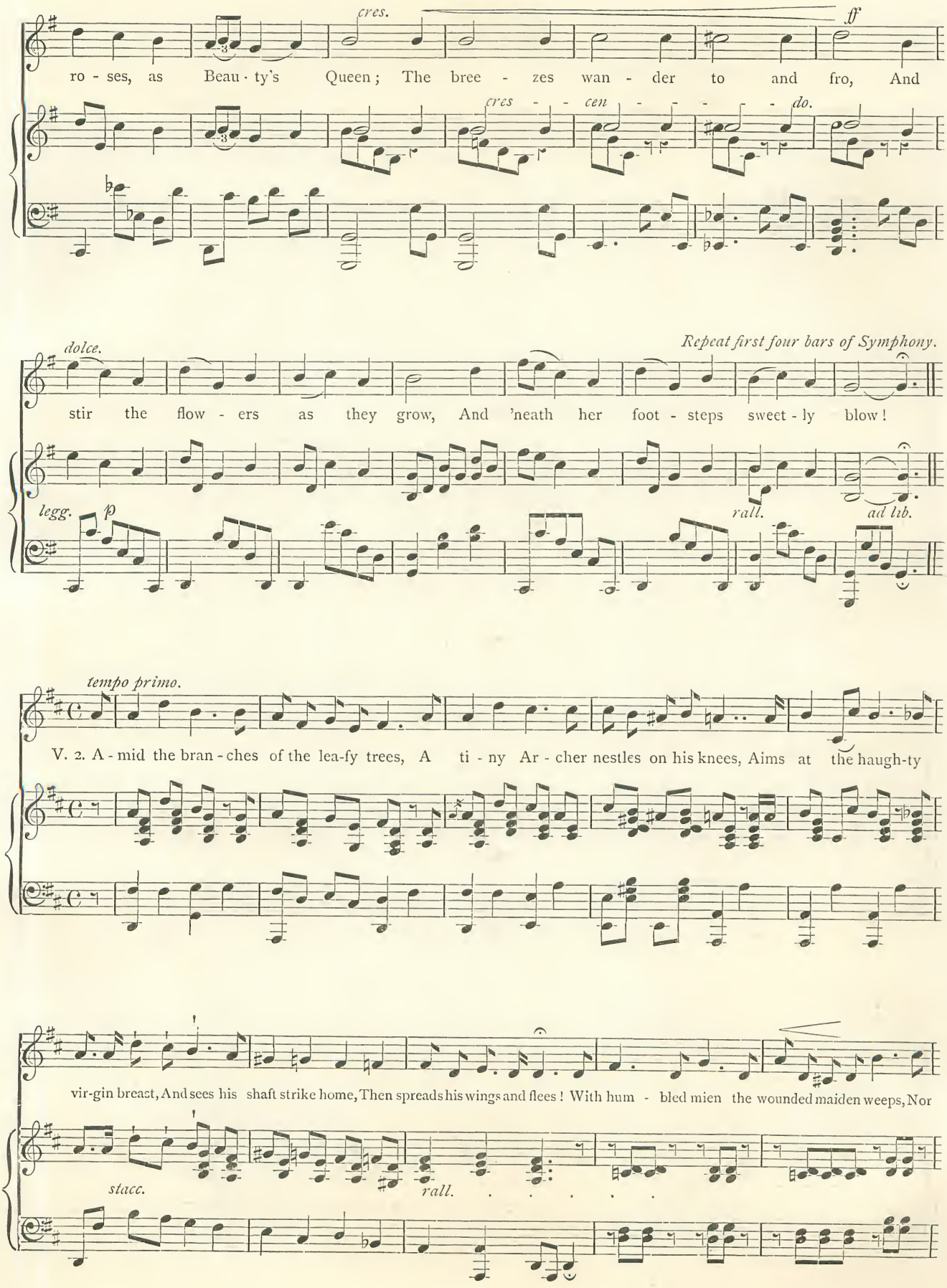
* "This was an ordinary mode of picturing our Lord in the oratories, and on the sacred vessels of those days."

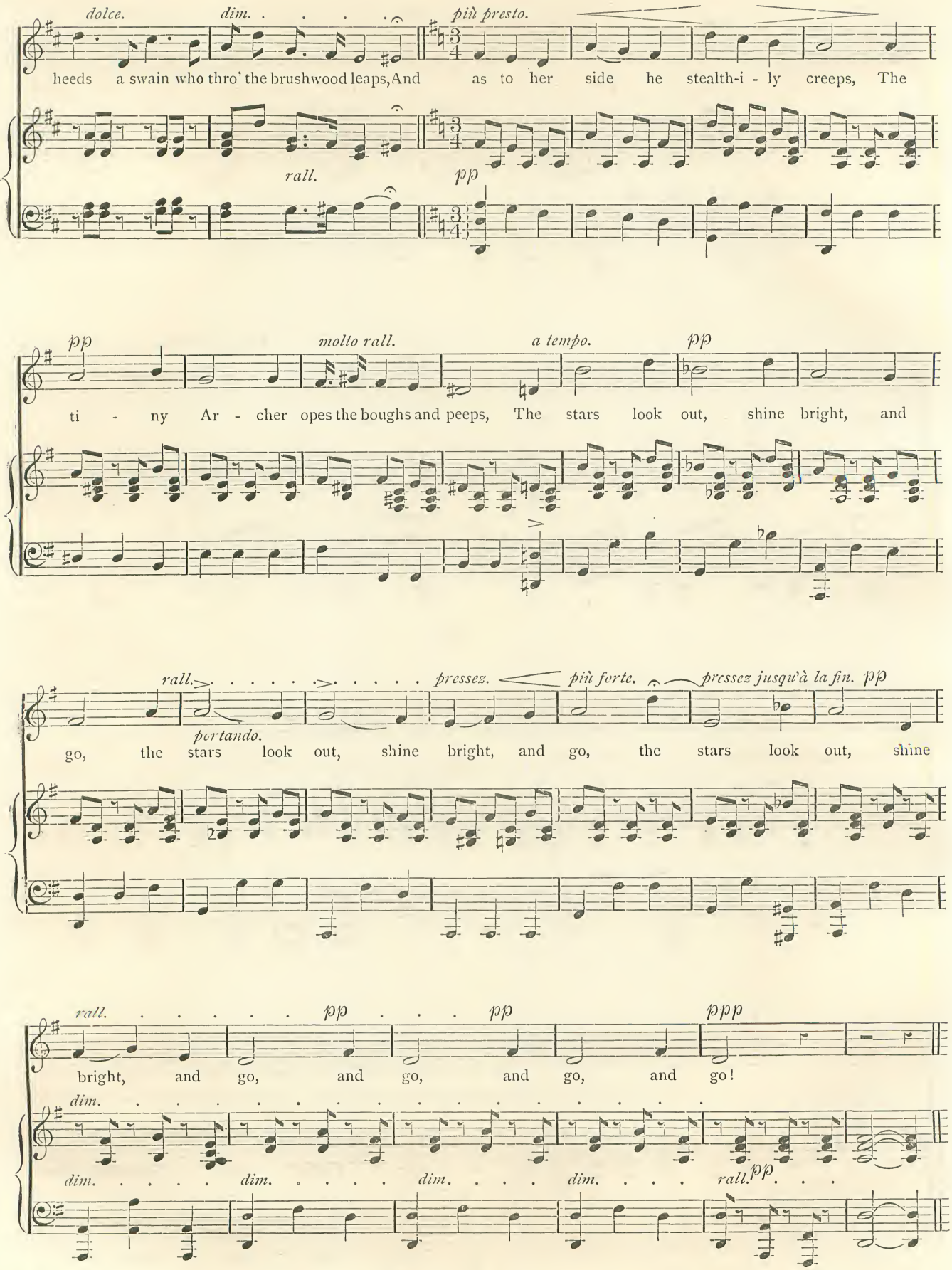


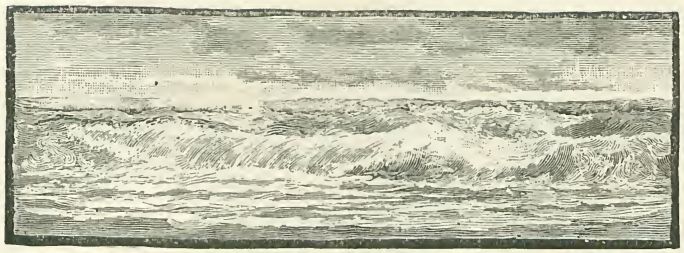
AN IDYL.

Words and Music by the COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.




cres.
ff
ro - ses, as Beau - ty's Queen; The bree - zes wan - der to and fro, And
cres - - cen - - - - - do.
dolce.
Repeat first four bars of Symphony.
stir the flow - ers as they grow, And 'neath her foot - steps sweet - ly blow!
legg.
p
rall.
ad lib.
tempo primo.
V. 2. A - mid the bran - ches of the lea-fy trees, A ti - ny Ar - cher nestles on his knees, Aims at the haugh-ty
vir-gin breast, And sees his shaft strike home, Then spreads his wings and flees! With hum - bled mien the wounded maiden weeps, Nor
stacc.
rall.


dolce.
dim.
più presto.
heeds a swain who thro' the brushwood leaps, And as to her side he stealth-i - ly creeps, The
rall.
pp
pp
molto rall.
a tempo.
pp
ti - ny Ar - cher opes the boughs and peeps, The stars look out, shine bright, and
rall.
pressez.
più forte.
pressez jusqu'à la fin. pp
portando.
go, the stars look out, shine bright, and go, the stars look out, shine
rall.
pp
pp
ppp
bright, and go, and go, and go, and go!
dim.
dim.
dim.
dim.
dim.
rall.
pp



THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IV.

"SAFE!" cried M. le Marquis. "*Pouf!* That was a near thing!"

It was he who led the way down the steps and into the room mentioned by Ange. It was low, with rough, rocky walls cut in the rock, dimly lighted by two flaring rushlights stuck into glass bottles. In one corner old Laurent had thrown a great heap of clean straw. There was no furniture but a couple of thick blankets and a three-legged stool.

Even reduced to such straits as those in which he now found himself, M. le Marquis retained his fastidious habits. With a straw from the heap before him he flicked away a wide curtain of foul spiders' webs which threatened to fall on the bed prepared for his accommodation.

"I have slept on a bed less luxurious, at all events to my present feelings," he said, looking up at his son with a strange smile. He held by Adrien's hand as he sank on to it, the colour slowly fading from his cheeks.

"Do not disturb me, my child," he said, faintly.

"Are you ill, father?" exclaimed Adrien, in a sudden terrible anxiety. "What is it? Are you faint? Are you ill?"

Quickly he tore open Ange's basket, uttering a sigh of relief as he saw the bottle of cider. He held it to his father's lips.

"Let me alone," said de Riancourt, his head sinking back. "It is delicious, this overpowering slumber—this sense of repose—this bed so soft, so——"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Adrien, recoiling as he withdrew the hand with which he had supported his father crimson with blood. "You are wounded!"

"A trifle, a mere trifle—the rascal fired to kill. They are no shots. I shall soon be all right; only let me sleep"—and his eyes closed.

But Adrien frantically cut the sleeve off his father's arm, disclosing a ghastly wound just above the elbow, from which the blood was steadily, hopelessly draining away. He tore off his neck-cloth, he bound it up tightly; but still the red stream burst through. Adrien leapt to his feet. Seizing one of the rushlights he groped his way up the steps. The door through which he and his father, helpless fugitives, had been conducted by Ange was locked only too securely—fastened on the outside. In vain he used all his strength—it did not give way an inch.

Returning to his father, he looked down on him with eyes full of anguish. The bandage had partially stopped the flow of blood, but it was still slowly soaking through, and dripping, dripping steadily. The straw on which he lay was crimsoned.

Adrien tore off his shirt, stripped it into bandages, and tied them again tighter than before.

M. de Riancourt opened his eyes; he looked round him dreamily. "The world swims, my child! I have an odd fancy—a very odd fancy. You might contradict me out of courtesy, but—but I would rather know the truth. Very odd—I think I am dying!"

"My father! Oh, my father!" cried Adrien.

Through the new bandages dark fresh stains were appearing. In his agony he wrung his hands. Oh, for help, for experience, for any human advice!

In the distance Adrien could hear a dull, roaring sound, low, monotonous—the voice of the sea. In his frantic wish for help he again rose to his feet, and quickly went down the passage pointed out to him by Ange. It was very narrow—so narrow that he had to stoop his head and grope, with the two sides of the rock pressing him on either side. It ended abruptly in a flight of narrow steep steps. He went down them as fast as he dared, the dull roar sounding nearer and nearer; then all of a sudden he found his feet in water, and shrank back shivering. The tide was up; a strange salt smell of fresh sea-water filled his nostrils; the water swung with a light splash from side to side. There was clearly no exit there except into the sea, and Adrien turned and groped his way back, despair in his heart.

The rushlights flared and guttered in their rude candlesticks. The fine delicate features of Camille de Riancourt were growing sharp.

"They say if a man might choose his own death," he said, drowsily, "he would choose bleeding to death—it is so gentle. Death! Well, before I attend to that I want to say something. Adrien, as far as I am concerned, you may marry Valentine. You love her—it is a *bourgeois* sentiment; but—bah! I also have experienced it. Let it be so. It is very dark! Give me your hand. Is that the sea?"

"Dear father, yes. The tide rises."

"Your hand, Adrien—your hand!"

"I am holding yours fast, oh father! fast!"

He did not seem to hear; his eyes were fixed—so fixed that Adrien shudderingly glanced over his shoulder to see if aught material so fixed his dying gaze. There was a short gasping word in a toneless whisper—"Angèle!"

A pause. Adrien bent down, and pressed his lips to his father's brow. "May God help us!" he prayed.

The lights flared and bowed as if strange draughts and currents of cold air swept by. A new sensation stole over Adrien—he seemed to be entering into the presence of a great calm.

"My father!" he faltered. There was no answer. "My father!"

Camille de Riancourt was lying in a strangely solemn and decorous attitude, very straight, very calm, and his face looked like that of some exquisitely-moulded waxen image.

Adrien's voice rose up in a wailing cry—

"Dead! Oh, my God! All—all I have in the world!"

It was bitterly cold; the candles flared up once or twice more, sank, and went out; an icy wind blew up from the open passage. The sea reached its height; then its hollow voice drew further and further away; the lapping water sank with a sighing sound.

Midnight passed away—one—two o'clock—three. A few white streaks began to break through the dense curtains of night. There was a sound at the door, the little click of a key placed in the lock. Ange had come back. The stone rolled back, and he stole in.

"Monseigneur," he whispered, "all is well—you are safe. Those miserable scoundrels have gone on their way—those that were sober to Quimperlon, the drunken carried off by their friends. *Pouf!* the lights have gone out! Monseigneur! They sleep sound!"

There was no answer. The young man's heart throbbed with terror. Why did they not answer? He raised his lantern, throwing it wide open. Ah! What was that strange dark heap in the corner? Why this awful stillness? With a cry he sprang forward. The strange heap was the insensible form of Adrien de Riancourt, who had fallen across the corpse of his father.

(*To be continued.*)



"FOR EASE DOTH DWELL
WHERE SHE HER SYMPATHY REVEALS."

SWEET SYMPATHY.

O WOULD I had the power to show
The wondrous light beyond compare
From out those gentle eyes that glow—
Of heavenly radiance dwelling there!

O would I had the speech to tell
The loving interest she feels
In varied needs; for ease doth dwell
Where she her sympathy reveals.

Yet all do know it; for would they dare
To others show their woe or prize?
No! Heaven vouchsafes none else to share
What she alone can realise.

C. P.



MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT—*continued.*

THE WIFE OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

EVERY effort was made in the examination of the prisoners taken in Wyatt's insurrection to discover how far Elizabeth had been guilty in it. Nothing more came to light than the copy of her letter to Henry II. of France and Wyatt's letters to her, which were not enough to convict her. They were enough, however, to cause her to be brought before the Council, and to enable the Chancellor, Gardiner, to propose that she should be sent to the Tower. Stephen Gardiner, the head of the old Church party, had been Elizabeth's consistent enemy from the beginning of Mary's reign. Actuated by other motives than those which influenced Renard, the Emperor's ambassador, Gardiner had joined him in constantly warning Mary against her sister, and in pressing on the Queen, as her best policy, to hold Elizabeth at a distance, and get her out of the way.

The more just and liberal members of the Council opposed the proposal of Gardiner, who turned upon them and asked if any of them would be responsible for the safe keeping of the Princess, when every man shrank from the obligation. Elizabeth's attendants were removed, soldiers were picketed beneath the windows of her rooms in Whitehall, and on the following morning, the 17th of March, 1554, the lords of Winchester and Sussex communicated to her the decision of the Council, and told her that a barge was in readiness to take her to the Tower.

Ominous as the words were, Elizabeth behaved with the utmost spirit. She asked time to write to the Queen, and Sussex promised on his knees to put the letter into Mary's hands. The letter still exists, and the writing is more than usually firm, in which Elizabeth, "with great force and lucidity," protested before God her innocence, and prayed Him to "confound her" if she was guilty. She pleaded for an interview with her sister.

Mary refused to grant the interview, and was indignant with Sussex, who by his compliance with Elizabeth's request had caused such delay that the tide had turned, and the barge could not pass London Bridge till the following day. On the other hand, Mary durst not venture to send Elizabeth a prisoner through the streets in the sight of the citizens and populace, whose idol she was fast becoming. In the Queen's wrath she cried that Sussex would not have acted so in her father's time, and wished Henry were alive and among them for a month. On the next day Elizabeth passed by the Traitor's Gate into the Tower.

The Queen could not condemn her sister without a trial, and Parliament was assembled for the purpose of procuring a trial. In the meantime Wyatt on the scaffold proclaimed, with a slight reserve, the innocence of Elizabeth and Courtenay. The condemned man said they were not privy to his rising *before it began*. The speech was regarded by the listeners as clearing the accused persons. The news spread like wildfire over the country. The judges refused to convict Elizabeth, and on their refusal it was impossible to detain her in the Tower. The difficulty was, what to do with her. There was more than one plan for sending her abroad by marrying her to a foreign prince. But she was the next heir to the throne, and would not readily consent to her own banishment; and Mary, on her side, refused to consider Anne Boleyn's daughter worthy of a princely alliance. Elizabeth was at last sent, still in disgrace and well guarded, to Woodstock, where she fretted in her confinement till she fell ill.

By Whit Sunday Mary was looking eagerly forward to Philip's arrival, and passing the interval in entering zealously into all the religious ceremonials of the season. "She marched day after day in procession, with canopies and banners, and bishops in silk slippers, round St. James', round St. Martin's, round Westminster." She had masses said for the repose of her father's soul. The constant strain of excitement, the sense of hope deferred in the non-arrival of her longed-for bridegroom, the growing consciousness that she was losing the affections of her people, and that the turbulent spirits among them were learning to look upon her with hatred and scorn, preyed more and more on Mary's shattered nerves. She withdrew for quiet in the summer sunshine to the green shades of Richmond; but she carried an unquiet spirit with her. She grew irritable to such a degree that she was well-nigh distracted. She blamed everyone, even her prince, who had neither written to her nor sent her a lover-like message. She questioned every sailor she came across as to Don Philip's movements, and the state of the Channel, where the English fleet might not protect his vessel from the French ships. She would start from her sleep in wild terror. But the sharpest pang of all was, that her prince did not love her, that she was beyond her prime while time was passing, and that she would never win his love.

As an excuse for Philip's reluctance to fulfil his pledge, one of Mary's historians has in fairness recalled the disheartening facts, that he was not allowed to bring more than a handful of Spanish noblemen in his suite; that he was advised to select these gentlemen because of their pacific tempers, that they might stand the insults they were likely to receive from the hostile and rude English people; that it would be wise to have disguised men-at-arms for lacqueys; and that the heir of the great Emperor ought to take the precaution of carrying his own cook along with him to lessen the risk of poison.

The sea was squally and unfriendly to Philip's Spanish fleet. Like his grand-aunt, Catharine, he had a rough passage, and was overwhelmed by sea-sickness. But when he arrived in Southampton Water on the 20th of July, 1554, a year from Mary's accession, he received a courteous, magnificent welcome. He was met by the Lords Arundel and Pembroke, Shrewsbury and Derby, and the great assemblage awaiting him knelt as he stepped on shore. Mary was not able to present Philip with a crown matrimonial as she had desired, but Lord Shrewsbury invested him with the Order of the Garter, including a gold and jewelled collar, and a mantle of blue velvet fringed with gold and pearls—the whole so splendid that it was valued at two thousand pounds. Mary also sent her bridegroom a fine horse, which he mounted and rode to the church of the Holy Rood, to return thanks for his successful voyage.

The Queen had fixed to meet her bridegroom at Winchester, and to be married to him there by her Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, being still in durance under the charge of heresy and treason. As soon as Mary heard of the arrival

of the Spanish fleet she set out with a noble retinue for King Arthur's old town, so dear to her grandfather, Henry VII. But the day on which she arrived at the Bishop's palace was wild and stormy with wind and rain. The same storm, terminating in floods of rain, was the accompaniment of Philip' ride to Winchester. As yet, during the day and a half he had stayed at Southampton, the impression he had given was favourable. He had made an effort to overcome his natural "stiffness" and coldness, and was courteous to Mary's subjects, though it was noticed that when they were presented to him he did not put his hand to his cap. He spoke to the English gentlemen in Latin, and gravely drank some ale at the banquet, because ale was the wine of the country in which he had come to dwell, and he desired to live like an Englishman. There was no fault to find with him personally, though in stature he was rather short, while he was well-formed. Miss Strickland describes his complexion as cane-coloured, and his hair sandy; but a more complimentary chronicler of his looks simply calls attention to his yellow hair and beard, and has nothing to say against his heavily-lidded grey-blue eyes, or the hereditary gloom of his expression. Certainly his dress set off such good looks as he possessed, and added to his dignity. In contrast to the grand and fantastic dress of the time, Philip almost always wore plain black velvet in doublet and trunk hose, with a small black velvet cap, which on this occasion had a lacing of fine gold chains and a little drooping feather. This was the picturesque outward garb of the man. In broad contrast to his romantic antecedents and appearance, he was a gross eater, over-indulging himself in the fat of bacon till he fell ill with the excess. He had also, like his sagacious father, a childish passion for pastry, which he gratified to the detriment of his health and temper. What was worse, he was absolutely cold-hearted and radically vicious.

Out of compliment to Spanish taste in dress, as it seems, the English gentlemen who escorted Don Philip wore black velvet in their turn. But the exigencies of that dismally rainy ride compelled the Prince to wrap himself in a red felt cloak, and to put on a broad hat. Indeed, so execrable was the weather, for the middle of summer, that poor Mary sent a messenger post-haste to beg her future husband not to come on to her—a message which was in danger of being misunderstood by the Spaniards, who went aside and consulted together in perplexity and dismay as to what could have happened, till one of the English lords volunteered a smiling explanation in French—"Our Queen, sire, loves your Highness so tenderly that she would not have you come to her in such wretched weather."

Arrived at Winchester, Philip repaired first to the cathedral, kissed the crucifix, prayed before the altar, and sat in the choir listening to a *Te Deum laudamus* till he had to be conducted by torchlight to the Deanery. Having changed his dress for hose of white and silver, and a black velvet doublet bordered with diamonds, he was conducted, at ten o'clock in the evening, by a private passage from the Deanery to the Bishop's palace, where Mary awaited him. There was no need of an interpreter between them. Mary conversed with Philip in Spanish, and one can guess how sweet her mother's tongue must have sounded on his lips. Philip too was gracious. He asked her to teach him enough of her English to enable him to astonish the English gentlemen who were to conduct him back to the Deanery by taking leave of them in English. With glad goodwill Mary gave the required lesson, and Philip was furnished with the necessary weapons to surprise the lords in attendance by being qualified to say, "Good night, my lords, all of you."

Mary's fond dream was realised, but woe's me for the awakening. It did not dawn on her for a brief season. She was permitted to be the happiest of the happy for a passing hour. Philip's natural reserve helped to conceal his utter indifference to the woman whom he had crossed the seas to marry. The rigid etiquette of his country prevented any betrayal of discourtesy to the Queen. But in the course of six weeks all the urgent remonstrances of the ambassador Renard, who had schemed and striven for the match, were wanted to keep the brutally heartless young man from abandoning his newly-wedded wife and returning on any pretext to his beloved Spain.

Little did Mary dream of what was in store for her when she held her first grand court at Winchester the day after Philip's arrival, and the pair stood conversing together under the canopy of state in the presence of a crowd of courtiers.

The marriage took place on the 25th of July, the day dedicated to St. James, the patron saint of Spain. The Queen walked on foot from the palace to the Cathedral, her train borne by her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas, now Countess of Lennox.

Philip was attended by sixty Spanish grandees, among them Alva and Egmont, whose names were to figure on such very different pages in their country's history. Mary was dressed in French fashion in a robe of gold brocade, a train edged with pearls and diamonds, and her large sleeves gathered up by clusters of the same jewels. Her coif was bordered with a double row of large diamonds. Her kirtle was of white satin embroidered with silver. On her breast she wore the great diamond sent to her by Philip on their betrothal. Scarlet shoes and a black velvet scarf completed the costume.

We have a life-like engraving from a fine picture of Mary, by Antoine More, in our mind's eye, as we find her in her fortieth year thus decked out for her ill-fated bridal. The rich formal dress of the period adds to the formality, if it also increases the dignity, of the figure. The face is naturally strong and sensible in spite of the distraction which was to convulse it. The forehead is large, the nose marked, the mouth firm, with the upper lip slightly pressed beneath the under. The expression is conscientious and good, notwithstanding the mountain load of curses which have rested for centuries on the unhappy Queen's head.

Philip's suit on his wedding day was hardly so picturesque and becoming, however splendid, as that which he wore on ordinary occasions. He too was in brocade bordered with pearls and diamonds. His trunk hose were of white satin worked with silver. His collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece was of beaten gold studded with diamonds, while round his knee was the jewelled riband of the Garter.

Mary was given away by the chief lords of her Council, Derby, Pembroke, etc. She chose to be married with a plain gold ring "like any other maiden." With the same loving deference, which was conceded by another and a later Mary, it was her will that Philip's name should take precedence of hers when they appeared in company. It was not to be "Mary and Philip," but "Philip and Mary."

The marriage ceremonial lasted from seven o'clock in the summer morning till three in the afternoon. It must have been an exhausting experience to Mary, whose head never failed to ache acutely under the influence of fatigue, excitement, and agitation. At the marriage banquet, when Mary and her husband sat side by side under a canopy, the service was of solid gold plate. The banquet was followed by a ball. Princess Elizabeth, sick and sorry under her banishment to Woodstock, with a somewhat hard jailor in Sir Henry Bedingfield, heard only the distant echoes of the rejoicing.

Philip and Mary went, the day after their marriage, to Basing House, where they were entertained by the Marquis of Winchester. They then proceeded to Windsor, and Philip presided at a festival of the Knights of the Garter to celebrate his installation. In August the royal couple removed to Richmond, and on the 28th of the month they entered London in state. Gog and Magog stood on London Bridge to receive Mary and her prince, and conducted themselves like well-behaved giants. But as it happened, a painting or effigy of Henry VIII. among the nine worthies round the turret at the conduit in Gracechurch Street, represented the King in the act of presenting a book, on which was inscribed, *Verbum Dei* (the "Word of God"), to his son King Edward. The significance of the inscription was unmistakable, and awoke the resentment of Mary. Some say the Queen, some say Gardiner, caused the book to be painted out and a pair of gloves substituted in its place. According to other authorities, what were supposed to be gloves were merely the blurred fingers of the hand which the painter, sharply called to account, painting in his haste and trepidation, had nearly effaced. However, Philip had brought with him numerous chests of bullion, which were proudly displayed on their way to the Tower. These caused even his greatest enemies to forgive him for a time, so acceptable was the precious metal to an empty exchequer.

After a short stay at Whitehall, Mary retired with her husband to the privacy of Hampton Court, and there doubtless the first symptoms of his discontent and restlessness disturbed her woman's dream. If she, who was anxiously deferring to him in everything, and pressing her unwilling Council to grace him with still more substantial honours and powers, saw with aching suspicion and apprehension the signs of what was coming, the public were not permitted to witness them. Whether out of a concession to Spanish etiquette, or from wounded pride, or a sad sinking of heart which caused her to shrink from observation, the Queen ordained that the Royal family and Court, which had hitherto been in full view of the people, should withdraw behind closed gates at Hampton.

From her youth Mary had shown herself fond of children, and "she ardently desired an heir which should shut her contumacious, dissembling, heretical sister out of the succession." The passionate hope that her wishes were about to be fulfilled restored to Mary for a fleeting interval the first glow of the short-lived happiness which was fast fading. Here again the mystic, inflated, religious, and patriotic sentiments which had been fostered in her after her succession took possession of her. She might live to bear a child who should be the deliverer of his race and nation by restoring the faith which Henry and his son had subverted, and by giving back to the "Holy Father" in Rome the kingdom which had profanely cast off his yoke. The one point on which Mary could never have been disappointed in Philip was his punctilious observance of the rites of their Church. While his heart was like the nether mill-stone, and he was destitute of manly virtue, he was, after the fashion of Louis XI. of France, the most slavishly superstitious of men, so far apart may the letter be from the spirit, so widely severed profession from practice. It was a strong proof at once of Mary's fanaticism and of her infatuation where Philip was concerned, that a woman so honest, in the midst of her worse faults, did not see through and loathe this empty mask of religion.

At last Reginald Pole was permitted to return to England as the Pope's legate. He arrived at the palace stairs of Whitehall with

the silver cross as his pennon at the bow of his barge. He was received with open arms by both Philip and Mary. Philip forgot his Spanish slowness and stateliness and rushed from supper to embrace the Pope's representative. Mary went to the head of the great staircase to throw herself in her turn on the breast of the ambassador of peace from her spiritual sovereign. It was also the breast of her early companion, her mother's friend, and she cried out that his coming gave her as much joy as the possession of her kingdom.

Pole, with his rapt, handsome face, his hectically red lips apart, his dreamy eyes, and his burning enthusiasm, was as one-ideaed and transcendental as Mary, and in circumstances which brought out the qualities, as dogmatic and inhuman as Philip. Pole played his part unconsciously, without any intent to deceive, in farther mystifying and deluding Mary to the verge of frenzy. He hailed her with the "Ave Maria!" the salutation addressed to the Virgin.

The next act in the drama was Reginald Pole's appearance before Parliament, and the floridly eloquent speech in which he called on England to return to the jurisdiction of the representative of St. Peter. The die was cast; both Houses of Parliament, with but two dissenting votes, agreed to renounce the principles of the Reformation as they had been established in England! On St. Andrew's Day, 30th March, 1554, Parliament again assembled at Whitehall, the Prince and Queen, with the legate, occupying three chairs beneath a golden canopy. Gardiner, the Chancellor, who had once stood up stoutly for the independence of the Church of England, announced the submission of the nation to Rome through their Parliament. The legate solemnly accepted it in the name of the Pope, and, while the whole assembly, with their Queen, knelt, pronounced their absolution and their reconciliation to the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Amidst the breathless silence the smothered sobs of the Queen could be heard. The imposing ceremony ended with the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Royal chapel.

But instead of peace it was terrible internecine war, with the fire and faggot let loose in the land, of which that unqualified submission was the precursor. An awful ordeal was needed to awaken the minds and consciences of the people to what had been the true nature of their apostacy. It was the signal and the authority for the persecutions which, though God in his providence overruled them, so that the blood of the martyrs was indeed the seed of the Church, and Protestantism, in place of being ignobly crushed, was triumphantly re-established in England, stained Mary's reign with horrible cruelty, and loaded her memory with obloquy. It is one more reason for prayer against blindness of heart, that neither Mary nor Pole was cruel by nature; that they were morally among the purest-minded and most self-denying of human beings; and that in their private lives, as far as they saw, they were just, generous, and charitable. Self-will, and at the last vindictiveness, on the part of Mary, and on Pole's side extravagant self-reliance and self-conceit, which left him with the conviction that he was to be the saviour of his country, were their chief errors. Notwithstanding this fact the pair were, along with Bishop Gardiner, the instruments of the most hideous tyranny and barbarous outrages which have been committed in England since its annals were those of civilisation and Christianity. For it was the work of the legate and the Chancellor, supported by Mary, to see that the submission to Rome, and the absolution granted to England, were proclaimed and maintained in every parish in the country. Registers were drawn up of the parish adherents to the national submission, while the recusants who failed to record their names were immediately proceeded against with all the penalties of ecclesiastical law.

To those who, like Mary and Pole, were full of single-minded devotion to Rome, whose gratitude to the Pope was in proportion to their faith in his claims, nothing could seem so base as the unwilliagness to accept his amnesty, and the persistent refusal to accord him homage in spite of his graciousness.

This is not the place to record the valiant deeds of the martyrs and their glorious faith. Their number amounted to between three and four hundred. It exceeded the number of those who had perished from the violent dealings of Henry's reign and during Somerset's Protectorate by nearly twenty to one. There was this great difference also, that while the vengeance of the earlier party in power struck, with a few exceptions, at those in high places, at men like Wolsey, More, and Surrey, the later persecution raged against great and small alike—slew the Primate of all England, his bishops, and vicars, fell upon servants as well as masters, assailed simple women and ignorant boys and girls, whose sole distinction was their grand constancy in the grace given them to endure to the end. They did not always go singly to their fiery death; they perished in batches of three, six, and on one occasion thirteen, encouraging each other to remain steadfast, amidst the breathless admiration and sobbing sympathy of crowds of spectators.

Mary and Pole believed that this appalling holocaust was acceptable to God as freeing the country from heresy. But the sacrifice simply made and spread the Protestantism which the persecutors called heresy, and established it on such sure foundations, that the mass of the English people were and have been Protestant to the heart's core since those fearful days.

The wish to divide the blame, or to screen Mary from the extent to which she was accountable for it, has induced several writers on the subject to attribute the worst of the persecution to the influence of Philip and of the Emperor's ambassador. But there is no good ground for these assertions. Philip, indeed, showed himself in after years quite capable of a similar crusade in the Low Countries, but the circumstance that this persecution proceeded in England with as great activity in his absence as in his presence in the country, disposes largely of the argument. As for Renard, and his master the Emperor, there is abundant proof that from the beginning of Mary's reign their policy was contrary to religious persecution in England, and that they did their best to oppose the strong measures which Mary was disposed to take against the Reformers.

Elizabeth had been a little cheered in her captivity at Woodstock by a visit from her great-uncle and staunch friend, Lord William Howard, the brave commander of Mary's fleet. He had insisted, without the Queen's being able to baulk him, on personally enquiring into the condition of his young kinswoman. There was, indeed, no longer an apology for detaining the Princess at a distance from the Court, and Mary not only permitted her sister's return, but consented to the personal interview which she had declined before. There seems some difficulty in ascertaining the date of this meeting, which is differently stated as having taken place in the autumn of 1554 and in the summer of 1555. If the last date is correct the sisters had not met, as Mr. Froude calculates, for almost two years. Elizabeth was brought to Hampton Court, where Lady Clarence, a trusted bedchamber woman of the Queen's, was sent to conduct the Princess across the garden in the dusk and take her by a back staircase to Mary's rooms. Elizabeth knelt, but it was not to beg for mercy, it was to assert as positively and undauntedly as ever that she was the Queen's true sister and subject.

"You will not confess," Mary said, gloomily. "You stand to your truth; I pray God it may so fall out."

"If it does not," said Elizabeth, "I desire neither favour nor pardon at your hands."

"Well," Mary answered, bitterly, "you persevere in your truth; belike you will not confess that you have been lawfully punished?"

"I must not say so to your Majesty," Elizabeth replied cautiously.

"Belike you will to others," said the Queen.

"No, please your Majesty, answered the Princess. I have borne the burden—I must bear it;" and she again entreated the Queen to think her sister her true subject always.

The Queen did not answer her, but muttered in Spanish *Sabe Dios* (God knows).

There seems no trustworthy evidence for the tradition that Mary gave Elizabeth a ring in token of their reconciliation, and in remembrance of a former ring which the Queen had bestowed on the Princess on an earlier occasion as a talisman by which she was to appeal to her sovereign in case of their alienation. The tradition goes on to say that Elizabeth had sent the ring before she was taken to the Tower, but that the token had no effect. The story is too like other stories of the kind to deserve much credence, while so far as the gift of the second ring goes to establish proof of an entire reconciliation between the sisters, it is plain enough, from what is preserved of the conversation, that nothing of the kind occurred during this interview. Rumour made the half-comical addition to the record of the scene that Philip hid behind the tapestry in order to see for the first time his sister-in-law, the people's idol. He was not then an enemy to Elizabeth. He is said to have been the great upholder of the proposal that she should be honourably disposed of in marriage to Philibbert, Prince of Savoy. But not even to please her husband would Mary consent that her sister should be restored to the full dignity of a princess by arranging such a marriage on her behalf.

Mary withdrew to Hampton Court for the birth of the child whom she vainly hoped to call her own. Litanies were sung, processions, in which Philip figured conspicuously, were undertaken, bon-fires were piled ready in the streets of London to hail the happy event which never took place. Mary was mistaken in her expectations, and Philip, deprived of any chance of a regency, indifferent to his wife's sorrow, and to the wretched state of her health, altogether weary of the situation, chose that time of all others to leave her to her fate. He found a plea in his father's abdication of his throne and retirement into a monastery, to return to Spain.

Even before Mary knew of her husband's intention she would sit on the floor of her room in the sweet May weather, her features shrunk and haggard, her knees drawn up to her face. She had agonising pain in her head, which became much swollen, and constant attacks of hysteria—the outward signs of which she sought to suppress. She was persuaded that God was punishing her for some crime. She had already impoverished herself by restoring the Church lands which had fallen into her possession. She had given back her town house of St. John's to the monastic order from which it had been taken. She had vowed to rebuild, at her own expense, the abbeys and religious houses which her father had pulled down, or suffered to fall into ruins. What could be the sin which was causing God to hide his face from her, and inflict on her such misery, if it were not that of suffering heresy to exist in her dominions?

So Mary wrote, or caused to be written, to her bishops, on whom their horrible work was palling, "rattling letters" to stir them up to fresh activity in the task.

(*To be concluded.*)

A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER III.



It was not a very agreeable visit, I should imagine, for any one. Sir Philip, indeed, was the same as usual, polite to his kinsman and slightly supercilious in his manner towards Harry Beechworth. But Gabrielle was in an incomprehensible mood; she ignored her grandfather altogether, and to my astonishment laughed and talked a great deal with Mr. Tregaron. Presently Sir Philip left the room, and Harry came to sit by me. He talked very kindly about Walter, and told me that there was no chance of his getting his leave extended at present; we must not expect him down in the country; but all the time he was looking towards Gabrielle and Mr. Tregaron. I believe that he too was thinking of the old days when we wandered about the lanes and scrambled over the rocks, and there was no talk of parties and drawing-rooms and engagements.

"You will be at the S——'s 'At home' to night, of course?" said Mr. Tregaron, as he rose to take his leave.

"No, I think not. I am tired of parties and late hours. It is time that Nellie and I went back to the country."

He did his best to persuade her to reconsider her determination, but with no avail. Gabrielle could be very decided when she chose; but so could he, and he urged the point with a persistency that astonished me.

"My new dress has not come home yet," said Gabrielle at last, half mockingly, "and surely that is a good enough reason for giving up a dull party."

"If that is the reason, I have no more to say," and Mr. Tregaron departed in high dudgeon.

Harry walked across the room to Gabrielle's side; she seemed half inclined to quarrel with him too, but he gave her no time.

"We see so little of each other nowadays," he said gently. "I must go back to the regiment to-morrow. I am *so* sorry that you are not going to-night, I had looked forward to meeting you, Gabrielle!"

"You heard my excellent reason for refusing to go!"

"Change your mind—do go!"

"If you wish it, I will."

"I do wish it!"

Then Mrs. Gorman came in from her drive, and the conversation drifted into other topics.

When Gabrielle returned late that night she came straight to me. She had not even waited to take off her white fur wrap.

"Oh! Nellie, dear Nellie, I am so glad I went! Harry was there too, and we had a long talk. Do you know what he said? Can you guess?"

It was so very easy to guess her secret; I heard it in her voice, I read it in her eyes before she told me what had happened. My poor dear! She was so very happy. Harry Beechworth had said that he loved her, and she had promised to become his wife. He had declared that he would not go away again without an answer, and she had given it to him!

With the wonderful elasticity of her nature, she had already determined that everything would come to pass as she and Harry wished. Sir Philip would give his consent, Harry would soon get his captaincy, and there would be no more clouds on their lives henceforward.

"It is too bad of me to keep you up so late, you poor little tired Nellie; but I did want you to be the first to hear about it. Say you wish me joy!"

"My dearest!"—I kissed her again and again—"I like Harry so much, and I wish you both all sorts of happiness!"

"That is very nice," she said, nestling at my feet; "I like you to praise him. You understand. But you are beginning to look so serious. What is it, Nellie?"

"Have you really thought about your grandfather? He will not give his consent easily, I'm afraid."

"No, not easily, but he will consent when he sees that we are in earnest. The Beechworths are a very good family—Harry is sure to get on. I am like the maidens of old and have no marriage portion, you know, Nellie, so grandpapa ought to think as I do, that I am a very fortunate girl!"

I shook my head; we both of us knew that he would not think or say any such thing.

"How do you suppose that your cousin Cyril will take the news of your engagement?" I asked at last.

Gabrielle gave a start. "I don't know. He did not come to-night even for a few moments, and upon my word and honour, Nellie, I had forgotten his very existence!"

The following morning early Sir Philip came into the room where Gabrielle and I were sitting; as he entered she jumped up and looked at him anxiously, as if seeking for some sign of affection in his face. If so she sought in vain; his eyes were hard as usual, and his voice did not soften as he addressed her. He had never loved his granddaughter, and now he was angry with her.

"I have just had the honour of a visit from Mr. Beechworth. You know why he came, I presume, Gabrielle?"

"Yes, grandpapa!" She stood with clasped hands, the colour coming and going in her face.

"Then it is unnecessary for me to enter into details; it is enough to say that Mr. Beechworth wishes me to sanction an engagement between you and him. Do you know that I had other plans for your settlement in life? Are you aware that you might have been the mistress of Veryan Court in the future?"

"I could not help knowing that you wished it, grandpapa. But that could never be."

"Your cousin Cyril is an honourable man, high in his profession——"

"Grandpapa!" she interrupted—I wondered how she dared to face that stern old man—"I am very sorry, but will you please tell me what you said to Harry? Has he gone?"

He gave her one little disdainful glance. "Mr. Beechworth has gone; he leaves town this morning. I told him that you were too young to know your own mind at present."

"I am nearly twenty years old!"

Sir Philip took no heed of this remonstrance, but went on with his explanation. "He gave me his word of honour that he would not correspond with you, or attempt to see you, without my consent until you attain your majority next April. After that date"—Sir Philip shrugged his shoulders—"if you are still of the same mind, I should naturally make no further opposition. You are free to act as you choose, provided, of course, that Mr. Beechworth can afford to support a wife."

"I am not afraid of being poor. I have always known that I had no money, grandpapa! Did—did Harry leave any message for me?"

"Mr. Beechworth expressed himself satisfied with my terms. There was no message."

She got over her disappointment with an effort. Then she said: "It is not very long to wait, and I thank you very much for your kindness, grandpapa."

Nobody had such a gracious manner as my Gabrielle. Surely, I thought, Sir Philip must be touched. But he suddenly turned the conversation.

"I should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, how long this has been going on, Gabrielle?"

She blushed rosy red. "We have only been engaged a few hours, as you know, but I think it has been going on ever since I can remember—all our lives!"

* * * *

The visit to London came to an abrupt termination. Lady Tregaron became so ill that the doctor wrote urging Sir Philip's immediate return. Gabrielle besought her grandfather to allow her to accompany him. He could not, under the circumstances, refuse her request. So we all returned to Veryan Court before the season was at its height. There could be no thought of gaiety of any kind. No visitors came to the house, except the neighbours who called to enquire after the invalid.

Lady Tregaron seemed to rally as the days grew warmer. She would not acknowledge that she was ill, and was most anxious that my wedding should not be postponed.

We were married in July. Walter and I walked to church, and Gabrielle was my bridesmaid. "We shall be very dull without you, Nellie dearest," she said at parting. "The Court will never seem the same again. But I am very glad for your sake, and I shall come and see you very often when you are settled down at Longmeads, if I may."

I told her that after my husband I loved her better than the whole world besides, and that our home was her home whenever she chose to come and take possession of it. Walter and I had settled that long ago!

She wrote to me very often. Her grandfather never mentioned Harry Beechworth's name, but he did not endeavour to persuade her to give up her engagement. "Perhaps, after all," she wrote, "I have done him injustice, and he really likes Harry more than he cares to own! Grandmamma says openly that she would like me to be Lady Tregaron. I sit with her every day, and she likes to have me. She asks after you, dear Nellie, and sends her love."

I never saw Lady Tregaron again. The day before we returned home she passed peacefully away.

Longmeads is only two miles from Lyndene,

but I now wished that it had been much nearer. Since his wife's death, Sir Philip had shut himself up more than ever. Sometimes he did not appear from breakfast to dinner. It was useless for Gabrielle to offer to write letters for him, or to read to him. He simply did not want her help or sympathy. She was quite alone.

One morning in the autumn she came to me unexpectedly. Directly I saw her I felt certain that something was wrong. "What is it, Gabrielle?"

"Will you do me a great favour? Will your husband spare you? Grandpapa has arranged for me to go abroad with Mrs. Gorman for six months. Think what a long time! And he never asked me whether I wished to go or not. I have no choice. He says that he gave way to me in a matter of greater importance and that I must give way now. I am to start for London to-morrow. Cyril is at the Court. He will take me up to town. They have settled every detail. Will you come and help me pack?"

Of course I went. Sir Philip received me very politely. He was so talkative and cheerful, evidently rejoicing in Gabrielle's departure, that I determined, if I had an opportunity, to speak out and tell him all that I had in my heart.

My opportunity did come sooner than I had anticipated. Something was said in the course of conversation that was very disparaging to old Mr. Beechworth. Both Cyril and Sir Philip Tregaron were in favour of preserving very strictly, and they agreed in disapproving of their neighbour's "idiotic leniency" towards poachers. Gabrielle bore it in silence for a time, then she remonstrated with her cousin.

"You must remember, Cyril, that the Beechworths have always been good kind neighbours. Mr. Beechworth is immensely popular with his tenants, and it is hardly fair, is it, to abuse people behind their backs?"

"Perhaps," suggested Cyril, with a sneer, "*you* are hardly a fair judge of the merits of the Beechworth family?"

It was a great breach of good manners, especially as Gabrielle's engagement was not as yet fully sanctioned, and the whole affair was supposed to be a secret. She looked at him in stately disdain, vouchsafed him no reply, but walked into the adjoining room. Mr. Tregaron took up a book and began to read.

Sir Philip, who was sitting near me, had been a spectator of this little scene. "Gabrielle's temper does not improve with increasing years, Mrs. Evelegh," he observed.

"Mr. Tregaron did his best to provoke her—surely you heard that!"

"I should be sorry to contradict you, Mrs. Evelegh," said Sir Philip, with such provoking indifference that I gained courage to speak out.

I told him that he had always been unjust to Gabrielle; that if he would let her she would gladly be a loving grandchild to him; that even now, she was going abroad to please him, much against her will; that she was true and upright, and that it was cruel to treat her so harshly as he had done. I wound up by saying, "You have kept her at a distance ever since she was a little child, and you never give her a chance of showing her affection for you, and you *must* know how warm-hearted and tender she is!"

Sir Philip folded his hands and listened. Then he said, "I had no idea, Mrs. Evelegh, that you could be so violent a partisan."

Gabrielle went early the next morning. One of the maids had sat up during the greater part of the night sewing and packing her boxes. It was all I could do to pacify Blacker; she was so indignant that her young lady should be sent away unceremoniously at a moment's notice. "Just as if, Miss Nellie," she said, falling back on my old name in her excitement—"as if she was being got out of the way on purpose, and her grandpapa was glad to get rid of her!"

It was a cold, rainy day. Gabrielle showed no sign of weakness, but the lines round her mouth were hard, and she looked as if she had not slept. She was waiting on the doorstep while the gentlemen exchanged farewells. The walls of the house were covered with fine pointed ivy. She gathered a long spray and put it carefully in her travelling-bag—the old home was very dear to her.

"It is not very long to wait till April," I whispered. "Be brave, my darling!"

"God bless you, Nellie. You are dearer to me than any sister could have been!"

* * * *

A week after Gabrielle's departure, my husband lost his appointment as agent to the Veryan estate. No reason was given for his dismissal except that Sir Philip Tregaron wished to economise, and that for the future he would look after the property unassisted.

"It is all my fault!" I cried, when I had read the letter. But Walter would not suffer me to blame myself. He said that he was glad that I had spoken the truth. "I shall soon get another appointment, Nellie; and if not, we must manage without. We sha'n't have so much to spend, but the farm will support us. I am proud of my brave little wife!"

It was not difficult to be content with such a husband, was it? We were obliged to be careful, and Walter could not afford to buy the new horse that he wanted; but these things did not damp our spirits.

We heard very little of Veryan Court nowadays, for Walter would not allow me to go there. Blacker had been sent away; and report said that the old squire had grown more morose than ever. Sometimes he went up to London for a few days, sometimes Mr. Tregaron came to the Court, but the drawing-rooms and the western wing (where our old schoolroom was) were closed, and more than half the servants dismissed.

Gabrielle went to Paris and Vienna and Berlin. She went out a great deal (that was Sir Philip's wish); perhaps that was the reason that she gradually left off writing long letters. Now and then I received a few hasty lines begging for news. She never complained, and I tried to believe that she was well and happy After Christmas she and Mrs. Gorman went to Italy, where they lived in hotels, and saw a great many English people.

Gabrielle did not mention Harry Beechworth's name, but I often wondered how he bore the long separation. Of one thing I was certain—that he would come and claim her on her twenty-first birthday!

(*To be concluded.*)

INVALID AMUSEMENTS.

SOFA-GARDENING.



WHO is there that is not possessed of a basket, or a basin, or a box? And if you have them, or can get them, and have a taste for fresh greenery, you have within your reach a fund of interest and occupation within the compass of the very weakest invalid. Should you wish to try your hand at *very* miniature landscape gardening, and find yourself possessed of the aforesaid articles, or can obtain them, then see if you can procure a hand-glass and an old tea-tray, for thereby your landed estate will be vastly extended, and its capabilities also of additional interest; for now you can grow rock and bog plants, ferns, bulbs, etc., not forgetting the pretty little miniature hyacinths and tulips.

Now are you fortunate enough to have any country cousins—able-bodied creatures, active, and with eyes, who would now and then send you a box of moss, and trails of ivy and twigs with just opening buds? Yes. Then, let me tell you, you are rich indeed. Now to proceed to business, for I know what I am talking about, having practised these precepts for years, though mercifully not as an invalid, but solely for the love of having something growing—not in a pot, nor belonging to any earthly thing but myself, a domain in which I can landscape-garden to heart's content, and change the scene as often as I please, with no gardener looming in the background to complain of me. We will presume that you possess, or can obtain, an old, say strawberry-basket, or a box, and a basin—say a discarded washhand, or round yellow or brown larder basin (brown is best), and an old tray—if they can have a table to themselves near your sofa so much the better: and a hand-glass large enough to cover the basin would, by keeping the dust away from the plants, and the atmosphere a little moist, add considerably to the success of your undertaking. Now get some charcoal, or charred wood, and with scraps of broken china, or clean stones, or clinkers, pile up a foundation for your basket to stand on. Having all in order, write to your friends in the country to send you pieces of good moss off stone walls, with soil attached (as a mat); also bits of red twigs out of the hedges, flowers, particularly daisies or marsh plants. Get a few bulbs of small plants, or any low-growing thing; put some moss on its face downward at the bottom of the basket; the least green piece will do. Now, if you have bought the bulbs in a pot, turn out as many as you require into the basket, arranging them according to taste, and if possible plant a few ferns or green things through them. Press the earth well to the roots, and set it aside. Now look out some small medicine bottles (vials), and see how you can arrange them round the basin without their standing too high, but the necks must be easily "getatable," in order to re-fill with water when necessary. It is a good plan to get small zinc tubes to fit them. Place these in the places where the bottles are to go. These prevent the earth from rolling in when they are removed, by keeping the space open. Now fill up the space between the basin and the stones with earth, putting a little charcoal at the bottom, and then sand (if you have it), and then earth; if you have none, fill up with charred wood alone, so as to prop the zinc tubes which hold the bottles. Finally, place the basket on the top, and see that it stands steady. You will now have two stages. Now stand the basin on the tray, and in the place it is to remain; take the hand-glass and see what circumference it covers, and arrange the inside circumference so as to hide the basin's

edge. Place stones and moss, ivy and bulbs, etc., and some bottles, if there is height enough. Now survey your garden from an artistic point of view, and having filled the bottles with water, stick in bits of flowers, or twigs, or ivy, as you see the shades or forms harmonise. All the surface is now to be covered with the moss and *well* watered, to make all damp. The water should be a little warm, so as not to chill the plants. The bulbs do better planted in groups not fewer than three, and will do quite well even in water alone; but in that case it is sometimes necessary to pour off the extra water from the basin and add a little *weak* solution of Condy, in order to sweeten everything again. However, if all decayed scraps are carefully removed at the first, there seldom is any scent. Should your plants get thin and pale, a little "Flora Vitiæ," to be had from any seed shop, or from Sutton's, at Reading, will generally pick them up, and leave no smell.

Should you at the first start be disappointed with the general effect of your gardening, do not be depressed. The plants hardly ever at first "set" well. That will mend itself from day to day, and every day you will find something to do or admire, or have a fresh idea causing some alteration or improvement to be effected; and in this will lie your enjoyment, for there will hardly be a day in which you will not discover something to occupy and interest you, particularly if your friends take an interest in it also, and bring you scraps of plants. The writer used to put in hers any unknown caterpillars, placing a few twigs of what it fed on into one of the bottles, and in this way hatched all kinds of entomological treasures; for a butterfly, or a moth, or a lizard is as great an addition to the plant case as the living creatures were to the newly-created world in the days of its youth; and one can arrange the basin as a pond for the lizards' benefit. However, should you keep one, see the glass keeps him at home, as the race are fond of travelling at some seasons of the year, and your friend may go miles away from home, happening to turn up in the most unexpected places at the most inopportune time, causing scenes amusing enough to recount, but disastrous to the contents of, say, an afternoon tea-tray, and most trying to the temper of—somebody. Also, great care must be taken not to overstock the domain, for lizards must eat, and breathe, and walk; though in a good-sized globe—say fourteen inches in circumference—there will be air enough, as a rule, for one or two, if it is not pressed down close.

J. L. Hope Johnstone.



A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER V.

The years passed tranquilly and uneventfully, and nothing was changed in the doctor's house except Venetia herself, as on the morning of her fifteenth birthday she stood before the cracked mirror, gazing intently upon her own reflection, with eyes that would fain have pierced the veil by which the coming years were hidden. There was nothing in her life to keep her young or make her joyous. Her uncle grew colder and sterner in his manner as he grew older, and Mrs. Piggott, in spite of a real affection for the girl, was yearly more exacting, and less able to sympathise with the sensitive, imaginative nature which formed its greatest enjoyment in a world of its own creation.

Not that Venetia had grown morbid or melancholy. She retained her childish brightness of manner, and if her merry laugh was heard less rarely, it was not that her natural love of mirth had diminished, but that as she grew out of childhood she found fewer occasions for mirth in her narrow surroundings than she had done in the days when the gambols of a puppy or the tricks of a kitten sufficed to provoke it.

For four years she had taken care to remind Mrs. Piggott betimes of the approach of the important date, and the good woman had celebrated it by the preparation of a birthday cake of yearly increasing dimensions, on the sugary crust of which a rose-coloured inscription, cunningly wrought in sugar also, set forth the date and number of the little maiden's years. This year, however, Venetia had refrained from any mention of the approaching birthday, and Mrs. Piggott had evidently forgotten it, for no cake had been made.

It was not easy to reconcile the fact that she had purposely avoided any reference to the day because she felt as though the baking of a birthday cake was a childish proceeding for which she was now too old, with the pang of disappointment which she experienced as she realised that no one but herself knew or cared that on this day she was fifteen years old. Even a cake, she thought, now that it was too late, would have been better than no recognition at all; and she wondered if in the distant world to which her mother had withdrawn herself, any instinct would awaken to remind her that this June day was the anniversary of her daughter's birth.

Not a word had come from Lucile during the last five years; but the hope of a meeting which the child had originally held had grown with her growth, and was now as strong and vital as her very existence. The talismanic patchwork quilt had grown too, and assumed really handsome proportions, though, as Mrs. Piggott did not fail to remind her from time to time, "being half finished was a long way from being all done." Venetia, however, refused to be discouraged, and protested that "some day the quilt would be finished," adding inwardly, "and some day I shall give it to my mother."

She could see its reflection in the mirror that birthday morning, for she had spread it out the better to admire and appreciate its rate of progress. It had in her eyes a value far beyond its actual worth, for to her it represented the hope of her life; and though anyone might see and appreciate the dainty stitching that joined the mosaic of the pattern, she alone knew how richly it was overlaid with fancies and imaginings which sprang like delicate flowers from the sweet summer of her loving heart.

She made a calculation. It was four years since she had begun the work, the completion of which she had persuaded herself would be signalised and glorified by her mother's return; and it was now about half done. In another four years then she should have finished it, or in five at most, so that when she was twenty, perhaps on her twentieth birthday, she would be able to give it to this new-found mother.

She turned from the shadow to the substance as this thought lightened her heart and brightened her eyes, and kissing the brilliant fabric, she carefully folded it up and laid it aside.

Then she went downstairs and out into the summer garden, where the sunshine and the dew fought afresh their old battle over bud and leaf; and forgetful alike of the importance of the day and the absence of the accustomed cake, she gathered a handful of flowers and laid them carefully in the skirt of her dress, a fold of which she had thrown over her left arm to form a convenient pocket. She gathered flowers now whenever she cared to do so, for in this old-fashioned garden they bloomed in lavish abundance, and each day's growth repaired the losses of the day before.

It pleased her to put a spray of blossom or a half-opened rose-bud in a little glass before the miniature of the young grandmother which was still a highly-prized possession; and though her uncle had contemptuously ordered off the breakfast table a little vaseful she had once ventured to place there, he had taken no notice of her nosegays in other parts of the room, so that it had become almost a habit on fine mornings like this one to return from her stroll in the garden with flowers heaped up in the folds of her dress. Her young spirits, which had been depressed by the memories and hopes which had, by turns, occupied her mind a short time before, rose even higher than their ordinary level as she felt the sunshine and enjoyed the perfume of the flowers. She flung a mocking echo to a blithe bird that whistled on a rose bush, and

sang a verse of an old ballad which she had learned from Mrs. Piggott as she added bloom and blossom to her glowing heap of flowers.

"My garden was planted full
Of flowers everywhere;
But for myself I could not choose
The flower I held most dear."

As she loitered back to the house she saw that the window of the parlour was open, and, stepping across the dewy lawn, she looked into the room. Mrs. Piggott stood at the breakfast table intent upon some little household care, and Venetia, selecting a rose-bud from her heap, threw it in at the window.

"The world's new this morning, every leaf of it," she cried, as she did so; "and there's a proof of it."

But the blossom, so deftly aimed that it ought to have fallen upon Mrs. Piggott's cap, was intercepted in its flight in a terrible and unexpected fashion. At the very moment when the pretty missile left Venetia's hand, her uncle, who had been seated on the same side of the room as the window by which she stood, had risen to take his place at the breakfast-table, and it was against his spectacles that the bud, heavy with the unopened beauty of a moss rose, came with weight enough to dislodge them from their accustomed place. The girl's face, suddenly grown pale and terror-stricken, became positively tragic as she realised the consequences of her little jest. Down fell the gathered folds of her dress, and the flowers lay on the green grass at her feet. She could neither move nor speak; everything danced before her eyes, and in her ears there was a sound like rushing water. She had never been so near fainting since the day when she had fallen from her chair in that very room five years before. Through the dizzy mist in which she seemed to stand she saw Mrs. Piggott stiffly stoop to seek on the carpet for the fallen spectacles, while her uncle waited in helpless rage for their restoration, for without their help he was unable to see what had occasioned his discomfiture. Poor Venetia's trembling knees forbade her to leave the spot where she stood, while the quick beating of her heart caused the words of explanation and apology which she strove to utter to die upon her lips.

Mrs. Piggott's voice, which seemed to reach her from some immense distance, roused her at last, and she was aware that in reality it came from the open window by which she stood, and was bidding her to come indoors.

No criminal arraigned before the bar of justice could have looked more pitiful than this innocent offender as she stood trembling and pale with fear before the angry old man; and Dr. Aitkin's expression changed as he took note of the white trembling lips and eyes dimmed with coming tears.

"Give her her breakfast," he said in his most professional tone, and as though he had prescribed a pill or draught; "the child looks ill."

But with the relief of his words the tension of Venetia's nerves was relaxed; the colour flooded her face from brow to chin, and the tears which, repressed, had made her throat ache so cruelly, burst forth in a shower. She could eat no breakfast, and she hastily fled to her own room to hide these signs of confusion and distress.

Mrs. Piggott's affection for Venetia was not yet so strong as the awe in which she stood of her master, and though in her heart she would have liked to speak in extenuation of what was, after all, a mere accident, she had not the courage necessary to break the silence which followed on the poor child's sob, and Dr. Aitkin ate his breakfast for some minutes without speaking.

When he spoke at last it was grimly enough. "You must look after that child, Mrs. Piggott. She's too like her mother and her grandmother to be trusted."

The injustice of this speech, as coming from the uncle who invariably treated her with chilling neglect, to the only creature who ever showed her anything like affection or interest, cut Mrs. Piggott to the soul. Feeling and temper went hand in hand in this good woman's nature, and it was the latter which found expression in her quick reply.

"She's no kin of mine, poor child, but I'm better to her than them that has the same blood."

She rose from her place at the table, and putting together the cup of coffee and slice of home-made bread which was Venetia's usual breakfast, carried the tray up to the girl's own room, a thing she had never done in her life before.

The tears which had relieved the young girl's overwrought feelings seemed to wash away any bitterness that might have rankled in her heart at the misunderstanding of her innocent little jest, and when next her uncle bent upon her face the scrutiny of his deep old eyes he could find no trace of the timidity and unhappiness which had been so plainly written on her features. What he did see there, however, was little to his liking, and as time went by he noted with increasing displeasure the growing likeness to her grandmother; but he was so far blinded by prejudice that he never saw, as he otherwise must have done, that the faithful, loving spirit of his old friend Robert Turner looked at him through the soft brown eyes of his young daughter.

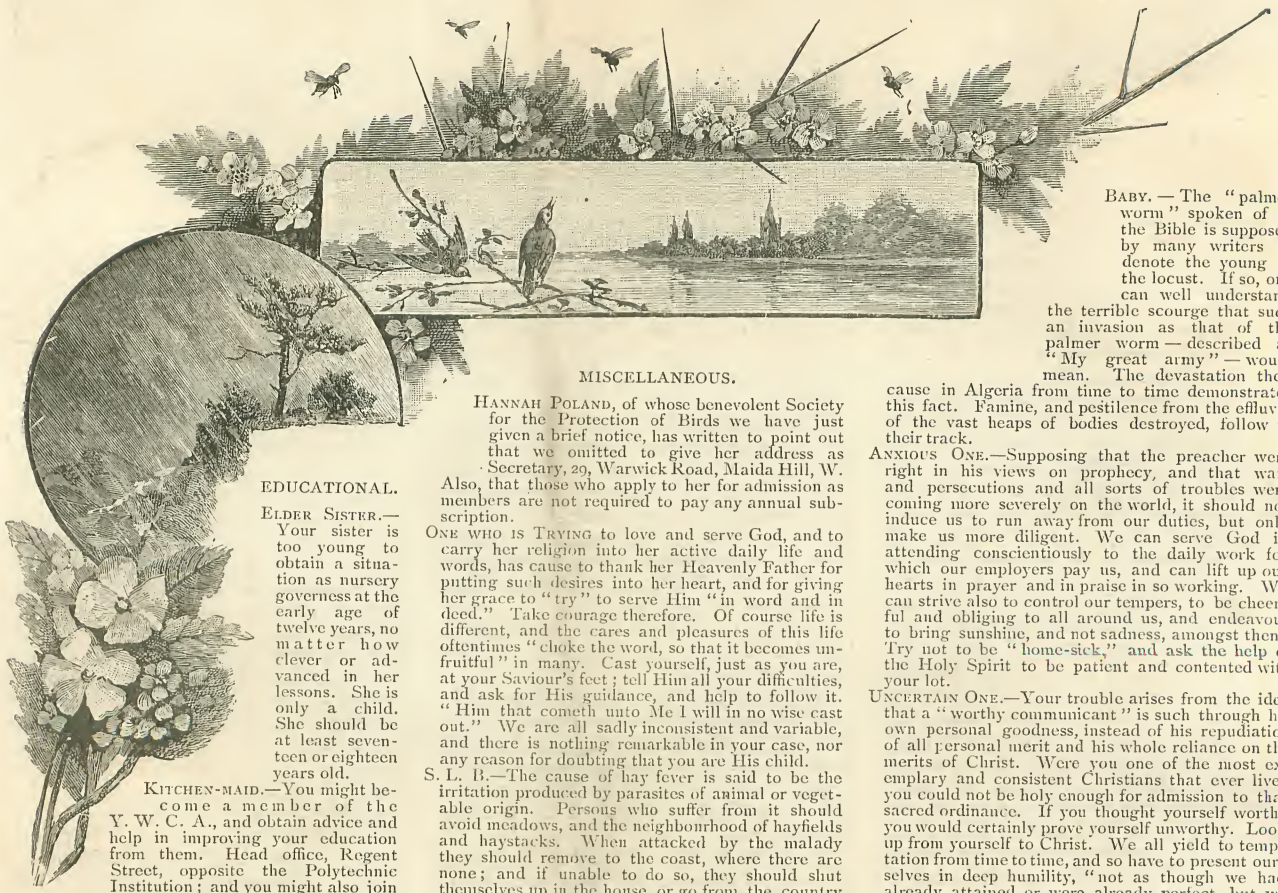
The next few years of Venetia Turner's life contained little that could be written. Summer and winter followed each other through the uneventful years, and smiled or frowned each in its season upon the girl, who grew tall and strong, increasing alike in stature and in beauty. It seemed as though nature, ever capricious, had chosen to bestow her choicest gifts upon the motherless girl, and had crowned all with the triumphant dower of a mind which refused to be contaminated by circumstances, and a spirit that retained its childish freedom and healthful purity, to which was added, as time went by, a depth of unselfishness and a wealth of tenderness unmeasured and uncounted by those who churlishly received its abundant overflowings. The fear of her uncle, which had held her in pitiful bondage during her childish years, fell from Venetia as she grew towards womanhood. How it chanced she could not have told, but it dawned upon her one day, when she was about nineteen years old, that Dr. Aitkin, grown suddenly feeble with the weakness of old age, had become gradually but none the less certainly dependent upon her in many ways. The old man realised this also, and his grudging spirit found matter for regret when he felt himself impelled to take Venetia's arm to steady his failing steps, or to accept her offer of reading to him from the newspaper, whose type he declared to be so much fainter than it had been in years gone by. Mrs. Piggott, too, sought more and more for help of every kind from the willing hands which never refused the required aid, and Venetia's own independence grew naturally with the helplessness of those about her.

She came and went within the narrow limits of her life unquestioned now, and in spite of her ever-increasing home duties, found time and opportunity to do much for her poorer neighbours. The hard-worked mothers who had neither skill nor time for the remodelling of the garments out of which, as they declared, their robust offspring "wore and tore for everlasting," were from time to time made glad by the gift of some article of clothing adapted by Venetia's clever fingers from her own rarely replenished wardrobe; and many a sick child was beguiled of its fretfulness for the half-hour that she was able to devote to his amusement. "T' aud doctor's niece is a rare good 'un," they said one to another, as they spoke among themselves of her little acts of kindness, and Polly and Johnny strutted about in a halo of reflected glory as their mothers pointed out for admiration the new frock and jacket which their kind friend had made and given.

Rockly remained unaltered, and there had been few changes during the years in which, Sunday after Sunday, Venetia had taken her seat in the long pew. A painted window behind the pulpit commemorated the virtues of the deaf rector, who had gone to a world in which he would no more require the services of a curate; and the little blind boy sat no longer by his sister's side, who passed his grave each time she crossed the churchyard. The poor idiot was still to be seen, regularly in his place at the end of the bench, but he had a less-cared-for air than of old, for the old mother rested from her labour of love, and "Silly Billy" "was done for" by a kind-hearted but rough-handed neighbour in her few intervals of leisure. The naughty children, being mostly boys, were nearly all gone, whither Venetia did not know; and the sleepy fair-haired Nellie, grown into a young woman, sat no more with the school-children. Venetia, who still kept her childish habit of interesting herself in all she saw in church, noting these things, thought sometimes that everything changed except herself; but, indeed, the change in herself was far greater than any she saw around her.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

ELDER SISTER.—Your sister is too young to obtain a situation as nursery governess at the early age of twelve years, no matter how clever or advanced in her lessons. She is only a child. She should be at least seventeen or eighteen years old.

KITCHEN-MAID.—You might become a member of the Y. W. C. A., and obtain advice and help in improving your education from them. Head office, Regent Street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution; and you might also join the Sulhampstead Girls' Question Club, Secretary, Miss Thoyts, Sulhampstead, Reading.

MRS. A. M. WALLER writes to say that on reading the articles on "Bible Study" in our paper (by Miss Petrie), her name is given as "Secretary of a Bible-class which was given up years ago." Miss Petrie conducts a work entitled a "College by Post," in connection with the Christian Education Union, and two daughters of Mrs. Waller are on her teaching staff. This "College by Post" numbers between 2,000 and 3,000 members of various Bible-classes. We are happy to draw attention to the excellent work thus carried on all over the country.

M. WATSON.—To be a member of the Association of Head Mistresses of Endowed and Proprietary Schools you must be proposed by a member, and then elected by ballot, and an annual subscription is required of £1. The President is Miss Buss, North London Collegiate School; the Secretary, Miss Brough, 17, Buckingham Street, Strand.

A. L.—We cannot understand what it can signify whether our blessed Lord rolled away the stone from the sepulchre Himself or employed an angel. In any case, read St. Matt. xxviii. 2, and you will find your query answered.

ART.

CONSTANT READER. — 1. Your Christmas cards gummed on a table should be brushed over with bookbinders' varnish, which is white and transparent, using a flat brush. You can get a suitable varnish at any artists colourman's.—2. Writing good, though upright.

Y. and F.—We could not possibly tell you where you could get the picture which you say so much resembles our frontispiece, called "The Soul's Awakening." You might obtain another copy of our own by applying to our Publisher, and sending the money for it. We agree with you in your admiration for York Cathedral.

HOPEFUL.—To obtain instruction in the painting of velvet, silk, and satin, and for fans, etc., there is an Artists' Guild at 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, W. Of course you could learn a good deal by studying books and manuals on the subject; but we should advise you, if wishing to make the art remunerative, to take a course of lessons on the subject, and not trust entirely to your own taste and reading, as you are quite inexperienced. Moreover, you would probably spoil many a piece of material and many a fan before practice and experience had made you efficient.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HANNAH POLAND, of whose benevolent Society for the Protection of Birds we have just given a brief notice, has written to point out that we omitted to give her address as Secretary, 29, Warwick Road, Maida Hill, W. Also, that those who apply to her for admission as members are not required to pay any annual subscription.

ONE WHO IS TRYING to love and serve God, and to carry her religion into her active daily life and words, has cause to thank her Heavenly Father for putting such desires into her heart, and for giving her grace to "try" to serve Him "in word and in deed." Take courage therefore. Of course life is different, and the cares and pleasures of this life oftentimes "choke the word, so that it becomes unfruitful" in many. Cast yourself, just as you are, at your Saviour's feet; tell Him all your difficulties, and ask for His guidance, and help to follow it. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." We are all sadly inconsistent and variable, and there is nothing remarkable in your case, nor any reason for doubting that you are His child.

S. L. B.—The cause of hay fever is said to be the irritation produced by parasites of animal or vegetable origin. Persons who suffer from it should avoid meadows, and the neighbourhood of hayfields and haystacks. When attacked by the malady they should remove to the coast, where there are none; and if unable to do so, they should shut themselves up in the house, or go from the country into some town. Various palliatives are also recommended — amongst them, camphor, belladonna, Indian hemp, etc.; but for instruction as to the selection and the use of such remedies a doctor must be consulted; and remember that "prevention is better than cure," and remove from danger before it begins.

SAINT.—You have our sincere sympathy, and we can only advise you to pray for Divine help, and thus to continue steadfastly in the faith of your seeking and adoption. Take comfort in the fact that your newly-taught duties to your Divine Father, learned through reading our paper, have been taught by God's good providence, which has singled you out, and given you this means (outside your own family) to draw you to Himself. His Holy Spirit is striving in your mind and heart, and you must ask for His help to bear patiently the ridicule you have to endure for His sake. Do not expect your prayers for the conversion of those you love to be heard at once. Wait till God shall answer in His own way, and He may also open the way for you to enjoy the public means of grace. Trust entirely to your Saviour's death and merits for your eternal salvation; and strive to please Him by your gentle words and consistent conduct. May He bless, guide, and comfort you.

ELEANOR.—The right course to take is to conform to the directions given as to the dress to be worn at the church you attend. Enquire about it of the clergyman whose class you attend. It is not usual to wear a black or dark dress, but it should be simple in style, and not such as to attract the notice and divert the thoughts of those about to be confirmed with you.

HEARTSEASE.—1. We have answered your question about the "Freedom of the City of London" before, and if "Our Girls" do not take the trouble of consulting the Indexes they cannot expect us to devote our time to it, as it has to be divided among so many. The distinction conferred in granting the "Freedom of the City" carries with it an extra number of votes, which, with the honour, constitute the chief benefit derived from it.—2. St. Basil the Great was one of the most remarkable of the early Christian saints of the Orthodox Eastern Church. He was Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, and successor of Eusebius. He was a very distinguished man in every respect, and an author. He was born A.D. 329, and died January, 379, greatly lamented by Jews and Pagans, as well as by his fellow-Christians. We have not space to give any information about the rest of the "saints" you enumerate.

BABY. — The "palmer worm" spoken of in the Bible is supposed by many writers to denote the young of the locust. If so, one can well understand the terrible scourge that such an invasion as that of the palmer worm — described as "My great army" — would mean. The devastation they cause in Algeria from time to time demonstrates this fact. Famine, and pestilence from the effluvia of the vast heaps of bodies destroyed, follow in their track.

ANXIOUS ONE.—Supposing that the preacher were right in his views on prophecy, and that wars and persecutions and all sorts of troubles were coming more severely on the world, it should not induce us to run away from our duties, but only make us more diligent. We can serve God in attending conscientiously to the daily work for which our employers pay us, and can lift up our hearts in prayer and in praise in so working. We can strive also to control our tempers, to be cheerful and obliging to all around us, and endeavour to bring sunshine, and not sadness, amongst them. Try not to be "home-sick," and ask the help of the Holy Spirit to be patient and contented with your lot.

UNCERTAIN ONE.—Your trouble arises from the idea that a "worthy communicant" is such through his own personal goodness, instead of his repudiation of all personal merit and his whole reliance on the merits of Christ. Were you one of the most exemplary and consistent Christians that ever lived you could not be holy enough for admission to that sacred ordinance. If you thought yourself worthy you would certainly prove yourself unworthy. Look up from yourself to Christ. We all yield to temptation from time to time, and so have to present ourselves in deep humility, "not as though we had already attained or were already perfect, but we follow after," trusting in the merits and death of Him "who bore our sins in His own body on the tree." And thus we may go rejoicing that our Heavenly Father regards us as complete *in Him* "who is made unto us righteousness." The grand difference between one who loves and serves God and one who does not is this: The first-named sins through infirmity, or sudden impulse, and confessing the sin, prays, and strives to resist the temptation in future. The second prefers to continue in sin, justifies or excuses it, or else puts off repentance and reformation to a future time. Do not give up your sacred privilege in attending the Lord's table or you will yield a point to the arch tempter.

MADGE enquires how anæmia is to be cured. The word signifies an absence of blood; but we believe that doctors use the term to denote a deterioration in the quality rather than a reduction in quantity. Thus, fine fresh air, especially so in the sleeping apartment, nutritious blood-making foods, and certain medicines employed especially for the purifying and enriching of the blood, are very essential to the patient. Anæmia is a characteristic symptom of consumption, or other wasting diseases.

GRETCHEN and KATRINA.—To restore the pearls to their natural colour soak them in hot water in which a little tartar, alum, and bran have been boiled. Then rub gently with the finger until the water be cold or the whitening be accomplished. If you show this recipe to a jeweller he will tell you more accurately the proportion of these ingredients to a certain amount of water.—2. You do not explain what you mean about the cocoanut ice. If an icing for cakes, you should add a little desiccated cocoanut prepared for use on cakes or puddings. We thank you for so kind a letter.

CALVARY CLOVER.

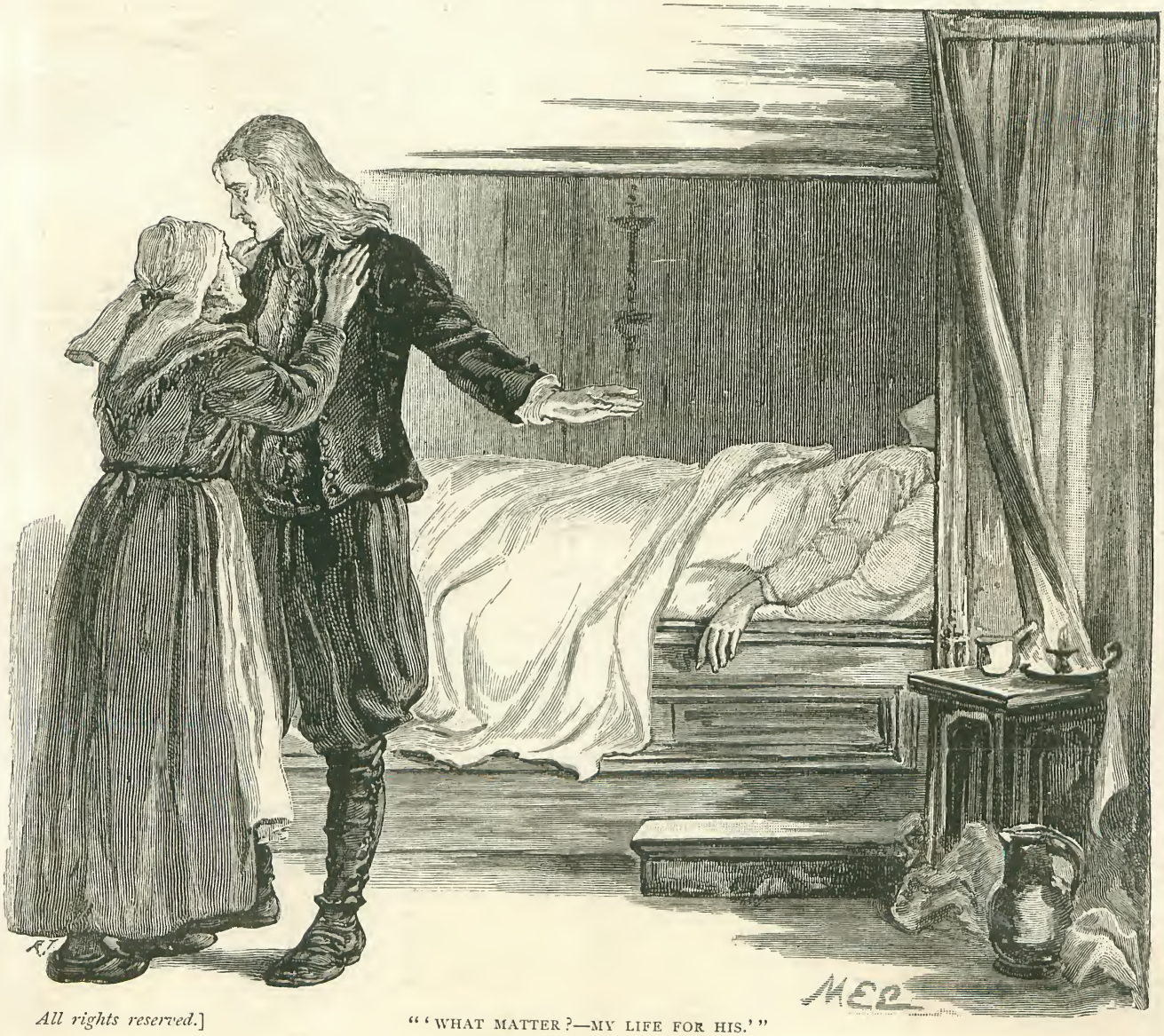
Mr. E. A. Webb, 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C., is exceedingly grateful to the many hundreds of people who have written to him for these pods. Should this meet the eye of anyone who has any spare pods from those grown last season, Mr. Webb would be very thankful for a few to be sent to him to prevent disappointment to those who are still writing for them, and to benefit St. Bartholomew the Great Church, his own store being quite exhausted.



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THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



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"'WHAT MATTER?—MY LIFE FOR HIS.'"

CHAPTER V.



"My boy, my poor boy! Forgive me, Monseigneur—my child that I nursed on my knee! His eyes open! His heart-beats are stronger!"

"Is he better, mother?"

In his own strong arms Ange had carried his brother to Rougemont into the kitchen, and laid him down by the fire. He was a ghastly sight; his shirt torn into ribbons and soaked with blood, all his long fair hair unfastened, and hanging back in a wild, dishevelled mass. He opened his eyes at last, and they rested on the kind face of Mère Finette with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, he is better. Look up, my poor child! See, it is your own Finette who holds you in her arms! Here, Ange—a drop of cordial! See! the faintness overpowers him again."

A violent shivering fit seized on Adrien, his teeth chattered together as if from ague; the horror of the scene he had gone through, acting on a frame already weakened by hardships and insufficient food, had completely prostrated him.

"This will never do," said Mère Finette, quickly. "Here, Ange, call Laurent; we must get him into your bed, with hot bricks to his feet. He was always delicate, the poor boy! We shall have him in a brain-fever next."

Laurent came at their summons, and between them they removed Adrien's fearfully stained garments and placed him on his brother's bed—one of the deep, press-like recesses near the fire. He had not spoken yet, and the shivering was almost convulsive. Mère Finette could hardly force the spoon containing cordial through his clenched teeth.

"Ange," she exclaimed, looking down on him, "the likeness is greater than ever! Even I myself should hardly know you apart."

Laurent peered in; he spoke little; he only scratched his head and looked wise.

The shivering continued without intermission. Mère Finette put her hand under Adrien's head, and managed to pour nearly a tumbler of something hot down his throat.

"He will sleep now," she said. "Let us leave him quiet." She turned to Ange, who was leaning over the great open fireplace warming his hands. It was very cold, and just four o'clock. In the firelight their three faces looked pale and haggard.

"What shall we do?" said Mère Finette, in a whisper. "He is not safe here for a moment. When that rascal Joseph becomes sober he will let Triponnet know that they are in the neighbourhood. They will search till they are found."

"He must be taken back to the cave again."

"Impossible! You do not know what you are saying. It is as much as his life is worth. I know nothing of illness, or that poor fellow will awaken in high fever."

Ange bit his lips; he was terribly perplexed. Then old Laurent uttered one of his rare speeches. "Let him lie," he said. "No one will know him from Ange."

Ange's face cleared. "Well thought of," he cried, patting his shoulder.

"But yourself!" cried Mère Finette, looking up at her grandson with anguish.

Ange pointed to the bed. "What matter?—my life for his," he said, shortly.

She did not gainsay him; her young lord was only less dear to her than the grandson she had brought up herself.

Old Laurent chuckled. "No one can tell which is which," he said.

"They will be back at daybreak with Joseph," said Ange; "and, mother, it is quite possible that after all we shall have to carry my brother to the cave, and he must not see—— You understand? Before it is broad daylight my father and I must dispose of Monseigneur."

Finette gave a little shudder, and glanced towards the bed. "*Chut!* speak low," she said. "You speak of your father."

"That is perhaps a little hard to remember," said Ange, drily. He stepped on tiptoe across the room and stood for a moment silent, looking down on his brother.

Adrien's face was flushed, and his fingers twitched painfully. With a very gentle hand Ange put back his long tangled hair. "To the death, Adrien," he muttered. "To the death, my master, and my brother."

He turned away.

"Come, Père Laurent," he said, "we must do our duty."

Finette advanced towards him with streaming eyes; she threw her arms round him, pressing him to her heart.

"Mother, I shall have to remain in hiding, possibly. But patience! it cannot last for ever. It is well that so few know my parentage."

"God and the holy saints have you in their keeping, my child," said the poor woman, tremulously. "Oh, Ange, Ange! See! the daylight breaks; go, hide yourself, and leave M. le Marquis till night."

"Impossible! If our poor young seigneur there be obliged to take refuge, it would kill him to find *that* still there."

He kissed his grandmother and went out. A quick walk brought them to the Secret of Rougemont. Laurent opened the door, and both men made the sign of the cross as they went in. Ange could not help shuddering as he lit his lantern; the horror of his discovery the last time that he had descended had affected even his iron nerves.

All was exactly as they had left it. Camille de Riancourt lay on his heap of straw as calm and dignified as if he had been laid in state on the daïs of his own ancestral hall, with a huge velvet and gold baldaquin overhead blazoned with his fierce heraldic leopards. He had not been a great man in his life, but in his death a greatness and majesty seemed to have fallen upon him.

Kneeling reverently, old Laurent removed from the pockets of the rough disguise he wore, a packet of parchments, compressed tightly into the smallest possible space. Then, turning to Adrien, he whispered—

"Doubtless the diamonds are concealed somewhere about Monsieur Adrien's dress?"

Ange had taken the precaution of bringing away with him Adrien's blood-stained clothes; he shrank from them in a kind of horror. Laurent was not so fastidious, he took up a broad belt, felt its weight, and then carefully placed it on a ledge of the rock.

"They are there," he said, nodding his head. "They will be safer in that place than elsewhere. Are you ready?"

Between them they raised the body from the ground. Both men were breathing hard; it seemed to them a strange and awful thing that they were doing. Silently they bore their burden along the narrow passage and down the steps.

Ange spoke first. "Is the boat fastened in the cave?" he whispered.

"Yes; the tide is low enough for us to pass out at the opening."

"Have you weights?"

He nodded.

They were stepping into water now. They were in a narrow cave; an opening about three feet higher than the level of the water let in a ghastly, greenish light. At high tide the opening was filled up, and the boat, safely fastened to a ring on the steps, floated often within one foot only of the ceiling of the cave. It moved up and down on the water with a gulping noise.

Silently they laid the dead man in the bottom of the boat, themselves bending low to enable them to pass out through the aperture to the sea.

In the far east the sky was lightening fast; a fresh breeze passed over the grey sea, making it heave and ripple.

They rowed on with long, measured strokes. Beyond the fall of the tide, beyond the reach of hungry waves, where the sea was deep and strong, and could be trusted to guard her secrets well—then only could they stop.

Presently Ange drew in his oars. He looked very pale in the dim light. "The weights," he said.

All was ready—the moment had come! A cold wind blew across their faces.

"Not a prayer! Not a holy word!" said Ange.

A strange fancy struck him that the dead man's face had in it some terrible stern reproach. He crossed the marble brow.

"Bah! there is no time to lose," said Laurent, hastily.

"God pardon him his sins," said Ange, solemnly. "And of His mercy take his soul to rest."

Slowly, solemnly as they could, they lowered him to his ocean tomb. As the heavy weights drew him down, down to the depths of the sea, the two men stood watching, breathing heavily. With a sudden rush of light the sun rose and threw a long tremulous path of light across the sea.

Ange looked up at it. "See," he said, whisperingly. "The angels' ladder."

But Laurent was alarmed; he rowed homewards might and main. It was growing light—terribly light.

CHAPTER VI

AFTER the departure of her husband and grandson, Mère Finette could hardly bear the anxiety that beset her. Over and over again she went to the bed in which Adrien lay, felt his pulse, and watched anxiously for any difference in his condition. It was always the same thing, a condition which was rather that of insensibility than sleep, for he talked in a wandering way from time to time.

One name was uppermost—Valentine; it was always of Valentine that he murmured. Mère Finette knew that it was the name of the fair girl to whom he had long been affianced; and she smiled and sighed and brushed away her fast gathering tears as she thought how little chance there was of a happy future for the hapless lad before her, menaced by illness, menaced by enemies, so that his life was indeed a precarious one.

Laurent and Ange had been gone about an hour. Mère Finette had no thought of going to rest, and the tension of her thoughts was such that she could not keep still. She went to the door and threw it open, thinking that perhaps the fresh cold of early morning might cool the feverish heat of her patient. She went out of the door, and stood looking up the road.

It was very cold—she shivered. Through the intense stillness of early morning in the far distance she fancied that she heard a sound. Fear gave her marvellous powers of hearing, and long before most people could have distinguished a sound, she recognised the tramp of many feet coming along the road from Quimperlon. Her heart died within her. She remembered what Ange had said to her—that Joseph would assuredly bring a search party upon them in hopes of the reward as soon as he came to his senses. A wild idea struck her that she would herself, unassisted, carry her grandson to Rougemont's secret; but she realised the impossibility with a groan.

It was true that, as her husband said, she could pass off the young seigneur as her own Ange; but then Ange himself might come home, and what would happen to him?

The tramp of footsteps came nearer; she could hear whispering. With a hasty prayer for guidance she returned indoors and bent over Adrien, whose increasing restlessness alarmed her.

"In the name of the Republic!"

A rough kick made the old door creak and groan.

Mère Finette was a woman of quick resources; in a moment she made up her mind what to do.

"Who is there?" she cried, shrilly.

"Open! Open in the name of the Republic!"

She opened the door, exclaiming—"Hush! hush! for mercy's sake hush, messieurs! My son is very ill. He has fever. I do not know whether he will live."

They pushed her aside. There were five of them—rough fellows from Quimperlon, whom Triponnet had found useful tools, and made into a kind of police.

Triponnet himself was there—a short, spare man, with a narrow, peaked head, and heavily underhung jaw.

"It is of no use attempting to deceive me, Mère Laurent," he said, fiercely. "We have notice that the citizens Riancourt, father and son, are in the place, and have come to take them."

"Take them by all means, citizen," answered the old woman bravely; "but at least do not destroy Ange! See how ill he is!" and she stood back and pointed to Adrien.

"He is ill?" cried Joseph. "What is it? He was well enough yesterday! Is it Ange? We all know the likeness."

Mère Finette was in terror lest Adrien should betray himself by talking French; but fortunately the sound of the rough voices round him had penetrated his confused brain, and he was muttering to himself in Breton.

"Yes—it must be Ange!" said Joseph. "The *noblesse* talk a different jargon from ours. What has come over him?"

"Alas!" said Mère Finette, sorrowfully, but with mischief in her mind, "I doubt not that it is the small-pox. Ange was at Quelnais ten days ago, and you all know that it rages there."

They sprang back, Joseph in his haste rolling over a chair. Adrien, excited by the noise, raised himself, shouting—"Father, my father!' Triponnet alone kept his place; the others gathered outside round the open door.

"You will kill my poor child!" cried Mère Finette. "Barbarians! do you wish to destroy him? The air is so cold!"

"Where are the aristocrats?" cried Triponnet, advancing furiously on the old woman. "If you do not tell me what you know, you run the risk of imprisonment. Laurent shall smart for this!"

"How can I tell?" cried the poor woman. "Why do you ask me? Have I pockets capacious enough to contain two full-grown aristocrats?"

"Where is your husband? What does he do out at this time, when every honest citizen should be in bed?"

"Where should he be but at work?" said Mère Finette. "He is out fishing."

She had hardly said it before she was aware of her mistake. She herself had directed their attention to the sea.

"He is probably gone far," she said; "and may not be in till to-night. If he has had good luck he will put in at Quimperlon to dispose of the fish."

"We will receive him when he lands," said Triponnet significantly. "Joseph!"

Joseph came forward.

"Go down to the beach, and wait about to receive old Laurent. He is fishing; he will not scruple to land if he sees you alone. Place my other friends, Pierre, Jaquot, Mathurin, and Battiste, behind the rocks ready for emergencies. Do you understand?"

"What?" exclaimed Mère Finette. "Set a trap to catch an honest man at his work! For shame, Triponnet! You to whom I have given many a *galette* of rye bread to eat to save you from the starving of the sweep your stepfather." Her voice was shrill with rage.

"Go," said Triponnet, imperiously. "The two others will stay with me and search the house. Remember orders, and keep silence."

He rudely pushed aside the old woman, and proceeded in his search with two of his rough companions.

Mère Finette sat down with despair in her heart. She knew that her husband never landed in the secret cave after daybreak; he beached the boat on the shingle at the foot of the cliffs. Joseph could not fail to see him land, the long *plage* was unbroken for so long a distance before the bay of Rougemont What would happen?

Triponnet and his men came back savage and angry. They roughly warned her that no good would come of any attempt to deceive them, and then they followed their companions down to the beach.

They did not quite know what to expect; but fancied that by threats or even violence they might be able to get the truth out of old Laurent.

Mère Finette wrung her hands in despair. She looked at Adrien and started. The restlessness had left him suddenly, the flush had faded, he lay like one dead, in so profound a slumber that she hastily put her hand on his heart, and uttered a sob of thanksgiving as she felt its slow, feeble throbs.

(To be continued.)



A HUNDRED FAMOUS CITIES.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

TWELVE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH. 1ST, 2ND, AND 3RD CLASS CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

WE HAVE TO PROPOSE TO OUR READERS a new, interesting, and instructive Competition, the subject of which is to be

A Hundred Famous Cities of the World.

THE NAMES OF THESE CITIES girls will find below.

* * * *

THE WAY IN WHICH THE HUNDRED FAMOUS CITIES ARE TO BE DEALT WITH is as follows. Girls will give—

1. *The name of the city.*
2. *The situation, including the country and the county, department, or division in which it stands.*
3. *The population.*
4. *A short note on the more remarkable buildings, the chief industries, and any notable events which have taken place within its bounds, or in its immediate neighbourhood.*

THE LENGTH OF THE DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL NOTE forming the fourth item must not exceed eighty words; but competitors may write any number less than eighty that they think proper.

* * * *

WE INVITE OUR READERS ONE AND ALL to take part in this competition. It will not only prove a pleasant occupation, and make the world for them much more interesting to live in, but will furnish a store of information that may be very useful in after life.

LET NO GIRL THINK that she has not ability enough to engage in it. What the competition needs is most of all plodding industry and common-sense, and these are qualities in which, judging from previous Competitions, very few of our girls are deficient.

SOME GIRLS MAY NOT FIND LEISURE for overtaking the whole hundred cities; let these do as many as they can. The great point is not so much to do all, but to do what they do *well*.

* * * *

AS A STIMULUS AND REWARD TO EXERTION

Eleven Prizes of One Guinea Each

will be given: one to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three inclusive. Thus, a girl thirteen years old has a chance of obtaining the prize awarded to girls between thirteen and fourteen; a girl of fourteen may prove the winner of the prize given to those between fourteen and fifteen, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

THERE WILL ALSO BE AWARDED

Certificates of Merit

—1st, 2nd, and 3rd class—and these will be given to girls of any age who secure the necessary number of marks.

IN ADDITION THERE WILL BE GIVEN to Foreign and Colonial Contributors of all ages

A Special Prize of One Guinea.

THE OBJECT OF THIS SPECIAL PRIZE, as we have pointed out in previous Competitions, is to show our appreciation of the painstaking efforts of many readers in distant parts, who, as a rule, labour under considerable disadvantages in competing compared with the majority of girls at home.

* * * *

THE CITIES IN OUR LIST have been arranged in alphabetical order, and that order must be adhered to by competitors.

* * * *

BY WAY OF GIVING COMPETITORS AN IDEA of what we intend should be sent in, we give the following example of a city which is not in our list.

York.]

SITUATION—England, Yorkshire, On the Ouse.

POPULATION — 49,530 inhabitants (1881).

FAMOUS BUILDINGS, INDUSTRIES, HISTORICAL EVENTS:—

Buildings — The Cathedral, the grandest Gothic building in Great Britain; *St. Mary's Abbey*, in ruins; *The Castle*, now a prison, with Clifford's Tower; *The City walls and gates or "bars"* still in good preservation.

Industries—Few important industries: iron foundries, railway engineering works, glass works, breweries, tanneries, etc.

History—York, known as Eboracum, was the military capital and centre of Roman power in Britain. 1068—Castle built by William the Conqueror. 1190 — Memorable massacre of Jews. 1644—Besieged by Parliamentarians; surrendered July 16.

* * * *

THE POINTS CHIEFLY TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION in awarding prizes and certificates will be accuracy, commonsense shown in selecting facts, neatness of expression and arrangement, and care and good taste displayed in writing out the papers.

WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY is a rule which all competitors must follow.

NUMBER THE LEAVES AND STITCH THEM TOGETHER AT THE LEFT-HAND TOP CORNER are other rules that must be observed.

ON THE BACK OF THE LAST LEAF OF EACH PAPER SENT IN the competitor must put her full name, age and address; and underneath, the following Certificate must be written by father, mother, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this paper is the sole work, and in the handwriting of (*competitor's full name is again to be written*), and that her age and address are correctly stated." (*Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.*)

* * * *

THE LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING PAPERS from all competitors will be Michaelmas Day (Sept. 29), 1891.

EACH PAPER MUST BE SENT BY BOOK OR PARCEL POST—and without a letter—addressed to the Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and the words "Famous Cities Competition" must be clearly written in the left-hand top corner.

THE HUNDRED FAMOUS CITIES.

Alexandria	Damascus	Odessa
Algiers	Delhi	Ottawa
Amsterdam	Dresden	Palermo
Antwerp	Dublin	Paris
Athens	Dunedin	Pekin
Bagdad	Edinburgh	Philadelphia
Barcelona	Florence	Portsmouth
Belfast	Geneva	Prague
Benares	Glasgow	Quebec
Berlin	Hamburg	Rio de Janeiro
Birmingham	Hyderabad	Rome
Bombay	Jerusalem	Rotterdam
Bordeaux	Leeds	Rouen
Boston, U.S.A.	Lisbon	St. Louis, U.S.A.
Breslau	Liverpool	St. Petersburg
Brisbane	London	San Francisco
Bristol	Lucknow	Shanghai
Brussels	Lyons	Sheffield
Buda-Pesth	Madras	Smyrna
Buenos Ayres	Madrid	Stockholm
Cabul	Manchester	Sydney
Cairo	Marseilles	Teheran
Calcutta	Mecca	Tobolsk
Canton	Melbourne	Tokio (*Yedo*)
Cape Town	Milan	Toronto
Cawnpore	Monte Video	Tunis
Chicago	Montreal	Turin
Cincinnati	Morocco	Valparaiso
Cleveland	Moscow	Venice
Cologne	Munich	Vienna
Colombo	Naples	Warsaw
Constantinople	New Orleans	Washington
Copenhagen	New York	Yokohama
	Nuremberg	

A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER VI.

AUTUMN was generally a sickly time in Rockly. Fever, shrouding itself in the river mists that wreathed the valley in which the village lay, crept into the cottages stealthily and unobserved, but once there threw off all disguise, and robbed the mother of her child, or the household of its bread-winner, almost before its presence was acknowledged. The autumn that followed Venetia's nineteenth birthday was more than usually unhealthy; the fever was worse than it had been for years, though its ravages were chiefly confined to young children, and many a mother turned heartbroken from the cradle where her dead baby lay to moisten the dying lips of her first-born. It is told to this day how the infant school was closed for more than a twelvemonth because "all the infants were dead."

Dr. Aitkin's failing powers, which up to this time had sufficed, with a little neighbourly help from a surgeon in the next parish, for the necessities of the place, were overtaxed by this outbreak, and by Christmas time, when a bitter frost first checked and then destroyed the progress of the fever, he was obliged to confess himself no longer fit for work. The hard old man, whose iron constitution had, for upwards of seventy years, resisted all the attacks of disease, felt with a bitter pang that the slow processes of natural decay were weakening him day by day of the strength that had been his boast for so long. The bitter cold was no longer an invigorating tonic, as in the days still recent, when he faced the blast without misgiving; and he knew well enough that no spring sunshine would again renew the wintry life that ran so feebly in his sluggish veins. It was of this that he thought as hour by hour he sat in silence by the blazing fire, which yet gave scarcely heat enough to warm his chilly blood. From time to time Venetia, busy with her needle in the quiet room, raising her eyes, found those of her uncle fixed upon her with a strange new look, to which she had no clue. He rarely spoke to her, however; the habit of a lifetime held him still, and it had never been his custom to bestow a confidence. If the door of his heart had ever opened to the touch of a loving hand, who can say. Long ago it had been bolted and barred against all comers by his own will, and lock and hinge, grown rusty now with long disuse, what power could avail to force them?

It seemed that year as though spring would never come. Rain and bitter winds followed the long black frost, and it was not till May was half over that trees and fields were green. But the late sunshine could not thaw the frost of age, and there was no revival of the old man's fast failing powers. Mrs. Piggott spoke freely to Venetia of his condition.

"Dr. Aitkin 'll be gone before the winter, you'll see," she said; "and what'll you do then?"

What, indeed? This was a question that Venetia had never asked herself, and which she found it impossible to answer now that it had been asked by another. One evening towards the end of June, Mrs. Piggott sat alone in her comfortable kitchen; a small fire burned in one corner of the large grate, for she thought the season had changed since she was young, and the summer was longer in coming, and at any rate a little fire was pleasant, though it was a June evening. The old lady was knitting mechanically, and although engaged in turning the heel of a stocking, her thoughts were not with her work.

"If I dared but ask him," she said to herself; "a word 'ud be better than nothing." It was of Venetia and her future that the good woman thought. For herself, when Dr. Aitkin's death—to which she looked forward as an event which must occur at no distant date—broke up the home which had been hers so long, she had no anxiety. A married daughter in the south of England had offered to receive her, and the good wages and small expenditure of many years had left her with a pretty little deposit in the County Bank. She sighed, thrust her knitting-needles through the ball of worsted before laying down her work, and rising stiffly from her seat, moved slowly towards the door. But before she reached it Dr. Aitkin stood upon the threshold. His unlighted pipe was in his hand, and he sat down by the fire, stooping over the coals to bring the bowl within reach of the glowing embers.

"It is warmer here than in the parlour," he said by way of explanation; "and I want a bit of a talk with you."

Mrs. Piggott made him welcome. She opened a cupboard and took out a bottle, which she placed upon the table, and fetched a jug of cold water from the pantry opposite in preparation for the evening supper.

Dr. Aitkin shivered slightly. "Not cold water to-night," he said.

The old woman looked at him keenly. "He looks bad, for sure," she said to herself, as she lifted the kettle from the hob.

While Mrs. Piggott was wondering how she could best approach the subject she had in mind, to her great relief Dr. Aitkin introduced it without preamble of any kind.

"I'm getting an old man," he said slowly, between the puffs of his pipe, "and when I'm gone you and Venetia will be alone."

"None so old," she answered, soothingly, "but you'd best think o' Venesher before me. I've got a married daughter, which she hasn't, and a home provided, to say nothing of money in the bank, and that girl hasn't a farthing."

"I'm glad to hear you're so well off," he replied, with a touch of his old manner; "and you're right about Venetia—no beggar in the street will be poorer than she when I'm gone."

Mrs. Piggott's heart gave an indignant thump as he paused, thinking the sentence was finished.

"Unless," he went on, slowly, before she had found breath to speak—"unless I do something for her."

The housekeeper held her breath again—she had no wish to speak now.

"She's been a good girl lately," he went on slowly, something of the old grudging spirit in his voice.

"She was never aught else," muttered Mrs. Piggott under her breath.

"And it would be hard after a life of ease and luxury if she had to work for her bread."

The old woman looked at him sharply; but he was speaking in serious earnest, and her quick temper hurried her into impatient speech.

"There's neither ease nor luxury i' this house," she broke out, "and if ever she works harder for her bread than what she does now, she'll earn the best wages that ever was given."

Dr. Aitkin looked at her with an air of vacant surprise, and continued as though her words conveyed no meaning to him. "So I've made my will, Mrs. Piggott, and I've left everything to Venetia."

Mrs. Piggott clasped her hands together in her lap, her homely face beaming with joy. "God bless you, Dr. Aitkin," she cried; "you've done the best good thing of all your life at the end of it." The good creature only knew by the weight which these words had lifted how heavily her fear for Venetia's future had lain upon her heart.

The expression of Dr. Aitkin's face was worthy of study as he looked at his companion. A smile that seemed to express incredulity was succeeded by a light of astonishment and something like pleasure.

"You don't seem to think of yourself," he said, questioningly. "Many a one would think I might have done something for you after all these years."

"I'm all right," she answered, roughly, something in his manner annoying her more than the words spoken; "and I'm better pleased than I can say for Venesher. She won't need to work more than she likes, and she won't need to marry old or young for a home of her own." Some softened memory of Lucile's youth and marriage prompted the latter part of her speech.

Dr. Aitkin forbade Mrs. Piggott to mention to any one the fact of his having made a provision for Venetia, and insisted especially that the girl herself should remain in ignorance of the matter.

"You're a chattering old idiot," he observed in conclusion; "but I know if you give your word you will keep it."

And keep it she did, though not without an effort, and it was not in the good woman's nature to carry about so important a secret without some slight change of manner to Venetia, whom she now regarded as an heiress.

There were other things, however, to

occupy her mind before long. The summer heat still further reduced Dr. Aitkin's strength, already weakened by the cold of the winter, and one by one he laid aside his customary occupations. He took no exercise beyond a short walk in the garden, leaning heavily upon Venetia's strong young arm, and before the wall fruit there had ripened even this was given up. Then, finding the fatigue of mounting the stairs at night-time a growing one, he remained in his room entirely. The once keen eye grew dimmer day by day, and the drowsy hours passed in a silence more eloquent of the approaching end than any spoken words could have been. All that could be done for him Venetia did, and in her presence he found the only comfort he was capable of receiving. Through the dim window of his aged eyes he saw, as he had never seen with his unclouded vision, that the beauty of her face and form only reflected and expressed that of her heart and soul.

But it was not until the very last that Venetia knew how he regarded her. Her generous woman's heart was melted by the sight of the old man's helplessness. She had never cherished the memory of his harshness, and of the neglect of so many years. All that could be forgotten had been forgotten by her long ago, and the rest she had freely forgiven.

It was on an evening in August that a revelation came to Venetia. The old man, who was weaker than he had ever been, had made from earliest dawn incessant demands upon his patient nurse, whose efforts to soothe the dying man only made it hourly plainer that nothing could any longer avail him. The terrible restlessness which was so soon to be changed for an unending rest had for a few moments been lulled into repose by some rearrangement of pillows in the large easy chair by the open window, from which the sick man had watched the lingering sunset.

"You are a good child, Venetia," he murmured. "I never knew you were such a good child. I thought you were like your mother and your grandmother, and I did it for their sakes—for their sakes," he repeated, while the expression that passed over his face showed too plainly that he had made the tender-sounding words bear a cruel meaning.

The burden that she had borne so meekly all these years, then, was not hers by right, but had been laid upon her in vengeful recollection of her grandmother; it was a legacy or an inheritance, and not a birthright.

"But I never hated you," the old man went on slowly—"no, I never hated you. I almost think if you had been another woman's child I should have loved you."

For the first time in her life Venetia raised her uncle's hand to her lips. He had never hated her. If she had been another woman's child he almost thought he could have loved her. These few words, grudging as they were, made Venetia's heart glad; perhaps there might be a little time yet in which he would forget whose daughter she was; but even as this new-born hope sprung to life she knew its futility. No words of tenderness would ever pass those ashen lips, nor ever again would her ears be wounded by their bitterness of unmerited reproach.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION.

MANY of our readers must, at some time or other, have visited the wards of a general hospital, perhaps when calling on a friend among the resident medical officers or nursing staff, and some, perchance, are regular visitors associated with a mission for supplying books or flowers to the poor patients. Few girls will go to such a hospital without being especially interested in, and anxious to visit, the "children's wards": few indeed will enter these wards and depart without mingled feelings of pity for the poor little sufferers, and of consolation from the fact that they all look clean and well cared for, and in the case of such as are not in acute pain, happy: few will have failed to notice the wealth of gratitude and affection showered by these little ones on those who have ministered and are ministering to their wants and ailments. A house-surgeon who happens to be a favourite enters the ward; what a clamour arises! "Give me a ride, doctor!" "Come here, doctor!" "Look here, doctor!"

What a happy yet sad picture the whole scene presents; the convalescent children, with wooden trays on their cots loaded with toys and picture-books, sitting up and chattering in their play to their dolls and companions; and those who are able to be up and about playing all sorts of games on the hearth-rug and floor, and running to hide behind the gown of their second mother, "Sister," afflicted with sudden shyness at the approach of strangers.

There in the corner by the fire-place you see a canopied bed, and its little unconscious occupant is "the new case," for whom death is fighting against doctor and nurse; a sad and sobering sight, and one to send you away thinking. But a sadder form of suffering than all is the "old case," which is only too frequently represented in the children's ward. The thin, transparent hands, the poor drawn face with its hectic flush, the constrained position, all tell their tale, and on the bed is a card with a warning red label on it. If we ask "Sister" about the case she will probably say, "Oh! that is little George; an old hip case"; and his red ticket means that he has been in hospital two months, and that arrangements will soon have to be made for his departure. You pity the poor child with this dreadful disease, confined to his bed for so many weary weeks, and yet in all probability you see him surrounded by the best and happiest and brightest condition of things that he has ever known. This child has in all probability come to the hospital from a dirty house in some back slum of London, its parents perhaps drunkards, everything in its home—if it deserves such a name—mean, squalid, and dirty. Its food has been scanty, and, in all likelihood, of a nature calculated to do as much harm as good; and as to means of alleviating the pain and discomfort of the disease, there have been none—nothing but harsh treatment, rough words, and sometimes blows.

From all this on admission to the hospital the child has been transferred into a kind of paradise, and has had what seems to him to be a foretaste of Heaven. Here everything is bright and clean, everyone kind and gentle; he has good food to eat and no stint of it, he sees other children, talks with them, and has toys and picture-books innumerable, and is visited by "boofer ladies," who talk kindly to him, and give him flowers; and from all this he is condemned soon to depart. May you, my readers, be for ever spared from seeing the departure of such a case: full well that child knows what he is leaving and whither he goes; he is banished from all that has ever been bright in his life, and must return to a home in the first instance fearful to him, but now ten thousand times more so by comparison. Only too frequently is it the fact that such a case as this leaves hospital "Relieved," to return to a home and surroundings which mean certain death.

Surely the action of any body of people who shall set these evils right is beyond praise. We must realise at the outset that it is not the hospital that is to blame—one must not fill up the beds of a general hospital with these "chronic cases" or there will be no accommodation for emergencies or "acute cases." One must look for some other way out of the difficulty, and this way has been found for us by an association called the Invalid Children's Aid Association. To form a just estimate of the good this body can do, it will only be necessary for us to remember what we have said about chronic cases, and to discuss the means and methods of work adopted by the Association.

One of the chief characteristics of the Association is a system of Visitors. On receiving intimation of the departure of such a case as that of "little George" from the hospital, the Visitor makes it his or her business to be a *friend* to the child, and to work as hard as possible in order that the right thing may be done for him, and that his life, instead of being wantonly sacrificed, may be saved and rendered bright and happy. The case is reported by the Visitor to an Executive Committee, which meets weekly to consider cases. Of course in many instances the home of the child may be a decent and respectable one, and all that the Visitor will need to do will be to brighten the home-life of the child by cheerful visits, and perhaps help the mother of the child by useful hints as to the care of it. Beyond this, in a case in which the little patient cannot walk, and, of course, must have fresh air, the Association provides for the lending of spinal carriages, wheel-chairs, and perambulators, at the request of the Visitor. Should the case be a more serious one, but still one that can be treated at home, the Association helps the parent to get proper medical and surgical attendance, splints, or other surgical appliances, and the more expensive dressings. If beyond all this the case cannot be treated at home on account of its gravity, the Association may obtain admission for the child by an In-Patient Letter at one of the hospitals; or, on the other hand, if the child's home and surroundings are such as to be utterly incompatible with successful treatment, a serious attempt will be made to get the child into a suitable home.

These are, in brief, the means by which this Association hopes to save the lives of maimed and crippled children of the poor. It is expected that such Visitor will leave no stone

unturned until the child is well over the boundary line between convalescence and full health. The work undertaken even in London alone is enormous, and to do this great good various things are needful. In the first place, Visitors. How many of our London girls might give some of their time to this good work; how forcibly the necessity of such work must impress itself on every sensible reasoning girl! And how great is the reward! On earth—the flush of delight on the poor little face on your entry, the detaining hands at your departure; and hereafter—the welcome that shall be accorded by the Great Master to all who have worked for His little ones.

Let all "Our Girls" then give this thing consideration, for in these days of charitable schemes—some far-reaching in their ambition and far-distant in practical realisation, others irrational, undiscerning, and clumsily managed—it is refreshing and reassuring to meet with one the characteristics of which are simplicity of construction and manifest and immediate practicability. Let every girl put the question to herself, "Cannot I too become a Visitor?" "May not I too have the care of one of these poor afflicted little ones, and bring light and peace to his or her dark life?" Most girls possess sufficient tact to do great good in this way, and in these days of "lady-probationers" many must possess some knowledge of nursing: why should such useful knowledge lie dormant? Let no one of you bury her talent.

Of course the work undertaken by the Association necessitates the expenditure of money, and so funds must be forthcoming. To meet any sudden strain on the financial resources a list is kept in a special book, called the "Golden Book," of people each of whom is willing at any one time to bear the expense of the treatment of one emergent case. This means the expenditure of about 5s. a week, and by this method people who cannot possibly visit the children themselves can help in other ways.

Other things that are useful and are much needed are hospital "letters," especially for *in-patients*, and also letters for convalescent homes, spinal carriages, old perambulators, clothes, linen, books, toys, air and water cushions.

The good work done by such a Society as this cannot be adequately expressed by figures; but although the Society is young, having started a separate existence from the Charity Organisation Society (under the auspices of which it began and with which a close co-operation is still maintained), only since 1888, yet great numbers of children are under its care, and the number of fresh cases is about 1·5 a day. It has never yet been necessary to refuse relief in any single case, and the careful and increasing bestowal of charity in cases *under immediate and individual observation* enables the greatest good to be done to the greatest number with least waste or misapplication of the means to hand.

It is very much to be hoped that this system may be greatly extended in London, and find fresh fields for advancement in our great provincial towns, where almost as pressing a need of an institution of the sort exists.

The address of the Society *is*—Invalid Children's Aid Association, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

The most convenient time for persons to call at the Office is between 11 and 4, any day *except Wednesdays and Saturdays*. The Executive Committee meet on Wednesdays at 2.30.

Let every girl who has charity in her heart consider well this scheme; for here is a field in which the woman can outstrip the man, or at any rate be his equal in ministration to sickness and poverty. So many things a girl may do in this work that no one else can do.

The Secretary will always send a prospectus of the Association if you write to the above address. And if, after reading this prospectus, you decide to work for this good cause, throw your whole heart into it, and go about your work with the words which have been chosen for your motto ever in your mind—"Omnia Vincit Amor."

W. Lawrence Liston.

THE BEAUTY OF EVENNESS.

Perhaps there is no fault that brings more discomfort into otherwise happy homes than unevenness of temper. We are all—even the best of us—so terribly liable to let outward discomforts affect us, until we become what we have seen described as "creatures of moods and tenses, and those of not any regular verb!"

What a charming husband the hero of the favourite song must have been, of whom his wife could say—

"Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan."

But of how few Darbys, and we must confess, of how few Joans, could this be truthfully said in actual life. There is an expressive country phrase which says of some characters, "You never know when you have them!" The person who was astonishingly confidential last week, and you thought would thenceforth be an intimate friend, will to-day pass you in the street with a cold, preoccupied nod. The son who made his mother's heart glad with caresses and protestations that her society is the sweetest to him, will soon after shut himself up to indulge in solitary sulking, leaving her to anxious loneliness. And wherefore? Something may have gone wrong with his studies, or his business, or—shall we confess it?—it may only be the result of a foggy day, or an indigestible dinner. Were we to trace back to the true cause every fit of the blues, every root of the "depression" on which some people rather pride themselves, what ignominious nothings we should often find them!

If these ups and downs affected only ourselves it would not so much matter, but they greatly affect those around us whose happiness is to a large extent given into our keeping. Few suffer more from this fault than our servants. We have seen good, well-meaning servants treated with almost foolish indulgence one day, and rated violently for some trifle the next. The very fault which is passed over lightly in the mistress's good moods becomes a crime in her bad ones. Think how such treatment affects the young women, who have few outside interests to turn their thoughts from the daily worries. On the more sensitive it brings a feeling of deep discouragement—"Do what I will I cannot give satisfaction;" and on the harder and commoner nature the effect is to make her toss her head and say, "I don't care, for it is no use trying to please missus."

How necessary it is to preserve an evenness of conduct where there are little children—to show them that a punishable offence is *always* a punishable offence, and not sometimes a thing to be laughed at according to the mood of mother, nurse, or elder sister; for if we allow this, the sharp little people will soon reckon on it, and act accordingly; like a small child who remarked that they might take a liberty because "Mamma had her company smile on!"

Many a little one who is accustomed to ready sympathy will now and then meet with a hasty snub, and turn away with trembling lip and bewildered mind, quite unable to comprehend that it is not want of love, but the aching head, the anxieties of business, or some other reason which is quite beyond her small understanding, which was the cause of the rebuff.

And what reader of the Girl's Own Paper has not suffered from the fitful moods of her girl friends? Katie conceives a brilliant project of a tennis club, a practising society, or a sewing circle—one of those small organisations in which girls delight, and which they often find so helpful. She does not feel self-reliance enough to start it herself, but surely Ethel will help her—Ethel, who is such a favourite, and has a standing to which quiet Katie can never aspire. Ethel is appealed to, and takes the new plan up with enthusiasm; she talks brightly and persuasively to the members of the benefits it will bring them, attends the first meeting, comes in late to the second, and then drops it altogether! Certainly this line of conduct often brings out the good qualities of the steady, plodding Katies, but that does not make Ethel's fickleness the less blamable.

We are well aware that a large measure of the unevenness which we lament comes from bodily suffering and discomfort, and for such sufferers all loving allowance should be made. But let them learn to trace their feeling of annoyance to its true source, and say, "It is my aching back that makes Georgie seem more tiresome than usual this morning;" or, "I will not speak to Mary Ann about the rust on the fireirons until I have had a quiet rest and cup of tea."

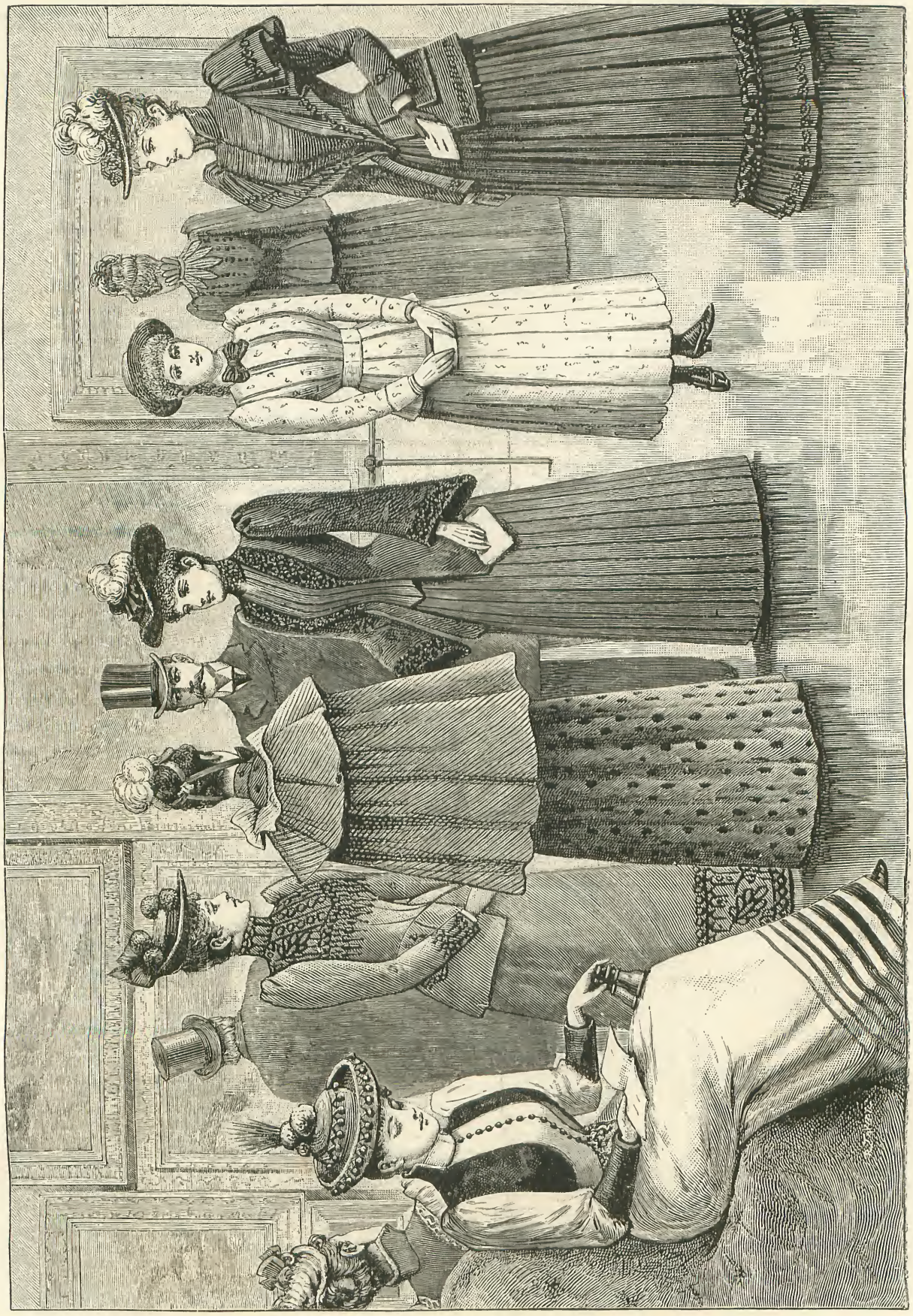
Many who have lived lives of constant suffering have been given the victory over this temptation, and thereby have influenced for good all who came into contact with them. There is a marginal reading of a prayer of David's in Psalm xxvii. which is specially applicable to those who are feeling the responsibility of their influence over others: "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, *because of those which observe me;* make Thy way straight before my face."

But most of my readers will be those in the full vigour of youth and health, and to these I would say, If you want to have the blessing of an even temper in your future life, begin to practise it at once. Habit is a thing of more strength for good and evil than most people give it credit for.

And the sooner we begin to practise the virtue of evenness, the better for ourselves and those around us. It will not be acquired in a day, and will be much more difficult to some natures than to others. What may be a very small effort to a dull and placid temperament, may be a sore struggle to a highly strung one. And the habit will only be learnt step by step; but if we first manage to give a soft answer with a calm face when we are inwardly boiling with indignation, we shall in time come to be as calm inwardly as outwardly. The first may only be half a victory, but it is the earnest of better things.

We firmly believe that no quality is more valuable in the home and in the world than evenness of temper, and we may rest assured that the good woman had learned a large measure of the grace of self-control in little everyday matters on whose tombstone it was written, "She always made home happy."

Bee Orchis.



A GATHERING AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

PERHAPS it is as well to begin my monthly chat with the mention of the "Coming Dress Bazaar," which will take place in the middle of April. The stallholders are to wear walking-dresses designed and made under the direction of the Rational Dress Society. Mrs. Charles Hancock is the exception to the rule, and she will appear in her lately-invented "muddy-weather dress," which she has patented under the name "Eilitto," her own name of Ottilie turned backwards. Several new versions of a rational dress have been brought out in town; notably one by Redfern, which consisted of a perfectly plain skirt of tweed with a few flat pleats at the back; with it a blouse of silk is worn, finished at the waist by a band. The jacket is made of the tweed in the shape of a pilot coat, double breasted, and can be worn open in the house, and closed out of doors. The blouse can be either in a harmonising or a contrasting colour. This seems to be an excellent kind of dress for any occasion or description of weather, and, so far as I see, meets the requirements of the Rational Dress Reformers, who wish to find a dress which shall be suitable to all women who work, and will at all times look simple, and in good taste. Their desire is to emancipate the worker from fashionable changes and their expenses as much as possible, by finding a special costume, which admits of variety in colour and material.

There seems no doubt but that "shirts" (as the silk or cotton "blouses" are now generally called) will be as much worn as ever this season. They seem far too useful to be cast away, but are slightly different in style from those of last year; and silk appears to be the most favoured material, though cotton will be probably used later on, both for the country and the sea-side. Silk serge is a very good material. It is used in the paler shades of colour, and trimmed with black, or black and gold, galloons. Some of these shirts are really like handsomely-trimmed bodices of a brighter hue than the gown.

Boating is to be more a pastime than ever for girls, and sculling, punting, and paddling will each have their votaries, and health and strength be not a little improved thereby. But even while mentioning the news, pleasant to many, I recall certain slang-speaking and "loud" young women, who seem not to be able to bear the emancipation given by present custom to our girls, and who were unpleasant and "unflowerlike" in appearance, as they discussed, in the lingo of the college boat-club, their "condition and wind." Dear readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, do not mistake "loudness" for fun, and imagine you add to your sweet attractiveness by being unfeminine and boy-like in your demeanour.

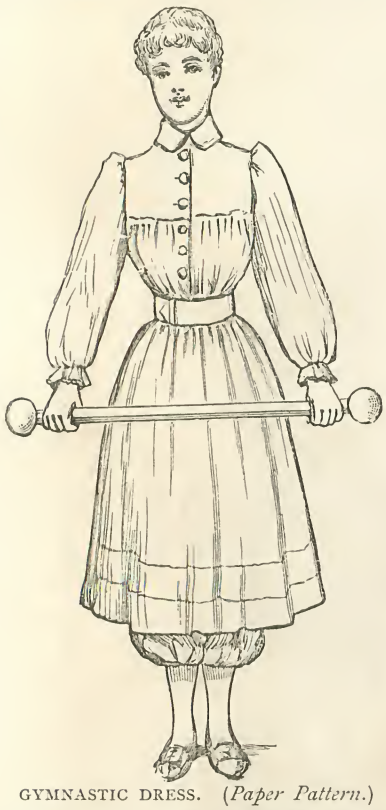
One of the subjects discussed in the daily papers has been the wonderful amount of diamonds and precious stones worn lately by Society at the Drawing Rooms; and an estimate of the value of the diamonds and other precious stones worn at one Drawing Room alone is £100,000. Now, I hear that diamond wearing in ordinary society is to go



NEW SPRING GOWNS.

out of fashion, and we are no longer to see the wonderful displays of the last few years.

The long cape, under its various names of "Tudor" or "Military," has become quite the fashion of the season, or rather out of the season, for it certainly has been an out-of-season fashion. I am only sorry to see its success, for though pretty on a tall, slight figure, erect and elegant, it is anything but becoming when the figure is short, and the carriage is awkward; and a stout woman looks like a moving mountain when thus attired. The tailors have brought out a new variation of them in the shape of a plain, tight-fitting cape, without yoke or fulness, fitting the shoulders tightly, and so long as to reach the knees. The collar is a turned-down one, over a high band, and the material is a tweed, which is lined with a very brightly-checked kersey. As will be seen from our illustrations, some of the new capes are anything but pretty or becoming. The private views of the different picture galleries in March are the chief places



GYMNASTIC DRESS. (*Paper Pattern.*)

in which to judge of the clothes everyone is, or will be, wearing for the early days of spring.

It is rather early to say much about other kinds of mantles just now. Half-length jackets of velvet or cloth, and long jackets of the dress material lined with flannel, supply the only choice given to us from the all-pervading capes, and many people find the latter is a disappointing garment, except when made and trimmed both richly and expensively. Black velvet seems to have returned to favour, and is much used for both the capes and the long jackets.

There are some pretty new colours, which, although few in number, give us an idea of future hues. "Venetian" and "Bartolozzi" are both of them terra-cotta in their tints—a yellowish cast of red it should be called. In neutral shades there is "fawn," "café au lait," "oak," "cedar," and a dark green called "bay leaf." "Absinthe" is a light green; and a new blue-green, of light colour, is the hue of "green peas." We have quite a choice of blues—"Delft," "Royal," "silvery," "Nankeen," and "moonshine." Some very bright yellows are found under the names of "aconite" and "dandelion"; and a very bright pink-rose hue, such as is found in the new bonnets, goes under the name of "carmine."

In materials, we have serges of a smoother kind than during the winter, although one very rough make which I noticed, suitably called "monk," reminded me of the rough cloth of the brown-coated Friars. Then we have alpaca, again, which looks like a figured poplin; and is not only figured but corded, and "delaines," with pretty floral designs on dark or light grounds; or else, spots of all sizes, both such as we had at the very termination of last season. Homespuns are rough on the surface; and cheviots are chequered, as well as tweeds, the colours being quiet, low, and lady-like. Some stripes are seen in all these woollen materials, but they are subdued by having an undercurrent of a soft pattern under them.

In silks, we find chiné silks, white or pale-hued grounds, with large bunches or bouquets of chiné flowers. Chiné satins are lovely, and more useful, perhaps, than the silks. Black satin grenadines have a wide satin stripe, and a very lacey one between; and on the satin stripe pompadour sprigs in colour. These last are very popular this year, and make their appearance on black surah, and on China silks as well. Shot surahs are also seen with a small spot pattern on them, or a light satin brocade pattern. The new foulards are very elegant, and have delicate Louis XVI. designs in garlands, and bouquets, and bows of ribbon. Nor must I forget the woollen dress materials provided for our use with woven borderings, in imitation of the fur borderings of the winter, in Persian lamb, Astrachan, and beaver. Some of these borderings are long-haired, some rough and coarse, and some rich and smooth, and in contrasting colours to the robe, to be cut off, and used as trimmings on the bodice, as well as the skirt. These woolly borders are quite a feature of the spring materials, and will be worn till the warmer weather drives them away.

The fashions of the winter for three-quarter length mantles and jackets still continue, and all bodices follow the same idea. The long all-in-one basque is called Louis XIV., and the added basques, with seam on the hips, are called Louis XVI. The Louis XV. basques were gathered on, and these are more worn to-day in Paris than with us in England. One of the old fashions revived is that of buttons, and happy is the person with a set of old silver or steel or china buttons to add to her spring gowns.

Silk is not to be much worn by day, and for the morning, serge, tweed, and homespun, and for best, a smooth-faced cloth is the most becoming and useful wear. These are all but little trimmed, narrow gold, silver, or black braid being the only decoration allowed. Appliqué trimmings are not so much of cord or braid as of cloth, paler in hue than the gown on which it is placed; and the patterns with which it is stamped are rather large and important-looking scrolls, and a thick cord edge is woven round them, so as to make the trimming look rich and sunk, like a bas-relief.

The "Gathering at a Private View" shows exactly the kind of hats now worn, and their trimming. The new bell sleeve and bodice trimming are also seen in this illustration, and the fringed bodice in "New Spring Gowns." In these two illustrations are gathered all the present novelties; but it is much too early to expect any great changes, though the hats appear to promise to remain the same, with the exception that thin fabrics will take the place of thick ones, and straw and drawn crêpe and net that of felt and velvet. But the brims will be wide, irregularly bent, and flowers seem very popular, especially the mimosa. I hear, however, that the most popular of this season is to be the rose, and this old favourite is to be copied in all its species for our decoration.

The paper pattern selected for this month is a gymnastic costume, for which we have been so often asked, and thus we have taken extreme pains to obtain one that will be equally pretty and suitable, and also one that seems to be in vogue amongst other people besides "Our Girls"; which, having been tried, has proved comfortable, and an easy fit. The material chosen for a suit may be fine serge or flannel, and dark blue is the most serviceable colour. The decoration is, of course, a matter of personal consideration, and can be of braiding or embroidery, or else the whole can be quite plain. About five yards of double-width material, or ten yards of single-width, would be needed. The pattern consists of a pair of knickerbocker-drawers and a long yoked shirt, drawers one piece, shirt—in all six pieces—two yoke pieces, two body and skirt pieces, sleeve, and collar. The cuff is a plain band of material, and so is the belt, so no pattern is needed for it, and a leather belt may be preferred. The yoke should be lined with cotton lining; and if for winter use, perhaps the whole suit would be better lined. The drawers are finished at each knee with a hem, into which a stout elastic is run; and the top of the drawers can be finished in the same manner if preferred, instead of having a straight band of the material and a button and button-hole.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, new skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, new American bodice instead of stays, new Corday skirt with pleats, new jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out- or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, new jacket with revers, cape mantle, new cloak, and new cape.

MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.—*Continued.*

As soon as the Queen's health enabled her to be moved she went to the country palace of Eltham, in Kent, where she recovered in part from the disease of dropsy. But so wretched was the half-frenzied woman that even Philip's hard heart was touched. He stooped to deceive her with regard to the length of his stay in Spain, and persuaded her that he would return to England very shortly. He encouraged her to accompany him to Greenwich, when her infirmities would not suffer her to be taken, as she wished, to Dover, to see him sail and there to await his return.

On the royal couple's way to the barge which was to convey them to Greenwich, Mary was carried through the City in an open litter, with Philip riding by her side. It was said this arrangement was made in order to show the people that their Queen was still alive, as there had been many reports of her death.

Philip's departure took place in September, 1555, a year and two months after his marriage. Mary remained behind to struggle with sickness, the cares of the State, and the ever-increasing hatred of her subjects, displayed against her in coarse libels and lampoons, which found their way into her very chamber, and shocked her proud modesty and rectitude. She did not cease to pray piteously for her husband's return in the words of the prayer which the legate had written for her, and to strive to rule according to his wishes, in so far as what she saw to be her duty to England would permit her. She tried to constrain her Council to bribe him to come back by bestowing on him the bauble of the crown of a King Consort. She even tried to work upon them to appoint him her successor to the throne in the room of her sister Elizabeth. When she could not obtain her ends she filled the palace chambers with her bootless weeping and wailing, or she spent her time in writing to Philip letters blotted with her burning tears.

For a time nothing shook Mary's steadfast regard for her husband—not the interception and making public by the French of the packet of Spanish letters in which Philip and his grandees expressed their dissatisfaction with the marriage, and betrayed their contempt for the Queen; not the tidings of his evil conduct when he was freed from the restraint of her presence, and had withdrawn from the virtuous atmosphere of her Court; not his unblushing delay in returning to his duties as a husband.

Among Philip's injunctions to Mary, which she religiously observed, were particular directions to show care and kindness to Princess Elizabeth. His earnestness on this point has produced the impression that even then, in spite of his advocacy of the suit of Philibbert of Savoy, Philip proposed, in case of Mary's death, to become an aspirant for the hand of her beautiful and high-spirited sister, much better matched with him in years than poor Mary had been.

Accordingly Elizabeth remained at Greenwich during Mary's stay there, for the remainder of what was one in a succession of bad harvests and wet, stormy autumns, which reduced the oppressed, discontented people to the verge of starvation, and caused much dangerous and deadly sickness.

Mary appeared again in public in the spring of 1556, "pale as a corpse, and looking ten years older than before her illness." In private she was able to walk a little with her ladies to visit the poor cottagers in the neighbourhood of her country palaces, personally relieving the wants of the peasant families. She could work at her embroidery frame, and study when she had leisure. She kept up a show of courtesy to Elizabeth, though there was little love lost between the sisters. They exchanged visits, the Princess coming to Somerset House while Mary was in residence there, and the Queen returning the visit by going to Elizabeth's seat of Hatfield, where she was entertained with playing on the virginals, choir singing, etc. The period might have been comparatively tranquil but for the hopeless Queen's sick longing for Philip, and the abortive plots against her which kept smouldering, breaking out and being quenched in blood. Such were two insurrections—the one led by a Dudley, a cousin of the late Duke of Northumberland, the other by a member of the Stafford family, a nephew of the legate's. Both plots were discovered in time, and severely punished, every effort being made, even to the use of the torture, in the examination of the prisoners to induce them to confess the names of all who were implicated in the treason. But though the old rallying cry of "Elizabeth and Courtenay" was still to be heard, no evidence could be found that they or their friends had in any way supported the *émeutes*. Indeed, the course of the weak, handsome Courtenay was all but run. He died of fever at Venice in 1556, while he was still in the prime of early manhood. As he left no direct descendant one bugbear was removed from the thorny path of the sovereigns of England. No more was heard of a Courtenay as a pretender to the crown.

For the relentless punishment of the conspirators—mostly rash, restless young men, with allies who were exiles in France under the ostentatious patronage of Henry II.—Mary was certainly more or less accountable, just as she was more and not less responsible for the continued religious persecutions which were exciting such a re-action of admiration for the faithful sufferers that the mobs, in place of hooting and reviling the heretics, encouraged them with warm words of sympathy, and to each of their dying prayers added a fervent Amen. Gardiner had largely withdrawn from the crusade—only the enthusiast and bigot Pole was with the Queen in it to the end.

In the spring of 1557, a year and a half after he had quitted England, Philip chose to return on a visit to his wife. The welcome news of his coming was brought to Mary by one of the sons of Northumberland whom she had spared, Lord Robert Dudley; and Philip himself arrived at Greenwich on March 20th. Mary received him with open arms, heard mass with him, caused *Te Deums* to be sung in every church in London, and all the bells to be rung right merrily. She came with Philip in state to the Tower, the sword of state and the sceptre being borne before the couple. The City consented to indulge in outward demonstrations of loyalty—not the most insignificant motive for which was the new prospect of trade with Russia ratified by the presence of a Russian ambassador in the form of a Duke of Muscovy.

The Queen was able to accompany her husband and her priests in more than one religious procession round the Westminster cloisters. But no faith was kept by Philip in relation to the pledge which he had given on his marriage, that England should not be drawn into the Spanish wars with France that were chronic, for in June, 1557, war was proclaimed between England and France. In the following July Philip, after a stay of between three and four months, embarked again for Spain, having taken his last farewell of his devoted wife. She had, however, the satisfaction of hearing soon afterwards that he had won the battle of St. Quintin. But the pleasure was speedily followed by the bitter mortification, which all England shared, when in 1558 the news arrived that the Duke of Guise had wrested Calais from the English. The whole nation regarded Calais as the gate of France, and clung to it as the last memorial of the old glorious conquests of the Black Prince and Henry V. How much Mary took the loss to heart is indicated by the speech ascribed to her, that if that heart were laid bare after her death the word "Calais" would be found written on it.

The beautiful Christina of Denmark, the widowed Duchess of Lorraine, who at fifteen had been proposed as a fit wife for Henry VIII., was Philip's cousin, as she was Mary's, through their common ancestress, Isabella of Castile. She was in Philip's confidence to a degree that piqued Mary intensely. Christina came to England—the country over which she had once had the chance of reigning—as Philip's unofficial ambassadress in advocating the old scheme of Princess Elizabeth's marriage to Philibbert of Savoy, a scheme which Mary never favoured. In her exasperation at the envoy who was supposed to have a special feminine talent for conducting royal treaties and smoothing down royal objections, the Queen was guilty of the one act of personal violence attributed to her. She is reported to have cut to pieces with her own hand a portrait of Philip, which he had recently sent to her at her special request, because it represented him as she had never seen him, in complete armour, save for the helmet which he held in his hand.

Mary had lucid intervals in her idolatry of her unworthy husband, as when she said, in the presence of her ladies, with a significance which impressed them, that "God sent oft-times to good women bad husbands." And again, when she announced her too-short-lived intention to live quietly and contentedly among her ladies as she had lived before her disastrous marriage. But these intervals were always followed by strong revulsions of feeling, which caused her to write the humblest letters to Philip, and to labour as far as she could, without being utterly false to her coronation oath, to further his objects. She had lost all her fine self-reliance and fearless confidence in her fellows. She was conscious, with a sharp pang, of the detestation she had inspired in the subjects for whom she had desired to do great things. Her very courage deserted her. She dreaded assassination, and would shut herself up with her women, and with one or two trusted gentlemen of her household, declining to go abroad, and remaining unseen for many weeks, so that the people could not tell whether she was alive or dead. The last time she appeared before her Council and Parliament she was carried into the hall to preside over their doings, but had to resign the task, as she found herself incapable of conducting any business.

In the spring of the year 1558—a wet spring following on a wet autumn—Mary's chronic malady was increased by an attack of the prevailing fever or ague. At the same time death began to be busy with the few friends left of those she had prized most. She had already lost Stephen Gardiner, her first adviser when she came to the throne. Whatever his faults

he was a firm friend to Mary. In the course of this spring she heard of the death of her cousin, the great Emperor, in the convent to which he had retired on his abdication; and when the Queen's illness became more severe, and she had herself removed to the palace of St. James's, she learnt that the legate, Reginald Pole, who had been her youthful companion, was lying at the point of death also, and had declared his joy that he would not survive his Queen. The night was closing fast on her troubled day. In compliance with the last request of Philip, the Queen had appointed her sister Elizabeth her successor, and the courtiers were already flocking to Hatfield to hail the rising sun there, while Mary, aware of the fact, lay dying at St. James's.

In the early morning of the 17th of November, 1558, Mary met death with all the spirit of her earlier and happier years. She was more than resigned. She was cheerful in the conviction that the long, hard struggle was about to be ended at last. After receiving extreme unction she requested that mass might be said in her room. When the Host was raised she lifted her eyes to heaven, and at the benediction bowed her head and died.

It is customary to speak of Mary Tudor as an old woman at the time of her death; in reality she was only in her forty-fifth year. Her unhappy reign had not lasted much more than five years.

Mary had asked to be buried in the habit of a poor nun, and that no crown should be set on her head, but the title on her coffin was that of the "Queen of England, Ireland, France, Spain, and the Indies." The mortal remains of the real woman lay in her nun's dress in the coffin, but a conspicuous figure in the funeral procession was a waxen image made to resemble her as closely as possible, sumptuously attired in crimson velvet, with the fingers loaded with rings. The Queen's ladies were on horseback, with their black trains sweeping the ground. Many priests and monks followed in their order, already dreading the repetition under Elizabeth of Henry VIII.'s acts of dispersion and attainder. Philip's servants rode two and two in the line of march. There was a great display of royal standards and banners. The armour of a warrior—shield, helmet, etc.—was carried before the dead Queen, who had been supposed to wield the sword of state. The company of mourners was great, but the women of her household and her priests were the only true mourners of the woman who had meant so well, whose death was as eagerly welcomed as her accession had been. She was buried, according to the rites of her Church, in her grandfather, Henry VII.'s, chapel, after she had lain in her hearse in Westminster Abbey during the night of the 13th of December.

When the news of his wife's death reached Philip at Brussels he had a requiem duly sung to her memory in the Cathedral of St. Gudule.

In her will, of which Philip was executor, Mary sought to found an hospital for poor soldiers. She left a sum of money for the re-founding of various convents, and of the Savoy Hospital for the relief of the poor. She had always been a greater benefactress to the Church and to the poor than to any seat of learning, though she was in her own person a scholar. She did, however, found the original schools for Oxford students. She had caused masses to be said for the souls of others, but she made no provision by "ever-burning lamp," or "appointed pilgrimage" for her own soul's benefit.

Mary died a poor Queen. She petitioned her successor to pay her debts as well as what remained of the debts of her father and brother, and she besought Elizabeth to maintain the Roman Catholic religion. The single personal boon which Mary craved was that the remains of her beloved mother, Queen Catharine, should be removed from Peterborough and placed near those of her daughter in Westminster Abbey. This prayer was not granted.

The magnificent diamonds presented to the Queen by Philip—the great table diamond in her ring of betrothal, and the diamonds in two other rings given to her by him, the golden collar set with diamonds and a ruby ring, which were likewise his offerings, were all restored to him by her bequest.

Few sovereigns have begun their reigns so enshrined in the respect and regard of their people as Mary began hers. None in England, unless it may be the base and mad King John, has ended life so universally hated and overwhelmed with reproaches. Yet good old Fuller wrote truly of her:—"She had been a worthy Princess if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her. She hated to equivocate, and always was what she was without dissembling her judgement or conduct for fear or flattery." Her fate was piteous to have so bright a beginning and so dark an ending; to stake all and lose all; to give her heart to be trampled upon and cast aside as a worthless offering; to labour for what she wrongly conceived was the eternal good of her subjects, and receive from them in return nothing save scorn and loathing; to shed rivers of innocent blood and yet be by nature an upright and humane woman. Alas! for human frailty. She was wounded to the quick in a woman's tenderest feelings; she was mortified and shamed by the failure of her brightest and sweetest hopes; she was on the losing side in religion and politics; she died by inches of a wasting disease; she would have died for the honour of England, though her sympathies were mainly foreign, not English, and she lived to realise the loss in *prestige* no less than in possessions which England suffered in her reign, her heart aching as if she had been the most patriotic of monarchs. It was possible for her to guess that her name would descend to posterity with a nation's curse upon it. The lion spirit which she shared with Elizabeth supported her weak body through the slights and injuries inflicted on her youth, and the fierce strife of a disputed succession, but it failed at last before greater calamities. Her heart was broken and her reason tottered in the balance, ere lifelong disease laid her low. The English Mary, though she did not perish by a violent death, was hardly behind the Scotch Mary as a Queen of sorrow. But the qualities which wrought Mary Tudor's ruin, and the penalties she paid, do not appeal to the popular imagination like the misfortunes and punishment of Mary Steuart.

If any of the readers of this paper wish to realise for themselves the great tragedy of "Bloody Mary," let them read Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, in which the poet has made her live again through her short-lived triumph and lasting desolation.

[THE END.]



A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

SPRING came, and the twenty-first birthday was at hand, and Gabrielle had not answered my last three letters.

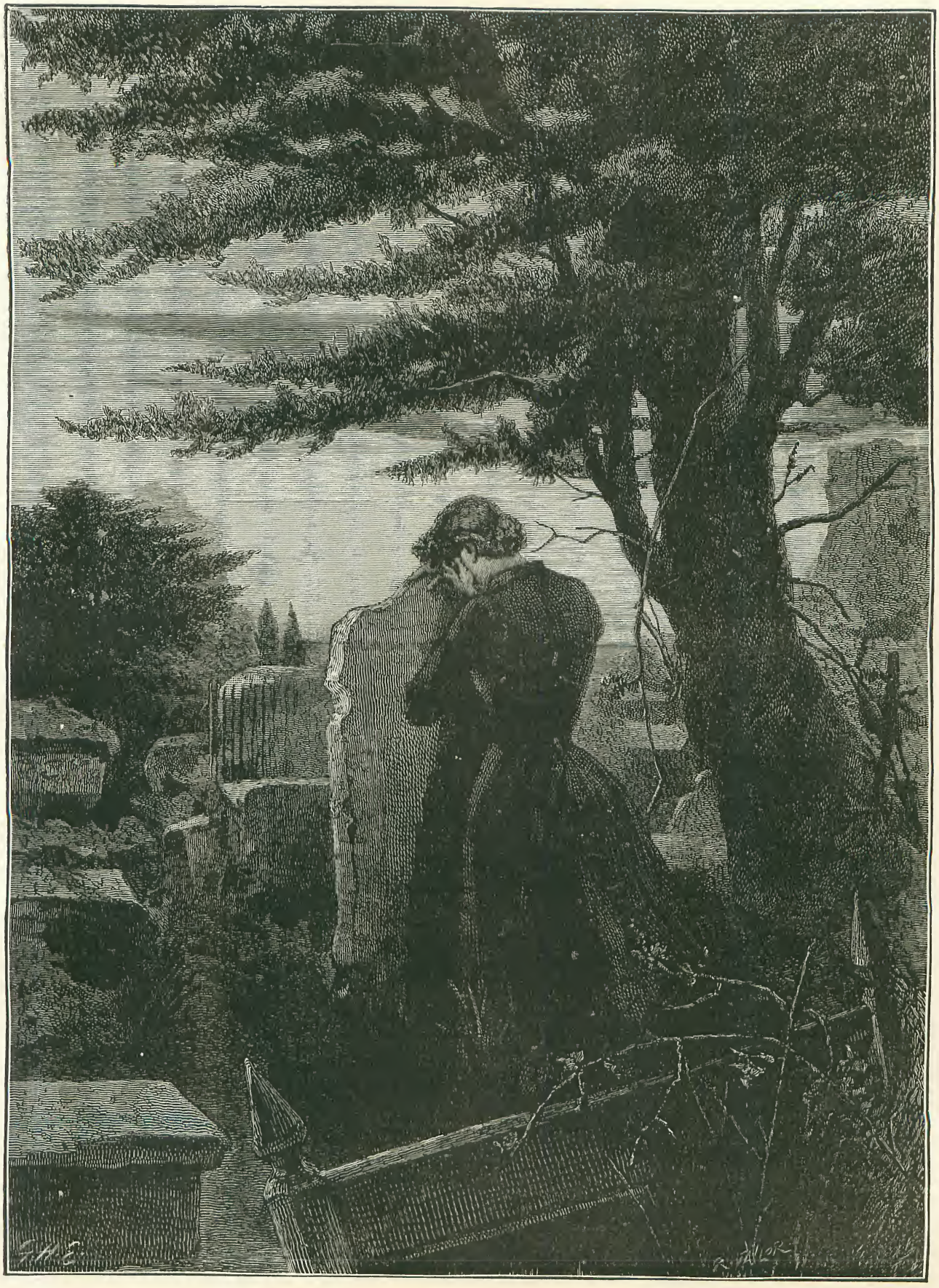
One evening I was sitting by myself sewing; my husband had gone out on business, and could not be back yet awhile. Presently I heard a footstep. "It is Walter," I thought; "he has come earlier than I expected." But Walter never came to that side of the house, and the footsteps were not his. I ran out of the room, across the hall, and opened the hall door. Then I saw my darling quite alone, looking pale and thin.

"I have sent away the fly, Nellie, and I have come to claim your promise. Will you take me in? I have no home at the Court."

We talked for hours that night, and, seated on a stool at my feet, she told me all that had happened since we met.

"I would not tell you before, my Nellie, for you could not help me, and I knew that you would grieve!"

Before Gabrielle had been many weeks abroad she had begun to suspect Mrs. Gorman of being insincere; a little later on she discovered that her letters were read or kept back altogether. After a while Mrs. Gorman had begun to speak of Harry Beechworth, always to his disadvantage. "I won't repeat," said Gabrielle, "the things she told me day by day, because they are not true. You shall only know this; at last she introduced me to a lady who said that she had once been engaged to Mr. Beechworth, and that he was a flirt and a gambler. I think that Mrs. Gorman is afraid of grandpapa, and that he persuaded her to act as she did. If they want to make me give up Harry they do not set about it the right way. I have not seen him since that night in London, more than a year ago, but I have never doubted him from that moment to this. At last I could bear it no longer, and I wrote to tell grandpapa that we were coming



"GABRIELLE WAS KNEELING IN PRAYER AT THE GRAVE."

to England. He forbade my returning to the Court, and so I came to you."

There was trouble in store for all of us; the very next morning Sir Philip sent a carriage with a peremptory note, desiring his granddaughter's presence immediately. In compliance with her entreaty Walter let me go with her.

I would rather not linger over an unpleasant scene. Sir Philip received us in his bitterest mood; he had not one kind word for Gabrielle—only reproaches. She bore it very patiently for some time, then she put a newspaper cutting on the table. "There was another reason for my return to England. Grandpapa, did you put this falsehood into the English paper at Nice?"

The paragraph to which she pointed contained an elaborate account of the marriage which was arranged to take place shortly between Mr. Cyril Tregaron, heir-presumptive of Sir Philip Tregaron, Bart., of Veryan Court, ——shire, and Gabrielle, granddaughter of the above Sir Philip Tregaron, etc.

He could not deny the accusation; all this and much more—that we only knew later—he had caused Mrs. Gorman to do in order to part Gabrielle from Harry Beechworth. He might as well have tried to move one of the rocks by the seashore. Now his rage broke forth afresh, and he said things that I cannot repeat—that I do not like to remember.

Gabrielle heard him to the end. "In three days I shall be of age," she said deliberately, "and it is all over between us. If it were only my own wrongs, I should not mind so much, but you have insulted and calumniated my future husband. I will never forgive you!"

He threw open the door in a paroxysm of fury, with something like a curse on his lips. And so Gabrielle left the home of her forefathers.

* * * *

On the morning of her birthday, Gabrielle was up early walking in the garden. "He must go to the Court first," she said, "but I should like to be ready when he comes."

Eleven o'clock struck—twelve o'clock—and there was no letter and no message. "Suppose he should not come!" I thought, and my heart misgave me. I had done Harry Beechworth a grievous wrong in my thoughts. He had held his peace all these months in obedience to Sir Philip's orders, but now the time of probation was over, and he was free to act as he chose! I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the lane; in another moment he had flung his reins over the gatepost and was grasping my hand.

"Well, Nellie"—how proud and contented he looked—"where is she?" I pointed to the garden. Though the flowers were out in masses, it was a chilly morning, and Gabrielle had wrapped a white shawl round her. I think she too must have heard the bustle of an arrival; anyhow she was looking our way as she waited under the old hawthorn tree. Till that moment I never thoroughly realised all that she had suffered for his sake. Ah! she had her reward now. A beautiful colour leapt to her face when she saw him. "Harry! Harry! I knew that you would come!"

With Harry's arrival, Gabrielle's difficulties vanished, he was so confident and so strong. If Gabrielle had no fortune he did not care; he had kept his word and waited a year and a month for his bride, and now he would have her. His regiment was ordered to Canada, and he would not go alone. On one subject only Harry was reticent—he would not tell what had passed between him and Sir Philip Tregaron at the Court.

She was married from our house; no one was present except old Mr. Beechworth, Harry's sisters, and ourselves. Sir Philip, shut up in his solitary house, gave no sign of acknowledging his grandchild's existence.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beechworth left by an early train for London, and they were to sail for Canada the following week. When it came to saying "good-bye," I broke down altogether. I could not bear to lose her for such a long time. Before she went I had one question to ask her. "If Sir Philip should send for me and ask about your wedding, what shall I say?"

Her hand was clasped in mine; I felt it tremble. "He will not send."

"But," I persisted—for it seemed to me so sad that she should begin a new life with bitterness in her heart—"if he should?"

"Tell him," she said proudly, "that Gabrielle Beechworth would have forgiven the wrong that he did if he had been the first to come forward; but I will never make the first step towards reconciliation."

The time had come for parting—she must go now. At the door she paused and flung her arms once more round my neck. "Don't forget to pray for me, Nellie, my dear Nellie!"

The carriage drove off; at a bend of the road she put her head out of the window and waved me a last farewell.

* * * *

Three years passed; it was April again, and the trees were covered with bright young leaves. One afternoon Walter brought me a card which had been sent by special messenger. It was Sir Philip Tregaron's card, and on the back of it was written, "Come and see me."

Walter drove me to Veryan Court. I had never been there since the day that Gabrielle had been turned from the house. The grass was growing on the drive; a long line of shutters was up; there was no sign of life anywhere.

At last a strange servant opened the door. My husband waited for me, and I went in. The man led me to the library, and here I was received by another stranger, a nurse.

"Are you Mrs. Evelegh?"

"Yes."

"I am glad that you could come. Sir Philip Tregaron is anxious to see you."

"Is he ill?"

"Yes, very ill! You must not excite him!"

She took me to an inner room, and there I saw him propped up in an armchair, old and thin; in his eyes was an expression that I had never seen before. "Here is a visitor come to see you, sir," said the nurse.

He moved his head and pointed to a chair. The nurse placed it close to him and withdrew.

"It was kind of you to come. Do you remember that you once told me that I was cruel and unjust?"

The tears ran down my cheeks; I was grieved to see him so altered.

"Do not distress yourself: that was why I sent for you—because you spoke the truth bravely. I was very hard on her. I heard that she and her husband went to Canada. Is she still there—Gabrielle, my grandchild?"

"Yes; she writes to me every week."

"Has she any children?"

"One little boy; they called him Harry Gabriel Tregaron."

"That was well done. I wanted to hear. Is Gabrielle happy?"

"Very, very happy!"

"I did my best to prevent her marriage, as you are aware. I am glad"—he spoke with an effort—"that she is happy. Perhaps after all she was right, but I shall not live to tell her so."

I told him as well as I was able that indeed she had been right. I said how often my husband and I talked of him, and wished that he would be reconciled to Gabrielle. Then I said how grateful I felt that he had allowed me to come to see him—might I come again very often?"

"It is a dull house for such a bright little lady!"

"You forget, Sir Philip, that it was once my home for a great many years. You asked me here when I was a motherless child."

He put aside my thanks with a smile. "It was Gabrielle's doing," he said.

Very soon the nurse returned; but he would not let me go until I had promised to come again. I did come very often, but on no future occasion could I persuade him to speak of his grandchild again. It was impossible to him even now to make the first step towards reconciliation.

I wrote to Gabrielle and told her of Sir Philip's illness. She will write to him now, I thought. I allowed plenty of time for the letter. But it never came, and the old man was sinking rapidly.

One day I had been reading to him; he soon grew weary, and lay back with closed eyes almost as motionless as death. The nurse tried to persuade him to take a draught. All in vain; he would have his own way. She made a sign to me, and I held the glass to his lips. "You are a good child, Nellie, and to please you I will drink it. Now I think I can sleep."

I sat there quietly for an hour or more. The door leading to the library was always open. Presently I saw a figure standing there. I went forward, thinking to warn nurse that Sir Philip was still asleep. The figure wore a long cloak and a hat. It was not nurse—it was Gabrielle! In another moment she was clasped to my heart.

"I came as soon as I could after I got your letter, Nellie. Harry will follow by the next mail. I have brought my boy with me. Will grandpapa mind seeing me *now*?"

We watched by Sir Philip that night; he never spoke or appeared aware of our presence. The doctor came and went. The next morning the stillness of the house was broken by the shout of a child; little Gabriel had escaped from the servant, and run into the library in search of his mother. "Hush, hush! my boy!" and as she laid her hand on his head I saw the light of love in her eyes, and I understood better how it was that Gabrielle was changed from the proud girl who had left me.

Sir Philip moved his head and looked towards her. I think he was conscious then. I believe he saw the mother and child standing by his bedside.

"Dear grandpapa! I have come a long way to see you. Do you know me?"

He put out a feeble hand towards her. Surely, surely it was a sign of forgiveness—the first voluntary sign of love that he had ever shown her since she came, a tiny child, to his house.

Before the sun set that night Sir Philip had entered into his rest.

* * * *

Captain Beechworth arrived in time to attend the funeral. His visit to Lyndene was a hurried one; it seemed that he must of necessity leave England the same week. His wife and child would of course go too.

Sir Cyril Tregaron was not urgent in pressing his cousins to become his visitors at Veryan Court, they therefore stayed with us at Longmead. Sir Philip had left all his available property, books, silver, and pictures, to Gabrielle, in trust for his great-grandson Gabriel Tregaron. There were many business details to arrange, and the last morning of his stay in the neighbourhood Captain Beechworth spent at the Court.

In the afternoon Gabrielle suggested that we should go and meet him; accordingly we drove into the village and put up at the Inn. Little Gabriel, whom we had brought with us, had fallen asleep on my lap when his mother said:—"I should like to say good-bye to the old place. I shall not be long. Wait for me, Nellie!"

I had waited for her more than an hour, when Harry looked in with his pleasant smile and nod. "Where is my wife? We have just missed each other, I suppose?"

I left the child in charge of the landlady, and went down the village in search of Gabrielle, while Harry returned to the Court, in case she had gone to meet him there. She must be close at hand for she had not even troubled to take her hat and jacket.

I walked along the straggling village street until I came to the church; the churchyard was a quiet spot, and to-day, in the glow of the bright sunshine, it looked very beautiful. Gabrielle was kneeling in prayer at the grave, with her head against the stone, which bore the names of so many of her people, and the last name of all was "Philip Tregaron, fifth Baronet."

An old yew tree stretched its tough branches towards the clear sky; far away in the distance I could see the line of white breakers on the yellow sand.

One of Gabrielle's hands was clasped to her face. I waited for some moments, and then, she was so still, I grew anxious, and moved towards her. She could not have heard my footsteps on the mossy ground, but she rose to her feet and came to meet me. "Nellie," she said quite simply, "I know, now that I have a child of my own, how terrible a thing it is to fall out with your kith and kin. God forgive me if I was too hasty!"

There was a wreath of white flowers on the grave—Gabrielle's gift; but before she went away she laid a spray of faded ivy beside the wreath. She had picked it years ago, when she left her grandfather's house in anger and bitterness; now she put it there as a token of free and perfect forgiveness.

At the lych-gate Harry and the boy were waiting for us. The child laughed, and held out his arms to come to me.

"It is time to be going homewards, dear wife," said Harry.

Gabrielle's eyes were filled with tears as they rested on her husband. She was far lovelier at that moment in her humility than she had been in her girlish pride. She did not speak, but put her hand through her husband's arm—they two understood each other perfectly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROY'S WIFE.—The precise origin of the expression "Queen's (or King's) English" is scarcely decided, but it is thought to have arisen when many dialects were in use, and that in which the Royal Proclamations and charters, or statutes, were written was uniformly the same, and so distinguished from others.

A STEPDAUGHTER warns English girls that "there is hardly the slightest chance of obtaining a situation in Paris at present as a governess; there are so many highly-educated girls in the Home and elsewhere who have been waiting for months, and can get no employment either as resident or daily governesses. I have reason to be very thankful for having obtained my present situation.—2. "A Stepdaughter" should get a shilling manual of instruction in painting at any artists colourman's, or order one at Galignani's Library, which is in the street where she resides.

STEPHEN MCDOWELL.—We thank you for your reference to *The Spelling Book Superseded*, which we recommended at p. 160, and for the information that it is a class-book in all the national schools in Ireland, and published by the National Board of Education. It is supplied to all the schools at about 6d., and can be ordered and procured from any bookseller.

AN OLD COMPETITOR of ours writes to request our notice of a new Amateurs' Art Guild, of which she is the Secretary—The Rectory, Holton St. Mary, Colchester—and which was started on January 1st, 1891. It comprises the study of art, literature, music, and needlework, a reading and practising society being annexed to it. The needlework includes crewel, crochet, lace, knitting, embroidery, etc. All particulars of what seems a very useful Society may be had in printed form from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Hunnybun.

M. H. should hold her violoncello outside, not inside, the knee.

HOUSEKEEPING.

WORRIED.—1. We think that if you take the responsibility of laying out the money for food, washing, and fire and light, and undertake the cooking, your sisters should divide the housework between them. One could keep the bedrooms in order, and do all the necessary work in connection with them, and the other could take charge of the sitting-rooms, hall, and stairs, and bring in the meals.—2. It is economical to keep what the French call a *pot au feu*—a large pot into which remains of broth and gravy, bones, scraps of bread, and (when not to be kept too long) any remains of vegetables; some barley, or rice, or lentils, and a little Indian meal or other flour to thicken it. Out of this you can dip when you want to make up a dinner or supper, adding a little pepper and salt. Haricot beans soaked in water all night, and then boiled, adding a little chopped parsley, and when quite ready to serve and dished, put a piece of butter to melt through them and stir it in. The less meat you eat the better, and the economy will be great.—3. Mrs. Charles Clarke, the Lady Superintendent of the National Training School for Cookery, South Kensington, has published a manual of "Recipes for Cheap Dinners," price threepence (Wm. Clowes & Sons, 13, Charing Cross, S.W.; or at the School of Cookery), which might give you many useful suggestions.

COOKERY.

NANCY LEE.—To make burnt sugar syrup for custard or other puddings cover the sugar with water to its level, and boil until you see that it emits puffs of smoke and turns at the same time a dark brown colour. Then remove from the fire, and dilute with water to any consistency required.

ANNIE.—It is very easy to preserve apples by drying them. To do this they should be boiled until rather soft, then peeled, and placed in an oven heated as for baking bread. There they must be left during twenty-four hours, when the oven will be nearly cold—the fruit having been examined occasionally to guard against its becoming charred. Then remove them, and press them flat with the hand until they look like round flat cakes. In this state they will keep well for a very long time, and when required they have only to be soaked in hot water for a few hours to render them fit for the table.

ROLEY-POLEY.—The presence of alum in bakers' bread may be discovered by boiling the bread in water, which dissolves the alum into the water. To the liquid then add a little spirits of hartshorn, and if there be alum in it the water will become cloudy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRATEFUL.—If you do not wish the correspondence with this gentleman to lead to his making a proposal of marriage, you should not delay in telling him, kindly but firmly, that you are sorry to have to say so, but you must decline to keep up any further correspondence, as you did not think it desirable. Your English does you credit.

ST. GEORGE.—Your idea of helping in the housework is very good, but we should recommend the assistance of a small girl, to whom you might teach housework and cooking, and who would do some of the dirty work for you. You must take exercise, you know; and to be quite without a servant in the house might prove trying to your nerves in another way, and perhaps not very safe either.

BUSY BEE.—Glue is not the right thing for fixing knives into the handles. Fill the hole in the latter with finely powdered resin, and heat the point of the steel that should be inserted in the bone handle until red hot. Then press it down into the resin until in its proper position. This will have to be done with great care or the handle will be cracked; and should any of the melted resin run over it wipe it off before it hardens. Ignorant persons put knife handles into the water used for washing the blades. This cracks and destroys the ivory or bone, and loosens one from the other.

H. CLARK.—We think that, under the circumstances you name, it would be well for her to join the Sulhampstead Question Club, Secretary, Miss Thoyts, Sulhampstead, Reading. History and geography, etc., are amongst the subjects taught, and the very trifling subscription is divided among the members in money prizes at the end of the year. Geography and English history are the chief subjects for her to study. Our society has published a very good work on the former subject by Milner; and Pinnock's *Goldsmith's History of England* is in one volume, and gives a fairly sufficient idea. At any second-hand bookstall it might be obtained for you.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER should take the book of engravings to some first-class librarian, and have it valued. It might be disposed of either to him or else by him on commission.

HEART'S CONTENT is the name of a harbour on the south-east coast of Newfoundland, where the Atlantic telegraph cable lands from the other side—Valentia, in Ireland. "Heart's content" is not an unusual phrase in our language. We often say, "She did so and so to her heart's content."

EMIGRANT.—The North-West Territories of the Dominion of Canada include Labrador, and run northwards to the 60° parallel. The capital is Regina. It is divided into districts—Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Athabasca—which will ultimately be separate provinces. There is a Lieut.-Governor and a Council. It depends on what you know and can do whether you would succeed. The industries of the North-West are mining, pastoral, and agricultural. The climate is cold, but dry and healthy, and hot during the summer.

INQUISITIVE MAGGIE.—The three hoods you enquire about all belong to the University of Dublin, which is more commonly known as Trinity College, Dublin. It is not at all a new college, but was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. The black silk hood lined with blue silk is the Master of Arts, or M.A.; the scarlet cloth lined with crimson silk is the M.D.; and the scarlet cloth lined with pink silk, the LL.D.

ALICE MAUD D.—Do not be taken in by articles headed, "A Paradise for Spinsters," in reference to emigration. At the same time, if you have no ties to England we have nothing grave to say against your seeking employment in one of our Colonies. We are giving information on the subject, to which you can refer. However, as a cashier in a house of business, and "rather comfortably situated," our advice would be to remain where you are. As a well-trained domestic servant you would be far more likely to find employment in a colony than as a cashier.

C. P. LUCAS.—We are happy to direct those of our readers who propose to emigrate, to your office—Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.—and thank you for the papers sent to us. Also, we are enabled through them to tell our girl readers that "there is a demand in Cape Colony and Natal for female servants, who may, under certain conditions, obtain reduced passages there." But clerks and women above the grade of servants are warned against emigrating to any of the Colonies unless they go to situations already prepared for them.

MARCIA N.—A "lakh" is a term used in India to express the number 100,000 in the reckoning of money. Thus, a "lakh of rupees" is 100,000 rupees, which is equivalent to about £10,000 of our money. The value of the rupee was fixed in 1835 at 2s., but since then it has fallen to about 1s. 8d., or even below that.

SNOWDROP.—We have never heard that charcoal was "poisonous," but all filters require to be kept clean.

BEATRICE.—What is called "Peace Sunday" is the last Sunday in Advent. In 1889 sermons were preached on that day in a large number of churches of various denominations in the United Kingdom, and the subject of adopting a special day was discussed at the "Peace Congress." The "Peace Society," for obtaining peace by international arbitration, will give you further particulars: the address is 47, New Broad Street, E.C.

NORWICH.—"Kraal" and "laager" are both South African words. The first is pronounced "krawl," and means a village or town of the natives—usually a number of huts surrounded by a pallisade. The second is pronounced as written, and means an encampment which is more or less fortified. The "laager" of the Boers which we read of is formed by drawing together the waggons in such a manner as to form a centre in which the cattle can be herded at night.

MERLE.—It is not the custom for bridesmaids to receive rings from the bridegroom more than any other present. On the contrary, a brooch, pin, or a locket, are more usually selected, and when his means are very limited he sometimes gives their gloves, bouquets, or fans, for the occasion of the wedding. It was formerly the custom to provide them with their dresses, and to send white gloves to all the guests, men and women alike.

NELLY WHITE.—A good wash all over with cold or tepid water every morning, with a weekly hot bath for cleanliness, would answer.

DAISY.—Wear the ring on the third finger of your left hand if you like. It is not an engagement or wedding ring, and you are very young, so it is of no consequence.

A. C.—The poem sent is not a very bad example of blank verse. But very few write it correctly.

"UNHAPPY NOSE."—We are sorry for the annoyance to which you are subjected by the "sneering" of those with whom you associate on account of having "a nose with a large end," and of what you call "unevenness." It is trying to be an object of remark, but those who are so ill-bred and unkind as to "sneer" are more to be pitied than yourself.

ZEPHYR, E. H. W., A LOVER OF THE NORTH, J. H., MARGARET M., send us pieces of poetry, all of which are mediocre.

FAITH should write to the paper in which she saw the notice.

L. E. A.—We know of nothing else save a constant, earnest demand of God to take away fear from you, to increase your faith, and to give you a fuller sense of His Fatherly and protecting love and presence with you.

GILLY, V. B. H.—1. The monthly numbers of the "G. O. P." may be obtained on the 25th of each month.—2. We have published the instructions for Burntwood, or "poker," work in our paper. Refer to it.

THREE SCHOOLGIRLS.—Writing stories or essays is an excellent exercise in composition.

DECEMBER.—You should consult an oculist at an Eye and Ear Infirmary, or any hospital. If, as you say, you are troubled with "old sight" at fifteen and a half, you should not trifle with what is unnatural, and we could not venture to prescribe for your peculiar case. From what you say of your height we fancy you may have outgrown your strength, and it has told, perhaps, on your sight. Spare your eyes as much as possible, and sleep a good deal.

E. C. E.—We could not undertake to publish stories by an unknown writer. We regret to disappoint you.



THE GIRL'S OWN OUTDOOR BOOK,

CONTAINING

Practical Help to Girls on Matters relating to Outdoor Occupation and Recreation.

EDITED BY

CHARLES PETERS,

Editor of "The Girl's Own Indoor Book," "A Crown of Flowers," etc.

In response to repeated requests, we have decided to publish a serial edition of the "Girl's Own Outdoor Book." The first monthly number (price sixpence) is now ready; and the whole work will be completed in twelve monthly numbers.

THE habit of remaining too much indoors is a common fault among English women and girls. This pernicious practice in time totally unfits many from taking even a slight constitutional without extreme fatigue. The Queen's practice of daily walking or driving, no matter what the weather may be, is a striking example. In sunshine and storm, in warm weather and cold, the first lady in the land turns out of her beautiful palace and braves the elements with the view of preserving health.

In this book we provide suggestions for outdoor pleasure and occupation for our mothers and sisters, and also for our too reclusive domestics. How is it that our servants so seldom get out of doors, except on their particular "day out"? How can they be healthy when shut up within four walls all and every day? and how can one expect peace and harmony to reign in the household when the mistress and servant rub up against each other all day long, and unconsciously suffer ill-health from want of pure air?

Look, then, girls, inside this book, and let each one find out how best to improve her general health by some outdoor occupation, whether it be in pastimes such as tennis, riding, swimming, boating, skating, etc., or in the gentler pursuits of botanising, shell-collecting at the seaside, observing the ways and habits of birds, or in the healthy practice of gardening.

It is true that country girls have greater opportunities of studying Nature than town girls have; but in this volume there is plenty of occupation for town girls, such as the wholesome practice of "making calls," marketing (and the benefit to the household when this is undertaken by some responsible person is considerable), and the like.

And the invalid—she who is so mysteriously prevented by her affliction from active outdoor work—will find plenty in this book to help her to interesting occupation and to the unselfish appreciation of the outside life enjoyed by her more fortunate sisters.

CONTENTS OF PART I. (MAY).

FRONTISPIECE: A TENNIS ENTHUSIAST. Drawn by R. Catterson Smith.

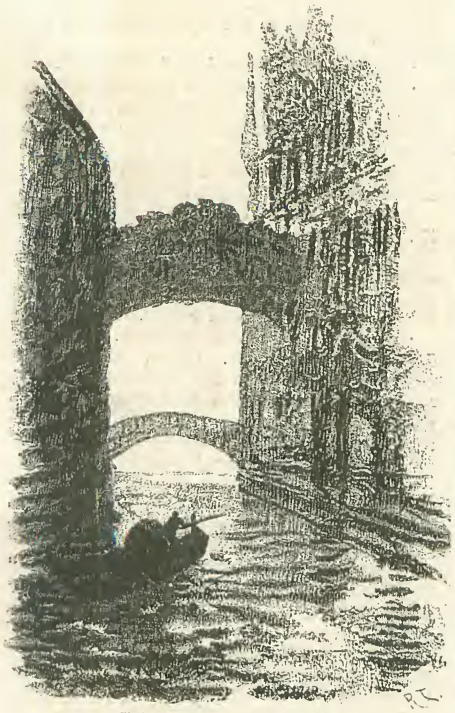
CHAPTER I.—GIRLHOOD. By Lily Watson, author of the "Mountain Path," etc.
,, II.—EXERCISE, AND HOW TO BENEFIT BY IT. By "Medicus."
,, III.—HOW TO RIDE. With eleven illustrations by John Sturgess.
,, IV.—TOBOGANS AND TOBOGANING. Illustrated.
CHAPTER V.—HOW TO PLAY LAWN TENNIS. With rules and all particulars for playing the game. Illustrated by John Dinsdale.
,, VI.—A GIRLS' CRICKET CLUB. By a Member. Illustrated by J. Bernard Partridge.

A Large Engraving, entitled "WILL YOU BE MY MODEL?" or, THE TRAVELLING ART STUDENT, from the Painting by F. Defreggar, is given away with this Part.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XII.—NO. 592.] MAY 2, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE THREE QUESTS.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUESTS.

IT was a spring morning. The sun shone brilliantly over Venice, illuminating the green waters of the narrow canal which leads under the Bridge of Sighs, with the Ducal Palace on one side, a prison on the other, out into the Canal of St. Mark.

In one of the hearse-like gondolas, which, with their quaint silver prows, and the gondoliers standing rowing in the stern, give one of its unique charms to Venice, sat three English girls, whose rhapsodies over the beauty of the water-city they were traversing for the first time were constantly interrupted by their gondolier, who, seeing they were strangers, named every building they passed.

"Don't quote Byron as we pass under the Bridge of Sighs, please Maud," said the eldest girl, thinking of those hackneyed lines—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

"I wish I could, but our gondolier, though songless, is not silent for long," said Maud, thinking of another quotation—

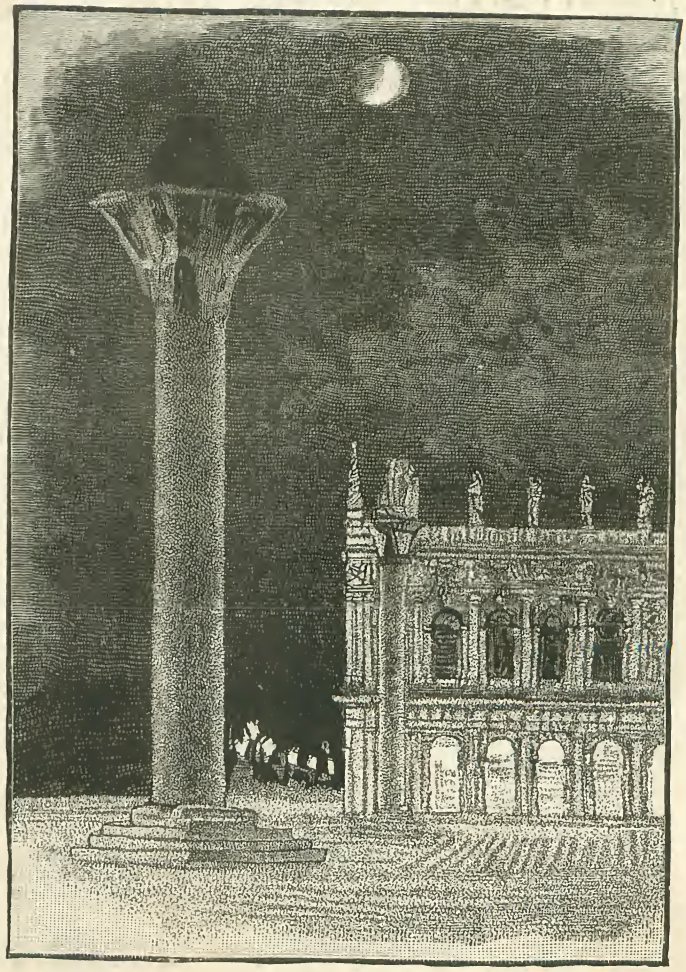
"Silent rows the songless gondolier."

"Silence is one of the golden charms of Venice nevertheless; how restful the splash of the oars is after the noise of cabs and omnibuses. I feel better already," said the last of the trio, a fragile-looking, delicate girl, who lay propped up by cushions under the hood of the gondola.

They were sisters, and there was a strong likeness between them, notwithstanding the fact that Maud, the youngest, was the picture of health, while Grace and Sophy were both pale, and apparently delicate. Grace was pale from ill-health, but Sophy owed her pallor to study; she was not really a delicate girl.

They were in mourning for their mother, and their fair complexions and hair looked fairer than they actually were by contrast with their black dresses and hats. Perhaps the likeness between them was mainly due to the coils of golden hair which crowned the head of each, and the pretty clear white complexions they all had; though Maud's colouring was more vivid than that of either of her sisters, and her cheeks were tinged with a deep pink.

Maud was the beauty of the family; her eyes were larger and bluer, her features more regular, than Grace's and Sophy's; and though the youngest, she was taller than her sisters. But Grace was very sweet-looking, and some people admired her as much as they did Maud; for though not strictly beautiful, her expression



THE GRANITE COLUMNS.

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was singularly charming, and her smile, though rather sad, was irresistible.

There was more character and less beauty in Sophy's face; the closely-set lips were rather stern than sweet, a slight frown often wrinkled her white forehead, which was too high for beauty, though it showed intellectual power, and there was a restless, anxious look in her cold blue eyes, which gave an unsatisfied expression to her face which was not pleasing. When she was animated, and speaking on any subject that interested her, her whole face lighted up, and then Sophy was almost beautiful. In short, they were three pretty girls; and if Maud were the only strictly beautiful of the three, Sophy had the beauty of intellect, and Grace's beauty was of that spiritual kind which is highest of all.

They had come to Venice mainly for the sake of Grace's health; she suffered from her spine, but at present no disease could be detected, and it was hoped with care she would outgrow all tendency to spinal disease, and that her symptoms would turn out to be merely nervous pains due to the strain the sisters had recently undergone in nursing, first their father and then their mother, through long illnesses, which had ended fatally in both cases.

A thorough change would, Grace's doctor said, be good for them all; so they let their London house and had come to Italy for a year, with a widowed aunt to *chaperon* them.

"Oh! how lovely Venice is; it surpasses my expectations, and I can't say more!" said Maud.

"So it does mine. I wonder if spiritual things will surpass our expectations as natural things sometimes, but I think very rarely, do. By spiritual things I don't mean religious things, but fame, and love, and success," said Sophy.

"Why do you put fame first, Sophy?"

"Because it is the thing of all others I desire most," said Sophy.

"Of natural things, I desire health the most," said Grace.

"Health is the greatest blessing we can have," said Sophy.

"Not quite, I think. I know a greater—love," said Maud, blushing.

"You do not know it, Maud, or perhaps you would not think it the greatest blessing. I would rather have fame. I am not like Mrs. Browning; I should be content to sit at a lonely hearth if the nations were praising me far off," said Sophy.

"I wonder which of us is right. I desire health, Sophy fame, Maud love, and we each think health, or fame, or love would make us perfectly happy," said Grace.

"I wonder if either of us will get our heart's desire. Maud of course will; but will Grace get health—shall I win fame?" said Sophy.

"I shall pray for health," said Grace.

"I shall work for fame," said Sophy, her face kindling with excitement.

"I shall wait and wish for love," said Maud.

"Everything comes to him who knows how to wait; so you are sure of love," said Sophy.

"Every wish is an unspoken prayer to the All-Father! so I am doubly sure of getting my wish," said Maud, quoting "Aurora Leigh."

"We don't always get what we pray for," said Sophy.

"Because we so often ask for stones and God sends us bread. Our prayers are often answered so strangely that we do not recognise the answer. I am not certain that I shall get health because I pray for it. I may get something better worth having even than health, much as I desire that," said Grace.

"After all, I believe my quest is the highest. Fame is certainly a higher object to strive after than health or love; it is more unselfish," said Sophy.

"I don't think it is, Sophy; it is a more refined selfishness that makes you desire fame, for after all you want it for yourself. Now Grace wants health quite as much for our sakes, to spare us anxiety, as for her own; and I, in wishing for love, wish to make someone else happy as well as myself," said Maud.

"Well, we won't quarrel about the object of our quest. Whose means to attain it strikes you as the noblest?" said Sophy.

"Of course you want us to say yours—work; but I think prayer is the highest; it implies faith; and it is harder for some people to believe than to do—to work," said Maud.

"'Laborare est orare,' you know, Maud; so I think we will allow Sophy's means to be the highest—it includes prayer," said Grace.

"Well now, how long shall we give ourselves to attain our desires? Love may come to Maud at any moment, and it may tarry for a few years, but that is not probable; health, Dr. Gordon hopes, may be Grace's in a year or two at the longest; but fame, I fear, will take much longer to win," said Sophy.

"Who can tell? You may wake some morning and find yourself famous, Sophy," said Maud.

"Well, let us give ourselves three years for our quest. Here we are at the Piazzetta. Now three years hence we will, all being well, come and stand where we shall be directly between those two columns, and see if our quest has been successful, and if so, how far it has satisfied us," said Sophy.

Their conversation had interested them so much that they had glided past the lovely Ducal Palace, with its cusped arches, its rich sculpture, crowned with that light, graceful cornice no other palace can boast, almost without noticing it, though Sophy had been taking in its general loveliness.

Now they disembarked from the gondola, and Grace, leaning on Maud's arm, while Sophy carried her cushions, paused between those granite columns which, like two sentinels, keep watch and ward over the heart of Venice, and gazed in silent admiration on the scene before them.

On their right the Ducal Palace, a marble dream; beyond it, the rainbow-hued *façade* of that Temple Beautiful of St. Mark, with its gilded dome and cupolas gleaming in the sunlight, its gilt-bronze horses, which travelled from Nero's arch in Rome to Constantinople before Dandolo brought them thence to Venice, its pinnacles and its vestibule all inlaid with mosaic, and opposite to the main entrance the beautiful Campanile; on their left the rounded arches of the Libreria Vecchia, and beyond all this beauty, the finest square in Europe.

No wonder if for a few minutes those three girls were struck dumb with admiration.

"'We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,'" quoted Sophy; "we could live by Admiration alone in Venice," she added.

"I always hope Wordsworth meant to include faith in admiration when he said that; then I could quite agree with him," said Grace.

"Perhaps he did, for admiration and love both follow faith. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it,' is true in spiritual things as well as in natural. But here come Tom and Aunt Mary, so good-bye to serious conversation," said Sophy, as a young man about twenty years old, with a little fair delicate lady on his arm, approached them.



"Well, girls, what do you think of Venice?" said Tom.

"It is a dream of beauty!" said Grace.

"It is a poem in marble!" said Sophy.

"It is the pearl of cities!" said Maud.

"A dream, a poem, a pearl! I say, mother, I can't live on dreams, and poems, and pearls! Do you think this ideal city can produce something more substantial? I should be grateful even for the inevitable macaroni and polenta as soon as it pleases my fair cousins to come in to lunch!"

"Give Grace an arm, Tom; she looks fagged. I can manage alone," replied Mrs. Graham, smiling fondly at her son.

"With pleasure; but first of all, tell me, Sappho" (Tom always called Sophy, Sappho) "who are those gentlemen on the top of these granite columns?"

"Gentlemen, Tom! How can you be so prosaic? All the statues in Venice are saints," said Maud.

"But, cousin mine, the saints were gentlemen in the best sense, or I take it they would not have been saints," said Tom.

"Well, Tom, on this column is St. Theodore standing on a Crocodile, said by some critics to be St. George on the Dragon; and on the other is the Winged Lion of St. Mark."

"Why winged, I wonder?" said Maud.

"My dear Maud, what a superfluous question. Surely you know there are no quadrupeds except dogs in Venice; wings the sculptor knew would be more useful to his lion than legs. But what had St. Theodore to do with Venice, Sappho?" said Tom.

"I don't know; I believe it is meant for St. George. But perhaps it was not made for Venice; those columns themselves came originally from Tyre, I believe. There were three, and one fell into the sea when they were being taken ashore," said Sophy.

"Sappho is a mine of information. Sappho, I wish you were mine. Grace, allow me to call your attention to the fact that in olden times public executions took place on this spot, where, I daresay, you three have been romancing in fine style," continued Tom.

"Yes, I think we have," said Grace.

"I knew it—you can't deceive your affectionate cousin. Now look here, I may as well tell you at once, I have come to Venice to enjoy myself; pleasure is my object, and I mean to take you girls out in gondolas, and make you all happy. I won't have Sappho studying, and Maud talking art, and Grace in church all day!"

"What is that, Tom? Pleasure, you say, is your object in Venice, health is Grace's, fame is mine——" began Sophy.

"Don't tell mine!" interrupted Maud.

"What is aunt Mary's?" continued Sophy.

"To look after you children."

"Yes, but we all have a quest, aunt Mary; we are all in search of something. What are you in search of?"

"I? Oh, that picture of Bellini's, of a Madonna that Maud reminds me of. I am sure it is in Venice, and I can't remember where."

"We will go to the Academy to-morrow, and look. Your quest is the easiest, aunt Mary—it will soon be over," said Sophy.

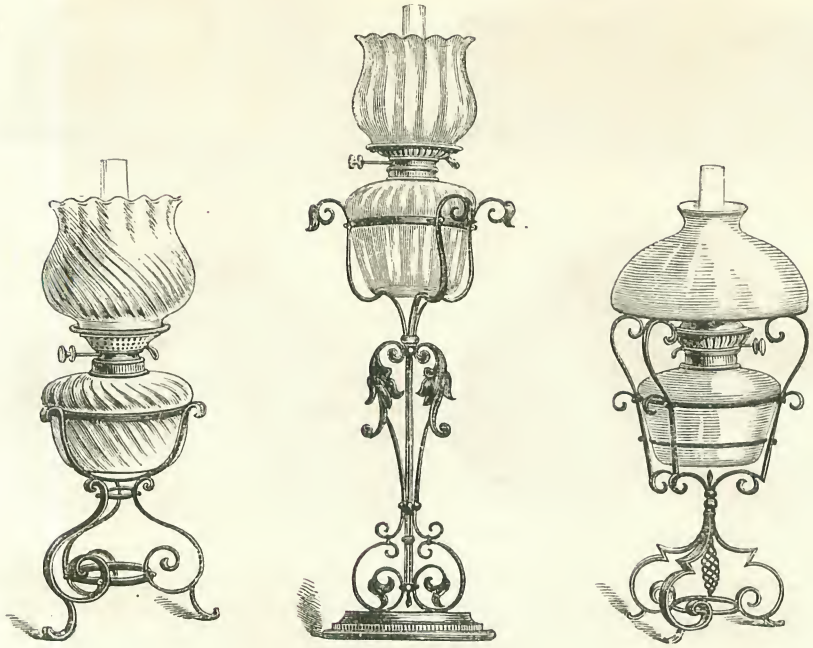
"Mine, I hope, won't; it has begun already, and already it is successful; but I want to know what Maud's quest is," said Tom.

"Mine is a secret from you, at any rate," said Maud.

"One I shall not rest until I have guessed," retorted Tom, as they reached their hotel.

(To be continued.)

LAMPIANA: AN IDYLL OF LAMPS AND SHADES.



LAMPS WITH IRON STANDS.

No discovery of this century, I fancy, has ever been of so much real value, or has so much added to the comfort of the lives of both rich and poor, as that of petroleum, or "rock oil;" and it seems difficult to realise that it was only in 1859 that American petroleum became an article of commerce, and that, even now, the best geological authorities are not agreed as to its origin. What is called "kerosene," or "petroleum" oil, is the natural product derived from American wells, as well as from the Baku region, in Russia, filtered, or what is called "refined," more or less well; and so prepared for burning purposes.

The extent to which it is used—as well for cooking as for illuminating our houses—is remarkable; and it is claimed for the oil-stove, that it will compete in a satisfactory manner, in the time required for and quality of cooking, with an ordinary kitchen range, and that it will be at less cost, combined with one great merit, *i.e.*, the power it accords to regulate the degree of heat at will. It is also a great saving to poor people, that they can use only just so much oil as is required for the amount of cooking, and, moreover, there is no waste; as the burner can be turned down directly that its work is finished.

Now that lamps are so very generally used by all classes of society, a little sensible chat over their care and management will probably be welcome. The comfort and enjoyment derived from a clear bright light cannot be too highly estimated, and the well-cared-for lamp adds, there is no manner of doubt, an extra charm to the whole evening's enjoyment, apart from the advantage to the eyes of a good steady light. All those who use lamps know the uncared-for article that appears at times, with its smoked chimney, badly-cut wick, and evil smell; not to speak of the unwiped stand, which covers the hands which touch it with oil.

Lamps are to be had of all kinds, shapes, and sizes; some of the new kinds, such as "La Lamp Belge," needing some special rules for putting in the wick, or for their filling with oil and ways of lighting. These non-explosive lamps are a very excellent "departure" in the history of lighting; and to my mind, it would be well to prohibit the use of glass or china "plugs," or receptacles for oil, by law, for they are unquestionably dangerous. Any lamp, however, becomes a dangerous article in careless hands; and it is only fair to state that the two worst accidents—so called—with lamps, which both resulted in death, were caused by carelessness. One lady, indeed, was filling the lamp without having extinguished the flame, holding the wick portion in one hand while she re-filled from the oil-can with the other! Nor is this an uncommon occurrence, as I have heard of other people who were injured or killed from doing the same thing.

The care of lamps is, I must confess, a disagreeable duty, and for that reason it is too often shirked by the servants. But if certain rules and regulations were put in force, its unpleasantness would be much modified. For instance, a certain place, shelf, or table, with a drawer, if possible, should always be reserved upon which the lamp should stand, and on which the work of re-trimming, filling, and cleaning should be performed. The drawer will hold the cloths and scissors, and thus the smell will not affect nor touch anything else.

Do not put off the cleaning of the lamps till the afternoon or the evening, just before they are needed; but see that they are done in the morning, either before or after breakfast. The vapour or gas of the oil in a newly-filled lamp or in a lamp that is nearly empty, is considered explosive, and no lamp should be used which is not filled quite three-parts full with oil. No lamp should be filled to overflowing: not only have they a bad smell, and are uncleanly, but they soil everything with which they come in contact. This question of overfilling is the cause of half the prejudice against lamps that now exists. Another reason is the way in which the oil exudes out of a lamp, so that, as you may have noticed, a lamp that has been unused for a short time will not only be moist on the outside, but the oil will have affected the globe, which, if of ground or muffled glass, will be quite greasy and transparent from the oil which has been drawn up through the wick, which has, you may be sure, been left turned up. Nearly every one, after extinguishing or trimming a lamp, leaves the wick turned up; whereas, it should be carefully turned down as far as it will go, so that the lamp may remain clean and unsullied by the oil, which is sure to be drawn up by what is called capillary attraction.

There are many differing opinions on the subject of the cutting of the wick, *i.e.*, with scissors, or the rubbing of it off with paper. I think, however, even if you only rub it off you must finish the work with a pair of lamp scissors to make the surface quite smooth. Careless people in using scissors are very apt to cut the wick unevenly, and to waste a great deal of it in cutting it, so, for this reason, only the rubbing off of the charred portion is advisable. But this must be thoroughly done, as if any of the burnt part be left, the flame will be uneven, the oil not being able to penetrate through it to feed the flame. A new method is to take a match, or flat bit of wood, and turning down the wick to the edge of the charred portion, shave it off evenly, close to the edge. This, I think, seems an excellent plan to ensure an even flame, which is our great object, as without it we shall break numberless glasses, and constantly smoke when we do not break them.

Lamp wicks should be soaked in strong vinegar, and afterwards dried well. This will prevent their smoking when burnt, and improve the colour of the flame. When the lamp is lit, the wick should be turned down low at first, and afterwards raised, to avoid suddenly heating the lamp-glass. It is better to light the wick by means of a wax taper than with a match or paper, which sometimes drops into the inside funnel or chimney, within the wick.

The flickering of a lamp is often caused by these small pieces and bits of charred wick cut or rubbed off in trimming. It is said that strips of old cotton stockings, overcast at the edges to keep them even, make good lamp-wicks; and I have lately seen, in an American newspaper, that a piece of fine flannel or stocking material, tacked on to the end of a partially-burnt wick, will enable it to reach the oil, and thus feed the wick till the oil be burnt out. This is a good thing to know, especially if you live in the country, and are far from the shops of the country town.

The frequent breakage of chimneys is a great source of expense, and some of our servants seem really to have taken out a patent for breaking them. A very good way of toughening glass, whether funnels, dishes, tumblers, or wine-glasses, is to put them on the fire in cold water in a large fish-kettle or saucepan, which will hold three or four at once, and to let the water come gradually to boiling-point; then stand it aside to cool, and keep the kettle covered closely with the cover till the water has time to cool. After this process has been gone through, the chimneys should not see water again unless very dirty indeed, or much neglected, when they may be washed with warm water and soda, or perhaps a little ammonia. All chimneys may be quickly and easily cleaned by breathing down and upon them, and rubbing them with newspaper. The latter seems to have been discovered to be the best thing possible for cleaning either lamp-glasses or window-panes; and no glass that has to be looked through should be wetted with water excepting in a case of urgent necessity. A smoky appearance of a chimney may be cured by rubbing it with newspaper and dry salt; and generally dry soda will remove all discolourations. Soap-suds form the worst medium for washing glass, as they give it a muddy appearance. Lamp chimneys are frequently broken by being too tightly screwed on, thus



LAMP SHADES OF LACE, SILK, RIBBON, AND FLOWERS.

leaving no place for the expansion of the glass when heated by the flame. A draught is also a cause of many breakages.

The lamp itself will need a thorough cleansing from time to time, and should be washed out with soda and hot water to remove the grease and dirt. They must, however, be well dried when the cleansing process is over, or there will be a most alarming noise and spluttering when the lamp is again lighted. All the several portions of the lamp should also be cleaned with a leather, the burnt-looking portions well rubbed with soda, and everything done to restore that brightness to the lamp on which the light so much depends. Bronze lamps should be cleaned with oil alone; brass ones with oil and rotten-stone. When merely lacquered, they must be gently rubbed only with a soft brush.

It will be seen, from what I have said, that the chief secret of satisfactory light seems to be found in cleanliness; and I find that many mistresses have been driven into cleaning the lamp each morning themselves, armed with an old pair of kid gloves and an apron. And in educated hands the trouble, and consequent "mess," is reduced to a minimum; no oil is spilt carelessly, and no smell pervades the house.

The only thing to which I have not alluded thus far is the oil-can itself. The usual size is for one gallon; and where a quantity of oil is got in at once, it can be refilled when needed. This oil-can should be kept clean and bright always, as a dirty oil-can spoils any lamp. When dirty, it must be cleaned with a strong soap-lather of carbolic soap and very hot water. But before you use this, the can should be drained from oil, and wiped inside and out with an old cloth till dry. Then use the suds, and dry well after.

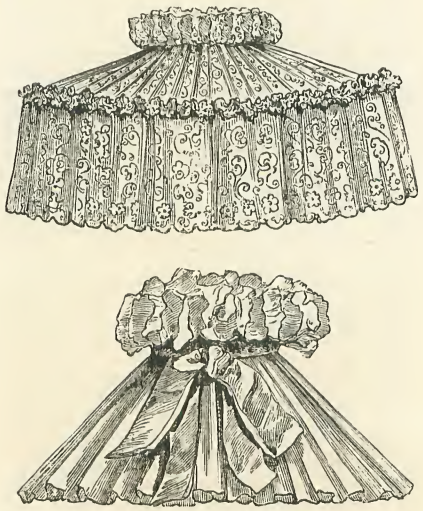
The strength and safety of oil may be tested by pouring a little oil into an old saucer, and standing it on the ground in the open air. Apply a light to it with a piece of twisted paper or a long taper. If bad oil it will flame up at once, but the properly refined oil will not ignite. The best refined petroleum is almost inodorous, has a specific gravity of 0·695, and a boiling point of Fahrenheit 340°, and this oil is practically a safe one. No economy is gained by the purchase of cheap oils, as a good oil really goes further in the end, besides giving a better light. There are few shops where you have not a choice of them.

For drawing-room use I consider the "duplex" burners the best, as the light given by them is abundant. They are easy to manage, but after all there is no real difficulty in lamp management. If they smell, you may be sure they have been over-filled; and the oil having been dropped on the



PAPER SHADE.

"plug" or receiver, when that gets hot the smell of course becomes dreadful. Many servants are so careless about the brass parts of the lamp that they become covered with sticky oil and a kind of burnt paste. When this happens, take them all out of the lamp, remove the wick, and put them into clean



TISSUE PAPER SHADES.

water, and boil them over the fire. When they come out, you can rub them clean very easily, and they will look like new.

There are some very pretty small brass lamps sold at 10s. 6d., and a smaller size at 7s. 6d. They are slender and graceful, and make very pretty table-lamps either for the dining-room or the drawing-room. Then there are some very beautiful and artistic beaten copper and beaten iron lamps, with shades of tinted glass; and several London makers supply exquisite lamps of china, glass, or silver, the latter forming very good presents to elderly people who like a small corner of their own.

The best "crystal oil," marked, I believe, "A 1," is sold at 10d. a gallon, and it is the most economical to burn, though perhaps the most expensive. Many housekeepers get a quantity at a time, on which there is, I believe, a reduction. This entails two oil-cans—a small one to be refilled from the larger quantity when needed. It is not necessary to impress on my readers, that all the lamps should be trimmed and the oil got by daylight. This should be made a stringent rule of every house where lamps are used.

In an article published some years ago in the *Leisure Hour* I called attention to the only way that kerosene or paraffin oil could be extinguished when it has caught fire. The recent destruction of the University of Toronto, by the upsetting of a tray-full of oil lamps carried by a careless hand, shows that no precautions had been taken to prevent this special and daily increasing danger, against which water is of no avail.

After a series of experiments it was found, some few years ago, that nothing but dry sand would extinguish the flame of petroleum oil, and it was recommended that in all houses where it was in daily use boxes of sand should be placed at hand, so that they could be reached on the first alarm. This recommendation has been but little attended to, as the recent sad experience at the University of Toronto shows; and there are few weeks which do not show a record of one or more fires caused by the upsetting of lamps in which this oil was burned.

The number of shades and their various kinds are verily legion; and certainly the lamp makers and sellers owe not a little to the present craze, for their rather uninteresting but very useful windows have developed into a perfect blaze of beauty; and round the

windows of the more fashionable shops of Regent Street and New Bond Street there is generally a small crowd of ladies who are "taking-in" ideas, or "posting themselves up," as the Americans have it, in the last "sweet thing" for the table or dining-room—"Harmonies" in yellow, "Symphonies" in red—the shade from the lamps being cast over the beautifully laid table, and carried out in silk or plush centres and flowers of all sorts.

The pretty lamp-shades in use just now, which are made on wire frames, add a great deal to the appearance of any lamp. They are easily made at home, and are much less expensive than those offered for sale. Red, although a beautiful colour and light, is not good for the eyes, nor is it desirable to read or work by it. Yellow is much better, and looks very pretty too. Green is, of course, the best for the sight, but though so good it is not a becoming nor a lively light in a room, being dull and rather heavy. For constant use yellow seems to offer the most advantages and the fewest objections.

The wire foundations are of several sizes and shapes—round, octagon, and square. The first thing to do with them is to cover the whole of the wire with the same material that you are to use for the lamp shade, cutting it into narrow strips and sewing it neatly over and over on the top side of the wires. Thus you have a perfectly neat under-side to your shade. When you have thus prepared it you should take a piece of your material and lay it over the entire top of the shade, and proceed to arrange it smoothly by means of pins and tacking threads at each point and along each wire, as well as round the top circle where it fits round the chimney. If these tackings be very neatly put in with fine cotton they will not have to be done again, and you may proceed to cut round the edges, and turn the edge under so as to make it neat everywhere. This done, you can trim it with a deep flounce of the material and one of lace. The former is generally pinked out with the scissors at the lower edge, and turned down at the upper, so as to make a heading at the top. The lace and the material flounce can be put on together, but you must not omit to quarter them, and to pin the quarters to the quarters of the shade with careful accuracy, or else you will have the fulness uneven. A small flat quilling is usually put round the top, and lace may be used or not, according to taste. If you have not made one before, the best plan is to copy one you may have seen and liked. The most expensive material is, of course, silk; but there is an imitation of silk—a kind of thin cotton pressed to look like silk—which costs about fourpence or fivepence a yard, which answers very well. The cheapest lace would cost about twopence halfpenny to fourpence a yard; and when you have decided on the size of your shade you must then take a yard measure and try to make out what you will require in the way of stuff to cover it.

The glass globes of lamps, as well as gas-lamps, are often covered with lace and silk to fit the globe exactly, and the lower part is left longer, like a flounce, and trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon. The lace in general use on these lamp-shades is a kind of darned net, which is very light and cheap.

Next on my list come a multitude of lamp and candle shades in tissue-paper, which are all pretty and cheap, and can nearly all be made by clever fingers at home. In the early days of the crimped tissue-paper it had to be crimped by hand by being drawn through the fingers until the crimp was fine enough—rather a tedious business; but now it can be purchased all ready crimped at sixpence or sevenpence a bundle, and made up into any of the shades we fancy. Two contrasting colours are the prettiest—dark blue outside, pink inside; sage-green and old gold.

They must be tied round the top with ribbon, and enough of this must be used to make handsome bows and ends. It should match the darker tissue-paper in colour, and satin ribbon has a better effect than silk. Flower-pot covers are very pretty when made of tissue-paper in the manner I have described, the top edge being cut in points, making it look like a large flower. A lovely lamp-shade can be made of red tissue-paper on a wire frame, the centre being covered with tissue-paper arranged in evenly-laid white box-plaits. Round the top of the wire lay a border of red paper poppies, and the same along each rib, the poppies just touching each other. The lower edge should have a tissue-paper fringe, made with a full heading, and the poppies should, of course, match the tissue-paper in hue.

The next description of lamp shades that I must deal with are the *flat* ones. These are of all kinds and shapes—banners, shields, and tambourines, as well as flowers of all kinds, with a few leaves and buds—which are placed at the side of a lamp on the wall, and look charming in that position. Those who know how to make paper flowers will find no difficulty in these. The prettiest and easiest to make is the poppy.

In the small round form, for candles and candle-lamps, we have those made in imitation of roses or sunflowers, with petals, drooping and curled, the material for them being tissue-paper or muslin, crimped in both cases, and generally gummed on the foundation, though they may be sewn in a slight and neat manner. An imitation of moss is also pretty, and so is a tiny shade of forget-me-nots in pale blue. The primrose is also used, and, indeed, any small flower; and for use at Christmas there were very pretty shades of green—holly or ivy leaves, with wreaths of berries.

Some new non-inflammable shades for candles have been patented, which are of transparent paper, so washed in some non-combustible fluid as to smolder only, if they do catch fire, and make no blaze. The secret, of course, of making them is unknown; but in appearance they are very pretty in the transparent whiteness of their background contrasted with the dried ferns, sea-weeds, and flowers beautifully arranged on them. Of course much danger is obviated—and constant care only avoids it—in using the present style of candle shades.

In the selection of a colour for table shades it is necessary to be most careful to find one generally becoming to your guests, as some hues have a positively ghastly effect on both complexions and materials.

In conclusion to my tissue-paper fancies, as I have mentioned flower-pot covers I will stray still further away, and cut from an



FLAT CANDLE SHADES.

American paper the following instructions for making a tissue paper shaving ball, which may be found useful to our girls:—

TISSUE SHAVING BALLS

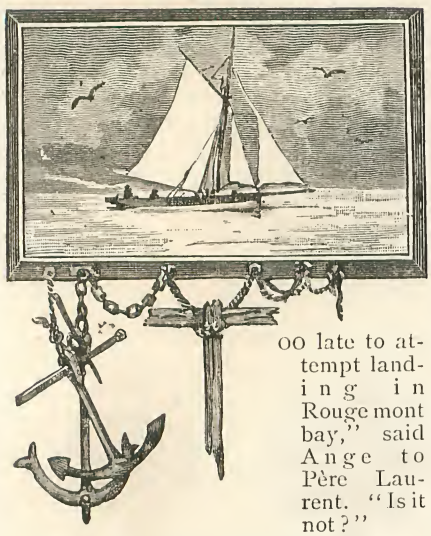
Are almost too pretty to use for the purpose for which they are intended. Cut from seventy-five to one hundred circles of tissue, either pink or yellow, that shall be the size of a coffee saucer; take each circle by the centre and crimp slightly between the fingers. String these circles by the centre on a fine wire, having a small loop turned up at the end to prevent their slipping off. In threading them arrange them so that they will form an evenly-shaped ball; when perfectly round turn the other wire end in a loop through which a narrow satin ribbon is drawn and tied in a bow to hand it up by.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VII.



"Too late to attempt landing in Rougemont bay," said Ange to Père Laurent. "Is it not?"

The old man nodded.

"There is some one on the beach."

Laurent started. "Already!" he exclaimed. "Who is it?"

"By the red cap on his head I think it must be Joseph. That is dangerous."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes, quite alone."

"Then if he means mischief, why——" Laurent significantly held up a rope which lay coiled under his feet.

Ange shook his head. "Violence would be fatal," he said. "Escape as a last resource."

Triponnet behind the rock nudged Jean Marie. "See," he said, "even at this distance I can perceive two men in the boat."

"But it can only be the two Laurents."

"Bah! Ange is lying ill in his bed."

"Then this one, you think, is——"

"'Sh! We shall soon see."

Joseph was standing at the water's edge, and a plan had rapidly matured itself in his villainous breast. He had seen at a glance that the sick man whom Mère Finette was nursing so tenderly was not Ange; he knew well who it was. All the time he was turning over in his own mind how he himself could secure the reward, and now suddenly the opportunity offered. He would himself denounce Ange as Adrien de Riancourt, and after the triumph of capture, and the reward secured to Triponnet and his friends, he would hand over the real aristocrat, claiming for himself a new reward and much admiration for acuteness and zeal. The plan seemed to him not only feasible, but full of advantages.

Meanwhile the boat drew nearer. Laurent and Ange rowed fast; the drops dashed from their oars, glittering in the young whiteness of the sun.

With a crunching sound the boat drove up. Laurent stepped out into the water in his big waterproof boots to drag it up on to the shingle.

Ange sat still; he had perceived something that had escaped the old man's notice—Joseph was no longer alone; a number of men sprang from the rocks and were upon them. Ange sat still, with a swift resolution to play out the game.

"It is he! It is he!" screamed Joseph, dancing with triumph, shrieking like some hideous hyena. "It is the young Marquis De Riancourt himself! Can you doubt?"

Triponnet could not believe his senses. A quarter of an hour ago he had left Ange Laurent sick in his bed at the old farm; now again he stood before them—Ange Laurent himself.

"We have been made fools of, one way or the other. Say!" he shouted to the men, "do any of you know Ange Laurent enough to identify him?"

"Joseph does," they answered. They themselves all came from Quimperlon; of course they knew Ange by sight, but not so intimately as to enable them to judge in the face of such an extraordinary resemblance as this. Only Joseph could be trusted.

"I tell you, you have secured him," shrieked Joseph. "Ange is lying ill of small-pox in Rougemont. You have seen him yourselves; how then can he be here on the sands? Do you not see the impossibility? Here, take him—let us secure this one at all events."

"Drag him to Rougemont," said Triponnet, fiercely. "Confront him with the sick man in his bed."

"I tell you it is folly," said Joseph. "You lose time. This is the young Marquis. Let us search for his father."

Triponnet gave a loud laugh. "Search by all means," he cried; "but 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Bah! we need not trust to your identification. I have another plan."

"Ask him himself," cried Jean Marie, rudely catching Ange by the shoulder. "Hear what he has to say."

"Who are you?" said Triponnet, fiercely. "Are you de Riancourt, or simply Ange Laurent, the son of Rougemont?"

Ange looked from one to the other, but he did not answer.

"He does not understand," said Joseph. "The aristocrats do not understand us. Here, Mathurin, you speak French—ask him yourself."

But Mathurin strode away. Ange was standing there upright, looking so noble, so calm, that the man felt a sudden disgust to the job, and roughly bade Joseph attend to his own business.

Triponnet laughed a quick, sharp cackle over the fiendish idea that had come to him. "We will soon see," he said. "The Republic shall not be cheated; it will be a good joke. Here, bring him to Rougemont. Mère Finette shall choose her own grandson."

Joseph uttered a kind of shriek. "Barbarian!" he exclaimed. "Can you be so cruel? Playing thus on the tenderness of a mother?"

Poor Ange could not help wincing at the cruelty of the suggestion. "Hold!" he exclaimed, speaking in French. "It is myself that you seek."

"That remains to be seen. Bring him along," said Triponnet. "Why, the scene will be as good as a comedy. Quick, we cannot be here all day!"

The men put aside the slight compunction which had seized on them; they dragged Ange with them, and as they hurried along, broke into one of the fierce Rupublican choruses that had been ringing in their ears through the burning of the château.

Meanwhile Mère Finette sat by Adrien, with her apron over her head. Terror absorbed her so, that she shook from head to foot. She tried not to listen, not even to hear, though the same terrible power of distinguishing sound forced her to realise that her worst fears were being fulfilled. She dared not ask herself what she should do—she only hid her face and cowered down. Adrien seemed to be still in a heavy, motionless sleep or swoon.

Alas! it was no dream that she could shut out; the wild discordant notes of the song came harshly on her ear as the men drew near. They kept a rough time with voices and tramp of feet. With a cry to God for mercy the brave woman rose, and stood by the bed with her eyes fixed on the door.

"Ah!" She could not repress a cry of anguish. Ange was in the midst of them, his arms roughly twisted and bound behind his back—the tall, slender form, half a head taller than any man there, the noble head held so proudly, all the fair beauty of face and figure which had made the likeness between the young men the glory of her life and the admiration of all. He pushed aside those that held him with one thrust of his powerful shoulders, and went up to her.

He had but time for one sharp whisper in her ear. "Mother, I adjure you, keep up the deception. I run no risk. I can prove my identity later. It will give him time. I entreat, I command"

"Stop that!" shouted Triponnet. "Keep him off! Let us play fair. No private conferences. Here, Jean Marie, Mathurian, keep him off!"

Bound as he was, Ange made no resistance, he only looked at his mother with a curious compelling look in his bright blue eyes—a look carrying so much force that she turned and writhed away to escape from its influence.

Triponnet rubbed his hands; he enjoyed the situation greatly. "It was as good as the finest comedy," he repeated to himself.

"Come, Mère Laurent," he said; "we want you to help us out of the difficulty. One of these young men is due to the guillotine. Ha, I have touched you there!"

With a shivering moan Finette hid her face.

"Come, good woman, we do not want to make a mistake we should all regret. The Republic does not wish to lose one of her own nurselings; but at the same time she must be obeyed. Quick, quick! Choose! Which is the one to die?"

The cruelty, the fierce horror it excited, goaded the unhappy woman. She was livid, her dark eyes gleamed with a fear which gave strange, tragic lines to the square eyelids and knitted brow.

"What do you ask of me?" she hissed out. She writhed again with a sharp twist to avoid Ange's fearfully compelling eyes. She flung up her hands with a wild gesture. "Have you also mothers?" she cried.

Some of the men shrank back. To Triponnet the situation rose from comedy to a still higher dramatic interest—the very thrill of tragedy. With a little cane he carried he pointed from one to another, from the bed on which Adrien lay sleeping to the corner in which Ange stood bound.

"Mère Laurent, it is for you to choose," he said. "Which of these men is your grandson?"

"They are both my children," she cried.

"You know what I mean," said Triponnet, harshly. "I give you your choice once more. See, I give you three minutes by my watch!"

He sat down with his watch in his hand; he was enjoying it as a cat enjoys the momentary respite she gives her victim.

Three minutes—rather three hours, so slowly they passed. Mère Finette did not move; she stood in an awful, rigid attitude of horror, till the harsh voice broke the trance of agony.

"Children of the Republic, seize the traitor! Force him from his bed! They say he is dying. If he dies *en route* he saves wear and tear to the guillotine. Drag him away!"

But Finette, with a wild cry, flung herself between the men and Adrien. "You shall kill me first!" she cried. "You shall not touch him!"

"That is her answer," said Triponnet, fiercely. "The woman defends her own! Riancourt stands there. Come! we have wasted too much time already. Well, what is it now?" For Mère Finette had turned upon him with her arms raised high above her head, the hands wrung together in agony. "There is still time. Speak up, woman! Which is your child?"

Toneless words came hissing from her lips. "They are both my children! They are both my children!"

"Out of my way," shouted Triponnet. "No more of this fooling!"

One glance Ange gave to his grandmother, the woman who loved him with all the passion of her strong nature. Fortunately she was in a trance of suffering; she neither moved nor spoke. He dared not approach her, he dared not call her by his own loving word for her—mother. One slightest word of love might betray that which he was giving all to conceal.

He heeded not the rough handling of his captors; he heeded not Triponnet's loud shout, "Sing again, my boys!" and the chorus which broke out again loud and stormily. He held his head erect as they marched noisily down the road, looking out over the wide silver sea, and repeating over and over again in his heart the words, "To the death, Monseigneur. To the death, my master and my brother."

(*To be continued.*)

LIFE IN THE COLONIES.

THERE is such a thing as righteous discontent. Its root lies in a higher aspiration for others or for ourselves. Everything highest and noblest in the influences which surround us fosters this aspiration. Besides, we all want to add our small contribution to the solution of the problem, "How can I make the world a little better and a little happier?" It is a positive relief to us when we are told that the ancient exhortation, "Be content with such things as ye have," is expressed in the revised version of the New Testament by "Be sufficient unto yourselves" in all circumstances. Women are allowed nowadays many educational advantages; many occupations are thrown open to them, and they have shown themselves worthy, by their self-respect, of the increased personal liberty society permits and sanctions. They can repay all this by studying such social questions as will greatly enlarge the circle of happiness and prosperity.

Will the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER listen to a few words on the advantages for women of life in the Colonies? Many readers have happy homes and fair prospects before them in dear old England, but they know of girls in a poorer condition of life working at low wages, in bad air, and with scanty food. They can persuade these to listen to the stories of girls who write back letters full of thankfulness from the country of their adoption. "Tell my old companions," wrote a young girl from New Zealand, "none need want, and none need go into evil ways, for here there is plenty for all."

A smile would be raised by the naïve way in which a general servant lately wrote back from Western Australia, saying the doctor had recommended her horse-riding, which was very nice, as she could ride out to see her fellow-voyager, who was in a country situation. Over and over again the girls write to us, "I have grown so strong and stout you would not know me. None of the clothes I took out fit me any longer." Over and over again, in letters from Canada, occurs the expression of the writer's opinion, "This is a very fine country to get on in." And we would warmly recommend Canada, with its high standard of morals, its sobriety, and its loyalty.

Many of the young servants marry soon after their arrival. Especially is this the case in Queensland, where the system of land settlement has made a great many agricultural labourers possessors of little farms of their own. "I might have married," wrote one of these, shortly after landing, "but I thought it better to keep him waiting. He has saved up £70 for the furnishing. I shall be married in white satin, and my sister Tilly in blue, and I will send you some of the wedding cake." These girls almost invariably send for their poorer relations. And thus a greater number are liberated from the depressed conditions of our over-crowded cities. Sisters will often send for the mother whose only prospect in England would have been the workhouse.

Or it may be that some of the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER would like to try life in the Colonies for themselves. Distance is partly annihilated in these days of improved navigation, and of telegraphic and postal communication. Everyone travels, everyone knows something of "Brighter Britain," as Australasia has been justly called, or of the Far West, with its boundless resources.

We are quite sure that many an enterprising girl with a cultured mind, and health won in gymnastic exercises and lawn tennis, would be far happier if, instead of leading the dreary, conventional life of paying and receiving visits, and shopping in the afternoon, she would go out as a companion-help to some lady in the Colonies. There she would be only asked to assist in such domestic work as the lady of the house shares herself, but would spend her evenings in cultivated companionship, and would pass her days in fresh air and lead a bright, active existence, with plenty of wholesome occupation. She must not expect to sit about in drawing-rooms whilst the mistress does the work, but must herself be as skilful in housewifery as are our German neighbours. Sometimes no regular servant is kept in the household where she will find herself. But what matters? Woman ennobles the work—the work cannot degrade the woman; and anything is better than finding oneself, when the first bloom of life is over, a burden on the home household.

I hear already the objections that rise to your lips. Young women cannot start on a long sea voyage to distant countries in a spirit of adventure, nor would they be respected if they did so. The idea of chivalry—the courteous protection of the weaker by the stronger—has not died out, though our modes of life have changed. Oh, no! Chivalry is one of the most precious heritages of our civilisation. It is evoked by all that is tender and beautiful and gracious in woman, and leads to all that is brave and manly and unselfish in man. There never will be a time when a good woman does not need protection, because "her price is above rubies."

If I have sketched out some pleasant outlines of life in the Colonies it is because this matter of protection for those who wish to leave old England has been arranged most satisfactorily by the United British Women's Emigration Association. It has secured as much careful consideration for every young woman who goes out under its auspices as though she were a duke's daughter; and it has also secured the same protection on her arrival. Situations and homes suitable to each individual are found by its correspondents, and committees of ladies in the Colonies undertake to keep a friendly eye on the young women, and lessen for them their sense of loneliness on first arrival. They go out with introductions and recommendations which have preceded them, and which ensure their being treated with consideration and respect.

All the details of this organisation can be obtained by writing to the Hon. Secretaries, Miss Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, and Miss Bromfield, Ivy Corner, Winchester.

The Association has published many little leaflets on the subject; and as all its workers give their services gratuitously, we should be glad if the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER would co-operate in spreading a bright report of life in the Colonies. ADELAIDE ROSS.



HOMING BIRDS.

HOMING BIRDS.

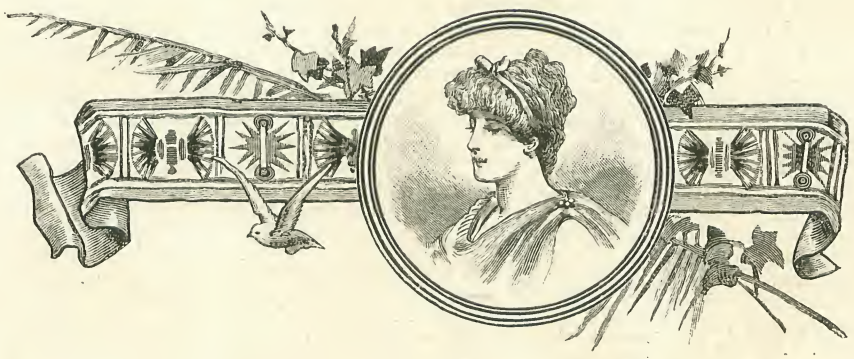
By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

OUT and away through the morning skies,
Where the rosy glamour of dawning lies,
As our silvery pinions cleave the blue,
Through the sun's dominions our course is true,
For we circle and soar the wide heavens through;
And many a beautiful thing we know
Of the sunlit skies, and the world below,
And many a secret we might show.
But though much we see, and though far we roam,
We always come back to our own dear home!

We love to wheel round the leafless trees
In the keen delight of the northern breeze;
When dell and dingle their songs attune,
And roses mingle their sweets for June,
We curve and float through the dreamy noon.
And when the autumn its wealth hath told,
And earth is shorn of its bending gold,
We still go forth on our journeys bold,
As free as the sea-bird that skims the foam,
Yet bound by love to our own dear home.

Right glad are we as we mount and soar
Where only the lark hath passed before;
Where no annoyance, or fear, or toil,
Our eager joyaunce can fret and spoil,
Or dust of the earth our plumage soil.
But dearer far to the heart of a dove
Than sapphire breadths of the realms above,
Is the lowly shelter where love wins love;
Where wings too weary again to roam
All rest and happiness find at home.

Ah! homing birdies, we too could tell
The old sweet lesson you preach so well!
Be it only a dove-cote, three feet square,
Or a Palace Beautiful, wide and fair,
The spell is the same spell everywhere.
Where perfect trust as the warden stands,
And kindness welcomes with outstretched hands,
And love makes silken her bonds and bands,
In moss-roofed cottage, or royal dome,
The heart rejoices in home, sweet home!



A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER VII.

THE promise of silence which Mrs. Piggott had given to Dr. Aitkin she felt to be no longer binding after his death, and she lost no time in telling Venetia what she knew of the terms of her uncle's will, so that the girl was not taken by surprise when, on the day of the funeral, his lawyer gave her information of its contents. The house and garden in which he had lived for nearly half a century were freehold, and these, with an income which, though not large, was amply sufficient for comfortable independence, were left to Venetia absolutely. The housekeeper had neither been forgotten nor wilfully overlooked, as her master had wished her to believe when he spoke to her upon the subject; and the annuity which would make her comfortable for the rest of her days reverted to Venetia. The will was brief, and no words had been wasted in complimentary phrases. "To my good niece, Venetia Turner," and "to my worthy servant and housekeeper" these bequests were made; and, though well pleased by her master's substantial testimony to his appreciation of her worth, Mrs. Piggott, raising her apron to her eyes, sobbed out, "He might ha' said 'friend' too, after all these years."

Venetia was deeply touched by what she felt to be her uncle's generosity, though she put so little of this feeling into words that Mrs. Piggott was inclined to judge her somewhat hardly.

"There was no love between you, I know," she said, on the only occasion on which the elder woman spoke what she called her mind on the subject to the younger; "but still, the lovingest couldn't ha' done more, and I should ha' thought as——"

But Venetia would have none of Mrs. Piggott's thoughts on the matter, and the old housekeeper was obliged to refrain from any expression of them.

Venetia's neighbours considered it incumbent upon them to pay visits of condolence, many of them crossing the threshold on this dreary errand for the first time since her arrival at Rockly; and these visits, in which there was so much curiosity and so little of any other feeling displayed, were a great annoyance to the lovely girl.

Mrs. Piggott, though suffering from some of the infirmities of age, was by no means an invalid, and had no wish to retire into the obscurity of her daughter's cottage in Surrey so long as she could be of any use to Venetia. She rejected with more energy than politeness a suggestion that she should remain on the old terms.

"Nay, nay," she said, "there's no more housekeeper wanted here, and I'll not take wage for nothing," but was glad to stay in the old house as the companion and friend of her young mistress, who had indeed no other.

This loneliness weighed heavily upon the girl. Her time was now at her own disposal, and she had the means of helping more effectually those poorer neighbours whose friend she had always been; but though her hands might be full, her heart was empty, and the longing for some tidings of her mother grew to be almost unbearable. If she could but find and bring her home, she thought she should have nothing left to wish for.

Her mother must still be almost young; people at Rockly lived to be so old that they made nothing of forty years; and if the desire of her heart could be given to her, there might be yet half a lifetime of peace or even happiness for this mother, whom she pitied no less than loved and longed for. The patch-work quilt was finished, and, though Venetia could now smile at the enthusiastic purpose which had animated the child of so many years before, it had still a value, if not a sacredness, in her eyes as she remembered the devotion with which she had worked at it.

Little by little the old house took on a new look. Dainty touches of womanly adornment, such as Dr. Aitkin would have ridiculed to death had they been attempted in his time, gradually transformed even the dull best parlour, which faced to the north, and so had a sullen air of always standing in its own shadow. The sitting-room behind, which looked to the south, and opened upon the garden, assumed an air of femininity not easy to describe, but impossible to mistake. Venetia's love of flowers, hitherto but furtively expressed for fear of her uncle's contempt, was now lavishly displayed, and a small glass-house, which had from time immemorial been used as a lumber closet, was cleared and put to its original purpose; so that, when winter came again to the old garden, he found the plants and blossoms which his touch would have injured safe from his very breath, and smiling defiance at the chilling winds which shook the window-panes, seeking in vain for entrance. A sweet shrill-voiced canary sang among the flowers—Venetia's first pet.

In surroundings more congenial than any she had yet known Venetia found herself daily less contented. As she sat at work in her pleasant room she asked herself what it was she lacked. The books which for years she had hopelessly longed to possess were now hers; but though she was unwilling to own that her interest in them had diminished, it was certain that she did not derive the pleasure she had anticipated from their possession. Mrs. Piggott, watchful and affectionate, saw a change in the girl which was not the one she had expected as the result of good fortune, and after much thought, arrived at the conclusion that change of air and scene was necessary.

"Go an' look at the sea," she urged at last. "It's a wonderful sight, and Whitepool's none so far off. There's a deal to be seen up an' down," she continued, as Venetia shook her head at the suggestion of a journey. "Why, there's London, though it's a far way off, to be sure; but p'r'aps Rockly 'ud feel more home-like when you come back if you was to wander a bit."

Venetia did not deny this possibility; but found nothing attractive in the prospect of going to strange places alone for the sake of being glad to return to Rockly. And yet, to visit London, that region of enchantment! But it could not be. She could not travel alone, and in all the world there was no one whose companionship she had the right to claim, or the privilege to invite. So the idea was abandoned, or rather was not entertained, and by the time that the New Year had lost its novelty Venetia had persuaded herself that she no longer desired what she felt to be impossible.

After the death of Dr. Aitkin it was rare indeed that the post brought any letters to the house at Rockly. Venetia had not a single correspondent, and the few letters which Mrs. Piggott had received from relatives whose sense of kinship had been wonderfully quickened by the intelligence of her annuity, had been answered by that good woman in a manner which proved fatal to further correspondence. It was therefore with some interest that one morning in March Venetia took up a letter which she found upon the breakfast-table.

"Brought by the postman himself," explained Mrs. Piggott, impelled by curiosity to linger near until the envelope should be opened.

It was not addressed to Miss Turner, but to Dr. Aitkin, and a foreign stamp added a touch of mystery to the inevitable impression produced by looking upon a letter newly written to one who had lain for months in the churchyard.

This letter, written to one who would never receive it, and opened by one of whom no mention was made in its contents, was yet the turning point in the life of the young girl, who, with eager eyes and a face grown pale with excitement, read and re-read the few lines which it contained, afraid to believe the words, or the intelligence which they conveyed.

"Hôtel de Gênes, Genoa.

"Dear Sir,—A lady, whose name is Mrs. Turner, is lying very ill in this hotel. As I am an Englishman, and heard that she was without medical attendance, I took the liberty of offering my services; and though at first I did not consider the case a serious one, I have been compelled within the last twenty-four hours to change my opinion. She has given me your name and address as those of her only relative, and if you wish to see her alive I must urge you to lose no time. Her illness is malarial fever, which has assumed a malignant type, and I do not conceal from you that I apprehend the worst.

"Yours sincerely,
"JOHN CARTWRIGHT, M.D."

By the time Venetia had finished reading this short letter she had made up her mind as to what she would do. She handed the sheet to Mrs. Piggott, and before the old woman had taken in the meaning of its message, overwhelmed her with words.

"I shall go to her at once," she cried; "and I shall bring her home. She shall have the sunny room, and we will make it beautiful for her. Don't you remember she was always fond of pretty things? Oh, Nanny, Nanny!" she ended, breathless and panting with agitation.

But Mrs. Piggott, slowly reading Dr. Cartwright's letter for the second time, refused to be carried away by the girl's excitement.

"Look at it again, honey," she said, holding out the letter, and speaking with a gentleness that was very rare in her manner. "It seems to me there's very little chance of your finding her; and how can you that's never been twenty miles alone go to them outlandish parts, I ask you?"

But Venetia took no heed of the question. A steadfast purpose glowed in her heart and shone in her eyes, which if need be would have taken her across the world.

"I can go—I can go," she repeated. "See how strong I am!" and she held out her arms. "Look here," she added, carried beyond herself by the strongest feeling she had ever known, "I could take my mother in my arms, hold her to my heart, and carry her every step of the way home!"

To Mrs. Piggott this passion seemed exaggerated and uncalled for, but none the less she found herself impressed by its display. "You're young and venturesome," she said at length, when Venetia ceased speaking; "but for all that there's things you cannot do. I doubt this letter was written of a dying woman, and no love can bring the dead to life."

How calmly the old woman stated as the merest truism the crowning grief of love and life.

Venetia put her hand to her heart as though she had received a blow. "Oh, don't!" she pleaded, "don't talk so. I can bear a great deal," she went on, still confident in the young strength which a moment before she had believed omnipotent, "but not that."

If Mrs. Piggott could have multiplied herself by ten, and added to her powers of persuasion by ten times ten, she could have done nothing to change Venetia's resolution. The good woman's doubts, fears, and arguments were swept away by the energy of the girl's determination like chaff before the wind; and the first train for London which left Rockly after the arrival of Dr. Cartwright's letter carried her upon the first stage of her journey.

On this second eventful journey of her life, as on the first, a letter was the talisman destined to unlock the future, and the full meaning of Dr. Cartwright's intelligence was not clear to her agitated mind until some hours after her departure.

But with all the strength of her nature she thrust from her the misgivings which would have paralysed her into inaction, and before she had crossed the Channel found the novelty of her position sufficiently engrossing and distracting. She did not permit herself any delay that could be avoided; the restlessness that consumed her almost forbade sleep, and made her grudge even the brief intervals for refreshment afforded on the journey; and from England to France, from France to Italy—which for her contained but one city, Genoa—on she went. Her small knowledge of French, acquired from books, proved useless, but the assistance she needed was always forthcoming from some fellow-traveller of greater experience; and her perfect simplicity helped her more than she was aware of. She doubted nothing, feared nothing, questioned nothing, and as she neared the end of her journey, its aim

occupied her mind to the exclusion of all anxiety on any other subject.

The omnibus which belongs to the Hôtel de Gênes, and which meets every train on the chance of finding travellers who wish to be conveyed thither, brought Venetia, its solitary occupant, to the door of the hotel on the afternoon of the fourth day of her journey. Her breathless enquiry for Mrs. Turner receiving no reply from the house-porter, who had descended the steps on the arrival of the vehicle, she entered the hall, and repeated it to the English-speaking clerk in charge of the *bureau*. Though he did not immediately reply to the agitated girl, who felt it impossible to speak another word, she understood that the rapid instructions which he turned to give to an assistant bore reference to her, and sinking into a seat awaited whatever might arrive with an air of patience which was not the result of conscious effort, but was due to the overwhelming excitement of the moment.

Five minutes passed, ten, and she had not moved or raised her eyes from the ground at her feet when she was roused by the sound of an English voice.

"You asked for Mrs. Turner?" it was saying. She rose at once, and saw that the speaker was a young Englishman of some thirty years of age, who stood evidently awaiting her reply.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, self-control growing every moment more difficult—"for my mother. I am Venetia Turner. My uncle is dead, and I have come——"

The young man interrupted her speech by laying a hand upon her arm.

"Come with me," he said kindly, as he led her from the entrance-hall towards a large *salon* which opened from it, "and I will tell you all I know."

Venetia yielded to the compelling touch without a word, and a deadly fear filled her soul as she stood before him unable to utter the question which nevertheless he read in her beseeching eyes.

"She died," he said gently, "on the evening of the day on which I wrote that letter—I am Dr. Cartwright—and I wrote again, but not, it seems, in time to prevent your taking this journey."

The tears which Venetia shed for some time after she found herself established, by the care of a sympathetic chamber-maid, in a comfortable room up so many stairs that no sound of life from below could pass its door, were bitter indeed. It was not the loss of her mother that she mourned, for that mother had been lost to her ten years before; it was the disappointment of the hope which had since childhood lent a meaning to almost every act of her life—the hope that she might at last win the love which had been so mysteriously withheld from her since her earliest years.

She was not really more bereaved than she had been on the day when Lucille had despatched her to her uncle's care; but in those hours Venetia tasted once more the exceptional bitterness of the fate which had never bestowed upon her longing heart the commonest gift of nature. Now the cup was fully drained, and the girl laid it down, knowing it to be so. Henceforth other hopes might beguile, but this one, so long cherished, was dead; other fears might torment, but this one, that she might after all never see her mother's face again, had in its fulfilment ceased to exist.

The details of Lucille's last illness, given in briefest outline by Dr Cartwright, had been supplemented by the kind-hearted chambermaid who had been with Mrs. Turner at the end, and whose slight knowledge of English enabled her to give Venetia so distinct an idea of the lonely close of her mother's selfish life that she begged the well-meaning woman to spare her further accounts of a scene so tragic. A passionate regret that she had not reached her mother's death-bed in time to sooth her last hours, as she thought only a loving daughter could have done, filled her whole soul. The belief, confined to no creed, that to the spirit of the dead may be revealed those secrets which were hidden from the living, helped to soothe this anguish, and a tender hope that now, if never before, her mother knew how deep and true had been her devotion, came at last to comfort her. Waking and weeping through the night, it was not till the dawn came that, with body and spirit worn with fatigue and grief, she found the repose she so much needed.

All that she could learn of her mother was but little. She had come on to Genoa from Turin alone, and the first symptoms of her fatal illness had shown themselves almost immediately upon arrival; the disease, Dr. Cartwright said, had been contracted elsewhere. He spoke of her to Venetia as being young and handsome, and it was evident that he at first found it difficult to realise that she had a daughter twenty years of age. Without intention of concealment, Venetia had still no wish to speak to a stranger of the circumstances under which she had been parted from her mother; but Dr. Cartwright's questions as to the length of time since mother and daughter had met, and the surprise which he expressed that the ignorance of the latter as to the movements of the former should have been so complete, induced her to tell him of her life and surroundings from the time of her father's death, Gently as the loving girl dealt with her mother's memory, it was impossible for her to conceal by any form of words the fact that she had been neglected and abandoned by her.

When Venetia had paid a visit to her mother's grave, and written a brief account of her death to Mrs. Piggott, she was anxious to return at once to Rockly. In the deep disappointment which had overwhelmed her she forgot even that she was in Italy—the beautiful land she had so often longed to see, when, like an imprisoned bird who flutters his wings in vain against the bars of his cage, she had chafed against the narrow limits of her village life, and thought only of the safe shelter of her own home.

While yielding to the soothing influence of Dr. Cartwright's sympathy, she rejected his suggestion that a short time spent among unfamiliar scenes would help to tranquillise her perturbed spirit; and gathering together the trifles which had constituted her mother's possessions—few in number and of small intrinsic value—prepared for her homeward journey. As far as Turin the young Englishman was her travelling companion; and though Venetia parted from him with something like regret, she attached little meaning to the hope which he expressed that he might be allowed to see her at Rockly in the course of the summer, if, as he deemed probable, he should be able to spare time to visit relatives who lived in a neighbouring town. Absorbed in her own sad thoughts, his farewell words conveyed to her mind no meaning beyond the obvious one expressed, and she was far from imagining that the permission which she so indifferently gave had the effect of crystallising into a settled plan what an hour before had only taken shape as the merest possibility.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

Offering Too Little.

They were from Chicago, and rich. The daughter was taking lessons in coyness and social small talk.

"A penny for your thoughts," she archly remarked to an abstracted visitor, and then felt, from the look of horror that overspread her parent's face, she must have been guilty of a false step.

"Why didn't you offer him a dollar?" was the mother's criticism after the visitor's departure. "We've got money, and you must not be afraid to let folks know it."

Friendship and Love.

Friendship is like the cobbler's tie,
That binds two souls in unity;
But love is like the cobbler's awl,
That pierces through the soul and all.

God is Present.—The celebrated Linnæus showed in his conversation, writings, and actions the greatest sense of God's omniscience; indeed, he was so strongly impressed with the idea that he wrote over the door of his library, *Innocui vivite, Numen adest*:—Live innocently, God is present.

Circumstantial Evidence.

He: "Believe me, Maude, you are my first love."

She: "I believe you, Harry—nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months."

The Game of Backgammon.—We have no clue to the origin of this game, but we know the derivation of the term backgammon, and it is interesting. The word is of Welsh origin, from *bach*—little, and *cammawn*—battle.



BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

DUET FOR MEZZO-SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Words from SAPPHO.
Translated by AMBROSE PHILLIPS (died 1749).

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

PIANO.

Allegro appassionato.

MM. ♩= 90.

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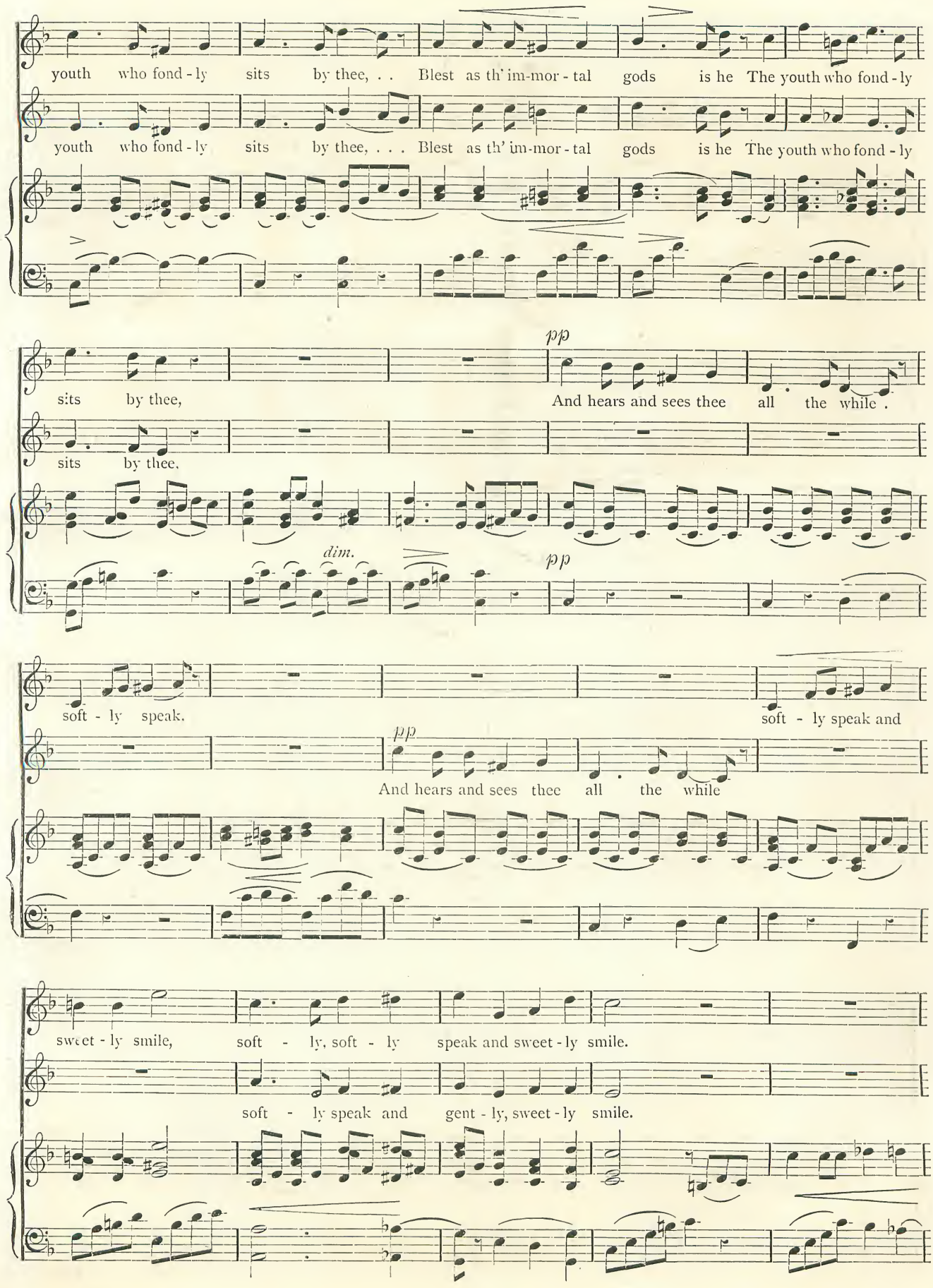
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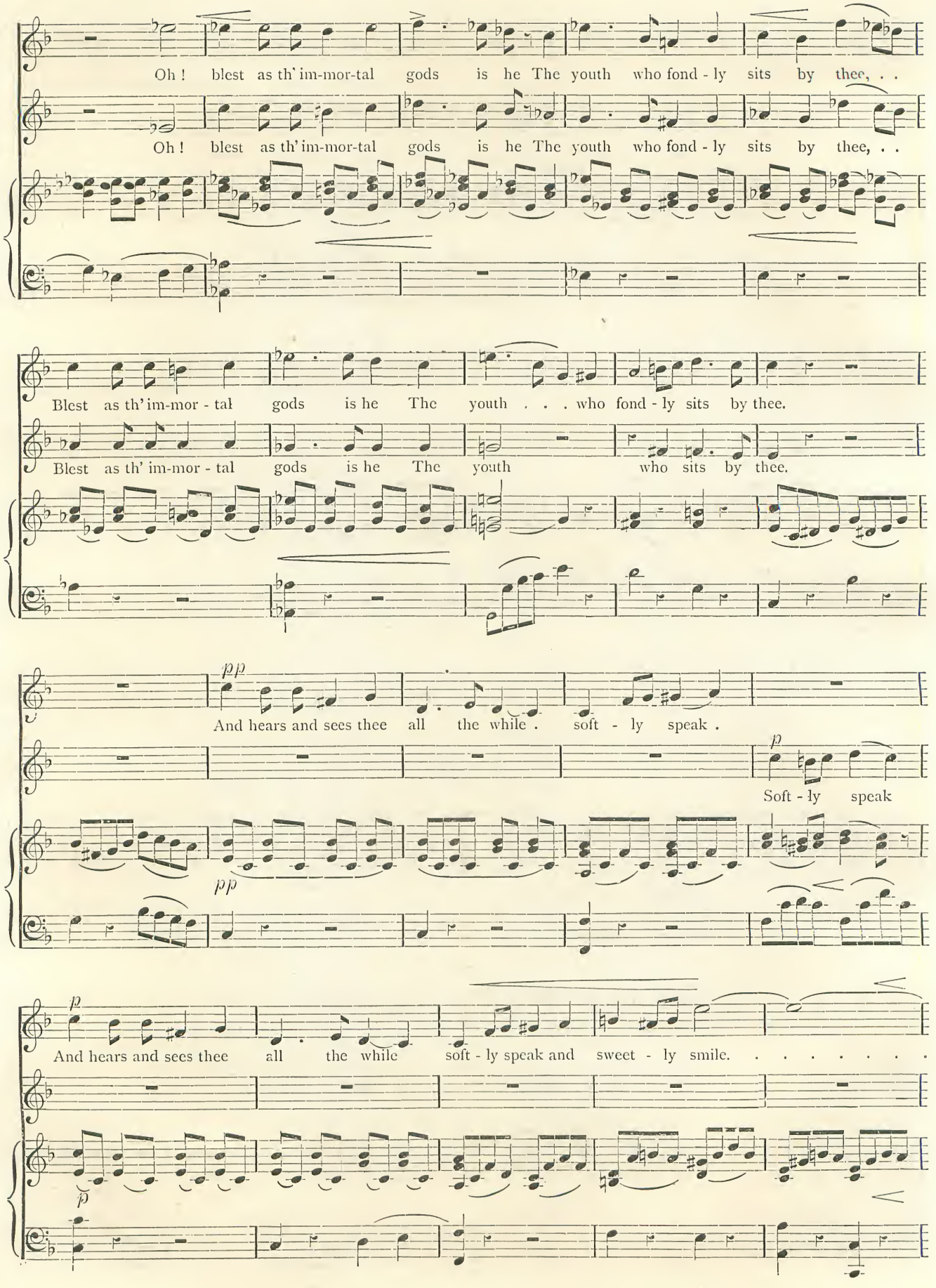
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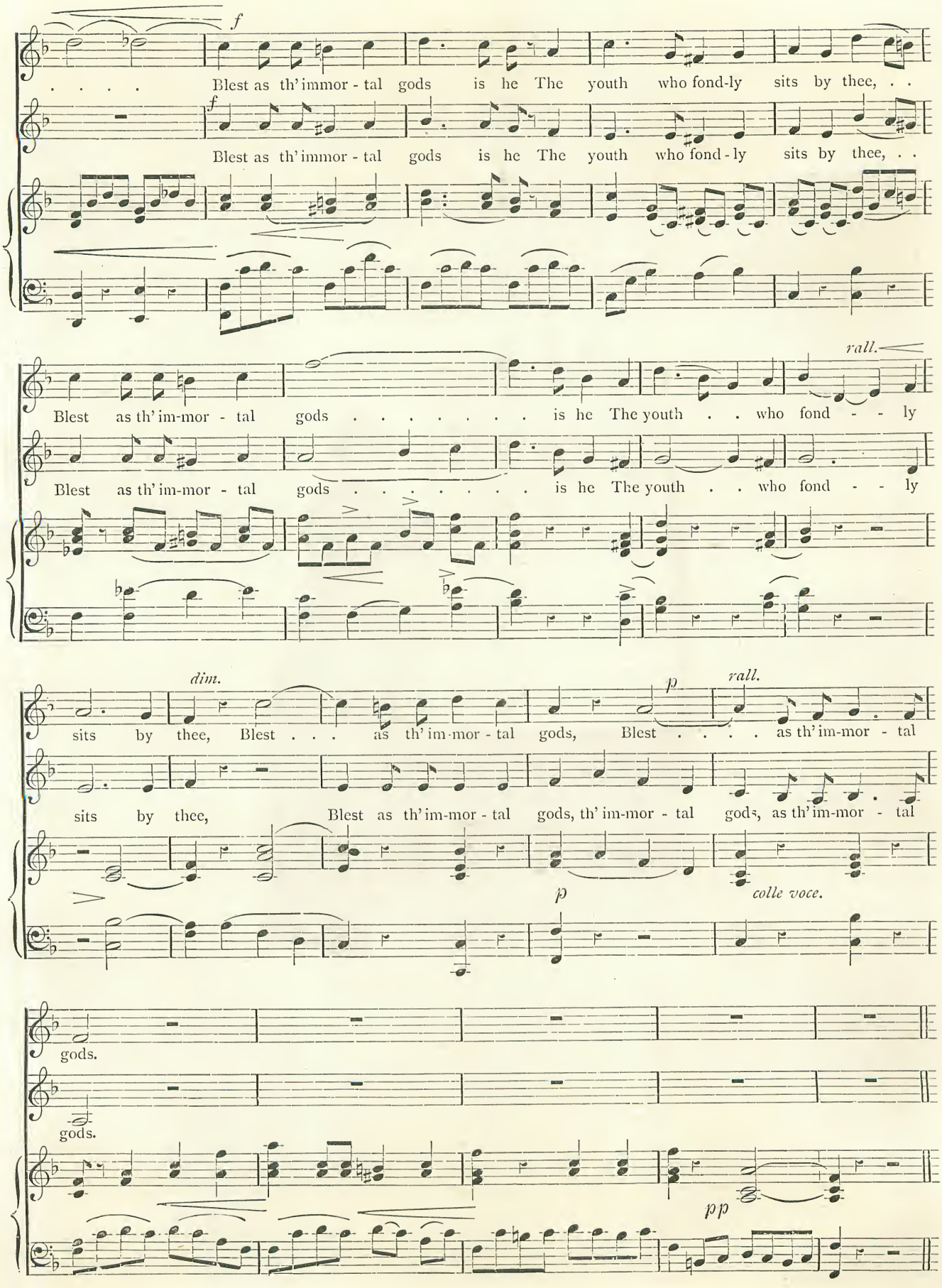
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gods, Blest as th' im-mor - tal gods is he The

cres - - cen - - do.


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youth who fond - ly sits by thee, . . . Blest as th' im-mor - tal gods is he The youth who fond - ly
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And hears and sees thee all the while .
sits by thee.
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dim.
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soft - ly speak.
soft - ly speak and
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And hears and sees thee all the while
sweet - ly smile,
soft - ly, soft - ly speak and sweet - ly smile.
soft - ly speak and gent - ly, sweet - ly smile.


Oh! blest as th' im-mor-tal gods is he The youth who fond - ly sits by thee, . .
Oh! blest as th' im-mor-tal gods is he The youth who fond - ly sits by thee, . .
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Soft - ly speak
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And hears and sees thee all the while soft - ly speak and sweet - ly smile. . . . . .
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. . . . Blest as th' immor - tal gods is he The youth who fond-ly sits by thee, . .
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LESLIE and ANNIE FRY.—1. We have not got our series of articles on "Good Breeding" and the "Rules of Etiquette" in separate form. In the *Girl's Own Indoor Book* and the *Outdoor Book* you will find four of the series. Others amongst them are in vol. ii., pp. 73 and 314; in vol. iii., pp. 90, 163, 278, and 419; in vol. iv., pp. 74 and 403; in vol. v., pp. 38, 98, 262, 363, and 474. We have not space to enumerate more.—2. Almost any colour would suit "Leslie" from the description given of herself—dark ruby, or a full blue, depending on the season.

POLARIS.—Ladies are trained as teachers of the Kindergarten system of instruction at the Ladies' College of Cheltenham. The sister of the Head Master at Harrow, Miss Welldon, superintends and directs it. A house is provided for students. The entire expense of board and teaching is about fifty guineas a year. In London there are six training colleges and about twenty-seven schools. Also, there are training colleges for teachers at Bedford. Address Miss Sim, The Crescent; and at Manchester, Miss Snell, 91, Acomb Street, Greenheys.

MRS. E. B. ELLMAN.—We thank you for informing us of the resignation of your daughter from the secretaryship of so many branches of education united in her Girls' Club, and also for the address of the new Secretary who has undertaken to supply her place since her marriage, viz., Miss Davies, High Street, Coleford, Gloucestershire.

MISS J. K. MORTON.—You do not name your new club, but it seems to be of a literary character, admitting girls up to twenty years of age, and requiring a subscription of 6d. a year (too little, we think, to provide a half-yearly prize). Address Secretary, at Wilson House, Wilson Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

F. VON H. and S. R. N.—There are several Musical Practising Societies. Amongst them there is the Musical Association at Richmond House, Redland Green, Bristol; address Miss Mary Castle, the Secretary; and The Musical Society, Secretary, Miss McLandsborough, Lindam Terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorkshire.

MISS AMY FIRTH.—We are glad to have been the means of procuring members for your Practising Society, and give notice to our readers that your term commenced on November 1st; also, that when writing for your rules (to your address, Trinity House, Bradford), a stamp should invariably be sent. It is little creditable to the fifty girls writing for them to have omitted to enclose the amount due for postage, and of course it diminishes the amount which would otherwise have been allocated to prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KITTY.—Nineteen is not too young to be engaged, but far too young to be married. And, indeed, we think that you will find occupation enough in the next three or four years in learning how to make a home happy and comfortable, and in improving your education, which seems to have been much neglected.

F. M.—"How to Study the English Bible?" A small book with this title, by the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, will be very helpful to you. It is published at 56, Paternoster Row.

A. B.—Yes; there is a small private Home of Rest for girls in business, Post Office clerks, school teachers, etc. Address, Miss H. Mason, "The Hawthorns, Framfield, near Uckfield, Sussex. Board and lodging, 12s. 6d. a week, and 5s. 3d. return ticket from London, available for a month. A stamped envelope should be enclosed to the secretary for her reply to any enquiries. We do not know whether any extension of time could be arranged for persons needing a longer rest.

MR. M. TAIT.—We thank you for informating us of the closing or removal of Miss Spencer's Home. Your invalid friend might obtain admission perhaps at Woodside Home (late of Ormond Street), which offers accommodation for twenty-six ladies—incurable and infirm—together with nursing, at from £40 to £50 per annum; and for a number of respectable women at £28 per annum. The residence is large, and has extensive grounds. Address, the Secretary, Woodside Home, Whetstone, N.

MOTH.—The date of Shakspeare's death was about the 23rd of April, 1616, the anniversary of his birth in 1564. It took place at Stratford-upon-Avon.

A MEMBER writes to request that we will again bring the Scripture Reading and Prayer Union before our readers, so strongly recommended by the late Miss Frances Havergal. The organs of the Union are edited by the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent, one being the *Christian Progress Magazine*, and the other *Living Waters*. We have pleasure in complying with the request of our correspondent.

MARJORIE S.—One guinea a year is the tax charged for armorial bearings.

MARIE GORDON (India).—If the coloured picture should stick to the opposite page in the monthly numbers, it can very easily be set free by gently warming it before the fire.

WALTER KRUSE, of whose leaflet on "Bible Marking" to facilitate Bible study we gave a notice some time ago, writes to correct the address then given. His address is, Yew Tree Farm, Leeds, near Maidstone, Kent. It is not the Leeds in Yorkshire. We are glad his scheme has prospered.



DISCOURAGED.—The Married Women's Property Act would cover all your own possessions, both at the time of your marriage and afterwards. At the same time a careful inventory of furniture, etc., would be very desirable. A new Bill has been passed recently, which renders the position of a widow far better should her husband die intestate.

SOUTHSEA.—You had better arrange to go over to Boulogne by an early boat, and so leave yourself time to look for apartments before night. There is a line of steamers to Boulogne from London every day during the summer.

ROSEBUD.—It is a matter of taste and good feeling entirely as to whether you should wear your first wedding ring when you are married for the second time. The best test is, how you would like it if done to yourself were you in the other person's place. You should study your present husband's wishes.

HEARTSEASE.—All such questions must be judged by our common-sense. The laws are made for those who break them, are they not? You had better look out the text that explains this.

NAME NOT GIVEN.—Your persistence in eating dry tea-leaves is an evidence of two things—a diseased appetite and need of medical advice, and a lamentable deficiency in strength of mind and purpose. Give the key of the tea-chest to someone else.

PRINCESS had better apply to her father for protection, and tell him how she is treated. Her position is very hard, and we sympathise with her; but we feel sure all such trials of temper and patience are for our good, and will train us to be good "soldiers of Christ," "bearing hardness" for His sake, and showing love to those who persecute and treat us badly. But even so, "Princess" should ask her father's protection against personal violence.

POPPY.—Your "aunty" is right in requiring a little girl of eleven to wear pinafores. We advise you to add a "c" to the word denoting your dress. It should not be spelt "frok"; and the word "enough" is not written "inuff." But though "Poppy" should attend a little more to her spelling, her writing is good for her age.

BLACK ROOK.—1. Send to the washerwoman.—2. Poem very mediocre indeed!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN should say, "My mother wishes you to do so and so," in giving orders for her mother to the servants.

LAURA.—It is the opinion of most writers on the subject that the tree that attains the greatest age, as a general rule, is the yew, that is to say, of all European trees. This distinction above its fellows of different genus may be realised as probably true when the history of the specimen at Brabourne, Kent, assigns to it, according to De Candolle, the prodigious age of 3,000 years! while one at Hedsor, Buckinghamshire, is said to be still more ancient. There is another at Fortingal, Perthshire, that is given 500 years less; and one in Derbyshire, to be seen in Darley Churchyard, 2,000. We may add to our list those of Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, which are at the lowest computation 1,200 years old; and that at Ankerwyke House, Staines, is named as existing when Magna Charta was signed, in 1215, and as the place of rendezvous of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. There is a grove of these remarkable trees at Norbury Park, Surrey, which dates back to the time of the Druids.

POOR POLLIE POLE.—There is a National Hospital for the Epileptic and Paralysed in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Address the Secretary, Mr. B. Burford Rawlings. Also another hospital in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (near St. John's Wood Road Station), where some patients are received free of charge, or on payment according to their means. Write to, or get some one to call on, Mr. H. Howgrave Graham, Secretary.

HYPERION.—Dew is produced by the condensation of watery vapour from the atmosphere by the cooling of the earth and vegetation bedewed. The radiation of their heat into open space produces this cooling as a natural consequence. As the sun sets and leaves them, they cool, though with unequal rapidity. Badly conducting solid matter does so rapidly, the atmosphere comparatively slowly; as do good conductors, if in contact with the earth, at a much slower rate, because the amount of warmth which they had lost they recover from the earth. The reason that the grass is so quickly covered with dew is the fact that it is the first to be deprived of the sunlight, is a bad conductor, and radiates well. Then the temperature at the level of the grass is some ten degrees colder than the air a few feet above it—say at an elevation of ten feet. Also, as stillness is essential to the formation of dew, the grass will be found quite wet when ever-moving branches and leaves of trees are comparatively dry. According to Dr. Dalton, the precipitation of dew annually in England is equal to five inches of rain.

VERA.—The hereditary successor of the sovereign (or the immediate heir) is his eldest son. The representative of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. And if the latter died without issue, his brother, Prince George of Wales, would be his successor.

M. CLARK (Austria).—Whatever may be the rank of those who may address you, you cannot err if you style them "Gnädige Frau." This applies to all German-speaking countries.

READER OF "G. O. P."—We do not recommend hair-washes excepting those home-made, such as rosemary tea, which is excellent, and may also be had from any chemist's shop. But you should refer to the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the hair.

F. F.—We strongly advise you to remain in the niche in which Providence has placed you, and do not try to "run where you are not sent." An inclination to give up present duties and to undertake new ones is not to be regarded as the leading of the Holy Spirit. Were you engaged in a position of temptation to evil, occupied away from home when wanted by duties within it, or your health and strength overtaxed, then you might think that, in answer to prayer for guidance, you were led to change your sphere of work.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE THREE QUESTS.

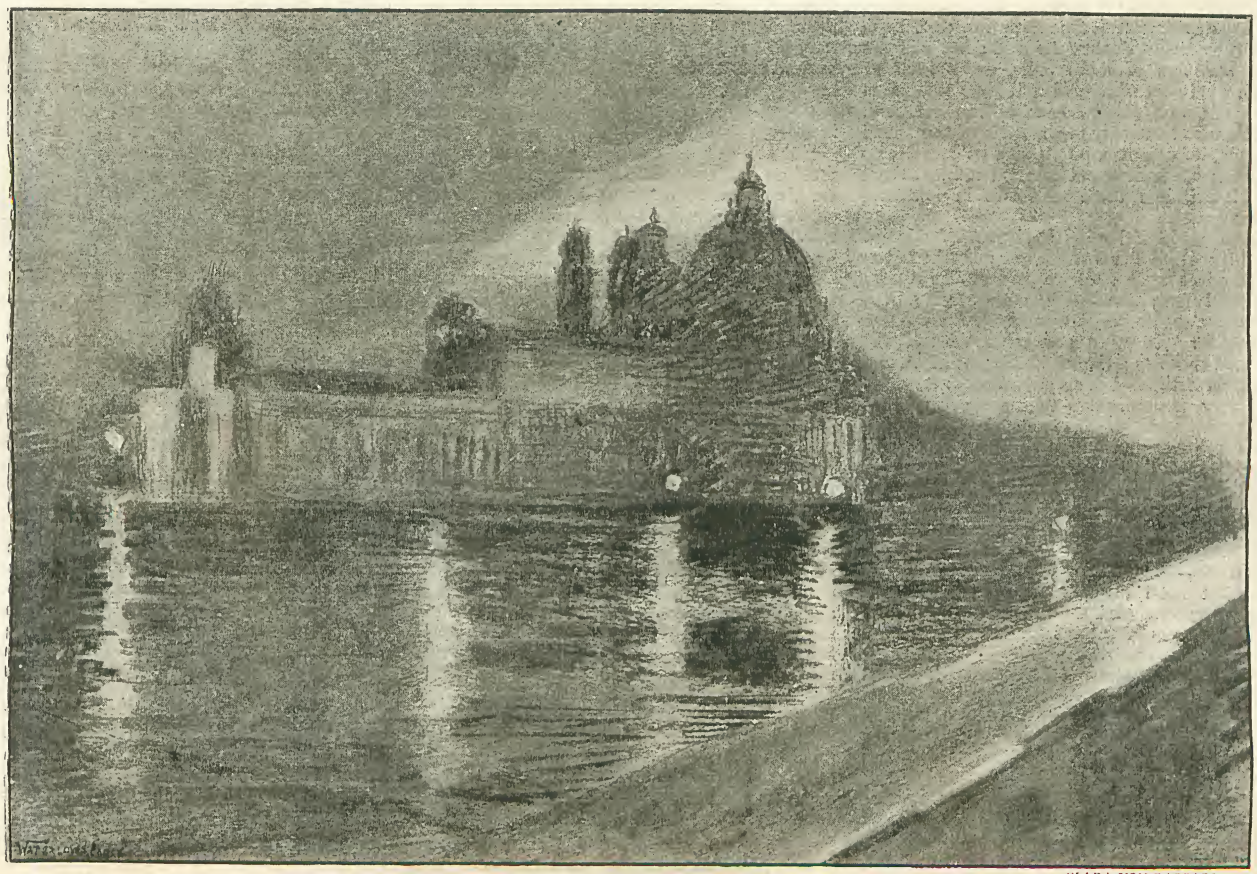
CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS.

A MONTH elapsed since the inauguration of the quest by Sophy Marston and her sisters—a month, at the end of which Grace appeared to be the most successful of the three, for already the rest and change had done her good, and brought a faint tinge of colour into her pale cheeks. The pain in her back was better; but her aunt, who watched her closely, was not sure that this was not rather due to the diversion of her mind by all the beautiful sights of Venice, than to any real improvement.

It was early days to judge, perhaps, but Grace herself was very hopeful, and rather inclined to overtax her strength; she wished to discard the invalid-chair, in which she was wheeled into all the churches and galleries; but this her sisters would not hear of at present, Sophy declaring that when that was dispensed with, Grace's quest would be crowned with success.

But though Grace appeared to be succeeding, Maud was daily growing conscious she was really succeeding where success would bring sorrow rather than joy; for that foolish cousin, Tom, was falling in love with his youngest and prettiest cousin, in spite of all the snubs she felt in duty bound to give him; for Maud considered the idea of marrying her first cousin preposterous. Their close relationship was in itself a sufficient obstacle; besides, Tom was a year younger than Maud—another grave objection; and lastly, even



CLARA VON RAPPARD.

SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE—BY NIGHT.

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had he been in a position to engage himself, she could not have cared for him.

As for Tom, he was likely to find pain instead of the pleasure he had come in search of; but at present he was living in a fool's paradise of unwarranted hope.

And Sophy—what of her? She was beginning to get restless and dissatisfied; she had worked hard at the pictures and architecture; Vasari and Ruskin were her constant companions; she had imbibed the spirit of Venetian art before she had been a month in Venice; she had gazed in loving admiration at the masterpieces of Titian and Tintoretto; she had earned many a stiff neck in looking at Paul Veronese's wonderful figures disporting themselves on Venetian ceilings; she had learned to love the Bellinis' glowing canvases, and John Bellini's exquisite Infant Christs and beautiful Madonnas; she had allowed Carpaccio and Canaletto to carry her back to the Venice of old, when the gondolas were painted in bright colours, and the furniture of Venetian palaces was painted red. She had discovered, as she watched the sun set over Venice, kindling to a burning glow the gilding of St. Mark's, where the Venetian artists got their golden tints from; and as she watched the golden-greens and browns of the canal waters, green in sunlight, golden-brown in shadow, she understood their fondness for these tints.

Sophy sympathised with the little dyer's—Tintoretto—love of quiet tones after the glut of colour his father's vats, in which the Venetian ladies' brocades imbibed their brilliant hues, had furnished him with. And, on the other hand, as she looked at the deep rich cobalt of the Italian sky, and the ultramarine tinge on the waves, at the brilliant-coloured skirts and handkerchiefs of the Venetian peasants, she sympathised with Titian's love of colour. She spent hours in St. Mark's gazing at those marvellous mosaics, and discovering each time she went, that if she spent years in Venice, she could not exhaust the treasures of those walls, every inch of which is inlaid with gold and blue and green and red, and every colour of the rainbow. She studied dutifully the capitals of the Ducal Palace, its columns, its *façade*, its cornice, its arches; she looked and admired and wondered and loved, and the restlessness in her soul grew greater.

The wonderful restful charm of Venice could not lull her soul to rest; at times the rhythmical splash of the gondolier's oars irritated her; she felt she was living in a dream, a dream which was becoming a nightmare, for she could not wake though she wanted to do so; the subtle charms of Venice held her entranced in spite of herself.

Sophy was conscious that a spark of that fire from heaven called genius had been given to her, and some voice was ever whispering in her ear, 'Solitude is the best muse for genius'; and daily she grew more and more to feel if she were to win fame, if her quest were to be successful, she must break loose from the life she was now leading. She could not bear hotel life—family life was sufficiently distracting, but hotel life was far worse; she was becoming convinced a solitary life was one of the conditions of success for her, whatever it might be for others.

"I must live alone if I am to work in real earnest," she said one evening to her sisters, as they sat in the balcony of their hotel, and watched the moonlight on the sea and on the dome-crowned island of San Giorgio Maggiore opposite.

Sophy's work, by the way, was writing poetry; or, as she sometimes said, the actual writing of it was the play after the work of preparation was over. She was a poetess, or she aspired to be one; her ambition was very high. She wished to be famous in the rarest and most difficult of the arts in which to obtain fame.

"Many are the wand-bearers, but few are the mystics," says an old Eastern proverb. Many are the rhyme writers, but few are the poets, we might say; and Sophy aspired to be a poet—not a mere writer of verse.

"Live alone, Sophy! What do you mean?" said Maud.

"What I say. I mean to go and live in two rooms all by myself, and work. I can't work here—it is impossible," and Sophy sighed and pushed her heavy golden hair further off her wide forehead.

"My dear Sophy, you are too young to live alone," interrupted Mrs. Graham.

"I will take nurse with me, if you like. Grace has her own maid now, so you can spare nurse, Gracie dear?"

"Yes, of course; but, Sophy, where will you go?"

"To London. I like the loneliness of a crowd; it is the greatest loneliness, and I shall be in the midst of intellectual life in London. I sha'n't go near our friends nor our house, because I am going to study hard. I will come and pay you all a visit wherever you are, whenever I want a change; but go I must," said Sophy.

And being of age, and accustomed to decide for herself, her sisters knew go Sophy would; so they made no objection, only Maud asked what had made her come to this resolution.

"I will tell you. Titian's "Assumption," Tintoretto's "Glories of Paradise," Carpaccio's "Story of St. Ursula," St. Ursula herself, the Ducal Palace, St. Mark's, Bellini's "Madonna" in St. Zaccaria; Giotto's frescoes that we saw at Padua—all the art, all the beauty, all the saints I see in Venice, make me long to go and do, if not likewise, at least as near it as I can," said Sophy, her cheeks burning with excitement as she spoke.

"But surely to gaze on all these art treasures is in itself an education," said Grace.

"True; but I have gazed my fill; now I must go and work as all these great artists did. St. Ursula would never have won the martyr's crown had she remained at home with her old nurse in her red bedstead; Giotto would never have painted the loveliest frescoes in Italy if Cimabue had not carried him away from his father's house and his sheep. No, I must go to London and work, not remain in Venice and dream, or my quest will be fruitless," said Sophy.

"I believe Sophy is right," said Grace, as she gazed dreamily over the sea.

"I am sure I am, because I wish to stay," said Sophy, looking lovingly at the beautiful scene before them.

It was very beautiful; the gondolas, with their coloured lights, which were reflected in the moonlight sea, gliding mysteriously over the twinkling waters; the lights from St. Giorgio Maggiore casting long reflections, its domes looking pale and grey in the horizon, and above all this, the silver moon in a cloudless sky. It was hard to leave all this beauty, and Sophy felt that; but nevertheless she went. Another fortnight she lingered on to please her aunt and sister, and then she said good-bye to Venice.

They missed her dreadfully, for she was the moving spirit, who planned all their days for them; moreover, she was not only an excellent guide to all the pictures, but she was capital company also; and her presence had the somewhat needed effect of keeping Mr. Tom in order. He was an only son, and, having lost his father when he was a child, it was perhaps not to be wondered at that he had been spoilt, and that his mother thought him a paragon of perfection, capable of doing anything and everything.

Now ever since they had been in Venice Tom had longed to take his cousins out in a gondola without a gondolier. He was a very good rower, and he felt sure he could manage a gondola; however, Maud had absolutely refused to go with him, and he had never dared to propose it to Sophy.

A few days after Sophy left, however, he again begged Maud and Grace to let him take them out in a gondola.

"Tom, it is very difficult—I am sure you will upset us," said Maud.

"I believe it takes years to learn how to row like a gondolier," said Grace.

"Indeed it does not, Grace; I have been out every day for the last month practising, and I assure you I am quite a swell at it now. You might come, might not they, mother?"

"Tom is a splendid oar, girls," said Mrs. Graham.

"Well, we will go on one condition, Tom—that you take a gondolier with us. You shall row us, but I won't go unless you take the man in case of an accident," said Maud.

"And it must be in the day time," said Grace.

"Very well; we will go to-morrow morning. But if we get on all right will you come with me alone another day?" he pleaded; but the girls would not promise.

The next morning the trio started on their expedition in a gondola from their hotel, the gondolier in the bows, and Tom, dressed in a suit of clothes he had somehow picked up, which were a fac-simile of a Venetian gondolier's, and a wide-awake hat such as the gondoliers wear, stood in the stern, oar in hand.

"We will go in the back canals, Maud, for though my get-up is very fair, if the police see I am not a *bonâ fide* gondolier we shall be stopped and fined into the bargain," said Tom, as he very skilfully turned the gondola into a narrow side canal.

For about half-an-hour all went well; they did not go very fast, nor was the movement so even and steady as usual; there were occasional jerks, and turning the corners was not so artistically performed as by a Venetian gondolier; but still there was not much ground for complaint.

Presently they came to a bridge across the canal, which was so low and close to the water that the gondolier signed to Tom to stoop while passing under it. Tom, however, was not quite quick enough, the stonework of the bridge caught his outstretched arms, and knocked him overboard—a second later and his head would have been struck instead of his arm—and though he was an excellent swimmer, he might have been drowned.

"*Ayehehi!*" cried another gondolier, as Tom's gondola emerged from the bridge bereft of its boatman. But the warning cry was too late; a collision was inevitable, and the next moment the gondola, containing the two girls and the gondolier—who was powerless to stop the catastrophe—capsized, and they all found themselves in the water.

The gondola that collided with them contained two gentlemen, one of whom pulled off his coat and boots and jumped into the water as the body of one of the girls rose to the surface a few yards off.

(*To be continued.*)

"CONSIDER YOUR WAYS:" A WORD TO THE WISE.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

It is said that "the Queen of the Methodists," as Horace Walpole facetiously termed that pious and accomplished woman, Hannah More, once proclaimed her intention of writing a treatise on "Consideration" as a Christian virtue. So far as I am aware the paper was never written, and perhaps it is rather audacious on my part to attempt to fill her place. There is no doubt, however, that the subject is one well worth attention; and on the principle that people must put up with brown bread if they cannot get white, I propose to offer a few observations to "Our Girls," in the hope that they may find them not unhelpful in their daily life.

Consideration may be viewed in a double light—as regards ourselves, and in connection with others. In the first sense, we may describe it as absolutely essential to a happy and useful life. Half the mistakes which wreck a girl's happiness, and destroy her peace for the whole of her earthly career, spring from the want of consideration. The girl who wastes her time and her father's money during the all-important years of education, though she knows that she will be penniless at her parents' death, and may possibly be compelled to earn her own living before that event, errs and suffers from want of consideration. So does the vain beauty, who delights in flirting and coquetry, and after losing opportunity after opportunity of a suitable settlement in life, finds herself at last a forsaken and faded old maid, possibly heartbroken and poverty-stricken, certainly lonely and disappointed; for a girl of this type never possesses the resources in herself which render single life enjoyable, and even preferable to some minds. On the other hand, the girl who marries a man for his handsome face and fine figure, regardless of his character and prospects, and finds herself in after years a miserable victim to her husband's temper, or avarice, or intemperance, might still have been free and happy had she only exercised this modest virtue of "Consideration."

Again, how many lives are cut short, and budding hopes blighted, by pure thoughtlessness. A delicate girl leaves off her winter gown or her shabby fur on a bright spring day with a keen east wind, when she goes to call on a "smart" friend, and wants to look her best; or to walk with her brother or lover, who, like most young men, likes a girl to be well dressed when seen abroad with him. A bad cough, not properly treated because "it is so tiresome to stay indoors for ever," a lingering consumption, or sharp and short attack on the lungs, prepares the way for a flower-covered mound in the churchyard, and a vacant chair in the home. Young married women, too, impatient of the restrictions imposed by their doctors and nurses, eager to return to their pleasures, or, it may even be, their duties, frequently entail on themselves or their children permanent physical or mental suffering which might easily have been avoided by a very trifling amount of self-denial and considerate care.

And, more important still, how many women devote their whole time and thought and heart to this world and its affairs, totally oblivious apparently of the fact that they cannot stay here always, and may have to depart at any moment. If they do not neglect the observance of the Lord's Day altogether—as it is to be feared, alas! too many do in all ranks of society—their choice of a place of worship is regulated by the beauty of the music, the style of the decorations, or the social standing of its frequenters. The very notion of profiting spiritually by their own attendance never seems to penetrate their minds. Their most approving criticism of a sermon is that it is "nice and short;" their gravest censure, that it is "awfully long." It is incredible that even the most feather-pated girl, if she ever allowed herself to consider seriously the precariousness of life, and the certainty of having to face eternal realities sooner or later, could or would remain so utterly engrossed in the vanities of the passing hour, so regardless of her own future, as unquestionably many of our young people are.

But our main object in this paper is to direct our readers' attention less to the wisdom of cultivating the habit of consideration in our own affairs, than to the duty of practising it towards our neighbours. The happiness of our everyday life is far more dependent than most people realise, on the considerateness of those with whom we are brought into relation. The closer our connection, the more effect on us the presence or absence of this quality naturally produces. In a family, for instance, material comforts are of little use to make the children or servants happy if the head of the house is so autocratic as to be habitually regardless of the wishes or fancies of the rest of the household. Many an affectionate and high-principled husband and father wonders that his family are not more cheerful and conscious of their favoured position, little guessing that the cloud which obscures their vision arises entirely from his own want of consideration. For example: his opinion of his wife's judgment and powers of management is not high, consequently he overrules her plans, wise or unwise, and contradicts her even before her children, visitors, and servants, so that everybody in and out of the house knows that Mrs. A.'s views in any matter are of little account till Mr. A. is consulted. Thus, she grows in time to feel herself somewhat in the position of an upper servant, or at best of an elder child, and very naturally grows restive and peevish if bad-tempered; down-hearted, inert, and low-spirited if gentle and mild in disposition.

On the other hand, how often devotedly attached wives spoil their husbands' home life by failing to observe and consider their tastes and hobbies in trivial matters. If a man as frequently finds his meals half an hour after the proper time as not, he is very unlikely to take pains to be at home punctually. If he is neat and orderly in his habits, and finds every sitting-room in the house littered over with his wife's odds and ends, or the children's toys, when he comes home tired after his day's work, it is not very wonderful if he is cross. If the servants are permitted to play havoc among his papers, and disarrange his den, he will be hardly human if his wrath is at once appeased by a smile or kiss, and "How tiresome that Emma is!" from Emma's careless mistress.

But most of our girls are not married yet, and some of them never will be, and we want them to feel that consideration is as necessary a quality in single as in wedded life, among friends and acquaintances as in the home. Perhaps you can think of some girl you know who is universally liked. She is not especially clever, nor beautiful, nor rich, but everybody is glad to be at home when she calls, or to meet her in the street; her absence is always bewailed at an evening party or a parish gathering. Probably the secret of her popularity is to be found in her consideration for the feelings and circumstances of others. She never needlessly touches on sore subjects in conversation; she does not correct her elders when they make unimportant mistakes; she is warm and gracious in her appreciation of any little service done her, and never forgets her thanks for a present, however small or uninteresting. She always sees when some careless person leaves the door open, and an old lady is suffering from the draught; she is the one who, on a frosty day, will hand a screen to the caller whose face is being painfully scorched by the glowing fire; she somehow finds out when her mother wants a footstool, or her father his spectacles, though neither of them mentioned the need. She has that invaluable possession—

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathise."

She never worries her friends by borrowing stamps and forgetting to pay for them; undertaking to post letters, and leaving them on her dressing-table, to be discovered long after post time. She never calls on busy friends in their working hours, and sits gossiping on the sofa, declaring every minute that she must go till the luckless recipient of her visit finds it hard to look pleasant, or answer civilly as the priceless moments are passing, and she knows her morning will be irretrievably wasted. She does not crowd her shelves with other people's books and music, and return them crumpled, faded, and soiled, if ever she returns them at all. When she stays with her friends she does not strew her personal possessions about the drawing-rooms, or monopolise the best chairs, or drop candle-wax on the carpet, or scatter ink over the furniture. She never keeps people waiting for meals, and she does not aim at making herself the most prominent person when her hosts are entertaining other friends.

In such matters as the exercise of hospitality and the giving of presents there is ample room for the display of consideration. Some people, when they bid their acquaintances to a dinner-party, care for nothing but to shine themselves. If their table be brilliant, their courses numerous, and the latest fashion in dishes and decorations duly make its appearance, they are fully satisfied; the enjoyment of their guests is altogether a secondary matter. People are sometimes invited to meet one another who have not an idea in common, or, worse still, who know all about one another, and are especially anxious not to be introduced. A little care on the part of the giver of the entertainment in issuing invitations, and afterwards in arranging the visitors, may turn a dull, formal evening into a really enjoyable occasion.

Readers of the life of Lord Houghton, recently published, must be struck with the pains he took, and the success which evidently attended his efforts, to make his guests really happy. Of course persons in middle-class society cannot do all that Lord Houghton did, but they can carry the same principles into their smaller arrangements. They can invite the struggling young artist to meet their one wealthy artistic friend, who may not only appreciate the painter, but buy his pictures; and having invited them, take care that they are thrown together. They may give bright and attractive girls, whose charms, owing to their parents' narrow means, or dislike to society, seem doomed "to blush unseen," a chance of making appreciative and desirable acquaintances. They may save young men, alone in the deadly dulness of London lodgings, from falling into some of the many snares set for their ruin, by providing them with rational society, and showing a friendly

interest in their affairs. They may invite some intellectual friend, whom circumstances condemn as a rule to the life of a recluse, to meet the great author or celebrated orator whom they are proud of entertaining.

If they live in the country, they may ask London friends who cannot afford to run over to Switzerland, or even to Folkestone, when they want a change, to fill their spare room for a week or two, and then take some pains to amuse them. A very little trouble and thought on the part of a hostess sometimes afford an immense amount of pleasure. But consideration is necessary to provide entertainment suited to the taste of the visitor. One likes driving, another walking; free admittance to the nursery, and long chats over the fire, rejoice the heart of one girl, while another is bored with these occupations, and requires tennis and society. The sights of the neighbourhood give intense satisfaction to one man, while another cares for nothing but shooting or fishing. It is less easy for Londoners of moderate incomes to receive visitors, than for their country cousins, partly because of the limited accommodation of houses in town, and partly because of the rush and bustle of London life, which really seem to leave people no time for amusing themselves or others. But still, with consideration, opportunities may be found of conferring real benefit at very moderate cost to ourselves.

It has often occurred to me as wonderful that rich and fairly well-to-do people lose so many opportunities of giving happiness by sharing their good things with others. We do not of course refer to people who are well known to live for themselves alone, and from whom nobody ever expects kindness, or disinterested attention. Neither do we allude to what is commonly called charity, and the bestowment of alms. We speak of good, high-principled, and kindly persons, who have it in their power, with little or no self-denial, to smooth amazingly the rougher path which friends, and sometimes relatives of their own class and standing, are obliged to tread.

It has been said, with some truth, that the life of the poor lady or gentleman is the narrowest and dullest of any. The rich have the world at their feet if they want to divert themselves; the poor have necessarily plenty of society, and comparatively simple tastes, which they find no particular difficulty in gratifying from time to time, though they may starve between whiles, and the very anxieties, suspense, and frequent changes in their lives form a stimulus which at all events preserves them effectually from *ennui*. But educated and refined people of limited means as a rule find it necessary to deny themselves the gratification of their tastes in every direction. They do not starve, but they must be content with plain food and indifferent cooking. They are clothed respectably, but they must put up with cheap dressmakers, and ill-fitting tailors. If not absolutely shabby (which they very often are) they are obliged to wear things which they cordially dislike, and which set them off to the very worst advantage. They have a home, but as often as not it is in some remote suburb, or cheap country town, which cuts them off from their friends, and deprives them of almost all that makes life enjoyable. Persons of the class I mean are too poor to entertain, and of course soon drop out of society altogether. If they are clever, sociable, and fond of conversation, the loss is a very serious one. They cannot afford to go to concerts, exhibitions, flower-shows, and spectacles generally. Their yearly holiday, the one variety in their uneventful lives, has to be managed on the most economical principles, and sometimes omitted altogether. If they are naturally benevolent and generous, the necessity of continually turning a deaf ear to appeals, of constantly stifling the promptings of their hearts in the way of bestowing little treats or pleasures on those they love, is in itself no slight trial. They find it difficult to keep up their connection with their dearest friends at a distance, for even postage and third-class fares are a serious drain on their ill-furnished purses.

Now how easy it would be for richer relatives or friends to import brightness into lives of this sort! Outward brightness, I mean, for it seems to be one of those providential compensations of which the world is full, that members of this class are often far more cheerful and contented than persons who are able to gratify every whim and devote the utmost "consideration" to doing it. A couple of concert tickets, not sent at the last moment because nobody else wants them, and when the recipient has made other arrangements for the disposal of his time, but with due notice, and an affectionate little letter, will often give pleasure undreamt of by the donor who goes to concerts so frequently that he finds them a weariness.

The loan of a carriage to a delicate or an aged person, who cannot walk, but could drive easily enough with both pleasure and advantage to health, is a very easy and simple way of helping. People who, even if they keep no carriage of their own, can and do hire one whenever they want it, have little idea how great the deprivation is to ladies who are compelled to sit at home day after day, going nowhere, seeing nothing, absolutely suffering from want of air and change, because they cannot walk.

Poor people like pretty things in their homes as much as rich ones; indeed, as they see fewer, and spend more time in their own drawing-rooms, they often care much more about them. How easy for a wealthy friend to send, instead of a sixpenny card at Christmas or on a birthday, some present worth having, which would give pleasure perhaps for years to every member of the family!

The matter of presents deserves much more consideration than is sometimes bestowed upon it. Undoubtedly the first thing to be thought of is the motive of the donor; the second, the taste of the receiver. We feel much more satisfaction in the veriest trifle from one we love, if we regard it as a proof of real affection, than in a rich gift from one who, we have reason to believe, gives, not from true regard, but mere ostentation. But at the same time the giver should recollect that she has it in her power to withhold or confer a substantial benefit in addition to exhibiting kindly remembrance. A very handsome present from a poor person is often a very shabby offering from a rich one. Take every opportunity you can of making presents, in proportion, of course, to your means. It is a simple way of giving and receiving pleasure, for in most cases the donor has at least as much happiness out of the transaction as the receiver, especially if she has denied herself in some little measure to enable her to gratify a known desire of her friend.

There is one pitfall you must take care to avoid—do not make your own taste the standard by which you judge your friend's. Remember the picture in *Punch*, where the husband offers his wife a beautifully bound edition of Macaulay as a Christmas present, with the words, "Dearest, I have often wished to read Macaulay's *England*, and here it is." "Oh, thank you, darling," she replies, "and here is a new rug for the Victoria for you. You know how perished I am when I drive in the afternoon!" It must be owned, however, that with the best intentions it is sometimes very difficult to discover what our friends will really care for, especially if we are bound by our limited finances to consider the cost. There is a temptation, when this is the case, to seek for something which looks handsome for the price, irrespective of the tastes of the future possessor. This view of matters is occasionally acted upon by mean persons in a ludicrous manner, with disastrous results to themselves.

A young lady of our own acquaintance received among her wedding presents a pair of very handsome but rather showy gold earrings. She never wore earrings of any sort, so she thought, after a while, she would take them to the jeweller whose name was on the case, and try to persuade him to exchange them for some other ornament, or, if that proved impossible, get them altered and made up in a different form. On arriving at the shop—which we will call "Garrard's" for convenience' sake—she produced her earrings and made her suggestion. The man looked supercilious. "Really," he said, "we could not possibly take things back which were not bought here, and we should not know what to do with such trumpery affairs as these." "But," said our friend, "look at your name on the case." "I can tell you how that happened," was the reply. "A lady came in a few weeks since with these earrings, one of which was broken, and said she wished them cleaned, mended, and sent home in a new case. Of course we did it, though as they are sham we did not think them worth the trouble." "Sham!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you suppose they are worth then?" "Possibly six and sixpence," said the man, "but we do not keep such articles." Much mirth was excited by this discovery among the bride's friends, and it must be added that the offender had not the excuse of poverty to plead for her eccentric proceedings.

It is time, however, to bring these discursive observations to a close, and in doing so we should like to remind "Our Girls" that the daily intercourse of ordinary life with equals and inferiors, as well as with our "betters," may be utilised for sowing seed which will bear a harvest in eternity. Opportunities for good words and kind deeds in small matters are too often lost, not for want of willingness, but from the absence of consideration. In your morning prayers ask to be guided in the use of your tongue, for instance, and *watch* as well as pray. The sharp, sarcastic speech, which you perhaps forget as soon as it is uttered, may destroy the peace and poison the enjoyment of the person at whose expense it is made for the whole day, and leave a sting behind it long afterwards. "Hard words break no bones" is a most misleading though time-honoured aphorism. Hearts are of more consequence even than bones to our well-being, and many a heart has been wounded almost to death, many a spirit broken, and life shadowed by hard words, which scarcely seemed to the speaker an offence at all.

And, further, try to speak useful and kindly words as well as abstain from harmful ones. A little thought would often transform the morning call or afternoon tea—which is at present a mere "school for scandal"—into a really helpful and profitable no less than interesting occasion. Watch, too, for the chance of doing little kindnesses, of smoothing the path for those with whom you come in contact. Often, when the moment is past never to return, it causes bitter grief to reflect that a very small amount of consideration on our part at a critical juncture might have prevented sin, suffering, and sometimes absolute ruin overwhelming those we love.

Finally, let us "consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession," and strive to imitate the tender consideration and thoughtful care for the feelings and needs of others which so conspicuously marked His days on earth. Thus shall we "follow in the blessed steps of His most Holy Life," and with the promised aid of His Spirit become centres of light and blessing to all around us.

LANDSCAPE-SKETCHING.



FOR the greater part of my life—a busy one—the chief enjoyment in my holiday time has been that of landscape-sketching.

Of the many fellow amateurs I have come across spending their leisure in this way, ladies form the great majority, and after allowing for some very striking exceptions, I have noticed that many of these fair students are, every now and then, "in difficulties," or, at any rate, are not satisfied with their work, and sometimes even are inclined to despair. As the sketching season has now come, it has occurred to me to send to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER a few hints which may possibly be of some little service to those readers who are as enthusiastic as myself, but are not near to friends who are able to help them.

I want to say, at the outset, that none of my remarks are intended to refer to the kind of drawings made at home, in quiet rooms, and with materials of all sorts at hand, nor to elaborate *studies* out of doors (involving, perhaps, several days of careful work), but strictly to *out-of-door sketches;* the subjects, as a rule, such as are unexpectedly met with in a walk or drive, and generally under circumstances which allow but very limited time.

It will, perhaps, be well first to mention one or two things which should *not* be done, especially in the case of excursions on foot. I would say, then, "Do *not carry too much* with you." An excess of *impedimenta* is, I have noticed, rather the rule than the exception. A young lady must indeed be strong who can carry, for any considerable distance, an easel, a stool, a large block, a colour-block, and water-flask (worse still an oil-colour box), and not get heated and out of breath long before she sits down to her subject. There is, then, not only the risk of chill, but that of unfitness for real work without some previous rest. To those who practice water-colours I would suggest the use of a very moderate-sized block (the blocks the severed leaves of which form a sketch-book will generally be found convenient) carried in a loose, home-made case of leather cloth by a strap, a *small* colour-box (eight colours are quite sufficient for sketching), three brushes of good size, a small sponge for damping, a piece of blotting-paper, and a camp-stool. Sketching in oils has some advantages in respect of the things to be carried. The small box, named after the painter Fortuny, is one of the handiest of all. The lid forms the palette (which of course should be "set" before starting); it has grooves for several small panels, or mill-boards, and rings underneath for the thumb. The box called "Pocharde" is larger, but is still very portable. A good many tubes of colour may be carried in it, but even some of these may be left out if the palette is set beforehand. Two hog-hair brushes and one of sable are quite enough; when shortened to eight or nine inches they can be carried in a tin case. I seldom encumber myself with a stool (most of my sketches being done standing), but where there is a chance of finding a beach, rocks, or grass-banks, I take one of the folding "fisherman's seats" used by anglers.

Do not assume, when a subject strikes you, that the spot where you find yourself standing gives the best view of it. It is a thing of constant occurrence to discover that moving a few yards to the right or left, or some other slight shifting of position, so as to get, for instance, a rather broader foreground, or an alteration in the grouping of some objects in the middle distance, would greatly increase the attractiveness; and I, and no doubt scores of others, have many a time found, to my mortification, after I had been bestowing infinite pains on a subject, that a very slight change of standpoint would have given me something infinitely better.

Directly the subject is chosen do not lose a moment in setting to work. The importance of this cannot be too strongly enforced; for, even apart from the rapidity with which the light changes, there is always great risk (unless the sun is entirely hidden) of the "effect" which was the original attraction, hopelessly, and perhaps suddenly, vanishing.

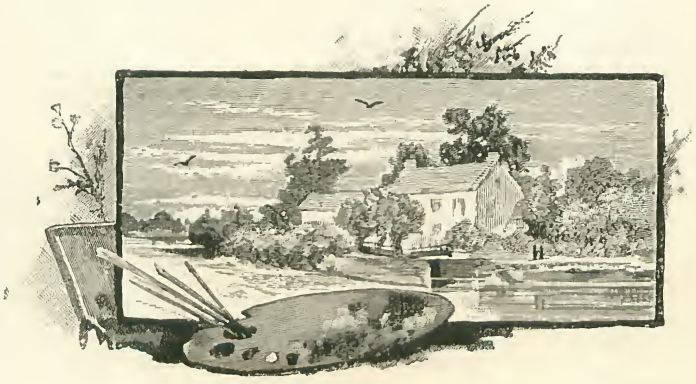
Whether oils or water-colours are used, a piece of charcoal will be found very useful in blocking-in the sketch. No other material works with anything like such rapidity. The charcoal lines can be gone over with pencil, and can then be blown off with a handkerchief. When time presses, and the subject contains but few details, both charcoal and pencil should be dispensed with, and the masses put in with the brush and a little transparent colour.

One of the most general, and I fear most fatal, mistakes is that of attempting too much. It is natural to desire to represent *all* that is grand, or beautiful, or picturesque, as the case may be, in a scene which suddenly presents itself; but in innumerable instances disappointment, and even despair, of ever doing good work would be avoided by a few minutes' thought and calculation as to how much of the subject it would be within the limits of possibility to do in a very limited time. The tone, say, of that lovely bit of sky and distance, can perhaps be indicated in a few minutes. The grouping of the trees and farmstead in the mid-distance can possibly be accomplished in half an hour, and the broken colour of the hedge and pool in the foreground may, perhaps, not take longer. But alas! in nine cases out of ten unreasonable, and most valuable, time is spent on the sky; sometimes, indeed, till it has lost its transparency. The stem or foliage of a particular tree or clump has been elaborated till it ceases to keep its due place in the composition; and some detail of the foreground so worked and retouched that the other parts of the subject are thrown out of perspective. Meantime the rising or sinking sun has greatly altered the distribution of light and shade.

In rapid sketches from nature the *masses* of the composition should first be put in, then the flow of the principal lines and curves; then the point of interest (for there must always be such a point) should be fixed upon. As much work should then be given—but equally throughout—as time and light will allow.

There are one or two points as to which water-colour amateurs commonly err. 1. The large majority cover the whole surface of the block, the result being that the superfluous water reaches the gummed edge and weakens the solidness of the block. It will be found a better plan to draw four pencil lines and leave a margin of an inch or so. 2. They omit to slightly damp the paper. 3. They do not attach nearly enough importance to a full brush.

(*To be continued.*)



DOROTHY OSBORNE.



It was in an old country house in the middle of England that Dorothy Osborne first saw the light. Her childhood was marked by no unwonted precocity, no special care was bestowed on her education; probably nothing was further from the thoughts of those who watched over her early youth than that she would be a woman whose name would be remembered in centuries to come. Of her mother we know very little, except that she was a handsome woman, endowed with a large share of female vanity, which prompted her to lay it down as a rule that none of her sex should have their picture taken after they were twenty. When we read such a sentence we cannot help imagining the fits of horror and distress which the poor lady would have gone through had she lived in the days of photography. From such a mother we can well believe that Dorothy may have had more than a few lessons in a winsome, demure coquetry.

Of Dorothy's father we have a more distinct idea. He was a country gentleman of the finest old English type: large-hearted, kindly, generous to a fault, a faithful friend, an indulgent parent, brave as a lion, yet gentle as a lamb in the hands of women and children. Between him and little Dorothy there quickly grew to be a strong tie of love, a tie which became firmer with years, and as the girl understood more and more fully the value of such a father, until, when it was snapped asunder by death, she uttered the despairing cry which in her letters still rings in our ears.

A girl's life in the first half of the seventeenth century was a very different thing from what it is now at the end of the nineteenth. There were very few books for her to read, and those few books were of a kind that would send a modern young lady asleep in less than ten minutes. The door of no science was put invitingly open for her. No learned professor gave lectures to make it easy for her young brain to mount lightly up the ladder of knowledge. She was taught a little dancing and a little music; she was made a proficient in needlework of all kinds, both in hemming and stitching, and with many-coloured wools on canvas. She was initiated into the mysteries of preserving and distilling medicines from herbs; and when all this was done, she was regarded as quite ready to enter worthily upon the stage of life, and play her part there with the best. She enjoyed, however, certain privileges in her physical development which might be envied by her sisters at the present day. She was put into her saddle almost when she left her cradle, and her constitution was strengthened by living much in the open air with her dog and her pony, instead of being weakened by undue and ceaseless study in close rooms and in a constrained position.

Dorothy Osborne was fortunate in having her mind opened by foreign travel. While she was still a girl she was taken to France—then reputed the very school of all grace and elegance by the youth of both sexes throughout Europe. There her manners gained a polish such as they could never have attained to in her country home, or even in occasional visits to the London of that day. There she learned to speak French—no ordinary accomplishment then for an English girl. There she got access to many more books than there were in her father's house, and acquired a taste for reading, and a certain amount of intellectual culture. She returned to England with a grace of deportment which made every motion of her tall and graceful figure a stanza in a silent poem, with her handsome features and large beautiful eyes all alight with the lamp of intelligence, with a delicate tact that would have made her fit into any place in society, with a thousand gracious little womanly arts and coquettish little charms that sparkled all about her like so many gems. Her period of training in France, surrounded though she must have been while there with all the gilded vice and the hollowness and unreality of French society, had not in the smallest degree spoiled the innate goodness and sweetness of her nature, the crystal truth and purity of her English girl's heart.

It was at this period that an act of Dorothy Osborne's first drew towards her the admiration of the man whose name was to become so closely entwined with her own in the page of biography. She was travelling with her brother and a young gentleman friend of his, called William Temple, in the south of England. Those were the days of Oliver Cromwell's supremacy. The Osbornes were Royalists, and young Osborne and his friend, in the public room of an inn at which the party were staying, let fall certain disrespectful words concerning the Lord Protector and his government. The circumstance reached the ears of some government official in the town, and he came to the inn with a band of armed men to arrest the malcontents, whom he concluded to be connected with some political plot against Cromwell.

The two gentlemen stood looking blankly at each other; they had, in truth, no love for the powers that were, but they had no mind to become martyrs for the royal cause. Nothing had been further from their thoughts and intentions. They saw themselves suddenly arrested—and arrests were awkward things sometimes in those days of suspicion and danger. It was quite possible that their careless words might lead them into a residence of many years in a prison. Just, however, as they were trying to falter out some lame expressions of excuse, Dorothy, who was sitting by, rose and stepped forward, and faced the indignant representative of law and order.

"Sir," she said, turning upon him the full battery of her bright eyes, casting round him the spell of one of her most witching smiles, "it was I that spoke those words, not either of the gentlemen; surely you will not arrest them because a foolish woman, who is their companion, allowed her tongue to run a little too fast about matters which she does not understand!"

The officer was appeased in a moment; he had, after all, no special personal desire to follow up the matter with severity. He turned the affair lightly into jest, declared that a lady's tongue had free license on English soil, paid mistress Dorothy a gallant compliment, and left the three travellers to go their way unmolested.

The result of this was that the attention of William Temple was drawn in a peculiar and special degree towards his friend's sister. He began to think that there must be more in Dorothy Osborne than in most girls of twenty-one. He sought her society, and studied her face and mind as he had never done before. The outcome of this study was, that William Temple felt he had found the woman who was to be for him the one woman in the world. He told the tale of his love to Mistress Dorothy, and she, after a little pretty coy coquetting with him, listened to it favourably, and the pair became affianced lovers.

The course of their true love did not, at first, run at all smooth. Young Temple's father objected to the match for various reasons unnecessary to enter into here. Dorothy's brother did not wish to have Temple for a brother-in-law. He brought forward suitor after suitor, and presented them to Dorothy as far worthier of her than Temple, but her faith to her promised husband was unswerving; she coolly rejected them all. The opposition of the relations on both sides was so strong, that the engagement of William Temple and Dorothy Osborne lasted for eight years before their mutual constancy was rewarded by marriage. This long period of hope deferred, of constant slights and checks given her love, of fears and doubts, was certainly a season of sadness and pain for Dorothy Osborne; but we cannot regret that she had to pass through such a trial, since to it we owe those delightful letters, the charm of which is as fresh and bright to-day as it was when they left her hands, and which have given her a high place among the literary women of England. The lovers were constantly separated. Dorothy lived with her father in the country, and Temple in London at first, and afterwards in Ireland, where he held some official position. He was also at times absent from England altogether on various diplomatic embassies; but be he where he might, letters from Dorothy followed and reached him, and throughout the seven years the correspondence went on unbroken. The difficulties of keeping up such a correspondence cannot be estimated by us in these days of rapid postal communication, but Dorothy's woman's wit and woman's love surmounted them all. Temple on his side seems to have been a good correspondent, but hardly any of his letters have been preserved. They had not that deathless charm which has kept the letters of Dorothy Osborne embalmed throughout the course of centuries.

These letters are very varied in character. Sometimes they give us most interesting glimpses of what life was like in a country house in England in the seventeenth century. Sometimes they contain amusing fragments of contemporary gossip about the grand folk of the land; sometimes they are little essays on love and constancy, which are written with the most exquisite female delicacy of touch. Sometimes they are grave discourses on religious topics, which are handled with masterly clearness and depth for a young woman of her time. There is, perhaps, too much sentiment in them to suit our modern taste, but there is a refinement and a womanly sweetness and tenderness which it must do women for all time good to study, in which men for all time will find their ideal of true womanhood. As we read these letters we can little wonder that even such a man as Lord Macaulay hung enthralled over the pages, and declared himself to be one of fair Mistress Dorothy's most devoted servants. The word "servant" was, in the language of

gallantry of that day, used to denote any lady's declared lover.

These letters are also most interesting as containing a biography of Dorothy Osborne herself. One letter shows us how she sat alone in her chamber and read French romances in seven or eight volumes. In another we see her walking up and down on the moor near her father's house on summer evenings, jesting merrily with the milkmaids, who came to look for the cows. In a third she is watching by her father's sick-bed, and she tells how the two old servants, who were her companion nurses, wanted her to refresh herself by drinking a horn of ale—as ordinary a restorative to offer a young lady in those days as a cup of tea is now. A fourth epistle shows us sweet Dorothy lingering by the stream in the starlight, and thinking of her absent lover. We behold her one day standing before her mirror, lamenting that the heavy mourning robes she has had to put on for the death of some near relative are so unbecoming, The next we have a view of her rising early and getting through her household affairs so expeditiously that they are all finished by ten o'clock in the morning. By-and-by we have an account of a would-be suitor, given with no small spice of pretty coquetry. Once there is a ring of real bitterness in the letters, which tells of a serious quarrel between the lovers, but which is soon followed by a jubilant note of reconciliation.

When Dorothy Osborne was about twenty-eight, two great sorrows came upon her. The first was the death of her father, who was mourned for by her with a depth of intense grief that shows how strong was the affection between father and daughter. The other was a severe attack of small-pox, from which she recovered to find her brilliant beauty all marred and spoiled. There was comfort, however, awaiting her. William Temple proved how truly he prized the rare jewels in Dorothy Osborne's heart and mind by marrying her immediately after she rose from her sick-bed, while the ravages of the cruel disease were still fresh in her face.

We know but little of Dorothy's life after she became Dorothy Temple. As happy wife and mother she wrote but few letters; there was too much now besides to fill her thoughts and time. The man, too, for whom all the riches of her rare individuality of character had been poured out on to the paper was now always near her. She could talk to him, and that was better than writing. Had those been the days of female authorship in England, she might, perhaps, at this period have used her brilliant gifts in becoming a novelist or essayist; but even the cleverest women then seldom wrote books. Perhaps, however, had she written for publication, we should not know and love Dorothy Osborne as we do in the private letters, these pure gems brought up from the very depths of her woman's heart and soul.

Once during her later life does Dorothy emerge for us into the light, and then a true gleam of heroism falls upon her. An English ship-of-war is conveying Dorothy—now Lady Temple by virtue of her husband's title of Sir William—and her children to Holland, where Sir William Temple is acting as English Ambassador. On the way they meet with a French vessel, which seems inclined to show fight, for there is war just then between France and England. The captain of the English man-of-war, however, mindful of the precious freight he has on board, is about to sheer off, and escape from the enemy by means of his craft's swift-sailing qualities; she is much more lightly built than the more clumsy Frenchman. But, before he can carry his design into execution, he is stopped by Lady Temple appearing on deck, declaring that the honour of England shall not be hurt by an English line-of-battle ship flying from an enemy because she and her children are on board. A naval encounter follows, during which the ambassador's wife behaves with the utmost courage and composure, and the English ship at last sails off victorious.

When William and Mary came to the throne, Sir William and Lady Temple were regarded with considerable favour by them. Queen Mary discovered Dorothy Temple's intellectual calibre and her sterling character with true female quickness of perception, and singled her out from all the ladies of her Court, and there grew up a real friendship between the daughter of many kings and the daughter of the Midlandshire squire. We can fancy the two sitting over their embroidery frames together, while the Queen became every inch a woman as they chatted, and laughed, and wept side by side.

Dorothy Temple's last days were clouded by a great sorrow. This was the loss of her eldest son, who drowned himself. There was no apparent cause for the act, but, when we now look back at it, it seems to have been done in a fit of temporary mental derangement.

Dorothy Temple bore the blow with Christian resignation, and strove to keep the lamp of cheerfulness alight for the sake of her husband and other children; but she never fully recovered the grievous shock. She died at the age of sixty-seven, leaving a name written in purest gold, as maiden, wife, and mother, on the page of British female biography.

ALICE KING.

VARIETIES.

CIVIL WORDS.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him."

Were superiors to keep this in view, yea, were all mankind to observe it, how much happier would the world be than what it is. We may say of this disposition, "that it is like lighting another man's candle by our own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

TO-DAY ONLY IS OURS.—Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE RIVAL SINGERS.

Dr. Arne was once asked by two vocalists of Covent Garden Theatre to decide which of them sang the best. The day being appointed, both exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished Arne, addressing the first, said, "As for you, madam, you are *the worst singer* I ever heard."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, exulting. "Don't you see I was right?"

"Not so fast!" said Arne. "I have a word for you. *You cannot sing at all!*"

SELF-CRITICISM.—A girl said she sang as well as most girls in Europe, and thus proved it: Most girls in Europe do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most girls in Europe.

SYMPATHY.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft
  Than beauty's smiling lip of love;
By angel's eyes first wept, and oft
  On earth by eyes like those above;
It flows for virtue in distress,
  It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
  'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

HE FORGOT THE NAME.

Susan (who has just been asked to play something on the piano): "I really can't play anything."

Tommy: "Say, Sue; why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?"

Susan: "What piece?"

Tommy: "Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company, 'cause you knew it better than any of the others. I forget the name."

IN PURSUIT OF TRUTH.—If anyone can convince me of an error I shall be very glad to change my opinion, for truth is my business, and right information hurts nobody. No; he that continues in ignorance and mistake, 'tis he that receives the mischief.

—*Marcus Antoninus.*

SMALL THINGS.—Small things in the hands of Providence deprive people of life in this world. Pope Adrian lost his life by a *gnat*. A distinguished Roman counsellor lost his life by a *hair*. Anacreon, the famous Greek poet, lost his life by the *seed of a grape*. The Emperor Charles VI. was deprived of his life by a *mushroom*.

CHARADE II.

1. Along my smooth surface the waterfowl swim,
   The white lilies bloom and the dragon flies skim;
   While glittering fishes may glide to and fro
   And traverse the depths of the water below.
2. A numeral letter the Romans employed
   Ere Octavius their glorious republic destroyed
   By raising himself to th' imperial throne
   And making their actions not theirs but his own.
3. A delicate fruit, here in Kent it is grown,
   And in France and in Germany also is known.
   Its rounded contour is complete with a skin
   That protects and encloses the sweetness within,
   And whose tender transparence and roseate tint
   Have furnished the poets with many a hint.
   Combine these three words, over sea, over strand;
   Fly away, till in British dominions you land;
   There a colony, founded by Frenchmen, you'll find;
   By the English twice taken, by treaty resigned;
   To France still belonging, by national laws,
   Whence colonial produce and riches she draws.

XIMENA.

A SHADY NOOK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE bright brown waters of the brook
'Twixt blooming meadows flow,
And wind through many a shady nook,
O'er which the willows lean and look,
And Nature opens wide her book,
Beside them as they go.

The merry dancing, glancing stream,
That runs beside the mill,
Where waxen lilies rock and dream,
And May-flies' gauzy winglets gleam,
Athwart the noon sun's hazy beam,
When yonder wheel is still.

'Tis pleasant on a summer day,
To chance upon the shade
Of such a nook, or idly stray
Along the flowery winding way,
So fragrant by the new-mown hay—
And milk-white clover made.

So deems the lass who stands awhile
To rest in noontide's calm,
Upon the miller's man to smile,
And thus his dusty toil beguile,
Before she climbs the meadow stile,
Into the sunlight warm.

So deems the miller's man, I ween—
A happy man is he,
While he doth by the casement lean,
And gaze upon his heart's dear queen—
A picture, framed in gold and green,
Beneath the willow tree!



A GREY DAWNING.

By ALICE LOCKWOOD KIPLING.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPON her return to Rockly, Venetia was received by Mrs. Piggott with a warmer welcome than those who knew this good woman best would have believed her capable of. The house looked fresh and pleasant, and the spring sun shone bright and cool upon the flowers which, within the shelter of the glass-house, had been coaxed into an early display of their delicate leaves and blossoms. The worthy housewife had availed herself of the opportunity afforded by her young friend's absence to anticipate the spring cleaning, having indeed taken refuge from the anxiety caused by Venetia's sudden departure in a tornado of brush, broom, and beeswax worthy of her most vigorous days.

With admirable self-control she refrained from calling the girl's attention to the superior polish of the mahogany table, in whose dark and shining depths she was reflected in all the glory of a new cap, as she led the weary traveller through the sitting-room to the kitchen, where a bright fire and singing tea-kettle promised the warmth and refreshment of which she stood in need.

"Set you down there, honey," she said, as, after unfastening Venetia's heavy cloak, she led her to the rocking-chair which was her own especial seat, adorned and made comfortable by a cushion covered with brilliant patchwork, and consecrated to her use alone, as might be the throne of the Queen herself.

During the days of Venetia's absence the old woman's heart had grown tender towards the girl, who had never before been away from the house at Rockly a single day since that of her inauspicious arrival; but unaccustomed as she was to the expression of such feeling, she found no ready words. This little action was, however, as eloquent as any phrase could have been, and responding to its spirit Venetia threw her arms round Mrs. Piggott's neck and kissed her wrinkled cheek, while the tears which could no longer be restrained fell uncontrolled. The old woman drew the tear-stained face down upon her ample bosom, and in silence caressed the bowed head of the sobbing girl, to whom the unaccustomed touch of Mrs. Piggott's hand brought consolation.

"I'll never leave you, honey," she said, as Venetia withdrew at length from her embrace. "It stands to reason I mayn't live as long as them that's younger, but while I do I'll never leave you. You're no worse off than you was," she went on, with well-meant endeavour to make the best of things; "and who knows but what you mayn't be better one of these days."

Mrs. Piggott would have been puzzled if she had been called upon to give the key to this enigmatic ending of her sentence, which was due to a sudden conviction that life must have in store some compensation for the lonely girl who had no nearer friend than an old woman, who until that moment had never shown her the sympathy and tenderness which her position demanded. But the habit of a lifetime triumphed over the impulse of the hour, and Mrs. Piggott never put into words the regret, almost the remorse, for past opportunities neglected, which filled her heart as she recalled Venetia's desolate childhood, and remembered how little she had ever done for the happiness of the girl who had been so completely thrown upon her for a mother's love and comfort. From that day, however, the veil was rent between the young heart and the old one, and they knew that they loved each other.

Though Venetia had not forgotten among her memories of Italy that John Cartwright had asked permission to visit her if he should come to Yorkshire, she attached little importance to the request. If he came she would be glad to see



A SUMMER TRYST.

him, for his kindness to her was gratefully remembered; it was indeed the one bright ray which had illuminated the darkest hours of her life, and if he came—— But would he come?

Venetia never knew when the question changed its form in her mind, and it was not until he stood before her, and the well-remembered tones of his voice made music in her ears, that she realised how eagerly her heart had counted on the answer.

The summer of this year came late and chill, and was succeeded by a pale autumn, in which the half-ripened grain was reaped in sullen despair lest the early frosts should render altogether vain the labour of the sickle. Such seasons are not uncommon in the northern counties, yet this year is still remembered in the neighbourhood of Rockly as one of scarcity and sore sickness, a year when the bread-winner of the household was laid low, while the children drooped and pined, and the house-mother, sustained beyond her strength by love and courage, bore upon her shoulders the burden of the household. It is to this sad season that Venetia looks back as to the summer of her life; for when sorrowing, and oppressed by burdens not her own, there came to her one with a hand to help, an arm to sustain, and a heart to encourage her woman's effort, and the new year saw her John Cartwright's happy wife. In the old church in which as a child she had found in imagination the interest that her life lacked in reality, Venetia was married, and through the door which had so reluctantly opened to the trembling feet of the deserted child she passed upon the arm of her husband to the home in which she was honoured, loved, and happy.

[THE END.]

A SERVANT'S WEDDING OUTFIT.

We have had plenty of good hints in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the outfits of girls who need evening dresses and white satin wedding gowns; but so many of the readers are working girls, that perhaps it will not be amiss to explain to them how I managed to get such a comfortable outfit when Richard and I settled down in our cottage home.

When I came to consider what I needed, I found that I had more than £50 in the Post Office Savings Bank. That seems a great deal for a girl of twenty-six, whose wages have never been more than £16 a year, but I will tell you how I managed.

I always had an idea of saving, since a poor old lady, a cousin of our next door neighbour's, who came out of the workhouse on visiting days, used to tell me her story.

She had been a very good cook, taking her £20 or £25 a year for many years, until rheumatic fever came, and crippled her poor hands so that she could not even tie her bonnet strings, or lift her tea-cup for herself. She had no home to go to, and only £3 or £4 in hand, so that at thirty-five there was nothing before her but the workhouse infirmary for the rest of her life.

"But what did you do with so much money?" I asked her once, for £20 sounded like a fortune to my childish ears.

"I just squandered it away, my dear," she said sadly, "on pretty clothes, and treats, and excursions, for myself and my friends. My fellow-servants always praised me for being so open-handed, but not one of them ever comes to see me now. If ever you go to service, Ellen, be sure and put by a bit for a rainy day," and her eyes would fill with tears.

I have been fortunate in having no call to spend my savings. My health has always been good, so that I have had no doctor's stuff to pay for. My parents are not old, and father has good, regular work as a gardener, so that I have never needed to help them, though many a useful garment for the little ones have I made with my sewing machine of an evening out of my own clothes, which were no longer fit for use in service, to save my mother's eyes, which are weak; and she has plenty of mending to do, without making.

These quiet opportunities for needlework have been a great saving to me. In each place I have had, I have found time to make all my clothes except my very best dresses; and having been well drilled in needlework, both at school and at home, it is no trouble to me.

My places have all been in my native town, so little money has gone for travelling, although I have always gone the summer trips of our Temperance Society, which is generally to the sea-side, thirty miles away.

I do not mind confessing that another motive for saving has been, that I always thought a good outfit was such a nice thing for a girl if she got married, especially since I helped our Miss Ethel make and pack her pretty *trousseau* when she left us for a new home in the north of England.

Since Richard and I made up our minds, two years ago, I have actually saved nearly £24, by careful repairing and contriving, in order to have plenty to spend when the important time came.

Mistress has always given each of us a black merino dress each Christmas, and I must say that the visitors have been very liberal to me, although I am sure that I have never put myself forward to get their "tips," as some ill-mannered servants do.

I was not quite thirteen when I first went to service. I had done well at school, and there were plenty of mouths to feed at home without a great hungry growing girl as I was then.

So mother fitted me out as well as she could, and I started in life as maid-of-all-work at Mr. Shaw, the greengrocer's, at the other end of the town, for the small wage of a shilling a week.

My mistress, who had several children, was very strict and particular. She had been in good service herself, and knew just how things ought to be done. She was kind, too, in her way, and took pains to teach me my work, and to keep my clothes mended up of an evening.

But it was my master whom I remember with most gratitude. He was a cheerful, jovial sort of man, and often softened even his fault-finding with a joke. It was he who put me in the way of the Post Office Savings Bank.

On my thirteenth birthday, my mother, who thought I should be feeling homesick, sent me a little parcel, with some apples and lardy cakes, a pair of woollen gloves, and a sixpenny story-book. How pleased I was, to be sure! When Mr. Shaw saw me with them he said, with one of his merry twinkles, "You have been a good girl this three months, Nellie, so I think we must give you a book too. You shall come with me and get it after tea, if the missus can spare you for five minutes."

I thanked him heartily, privately thinking that five minutes was not much to allow for a visit to the bookseller's. But when the time came, he led me into the Post Office next door, put down half-a-crown, and before I understood what was being done, an account was opened in the name of Ellen Williams, and the thin, buff-coloured book was handed to me. I was so pleasad, for I knew that father wanted me to begin to save as soon as possible. The account being opened on my birthday, has made it easy for me to remember to send my book in to be made up, as you have to do on each anniversary.

It was not much that I managed to put by in that place, although Mrs. Shaw soon raised my wages to two shillings a week, for, like most girls of my age, I grew out of my clothes and wore out my shoes terribly fast; but at the end of two years I had added seven-and-sixpence to my good master's "nest egg."

When her eldest daughter left school, Mrs. Shaw gave up keeping a servant, and she got me a place with Mrs. White, a widow lady with a large family, where I was to have £7 a year. I was the only servant there too, but no one was idle in that house. All the family were in business, or at school, but they all lent a hand to the necessary work. Even the little girls made their own bed before trotting off to school, and the young gentlemen were not a bit above blacking their own boots of an evening in the privacy of the scullery; and yet I am sure they were real gentlefolks, both in birth and manners.

When they were fairly started for the day, Mrs. White and I were very busy. She always worked with me, and taught me what I did not know; and to be sure there was plenty for us to do, cooking and cleaning, washing and ironing, mending and making—there seemed no end to it; and yet we always did get through comfortably by Saturday night.

My mistress was a clever, managing woman, and now that I have a home of my own, I am thankful that I had those five years with her, and especially to have learnt her thrifty ways, and tasty, inexpensive cooking. She gave me a rise each year up to £10, beyond which her small income did not allow her to go; but I managed in those five years to bring my banking account up to a little over £11. £3 of this I withdrew, when I was about nineteen, and with my mistress's approval bought a good lockstitch hand sewing-machine. She had taught me to use hers, and often had allowed me to do the longer seams of my own garments upon it, so I thought best to buy myself one of the same sort. I was so proud of that machine when it was new! It has proved a good friend to me, and must have done miles of stitching in the seven years I have had it.

When I was just twenty, Mrs. White decided to take all her family to Australia. She had relatives in Adelaide, who promised the young people better prospects than they had here, and they were all eager to go. So my mistress disposed of her furniture, packed her boxes, and started on the long voyage, leaving me very sorrowful at parting from so true a friend.

But she did not forget me among all her business, for before she left she procured for

me an excellent place as house and parlour-maid with a cousin of her own, Mrs. Leslie, at "The Cedars."

I had £14 a year from the first, which was liberal of my new mistress, considering that so much was new to me—the waiting at table, the plate and lamp cleaning, and the care of so much handsome furniture.

When I had been there three years, my wages were raised to £16, and then I treated myself to a nice little silver watch, a thing I had long wished for.

When we decided last Easter that we would look to being married in September, we talked over ways and means. Richard had savings enough to pay for all the main furnishings, and being a carpenter, he made many useful things.

He said if he paid ready money down he should get a good discount—"No hire system for him, making you pay far more than the goods are worth, and having the weekly payments hanging over your head like a nightmare!"

I said I would undertake all the house linen and crockery for my share, and began, with mother's help, to make lists of all that I should need. I did not mean to spend all my savings—"rainy days" may yet come; and if it please God to grant us little ones, the money will come in handy for the extra expenses which they bring.

I had a grand time for getting on with my shopping and work, for my master's family were away the whole of July and August; and the mistress, knowing what I had in hand, kindly gave me leave to go out as much as I liked.

One of my first visits was to my friend, Lizzie Brown, a member of our Bible Class, who supports her invalid mother by dress-making.

I took up a piece of oversewing to help her while we talked. I told her that I had decided to get two good stuff dresses to begin with, and she said at once, "I tell you what, Nellie, if you can get them soon, I will make them at leisure times, and only charge you five shillings each for them. I wish I could afford to make them for nothing, but the lower price is all I can give you by way of a wedding present, for we have had so many extra expenses lately."

So we settled that I should get a nice grey cashmere for a wedding dress, which would do for Sundays next summer, and a grey bonnet to match. I have a fancy for bonnets, being tall, and broadly-built hats are not becoming to me. Lizzie made me the bonnet, and put some bows of narrow pink velvet in it, and made one for the neck of the dress. This, with grey silk gloves, and the white flowers which our young ladies brought me, made as pretty a set-out as any bride in my station in life could desire.

For the second dress, which was my Sunday one for the coming winter, I chose a blue serge, which kind Lizzie took the trouble to braid for me, and I bought an excellent cloth ulster for 18s. 6d. at a sale.

I had two very good stuff dresses by me, and four cotton ones; but these were very light, and I thought, through the winter, when drying was bad, I should not want one of them added to the necessary washing every week; so I put them by for summer wear, and bought an every-day dress of old-fashioned brown linsey. This only cost 10s. and I made it myself, with full sleeves and wrist-bands. There was a loop inside these, and a little button on each shoulder, so that I could fasten them right up when at work, and yet they would come down in a moment for meals, and to answer the door.

I made the skirt short, to avoid getting draggled when I was in and out the garden feeding the fowls or hanging out the clothes. I cannot tell you what a comfort that warm substantial dress has been to me already.

I did not need a good jacket—indeed, I had a very good stock of half-worn clothes to go on with. A hat I brought last winter only needed a shilling's worth of ribbon to make it nice for every day, and I got a black fancy straw bonnet, lined it with a piece of velvet which I once had on a hat, and trimmed it with a handsome scarlet and black ribbon, for Richard likes to see something bright and cheerful.

The new things which I needed were the following:—

	£	s.	d.
Grey cashmere dress	1	3	6
Grey bonnet	0	5	6
Serge dress	0	17	0
Dressmaking	0	10	0
Linsey dress	0	10	0
Ulster	0	18	6
Winter petticoat	0	6	0
Six nightdresses	0	12	9
Six combinations	0	9	0
Two flannel petticoats	0	6	0
Three flannel vests	0	6	0
Three flannelette vests	0	3	0
Four large aprons	0	3	0
Two pairs of stays	0	6	6
Six pairs of stockings at 1s. 6d.	0	9	0
Twelve handkerchiefs	0	5	9
One pair of boots	0	10	6
One pair of shoes	0	7	6
Bonnet and hat trimming	0	4	3
Two pairs of gloves	0	3	4
Collars and necktie	0	2	3
Cottons, tapes, etc	0	0	8
Total	£9	0	0

My clothes finished, I turned my attention to the house linen, and with the help of my good sewing-machine soon made it all more strongly and neatly than any shop-made things.

We had only two bedrooms to furnish, and I bought two gay-striped Austrian blankets to lay over the beds in winter.

	£	s.	d.
Two pairs of blankets at 15s.	1	10	0
One small pair of ditto	0	8	6
Two Austrian blankets	0	15	0
Two counterpanes	1	1	0
Four pairs of sheets	2	0	0
Two tablecloths at 10s.	1	0	0
Two ditto at 5s.	0	10	0
Twelve pillow cases	0	6	6
Twelve huckaback towels	0	9	0
Six Turkish towels	0	4	6
Three round towels	0	4	6
Four toilet covers at 1s. 3d.	0	5	0
Kitchen and pudding cloths	0	4	6
Window blinds	0	2	6
Two pairs of white curtains	0	10	0
Two red tablecloths	0	6	6
Total	£9	17	6

These prices are by no means the cheapest at which the different articles might be had, but I had seen in my places of service how much more satisfactory is the wear of really good material, so I resolved to buy only such.

Besides these things, I made up many useful odds and ends out of scraps I had by me—iron-holders and dusters out of pieces of print, oven-cloths from the best parts of worn-out working aprons, and a couple of house-flannels from a very thin old petticoat quilted together.

When it came to choosing the crockery, I had two pleasant surprises. Master and mistress said they must give me something after six years of faithful service, and chose a dinner set. It is a real beauty, with a brown pattern on a cream-coloured ground, and such a number of plates and dishes.

Then the cook, who is a quiet, middle-aged person, insisted on spending 14s. on a lovely pink tea-set for me. I protested that it was far too much; but she only laughed, and said she should feel free to come and drink tea out of it very often, as she has no relations in our parts to go to on her Sunday out.

These presents saved me so much that I felt justified in buying what I had longed for, but had felt I ought not to afford, namely, a small mangle and wringer combined, which saves so much work on washing day.

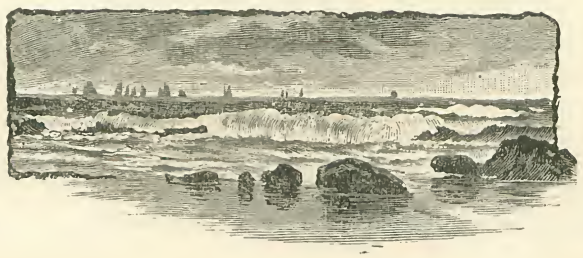
But the tea-set was far too pretty for daily use, so I bought six strong blue cups and saucers, some plates and dishes, a brown earthenware teapot, six different-sized jugs, some basins and pie-dishes, kitchen tins, knives, spoons, and forks. Two sets of bed-room china cost me 15s., and I brought sets of blacking and black-lead brushes, brooms, a good scrubbing brush, some tin candlesticks, and a strong, double-burner lamp.

I had little need to spend on ornamental things, for our young ladies gave me some framed pictures, and the little boys a pair of vases; master's old aunt sent me a plated tea-pot, and my Bible Class teacher a nice little clock, besides smaller gifts from my relations, and from Richard's brothers and sisters.

I bought and trimmed a new brown bonnet for my mother, and gave my little twin sisters new pale pink gingham frocks, white sailor hats, and white cotton gloves; and with their long fair hair (which they generally wear in pigtails) all brushed out, they made as pretty a pair of little bridesmaids as you could wish to see, and very proud they were of their office.

After all this, I still had £20 in the Saving Bank, which gives one a very comfortable feeling in looking forward to the future; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that for years to come I shall need next to nothing from Richard's earnings for my personal needs, and that many of the household goods which I have bought will, with careful using, be comforts all my life.

MAUDE ROBINSON.



DEPORTMENT: SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF THE SUBJECT.

By AN ARTIST.



"WHERE nothink's intended, nothink is meant," remarked that mythical mirror of wisdom, Mrs. Brown, to her friend when she took umbrage at some sentence from the august lady above-mentioned, which was quite innocently devoid of intention, but nevertheless touched a sore spot in the conscience of Mrs. B.'s friend. Now I, fearing that among the vast number of readers of this popular magazine may be some to whom one of my remarks or more may appear personal, take the opportunity in this brief preface to assure one and all that "nothink's intended," consequently "nothink is meant."

This little paper, essay—call it what you will—is neither written as an attack upon the sins of deportment or misdeportment, nor has it any hopes of converting that section of the British nation who may chance to peruse it to a proper sense of the true value of so important a science; but is rather a collection of remarks and considerations founded upon careful and constant observation by one who may be right or wrong, but who considers a proper carriage as one of the parts, not least important, which help towards perfect beauty.

A favourite sauntering ground with me is the West End. There one with the faculty for observation may see and learn to distinguish each class by other indications than the clothes, particularly by the carriage—I do not mean the wheeled vehicle, but deportment, and even to make some shrewd guesses at character. It does not take long: the brain acts with a rapidity far beyond the most instantaneous mechanism. The figure is observed, style and bearing noted, with other peculiarities, and in "less than no time" the label is filled in and pinned to the human parcel—mentally.

But other considerations have a place. The great pleasure anyone with the slightest appreciation for beauty gains by watching the graceful motions of a good walker, man or woman, boy or girl, is incalculable, and the impression lives and becomes a "joy for ever." The movement of a woman or girl is perhaps the more graceful, owing to the delicate lines



"AN EYESORE."

of the figure, and for that very reason faults of deportment in this sex are more noticeable and jarring; so when one sees a woman slouching along with shoulders drooping forward and arms moving at all angles, or wobbling with ungainly swayings owing to over-tight lacing, or too small boots, or high heels, one can scarcely repress a shudder, for, knowing the capabilities of the beautiful human form, one is stung to distraction by this libellous caricature. A badly deformed person does not strike you in the same way: you insensibly make allowances for the accident of birth, and are sorry; but to the being who murders his or her form by the various beauty traps of fashion, one feels much as the artist would towards the brute who should smash up the beautiful Venus of Melos.

The beauty of youth is proverbial, and in spite of the Venus one always admires the Cupid and Psyche and the young Antinous more; the limbs are finer, the movement more "airy light" and less conscious; the buoyant motions, the free elasticity of limb which makes ungainly action almost impossible in youth, are charms which many, no longer young, strive in vain to imitate, vainly, because the suppleness and unconsciousness quickly pass away, and because propriety will not allow of that abandonment in years of discretion which is the very life and soul of those years that lie the other side of the boundary that marks boy from man and girl from woman.

"Yet, ah! that Spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

A beautiful face will not redeem a bad form, and many spoil a good form by bad deportment. Of these persons the most irritating to look upon are, first, the woman who appears always in a violent hurry, and, hugging her umbrella or sunshade to her, strides along with body bent forward to an angle of thirty-five degrees, whilst the pad at the back of the dress—called, I believe, an "improver"—bobs up and down like a cork on a stormy pond.

Another, with an impossible waist, sways violently before you, and her dress swings to and fro like a ground-swell under the counter of a yacht, arms akimbo and a sunshade trimmed square like a yard, to rake you as she passes.

Number 2 is less of a nuisance than an eyesore. She is dressed to the waist as a man; thence, as divided skirts have not yet become fashionable, she necessarily remains a woman, at least in costume; in motion she yet strives to represent a man. This figure provokes one to laughter, calling to mind as it does that hybrid, the mermaid, which was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

Again, what is more tiring than that mincing step so many affect, and what more tiring to the walker?

One more, the 5th—the girl who carries herself too well—that is to say, who pulls her shoulders back until it appears she could fall backward at a touch; the body is perfectly rigid; all the work is done from the hips downwards, which is manifestly not right. What does a doctor tell you about walking? It is the best exercise possible *because* it brings into play *all* the muscles of the body.

The natural movement is always the more graceful, and the beauty of motion is the ripple of the whole form, the beautiful sway of a beautiful line. The wonderful construction of the human body is expressed best in walking, each muscle giving and taking its share in the work.



"SHE COULD FALL BACKWARD AT A TOUCH."



"WITH BODY BENT FORWARD."

Deportment does not, as may be premised from the fact that it is a science to be learned, teach unnatural carriage; but, on the contrary, being a science, it teaches the proper use of the limbs, and their just balance in all positions; and surely that is carrying out entirely Nature's design, which must have been for a person to advance by means put purposely at its disposal, and not by throwing the weight entirely off its balance, and tumbling forward like a rock set loose upon the hillside.

It is more than amusing in fine or wet weather to watch the constant stream of people on the streets, and another pleasure to take note of the varied costumes, as diverse as the characters they cover. The artist, forced by his profession to be extraordinarily observant of human nature, watches for and notices well all peculiarities, and many of the characters regarded by the inexperienced as unreal or overdrawn are actually studies from life. Since calisthenics have become so fashionable in the feminine world, grace and beauty should surely increase, and much good come of it.



THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Adrien de Riancourt lay fighting for life with fever in the old farm at Rougemont, the clouds of sorrow and suffering that were closing round his fair young betrothed in Paris grew daily more dark, more impenetrable.

Though but a few weeks had passed since their parting, Valentine had changed greatly. The rounded softness of her cheek was gone; there was a strained look in her lovely blue eyes; her little hands had grown very thin, and they clasped and unclasped themselves nervously. The condition of affairs preyed on stronger nerves than those of a tender girl—the daily, ceaseless anxiety.

Monsieur de Lemprière's life was never safe. Beginning as a moderate Liberal, he had attached himself to Robespierre after a time; then, disgusted with the excesses that followed, he tried to draw back, and by doing so forfeited the confidence of one party without gaining confidence elsewhere. His next effort was to efface himself, to extinguish all interest in his proceedings, to be allowed to live quietly and unnoticed in a corner of his once hospitable house. But again his nerve failed him, and secretly one night he caused his packages and a few favourite articles of furniture to be moved to an obscure lodging on the opposite side of the Seine, and thither he and his daughter removed themselves.

But his efforts to obtain absolute obscurity were frustrated by an unforeseen circumstance. One of the party in power, a young man of the name of Alcibiade Leforêt, chanced to come across Valentine, and at first sight of the modest, tender beauty, now so rare in Paris as to be practically unknown, fell desperately in love with her.

This was a complication full of untold danger, and the courage of the unhappy de Lemprière utterly failed him. Alcibiade was all-powerful. He was handsome, with the kind of animal beauty then most admired; he had rich colouring, thick, well-curved lips, large rolling eyes, broad shoulders, and as fine a figure as a man could have, disguised in the costume of the dandies of the day. He was all-powerful and merciless.

After his first declaration of his love, the unhappy father could only shake and shiver, and even weep the tears of anguish which scorch rather than relieve.

De Lemprière did not dare to tell his daughter of the new suitor for her hand. Valentine had noticed him more than once, noticed him with a shudder, for he represented to her the very impersonation of young France, the mushroom growth of a hideous corruption. His bold bad eyes caused her cheeks to burn, as she escaped from so hateful a presence.

De Lemprière in his despair determined to seek out Leforêt, and endeavour to persuade him to give up his pretensions, though he knew in his heart that it would prove a fruitless errand.

"I cannot give you my daughter," he said, "because she is betrothed to another, and she loves him."

"Give me his name," said Alcibiade, a curious light coming into his eyes. "I will then consider how best the obstacle can be removed."

"His name!" faltered the old man. "No, no, my friend. I will not tell you his name."

"Doubtless some aristocrat," said Alcibiade, bending his eyes sternly on the trembling old man. "She belongs to the dainty powdered race herself. It is of no use attempting to deceive me. Hist! citizen Lemprière, you had better make me your friend. You are not too popular at headquarters. *Hein?*"

He shivered. "You say you love my daughter," he whined; "and you treat her father thus!"

"I love your daughter so well that I would do you good against your will. There! She shall be my wife and I will protect you. Bah! I will save your life, which is not worth a sou!"

"But, friend, good worthy friend, only listen! My daughter loves this man, and, moreover, she will never consent to wed without a priest."

"Ah! bah! that is easily settled. So her affections are deeply engaged? The old betrothal; have I not heard something about it? Quite enough to ruin you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried de Lemprière. "Do you forget all I have done? All I have given up for the cause?"

"The man's name!" cried Alcibiade, fiercely clutching his shoulder.

"Do not ask me."

"Was it Adrien de Riancourt? Answer, or you shall suffer for it, I swear."

Trembling under that strong grasp, in which he felt helpless as a reed, the old man faltered out, "You are too clever—I can deny nothing."

He stopped, for Alcibiade threw him off, put his hands together, and burst into a tremendous laugh.

"Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, with one of the hideous oaths of the day. "Ha, ha! I have it! Adrien de Riancourt! So, so!—de St. Eustache he would say, for there is no doubt that the father perished in the ruins of Riancourt. Good Triponnet! brave Triponnet! The man is worth his weight in gold!"

"Triponnet!" faltered de Lemprière. "You speak in riddles. What has that scoundrel Triponnet to do with my daughter's affairs?"

"Go, go, now," said Alcibiade, heavily patting his shoulder. "You will know all in good time; meanwhile, thank your lucky stars that I am powerful. Yesterday you were denounced, my good friend."

"Ah, me!"

"Be at ease; it did not suit me that it should be so. A man should protect his family—his father-in-law, eh?"

De Lemprière shrank from the coarse voice and foul words of the man—shrank like a beaten hound.

"Is your protection to be so dearly bought?" he faltered.

"Bah! you must yourself judge of its value. I have a new plan in view. You shall not sell me your daughter, for I see a way of managing the affair myself. Have I *finesse?* Have I not? Wait till you see."

"My daughter is all I have in the world," cried de Lemprière. "And see, can I not also denounce? If it comes to the question of one man's word against

another, will not the citizens give me also justice?"

Alcibiade shrugged his shoulders. "You—and against me!" he said.

The intense contempt and insolence stung the old man bitterly; he gnawed his white lips.

"Then go," continued Alcibiade. "Do not be afraid. I shall not make my bargain with you but with her. Adieu!"—and he threw open the door.

M. de Lemprière crept away. He was cowed. He knew his own weakness; he could not conquer the almost hysterical terror which used to come surging over him at the thought of the risks he ran; his vivid imagination showed him the full horror of imprisonment, the hopeless trial, even the terrible drive through the streets, the flash of the knife overhead, the executioner's hands on his shoulders. "No, no!" he would almost shriek aloud, then recollect himself with a glance right and left, betraying the gnawing terror in which he lived and moved.

As the old man crept in, Valentine flew to meet him with loving welcome on her lips. With tender hands she drew him in. Looking at him with loving eyes, she perceived that the nervous terror in which he passed his life was ten times worse to-day, and she threw her arms round him.

"Father, dearest father!" she cried, leading him to his chair, and herself kneeling beside him, "is there fresh news? Anything more that is terrible? You look so worn. Stay!"—as she saw him struggling to speak, and growing paler—"let me fetch you a cordial. There, drink it, father—you are better? Can you tell me what it is? I cannot tease you, father; but, oh, I implore you, if you have news tell it to me! If you only knew how my heart dies within me, how it faints for longing, for one word—only one word of Adrien."

"My child, my poor child!"

Valentine had again sunk on her knees beside him, and his feeble hands encircled her neck. "What can I say?" he faltered. "There is no real news—a rumour, only a rumour, that my old friend perished in the ruins of the Château; but of Adrien, nothing."

She did not speak—only a deep sigh, which shook her slender frame like a sob. It was weary, heart-sickening suspense as the hours lengthened into days, and the days into weeks.

"Valentine," said the old man, whisperingly.

"My father."

He paused; he did not know how to say it—this cruel thing that must be said.

"Valentine, I have been denounced."

"May Heaven save us! Denounced! Oh, father, let us fly! Why are we losing time?"

"Be patient—listen. You forget, child, there is no flight possible now. I have been saved this once by——"

"By whom? Tell me, that I may call on Heaven to reward him."

"Alcibiade Leforêt."

"Ah!"

"It—it did not suit him to allow it. He pretends to no other reason for his kind action," said de Lemprière, bitterly. "I have not a friend in the world."

"Why?" said Valentine, hoarsely, "why did he do it? What does it mean?"

"I suppose you cannot guess."

"My father!"

"Yes."

Her voice was strained and toneless. "Tell me the truth—have you sold me?"

He shivered violently. "You are harsh," he said. "I have not done so. Pity me, child. Love me still."

"But—tell me all. I must know all."

"He will make his own bargain with you."

"Then it is so," she gasped. She hid her face on her father's knee—his stiff hand played with her hair, a nervous movement he could not check.

She crouched there so long, it seemed an hour at least to him before she moved. He could bear it no longer.

"Valentine," he said, piteously, the tears in his eyes.

She answered the feeble cry in his voice, that implored for pity, for sympathy. She rose, and pushed back all the mass of her cloudy, golden hair.

He started at the sight of the white, set face, the lips drawn back from her clenched teeth.

"Valentine, oh, my child!"

"Do not be afraid, my father," she said. "I—I have made up my mind. I will make my own bargain." And she went swiftly past him, seeking solitude.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS WHO WEAR WELL.

No one can be said really to succeed in life unless they wear well, and the process of wearing well has to begin very early if it is to go on to more advanced age. Then assuming that a young woman, for example, is blessed with an average good constitution, it will very much more depend upon herself whether she wears well, or otherwise, than on others, or on surrounding circumstances. There is an art in taking things easily, and in turning all things to good account, which tells wonderfully in the end in favour of anybody. In a moral sense, it is as though the woman possessed the philosopher's stone, coveted by all the old alchemists; and thus, as it were, all she touches is turned into gold.

It is not so very difficult to detect those in youth who have this quality. They are not selfish; for thinking too much about self begets worry, which is, without doubt, the most wearing thing in the world. They take to children, and association with the young at least has the effect of keeping the heart from growing old. They do what they have to do with a heartiness which soon makes them love their work for its own sake; and when work becomes recreation as well as occupation, it is bracing rather than wearing. Those who like their work will succeed at it; they will give pleasure to their companions, as well as satisfaction to themselves. It is true that no one can give herself a genial temperament if it be not already possessed; but it is possible, as it were, to oil the wheels of the human machine until they work easily and regularly. While there is a sense in which God does all things for us, it is still true that He will not do anything for us which we can do for ourselves. There must be some stimulus to healthy action.

One encouraging thing to be remembered is, that as regards climate and general surroundings English women have great advantages. The comfortable, middle-aged, but still comparatively young and fresh-looking, matron, who is happily a common-place feature of English society, commands the admiration of all nations, and the envy of some. In this country we associate middle-age with the prime of life, because it is then that the capacity for work is at its best, and the power of enjoying the best things of life in a rational manner is unimpaired. It is certainly a serious drawback when the woman seems to progress from youth to old age without experiencing aught of the sunshine of the autumnal middle passage. Probably the climatic extremes of heat and cold are unfavourable to wearing well. The one is naturally enervating; the other is artificially so when people shut themselves up in houses overwarmed throughout by stoves and pipes. American women, especially, might profit by thinking more of this.

The experience of those who have worn best in life has proved that the mere possession of worldly advantages, or having a command of all such things as money can procure, is not indispensable. While such advantages are not to be despised, but are of incalculable benefit if used aright, it is still true that the best outfit for wearing well is such as we make for ourselves. As a rule, the people who work are those who wear best and last longest; the *ennui* which comes of having nothing to do is wearing both to the mental and physical powers.

Several women might be mentioned who have, in a wonderful degree, preserved the freshness of youth until old age, and such are the best examples of wearing well to be found in our country's annals. The late Anne Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert) was one whose heart was evidently as young at eighty as it had been at eighteen; and whether in youth or age, she made herself attractive to the young—a very searching test indeed in the case of elderly people. The picture she gives of her parents' home shows that the young people were taught to set an exceptionally high value upon time, every minute of which appears to have been utilised either in useful work or profitable recreation. The training was carried on in such a way, that habits of industry thus

became a second nature; and until the end, the duties of each day were a pleasure rather than a task. She was a rare example of wearing well; there was none of the rust which the inactivity of years brings to some natures; the inevitable disappointments and losses to which all are subject never soured her spirit. The sunshine of early days never left her features.

Mrs. Sewell, author of some of the most popular pieces in our language, was quite as notable an example of wearing well as Mrs. Gilbert. The light of a heart happy and at rest which lit up her face in age was a passport to every one's favour. Her trials were many; her opportunities for self-improvement were not of the brilliant kind; and although she did not really discover her powers until she was sixty years of age, she still took up her pen, when the time came for writing, with all the ardour of youth.

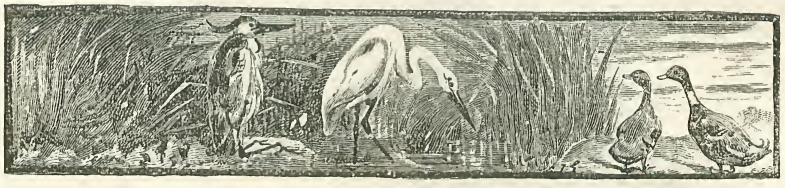
We should not be making a mistake in including the late Mrs. S. C. Hall among those who have exemplified to the world this art of wearing well. A short time before his death Mr. S. C. Hall himself sent us a photograph of his wife, who had died some time before, and there could be no mistaking the fact, that the cheery face seemed to have a time-resisting power; that is to say, even in old age there was still the evidence that the worker had not lost interest in her work.

It has often been said that it is worry, and not work, that kills; and it sometimes seems that we might even go farther, and say that work, when taken aright, is really a solace in age as well as in youth. As a rule, it is not the hard workers who sink into senility before their time, but rather those who become victims of *ennui* for want of healthy occupation. This last is certainly an enemy to beware of, especially by those who have at their command all the luxuries and conveniences of life. Many who have started hopefully in the world, but without any very definite aim, have too often had *ennui* steal upon them like an armed enemy just at a time when they ought to have been at their best.

On the other hand, we hear of those who have died of overwork; and this is of course a fatal pitfall to be avoided. In the case of persons who are exceptionally successful in the world, the temptation is towards a love of work which may become morbid, and so injurious. This too great eagerness to accomplish more than the Creator ever intended should be done by one pair of hands has had its host of victims, and will claim many more. Each instance is but another illustration of the old story of burning the candle at both ends.

Thus, it would seem, that wearing well, or wearing ill, is a matter which very much depends upon ourselves. Anyone who has found a good and useful work in life may work on cheerily to the end, feeling no fear of keeping on too long; for again experience teaches, that it is far more dangerous to give up work while strength remains to do it, than it is to hold on.

On the whole, therefore, the facts concerning this subject are encouraging. Determine to wear well, and use the right means for doing so, and you will succeed. Work while it is day without thinking too much of the night which is coming; avoid selfishness by thinking of others; be temperate, cheerful, and careful of the time, which can now be improved, but which will never return, and you will certainly wear as long as a work is found for you to do. G. H. P.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

A Competitor can only remove the photo by sacrificing the scrap-book, and soaking the leaves in tepid water. She can procure a manual on the art of landscape painting at any artist colourman's.

Opal.—To paint with water-colours on the materials named you must size the foundations with gelatine, and then use Miss Turck's medium for water-colours with all colours.

Harebell.—As you have had some instruction in model drawing, we recommend you to procure *The Elements of Perspective*, by Aaron Penby, and, if able to afford it, *Lessons on Art*, by J. D. Harding. It is published in six separate parts. These lessons are progressive, and intended for the use of students who are obliged to learn drawing without the aid of a teacher. The books are to be had singly, we believe; the first two volumes are 2s. each, the next two, 2s. 6d., and the last two, 3s.

Artist.—The Royal Academy receives pictures on a specially appointed day early in April. You should write at once to the Secretary, stating your wish to exhibit, and you will receive printed directions as to naming, sending, etc. These must be strictly complied with, and the picture delivered and unpacked on the day indicated at the Academy.

Annie Clare.—Original designs for textiles are painted in water-colours upon drawing paper. One pattern is given as a finished work, another section in black and white, and a third in outline only. All must be done to scale.

Grissold.—Wood engraving is not a home occupation, the cutting down of the blocks composing a picture requiring highly-skilled labour. You probably mean drawing upon wood for engraving, which can be done at home. But you will have to take some lessons in the art, as there are certain recognised depths of colour, or light and shade, that must be carried out.

Tweedie should mix the colours with "Veloutine" to paint upon satin—we mean water-colours.

H. W. H. should use the smooth side of the porcelain for painting upon, and the colours must be mixed with "Florentine" medium as a dryer. When finished, it can be varnished with picture copal. Many people prefer the colours unvarnished.

Marie.—We do not give addresses for the sale of any kind of painting. You should apply to one of the associations for the Sale of Ladies' Work of all kinds, of which there is a large depôt in Sloane Street, S.W.

Agis.—Tapestry painting materials are sold at Lechertier & Barbe's, Regent Street, and Howell & James's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Indiana.—Yes, you are quite right; "A Grey Dawning," the story which we now conclude, is written by Rudyard Kipling's mother—who used before marriage, under her maiden name, to write many delightful stories for the higher magazines.

Damask Rose is very unwise in fretting over the ruddy cheeks, which often betoken health and a country life. Many having pale faces would be glad to be the subjects of Nature's painting. If, however, you suffer from a bad circulation, then, by regular exercise and heat-giving food, you may reduce the too-deep red of the cheeks. As you do not complain of a blue nose or purple hands, we imagine that you have no such trouble to contend with as this feeble action of the heart. We are gratified by your appreciation of our magazine.

Miss Bullock is informed that by a mere printer's error, substituting a "k" for a "t," the name of the author of *Alone in Zululand*, was not given her name of "Barter."

Faith, Hope, and Charity.—The Governesses' Benevolent Society supplies both temporary assistance and annuities; also an asylum for the aged. Apply to Charles W. Klugh, Esq., Secretary, 32, Sackville Street, W.

"Codnor Park."—We owe you our best acknowledgments for your very kind letter. It is gratifying to write for such readers, and we wish you much success and personal blessing in your work. Your handwriting is very good.

Eadgyth.—Keep your appointment as organist if you possibly can, and lay by a little "nest-egg" for possible future necessity in view of your husband's inability to pursue his vocation. Only an oculist who has seen the eyes and enquired whether such a form of complaint is hereditary, or in the family, could answer your question as to any likelihood of future blindness.

Nook.—Visiting cards, as a general rule, are not to be sent. You should call personally, and only leave them at the house if the lady be out. If a friend have recently lost a relative, send a note of sympathy; and either call to enquire for them, or send a servant with your card, writing on it, "With kind enquiries." If you send a birthday or wedding present you may enclose your card, writing on it, "With best wishes."

Helen Burford.—Perhaps you could receive two or three day scholars. You have little if any chance of obtaining MSS. to copy.

Jim Crow.—Yes; aspirate the "h" in the words you name. Avoid making such distinctions. Use the name instead. It is in better taste.

Mademoiselle Douste (Paris).—To "put lip-salve on the cheeks to colour them, and powder them afterwards, and to put charcoal on the eyebrows to darken them," is to do what is called "make-up," like the actresses, and silly old women who wish to look young, and are too blind to see that such an attempt at deception is a failure! You remind us of the story of a man who called to the guard of a coach in which he was travelling to "bring him a glass of water." "Yes, sir." "And put a lump of sugar in it." "Yes, sir." "And just put a glass of whisky in it." "Why, that is punch!" said a fellow-traveller. So Mademoiselle might as well ask our opinion of what she does by its real name. We cannot recommend such devices. Leave your face alone, and be thankful you are not like the "pig-faced lady."

"A Blushing Maiden."—We could not prescribe a line of action for you, but may say that nothing would induce us to be tied for life to one who showed such unreasonable and resentful jealousy. We are told in Holy Writ that that vice is "cruel as the grave," and we should tell the individual who had made such an unlovely exhibition of it, that a union under the circumstances offered a prospect of much unhappiness on both sides, and it was better to part in a friendly spirit, before too late for the comfort and advantage of either.

E. A. M.—Since your treatment is found to suit the child, you had better continue it. If not, wash him partially only, at night (which all children, as well as adults, require, whether they play with the blacking brushes and grub in the garden soil or not), and give the complete bath in the morning. But "leave well alone" is a wise old maxim.

A Would-be Sincere Christian.—The "thinking of wicked thoughts" could never "make them come true." You write very obscurely, and we can scarcely understand your meaning; but it seems that you are very superstitious. Such fancies should never make you absent yourself from church, but rather drive you there to pray for pardon and grace, and that all evil thoughts should be banished from your mind.

Jenny Wren.—A female gondolier's costume is of black velvet, or dark material—skirt short, bodice (of velvet) open, and trimmed with silver braid, showing a brightly-coloured shirt and neck-tie. A long sash of crimson silk wound twice round the waist, and tied, leaving long ends reaching to the edge of the skirt, and trimmed with silver lace to match the open "Zouave jacket" (or bodice). The sash is tied at the side. A stiff, wide-brimmed felt hat, trimmed with crimson and silver, completes the costume.



OPPORTUNITY.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

A golden bird sat in a tree,
And sang, "Oh, people, list to me,
For I am Opportunity.

"You have me now—at least, you may,
This very hour, this very day;
But no one knows how long I stay.

"So catch me quick before I fly,
Or you in vain may strain your eye
And long for me with fruitless sigh.

"'Tis passing strange that you, who know
How swift the moments onward flow,
Should still delay, and let me go!

"Pale hesitation oft, I ween,
Has brought about that sorrow keen—
A heart-break for the 'might have been.'

"Can nought stir up your sluggish will?
Your lives are grinding in Time's mill,
Which whirleth, and stands never still.

"Be firm and strong, the moments save,
And let not sad-eyed Failure wave
Her dreary arms above your grave."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, edited by Alberto Randegger.

This does not look like novelty, but in the work before us we have a most important novelty, and one the value of which cannot easily be over-estimated by solo singers, amateur or professional.

The eminent singing master has given the complete directions, "sanctioned by usage or tradition," for expression, phrasing, and breathing. Here we have then the method of the greatest interpreters of the various solo parts in one of the most dramatic of sacred works. The soprano or contralto can be purchased separately for 1s. 6d. Of course choruses are not included, but all the quartettes, etc., will be found in their proper places.

We hope that other important works, whether sacred or secular, will have the advantage of similar guide-books for the solo parts.

Ravenswood.—Most acceptable is this arrangement for pianoforte duet of the music composed by Dr. Mackenzie. The grandeur of the themes, the fine workmanship, the true spirit of the artist pervading these numbers, combine to raise the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music to the highest rank of English musicians.

Seven of Mendelssohn's well-known marches arranged for pianoforte duet will be welcome to young pianists.

We regret to find one of the "Lieder" twisted out of its original intention into a march duet. Great firms should assist in decrying the baneful "transcription" craze, and in viewing with horror the "arrangement" mania.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Six Vocal Duets for Soprano and Contralto, by Arthur Page.

Good words have been selected by the composer, but only in the last duet, "The White Dove," does he in any way rise above the utter commonplace, and in this

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THE GENTLE MUSIC OF A BYGONE DAY.

From the painting by J. M. Strudwick. By permission of J. Dixon, Esq.

number alone does the music appear to be at all connected with the excellent words employed. Words fit to be set to music have a soul as well as a rhythm.

Summer Showers, and other Song Sketches, written by Gertrude Harraden and composed by Ethel Harraden.

The young and old children to whom *Song Fancies* proved such a genuine delight last season, will, I am sure, hail with satisfaction a second work by the same clever *collaborateurs*, containing equally graceful, delicate ideas, and being, perhaps, just one little stage more advanced, but still easily appreciated and enjoyed.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

European Dances.—Six pieces for piano solo, by Erskine Allen.

Great versatility is displayed by this clever writer in dealing with the six countries whose dances are represented here. Side by side with the bold bluff strides of England we find the grace of Spain and France, the wildness of Norway, the madness of the Italian saltarello, and the weightier enjoyment of Germany. Each and all will be found excellent studies full of interest.

THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

BY C. PAGE DEANE.



THERE is a very large amount of duty which parents owe to their children, and which is but rarely performed adequately, and there is a large amount of duty which parents are entitled to exact from their children, and which is at times rendered in a very grudging spirit, and sometimes is not rendered at all. I cannot, however, attempt to define these duties on the one side or on the other, so far as they are only moral obligations. My *rôle* is not that of a moralist—at least on the present occasion—but the more matter-of-fact one of giving you some idea of the extent to which "the eye of the law" regards what parents must do, and what children ought to do. "Must"—"ought"—is this some lawyer-like distinction? Well—yes. Coercing a parent is different from coercing a child—the child gets rather the better position, and is looked upon more tenderly. There is a sort of theory that if a child is told what to do, and the path is not too difficult, and the control judicious, it will do its duty; whereas, if a parent is found deviating from his correct course, as he is not amenable to the same sort of control, he is punished more or less sharply. But this is going to extremes. Let us try more abstract paths.

There are some ideas in regard to the position of a parent which may be called fundamental—thus, we all conceive that a parent must maintain his child (at least during early years), and that this duty has a corresponding right—that he may control, and if necessary punish, his child. The law of our country is framed on the basis that the fundamental duty needs no enactment—there is no Act of Parliament which directs a man to eat or sleep, or to feed and clothe his child. But if a man neglects this duty to his child, he offends against nature, and comes within the reach of the criminal law, which inflicts punishments for breaches of the laws of nature when other persons are injured by any such breach. The Act of Parliament declares punishable with six months' imprisonment any parent who wilfully neglects to provide food, clothing, medical aid, or lodging for his children under fourteen—if such neglect injures or tends to injure the health of the child. If the child is an infant of tender years, the punishment is heavier. And not only parents, but also grandparents, have to suffer if they neglect their grandchildren. A child's right to maintenance lasts until it is sixteen. The word "adequate" is beautifully elastic. We see daily in the streets children whose clothing seems to us far from sufficient; but to compel their parents to clothe them better would not be involved in giving them "adequate" clothing; nor does the omission to cover them warmly always result in, or even tend to, injury to health. The human frame is wonderfully adaptable.

There is one general principle that I should like to mention. We often talk about "the law allowing" or "the law forbidding," as if "the law" were a sort of personality, perhaps omniscient, who, seeing a wrong, takes action at once to stop it, if it does not actually present an effective barrier to prevent the wrong being done. Need I say that this is entirely erroneous? The law is a mere abstract machine, which has to be set in motion by direct human agency, and which acts through certain very definite human media. The medium that we are most familiar with is the gentleman in blue uniform, whom we designate "Bobby." Another medium is found in Boards of Guardians—we hear of them, hear people grumbling about and at them, but we look upon them as rather mysterious creatures. However, they are now and then brought into activity and energy, and if a forlorn child comes to their palace—the workhouse—they find the parents and use the means at their command for setting the law in motion, or getting the neglectful parents punished.

To turn to a different phase of this question of parental liability—we sometimes find it presenting itself in this way. A child orders things from a tradesman, and lets the unpaid bill be sent in to papa. It is not a good plan in the long run, and unless papa is very indulgent, he may refuse to pay, and then the child is in a very awkward position. There is a popular idea that if things so ordered are necessary for the child, the parent must pay. That is not so. A parent is never liable for any purchase that he does not himself make or authorise some one else to make at his cost. If the child is away at a boarding-school, and can get any confiding tradesman to "run up a bill," so much the worse for the tradesman if pocket-money and the child's sense of honour prove deficient. It is, of course, very discreditable to the child to do such a trick; but my own opinion is that, apart from the influence of companions, it is commonly the fault of the parents if the children are given to weakness of moral sensibility; and the parents often admit this, in such cases, by paying what is in effect a fine for their own laxness in training.

Next to the duty of maintenance comes in the modern doctrine—the duty of education. This has been constituted a legal duty only in very recent years. In 1870 the *giving* of education was provided for, but it was only in 1876 that Parliament declared by statute that it should be the duty of the parents of every child to cause such child to *receive* elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic. So now every child must go to school unless after the age of ten it obtains a certificate of efficiency in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. That is the limit of a parent's legal obligations, rich or poor.

Observe that the parent is *to cause* his child to receive education. There is a convenient instance of the right which I alluded to as corresponding to the parents' duties—the right of control. In our fallen state of humanity control of children too often means punishment. In the political world control has another synonym, and that is, coercion: it means the same thing—if you cannot control you must punish. The law being made by frail men for the benefit of their frail brethren, recognises that corporal chastisement is a proper mode of enforcing parental control, and it never interferes unless the chastisement is administered in such a way as to do serious bodily harm. Even beyond this a child may be subject to corporal chastisement; at school it is within the legal right of the master or mistress to enforce his authority by this means; but the right of a schoolmaster is perhaps rather more limited than that of a parent—at any rate the master has to reckon with the parent's disapproval, which may take the form of a turn with the legal engine; but a parent has only to keep beyond the cognisance of the blue-coated official who embodies the law. We may perhaps feel some satisfaction in thinking that we are at any rate in some degree in advance of that great and mighty people the old Romans. Under the Roman empire the power of a father was absolute. He could sell his child, he could even kill him, without being liable to any penalty or even reflection. But the Romans themselves began, in the days of the Empire, to modify their views on the subject, and it is recorded that the Emperor Hadrian banished a father who killed his son, though the killing was done under great provocation. If we can flatter ourselves on our superiority to the Romans, perhaps we may do so all the more in view of the fact that in some respects our advance in civilisation is very recent indeed. It is *our own* age which is so magnanimous as—what do you think?—to admit that a mother has some rights in regard to her children! When we were born, and for a good while after—I speak in the names of the youngest of my readers—a father's right of control was exclusive, and not only existed during his life, but the provisions of his will were paramount over the mother after his death. A mother had no right except to reverence and respect; and I am afraid that where any question of right or wish was raised, the reverence and respect were less than they should have been. If a father died, leaving infant children, he could appoint a guardian for them, whose right was absolute to direct their education, mode of life, associates, etc., in entire disregard of the mother's wishes or feelings; the guardian could even take them away from the

mother's control. This seems incredible, but I am sorry to say it was true. It is only since the year 1886 that Parliament passed a law that a mother should have the right to act jointly with any guardian appointed by the father. At the same time a mother was for the first time empowered to appoint a guardian for her infant children after the death of the father and herself. It is even possible now for her to appoint a guardian of her children to act jointly with the father; but this is only to be done under very exceptional circumstances, and a court of law must be asked to confirm the appointment before it can acquire validity.

There is one principal cause for questions as to the control of children becoming matter of legal interest—it is not the selfwill of children, or the lack of management or self-control on the part of parents: take them on the whole, parents and children rub along in their mutual relations fairly well, without any occasion to bother other people, especially the public, with their affairs or troubles. But every now and then a religious question crops up. It may be that one of the parents is a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic, whether at the date of the marriage, or through a change of opinion afterwards; and then the bringing-up of the children becomes a bone of contention—perhaps, most unhappily, between the parents, and perhaps, nearly as sadly, between some religious body and a surviving parent. It is a most singular thing, and a thing praiseworthy to the last degree, that when these questions come before our judges they are decided without the smallest bias in favour of any one religious system as against any other. It is quite conceivable that if four different cases came before the same judge on four successive days, he would decide one that a child must be brought up in the Protestant faith, the next, that a child must be brought up as a Roman Catholic, the third in favour of the Jewish persuasion, and the fourth in favour of Mohammedanism. And the judge is quite consistent in such decisions. He places himself *in loco parentis* (which is to be translated "in the place of *the* parent") and decides according to what may be most clearly shown to be for the child's benefit, *and* in accordance with the wish of the father. In this matter of the religious instruction of his children a father's will is supreme. He cannot make any agreement, whether before marriage or at any other time, which will have any binding force whatever as a matter of law. A father's duty in regard to the religion of his child is considered too sacred a subject to be bargained away, however solemnly the bargaining may seem to be done. If he makes an agreement it is regarded only as the expression of his temporary consent, and he may withdraw that consent at any time. And if there arises any question of appealing to a court of law, the court will maintain inviolable the right of the father; and the court will go even beyond this, for if the widowed mother changes her views, she may not affect the religious training of her children: they must be brought up in the faith of their father, and for this purpose, "he being dead, yet speaketh." This may, and sometimes does, involve great pain and grief to both parent and child, for in order to attain the observance of its decree, parent and child may even be separated by the court's order. If, however, a father has abandoned his child, or has during any important period of time allowed it to be brought up in a faith which at the time differs from his own, he may not afterwards interfere, nor may anyone else, to prevent the continuance of the same teaching. It is different if the father, never having abandoned the child or its religious training, changes his opinions; for then he can insist that the religious instruction shall follow the bent of his own mind.

Apart from religious questions, the control of a parent is always recognised and allowed in cases in which any legal rights of the child are in question. A parent may sue in his child's name for any injury to the child. For purposes of this nature a little fiction is invented: it is assumed that the child is the servant of the parent, and that the parent suffers by losing the service of his child if any wrong or injury happens to the child.

But beyond all such questions of control, a parent has another legal right—in defence of his child he may use main force to prevent a wrong, and in some extreme cases he may even be justified in slaying the assailant of his child. Similarly, a child may be justified in supporting by all means at his command a parent who is suffering a wrong.

Lastly, I would refer to an episode of some importance and interest which occurs in the lives of some young people—to wit, the marriage of those who are under age. Parents not infrequently object, more or less strongly, to the matrimonial wishes of their children. Generally, children resent such a line of conduct. Often the matter is one of great difficulty—far greater and more serious than the young people suppose; but occasionally the parents are not a little wrong-headed over these affairs. While a child is under age a parent has a full legal right to object to her marrying; in such a case a licence to marry cannot be lawfully obtained; and if any stratagem be resorted to for the purpose of overcoming this obstacle, serious and unpleasant consequences may ensue even affecting rights of property. It is true that the marriage will not be invalidated, but now and then this is a subject of intense regret for the parties most concerned. But it is not often desirable to encounter the risks and dangers which attend the path of those young ladies who rush into matrimony against the wishes of their parents. Let it be clearly understood, however, that I am only warning girls under twenty-one years of age. After that period has expired they are not subject to legal control. I hardly need extend these remarks so far as to indicate in more than one sentence the liability which hedges about the path of anyone who is a "ward of court." Any young lady who has any money (even £20) under the direct control of the Court of Chancery is a ward of court; to kiss her against her will is an offence of considerable gravity, but to marry her without the court's leave can only be expiated by imprisonment. The leave of the court is not, however, in general difficult to obtain, for the judges are human beings of very kindly temperament, especially if you do not begin by flying in their faces.

VARIETIES.

The Witch's Charm.

William Clowes, an eminent surgeon of the fifteenth century, tells a story of an old woman who was put on her trial for using witchcraft in the cure of diseases.

The judges, who saw the ignorance as well as the malice of the persecutors, told the dame if she would divulge her charm she should be set at liberty. This she readily did, to the no small diversion of the court, when she informed them that it consisted in repeating the following words after receiving the stipulated pay—a loaf of bread and a penny:—

"My loaf is in my lap,
My penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better,
And I am never the worse."

How to be Useful.—The best way in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues; to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our power; it afterwards belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.—*Bishop Jebb.*

On Tongues.

By the use of the tongue God has distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using of it we are distinguished from one another. Therefore, though silence be innocent as death, harmless as a rose's breath to a distant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death than life.

When the Egyptians sacrificed to Harpocrates, their God of Silence, in the midst of their rites they cried out, "The tongue is an angel: good or bad, *that is as it happens.*"

In Good Humour.—People who are always innocently cheerful and good humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

Pence, Halfpence, and Farthings.—The ancient silver penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among the Anglo-Saxons. In 1066, when William the Conqueror began to reign, the penny was cast with a deep cross, so that it might be easily broken in two for halfpence, or in quarters for *four* things, or farthings as we now call them.

Law Students Examined.

A law student, who was a model of caution, triumphantly passed the examiners by answering every question in his examination paper, "It all depends."

Another candidate, on being required to draw a common conveyance, gave a sketch of a handsome cab.

A third, on being asked what the first thing to be done in an action was, answered, "Get something on account of costs." And this so delighted the examiner that he passed him without further questions.

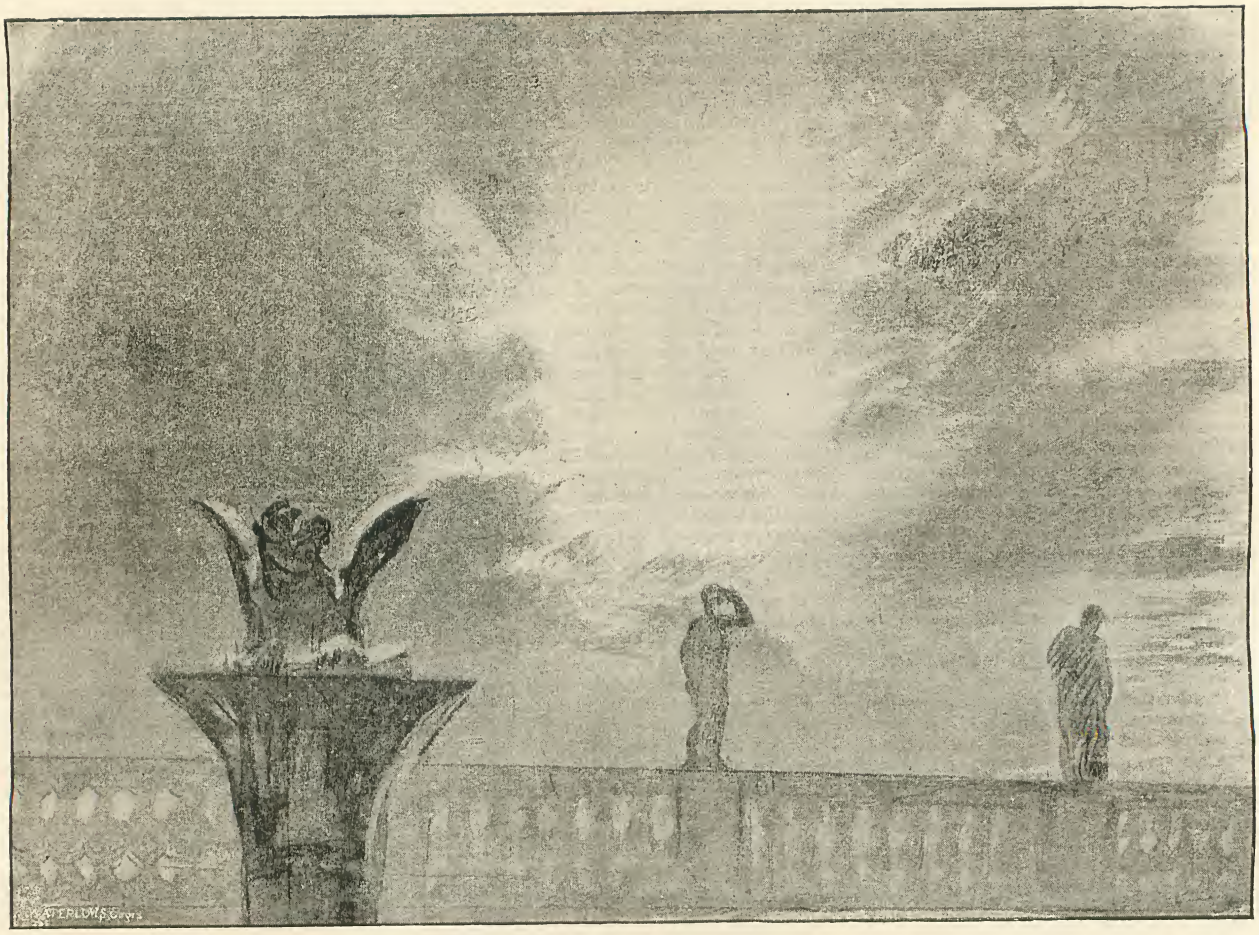
The Secret of Success.—Doing things, and not dreaming about them, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will never come to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

A Too-ready Consent.

Enamoured Youth: "I beg, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I cannot live without her."

Old Grumps: "Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon."

Youth (backing off): "Um—please give me time to reflect."



THE TOP OF THE LIBRERIA VECCHIA.

THE THREE QUESTS.

CHAPTER III.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

It was Maud's fair face which rose to the surface of the dark green water as Claude Williams jumped out of the gondola and swam to her assistance. Almost at the same moment Tom, who, on finding himself in the water, had scrambled ashore in time to hear the screams of the girls as they were upset, appeared dripping on the top of some steps which led to a house, the door of which stood open behind him.

To the surprise of Claude Williams, and his brother Charlie—who had remained in the gondola—the quasi-gondolier shouted out in excellent English—

"Maud! Grace! Where are you both? What has happened?"

"In the water. Upset!" said the gentleman in the boat, laconically, and almost before he had finished speaking Tom had jumped into the canal again and had swum under the bridge in search of Grace, for one glance at the fair head Claude Williams was already supporting told him Maud was safe.

Safe, but were those blue eyes, with their delicately veined lids, closed in death; would those delicate lips, at which Claude Williams gazed for the first time in his life, never part, never smile again?

Fortunately her rescuer and Tom were expert swimmers, and five minutes after the collision Maud was lying at the bottom of the second gondola.

"Is she alive?" panted Claude, appealing to his brother, who was an army doctor. Claude was the youngest captain in the same regiment, and they were spending a short time in Venice on their way home from India when this accident happened, and, as the sequel proved, altered their plans.

The doctor, who was the younger of the two men, bent over Maud, loosened her clothes, and sprinkled her face with water, and was rewarded by seeing the closed lips open, and after a few difficult respirations, the blue eyes opened too, and the lips murmured "Grace."

"She will do—see to the other," said the doctor, briefly, as he chafed Maud's palms and temples, while their gondolier held a most animated discussion with Tom's gondolier as to the best means of recovering the capsized gondola.

Meanwhile Tom had found Grace's body, and was with difficulty bringing her to the gondola, supporting her lifeless form on one arm and swimming with the other; she had risen under the bridge, not more than a dozen strokes from the silver prow of the second gondola.

"Can you manage, or shall I jump in again?" cried Captain Williams, as he watched Tom approach with his burden.

"All right," puffed Tom, and a minute later he was holding on to the gondola while Captain Williams lifted Grace into the boat.

He laid her flat on her back at the opposite end of the gondola to where Maud was lying, and as he looked at her pale face—pale, he feared, with the pallor of death—he called to his brother to come to her.

"She is drowned, Charlie, I am afraid," he whispered, as the doctor bent over Grace, and turned very grave as he did so.

"Go to the sister, and don't tell her there is any risk: she can speak, and is asking for her sister," said Dr. Williams, as he opened Grace's mouth to get the water out of it.

"Is she dead?" cried Tom, kneeling on the other side of Grace, and speaking in an awe-struck voice. "It is all my fault if she is. Oh, Gracie! Gracie, dear! do speak and say you forgive me!" continued Tom, in a half-broken voice.

"She won't speak yet, young man. Just do what I tell you. I am a doctor in Her Majesty's service and if your sister is to be brought round, I'll do so," said Dr. Williams, who was loosening Grace's clothes as he spoke.

"But she is so delicate—she is an invalid. Oh, save her, doctor, save her! Oh! what can I do?"

"Direct this gondolier to your house or hotel first, and then pull off your sister's shoes and cut her stockings. Put that coat under her feet, and rub them till I tell you to stop. Here's a knife—cut the stockings; that is right; now wrap the coat round the feet and rub away as hard as you can," said the doctor, who had turned Grace on to her side, and was moving her backwards and forwards to restore respiration.

They were in the Grand Canal by the time Tom had succeeded in wrapping Grace's feet up in Captain Williams' coat, but they were all much too preoccupied to think of the sorry

figure they cut—Tom and Captain Williams wet through and in their shirt sleeves, and the two girls lying limp and motionless in their wet clothes, with their golden hair all disarranged, at the bottom of the boat. It was evident to every passing gondolier and his freight that there had been an accident. Rare as accidents with gondolas are, they are by no means unheard of, for a gondola is not a difficult craft to upset; but the skill of the gondoliers is so great that accidents are exceptional.

Meanwhile Captain Williams was making Maud as comfortable as possible under the circumstances; he arranged the cushions of the gondola to support her, and he made his brother take off his coat to wrap round her because she was shivering with cold, and he assured her Grace could not be in better hands, and would doubtless recover consciousness before they reached the hotel.

But he was not so hopeful of this as he pretended to be, and he was greatly relieved when, just before the gondola stopped in front of the hotel, Tom came across to them, and said, "She is coming round, Maud, thank God."

"Poor old Tom," said Maud, faintly, holding out one of her hands to her cousin in token of forgiveness; but Tom could not trust himself to say more just then, so he went back to Grace.

"I'll run and prepare my mother—she will be frightened if she sees the girls carried in like this," said Tom, as the gondola was moored to the steps in front of the hotel, where a crowd of waiters soon assembled.

Tom then ran up to his mother's room three stairs at a time, and bursting in, said, "Don't be frightened, mother. We are all right—we have been upset. The girls are safe. Maud is not a bit the worse for it, and Grace is coming to; but they are to be put to bed between the blankets at once. There is a doctor with us. Will you give the orders to Turner while I help to bring the girls upstairs?" and without waiting to see the effect of his news, Tom ran downstairs again to the gondola.

Maud was taken up in the lift, but Grace had to be carried upstairs on a sofa, as the doctor would not let her be disturbed from her recumbent position; and half-an-hour after their arrival, both girls were in bed wrapped up in blankets, with hot bottles at their feet.

Maud, as Tom said, was not much the worse for her adventure, but Dr. Williams came twice that day to see Grace, who had received a severe nervous shock; and being an invalid at the best of times, she made them all feel very anxious about her.

For a week Grace did not leave her bed, and all that week Tom was miserable. He hovered about the landing, waylaying everyone who came out of her room to ask for the latest report; and he wrote to Sophy, telling her of the accident, and taking all the blame upon himself. At the end of the week Grace was better; and Dr. Williams, who attended her most assiduously, allowed her to get up, and at the end of a fortnight she was going about much as usual, except that she seemed to tire more easily than before.

Sophy wrote and offered to come back if it were necessary; but it was evident it would cost her a great deal to make such a sacrifice; and Grace, who had Sophy's success very near at heart, would not hear of it. She told her sister she was in excellent hands, that her new doctor seemed to understand her case better than any doctor she had been to; that Maud and her aunt spoilt her, and as for Tom, his attention was quite pathetic. "He seems to have transferred his affection from Maud to me, and he is growing so serious you would hardly know him," wrote Grace.

The truth was, Tom had, as he thought, enough to make him look serious, for his cousin Maud and Captain Williams were growing inseparable, and it looked as if Maud's quest would soon be at an end. The weeks lengthened into months, and still the brothers showed no desire nor intention of leaving Venice. They were now very intimate with the Marstones and Grahams, with whom they spent a great part of their time; and the two pretty English girls, with their aunt and cousin, and the two English officers in attendance on the girls, became well-known figures in Venice.

Notwithstanding the care Dr. Williams took of his new patient, Grace grew no stronger; the pain in her back was certainly worse since the accident; she could only walk from room to room, and went everywhere in her invalid chair, or in a gondola.

"How are the quests progressing?" wrote Sophy. "I am very hopeful of ultimate success, but I doubt if I shall win it in three years. Three years is a very short time to earn my laurels in. Art is so long, I have made up my mind I won't publish a line for two whole years. You can't even imagine what it has cost me to make that resolution, but I mean to keep it. I suppose it will soon be getting too hot for Venice. I am often with you in spirit, either in St. Mark's, walking over that uneven marble floor, gazing at the mosaics; or in the Piazza, with its coloured lights and its gay crowd; or in a gondola on a delicious, cool, narrow canal, wondering at the beautiful windows of an old marble palace; or craning my neck to see Veronese's ceilings in the Ducal Palace; or trying my eyes over those exquisite illuminated missals in the Library of St. Mark; or on the top of the Libreria Vecchia on a windy night, with the sea-breezes cooling my tired, heated brain. I must come to Venice again after Christmas, all being well; meanwhile, write and answer my question—how are the quests getting on? Has aunt Mary found the Bellini she wanted to find, yet?"

Maud was reading this letter aloud to Grace and her aunt, and at this point Mrs. Graham stopped her by saying—

"Yes, Maud, indeed I have. I went into St. Zaccaria to-day for the first time, for as we are so close to it, I have put off going there till now, thinking I could do it at any time; and in the sacristy I found my Bellini. It is a most exquisite picture; and if the poor nuns who looked at it every day (for the sacristy used to be their chapel) were not the better for that picture, they ought to have been."

"And is the Madonna really like Maud?" said Grace.

"Yes, very much like her; but I think it is a great compliment to Maud, for it is an exquisite face. I took Dr. Williams and his brother in, and showed it to them."

"Did they see the likeness?" said Grace.

"Captain Williams did, but the doctor thought it more like you. It is a little like you, Gracie; you must both go and see it to-morrow."

"Well, one quest has been successful, at any rate. I am inclined to think it is the only one that will be. Gracie seems to get worse instead of better, and Sophy is not going to publish a line for two years," said Maud.

"And Maud—how is she getting on?" said Grace, with an amused look in her pretty eyes.

"Don't be silly, Grace. Do you know the Williams are going to leave Venice if we do, next week?" said Maud, blushing.

"Yes, I knew it," said Grace, and her pale cheeks flushed too.

"Maud," interrupted Tom, bursting into the room, "the Williams want to know if you'll go to the top of the Libreria Vecchia this evening? It is a full moon. I have promised to *chaperon* you, if mother would rather stay with Grace."

"Yes, I shall be delighted!" exclaimed Maud.

"I knew that," growled Tom as he disappeared. So that evening the two brothers, Tom, and Maud, went to the top of the Libreria Vecchia, and looked at the statues which adorn it, and at the winged lion on the top of the granite column close by, and on the moonlit sea and the fair Ducal Palace, glimmering pale and beautiful in the moonlight; then across the Giudecca at St. Giorgio Maggiore's domes, until the doctor wearied of all this beauty, and went down; and Tom found himself gazing alone on the Winged Lion of St. Mark, waiting till his cousin and Captain Williams, who were at the other side of the building, were ready to follow the doctor.

"Well," said Tom to himself, "I came here for pleasure, but I have found pain. I'll follow Sophy's example, and go to England and work, and let somebody else come and pick gooseberries for these four wandering lunatics, who, like those others in the old rhyme, 'have gone and lost their way.'"

And to console himself, Tom lighted a pipe; but when the pipe was finished he was still alone, and looking round, he saw Maud and her friend standing in the same spot as where he last saw them.

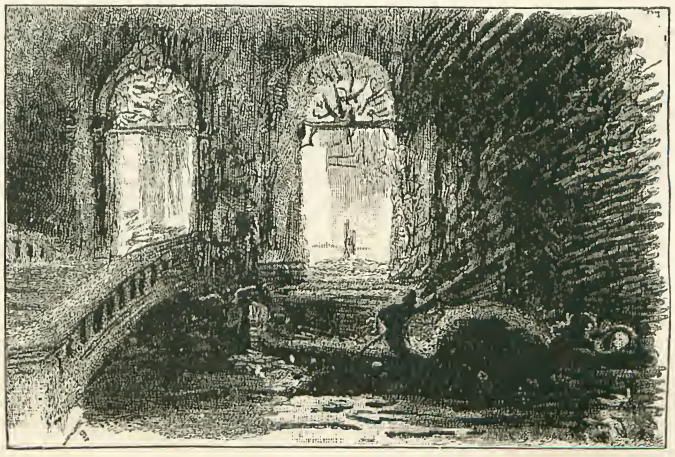
"I am not going to wait any longer. Venice may be a dream and a poem, and all that, but I am not going to stand here all night looking at it. I shall go," and Tom went, giving Maud a call as he left the top of the building.

"We are coming, Tom; we have not stayed long, have we?" said Maud, following him.

"Not at all," said Tom ironically; but his irony was lost on his cousin.

That night, when the two girls were alone in their room, Maud knelt down by Grace's side, and putting her arms round her sister, said, "Kiss me, Gracie darling. I have found my quest. I am engaged to be married to Claude."

(To be continued.)



ACROSS THE SIDE CANAL.

WHAT TO DO WHEN JUNE COMES.

By "MEDICUS."



RE these lines appear in the pages of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, June will have come, with clouds of greenery for the trees, with roses for garden and hedgerow, and wild flowers for wood and field, for bank and brae. Well, joyful may thy June be, reader, for it is undoubtedly the sweetest month in all the year.

But as I write, blustering March is still with us; patches of snow lie here and there in hollows; the trees are still brown and bare, their skeleton fingers darkly silhouetted against the morning's or evening's frosty sky. There is already a budding promise of spring, however, for olive-green burgeons are on the sycamore and lime, and feathery tufts on many a bush. The crocuses and snowdrops have been blooming quite a long time, and now the primroses are lifting up their perfumed faces and looking for the sunshine, while the modest violets, wet with dew, shelter behind their leaves, as if longing yet fearing to face the day.

Our saucy chaffinch sang to us this morning for the first time. All through the long, wild winter he came constantly for his daily dole, and was so tame he almost picked the crumbs from our hands. The chaffinch is not a very early bird, so I think his singing now bodes a hot summer. We shall see.

It has been indeed a long winter, and a weary one for most of us; and I want, in this paper, to give some hints to my invalid readers, that may enable them to shake off all its evil effects, and gain strength during the coming summer that shall guide them safely for years to come.

I wonder how often it is our own fault when we catch that nasty cold! I wonder how often it is not our fault, nor anybody's fault! I am very much inclined to believe, that when we hear people everywhere complaining about colds, and consoling each other by calling catarrh a "fashionable complaint," there really is something in the air.

"If the cat takes a cold, it will run all through the house."

We often hear that remark made; and I am not going to say there may not be a considerable deal of truth in it. It is not, mind you, that the cat gives it to everybody else, but that you and I and the rest of us are subject to the same evil influence as Miss Pussy Bauldrons: the same nipping east wind, the same moist breezes from the south, laden, perhaps, with mephitic—what a pretty word!—mephitic vapours from the woods and dykes or ditches; laden, perhaps, with catarrh microbes and bacteria—but I beg pardon for using such terms; I really must remember that my five hundred thousand readers are not all Girton girls. Well, never mind; the cat caught cold, and so did you; and you tried all sorts of cures to get rid of it, didn't you? commencing, as in duty bound, with the prescriptions of Dr. Slops, and ending with the homely nostrums of old Mother Tootsiecums? Indeed, I am not at all certain that you did not even go so far as to rub your delicate little nose with a tiny morsel of goose grease before going to bed. What does it matter? nobody saw you, and nobody in the wide world but "Medicus"—who does not count—could have guessed it.

Well, you were quite right to do all in your power to shake off your cold: the worst of it is, however, that cold is such a backsliding complaint; and when it once gets hold it stays there, and as often as not invites several of its poor relations to come too.

One of these latter is a species of roseola, or red blotchy rash, that attacks cheeks, or brow, or even the nose. A downright complexion-spoiler is this red roughness, and sends the unhappy possessor of it on a wild-goose chase after all sorts of applications to drive it away. But patent nostrums for the most part do more harm than good.

What is one to do, then? you may ask. Well, we must endeavour to get to the root of the mischief, and remove that. The complaint I am speaking about is really seated for the time being in the constitution, just as much as the liability to be attacked by chilblain is. In a family there is generally one member more subject to chilblain than another. She gets on very well for a few weeks, perhaps, when winter first appears; but by-and-by her fingers, toes, or even her ears, catch it, and she is miserable. But why is this so? Chilblain is, we all know, a low form of frost-biting, in which there is partial destruction of the skin. Why, then, didn't Jack Frost do his work at the very beginning—the very first day he came? Simply because he found his would-be victim constitutionally strong; and it was only after weeks of hard bone-searching weather that she got low in tone, and so Jack Frost had an easy victory then.

It is really the same with this skin roughness that follows or accompanies colds. It mostly afflicts the weakly, or those whom the catarrh has debilitated. Something else as well as the catarrh debilitates the system, however—namely, the attempts to cure it. So I always say, the longer one can fight a cold the better; as soon as ever you begin to coddle it, you weaken the system and thin your blood. And nearly all medicines that we physicians prescribe for colds injure the appetite. Well, this debilitates indirectly. The cure, therefore, lies in tonics and toning. I will tell you about these presently.

Another poor relation of King Catarrh is biliousness. O, it is a horrid, wretched complaint, whatever form it assumes! You may call it catarrh of the liver if you want to go feeling around for long names; and it is just as likely as not to be catarrh of the stomach, or both, for the two organs always do sympathise with each other.

Well, this biliousness may assume a variety of forms, and its symptoms may range in intensity from the simple to the serious. You may feel only a little out of sorts—dull, sleepy, tired, and apathetic. There may be but little loss of appetite, but the tongue will usually be somewhat rough and furred, or rough and red. But the case may be worse: you may suffer from a disagreeable headache, with nausea or actual sickness, and vomiting. Now what are you to do? Go visiting, to cheer you up? No, I should not advise that, because your complexion is not so bright as it usually is, and—pardon my candour—your eyes look a trifle muddy. So eat but little if the case is a simple one, and get away out and spend hours if you can in the open air. Don't go driving—that will make the cold worse; but walk, and try to walk till you come back hungry. Then in the evening have a nice warm bath, and go early to bed. Yes, a mild antibilious pill if you choose, and if you think you need it; anyhow, take a glass of "Æsculap" before breakfast next morning in a tumbler of hot water. The "Æsculap" is not so likely to cause nausea as the "Friedrichshall" water. I have drunk both lately. For six nights running, then, cut a nice sensible-looking lemon in two; squeeze one-half in a glass of water, and drink before going to bed leisurely, and take the other half in the same way while dressing next morning.

If the cold be more serious, do not eat, but stay in bed. Take the "Æsculap" water at once. If it return, take more. Rest all day, drinking toast-water, and as nourishment, sipping beef-tea with a little dry, crisp toast broken into it.

Aching pains here and there in the body are often the concomitants of a bad and lasting cold. So is nervousness. I have described this complaint in many phases in former health-sermons, and need not now. Low spirits is but another kind of nervous ailment, but it is a very distressing ailment. One imagines one will never be the same in life again, and all sorts of troubles are about to happen. But such feelings as these take unto themselves wings and fly away as soon as health shows a sign of returning.

I am now going to say a few words about tonics and toning, because it is our duty to assist nature in throwing off trouble. Nature may not require much assistance, however, now that June has come, and the weather is mild and balmy.

But the advantages of getting really strong during the summer months cannot well be overrated. We want to root out this catarrh from its very innermost strongholds, and we want also to repair the mischief the enemy has done; and the more heartily we set about it, the better it will be for us in the end.

There is no universal tonic—I may tell you that to commence with. The roborant or strengthening medicine that will suit one constitution will not do good to another, perhaps. All depends on diathesis and state of system.

I don't know that there is any kind of medicine much more difficult to choose than tonics. Rule of thumb will not do here. One girl's tonic is another girl's poison; but after taking a tonic for a few times, anyone ought to know whether it agrees with her or not. Perhaps the invalid is pale and chalky-looking, with even the gums pale. Iron in some form or another is indicated here, for iron exists naturally in genuinely good blood, and in its absence the blood is found to be too watery; paleness, of course, will result; but that isn't all, for eruptions often take place that would not otherwise appear.

Well, then, I believe in small doses of iron long continued rather than large taken for, say, a fortnight. There hardly is a better form than the tincture of iron generally called steel drops; and the dose would be from ten to fifteen drops in a small glass of water twice a day after meals. Mind, it will darken the

teeth if you do not brush them afterwards. This medicine does good too if the system is rather open. If this state does not exist, the dialysed iron of the shops will do better.

The fault of iron is that it heats the body and causes uneasy sensations. But these will hardly exist if a bath is taken every day, and as much open air exercise as is possible.

The bitter tonics always do good when there is loss of appetite. Quassia or colomba is about the best and safest.

Then we have the citrate of iron and quinine—a capital tonic, especially in the tabloid form—procurable everywhere. I could recommend this where big doses of quinine disagreed.

Quinine affects the head somewhat. It causes noises in the ears, showing that it interferes with the calm circulation of the blood through the brain.

I think that these simple tonics will be all that is wanted. Only I should advise a rhubarb pill now and then at night, and that excellent half-lemon night and morning. O, you have no idea what a lot of good it does!

Now about toning. This is done by taking more exercise, more fresh air, and the daily bath.

You see that, what with the cold and one thing or another, you have made yourself almost a hot-house plant; and now that June has come, you want to harden off a bit. Talking horticulturally, a hot-house plant is not half so happy as Highland heather, for the simple reason that Highland heather is hardier, and can stand being tossed about by every wind that blows, and being all the better for it too. But the heather loves the sunshine quite as much as an orchid does. And there is nothing better in the world for either the girl or the heather than sunshine.

The bath in some form or other—best cold if it can be taken—should be used daily; and once a week, especially if inclined to *embonpoint*, a Turkish bath.

Food while taking tonics should be nutritious but easy of digestion, and stimulants, or spices, or rich fatty foods, must not be taken, else biliousness will ensue.

Perhaps there is still a little cough. Well, it would yield to cod liver oil sooner than to anything else. But the probability is, it goes against your stomach. I really never could quite see the use of taking cod liver oil if it prevents one from eating or digesting solid food. However, we have an excellent substitute in the Kepler extract of malt, beginning with a dessert-spoonful twice a day, and going on to a tablespoonful.

Very likely my invalid or delicate reader wants a change of some kind. Let it be a good long holiday if at all. I don't think going to the seaside for a week does much good: you are no sooner settled than it is time to be off again. Sea air is a tonic, and, like all tonics, it must be used for a considerable time to be of any very lasting benefit.

As far as I myself am concerned, I should rather stay at home and work in the garden for a week than spend *so brief a time by the* sad sea wave. So go for a month or five weeks if you go at all. Travel by the quickest, easiest route, and the fastest trains. It is precious poor economy to tire oneself out for the sake of saving a few shillings.

One other hint: if you *do* go to the sea-side, wear a chest protector even in June. Take *warm* salt-water baths if you are at all nervous and want calming: they are so soothing.

At most seaside places you can get these baths more cheaply if you take a ticket for a course. The best time of the day would be two hours before luncheon or dinner. Perhaps a sponge all over with cold water after the warm bath will do good. But as to this point I would rather you consulted your own doctor, as one cannot advise individually in a magazine article.



A RIGHT NOBLE LADY.

"I HAVE been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand. Yours, &c., ANNE DORSET, PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY." Such was the haughty and spirited reply sent by the Lady Anne Clifford, in the reign of Charles II., to Sir Joseph Williamson, one of the Secretaries of State, who had written to her asking "the favour of her vote and interest" on behalf of some friend of the Government who wished to sit in Parliament for her "pocket" borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland.

And who was the writer of this famous epistle, which has been often quoted as a specimen of what really ought to have appeared in a *Polite Letter Writer* of the Stuart era? According to the inscription on her tomb in the parish church of Appleby, she was "daughter and eventually sole heir to George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, by his blessed wife, Margaret Russell, youngest child to Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford." She was born at the castle of Skipton, in Craven, on the 13th of January 1590; and from the same monument it appears that, besides her other titles, she was "Baroness Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey, High Sheriffess of the county of Westmoreland, and Lady of the honour of Skipton in Craven aforesaid." She was twice married, firstly to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and secondly to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. The other facts of her life are, that she had only two daughters who survived infancy—Margaret, Countess of Thanet, and Isabella, Countess of Northampton, and that she herself died at the age of eighty-five, on the 22nd of March, 1675, as her monument says, "Christianly, willingly, and quietly, having seen a plentiful issue of thirteen grandchildren."

Let us, however, look a little more closely into the personal character of this high-souled lady. She bravely held her castle of Appleby for King Charles I. on the outburst of the Great Rebellion, and placed its government in the hands of Sir Philip Musgrave. Its size, and the strength of the force at her disposal, may be gathered from the fact that when it was dismantled and partly destroyed in 1648, the enclosure of its walls was sufficient to contain 1200 horsemen. At the age of nineteen she was married from her mother's house in Austin Friars, London, to Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who a few weeks later succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset. He was a firm friend and constant companion of Henry, Prince of Wales, King Charles's elder brother, and a courtier and celebrated knight in the tilt-yard; and his death left her a widow at her own disposal at little more than thirty, with two daughters, her sons having died in childhood. She now made (as ladies will) a vow never to marry again; but she seems in time to have thought better of this resolve, for, after six years of widowhood, she became the wife of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Chamberlain to Charles I., her marriage taking place at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of her uncle, the Earl of Bedford. But this second union did not turn out a happy one. The Earl and his lady lived for the most part in separate houses, and it appears, from a letter to her uncle at Chenies, that once at least he had turned her out of his house at Whitehall. But she was not troubled with him for very long, though perhaps rather longer than she cared, for it was only in 1655 that his death left her a second time free. It is no wonder, however, that they did not get on well together, for she was a hearty Royalist, while her spouse ranged himself on the side of the Roundheads, and all her castles in the north—*where she owned* Brough, Skipton, Appleby, and Brougham—suffered severely at the hands of the Parliamentary soldiers. While her husband was supposed to be living a wild life in London, and sitting in the lower House of Parliament by grace of the Cromwellian party, she passed her life almost wholly in the north in the company of her daughters and her grandchildren, spending a month in one and then a month in another of her castles, and performing all the duties of a wealthy landowner among her neighbours, rich and poor. In spite of being a great sufferer in the cause of royalty and loyalty, and being troubled with lawsuits brought against her by those who envied her wealth, she

enjoyed a splendid inheritance, having succeeded on her brother's death to the broad acres of the Earl of Cumberland, her father. She knew well, also, how to manage her estates, and spent their income in repairing and restoring her castles and the churches which were in her patronage, as is shown by inscriptions still remaining on their walls and towers. At Appleby, too, she laid the foundations of an almshouse or hospital for twelve poor widows, which still stands in the street leading up to the Castle gates. She kept a state which in the northern counties at least was almost queen-like, and her "progresses" from one castle to another were almost royal also. Much of her dignity and grandeur was an inheritance from her mother, Margaret Russell, whose family pride was great, and who taught her to collect and treasure up the records of all the high families to whom she stood related.

Her private secretary, a man named Sedgwick, who was a scholar and a man of literary tastes, bears witness to many generous traits in her character, and has handed down many interesting particulars of her personal manners and habits. Brailsford, who carefully perused what Mr. Sedgwick wrote, tells us that "she wore very plain apparel, such as a petticoat and waistcoat of black serge, that she never took physic, and never drank wine after she had attained the age of eighty." He also says that on every Monday morning, at whichever of her castles she happened to be staying, she gave twenty shillings to be divided amongst as many poor persons, and that over £40,000—a large sum in those days—was expended by her in the repairs of her castles. She was highly educated, not only for her time, but for a later age. She had a poet for her tutor, and knew not only French, but Italian and Latin, and she employed competent men to collect everything that bore on the family history of her ancestors, the Cliffords, the Veseys, the Russells, and the De Viponts, gleaning every scrap that she could get out of the records in the Tower of London and other storehouses. Three volumes of these family records, preserved at Appleby, attest her zeal for genealogical history.

But the best proof of her taste and skill is the noble monument erected, and to a very great extent designed, by her in memory of her mother in the parish church of Appleby, in which (true to her resolute and independent character) she chose to be buried rather than at Skipton, in the gorgeous Chantry vault of the Cliffords, where she knew that she would be laid "among rivals and enemies," as Whitaker writes in his *History of Craven*.

In 1628, in the interval of her widowhood, she preferred a claim to the ancient title of Clifford, as being a barony in fee, and therefore descendible to her daughters. And, though the House of Lords came to no decision on it in her lifetime, yet, after her death it was adjudged to her grandson, the Earl of Thanet, and when it passed into what is called abeyance, after many years of suspense, it was revived almost in our own days in favour of the Southwell Russells, now Lords de Clifford. It may be added that another Barony of Clifford, conferred in 1628 on her nephew Henry, is still in abeyance between the Earls of Carlisle and Granville, as co-heirs of William, late Duke of Devonshire, and Baron Clifford.

"The pride of pageantry, the pomp of power,
And all that fortune, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But in the noble houses of the Cliffords, the Cavendishes, the Boyles, the Russells, the Wentworths, and the Cliftons, few names are better remembered or held in higher honour, after an interval of more than two centuries, than that of "Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," though the old town of Appleby no longer returns members to Parliament, so that her "Your man shall not stand" has long ceased to bear any meaning when a General Election is approaching.

E. WALFORD.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IX.

"CITOYENNE Valentine, I have your father's permission to speak to you."

Alcibiade Leforêt thus introduced himself to Valentine de Lemprière on the following morning.

She was attired in black, and looked very pale as she stood confronting the man who called himself her lover, while her father cowered feebly in a chair near the stove.

"I am here to listen to what you have to say, monsieur," she answered haughtily.

"I am brusque by nature, and apt to come to the point hastily," said Alcibiade, awed in spite of himself by the stately dignity of her rigid attitude. "I claim your indulgence. You are, I understand, interested in your former neighbours at Quimperlon?"

Valentine started, the dignity relaxed, the colour rushed into her marble cheeks.

"*You have news?*" she cried.

"News? Assuredly! I am the headquarters for news. You have but to ask me; Alcibiade Leforêt knows all."

She schooled herself to patience, her hungry eyes fixed on his face.

"*Peste!* but she is beautiful!" he exclaimed to himself. "Come, I will tell you. The old St. Eustache is said to have perished in the burning of Riancourt. Hardly a pleasant death that! The guillotine would have been the quicker of the two. The son"—his cruel eyes, fixed on her face, marked the receding of all colour, leaving her white as snow—"the son is safe in the Conciergerie. In the best society—eh?"

"Ah!" The groan came from de Lemprière.

Alcibiade turned fiercely upon him. "So this is the way in which you show your sympathies, is it? And you expect me to protect you! Bah! you are no friend to the Republic. You are as false to her as you were to the vile blacksmith you called your king."

"Monsieur," said Valentine, "it is with me that you have to deal, not with my father. Say what it is your pleasure to say to me, and leave him alone. He is an old man."

He turned to her in admiration of her spirit.

"You are right," he said; "and we must come to the point sooner or later. I, Alcibiade Leforêt, am a suitor for your hand. And see, I am willing to bid for it."

"What do you offer?"

"Your father's life and safety."

"That is a matter of course; it is a family affair. I want more than that."

"You are unreasonable," he said.

The situation was affording him a kind of amusement. "She will drive a hard bargain," he thought, and chuckled over it inwardly. There was a thrill of excitement in the curious, quick, toneless voice in which she spoke.

"I want more than that."

"What do you ask? I am disposed to be generous. You shall have Indian shawls and diamonds and men's lives in your *corbeille*."

"His life—Adrien de Riancourt."

"Yes. The Republic is a tender mother; she does not shed her children's blood when they cease to be mischievous. He shall go free. Is it not enough yet?"

"Not yet. Before I—before we——"

"Before our marriage? Yes? What is coming now? See, sweetest one, I am disposed to be a most loving, most indulgent spouse."

"I have not done," she went on, in the same strained tone. "Let go my hand—let go, I say!"

He drew back, muttering angrily, "What more do you want?"

"I must see Monsieur de Riancourt, anywhere—in the Conciergerie if you will. I must see him once more."

Alcibiade ground his teeth savagely and said, "This is asking too much. Is the prize worth all this bargaining?"

She did not answer; she stood before him motionless.

"I must see him," she murmured. She looked so beautiful even in that strain of agony that a kind of rough pity touched him.

"There," he exclaimed, "shall I not make an indulgent spouse? You shall see him; he shall be saved. And see, I will throw in as thirteen to the dozen this trifle also: you shall be married by a priest."

He held out his hand. Slowly, as if acting under some horrible fascination, she held out hers. She could not help it; it was part of the bargain.

When the two hands met, hers was so cold, so icy cold, that it sent a chill through his frame. He shivered and drew back, and she was gone.

Alcibiade brushed away drops from his brow. Was this happiness? He



"'COME,' HE SAID, HOARSELY."

had succeeded; he had clenched his bargain; he had triumphed.

"*Peste!* what cold—what icy cold!"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER Alcibiade had quitted the presence of the lady of his choice he found himself torn by conflicting feelings—triumph in the success of his villainy, but fury in the imperfection of that very success. He had agreed to procure the release and safety of his rival, and that did not trouble him; but the interview which he had been forced to allow was an intolerable thought.

He ground his teeth, and clenched his hands till the nails ran into the flesh when he thought of it—when the vision passed before his eyes of the happiness of that meeting, the momentary ecstasy of the two who loved each other so passionately, the terrible anguish of that parting worse than death. He was alike frantically jealous of the joy and its twin agony. But it was too late to draw back. He must fulfil his part of the bargain.

Sullenly he went through the necessary business; obtained the permission which would admit Valentine to the Conciergerie, and then, clearing his brow, he began to make preparations for his own marriage. He sought out a constitutional priest, who was living in secular dress a life of constant fear and discouragement, and with him he arranged time and place for the ceremony, which must be performed with the strictest secrecy.

It was all done at last, but he could not be still. A fever of restlessness had taken possession of him. He went out and bought costly shawls and lace, his own words ringing in his ears, "In her *corbeille* she shall have rich shawls and diamonds and lives of men."

All that night he lay awake trying to forget it—he gnawed his lips till they bled. On the following day Adrien and Valentine would be together, and he could not stop it—it was part of the bargain.

All that day of waiting Valentine spent on her knees. She was only conscious of one thing—she was to see Adrien, once more to lay her head on his breast, once more to feel his loving arms round her. Afterwards!—no; she would not think of that. She had bought his precious life by the sacrifice of her own, and he was saved.

It was raining, raining so heavily that a grey gloom seemed to have fallen on Paris. The few people hurrying along had enveloped themselves in huge cloaks and mantles. Disguised by her own wraps, Valentine followed Alcibiade on foot through the streets.

He also wished to escape remark. He had drawn the huge collar of his coat up round his ears.

Valentine had hoped that her father would accompany her, but Alcibiade refused peremptorily. He showed her roughly that he meant to be looked upon as master now.

At the prison gates Valentine raised her head and spoke low, but in a voice of unmistakable firmness of purpose.

"Remember," she said, "I am to see him alone!"

"Alone!" he exclaimed. "But remember that you are my angel, my idol! How can I bear you out of my sight?"

"One side of a bargain is as good as the other," she answered through her clenched teeth.

He muttered an oath, and led the way in.

It was a narrow whitewashed cell in which Valentine found herself alone, waiting for Adrien to come. As she glanced round, the fulness of the prison horror came over her, as if she were caged in with only one exit—the road to the guillotine. She threw up her arms with a wild feeling of rejoicing.

"Ah, me! My sacrifice will save him—save him from this hideous fate! I can, I do, thank God!"

The door opened. It was very dark. The rain and gloom without made it almost night in the narrow-windowed cell. But she saw the prisoner come in, a cloak thrown round him and over his shoulder, so that the lower part of his face was concealed. The door was closed behind him, and the key turned with a grating noise.

"Adrien!" she exclaimed, a sudden terror coming over her. "Adrien!"

He did not move. It was he. She knew the tall, slender figure. She knew the trick and wave of fair hair. Why did he not move? Had he heard that she was about to wed Leforêt? Did he so resent it that he would not speak to her?

"Oh, Adrien!" she cried, coming swiftly forward, holding out her two clasped hands. "My love! My darling! What is it? Have I angered you! Speak to me! Do not terrify me thus! It is I myself—Valentine! Adrien!"

But he did not speak. She stood close beside him now, her breath coming in quick gasps, her clasped hands trembling, her blue eyes wild with fear.

"Adrien!"

Then he slowly drew away the concealing cloak, and spoke in a low whisper. "Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle Valentine, hush! It is not Adrien."

"Ah!" She reeled back against the wall, the revulsion of feeling was too great. She would have fallen if Ange had not caught hold of her and gently placed her on the one chair the cell afforded.

"I—I do not understand," she faltered, when her quick breathing at last enabled her to speak.

"And yet Mademoiselle cannot have forgotten? Ange, Adrien's peasant brother—the old likeness is as strong now as in our childhood."

"But how is it? And where is Adrien?"

"Adrien is at Rougemont, Mademoiselle. He is safe in my old home."

"And he—he does not know of this? He would not allow it!"

Ange shook his head sadly. "There is always some good to come out of evil," he said. "Adrien is ill. When I left him he was still delirious. He knows nothing of what has happened. Mère Finette is nursing him. It was fever. He was worn out with fasting and exposure, and the shock of Monseigneur's death."

"He is dead?" faltered Valentine.

"Yes; he was shot at the burning of Riancourt. Adrien was alone with him when he died. I owe little to my father. I do not judge him. He decreed that my life should be that of my mother's kinsfolk, and I accepted his decree, but I also felt it. It was too much for my poor brother. But as I say, good comes out of evil in this world," and he smiled bravely.

Valentine put out both her hands and grasped his. What can I say?" she exclaimed. "You are the noblest man on earth."

He did not answer, only turned away his face, embarrassed by her words.

"Ange," she said, suddenly, "how do you escape detection? Do not the prisoners at least suspect?"

"Yes, they know. How could it be otherwise? My hands, my speech, both betray that I am not one of them. I can ape my brother sufficiently among the rougher folk, but I saw at once it was impossible that I could mix unchallenged with his friends."

"And how did they take it?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle! I did not know what to expect. But they are too good; they treat me with respect, with goodness I cannot describe. One Abbé, he said——" But Ange broke down; he could not bring out the words which had fallen on him with the full force of an old priest's blessing—for the Abbé had been called away that morning from the company in prison, and from that summons there was no return.

Valentine understood. She was deeply affected.

"Respect you, my friend?" she said. "If the honour we feel for you can help you——"

"You are kind," he said, venturing to raise her hand to his lips. "And now I have not long to live; within the next few days my time will surely come; our company diminishes daily. You will see Adrien? You will do what you can to help his escape? He is well placed for it—on the sea coast. My uncle knows how he can help him. He has means of doing so—Père Laurent of Rougement—but help will be needed. A ship must be secured. It will need money and influence."

"Do not be anxious, my friend—my noble friend," said Valentine, earnestly. "We shall save him. But for yourself?"

"Do not think of me!" he exclaimed. "It is my glory, my joy, to die for him." A light shone in his eyes, making the whole face beautiful.

"Ah, but you do not know!" Valentine stopped herself and shrank back against the wall with a faint cry.

In the astonishment, the bewilderment of the discovery that it was not her own Adrien, but his twin-brother that was present in that gloomy prison, her own part in the matter had escaped her recollection. Now it came back with a sudden qualm of terror and anguish that she could not control. How was she to

act in this new emergency? She had pledged herself to wed Alcibiade to save this man's life, and it was not Adrien!

In the horror of the moment her senses seemed to leave her—she trembled from head to foot. The first return to self-control showed her Ange's face as white as a sheet, his figure kneeling before her, holding her icy hands, and his low voice repeating anxiously, "But surely you do not understand, Mademoiselle, dear Mademoiselle! Surely you do not understand! Adrien is safe, quite safe. The search for him is at an end. They are satisfied. His name will appear in the published lists when I—when I——"

"Ange! Ange!" she almost screamed. "It must not be! You shall not be sacrificed!"

"Sacrificed!" he exclaimed. "But hush! hush! no more. I hear them coming."

He rose to his feet and stepped back as the heavy bolt creaked, and the door opened to admit Alcibiade Leforêt and one of the gaolers.

They were not surprised to see Valentine leaning forward with her face hidden, rocking backwards and forwards in an agony too great for words. Alcibiade went up to her; he controlled his feelings, and only satisfied his rage by the look of concentrated hatred he cast on the prisoner.

"Citoyenne," he said, "our time is at an end. We must be going."

Valentine rose. She advanced swiftly to Ange with her hands stretched out. He took them in both of his, and bent down so that she only could hear his whispered words: "God in His mercy bless and keep you and Adrien."

The gaoler was well accustomed to these partings. "Time presses," he said, gruffly. He was a man with a wife and children, a man who had loved and been loved, but he had grown callous. He had seen so much of it.

Alcibiade put his heavy hand on Valentine's shoulder. "Come!" he said, hoarsely, so great was the force he put on himself not to tear her away with violence.

She allowed herself to be led away, her face hidden by one hand, the other clinging to Ange till he himself unclosed it, and, unwitting what he was doing, placed it in that of Alcibiade.

The heavy door closed behind them, and Ange found himself alone. For a moment he stood motionless. It was as if life and hope and (for the moment) courage had passed out with them. A sudden quick realising of the inevitable came over him. Valentine's terror of his fate, the dread he had seen in her white face, brought it home to him as nothing had done before. In his condition of enthusiasm, of a noble joy in his self-sacrifice, sustained by the curious *exalté* sentiments of his fellow-prisoners in the Conciergerie, he had lost sight of his own individual loss, lost sight of what it would be at Rougemont; the despair of his grandparents, the empty home, the old people bereft of the joy and support of their old age. Another face rose up before the eyes of his imagination, a sweet face, with dark hair and bright laughing eyes, a background of fair orchards, pink and white blossoms, sunny blue sea. No; he must not, dared not dwell on thoughts of little Mariette. Ange threw back his head. He would think only of Adrien. Adrien, whom he loved as his own soul, Adrien saved, free, and wedded to that fair, loving woman whose gentle eyes had looked into his with a strong passion of gratitude.

He shook from head to foot with almost overpowering emotion. But the turning of the key in the lock restored him to instant composure. It was the summons to leave the luxury of solitude and return to the little company where the prisoners died a hundred deaths as they heard the numbers being called out day after day, and knew not whose turn was coming next.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STORY OF A SUNBEAM.

A SUNBEAM, from her home of golden glory,
Looked down upon the world so far away,
And straight resolved—for so they tell the story—
To wander through its wonders for a day.

She sped by skies of blue, and, exquisitely gleaming
In her robes of light and beauty, she drew near
To the humble homes of men, where the brightness of her seeming
Like the presence of an angel should appear.

She alighted on a snowflake, and the tender, tiny crystal
Felt its white and jewelled bosom sweetly burn:
Into tears of joy it melted; but the sunbeam quickly kissed all
The glist'ning little droplets into sighs without return.

She laughed in radiant rippling on the surface of the waters;
She danced in mazy measures with the merry babbling brook;
She visited the sea-king, and she charmed his fairy daughters
With the yellow dust of gold which upon their heads she shook.

She lingered by the daisies, and the simple little flowers
Looked up in glad surprise at a sight so soft and sweet;
And, shaking off the dewdrops in diamond-tinted showers,
They crowded round to kiss the pretty sunbeam's feet.

She sang to lily-clusters till their white small bells were ringing;
She chased the scented breezes through the leaves;
She flew with every bird and listened to its singing,
And she peeped at baby swallows 'neath the eaves.

But at last she reached a palace that was very dark and gloomy,
And the sunbeam wondered greatly as to what there was therein;
So she ventured in to see these grand halls so wide and roomy,
And to lighten with her presence the dim dreariness within.

And the palace straightway flashed into gay and glittering splendour,
And the sunbeam gladly felt her long journeying was o'er;
In the heart that she had entered she found music to attend her,
And a love to shield her beauty and her grace for evermore.





WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "After Shipwreck," "Sea Blossom," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUSINS.

"Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The lights of heaven, as to change her course."

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."
—*E. Walter.*

PERHAPS few more comfortable rooms were to be found than the library at West Dene. If its original architect could have been reintroduced to it in this age of *bric-à-brac*, he might have had some difficulty in recognising it, with its airy windows, its silken draperies, and innumerable knick-knacks, as the gloomy though handsome wainscotted room which had been his pride some two centuries back.

Perhaps it was an instance of the survival of the fittest, that the library had become, and remained, the favourite room in the house. Successive generations of Warhams had modified its appearance in accordance with the prevailing fashion of their time; but it had never lost its quaint old-world look; and it had an attraction which is absent from the most artistic of modern rooms. For no merely decorative art, however beautiful and fitting, can confer that peculiar charm which clings to a place that has been for many generations the home of refined and educated people whose traditions stretch back to a far away past.

The library at West Dene had its halo of tradition too. Royalist and Jacobite had each in turn found shelter within its walls. The room that harboured them opened from it by means of a secret spring in one of its oaken panels. The portraits hanging on the walls were many of them dim with age; but each had its own special story, forming a link with the past.

And the Warhams gloried in their past. They were a proud race, and had more in their history to be proud of than many. Two centuries ago they had been one of the wealthiest families in England; but now things were changed. Spendthrift sons, with no regard for the future, had squandered the carefully-amassed fortunes of their fathers; rents had fallen, harvests had failed, and with nothing to fall back upon, and fresh expenses to be met, the family had gradually become more and more impoverished.

The late owner had died after a lingering illness, brought on, it was said, chiefly by the worry and anxiety caused by the state of his pecuniary affairs. To his son, a young fellow just beginning life, and practically penniless, was left as a legacy the alternative of paying off the heavy mortgage on the house, or of leaving for ever the home of his fathers.

Sad thoughts filled Helen Warham's mind as she sat at work in this same library one wet afternoon in June. The room was fragrant with flowers, which, arranged in every available spot, formed brilliant masses of colouring against the dark panelling of the walls. The library was morning-room, drawing-room, and library in one now, for as the family party had become smaller, and the need of economy greater, the other rooms had been shut up, and the west, or library wing, as it was generally called, was the only part of the house now in use. To a careless observer the air of luxury and refinement about the room might seem a contradiction of the assertion of poverty. It was only, however, because skilful hands had taken pains to conceal defects, that this was so; and because the pictures and china so tastefully arranged about the room were old and valuable, tokens of the wealth and luxury the Warhams had known when the race was in its prime.

It was between half-past four and five in the afternoon, as was attested by the dainty little tea-table with its furnishing of silver and old china, and the tempting array of delicate slices of home-made brown and white bread and butter.

Helen was not alone, for her cousin Lilian, or, as she was more usually called, Fay Gwynne, was reading, luxuriously curled up in the arm-chair opposite.

For some time neither had spoken; but the arrival of tea, or the quiet purring request of her cat to pay her some attention, roused Fay, and, throwing down her book, she abruptly broke the silence.

"Nell, you will really drive me mad if you do any more of that work. For three hours you have done nothing but 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' as if your next meal depended on the amount you got through."

"I should not have given you credit, Fay, for noticing so particularly what I was about. I thought your book was so interesting you had eyes and ears for nothing else."

"Oh, there is a limit to everything; and besides, I am out of all patience with the heroine—who, by the way, my dear Miss Helen, somewhat resembles you! She is just the same extremely good creature who sacrifices herself for everybody else, and gets no thanks for it. Oh, dear, how horribly wet it is! No chance of its clearing, either! And just when I had set my heart on that walk to Moorfields with you this evening. It really is too bad! No, pussy, go down; I don't feel inclined to play with

you this afternoon"—this to the pretty soft Persian kitten which was vainly endeavouring to attract its mistress's attention.

She flung herself down again, impatiently, in the arm-chair as she spoke, a charming picture of wilful childish discontent. She looked about seventeen, a pretty, unformed creature, half girl, half woman; bright, eager, impulsive, and lovable; a complete contrast in every way to her dark-haired, dark-eyed cousin, Helen Warham, who, while lacking the vivacity of the younger girl, had a certain indefinable charm and sweetness of manner that was very attractive. The two were distant cousins; but Fay Gwynne's home had been with the Warhams ever since she had been left an orphan some five years before.

"Well, at least there is one little piece of excitement to look forward to, and that is the postman's visit," said Fay, after she had spent another ten minutes in railing at the weather.

"Unless he doesn't come at all," put in Helen, "which is as likely as not."

"Now don't throw cold water on my hopes," cried Fay. "Besides, if you don't expect letters, I do."

Helen laughed. "To whom have you been writing lately, Fairy?" she asked playfully.

"Oh, to heaps of people—to the Verners, the Douglases, and the Fergussons. I am looking out for a summer invitation for you and me; so I thought I would give these good people a hint that they might do worse than send us one for August or September."

"Oh, Fay, you have surely never been so outspoken!" said Helen, reddening.

"Set your mind at rest, you model of perfection; I know perfectly well how to manage such affairs," replied her cousin. "Aunt Carrie will, I am sure, thoroughly approve; she is bemoaning your pale face and want of appetite, and she knows if left to yourself you will never stir from home on account of expense. Now, my plan is to bring such pressure to bear upon you, that you will have to do so whether you like it or not. And you must admit, Nell, that if any of these people ask us we cannot well refuse."

"Perhaps not, but I hate the idea of fishing for an invitation; and I had quite made up my mind that we should not get away this summer, so you need not have written on my account."

"Nor did I; it was one for you and two for myself. I should be moped to death if I stayed here the whole summer, with nothing to break the monotony of existence—but the visits of the Misses Pritchard and Mr. Dennis—though I know you get a good deal of pleasure out of these visits;" and she laughed mischievously.

Helen reddened, and was about to answer, when the simultaneous arrival of Mrs. Warham and the postman interrupted the conversation.

"I am so glad you have come down, aunty. There will be some chance of getting tea now. Helen is so above the usual frailties of human nature, that a cup of afternoon tea is of no consequence to her; but I have not yet reached that sublime stage of indifference to the good things of this life."

"My dear Fay," said Mrs. Warham, in a slightly peevish tone, "I am sure you know you need not wait for Helen to give you your tea."

"Oh! I know that, aunty dear; I was only joking. Ah, here come the letters! One, two, three for me? You don't say so, Nell! How delightful!"

"Won't you have some tea first?" said her cousin mischievously; "the excitement of getting so many at once must be very trying."

But Helen's joke was lost on Fay, who was by this time half way through her first letter.

"From whom have you heard, Helen?" asked Mrs. Warham, as her daughter handed her a cup of tea.

"From Ted, mother darling, but I haven't opened it yet."

"Better not, I should say, if it is written in the same strain as his last. We have depression enough in the weather for one day at least."

"Poor old Ted; you must not be hard on him, little mother. He must have so much to bear."

"Well, at any rate he gets sympathy enough. You just encourage him in his grumbling, Helen, I do believe. He has not more to bear than your poor father had; but young people nowadays expect to find the world a bed of roses."

Helen sighed. "I don't think Ted really complains much," she said; "and if he does, it is better that he should have an outlet for his grievances than that he should brood over them and grow hard and soured."

"Well, perhaps it is. I daresay I am hard on him, and you must forgive me, Nellie, if I speak crossly; you know——" Helen stopped the rest of the sentence with a kiss.

"Aunty," here broke in Fay, "I have such nice letters from Edith Verner and May Douglas. They both want us to stay with them later on. Isn't it delightful?"

"From whom is your third letter?" asked Helen.

"Oh, I haven't opened it yet. The handwriting looks like Mrs. Singleton's. Just give me another cup of tea, Nell, while I see what it says. How delightful!" she exclaimed, after reading a few lines. "It is from Mrs. Singleton. She wants us all to spend a day at Redcourt three weeks hence. There is to be some fuss about a concert-room or town-hall at Ilkeston."

"Which is it?" asked Helen, laughing.

"I really cannot make out. Mrs. Singleton writes as usual atrociously. But it does not much matter. They expect some member of Parliament or other to go down and speechify on the occasion. There will be a number of grand people there, and Mrs. Singleton thinks there will be some good fun at Redcourt, as they are to provide tea for the party. She says she has given us a long invitation, that there may be no chance of a previous engagement keeping us away. I suppose we may go, aunty?"

"We must think about it, my dear," said Mrs. Warham. "I should be very glad to accept, but I do not quite like taking so much hospitality from the Singletons when we can never hope to return it."

"But, aunty, they know we do not entertain, and I think Mrs. Singleton would be quite hurt if we thought of refusing for that reason," said Fay.

"Well, we will have a chat over the pros and cons this evening," replied Mrs. Warham, "if your patience will hold out so long," she added, smiling.

(*To be continued.*)

GERMAN RECIPES.

Charles X.

Take a nice juicy piece of beef and well beat it; then lard it with bacon. Place it on the fire with half water, half vinegar, plenty of herbs, such as parsley, tarragon, etc., some onions, and, if liked, a little garlic and some butter. Let it remain on the fire, half frying and half stewing, until tender. Remove the meat from the fire; let it stand for one night. Chop some shalots fine, mix with them some pepper, salt, and fine bread-crumbs, cut the meat into slices, dip first into egg and then into the mixture of bread-crumbs and shalots, and fry like côtelettes.

Ragoût of Calf's Brains.

Carefully wash the brains and remove all pieces of skin, etc. Then boil them in water, to which a few onions, cloves, pepper, salt, and a little vinegar have been added. Remove the brains from the broth, and thicken the same with a tablespoonful of flour fried brown in butter. Add a little grated lemon-peel and a small quantity of wine. Put in the brains, let all cook together for a little while, and then stir in from one to two eggs.

Fricassee of Veal with Celery.

Chop a good-sized onion fine, and fry it in butter until it is of a light brown colour. Then take part of a breast of veal, cut the meat into nice-sized pieces, and lay them in the butter and onion. When all has fried gently together for a few minutes, pour in some boiling water until the meat is half covered. Add also two or three sticks of celery cut into convenient size, season to taste with pepper and salt, and cook slowly for two hours. Before serving, the gravy should be slightly thickened. Asparagus heads instead of celery are extremely good with this dish.

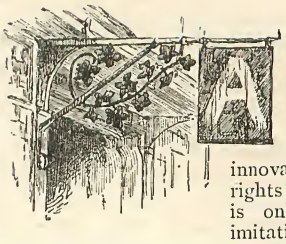
Italian Cakes.

Half a pound of finely sifted flour, half a pound of well-washed butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, three whole eggs, the yolks of three more, one tablespoonful of orange-flower water. The butter, after being brought to a cream, must be beaten together with the eggs, sugar, and orange-flower water for a quarter of an hour, the flour to be added last. Form into small cakes and bake.

Justine.

SLOANE GARDENS HOUSE.

By ANNE BEALE.



"RESIDENTIAL Club for Ladies" sounds, on the first hearing, like an innovation on the rights masculine. It is only a humble imitation, and provided the fair sex abstain from wearing waistcoats and shirt-fronts they may have their club at will, so say the lords of creation. And they have it. Other women's clubs there are, but not "residential;" and this has been provided by the Ladies' Dwellings Company, and is a sample of others to follow, should it prove as useful and successful as it deserves to be.

Sloane Gardens House is situated at 52, Lower Sloane Street, and is a palatial dwelling of many storeys. Its handsome red-brick frontage attracts the passer-by, and people who have known the neighbourhood in the past will look with astonishment on a building that seems to have arisen, if not like a mushroom in a night, at least in an incredibly short period. And it is not one of your jerry-built dwellings, but a substantial residence framed for much endurance. That cheap institution, a halfpenny omnibus, conveys us to its precincts in no time; in other words, takes us from the top of Sloane Street to the Square, whence a minute's walk brings us to the heavy doors of this our club.

We are warned to close them after us, which makes the place appear more home-like than do the "mansions," with their various flats and ever-open doors. Nevertheless, this is a mansion to all intents and purposes. In the hall is hung an index, with the names of the residents thereon, and the announcement of such as may be absent at the moment. On the right is an office, in which stands a neat maiden ready for service. Here are pigeon-holes for letters and parcels, one being appropriated to each tenant; and should all the rooms be occupied, the waitress's position is no sinecure, since one hundred and thirty ladies may find accommodation, both public and private, here. As regards the public portion, there are large dining-rooms, drawing, writing, and music-rooms set apart for general use. That is to say, there is one music-room, and most of the ladies must be thankful that there is only one, and that musical instruments are prohibited outside that shrine dedicated to Euterpe. "Let us have quiet, at least," say the in-dwellers; so sewing-machines as well as musical instruments must rest from 10 P.M to 8 A.M.

Some may be inclined to complain that their room is, consequently, not their castle; still, when we visit the private apartments we find that it is essentially so. It is almost impossible, in a brief sketch, to give an idea of the working of a place like this. It was originated by philanthropic people for the aid of ladies of limited means, but is in no wise a charity. Unfurnished rooms are charged from 7s. to 13s. a week, and are so constructed as to serve for bedroom and sitting-room; though any lady may rent more than one if she is so inclined. A curtain drawn across a sort of alcove, in which the bed is placed, effectually conceals the sleeping portion, and renders the rest of the apartment a sitting-room, to which friends may come, both male and female. The artistic arrangement of these homes, their ornaments and pretty furniture, betoken the lady, and it must be pleasant to feel that, after a day's work as her own bread-winner, she has a place of her own to return to which is neither boarding-house nor lodging.

Without trenching on their privacy, we may venture to imagine the workers who dwell in Sloane Gardens House—the authoress, governess, clerk, artist, typist, and what not? Young and old seek its shelter equally, and, we will hope, strive to "bear one another's burdens," and to lighten the darkness of each other's paths when opportunity offers. It would be impossible to estimate what sympathy may effect in a congregation such as this.

It is said that women cannot "dwell together in unity"—but here they dwell separately, so there is less chance of discord. Moreover, they are not compelled to remain, nor are the directors obliged to keep them. A fortnight or week's notice to quit on either side without "rendering a reason" is all that is needed in case of disaffection; and alas! we are none of us perfect, and do not always attain the standard of our referees; for of course references are required.

On the uppermost storey we find furnished cubicles let for 4s. 6d. per week, which, though small, are still their owner's "castle," but will scarcely admit of being converted into a sitting-room, like those already described.

There is a large staff of servants, but their service is necessarily restricted. Included with the rent is the removal, once daily, of the slops and ashes, and one daily cleaning of the grate; also a fortnightly cleaning of rooms and windows. Further service demands extra payment.

In each of the long corridors there are two bath-rooms and a plentiful supply of hot and cold water. Indeed, the ingenuity of architect and directors must have been taxed to the utmost of their brain-power to bring so many appliances together.

Efforts have been made before this to provide suitable homes for ladies of slender incomes, but none, we are inclined to think, so advantageous. What one of the directors said at the second annual meeting, held last May, appears to contain the whole truth and gist of the matter. We quote a short paragraph from his long and exhaustive speech. "The object of this building was not charity, nor to make the lady tenants objects of charity, but to build, with a philanthropic object, a house which could be managed upon commercial principles, and would return a fair dividend to those who invested their money in it; at the same time giving to a certain class of ladies, for whom very little, if anything, has been done, the chance of living comfortably and in a place they can consider as their home, at a very low rate of rent, and with good, wholesome food, at a much lower price than they could get it elsewhere."

That blessed modern contrivance, a lift, floats us down from the topmost corridor to the large dining-room, where this last-mentioned object is carried out. A very appetizing odour pervades this apartment, which is 50 feet by 27 long and broad. It is filled with small, square tables, covered with unblemished diaper, and has the general effect of the club-room, which it really is. Three or four neat parlour-maids are in attendance, and as the ladies troop in by ones, twos, and threes, and seat themselves in solitary or dual state, they are quickly served. The small square tables belong to the "castle" afore-mentioned, and are as strictly private as the most rigid of misanthropes could desire. Yet not of necessity so exclusive, since a lady may invite her friends, masculine or feminine, to share it and the meal with her. She may even, by a previous arrangement, have a table reserved for the occasion; but she need not mix with the multitude. As Thackeray might have said, "No undue familiarity, my dear madam. It breeds contempt."

The time allowed for meals is sufficient to give a margin for those who cannot be punctual. Early rising is not *de rigueur*. A lady may breakfast at 7.30 with a due regard to her digestion, or scramble through it at 9.15, when the meal is supposed to cease. She may have a substantial meal, with bacon, fish, ham, or egg, for sixpence; or she may prefer her tea, cocoa, or coffee without other food than bread-and-butter, and pay fourpence for it; or she may get porridge or bread and milk for twopence or threepence respectively. It must be confessed that these charges are not exorbitant; indeed, some of the shareholders complained, at the annual meeting, that the tariff of prices was too low. Let the ladies be thankful that they are not raised.

Being invited to luncheon, we are able to say from experience that the soup, boiled beef, vegetables, and pudding are excellent. One of those delightful lifts silently responds to the calls for "soup, cold meat and salad, hot meat, etc," and plates of steaming condiments come up from the magnificent kitchens below with a rapidity that would have taken the breath away a century ago. The charge for luncheon is from 4d. to 1s., according to individual requirements. The dinner hour is from 7 to 8, and the charge 1s. Supper from 8.30 to 9.

We do not forget the afternoon meal, which is taken in another and somewhat smaller room, also provided with separate tables; 3d. is the charge for tea and bread-and-butter, and the hour from 4.30 to 5.30.

We have been thus minute, in case any of our readers should feel disposed to try a residence in Sloane Gardens House.

We are interested in guessing at the various ages of the ladies whom we see at luncheon. Many are young, and do not waste much time over their meal. Some come in bonnets, others in aprons. Most of them appear to belong to the toilers and spinsters of this great city; but some, we fancy, rejoice in the *otium cum dignitate* of a settled income, and can be idle at will. To hurry off as soon as you have eaten, betokens business; to remain long at table, the non-necessity of work. In the former case, especially, it must be an inestimable boon to have your meals ready to the moment, and not to be expected to partake of them unless so inclined; which means, that you only pay for what you consume. You may have one meal a day or five, at will, and be in no danger of getting into debt; for payment is made after each repast, and the secretary who receives it is indifferent as to whether it comes to her in copper or silver.

So much gratuitous thought and labour have been expended on this scheme for benefiting gentlewomen of small or moderate incomes, that it demands our gratitude to those who have succeeded in raising this substantial fabric upon what seemed an uncertain foundation. If this first effort prove a success, we shall see others made elsewhere; but the directors are wise not to involve the Company in fresh plans until this has been thoroughly tested. There are still some shares to be taken up, if any one should feel

disposed to invest their spare pounds in the undertaking; and there are still some vacant rooms to let, should any ladies wish to make application. The house is well heated, and a pleasant sense of warmth pervades the long corridors.

Naturally, a casual visitor sees things superficially, and doubtless the numerous residents will not endorse all that one who views the place for the first time feels inclined to say in its favour. Still, the bare facts we have ventured to put on paper are incontrovertible, and some of the ladies whom we have encountered express themselves as quite satisfied with their home in this small parish. It is very satisfactory to find how much may be made of little, and how greatly the artistic taste of the present day tends to beautify the "minute" as well as the "vast."

The rules for the inmates are simple but stringent. The rent must be paid weekly, in advance. A tenant desiring to make a complaint must state it in writing to the house committee; and——here we come to a halt, for we almost break down when we read, "Dogs, cats, or other pet animals, are not allowed to be kept in the house." This is heart-breaking! Still, what would become of the establishment if over a hundred cats and dogs mewed, barked, fought, and patrolled at their own sweet will? It would be worse than the hundred sackbuts, dulcimers, etc., which are also interdicted. The individual is merged in the multitude, and in these days of liberty to make all sorts of noises it is delightfully restful to enter Sloane Gardens House, and to be quite sure you will not be pursued by the fashionable violinist.

A glance into the reading-room endorses this opinion. Here perfect silence is enforced, and proof given that women can hold their tongues on occasion. It is nearly full of ladies, who are reading, or writing, or possibly engaged in composition, undisturbed by extraneous influences. Thus, the inmates of the house have the advantage of the public rooms over and above their private sitting-rooms.

In most of the latter the time-honoured kettle on the hearth speaks pleasantly of afternoon tea, which can be imbibed at will, either in the general tea-room or "at home." Friends can be entertained, so to say, in dining or drawing-room, and no lady need appear in public if she prefer her "cup of tea" alone or with guests in her own apartment. It would seem that the liberty of the subject has been well considered. But if she cannot boil her own kettle and prepare her own tea, she must pay for extra attendance.

For rules and regulations, anyone needing further information should apply to the Lady Superintendent, since it is impossible to supply all details in a paper such as this.

It seems to us that the Ladies' Dwellings Company have succeeded thus far in carrying out the objects they had in view when they published their first prospectus. They were briefly stated in the following terms: "To supply suitable house accommodation, at reasonable rents, to ladies of small incomes, where, while retaining their entire independence, they may live better and with greater economy than in lodging-houses of the ordinary type; and to provide good food, regular meals, and suitable attendance at the lowest remunerative prices."

Similar mansions will be built elsewhere when this philanthropic Company see their way to make further ventures; but they are too wise to run the risk of failure. Hampstead has been already suggested, and, if circumstances prove propitious, may be the next site of a Ladies' Residential Club. We wish "peace and goodwill" to all concerned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Working Girl.—1. Certainly we can still recommend *The Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus, but we are not sure whether or not it be too advanced for you. The price is 4s. 6d.—2. Respecting back numbers and plates of this magazine, you must make all enquiries and give all orders at the Publishing Office, and direct to the manager of that department, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A New Subscriber.—If not really strong in health you are not eligible for admission as a nurse in any hospital, and in any case you are still too young to get into even a children's hospital. Your having passed your exams. given by the St. John's Ambulance Classes is a good step in advance; and whether as a child's nurse, or one in a hospital, you would do well to get the little manual by one of our writers, *Sick Nursing at Home* (1s. 3d. bound —Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.).

Florie W.—We very strongly recommend you to give up the idea of being trained for a profession so beset with temptations, and little conducive to a life of Christian usefulness and personal spirituality. "Lead us not into temptation!"

Caution.—The age at which lady pupils and ordinary nurses are received at the various hospitals and training homes, and the terms on which they enter, differ in each case, and are not uniformly the same in the several institutions. In children's hospitals they receive pupils as early as twenty-one years of age. There are at least seventeen hospitals, infirmaries, and institutions in London where the intending nurse can be trained, as well as many in the provinces. "Caution" appears to us to be of a fault-finding disposition. She will have to get the better of this, and of a tendency to uppishness, before she enters any institution of this description.

ART.

L. W. D.—"Poker work" is another name for burnt-wood engraving, an article upon which has appeared in this magazine. The instrument employed is a platinum pencil, the point of which is kept red-hot by means of air passed over spirits. The apparatus is quite simple, and costs 14s. 9d. "Poker work" is executed upon wood; the outlines of the design are burnt into the wood with broad, full strokes, and the shading effected by firm "cross-hatched" lines. But little knowledge of drawing is required; and it is not necessary to take any lessons to acquire the art. It may be applied to door and cabinet panels, picture frames, bellows, stools, boxes, etc., and these are to be purchased ready for burning at any artist colourman's, or even at large linendraper's shops.

O. B.—For water-colour painting on glass, mix the paints with pure water, and fix your outlines by means of a thin layer of French varnish, diluted with spirits of wine.

Exile.—The climate has much to do with the cracking of your pictures. The oil in the paints dries up in hot countries. Mix Robertson's medium with your colours while working, and try to avoid painting when a dry, hot wind is blowing. Lechertier & Barbe's paint is the most to be relied upon.

MUSIC.

Jenny.—The standard works of certain composers, such as cantatas, marches, and sonatas, are styled classical, such as those of Beethoven, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Rossini, etc., who were universally acknowledged as having produced works of the highest class, and who are regarded as authorities in the art and science of music.

Mousey.—It takes years of patient mechanical labour and careful practice in order to play either the violin or piano well enough to give pleasure to persons of musical taste and culture; but in a few months' time "Mousey" may have learnt sufficiently well to amuse herself, and to have ceased to scrape the strings after the manner of beginners, so as to trouble the nerves of musical auditors.

Scotchie should read a page of music every day until the difficulty of reading be overcome. We know of no other plan.

M. D. F.—We believe that many teachers adopt the method which you describe, and if not specially trying to your nerves and head it is a matter of wisdom not to interfere with it. But in reference to this "if," you must decide for yourself.

Ignoramus.—Playing the guitar would be more quickly acquired than to play the piano by means of self-tuition. The instrument is a difficult one for the execution of pieces, but easy as an accompaniment for the voice. Cheerful as well as plaintive music can be obtained for it, but comparatively little has been arranged for it.

Marie Agnes.—The dot placed after the "A" in the treble is probably a misprint, as it prevents the bar from being played in triple time. So of course you failed in discovering a solution of your difficulty.

WORK.

Interested Reader.—1. We thank you much for the directions you give for a knitted bordering for trimming underlinen:—Cast on eight stitches. First row—Slip and knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make two, knit two together, knit one. Second row—Knit three, purl one, knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one. Third row—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit two, make two, knit two together, knit one. Fourth row—Knit three, purl one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one. Fifth row—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, make two, knit two together, knit one. Sixth row—Knit three, purl one, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one. Seventh row—Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit seven. Eighth row—Cast off three stitches, knit four, make one, knit two together, knit one.—2. The only cure we know for ingrowing nails on the feet is to cut the nails down in the centre and scrape from the quick (at the root of the nail) upwards to the dip in the centre with a fine penknife or scrap of glass so as to make the nail thinner there than at the sides. This will have the effect of making the sides bend upwards, instead of tucking-in downwards into the flesh. Be very careful not to scrape it so thin as to make the nail crack down the centre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A "G. O. P." Admirer.—You should have discovered the state of your feelings at least two years ago. Why did you not accept the man's proposal conditionally? If you felt a growing dislike to him it would be your duty to let him know, even after a three years' engagement, that the choice of holding you to your promise, and all the responsibility, should be left to him. But if it be a less grievous case, and you really like and respect him, it seems too late now to measure the amount of your romance and affection, and to break your plighted word. Consult your mother.

Chérie and Elaine.—The great Queen of ancient Egypt, Cleopatra, was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, and reigned twenty-four years. She was born B.C. 60, and destroyed herself that she might not fall into the conqueror's hands (Augustus Cæsar), B.C. 30. At her death Egypt became a Roman province. The two obelisks, improperly called "Cleopatra's Needles," were erected by Thothmes III. at Heliopolis, about 1600 years before Christ. One of these was removed to Alexandria by Augustus Cæsar about 23 B.C., and lay embedded in the sand by the sea-shore until brought to England, where it arrived January 27th, 1878. It was acquired for Great Britain by Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1801, but not removed; offered again by Mehemet Ali, and again by the Khedive, in March, 1877.

A Girl who is not Conceited.—We are glad you are deficient in a very unlovely characteristic; but after all, perhaps it would be a sign of lunacy if you were! Your handwriting is fairly good, but your spelling is bad, and offers no reason for "conceit." Lord Byron wrote the stanzas on "the Bridge of Sighs," Venice.

Forget-me-not.—Leaving off sugar and sweet things entirely, and reducing your quantity of tea, may do you good. Read also the articles by "Medicus" in our paper.

Surly Bob had better lay the state of the case before the person who wishes to marry her. If he be satisfied that will be the best answer to her query. At the same time she must consider whether she will like to add to her responsibilities, or regards herself as a suitable person to pass her life in "single blessedness." The best foundation for marriage to rest upon is respect and mutual esteem in high moral character and worth.

Julia Greenhorn.—"Daffodils that come before the swallow dares"

is a line from Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act iv.

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes"

is a line from Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters*.

Patricia.—Valentine and Orson were the twin sons of Bellisant, sister of King Pipin, and wife of Alexander, Emperor of Constantinople. Orson was carried off by a bear, who suckled him with her cubs. He became the terror of France, and was called the "Wild man of the forest." He was ultimately conquered and reclaimed by Valentine, and overthrew the Green Knight, and married the daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine.

TWO SIMPLE ONES are simple indeed if they take anything—such as vinegar and quack medicines—to make them thin. If approved of by a doctor, a few Turkish baths might be taken; regular, moderate exercise, a limited amount of fluids, less of fatty things and butter, and sweet things likewise.—2. Why should you wear a false fringe of hair when you could cut your front hair a little shorter, and curl it the way usually worn? The less you call in the use of shams of any kind the better. But if you have lost hair and teeth, a wig and a false set are very desirable.

A CONSTANT READER should obtain all information, and of a thoroughly practical kind, from our monthly article, "Dress: in Season and in Reason." Skirts are now worn plain and scanty, and without bustle; the bodices have long basques, and these very often cut into tabs. The hats are smaller than they were. You should look into the windows of the best shops, to obtain an idea of the style.

TROT.—The first of our kings who used the rose as a badge was Edward I., and it was a "Rose Or." Henry IV. adopted the red rose, which became the badge of the House of Lancaster; and Edward IV. the white rose, which represented the House of York. Richard III. used the white; and, to signify the union of the two Houses, Henry VII. combined both, which badge was thenceforth known as the "Tudor Rose," and was employed by all the sovereigns successively until the death of Queen Anne. From this time personal badges fell into disuse, and the crowned rose, thistle, and shamrock took their permanent place in the royal achievement of Great Britain.

VERY ANXIOUS.—The legality of a marriage, either in a church by banns, or licence, or by registry, does not depend on the circumstance of the parties having been baptised, for thousands, alas! have neglected this sacred ordinance of Divine command; and multitudes are unbelievers.

INFLUENZA.—We strongly advise you to leave off novel-reading. It is very evidently having an evil influence on your mind. You seem to have idealised some man with whom you are but little acquainted, and who has never paid you any special attention. To "dream of him by day and by night," under such circumstances is positively sickening. We wonder your natural delicacy and self-respect do not restrain you from making such an exposure of your state of mind. Pray earnestly for grace to enable you to set about your daily work with earnestness, and a desire for God's glory in the example you set, and leave your future lot in this life to His direction and care. You may be utterly unsuited for marriage.

ROUND SHOULDERS and M. F. should apply to Madame Bergman Osterberg, Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., who trains teachers of gymnastics, and gives instruction as well—Finchley Road Station.

POLLIE.—It is quite pleasant to hear any girl express a wish to "get fat"! Most of "Our Girls" appear to admire the "scare-crow" type. People say, "Laugh and grow fat," and doubtless fretting and crying tend to produce the contrary condition. Do not over-tire yourself, and eat plenty of butter on your bread, and a good allowance of vegetables. If you become very thin, it is possible that you may need cod liver oil, taken in small doses.

"HEXAMETER."—The climate of Buenos Ayres is considered healthful, although hot. If going out there without a companion, you should get your friends to write to, or see, the captain of the ship, and place you under his care. Or else do so yourself. This is very generally done; and in this case (if a state-room first-class passenger) he will have a place reserved for you at his side at the dinner-table. Otherwise he would introduce you to some respectable people travelling second-class with you.

IVY, GERANIUM, and AMATEUR BOTANIST.—It is impossible to retain the full brilliancy of colour in dried flowers; but by the immediate use of botanical blotting-paper (changed daily) and great pressure, the colours will be fairly preserved. But they should be varnished, on removal from the press, with transparent bookbinders' white varnish. The flowers should be gathered when dry, and not over-blown.

ANXIOUS DAISY.—Ask your vicar to lend you suitable books for your Sunday class, and likewise a guide, to instruct you in a good method. You will thus educate yourself at the same time. Never refuse to do useful work when it is placed in your way, and with it the leisure, and take courage, not relying on your own strength and wisdom, but seeking both in prayer, pleading the merits and promises of Christ.

ENID.—1. A doctor has a right to charge for his professional work just as much as the "minister" himself. If he be pleased, as an offering to God, or through his own benevolence to a poor family, to decline his rightful remuneration, it is purely voluntary.—2. Certainly, "an increased irritability and falling-off of memory" may very reasonably to attributed to the fact of a man's having "drunk, for the last dozen years, a pint bottle of whiskey and two pints of beer daily, and sometimes more!" We hope you will soon be up again, and well.

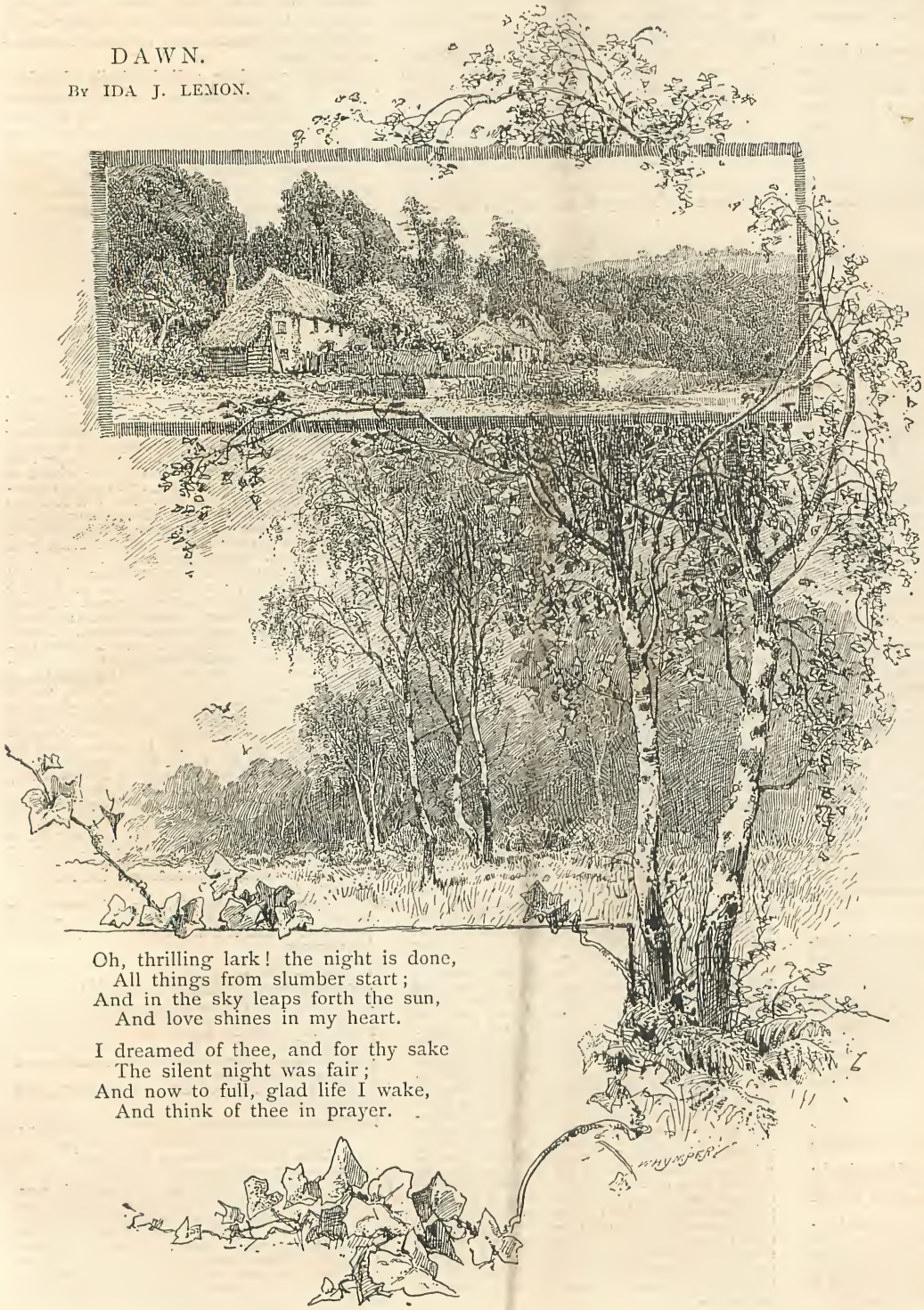
LALLA ROOKH.—Yes, oatmeal is wholesome, and is more nourishing than meat, of which a great deal too much is eaten. It strengthens both muscle and brain, but it is considered too heating for some people.

ÉTUDE should go to a hospital and show her head, and obtain treatment.

ANXIOUS C. M. should also consult a doctor. We are not quacks, and cannot prescribe for our readers' various complaints.

DAWN.

BY IDA J. LEMON.



Oh, thrilling lark! the night is done,
All things from slumber start;
And in the sky leaps forth the sun,
And love shines in my heart.

I dreamed of thee, and for thy sake
The silent night was fair;
And now to full, glad life I wake,
And think of thee in prayer.



VOL. XII.—No. 595.] MAY 23, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

I.—THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

IN our "Voyage for Health" we travelled together as far as Aden, and discussed on our way the various things to be done and people and places to be seen up to that point in the voyage. Here I left you to your own devices, to see the celebrated tanks, to buy ostrich feathers and the various little curiosities that our Arab friends brought on board. Long ere you have done these things the ship will have finished coaling, and all of us, in a state of dusty discomfort and heat, are longing to leave this

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UNDER THE AWNING.

same Aden and get away to sea; therefore let us clear the decks, and put on "full steam ahead!"

Having started off, the best thing we can do is to go down to our cabins and get a good wash; but before we do so it will be wise to put our deck-chairs in a position of security, as the sailors are going to wash the decks and clean the ship up generally; and should our deck-chairs be in the way, they will receive but little consideration at their hands, the result probably being that they are either dreadfully broken or mysteriously absent—for the sea is a good keeper of secrets!

By the time we are clean and comfortable we shall be prepared and fortified against possible rough weather in passing the celebrated Cape Guardafui, which we do at the end of two days from Aden. There is always a certain amount of the element of chance at this point as to what the weather will be, and it is well known to the sailors as a difficult piece of navigation, for high seas are common here, and, worse than that, mists. There is another headland close to Guardafui which may sometimes be mistaken for the Cape itself, and on one occasion a vessel went ashore through this error in navigation. When this occurred the reigning sovereign of this district and his Court paid a visit to the miserable passengers, and robbed them of a considerable portion of their possessions; promising to return in even greater numbers on the morrow, they then left, but fortunately by tremendous efforts the ship was got afloat, and steamed off out of harm's way.

It is always a comfort then, to see Guardafui well behind you, and to be clear away from its troubled waters: should you pass it at night-time your ship will burn a strong light to show up the coast, on which you will see numerous little fires lighted by the natives.

And now the whole ship settles down into a humdrum life, and the various ingenious spirits among the passengers begin to devise all sorts of amusements. One little excitement remains, and that is, "crossing the line," which we do in about the third or fourth day from Aden. In olden times King Neptune and his courtiers were wont to visit the ship on this occasion, and play all sorts of rough pranks on those unfortunate people who had not previously crossed the line. This practice has, however, fallen into disuse, and the event is celebrated in a more rational and pleasanter manner by the consumption of ices, cakes, and lemonade.

We are now in the southern hemisphere, and can see the Southern Cross, a disappointing and ill-shaped as well as misnamed constellation, though we do not yet lose sight of the dear old Pole Star. As we go along we may catch sight of the coast occasionally, and with the aid of glasses make out the rude wicker huts built by the natives, and see here and there a warship, probably Italian—for Italy has a great interest in this particular part of the globe. In a day or two we shall see one of the most interesting and wonderful sights in the world. Let us take our chairs and sit under the awnings. Bring your fans and your iced lemonade, and I will tell you something of this Paradise on earth.

Among the many possessions of our great country few are so little known or appreciated as the Seychelle Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and fewer have such claims for recognition by the naturalist, artist, or other lover of the beautiful. In number they are fifty, of which about twenty may be accounted inhabited. They are said to have been discovered by a Portuguese named Pedro Mascaregnas in the year 1505, but, as in many other instances of Portuguese exploration, the discovery was not apparently followed by any attempt at colonisation. The French seem to have turned them to some practical use later, and they were first called by them "Isles de la Bourdonnais," after a governor of Mauritius in the 17th century; in 1743 they received the present name of Seychelles, after an officer in the French Navy. They became our possessions, with Mauritius, in 1814, and they are a dependency of that island, and still retain French law although belonging to England, the Code Napoleon being in force.

The chief among these islands, and one of the most beautiful, is Mahé, and it is at this place that we shall stop. So little is known of its great beauties, that if you ask an Englishman of ordinary intelligence about it he will in all probability say, "Mahé? Let me see—Ah, yes, one of the coaling stations for our navy, is it not?" And yet so beautiful are these islands that some hold the belief — and among them that gallant soldier and gentleman, the late General Gordon—that one of them, probably the one called Praslin, was the Garden of Eden!

But we are even now approaching these beautiful islands. It is evening — Sunday evening — and they are singing an English hymn in the saloon. What a stillness in the air! The sun is setting—what a sunset! You have never seen its equal elsewhere, for in these tropical climes the expanse of the heavens looks greater and grander than the imagination can picture for her who has not seen it—one vast red dome, with here and there a light grey cloud edged with fiery gold, and there in the distance those "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," thrown up in strong relief by the setting sun; and, as the great ship glides along, the hymn comes forth to sanctify the stillness of the evening:—

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

And ere the hymn is finished it is night.

We go ashore, if possible, in the early morning, to avoid the great heat of midday, and if you are wise you will take white umbrellas with you, and wear your very lightest dresses.

The ship cannot go close into shore here as the water is very shallow at certain tides, and so she remains in the centre of the harbour or island-bound lake. Curious little boats come alongside, bringing with them all sorts of beautiful tropical fruits, and, having discharged their cargo, are ready, in consideration of a small sum, to take passengers to the island. So shallow is the water that now and then one feels the boat grate roughly against the bottom, and the sensation is not at all a pleasant one, as it seems to indicate the immediate dissolution of it; and sharks are uncomfortably plentiful just here. After a few minutes we set foot on shore, and set forth to explore the wonders of this little-known land.

At first one has to walk along a somewhat bare tract of ground, with here and there great boulders lying in the path. Sometimes, in making streets and roads, it is necessary to clear away these blocks, and the natives, instead of wasting energy in attempting to remove them *en masse*, resort to the ingenious expedient of lighting fires under, or rather round, them, and thus splitting them up by means of heat, when they can be easily carted away piecemeal. The most striking features of the island are its hilly nature and the verdure of its gigantic and luxuriant vegetation. The highest mountain is called Morne Seychelloise, and rises up in front of us to a height of close upon 3,000 feet, clothed from base to summit with the most luxuriant foliage. Having passed along an open piece of ground, we arrive at the town—if it may be called so—of Victoria; and I presume it is called "town" in virtue of the presence of the Government House, the post-office, and the banks. The streets are very striking, bordered and shaded as they are by the great leaves of the "Sang Dragon," which in many places curves over, and, meeting its fellow of the opposite side, forms a covered avenue through which the sunlight comes only in occasional rays. What a motley populace one sees! What a Babel of tongues one hears! Hindu, Mozambique, Chinaman, Frenchman, and Englishman are all present — white and coloured children coming from school with their books in tin boxes, to guard them, I suppose, from ants and scorpions. John Chinaman, that ubiquitous Celestial, is in full force, and is the proprietor of the finest shop in the place—a kind of general stores, where you can buy almost anything from Worcester Sauce to *Eau-de-Cologne;* and he, with his assistants, will, in response to your wants, produce the most out-of-the-way things in an instant, smiling always, never cross or flurried, always calm, collected, and polite.

There is an hotel, though you would not in all probability find it or recognise it as such unless taken to it by one who knows the place, and it rejoices in the name of Hôtel des Princes. In an upper chamber we can sit and be cool, and drink lemonade given to us by a majestic-looking coloured woman, who bears the appropriate *sobriquet* of "The Princess." It is difficult to get any cool drink here, and the lemonade is tepid. You will notice an absence of carpets in this house, and this is the case with all, or nearly all, houses here. They are built either of coral or wood, and are generally two stories in height, the upper one being the cooler, and being reserved for sleeping. The roof is formed of pieces of wood cut somewhat in a wedge shape, and called "bardoes," or shingles, or else of some of the enormous leaves which are so easily obtained. The floors are stained and polished in a particular way. The bark of the mangrove is steeped in water; this forms a dark-red dye, with which the floor is washed. The ever-useful cocoanut now comes into requisition, half the husk of a nut being the polisher. The natives place the husk flat side downwards, and then, by placing the foot on the convex surface, work it about on the floor, and thus give it a beautiful polish.

Our ship does not stay here for a sufficient time to enable us to see all that is to be seen, so we must content ourselves with walking about and gazing on the green-clad mountains from a distance, and wondering what we could find in those vast forests. Meanwhile let us have a chat about the various products of the island and its resources.

Mahé, which really seems to be the remains of an old mountain-chain of some long-lost continent, is about twenty miles in length, and is of very irregular shape: the only level ground is that along which we have walked in arriving at the town. The general temperature during the year is fairly high, and varies from about 75° to 90° Fahr. In certain seasons there are, of course, heavy rainfalls, and a tropical shower, such as one gets at Mahé, is so heavy and dense that it absolutely prevents one from seeing objects a few yards away, and leaves everything drenched. Although the ocean round about these islands is in the path of many cyclones, it is said that there is a singular immunity from such visitations in Mahé itself.

A great part of the heavy green foliage that one sees is due to the curious tree whose home is here and here only—the "Cocotier de Mer," or double cocoanut-palm, the leaves of which reach a length sometimes of eighteen feet. The curious feature of this tree is its fruit, two nuts being found in one husk. It is called the Cocoa de Mer because the fruit had been found floating about in the sea before it was known that it came from these islands; and, as no place on earth was known which produced

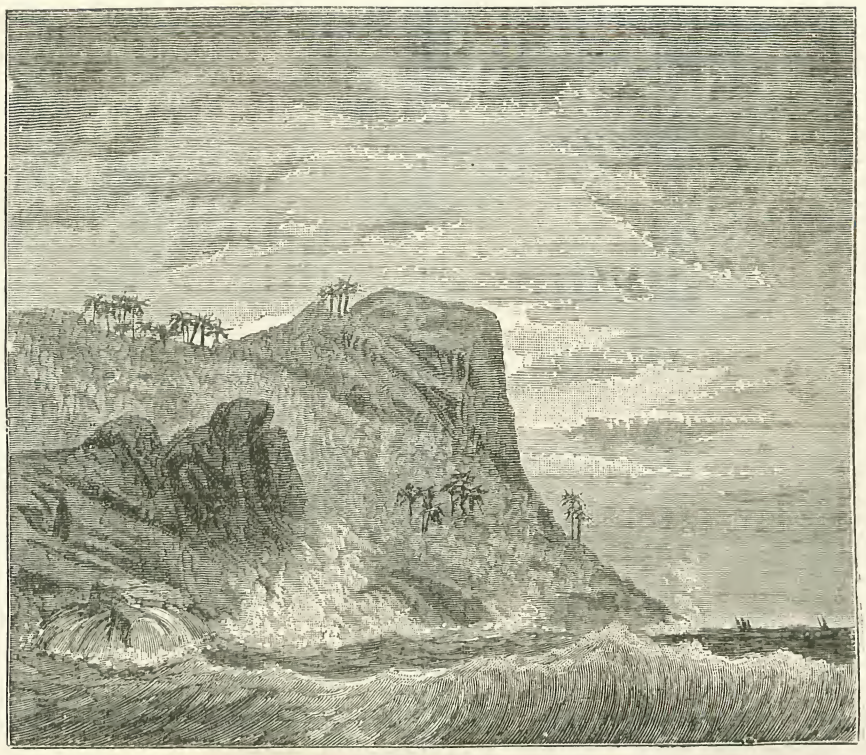
such fruit, it was concluded by the old sailors that it was a product of the sea. The growing of this double cocoanut is now one of the most important industries of the place, as the cocoanut is a very useful tree in many ways, not only the nut and its milk being valuable, but also the husk and fibre, and, most of all, the oil, which is obtained by the natives in a very primitive fashion in a kind of rough mortar made out of very hard wood.

Among the many products of the island are chocolate, vanilla, pepper, and various spices, cinnamon, and coffee. Sugar-canes also grow, but there is no sugar industry, the canes being sold for sucking as a sweetmeat. Bananas are here in abundance, as many as sixty varieties being found, and you will be sure to take some on board your ship for dessert during the voyage. They are taken on board in a green state, and allowed to ripen off the tree; but you should take the opportunity of tasting them in their fresh ripe state. Other fruits which you will find on board ship taken from these islands are pine-apples, of which two kinds grow here, the red and the golden. When young the pine-apples are of a light pink colour, and have purple flowers.

In passing over the hot sea to Australia, you will often have to thank Mahé for delicious lemonade made from the limes, which are a sort of small green lemon, very full of juice, and having a very distinctive flavour. The ordinary lemons are not so common, but there are plenty of oranges of various kinds, including a large orange of the same shape and flavour as the tangerine. Mangoes, tamarinds, and several kinds of custard-apples grow here, as also does the "Fruit de Cythére," a kind of fine plum. The cabbage-palm, which is found here, is utilised on board, the pith being made into a kind of salad named "Choux des Palmistes." The celebrated bread fruit of story-books also grows here, and is cut up and fried as a substitute for potatoes. Pomalos, a kind of orange-like fruit, are sometimes taken from Mahé, but they are not very fascinating in appearance or flavour, and the taste for custard-apples and mangoes is one requiring cultivation in the European.

As to shrubs and flowers, there are many that will delight and interest you. The begonia grows wild, as do some varieties of orchids and the scent shrubs, franjipanni and patchouli. The well-known drug-plant, ipecacuanha, grows wild, and from its berries ink is made. The pitcher-plant is also found. The familiar odours of franjipanni and patchouli may be obtained from the plants by rubbing the leaves in your hands.

Arrowroot also is found in a wild state, presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lily of the valley; so you see the vegetable world, at any rate, contributes generously to the wants of man. As to flesh food, they are not so well off here, as they cannot manage to keep sheep or bullocks; but ships calling supply them with meat, which, however, is always, I believe, of the toughest kind. At one end of the town you will notice a large pond, wherein are placed a number of turtles; these creatures are caught and placed in the pond to be kept until required, their flesh selling at the rate of sixpence a pound. The fish are fairly plentiful, but of that inferior kind which one generally finds in hot seas. One, the "pêche madame," is good, being not unlike a smelt.



APPROACHING THE SEYCHELLES.

Among the curious creatures of the island are the "walking-leaf," a kind of flat green insect, and the "Cantharis," with its bluish-green body and scarlet legs. Spiders abound, and Mahé has its "tarantula." There is one large spider who is quite a combative customer when disturbed, and who makes a lair by sewing leaves together; there is also a long-legged specimen which carries its nest with it. There are many green lizards in the island, and they are a blessing, as they eat up the insects. A creature with no less taste for insect life is the ichneumon, with eyes that can look all round him. Tortoises grow here to a tremendous size, the last great one that died weighing six hundredweight.

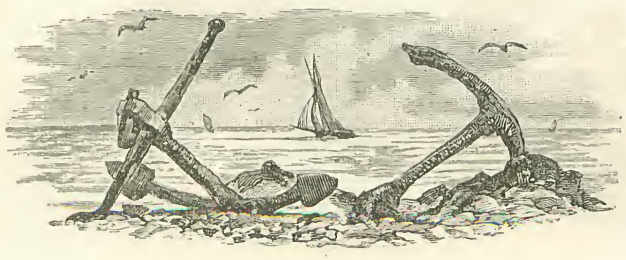
Looking at the whole island now that we have visited it, and are being rowed back to the ship, is there not a grand romance about it? There it lies in its perpetual summer, unconnected by telegraph with the rest of the world, no railways to disfigure its surface, the only advance of modern communication visible always being the post-office, which now boasts a set of stamps of its own, of very pretty design and having Her Majesty's image upon them.

Who can tell what secrets those mountains and forests hold—what histories of a departed race? Perhaps over the very spots you have visited our first progenitors walked in pristine innocence, all their wants supplied by the generous earth and temperate climate. And as you think of all these things a sigh of regret will escape you at the thought that you cannot lay away life's burdens, and come and live here and be at rest in its calm serenity.

But "time and tide wait for no man"—nor can we expect them to make the very slightest exception in our favour. So back we must go to the ship, and travel on to other countries—countries whose interest is in the future rather than the past—countries which have their histories and greatness to make.

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

(To be continued.)



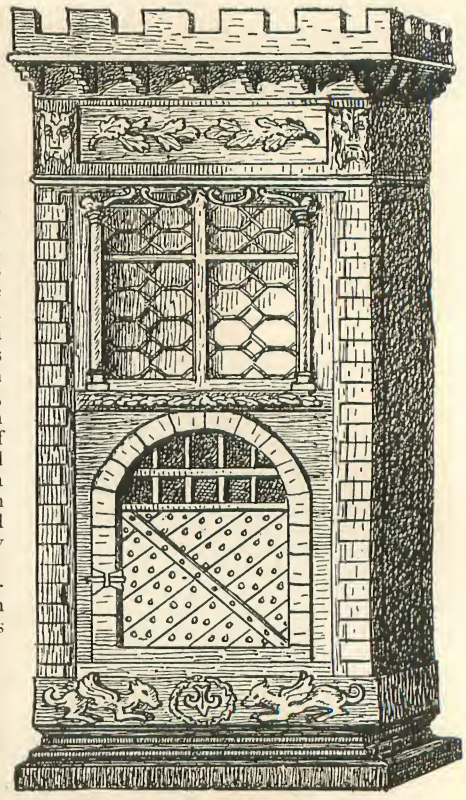
THE CARVED WOODWORK OF BRITTANY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

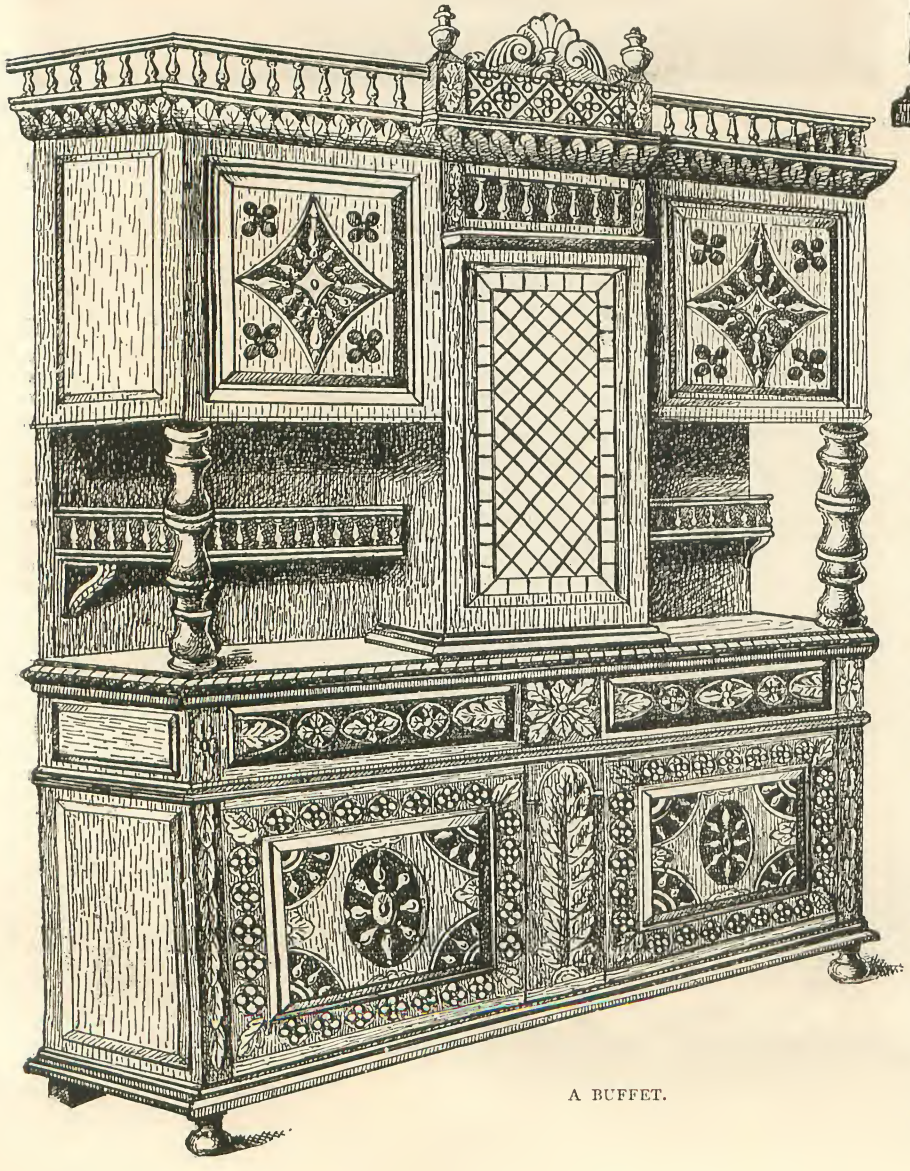
THE carved woodwork which is the speciality of the picturesque old Breton town of St. Malo and its suburb St. Servan, to which we have lately given much attention, is not as a rule of oak; a softer wood is used, occasionally pine, but most often sweet chestnut. The latter is very durable, as well as soft; it is easily stained with the colouring matter of other woods so as to represent oak of all shades, and is capable of taking a natural-looking polish when rubbed with beeswax, which completes the resemblance, so that a novice is almost invariably deceived, and goes away with the impression of its being really oak.

The buffet of which we give a sketch in Fig. 1 is modern in design and form, and almost black in colour; it is a combination of "flat" and "fret" wood-carving: the little "galleries" of pillars and the decorative panels of the cupboard doors are "fretted," whilst all the borders and the fronts of the doors are "flat," though first taking form as "fret"—that is, instead of the design being carved from the solid wood, it is, in most cases, cut out of thin board with a fret saw, glued on to a flat surface, and then worked up with a chisel. We do not mean to assert that this simple manner of producing a design in relief is always resorted to. A skilled and cultivated artist in wood-work would not as a rule condescend to such an illegitimate method of obtaining an effect; but Breton wood-carvers are seldom anything better than skilful craftsmen, who turn out reproductions of the same design in great quantities, from which the article of furniture is, so to speak, built up, under the superintendence of an intelligent master spirit. In that portion of the design formed by little pillars the ground is cut away to its entire depth, which gives an effect of lightness to the finished work which would probably be lacking if so large and cumbrous an article were decorated entirely with flat carving.

Breton carved work is comparatively inexpensive, and it is owing to this fact, as much as to its intrinsic merit, that it has made its mark, and won a certain reputation for itself in England. This is proved by the fact that much of it has been already brought over by private individuals, and that the quantity thus imported is steadily on the increase.



CABINET.



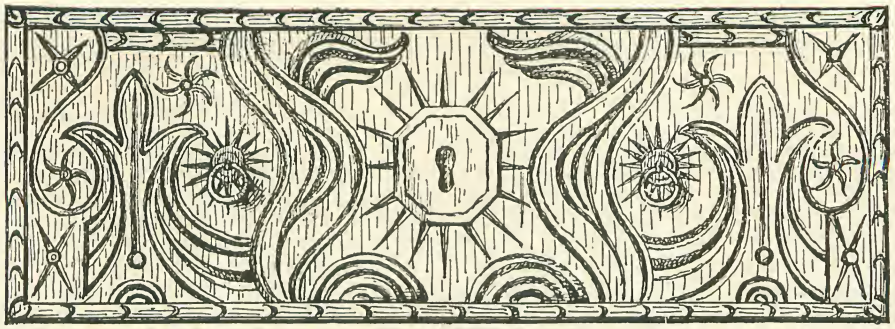
A BUFFET.

We have seen truly magnificent bedsteads in the St. Servan warehouses, carved in the pure Gothic style which was the glory of the Middle Ages, and even the closest scrutiny did not reveal to us that these were not carved in relief: indeed, we are very much mistaken if they are not so carved.

The cupboard or cabinet (Fig. 2) is Mediæval in design, though modern in workmanship; the quaint decoration is very simple, but the wood used is really old; and the whole thing is so solid and durable that it is almost as expensive as the more elaborate and much larger modern buffet. It is all "flat" carving, and like the buffet, has lattice window-like doors of thick greenish glass.

Fig. 3 is sketched from a drawer belonging to a very old chest, seen by the writer in a private house: which period it belongs to, or if exclusively to any period, it is scarcely possible to tell. It is evidently of ancient construction, and the wood is itself so old as to be partly destroyed by dry rot, but such of the surface as is intact is so dark and glossy that it cannot be distinguished from true British oak. The design is very rough and uneven, as if carved without any previous drawing. It is neither in relief nor fretted, but is deeply grooved or scored in the wood, in much the same manner as a schoolboy would carve his name on a bench or tree; and the effect is not unlike that of the "hot poker" work now so much in vogue, only that it is more deeply scored.

In many of the peasants' cottages in Brittany one may come across wood-boxes, wardrobes, clock-cases, etc., carved in this manner, and the articles thus decorated appear to be so little valued by the owners that they gladly sell them for trifling sums. But on the other hand, in the better class houses there are carved panels and bedsteads of



A DRAWER BELONGING TO AN OLD CHEST.

the Gothic period which are handed down from father to son through many generations as precious heirlooms. Some of the box beds or sleeping-places opening with sliding panels in the wall are also beautifully and curiously carved. We have seen some of them so high up in the wall that it is necessary to use a step-ladder in order to get into them. Where the wood-carving is really appreciated by its owner it is sure to be kept glossy by constant rubbing with beeswax.

Figs. 4 and 5 are scraps sketched from the carvings of the Renaissance school, which is perhaps the most unsatisfactory of all, because so lacking in unity and meaning. Strange to say, the best specimens of it that we could find were more expensive than either of the more sober and dignified Mediæval and modern styles, possibly from being more intricate, and in part requiring more delicate manipulation. There is greater scope for fancy and ingenuity in thus stringing together with ribbons, masks, vases, birds, animals, and musical instruments, and there is a light and symmetrical effect about it which doubtless commends it to French taste. The carving is executed from carefully-drawn designs, which appear to us to be a heterogeneous jumble of all manner of articles, and when looked into betray their weakness by their utter want of *motif*.

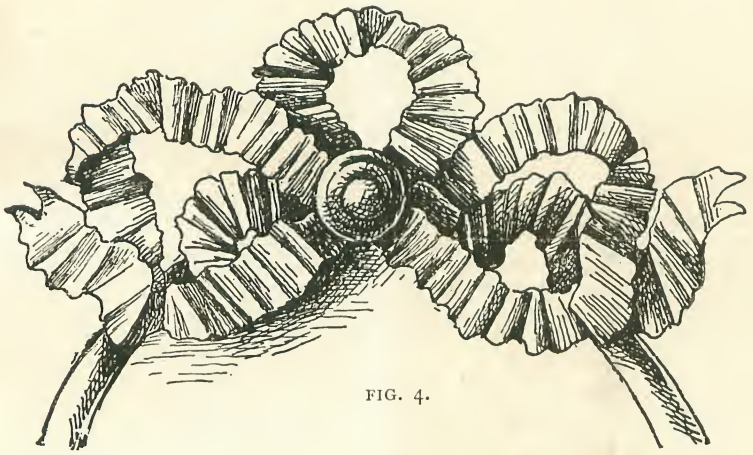


FIG. 4.

It is very difficult to give an idea of carved work in black and white, because all the delicate and refined touches of the chisel—which is the soul of the art—must be left out, and the technical work is so impossible to describe; we have therefore confined ourselves to an endeavour merely to indicate the leading styles of this particular branch of the craft, which seems to have made for itself such an interesting centre in these small Breton towns.

It seems necessary to add, that almost all the articles are finished with very quaint and ornamental metal work, in the way of hinges, handles, and locks; there are often very elaborate finger plates about the key-holes, which greatly add to the beauty of buffets, wardrobes, and cupboards. These are sometimes of brass, but most frequently of unpolished steel.



FIG. 5.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XI.

ALCIBIADE did not trust himself to speak as he conducted Valentine home. She was thankful for it, for the choking contraction of her throat was such that she could not have answered him.

Poor old M. de Lemprière was seated huddled up over the stove trying to warm his trembling hands; he was completely unnerved. He sprang up when they came in. "Is it all right?" he exclaimed. "You have made all secure? You remembered your promise?"

"Yes, I remembered it," answered Alcibiade. "I have fulfilled it. I have had your name erased from the proscribed list. I have done more. I have procured a signed protection from Robespierre for you; and now you have had your turn, I claim mine. Be seated, Citoyenne," he went on, as he saw her shrink and shiver at his words. "Prisons are ugly sights. I am not astonished that you tremble. But we will banish such gloomy thoughts, my fair friend, and discuss a pleasanter subject. This evening your *corbeille* will arrive—diamonds and *cachemires*."

"And lives of men," said Valentine, fixing her eyes on his face.

"Agreed," he answered, rubbing his hands together. "And now as for the day—to-morrow will not do, but Thursday. Shall we say Thursday?"

"Impossible," cried Valentine. "I must have time; you cannot mean it?"

"You can have time," said Alcibiade, speaking slowly; "but remember that the time you spend in hesitation is spent by de Riancourt in all the horrors of a living tomb."

"But, oh, your promise!"

"My promise? Why, Citoyenne"—and his voice grew loud and rough—"do you expect to gain everything and to give nothing? My promise is binding

enough; within the hour that makes you my bride the prisoner shall be free."

"Ah!"

"Then will Thursday be the day?"

"Let me think—give me one hour—one hour only. I am bewildered, I am wild. Oh, you are very powerful—grant me one hour!"

"It shall be as you wish. This emotion is perhaps natural. To continue. I have provided for all your scruples—I have found you a priest."

Her lips mechanically murmured thanks as she drew her cloak round her, and hurried from the room.

Alcibiade turned to de Lemprière. He looked so stupefied, crouched there with loosely-clasped hands and vacant eyes, that the unscrupulous fellow felt that it was useless to address him; he shrugged his shoulders fiercely, and with an angry exclamation went out.

At the door he turned round, shook his fist at the weak old man, shouting, "In an hour's time, remember!" and vanished.

Meanwhile Valentine was pacing to and fro in her room backwards and forwards, now wringing her hands together, now raising them high in a wild appeal to Heaven to help her, to give her strength.

What was she to do? To save Adrien she had brought herself to this frightful sacrifice. To save his dear life, she would give her own. And it was not Adrien! Was she called upon to do it now? For the sake of a stranger, one who—however much she might reverence him—had no place in her heart. Could she resign herself to this hideous fate not for Adrien, but for Ange? Oh, for some councillor! Oh, for help! for someone to point out the path of duty. Her heart rose up in wild rebellion against her doom; a voice seemed to be urging her that she was pledged irrevocably to Adrien, that except to save him, except for his own sake, she must add to her troth-plight her vow to be true to him till death.

And Ange must die. Ange must suffer the horrible death from which she *could save him*, this death that would doubly secure his brother's safety, for Paris would ring with the name of Adrien de Riancourt, the last victim of the guillotine.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she cried. Valentine threw open the window. It was growing dark; the faint stars were coming softly out in the sombre sky. The window looked out on a forest of roofs and chimneys; the eye was bounded on every side; to seek space and beauty it was forced to gaze upward.

Under that calm grey sky the great city lay tossed and torn with wild wickedness and evil passions.

Valentine stretched out her arms to the sky, and her voice was like a wailing cry.

"Oh, is it wrong so to crave for peace? I will give up my will. I will save his life! But oh, let me die! Grant me the boon I ask in agony! Oh, send me death!"

But the very intensity of pain is proof of strong vitality. Death is too kind a mother to heed her fretful children's prayer. In God's good time.

CHAPTER XII.

All the morning the coasts of Quimperton were veiled in the dense white mists of Brittany. The thick clouds of vapour swept over the sea, growing denser and denser, and filling the air with cold, clammy freshness. Towards evening the fog lifted, the sun pierced through, dispersing it with its radiance, the mists rolled away, resting in soft feathery masses on the sides of the cliff, and the sea danced again in light.

Mère Finette stood at the door of Rougemont, looking out; her face had altered greatly during the last few weeks; the eyes were sunken and reddened by the secret weeping in which her cruel anxiety relieved itself, when she could steal an hour alone.

No news of Ange had reached her since the harsh assurance of Joseph that her grandson was safely lodged in the Conciergerie; she felt as if no more news of him could ever be expected now. Her terror was not only for Ange. In spite of Joseph's acting, she, being a shrewd woman, believed that he was not deceived, that he knew the truth, and the suspicion kept her in terrible suspense.

Mère Finette made the most of Adrien's illness. Long after he was well enough to sit up and walk about the room she kept up the talk of smallpox and his eminent danger.

Joseph was so anxious to avoid arousing the suspicions of his neighbours that it was impossible for him to keep the close watch upon Rougemont that he would have desired. Day after day he satisfied himself by questioning Mère Finette that the supposed Ange was still confined to his bed. His plan was to keep silence until news came from Paris that Adrien de Riancourt had met his fate. Then he would betray his knowledge, and claim the reward on which his whole heart was set.

Meanwhile, in secret Adrien's strength returned, and his nerves recovered their tone, and he was himself again.

"Where is Ange?" he asked repeatedly of his grandmother. "Where can Ange be?"

At last she could evade his questions no longer.

The fog had cleared away, and Mère Finette stood in the white light. Down the road, still in the far distance, old Laurent was plodding home. He looked bowed and very old; his long snow-white hair hung on his shoulders.

"Mère Finette!" She started. Adrien was standing behind her in Ange's clothes, looking so like him, so very like him, that the poor woman threw up her arms with a cry of anguish that would no longer be controlled.

"Oh, Ange! my boy—my boy!"

"Where is he?" exclaimed Adrien, every trace of colour receding from his fair face. "Indeed, there must be no further concealment. I am quite well now. I must know!"

"Why should you not rest content?" she cried. "Surely you must see that you cannot both be here!"

A look of relief came over Adrien's face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I was dull. Of course he is in concealment. I can change places now with him. Is he in the cave?—or where? Dear mother, I can never repay him all he has done for me; but it must not go on too long. I am quite well; we will change places at once."

"He—he is not here," faltered Mère Finette, for she saw, by something in Adrien's manner, that he would endure no further concealment.

"Mother, you must tell me the truth." He held both her arms as if in a vice, the terrible misgiving growing and growing in his breast. "Is he taken?"

"Ah, Heaven help me! Let me not lose both!" she cried.

He relaxed his grasp.

"I understand," he said, breathing fast. "Mother, I have a right to know the truth, and I demand it from you. Where have they taken Ange? Not—not——"

The thought that it might be too late choked him.

Mère Finette wrung her hands.

"I will tell you all that I know myself," she cried. "It was Joseph who betrayed him; he brought Triponnet and his men upon us. But, my child, though they were deceived, I could see that he, the traitor, the scoundrel, was not deceived himself; he is only waiting his time. He believes you to be still very ill with smallpox, and——"

"But where have they taken Ange?"

"To Paris. I heard that—at least he is—that is, he was—in prison."

"Then there is not a moment to lose. Mère Finette, tell me, is there a horse to be had for love or money?"

"There is our Bichette."

"Slow, but a strong beast—she can take me some stages at least on the journey. Now as to money!"

"Your purse was in your pocket, Monseigneur. I have not opened it."

"Good; there is gold in it. You must let me keep Ange's clothes, mother, for I must start to-night."

Mère Finette looked at him with dumb anguish; she saw in his face that contradiction was impossible—she must obey.

At the moment old Laurent came in. The poor woman went up to him and took his hand, a feeling as if he only were left to her making her clasp it passionately to her heart. She tried to speak, but the words were choked in a little strangled cry—

"Both! both!"

"Is there then news at last? Is it over?" said Laurent hoarsely, looking up into Adrien's face.

"No, no," he answered, cheerily. "But Mère Finette is anxious. It is natural, for I may not get to Paris in time after all. But I will do my best, and, by God's help, I will save my brother and send Ange back to you."

"You will need papers," said Laurent.

He was a man of few words; his heart was full, but he could only speak of details. Adrien was thankful that it was so.

"That is true," he said, briskly. "What can we do? To ask for papers for the supposed Ange would excite suspicion."

"I can manage," said the old man. "Before the arrival of yourself and Monseigneur your father, we had thought that it might be necessary to send Ange to Paris, and I procured papers for him then. They were not used, so I have them still."

"Thank God!" cried Adrien. "Then I can start to-night. There is not an hour to lose. Mother dear, it cannot be helped. I must be gone before Joseph finds out that I am well again. Bichette can carry me some leagues to-night."

"Monseigneur will require food and wine, so think of that, wife, and make your preparations; he will start as soon as it is dark."

The poor woman rose and went heavily about her work, while the two men talked together low and anxiously over their plans.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

It is a common mistake to attribute to national types of character much which is really attributable to national systems of training. We observe and admire certain traits in certain races, and ticket them at once as national peculiarities, quite alien to any other race, thus setting aside many a pleasant feature by which our own character might be modified or improved. Of course this in no way means that the real basis of character can be remodelled by outward influences, but shades and tints of temperament may be grafted with advantage.

Only the most conservative of Britons can deny that the British temperament, grave, solid, "taking even its pleasures sadly," would be all the better for the engraftment of a little French brightness, self-abandon, and transparency. You say those qualities are essentially French, belong to the soil, and are foreign to our nature; yet they must be regarded as the fruits of French training rather than as types of national character.

We *teach* suppression of feeling and emotion, even regarding it as the essence of good breeding to be able to control all outward evidence of love, hatred, joy, and sorrow. The French mother, upon whom almost all training of children devolves, teaches her little ones that manifestation of feeling is natural; she rather encourages them never to conceal their impressions, striving to guide their impulses to a correct and graceful form of expression, instead of a suppression or control of them.

French children inherit impulsive natures; they are taught by example and precept to develop that nature; taught also that, if correctly expressed, and for worthy objects, it adds to their charms, and is a source of joy and pleasure to others. The reserve and dignity of the Teuton girl is almost unintelligible to the French mind.

It has been aptly remarked that "the French child-nature is all outside." No mask is ever worn; characteristics have not to be dug for; no study is required to learn either vices or virtues; they lie open to the eyes of the mother. How this simplifies the guidance and training of a child. They are seen exactly as they are, the good and bad in full distinctness.

The French mother's knowledge of her daughters is peculiarly intimate. They are not banished to nurseries, as the exigencies of English social life seem to necessitate. In France there are no nurseries; and though the children do not pay visits or go to parties with the mother, indoors their life is exactly alike, open to visitors, participating in the conversation, in constant contact with grown-up people. We cannot wonder that the daughter is often a copy of her mother; throughout France, in chateaux and cottages, in "hotels" and workmen's lodgings, the girl-children echo their mothers with more or less exactitude.

The Frenchwoman has this indisputable merit, devotion to her girls, and a desire to keep them pure. Travellers often fall into the mistake of believing Frenchwomen frivolous and careless as regards their daughters' steadiness and modesty. No greater mistake could be made, unless it were to take the evil mothers of our own great city as a fair sample of English matrons. The Second Empire undoubtedly brought into prominence and increased the number of "fast" women, who delighted in every form of rowdiness and extravagant dressing, and whose children, precocious, overdressed, as seen in the Tuileries gardens, maligned the healthy girlhood of France. Such women always were in the minority, and a reaction against them seriously set in some time ago, threatening the extinction of the type. The tendency of the great majority of French women is towards duty, faith, and goodness, distinguished by more demonstration than among other European women. The girls follow the same rule, and present, though preserving individuality, their national predisposition towards simplicity and virtue.

One point upon which French home life puts on a character quite its own, not to be imitated, is the astonishing power some children exercise over their parents; even daughters become tyrants, before whose vigorous will mothers bow submissively. "Spoiling" has reached a development in France unknown anywhere else, descending sometimes to folly and imbecility. A whole company have been annoyed or inconvenienced rather than a child's whim or caprice should be thwarted, and important engagements broken because a child objected to her parents' absence. Such cases, however true, are exceptions: the reality is usually the other way, and French girls prove exceptionally docile. They live in such close intimacy with their parents that the tie between them becomes too strong to allow of disobedience or insubordination.

In some cases home training gives place to the convent school, which possesses advantages some parents are keenly alive to. The convent-bred girl learns more book knowledge, is better educated in literature and art, and acquires habits of obedience and discipline; but she is less prepared for the world than the home-bred girl who has picked up the faculty of conversation, ease of manners, and some experience of human nature. Of course this is a general, not absolute, rule, and much depends upon the girls' characters and temperaments.

French girls have always a great amount of religious feeling, and the convent life appeals to this side of their nature; but it does not suffer in the pure simple life of the home. The services of her church impress her deeply, and many a girl dates the formation of her plans in life, the frank acceptance of her life's duties and pains, from her "first communion," an epoch marking time in all impressionable French lives. Many an old woman talks of it as "le grand jour de ma vie," and goes over it with her grandchildren as touchingly as if it were but yesterday, the emotional and picturesque side of the ceremony not blinding her to the religious side.

Frenchwomen, as a rule, are sensational, but not sentimental. They have none of the indolence and unfitness for the practical things of life which sentimentalism engenders. Excitable, imaginative, they certainly are, but also good-tempered, active, and laborious. Their defects are rather in want of order, an almost contemptuous dislike to any new experience or methods diverging from those of their mothers, a need for amusement, or rather for distraction. The children partake of the same faults, or have the faults in an infantile way. They throw about and are careless with their toys, leave the clothes about, forget to close doors, love to rise late, and are difficult to train in methodical expenditure of time. Among the poorer classes these faults are not so evident. Poverty is a hard school, and teaches many virtues.

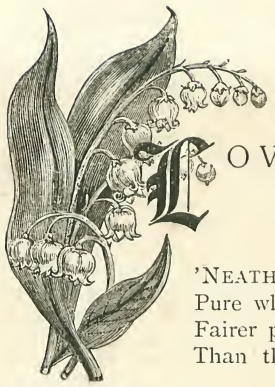
Of their mothers French girls learn one thing—to dress well: that is, to make the best of what they have and are; but it is a mistake to think that all Frenchwomen dress well. The highest type of dressing is to be found in France, and we are apt to think good dressing a national characteristic; but in the French Departments there are to be found as many ordinary-dressed people as in any other country. In this point, as in so many others, mothers transmit, by example, precept, and hereditary right, the art of assimilating what is correct, simple, and good in dress. They are keenly alive to the degree in which a woman augments her charm and influence by a well-calculated use of carefully-selected ornament.

Yet with all these qualifications, which we think might be so beneficially grafted upon the sterner British character, the French girl still fails to reach the standard of intelligence and sterling qualities we find in the Teuton girlhood. A writer who has thoroughly studied French life and character, tells us:—"The average result of girl-making in France is to produce a somewhat ignorant, very prejudiced, charming young woman, susceptible of strong emotion and strong love, curious to see for herself what life is, eager to please and to win admiration and affection, but controlled, in nine cases out of ten, by deeply-rooted religious faith and a profound conviction of duty." If the function of woman is to create joy and pleasantness, to adorn life, and to transmit that function to her daughters, then the French system of training girls would be the wisest and best; but a woman has nobler tasks than that. She has among them to train sons, and fit them to fill their place in the world, and for this task the system of French training is wholly inadequate.

ISABEL S. ROBSON.



THIS MAID OF ARCADIE.



LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

By G. WEATHERLY.

'NEATH a wide-spread oak she stands,
Pure white roses in her hands;
Fairer picture scarce could be
Than this maid of Arcadie.

What her thoughts? Ah, who can tell!
None, till Love has worked his spell;
And her eyes, as pure as stars,
Welcome his bright prison bars.

For, once in captivity,
Willing prisoner will she be,
Guided by the power of Love—
Mighty gift from Heaven above.

Yet her bonds will have no might
E'er to lead her from the right!
Rather they will make her strive
For the truth to work and live!

True, pure maiden, loving wife,
Tender mother, 'mid earth's strife,
Picture she to glad one's heart,
More than any painter's art!

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "After Shipwreck," "Sea Blossom," etc.

CHAPTER II.

GATHERING CLOUDS.

"So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all."

HELEN had waited until she was alone to read her brother's letter. She felt instinctively that there would be no good news in it, and she shrank from increasing in the least degree her mother's depression.

So the evening was spent in discussing the invitations that had been received that afternoon and in making plans for their acceptance. Fay's high spirits were contagious, and the little party broke up for the night in a much more cheerful mood than they had been in all the day.

Once in her own room, however, the gloomy thoughts that had been oppressing her lately returned to Helen in full force.

It was one of those soft balmy nights so frequent in early summer. All traces of the rain had disappeared, the sky was cloudless, and a brilliant moon was flooding the landscape in a haze of silver light. Through the open lattice was borne a delicious fragrance from the flowers in the garden below.

Helen threw herself down in the low chair by the window, through which the moonlight streamed, casting quaint, grotesque shadows about the room, and throwing into strong relief her slender white-draped figure against the dark background. The beauty of the evening seemed to have little power to soothe her, sensitive though she usually was to such influences; to-night she felt too sad to be moved by them.

"How foolish of me," she thought, "to dread Ted's letter so. I don't suppose things are really worse than when he last wrote; but it will be terrible," she murmured, "if we have to leave West Dene. Oh, oh! anything but that," she said in a broken voice. Slowly she opened the letter and began to read:

"My dearest Nell," it ran, "I am in no mood for writing cheerfully to-night, and had half a mind not to write at all. It seems too bad to trouble you with my grievances, and yet it does help to have someone to whom one can write about them.

"Life in the office is more dull and intolerable than ever. I am heartily sick of it. You will probably blame me for losing heart, but I think you will agree that courage is impossible under the circumstances. If I saw that the work I am doing was leading to anything worth having, I would throw my whole heart into it; but the fact is, my life is just being wasted here.

"I have laughed at myself often when recalling the day-dreams I had when I first entered the firm. I was to make a fortune in a year, I believe. Well, I have had bitter experience since then. I have learnt how hard it is for a man without influence to get on in the world, even in this radical age. There are men in the office I work in who have grown grey in the service of the firm, and many of them have no better positions than I; while to others—mere brainless boys—are given the most important posts, because, forsooth, they have rich fathers or uncles whom it would be impolitic to offend. Is it likely, then, that I, whose relatives fight shy of me because I am not ashamed to do honest work, can have any very brilliant prospect before me?

"I have given up all hope of saving West Dene. I have seen the lawyers again, but they can give me no help. Witherington was as cold as ice when I met him the other day—the way of the world, I suppose. He fawned enough as long as he thought there was anything to be got out of us.

"Uncle Beauchamp refuses help. He says as I have lowered myself already so much as to go into trade, he really cannot see any reason for my wishing to retain a place whose owners had always hitherto been gentlemen. I felt inclined to write and ask him whether he considered it more gentlemanly to live in debt than to work for an honest living; but I refrained. From our other relatives I can hope for nothing. I remember father used to say we were well off to have so few near relatives, but one feels now that one or two rich uncles would be useful if only they were generously inclined.

"I have written like this, dear Nell, because I wish you to see how small the chance is of saving West Dene. You must accustom mother to the thought of the change. It will be terribly hard for her. I think now she scarcely realises the state of affairs, and fancies some great piece of good luck will turn up to save us at the last moment; but you must tell her that is a very vain hope. To me the whole thing is like some hideous dream. To leave West Dene, that has been in the family for centuries, to lose sight of it, to think of others occupying it who have no interest in its associations, and ourselves, to whom every stone is dear, shut out, oh, the thought is unbearable! I feel as if all hope would go out of life when we bid the old home farewell. But it is wrong to speak so; we have still got each other, and this trial must serve to link us closer. I will try as you say, dear Nell, to think that all is ordered for the best. If I had your faith and sweet unselfish spirit, I

should bear trouble better than I do. Still, your very influence has made me better than I should otherwise have been.

"God bless you, my dearest Nell. I have not heart for more to-night.

"Your affectionate brother,

"EDWARD WARHAM."

Helen's tears were falling fast as she finished reading. 'Poor darling Ted," she murmured. "Oh, if only I could help him!"

She rose and went to the window. Outside it was as clear as daylight. Beneath stretched the flower-garden—a mass of brilliant blooms; beyond that, the lawn, bounded by woodland and shrubbery, sloped down to the river, which gleamed like a streak of silver in the distance, while a soft summer mist veiled the landscape beyond. It was a scene very familiar to Helen—one associated with her earliest childhood. Ever since she could remember she had given it her last look before sleeping and her first on rising in the morning. She tried to picture to herself different surroundings, and the life they would lead when West Dene was theirs no longer; but memory was stronger than imagination, and the thousand and one associations, called up by the different familiar objects around her, brought back only memories of the happy past.

She looked round the dim old room, with its dark panelled walls and lattice windows. In the moonlight, every object in it stood out in startling relief. Her thoughts flew back to the early days when it had served as nursery for Ted and herself. Little scenes she recalled of their childish games together; their little quarrels and differences, which, while they ruffled the surface, did not disturb the deep current of their love for each other. This had increased with each succeeding year.

Vividly, as if it had only happened the day before, she recalled Ted's going to school, his sorrow at parting with her, tempered by boylike excitement at the thought of the new life before him. She remembered her feeling of desolation; how she had crept up to the nursery, or schoolroom, as it was then called, and how the sight of the books and toys they had shared together only made her heart ache more than before; how her mother had found her sitting there lonely and miserable, and had comforted her with a gentleness and tenderness that she had seldom shown her before, which filled her childish heart with loving gratitude.

She recalled the thrill of joy she felt when, returning home shortly afterwards from a visit, her mother had brought her up to the old familiar room, transformed into a very bower of loveliness. Bright draperies relieved the gloom of the panelled walls, some favourite pictures were hung here and there; prettily-carved bookstands, arranged in different corners, held her most treasured books; and in her favourite spot, by the south window, stood the daintiest of writing tables, and the most comfortable of easy-chairs.

What pride she had taken in the room since then! How everything which added to its quaint beauty was welcomed; how she had loved to brighten the dark walls with flowers, varying the harmony of colouring from day to day. Somehow, the room seemed part of herself, associated with the happiest as well as the saddest time in her life, and she realised more fully than before what a blank would be left when it was no longer hers.

Then her thoughts wandered to Ted sitting, perhaps, even then, disheartened and sorrowful in his lonely London lodging. She thought of his brave-hearted struggle against misfortune, and a deep yearning came over her, to help him in some way. Her love for her brother was the strongest feeling in her nature. From their earliest years they had been devoted to each other, and this feeling had strengthened as they grew older. What plans she had built for his future! What day-dreams they had indulged in together of what his career was to be; and now it seemed as if all their hopes were crushed!

"Oh, if there were only something I could do for him," she murmured. "His life must not, it shall not, be wasted like this!" she exclaimed vehemently; then, throwing herself on her knees, she prayed fervently that a way might be shown her in which she could be of some help to her brother in his trouble, but that if it were not God's will to answer her prayer in the way she wished, he would yet give them both strength to do their duty in the life that was ordered for them.

She rose, feeling calmer and happier, went and leaned against the lattice window, and a wonderful feeling of peace stole over her heart as she stood drinking in the beauty of the scene. The soft night air playing on her brow seemed to bring with it a message of comfort, and happier thoughts filled her heart.

Lost in these, she did not notice a gentle tap on the door. It was opened noiselessly, and there stood Fay in a white dressing-gown, looking like a ghost in the moonlight. Helen gave a sudden start.

"I am so sorry to have frightened you, Nell, but really my patience wasn't equal to the task of standing outside your door in the cold until it should please your ladyship to bid me enter," she said, merrily, as she perched herself on the end of the sofa near Helen's chair. "What have you been about? Star-gazing, I suppose," she went on. "Well, the atmosphere is certainly favourable for it to-night. Nell, I do believe," she said, suddenly, "that you have been crying!"

In a moment she was at her cousin's side, the tone of light banter exchanged for one of tender, loving sympathy.

"Nell, darling, do tell me what is troubling you? Is it these invitations? You don't want to go to Redcourt? or what is it? How horridly selfish I am! I never thought about your feelings in the matter a bit."

"It isn't that," said Helen, in a choked voice; "we must leave West Dene, Fay; Ted says there is no hope of saving it. Uncle Beauchamp was our last chance, and he has failed us." She broke down, and hid her face in her hands.

Fay did not attempt to comfort her, but let her tears have their way.

"You may read Ted's letter, Fay dear," said Helen, drying her tears and striving to steady her voice.

"My poor Nell, I am so sorry!" Fay said, as she returned it.

Both sat silent for some minutes: then Fay, seeing her cousin was calmer, said suddenly—

"Nell, we must not give up all hope yet."

Helen shook her head. "I am afraid we must. You see what Ted says. Uncle Beauchamp is the only relative we have who is in a position to help us, and he won't do it. Our other relatives are very few in number, and they are all poor."

"Then we must bring pressure to bear on Uncle Beauchamp," said Fay. "What an old screw he must be!"

Helen smiled. "It is not so easy to do that as you think. From what I remember of him it is very unlikely that even you, my airy fairy Lilian, could influence him. Besides, the sum required is a large one, and, for all I know, he really may not be able to afford it; he may not be so rich as we think."

Fay meditated for some time. "How wretched it is that I have only three hundred pounds a year of my own," she said, at last; "and even that I can't do what I like with, so I'm afraid I am of no use. I know," she said, a bright thought striking her. "If we could get hold of anyone who has some influence with the head of Ted's firm, that might be a help."

"I don't think so, Fay dear. The sum of money wanted is large, and we have no security to offer for it. It is the sort of thing only a great and very generous friend or relative could do; and as Uncle Beauchamp has failed us, our last chance is gone."

"Well, Nell," said Fay, "I don't intend to despair about West Dene; I feel confident something will turn up. Besides, you should make allowance for Ted's low spirits. Of course he takes a gloomy view of things, and he knows he may grumble because he has such a sweet, unselfish sister, who doesn't mind how miserable she is herself as long as she can be a comfort to others."

"But just think, Fay, what a blow it will be to mother to leave this place," said Helen.

"But I feel sure we are not going to leave," said Fay, quickly. "I have a presentiment that all will yet come right; so don't croak, you dear old raven," she said, caressingly.

"Fay, I must apply the same principle to you as you do to Ted. If I am not to be led away by his gloomy views, I must certainly beware of being carried in the opposite direction by your hopeful ones. You are a regular optimist, and no more to be relied on for an unbiassed view in the matter than a thorough-going pessimist."

Fay laughed. "Perhaps I am," she said; "but I'd rather take bright views of life than gloomy ones, because, you see, misfortune and trouble come to you unasked; but happiness and pleasant things have generally to be looked for; and you know 'who seeks finds.'"

There was another long pause in the

conversation; both girls were thinking busily. Suddenly Fay looked up.

"Nell, where do you think we should go if we had to leave West Dene?"

"To some little country village, I suppose, where we could bury ourselves from the world," replied Helen. "Mother would never like London after living here; else London would be better, for then we might be near Ted, and I might find work that might possibly help us."

"But aunty lived in London a great deal when she was first married, I thought," said Fay.

"Yes; but I think she got tired of it, and since she has been delicate she has preferred living here."

"I always wonder," Fay went on, "how aunty, who loved gaiety so much, could give it up so suddenly, and be contented with such a very quiet life now."

"Poor little mother, I do not think there was really much choice in the matter! But there—we will not discuss that. Dear father always said having to give up town enjoyments and gaieties was a blessing in disguise. My mother's health improved so much during the latter years of his life; and Ted and I were stronger and happier for remaining here, and being more constantly under their eyes. You knew little of my father, Fay; he took such delight in training and educating us both."

"You have been more fortunate than I, Helen; I never had much training; that is perhaps why I am so wilful and pleasure-loving."

"You are a dear, bright companion to all of us. Doctor Gray told mother when you first came to us that you reminded him of a *wild pink* hedge-rose."

"Wild and full of thorns, eh, Nell?"

"No; fresh and rosy and free, Fay. But go away to your bed now, dear, or you will lose your beauty sleep, and come down to-morrow a white rose instead of a red."

(*To be continued.*)

AN OLD SCOTTISH HEROINE.

THE 27th of March, 1306, was notable in the royal town of Scone, for on that day Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, was crowned king of Scotland. A few weeks before he had met his rival, the Red Comyn, in the cathedral church of Dumfries; a quarrel arose between them, and Bruce slew the Comyn with his own hand. Then the Bruce had to choose one of two courses. He must either flee for his life, and remain a fugitive and an exile, or, by a bold stroke, he might seize the throne of Scotland, throw down the gauntlet to the English, and assert the independence of his country while securing his own safety. He chose the latter course; and so he rode with his band of followers to the little town in Perthshire overhanging the Tay, which had been the scene of so many coronations.

It was a ceremony strangely bereft of its usual pomp. The kingly seat, that treasured Stone of Destiny, had been carried off by the English king to his own far-distant capital; the crown was gone, there were no robes of state in which to array the new monarch, and no member of the Macduffs was there to place him on his throne. But necessity puts up with strange shifts. Two bishops were in the little train of followers, and the episcopal wardrobes furnished an impromptu coronation robe, while the monks of the old abbey produced a circlet of gold and a stone seat.

Two days later the ceremony was repeated; but the figure of the king was no longer that to which all eyes were turned. Now a young and noble lady stood among the little band of faithful friends, and she it was who led the king to the altar and placed him on the royal seat.

This lady was of the Macduffs, a daughter of that Earl of Fife who was one of the guardians of the little maid of Norway. He had been murdered eighteen years before, when he was only twenty-six years old, and so his little daughter, and his son, Duncan, were early orphans. The boy was a ward of the English king, and spent much of his time in the south. Perhaps his sister was with him sometimes, but it seems more likely that she grew up among her Scottish hills. Certain it is she was no lover of the English, she hated the rule of the invaders, and longed to see her country free.

Her husband, John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Constable of Scotland, was a vassal to the English king, and a cousin of that Red Comyn whom Bruce slew. For long he had looked with no kindly eye on the Bruce, but now he hated him with the fierce hatred of one who would avenge his kinsman's death. But the countess cared nothing for the claims of kinship if she might advance the liberty of her people; and when she heard the Bruce was crowned at Scone, her heart beat high. A Scottish king crowned and no Macduff to lead him to his royal seat! That should never be! Nay, if her recreant brother were so tame in spirit, or so neglectful of his sacred duties, she herself would do it. She would ride to Scone and place the king on his throne; if the men were laggards the women would lead, and no man should despise the Bruce because a Macduff failed in duty. For these Macduffs were one of the chief families in Scotland at that time, and had rights and privileges above other families. For centuries the king had been led to his coronation seat before the altar by the hand of a Macduff, and so great was the importance attached to this act, many deemed that without it the king were scarcely crowned.

And so the countess took her husband's war-horses and rode through the country with a band of followers to Scone, and recrowned the king with all the pomp her presence could add to the ceremony.

This is the first glimpse we have of this intrepid lady—a bright, proud figure, fired with enthusiasm and patriotism, who risked her life, her liberty, and even her good name, that she might do honour to her king.

The next and the last glimpse we have of her is some months later, and we can only surmise how the intervening time was spent. We know that she did not return to her husband or her English friends: indeed, had she done so, her welcome would have been a cold one. She probably threw in her lot with the wife and daughter of Bruce, and shared their trials and hardships.

Poor queen! she was not deceived about the perilous nature of the honour that had come to her. "You may be a summer king, but I suppose you will not be a winter king," she said to Bruce after his coronation; and so indeed it proved. The summer had hardly begun when Bruce was driven to the mountains, where he wandered about homeless, while the queen and her ladies took refuge in Aberdeen.

But these brave Scotchwomen loved not to live at ease while their husbands and brothers were in danger, so they soon rejoined the king at Breadalbane, determined to bear all hardships with him. But another defeat by the friends of the Comyn made matters still more desperate, and again they separated, the king to take refuge for the winter in a little island on the Irish coast, the queen and her party to Kildrummie Castle. Not feeling safe there, they soon fled further north, to the Abbey of St. Duthac, in Ross-shire.

But sanctuary had lost much of its sacredness in the eyes of the rough English soldiers, and of its violation little was thought when a queen was the prize; so the monastery was stormed, and its inmates seized. The wife and daughter of Bruce were sent prisoners to England, where they were treated with consideration and respect; but a far worse fate awaited the brave Countess of Buchan. She had shown an unusual independence and strength of will, and it is probable that her act in claiming and exercising the ancestral privilege of the Macduffs had done much to legitimise the claims of the Bruce in the eyes of the people.

The significance of that act may best be gauged by the punishment it received at the hands of the English king. It is said the Earl of Buchan, her husband, would have killed her, but Edward restrained him.

The countess was carried to Berwick-on-Tweed, and there imprisoned. But no ordinary dungeon was fit for so illustrious a prisoner; to the captivity of the body a mental torture must be added. And so the Chamberlain was commanded to construct, in one of the turrets of Berwick Castle, "a cage, strongly latticed with wood, cross-barred, and secured with iron, in which he shall place the Countess of Buchan, and that he take care that she be so well and safely guarded therein that in no sort she may issue therefrom."

And there, in sight of all who came through the castle court, she lived for four weary years, having speech with no one but the women and guards who attended her. Could she have looked over the land from her lofty cell, she might have seen Bruce return in the spring-time of the year and slowly win his way against his enemies; she might have seen her husband advance once and again to meet him, and retire discomfited and defeated, till he finally withdrew to England. And if she had looked on the other side, she would have seen her vindictive enemy, Edward I., slowly dying with his favourite project unfulfilled.

But she was not there to see the English leave the land, and to see the Bruce firmly seated on the throne, to which she had led him at such a heavy cost, for in 1311 she was taken from her cage and transferred to the monastery of St. Carmel, in Berwick; and as the doors close on her there, she is lost to our view, and we see her no more.

AGNES HANNAY.

THE THREE QUESTS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIGHT ON THE CROSS.



GRACE was not surprised to hear Maud had found her quest; it had been very evident to the lookers-on for some time that an attachment was springing up between Captain Williams and Maud; their romantic meeting in the first instance, and the fact that he had saved her life, had no doubt helped to bring about this result.

"Gracie, how I wish you could get better! It makes me feel I don't deserve my happiness when I see you, who are so much better than I am, failing; for you are not getting any better," said Maud sadly, the next day.

"Your quest was a much easier one than mine, Maud—it was sure to be successful. I must be patient. Do you know Dr. Williams thinks perhaps my back was hurt when we were upset? Don't let Tom know it, though, even if it turns out to be true."

"Oh, Grace, is he sure of it?"

"No, not at all sure, but he suspects it; so he wants me to see another doctor. There is a very clever surgeon at Padua, and I have promised to go to him before we leave."

"I am so sorry, Grace; I hope it is not true. When will you go to Padua?"

"In a day or two. Dr. Williams will arrange it all, and we can all go over for a night before Corpus Christi. We must not, of course, miss that," said Grace.

"No; but it is getting very hot here now. Still, we must stay for Corpus Christi; I am longing to see it. I wonder if Gentile Bellini's quaint pictures of processions and festivals give one any idea of it."

"A very good one, I expect. I don't suppose St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace are much altered since his day, and they are always the background of his pictures. We shall miss the gilding on the palaces, but I hope we sha'n't find all the gilt off the gingerbread, even if it is less picturesque in the nineteenth century than it was in the fifteenth," said Grace.

"The costumes of the people will, of course, be different, but the vestments of the priests will be just the same; so I am sure, if Sophy were here, she would feel she was carried back four hundred years."

"Yes, she would; but then Sophy has a very great imagination; she is easily transported to other times and other places," urged Grace.

"She told me once one of the tests of real poetry was, does it 'transport' one? does it give one a lift above this earth? Now, as she can easily transport herself, perhaps it will turn out she is a true poet, and can transport others. I do hope Sophy will win her quest even if it takes longer than three years," said Maud.

"I am afraid it will; fame often does not come till after this life is over. I am sorry for that reason Sophy has set her heart on it; but then her enthusiastic temperament could desire nothing in moderation."

"True; but then only enthusiasm can win fame. Here come Claude and Dr. Williams; I wonder what they have come so early for."

It turned out that Dr. Williams had come to say he thought the railway journey to Padua would be bad for Grace, so he had arranged with the Paduan doctor to come to Venice to see her there, an arrangement which gave general satisfaction, for it was now so hot that they only cared to go out in the morning and evening.

A few days later the Paduan doctor came to see Grace, and as Mrs. Graham spoke but little Italian, he communicated his opinion to Dr. Williams, who undertook to break the news (for it was not good news) to Grace. He came that same evening, after seeing the Paduan doctor off, for this purpose, and found Grace lying on a sofa in the verandah all alone; for Tom had left Venice, and Mrs. Graham was out with Maud and Captain Williams in a gondola.

Grace was expecting the doctor, and her first question was, "Well, what does he say of me?"

Dr. Williams, though very kind and gentle in manner, was somewhat abrupt of speech, and he answered quickly—"You will never be strong."

Grace's face fell, and she sighed as she answered, "Tell me the worst, please; I think I can bear it."

"There is no actual disease, but the spine is weak, and you will always be more or less of an invalid. You will never be able to walk about, and the more you lie down the better, particularly till you have recovered from the shock of that accident."

"Thank you. Then my quest has failed after all. I am sorry, but I must try and bear it," said Grace gently.

She looked so sweet and fair as she laid there in her white dress, and a pale blue shawl over her golden head.

"Yes, you will want constant attendance, constant care, constant watching, to see you don't do too much. I know only one person in the world who can look after you as I should like, and that person is — myself. Grace, will you have me for your constant nurse? Will you let me be your lover, husband, nurse, and doctor all in one, and so make me the happiest man on earth?"

At first Grace refused this offer, not because she did not love Dr. Williams, but as he gradually elicited, because she loved him too well to saddle him with an invalid wife. However, in the end he overcame this scruple, telling her he preferred her to all the rest of the world, and that, moreover, he was more hopeful about her ultimate recovery than the Paduan doctor.

And when Maud and her aunt came home, they found Grace looking so happy that they thought Dr. Williams could not have told her the doctor's opinion; but he, guessing Maud's thought, set her mind at rest at once.

"I have told her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and if you like we will have a double wedding," he said.

Maud looked petrified; the very idea of Grace being married had never entered her head, and she had been too much taken up with her own affairs to notice what was going on between Grace and the doctor; but Mrs. Graham was not at all surprised; on the contrary, as she afterwards said, she had been wondering which of her nieces she would have to congratulate first for some time past.

"What will Sophy say? How surprised she will be. I think she will have to own mine is the best means after all of winning the quest," said Grace to Maud, when they were alone.

"But didn't Charlie tell you? You have not won, Gracie, dear," said Maud, wondering.

"I have not got what I asked for, that is true. I asked for health because I thought that would be the best thing for me; but, my heavenly Father knew better; He had a higher gift in store for me—the true love of a good man; and oh, Grace, if you call my quest a failure, I call it better than the most glorious success!"

"Do you mean you don't wish to be well?"

"I am afraid I can't say that; but I can say I accept my pain and weakness cheerfully. They are my cross; we must carry the cross in some shape or form. My health is mine. Love and suffering are God's best gifts, and He has given me both."

"How can suffering be a good gift?" said Maud..

"Because it draws us so close to our Lord. I think my happiness would frighten me if it were not for my health. I should be half afraid such great earthly happiness might draw me away from Him, if it were not chastened by the pain I so often have to bear," said Grace.

"I dare say you are right, Grace, but I wish you had not such a cross to carry, with all my heart. I can't bear to see you suffering."

"You would not pity me if you knew how happy I am," said Grace, and there the conversation ended.

A few days later there was a grand festival, and all Venice was *en fête*. St. Mark's was crowded from early morning, but they managed to find a place for Grace's chair in the church.

On this occasion the great Byzantine cross, which is suspended from the nave, was illuminated by over a hundred lamps. The effect was most beautiful in the dim religious light of the church; the reflections played on the gilded ground of the mosaics with which the whole interior of the building is inlaid, while the illuminated cross itself, suspended in mid-air, made one think of the sign of the Son of Man to be seen in the heavens on the last day.

"Maud, look at that cross; is not it magnificent?" whispered Grace.

"Yes, it is. I have never seen the church look so lovely before."

"Far better with that cross than if it were not there, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented Maud.

"Ah, Maud, you see how beautiful the cross can be when lighted up by love. My bad health is to me like that illuminated cross; it is a cross, but the light of love makes it a most beautiful object instead of an instrument of torture!"

"What are you two talking about?" whispered Doctor Williams, who was close to Grace's chair.

"That cross; isn't it beautiful?" said Grace.

"Very. It used to be lighted every night in the time of the old Doges, when their chaplains were engaged in prayer both night and day; now I understand it is only lighted on great festivals," said Dr. Williams.

Grace did not answer. She was so happy that day she did not care to talk much; there would, she knew, be times when her cross would seem painful and hard to bear; like this cross in this chapel of the Madonna dei Mascoli, it would not always be illuminated as to-day with the light of love; but she would never ask again to have it taken away, for she had never before felt how valuable it was.

The next day the whole party left Venice for England, where the weddings were to take place in the autumn, their engagements having altered all their plans except Sophy's; and she could not be persuaded to leave her lodgings except for a holiday now and then; at any rate not until her first volume of poems was in the press.

* * * *

The three years which the quest was to last had just expired, when Sophy, accompanied by Mrs. Graham, once more arrived in Venice, where her two married sisters and their husbands were to meet her, and they were to spend a month together.

During those years Sophy had worked hard, and had learnt much; chiefly she had learnt how little she knew; like Lancelot, she had come to the conclusion:

"In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great."

Great she was in hope, great in ambition, great in perseverance, great in talent; but whether she would be great in achievement remained to be proved. Her book was published a week or two before she left England, and she was waiting with feverish anxiety for the reviews, which she hoped would be out before the Williams arrived.

Restless as ever, Venice seemed to exercise a soothing power over her tired brain and strained nerves; she did not attempt much sight-seeing; she drifted about in a gondola a great part of the day, drinking in the witching beauty of those marble palaces, which cast their long reflections in the canals of that lovely water-city, steeping her soul, as she said, in all the poetry around her, transporting herself to the olden times, when the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic was celebrated among much pomp and ceremony; or when Tintoretto stood and gazed as a boy in wonder at the "divine Tizian" as he worked on one of the palace walls; or to the scene when the granite columns were erected, and one fell into the sea; or to the Piazza as it was in Canaletto's or Gentile Bellini's time on a great festival.

But amidst all these dreams, one thought ran like a scarlet thread through a web of neutral tint, one strongly-marked definite thought—Will my poem and my quest be successful?

Maud and her husband arrived in Venice a few days after Sophy, accompanied by a nurse and the most wonderful baby, according to its mother, in this world. They knew nothing about Grace and the doctor, whom they had expected to find had already arrived.

"I do hope he will let Grace come; but he is so dreadfully careful about her that it would not surprise me if she wrote to say she was not well enough for the journey," said Maud.

"Oh, no, she is coming, but probably by sea. Perhaps we shall hear in a day or two," said Sophy.

"Well, aunt Mary, and how is Tom getting on?" said Maud.

"Splendidly, dear. He works tremendously hard, and I hear he is sure of a first-class; he goes up for his last examination this term."

"I am so glad. And, Sophy dear, how is the quest faring? By-the-way, there is a review of your book in this week's paper," said Maud, naming one of the best literary papers.

"Is it good?"

"I have not seen it. Claude has it; he shall get it."

The paper was sent for, but alas! for Sophy, her poem was cut to pieces unmercifully, and she was very much depressed in consequence for the next day or two. A letter from Grace, however, cheered her before the week was over, saying she and Dr. Williams hoped to reach Venice the following Monday, and would meet the others on the Piazzetta between the granite columns at nine o'clock in the evening.

"Don't come to the station to meet us—I will explain why when we meet," wrote Grace.

"I wonder why we are not to go to the station," said Sophy.

"Oh, some nonsense of Charlie's; he thinks it would excite Grace too much. I have a great mind to go and pay no attention," said Maud.

"No, Maud; please don't do anything of the kind; they have a reason, no doubt," said Maud's husband.

On Monday evening Sophy and Maud were on the Piazzetta long before the appointed time, watching every passing gondola to see if Grace and her husband were in it. They were joined by Captain Williams and Mrs. Graham shortly before nine, and punctually at nine o'clock Captain Williams touched his wife's shoulder, and as she turned round from the sea, she saw walking quickly towards them just between the columns Grace and her husband.

Maud and Sophy rushed towards their sister, and Dr. Williams stood smiling proudly by as they wonderingly asked how it was she was walking instead of being in an invalid chair.

"Ask him; I can walk a short distance quite well now; in fact, I consider myself perfectly cured; but that tyrannical husband of mine insists on considering me an invalid."

"Then, Grace, you have found your quest after all?" said Sophy.

"Yes, I have found far more than I deserve, and the best husband in the world into the bargain," said Grace.

"And Maud has found hers. I am the only one who has failed; and it is hard, for I have worked so hard for mine," said Sophy sadly.

"Ah, but 'a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?'" quoted Dr. Williams.

"Besides, Sophy dear, what do you mean? You have not failed; we have brought a review with us praising you so high that I blushed with pleasure when I read it," said Grace.

"It will take a great deal of praise to lift me up after the scathing review Maud brought with her," said Sophy.

"I won't have you think you have failed, Sophy. Your quest will last your life—it was such a difficult one. Success may not come in your lifetime. I don't believe a bad review means failure, especially when it is counterbalanced by such a good one as this other is," said Grace.

"Well, what shall we say? Maud has found her quest, you have found more than yours," said Sophy.

"And you are on the track of yours," said Dr. Williams.

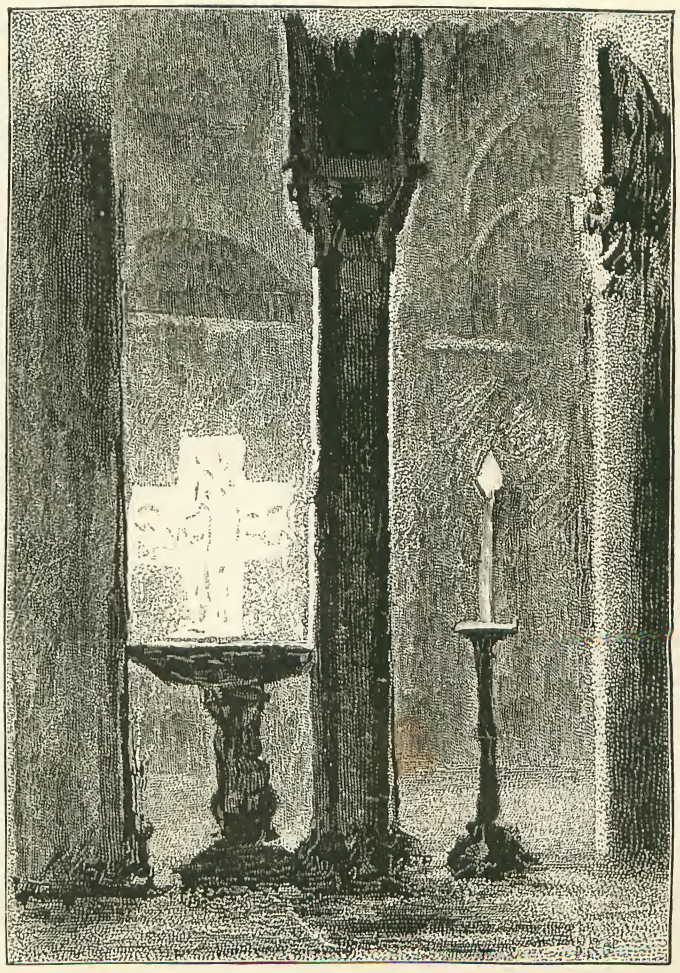
"And so in a sense we have all been successful; Grace the most so, I suppose, because her means was the best, I the least," said Sophy

"Because you aimed so high, and allowed yourself three years to win laurels which have cost others their lifetime. You must be patient, Sophy," said Captain Williams.

"And remember," said Dr. Williams in a low voice to Sophy, "if Grace has succeeded while you are only on the road to it, that—

"Love strikes higher with his lambent flame
Than Art can pile the faggots."

[THE END.]

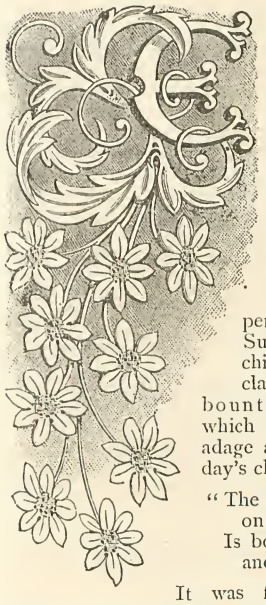


"THE GREAT BYZANTINE CROSS."

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



ELIZABETH TUDOR, the greatest of England's queens—in some respects the greatest of her sovereigns—was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th of September, 1533. As the 7th of September happened to fall on a Sunday in 1533, the child's friends could claim for her the bountiful endowments which the homely old adage awards to a Sunday's child—

"The bairn that is born
on the Sabbath day,
Is bonnie, and lucky,
and wise, and gay."

It was farther remarked when her long reign was ended, and her title to the distinction which she proudly claimed for herself, that of "the Virgin Queen," was established for all time, that she was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of her annunciation. Great store was set at one time on a third coincidence in connection with Elizabeth's birth. In the same year, on the same day, and at the same hour, a son was born to Sir John Dudley, who was named Robert, and became the Earl of Leicester. According to the astrological superstitions of the generation—which Elizabeth shared in a large measure—this similarity of nativities produced a secret and invincible sympathy between the children, not only in infancy, but in after years, and interwove alike their natures and their destinies. If there is such a thing as "a prophecy fulfilling itself," the same may be said of a piece of superstition in a credulous age.

The sex of the child was a bitter disappointment to both father and mother; but Anne Boleyn was still in high favour with Henry VIII., so that he gave his little daughter a magnificent christening in the church of the Greyfriars, Greenwich. Miss Strickland gives a glowing description of the church hung with arras, and strewn with rushes, the silver font, with its canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold, etc.

Among the company were the Most Worshipful the Lord Mayor and his Council in their robes, who at the summons of Henry were rowed down the river to be present at the ceremony. A less imposing and more grotesque company consisted of gentlemen "in aprons, with towels round their necks," whose duty it was to guard the font. The aprons and towels marked off the gentlemen for their office, as rosettes on their coats distinguish the stewards at balls.

The child wore, in addition to a christening robe heavy and stiff with gold embroidery—recently exhibited among the relics of the Tudors—a royal mantle of purple velvet and miniver, with a train so long that it was borne up by a lady and two gentlemen. The one godmother was the baby's cousin, Frances Brandon, still only Marchioness of Dorset; the other, who carried the child, was her great grandmother, the Duchess of Norfolk; the godfather was Archbishop Cranmer. The Bishop of London, assisted by other bishops and abbots, baptised the princess.

The Howards, Anne Boleyn's kindred generally, mustered strong on the occasion, while Henry's relations were less liberally represented. It is on record that Elizabeth's sister, Mary, had been commanded to come to Greenwich, when the girl had mortally offended her father by refusing to call the infant anything save "sister," because the title of "princess," invalidated Mary's mother's claims to be the King's lawful wife, and robbed Mary herself of her birthright. But there is no mention of Mary's name among the christening company; she was at least spared that indignity.

The child of four days, with the gifts in gold cups and bowls which her sponsors had presented to her, borne before her, was escorted back to the palace by a crowd of torch-bearers, amidst "flourishes of trumpets."

After all the most singular and significant attribute of the company at Elizabeth's baptism, was the tragic fate of so many persons who figured prominently in the ceremony. One, the godfather, Cranmer, was burned at the stake; four—the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Rocheford, were beheaded: of the ladies, the Marchioness of Dorset had to mourn a husband and a daughter (Lady Jane Grey) who both perished on the scaffold; and the beautiful Lady Mary Howard, then plighted to the young Duke of Richmond, not only lost her husband in the morning of his days, she was forced to give such evidence at the trial of her brother, the Earl of Surrey, as helped to bring about his condemnation.

It has been already told in these papers how Princess Mary's "Lady Mistress," Lady "Margaret Bryan," a good and kind woman, was transferred from Mary's service to that of Elizabeth, in order to preside over her household; and how both princesses—the elder put beneath the younger until Anne Boleyn's downfall and death—dwelt together at Hertford Castle, Havering Bower, etc.

If there is any truth in an earlier episode, in which King Henry, Queen Anne, and their little daughter formed a melancholy group, which impressed itself on the popular imagination, the brief association must have been caused by the Queen's having sent for the child and tried to use her as an innocent charm and sweet instrument to disarm the King's wrath, and turn aside Anne's impending disgrace.

If the scene, said to have been descried by interested watchers outside the palace, did occur, it must have been the last time that father, mother, and baby girl were together. Henry was observed standing moodily by a window; Anne Boleyn, leading the three years' old Elizabeth by the hand, was seen to approach him in a supplicating manner; but the King dismissed her with an irritable gesture, and continued to gaze out of the window. This was in May, 1536; and a few hours afterwards a startling commentary was made on the incident by the distant report of the Tower guns, which announced that a prisoner of rank had been admitted, from a barge on the Thames, by the Traitor's Gate.

One or two curious and characteristic anecdotes of Elizabeth's early youth have been preserved. The first is the singular state of destitution into which her wardrobe had been allowed to fall after her mother's death. The Lady Mistress wrote to the Minister Cromwell, and made an urgent appeal to him to let her have the commonest necessaries for the King's little daughter. It was not merely "mufflers," or mob caps and kerchiefs, that the child stood in want of: she had neither gowns nor petticoats, "nor no manner of linen"—a considerable contrast this to the royal mantle of velvet and miniver worn at her christening. But broad contrasts were the fashion of the day in that reign.

So soon as Elizabeth could put two ideas together, she was taught by Lady Margaret to be "circumspect." As a result, self-restraint alternating with violent impulses, was, for the most part, a great feature of her character. There were other results not quite so desirable. To bring up a child to be always on her guard is hardly likely to develop a candid, ingenuous disposition. The early training given with the best intentions had something to do with the fact that "the Lady Elizabeth" was even in her girlhood an adept at concealing her real feelings, and a feigning any sentiments advisable for the occasion.

Without her sister Mary's blunt honesty, Elizabeth had inherited the same passionate, stubborn temper, so that in spite of her circumspection, she was by no means easily managed either as a child or a girl. While she was still only "getting her teeth," her guardian had to protest against her charge's dining publicly at what was called "the board of estate," where the child saw "divers meats, fruits, and wine," which were not fit for her tender years; while it is clear that her small Grace had already a will of her own, which rendered it difficult for her governess to contradict her, especially in company. She was a beautiful child, the rosy cheeks and red-golden hair of the young Tudors being, in her case, united to fine aquiline features which were still softened by the roundness of childhood. It goes without saying that she was full of subdued life, spirit, and wit from the first. Her earliest state appearance was at the age of four years, when, through the goodwill of gentle Queen Jane Seymour, not only the girl Mary, but the child Elizabeth, held a prominent place at Edward's baptism. When Elizabeth was not with her sister, she was with her baby brother, and a remarkable attachment sprang up between them.

As a pretty illustration of their regard, the Princess of six presented the Prince of two on his birthday with a cambric shirt which she had made for him with her own hands.

The extraordinary energy and love of study which Elizabeth exhibited throughout her life were shared by her four years' younger brother. We are told that nothing could exceed the zeal and delight with which the wonderful pair of youthful scholars were accustomed to get up by dawn of day, in order to repair, of their own free will, to their religious exercises and lessons in languages and science. But it was not only her tutors whom Elizabeth fascinated: no one could come near her without being struck by her "charming manners." She received a messenger from her father with as much composure, and "as great gravity as she had been forty years old." The elder sister, whom the birth of the younger had dispossessed of her rights, tried magnanimously to say a word for her to their alienated father. Three stepmothers in succession, women as unlike as one can well imagine, all combined to make much of the lovely, lively

little girl, with the curious amount of tact for her years, who, notwithstanding that tact, was as wilful as she was lively. Dull Anne of Cleves craved the bright child's company. Unhappy Catherine Howard called her "cousin," and assigned her the seat of honour next herself at court banquets. Motherly Catherine Parr never lost pride in the juvenile student's attainments.

Yet, by the time she was ten, Elizabeth gave her father sufficient offence, by some act of insubordination, for him to punish her by banishing her from court for a year; and it was only on the intercession of her stepmother, Catherine Parr, that the culprit was restored to favour. During her banishment, Elizabeth translated "Le Miroir de l'ami Pécheresse" from French into English, and in the end of 1544 presented the production to Catherine, to whom it was dedicated. Elizabeth also wrote to Queen Catherine a letter, still preserved, in which the writer begs the queen to speak, or rather to write, to King Henry on her behalf. Surely the letter is couched in the very "tallest" language which a girl of eleven ever employed. It begins: "Inimical fortune, envious of all good, and ever revolving human affairs, has deprived me for a whole year of your most illustrious presence." The fact that the letter was written in Italian may have something to do with its grandiloquence. It was understood that Elizabeth could already correspond and converse with facility in French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish. It is certain that she was very soon a good classical scholar, and well versed in history. She was also a very fair musician. In after years "Queen Elizabeth and her virginals" are synonymous, like "Queen Elizabeth, an aquiline nose, a farthingale, and a bushel of pearls."

During her father's lifetime, she figured from her birth in schemes of marriages with august bridegrooms. After her mother's ruin the proposed bridegrooms were necessarily less august. It is needless to say that these projects fell to pieces from the beginning.

When King Henry's infirmities were at their climax, Elizabeth was at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, with her brother, sharing the instruction given him. Presently the two were separated, and she was sent to the manor house at Enfield, and he to the castle at Hertford. The parting was a great grief to the boy especially, and the brother and sister took refuge in a learned and affectionate correspondence. They were again together at Enfield, where Edward was brought that he might be with his sister when the news of his father's death was broken to him. Elizabeth was then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and Edward was about ten. Their grief was violent enough to touch the spectators, yet, with the odd formality and pedantry of the day, in the epistle in which the boy subsequently replies to a letter of condolence which his sister wrote to him after they were again parted, he pauses to remark on her calmness of mind, and to commend "the elegance of her sentences."

By King Henry's will, Elizabeth was, like Mary, entitled to an annuity of three thousand and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds. A far more dangerous bait to the ambitious and unscrupulous noblemen around her was supplied by the fact that she was named third in the succession to the throne: the two names before hers being those of a sickly boy and a delicate, fast-dying woman.

Speedy as was the wooing of the widowed queen by her former lover, the bold and blustering Thomas Seymour, it was confidently alleged that, four days before he was accepted by the mature Catherine, he made proposals of marriage to the girl Elizabeth. The audacity of such a proceeding can only be realised by the consideration, that though Seymour was the uncle of a king and the brother of a queen, and though his elder brother was about to take to himself the dukedom of Somerset and the protectorate of the realm, and to bestow on the aspirant to a royal bride the high office of Lord Admiral and the title of Lord Seymour or Lord Sudeley, not a Seymour of them all was anything better than the offspring of an obscure country knight. But the subject must be approached with caution, since the gentleman's instantaneous suit to Elizabeth rests chiefly on the manner in which he sounded the young king with regard to his views on Seymour's marriage, and on the garbled, conflicting testimony given later by Elizabeth, and her waiting gentlewoman, Mrs. Kate (or, as Elizabeth's accusers spelt it, "Kat") Ashley.

Elizabeth, who, when a little older, was notoriously given to believing every man at her feet, said in substance to her gentlewoman, according to that gentlewoman, that, if Seymour had got his will, it would not have been Queen Catherine he would have married; while Mrs. Kate said to Elizabeth, according to Elizabeth, exactly the same thing, with a strong inference in either case. A still greater presumption against the story is, that Queen Catherine was said to have known of the overtures to her daughter-in-law on the part of the man whom the Queen herself consented to marry in the course of the next four days, and that some of Elizabeth's indignation at the unbecoming haste of her stepmother's fourth marriage was occasioned by the circumstance, that Catherine was marrying the very man whom she had just advised Elizabeth to reject. The story, in its unpleasantness, does not hold well together, especially in relation to a woman like Catherine Parr.

Whatever the truth or falsehood of Seymour's suit to Elizabeth, she distinctly refused to quit the protection of the Queen, to whose care the Lord Protector Somerset and the Council had confided her; and in the refusal offended Princess Mary, who was deeply aggrieved by the impropriety of Queen Catherine's hasty nuptials, and offered her young sister a shelter with her. Elizabeth not only remained with her stepmother, after her marriage, at Chelsea and Seymour Place, she went with the Queen and the Lord Admiral to Sudeley.

In the household at Sudeley Elizabeth, by her own choice, got Roger Ascham, who had hitherto been her writing master, for her tutor in Greek and Latin. She had also for her governess the gentlewoman, Catherine, or Kate Ashley, who was a kinswoman of Anne Boleyn's, for whom Anne's daughter conceived a strong and lasting affection. Mrs. Ashley figures among the learned women of the time; but her wisdom was not in proportion to her learning, though she had enough sense of propriety to cause her to remonstrate with the master of the house on his teasing, insolent behaviour, both in his wife's presence and in her absence, towards a royal ward, who was at the same time but a self-confident, giddy girl of fifteen.

With all Elizabeth's genuine love for her studies under the renowned Ascham, and her controversial interest in the religious exercises which prevailed in the house under the great Reformers who were Queen Catherine's friends and chaplains, the girl was tempted to sigh for something approaching more nearly to the gaiety of youth.

The Admiral resented Kate Ashley's interference, and said, with an oath, that he would not alter his conduct, for he meant no harm, as it is almost certain he did not, in his interpretation of the words; but he lived to suffer for his folly.

The Queen, who had at first encouraged her husband's rough games, grew annoyed at the length to which they had gone. She was vexed at his lack of respect for the Princess. Catherine was also disturbed by Elizabeth's carelessness of what was due at once to high rank and modest girlhood, and sent her away with Mrs. Ashley to Cheston, where a separate establishment was formed for the Princess. A little later she went with her household to Hatfield and Ashridge.

Two letters of this date from Elizabeth to her stepmother are still in existence. In the first, while there is a great display of submission from her humble daughter to "the Queen's highness," there are some signs of injured feelings and rankling resentment. In the second, the two are again on perfectly cordial terms—how cordial may be guessed from the fact that Catherine approved of and desired a correspondence between her husband and Elizabeth.

On the Queen's death-bed, which was near at hand, she is said to have longed for the presence of the more beloved of her stepdaughters. It may be that some dim idea of recommending to Elizabeth's care Catherine's newly-born child crossed the mother's disordered brain. It was believed that Catherine had a great opinion of Elizabeth's natural gifts, and entertained a strong conviction that she would yet be Queen.

A special messenger sent by the Lord Admiral brought to Elizabeth the melancholy and unexpected tidings of Catherine's death, at the age of thirty-five. No mention is made of the young girl's grief for the loss of one who had been among her truest friends; only that she dismissed with scorn the messenger's statement that his master was a "heavy or sorrowful man;" and on Mrs. Ashley's taking it upon her to suggest that the Princess should write a letter of condolence to the widower, she answered indignantly, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." In all this, and in much that followed, the future Elizabeth stands revealed in her extravagant personal vanity, her boundless craving for admiration, her jealousy of rivalry, and the flashes of levity inherited from her mother, which stood out conspicuously even in coarse, hard times, and fatally marred the nobler qualities of the woman and Queen.

There is no question that although Thomas Seymour, Lord Sudeley, might have been well enough satisfied with the wife of whom he was unworthy while she lived, and although he might have been equally guiltless either of seeking to set her aside, or of practising on her life, she was no sooner in her grave than he sought to make Elizabeth her successor. He began by trying to overawe and cajole the people around her, and to flatter the young Princess herself.

A stir and murmur of gossip were got up indecorously and unfeelingly among the late Queen's ladies and gentlemen and Elizabeth's ladies and gentlemen, with regard to the probability of a marriage between Elizabeth and the Lord Admiral, though the Princess was a girl in her early teens, and the gentleman was eighteen years her senior.

The desire to propitiate the great persons concerned, the fear of making an enemy of the young King's favourite uncle, the impression that Elizabeth was not averse to the match, the attraction of a state intrigue, seem to have turned the heads of all concerned. It was afterwards remarked that, though Elizabeth's household numbered as many as a hundred and twenty persons, not one was of sufficient rank either to attempt to control the young lady, or to exercise his or her judgment with no fear of offending the Princess and the Lord Admiral. Mrs. Kate Ashley, who had behaved herself with some spirit and discretion on a former occasion, now lent herself to support Seymour's secret suit; so did Parry, Elizabeth's "cofferer," or treasurer, and the two gossiped together in the most unwarrantable and unbecoming fashion over their mistress's concerns.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

L. A. W.—With comparatively few exceptions governesses are not in demand in our Colonies. If you wish to emigrate, being trained for such a profession, we strongly advise you to do so as "mother's help," and prepared to turn your hand to anything—domestic as well as educational work, and to think no honest and useful employment derogatory to your position. In this way you are likely to succeed in finding a situation, and making your services valued, and your new home a happy one. But you should qualify yourself with some knowledge of housekeeping, nursing, and care of children.

ART.

E. G. Allen can obtain "Decalcomanie" materials in Edgware Road.

Antoinette.—To remove water-colour stains from a palette wash it in water into which you have dropped a very little ammonia. To soften paints you should mix a little eau de Cologne and a few drops of glycerine together and lay on the hard colours, helping the mixture to sink into them by making holes in the paints with the point of a penknife.

Allie.—We believe that the profession of painting on china is quite overstocked at present; and the art of designing for wall paper, stencilling, fabrics, china, and pottery, holds out no opening for any who are not really gifted with originality as well as artistic taste and free handling. Perhaps map-colouring and plan-tracing for engineers and architects might present some openings. You might obtain information from Miss Long, Office of the Ladies' Plan-Tracing Institution, 8, Great Queen Street, Westminster, S.W.

MUSIC.

June Rose should enquire of a music-seller.

Brown Betty.—It is cold that makes the notes of a piano "stick, and not sound." You had better put a warm covering over the instrument if in a room where there is no fire. Playing scales on it will likewise make them more flexible.

An Orphan.—It would require much careful and really advanced education to render you capable of instructing others in playing the harmonium. You should be well taught in the theory of music and harmony, as well as to have a thorough practical command over the instrument, and good taste so as not merely to play the notes but to do so with the right emphasis.

Pansy.—1. Pianos certainly do not "improve the more they are played upon." At the same time they deteriorate from complete disuse.—2. "Millais" is a Jersey name, and is pronounced as if written "Mee-lay."

F. G. X. Z. should enquire for music of the kind she wants at a music-seller's. They will generally allow a purchaser to try a few notes on a piano in the shop.

Dottie W.—For all particulars respecting the exams. in music you may apply to any of the following academies and colleges:—The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., which holds exams. in the theory of music and counterpoint for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class certificates—fee 2s. 6d.; the Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W.—teaching, exams., and scholarships, open to both sexes; the Guildhall School of Music—entrance fee 5s., annual fees for year of three terms (twelve weeks each), from £4 10s. to £33 1s. 6d. A number of exhibitions and prizes are given. Secretary, Mr. C. P. Smith, Victoria Embankment. Nomination must be signed by an alderman or a member of the Court of Common Council. There is also the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W. Admission by exam., the fee, £1 1s., returned on admission. The entrance fee is £5 5s., and for instruction £11 11s. a term of thirteen weeks (three terms in the year). Principal, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Esperance must consult some medical authority on the question. We never heard of such a case of blood poisoning before.

"A Sufferer" and "A Grateful One" both appear to need medical advice, as their nerves and general health are much impaired.

Gabriella.—We suppose you refer to "those fruits of the Spirit" enumerated by St. Paul (Galatians v. 22), "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," the term "seven," or "sevenfold," being the number signifying "completeness." Writing fairly good.

Sailor.—Go to the office of some line of passenger ships and get your name entered (if the custom) for a vacancy as a stewardess. Her duties are those of a lady's maid, with the exception of dressmaking and other needlework.

Emma Marton.—Australia was known to the Portuguese before 1540, and was visited by the Dutch and called New Holland; was subsequently visited by Cook; first British settlement (penal) formed in 1788. This island is the largest in the world, and is wholly British.

A Careful One.—It seems not improbable that consumption may be "catching," as you call it, and those who nurse consumptives should be extra careful about their own health, and see that they have bathing, exercise, fresh air, and a liberal diet. The breath of the patient should not be taken, and no one should occupy the same bed.

Philip Trelawney.—You will do a great and cruel injustice to any girl if you marry her without love; so you had better tell her. But as you appear to be of a changeable disposition, we advise your waiting a little before you tell the other girl that you love her, for you will probably change your feeling for her also, and so inflict more pain and sorrow.



TEA TATTLE.

Mabel.—Yes, there is an excellent institution for giving relief in times of sickness to its members, the amount graduated according to the age of admission, and a sum of money at death. Members wishing to secure an annuity at the age of sixty-five, when all subscriptions cease, can do so by an additional payment. The rates of sick benefit range from 4s. to 10s. weekly; and all women of good health and character, married or single, are eligible. The society is called the United Sisters Friendly Society. Connected with this club there is the Work and Leisure Court for women of the professional classes; the rates of benefit conferred by it rise to the maximum of 20s. a week in sickness during six weeks; 10s. after that up to the age of sixty-five; and then an annuity of 10s. per week for life, with £12 at death. The registered office is at 51, Cobourg Street, Leeds, Yorks. Apply to Mr. O. Attack, Corresponding Secretary.

S. Cory.—Your young friend had better apply to Miss Denison, Hon. Secretary of the Church Emigration Society, 49, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. (Ladies' Auxiliary); or else to The United British Women's Emigration Association, Hon. Secretary, Miss G. Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, W.

A Working Girl's letter does her great credit, and her writing is very good. Pleased to hear she supplies her Sunday class with our paper.

Extremely Anxious.—If you have done or said something wrong and then apologised for it, you have done the best you could, and we do not understand what you are anxious about. But you have not thought out the matter quite clearly. For a hasty, bad-tempered word it is not difficult to say you are sorry. Like all bad temper, it chiefly injures the person who gives way to it. "Doing harm to anyone by word or deed" is not the same. It means an evil motive imputed, or untrue word said about them to others, words likely to injure them in their opinion, or lead to their injury. This is more serious than a hasty word of anger spoken to them personally.

A Brother of the Readers.—We are very glad to give you the address of the writer of the article on "The Difference between Bible Reading and Bible Study"—Hanover Lodge, Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Grove, W. We are glad that you should wish for further particulars of the scheme which will enable you to "study the Scriptures more systematically."

Constant Subscriber.—Remove your gloves at dinner. The very long gloves are no longer so fashionable now that long sleeves are worn.

Desire.—Wait God's time, and commit the keeping of your soul to Him in "well-doing." It would not be "well-doing" to oppose your uncle, who is keeping you and acting as your father. Your going with him to his chapel will do you no harm, and in due time the way you prefer to take may be opened to you. Your duty at present is to requite your uncle as if he were your father.

Nancibel.—Cramps may be caused by cold or acidity in the system, and are said to be allied to rheumatism. Warmth and rubbing are the immediate remedies.

Twenty-two.—The limits of age for sorting clerkships and telegraph learners in provincial towns are from fourteen to twenty-five; in London, from fourteen to eighteen. Cassell's *Civil Service Female Employment Guide*, 1s.

Laura.—Hospitals for sick children are established in Manchester, Glasgow, Nottingham, and London.

Martha.—It is the general rule for all gentlemen to raise their hats on leaving a lady. Being a relative would not alter this rule.

A Newcomer.—*Myosotis* is the botanical name of the forget-me-not, which belongs to the Boragineæ family. But the scorpion-grass, or mouse-ear, is also *myosotis arvensis*, so *myosotis* would not answer in place of the forget-me-not.

Minnie.—You have a diseased appetite, and need medical treatment for the disorder which occasions it. As to the habit itself, we cannot tell you "in what way you can cure yourself" further than simply to cease eating what is unnatural food.

Florence Sibyl.—Baptism and christening are the same in one sense, but in another sense you use the word to christen without its meaning baptism, *i.e.* giving a name, a "nick," or pet name. As Bishop Burnet says, "Christen the thing what you will." Ships are "christened," and in ordinary life you often hear, "We christened him 'Spider,' because he is so tall," or something of that sort.

Tonie.—Your waterproof must be sent to an india-rubber shop to be re-dressed. You could not accomplish what you require yourself.

Violet Ruby.—Your nerves are out of order, and you require plenty of fresh air and moderate exercise. As you have given up your gentleman friend for a reason that you consider a good one, why do you feel worried about his treating you coldly? You "cannot eat your cake and have it," nor, having dismissed a man by such a rebuff, expect him to continue his attentions. Let the matter rest. Should he wish you to re-consider his suit, he will take the initiative—you cannot.

Fanny Smith.—Your position is both painful and difficult. Ascertain from your parents whether they know anything against the young man with which you are not acquainted; and if not, you had better let him go first, and when he has made a home for you—of which you can be well assured through friends on the spot—let him send for you. If not, be satisfied that you have had a great escape. Such a position as yours should make you ask for Divine guidance.

Jo's story of the "Squire's Daughter" is not badly written, but lacks interest; and experience only will enable "Jo" to improve herself in general knowledge so as to be able to write stories that will be worth money to an editor.

K. and T. and Ethel.—The name "Dacre" is pronounced as if written "Day-ker."



VOL. XII.—NO. 596. MAY 30, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHURCH BELLS.

BY REV. F. ST. JOHN CORBETT, M.A.

HARK! the bells are softly pealing
From the steeple dark and high:
Gently o'er my senses stealing,
Like a message from the sky.
"Sinner," say they, "come and worship—
From the sins which tempt thee fly.
Come and worship, come and worship;
Worship Christ, the Lord most high!"

Echoes wake from floor to ceiling—
Call they to the passers-by,
Like a voice from heaven revealing
Him Who hath His throne so high.
"Earth," they say, "is God's own footstool—
To His Church He's ever nigh.
Come and worship, come and worship;
Worship Christ, the Lord most high!"

On a bed of sickness lying,
Many a soul hath heard their song—
Troubled with the fear of dying,
Filled with memory of wrong.
"God!" it cries, "could I but answer!
How they mock me with their cry!
Come and worship, come and worship;
Worship Christ, the Lord most high!"

Cease not, Bells, to tell your story—
Pealing loud, and pealing long:
Angels in yon realms of glory
Ceaseless sing the self-same song.
Be your last your sweetest message,
When it is our turn to die:
"Come and meet Him, come and meet Him,
In your home beyond the sky!"



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WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "After Shipwreck," "Sea Blossom," etc.

CHAPTER III.

IN A WOODMAN'S COT.

"Such was our friend, formed on the good old plan—
A true and brave and downright honest man."

* * * *

"We need some rugged, natural souls,
Who will not trim to the prevailing fashion,
Who must speak out their open thought
In wholesome, honest passion."

"IF you please, Miss Helen," said Bryant, the cook, as her young mistress came in from a walk one evening, "Master Spence has just called, and he said, would you do him the great kindness to address a letter for him to his son as is gone out to settle in the west of America."

Bryant was a good-hearted soul, born and bred in the neighbourhood, and interested in all her cottage neighbours' affairs. She was always ready and willing to make good broth for an invalid, and to make the best of all the scraps and ends. To many a tramp—Bryant would have called them all "travellers" in the kindness of her heart—was a good bowl of soup given at the kitchen-door, made from materials that a finer cook would have wasted. Her manners were rustic, but Helen liked her the better for that.

"Did he leave the letter, Bryant?"

"No, miss; he said he would call again a little later."

"I'll run down to his cottage after tea," said Helen. She was in a restless, depressed mood, and was glad to have something to take away her thoughts, even for a time, from the one topic which was so continually absorbing them now.

Her mother and Fay had driven down to Redminster that afternoon, and were spending the evening at the Rectory, so that they would not be home until nine or ten o'clock.

"I'll just get your tea ready myself quickly, Miss Helen," said Bryant. "Rhodes has gone out somewhere for the mistress."

As she set the things on the table, she continued, "This is their first letter to him since he's been gone, Miss Helen, and his mother is anxious that it shall reach him safely—it's a tough job for them to write a letter; and his sisters as is married has put some to it as well. The inside is all right, he says, but if you'd kindly write the address on it, he thinks it would reach him safer; and he said perhaps you'd be able to tell them when it would be likely to get there."

Master Spence, as he was always called, was an old woodman who lived just within the great fir wood, about a quarter of a mile or so from West Dene. His cottage stood in a clearing among the trees, and a picturesque little place it looked, with its background of spruce, larch, and Scotch fir; its porch covered with roses and honeysuckle, and the bright, old-fashioned flowers in the front garden which were the pride of the old man and his wife.

Helen found him standing at his gate—a notable figure, nearly seventy years of age, but holding himself as erect as any man of twenty-seven, and over six feet in height. His dark grey eyes were bright and searching; nothing escaped them—past master in all woodcraft was he. From his boyhood he had led a temperate and regular life in the woodlands; it had been early to bed and early to rise with him all his days. Time and life had used his wife gently, too; they were a happy well-matched pair; and as the old man's talk was full of a certain kind of quaint wisdom, and his spirit was devout and reverent, Helen used to like to call in and have a chat with him sometimes. The fir wood had once belonged to West Dene; but that was many years ago. Since then the wood had twice changed hands; each successive owner, however, retaining the services of honest John Spence, who was too valuable and trusty a servant to be dismissed. For his part, he clung to the place which had been his home so long, where all his children had been born, and where he and his wife had been very happy; so though the change of landlords was a sore grief to him, he bore it for the sake of keeping "the old place," as he called it.

"He is the eldest, you know, Miss Helen, and he carries my name, you see," he remarked, whilst Helen addressed the letter.

"Yes," she replied, "and he was like you—clever and industrious, too. I have always wondered that he needed to go to America."

"Ay, he was all there about his work; but he said things seemed altering somehow, and he couldn't fancy 'em. They are, too, some way or other; we don't seem free to move about and do as we did in years gone by. 'Twas a terrible blow to mother when he left us. We can't expect our sons and daughters to keep always with us—'tis only nature they should have places of their own to bide in. But," he went on, "it frets her to know he's in a strange land, divided from us by thousands 'o miles of water; and it hurts me too, to come home and see his chair empty, and never to hear his footsteps comin' up the garden path no more. He was a good lad, was John; often when she and I are sitting quiet by the fire, I know as we're both thinkin' on him though we say no word. There's the others left, and we've much to be thankful for; but it's always hard to lose the eldest born."

"I daresay it seems hard to you, too, having a new landlord; I hear he has made many alterations about the land."

"Ay, that he has, Miss Helen; things was different in old Squire Westlake's time; and in your grandfather's too," he added, "though it's many a year since he was our landlord. They'd both think o' them as had lived on their land round about for generations, many of 'em. Squire Westlake, now, used to give away so many trees every winter. He'd call him as was head of the woodmen in, and he'd ask him 'bout all the families round; how many there was in such a cottage, an' how many in such another, an' then he'd bid him go mark so many trees, accordin' to the size of the family, an' have 'em cut down. An' the men they'd draw 'em down th' hill home, tip over shoulder; an' there'd be firewood to last 'em the winter out. Now it's only on some o' the commons as they're allowed to cut down the dry brake for litter to the cattle, an' for the thatchin' o' the pigsties, and the coverin' in o' the vegetables. On the twenty-fifth o' August they begins on Graymore, an' they're at it early enough that morning. But some places they mayn't do even that. The old gentry that many o' the estates round here belonged to has died out, an' the properties fallen into the hands of other folk as is strange to the old ways and customs."

John waxed warm with his subject, and went on for some time. Helen was an indulgent listener.

"The forest was, and is, free for all commoners to cut to a certain limit both brake and firewood, and for horses and horned cattle to graze. But there's some as is not contented with their own, but must needs lay heads together to try to get what by rights belongs to us; and has done from father to son for generations. What has come of it? Naught but a bad feeling towards the whole lot—root and branch. You'll excuse me getting a bit warm, Miss Helen; your family has always been kind and considerate to them as lived near them. You see, miss, folk come down here often with plenty of money, and the first thing they do is to set about changin' the place and the customs."

"Oh, but, Spence," said Helen quickly, "it is just people like that with plenty of capital, who are so needed in the country now. Look at the improvements that have been made round here by people who have bought up the old estates. It is they who help the churches, build the schools, and improve the cottages of their tenants. And think," she continued, "what freedom there is under the new system compared with what there was under the old. The small tenants were simply at the mercy of their squire; and if he happened to be selfish and tyrannical, as was not unfrequently the case, think what their plight was."

"Well, well, miss, it may be so. You should have a talk with my Tom; he's all that way of thinking; but mother and me likes the old ways best. The forest, at any rate," he went on, "has never been hurt nor disfigured by any of us; no, never! The more brake is cut—of course, only in the dead time of it—the better it comes up next season. The same with our firewood. Too much crowding kills things, no matter what. They must have room to live, and you must bear in mind that all these things

are self-sown. But the blackcocks are going. There used to be a tidy sprinkling of 'em once. What is the reason, do ye ask? Why this: *We* never meddled with 'em—no. We used to like to see 'em at play as we worked in the woods. But it's this: Some of the parties about here that have bought places and settled down know no more about shootin' than the cows that run the common; but they like to show 'em in a case, and say, 'See this brace of black game I shot.' Some of us know who snared 'em, we do, I tell ye. And we know, too, as it's very well to have a gamekeeper that ain't too particklar; you know what that means, miss. 'Hired for the season, eh?' Well, most of his time is passed in a public; there's one we knows of that won't be about here long, I reckon. 'Twas on'y the other week he was caught decoying game off another man's ground by fancy feeding. It's come to something. Why, in times gone by a gentleman would have horsewhipped the employer of such a rat. There's no working with a bad tool. There's such a thing as breed and blood in men, women, and dogs; and it shows itself in their actions. No; in times past it was pleasure to meet and speak with the old gentry, but they seems nearly done with. A little more time, and we shall be out of it for good—mother and me."

"Before he went away—my boy—he says to me, 'Father, things is slewed round. There's changes come for the worse, not better; and I must have living room.' He won't starve, for they've been brought up, all of 'em, to be handy; and all his tools went with him. I'm thankful to say none o' mine is shiftless, boys nor girls. He can make himself a house, for axe and billhook he has handled from a child; and he knows how to manage stock and farm work. He can shoot, too; so we don't fret about him on that score. We may see him once more before we die, or it may not be; God knows. 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' the Bible tells us, no matter how hard they may seem at the time."

Here the old man paused. "There, master, don't say no more; ye'll just fret yourself and make Miss Helen unhappy, too," said his wife, who had noticed the sad look that had gradually spread over Helen's face as she listened, with her gaze fixed on the fir woods which were reflecting the crimson glory of the setting sun.

The old man's regrets found an echo in her own heart; but she roused herself as the old woman spoke, and said: "But some of the changes are for the better; don't you think so? There is better education, and there are more openings for those who have ability."

"It may work itself out all right, miss—no doubt it will; but not in mother's time and mine. We was down to cousin May's, in Waketown, last Michaelmas, and his family is getting on finely, so he told me; but they wasn't same as we like to see young boys and girls: they had their say about everything, and little respect for their elders and their betters."

"Have you heard that old Sally Grant is dead, Miss Helen?" asked Mrs. Spence.

"No; when did she die? Was she ill long?"

"Last night nothing ailed her, only old age—nigh on to a hundred she was. Mighty high-minded and high-handed; and allus the same, so far as I can reck'lect. Peart to the last, she reckoned she'd do all right when the weather got warm again. There ain't many same as she's bin in her time. Father here remembers, when she was seventy year old, her comin' down the road with a crate o' spring chicken strapped on her shoulders, an' a stick in her hand. One o' the farmers was comin' by in his cart, and out o' kind feelin' like, he sez to her, 'Will ye hev a ride, old lady?' She turns on him sharp as a cat, an' sez, 'Who be yer callin' old lady? Drat yer imperence. No, I wun't. 'Tis on'y lazy people rides in carts.'"

"Tell the young lady about her tacklin' the keeper, father."

"Ay, that was a set out," rejoined the old man. "You see, miss, she kept one o' they big wood owls; a pet like, tame as tame could be 'twas; his wings warn't cut a bit, an' he used to bide in the yew tree near her door. You've seen him yourself times and oft, I reckon. Well, when she went out he'd hoot, and come on her shoulders, an' frame about curious like. She was mighty fond o' that bird, and so he was o' her. She's been heard to call him her dear old fellar. They was a crotchety couple, an' no mistake. Old Sally kep' her garden in trim order, an' there warn't a better garden nowhere round here. An' rabbits warn't troublesome to her; for if one came nippin' round her place, she had him sure. Well, there was a keeper come down here for one o' the gentlemen, an' his beat laid round her place. The old lady warn't able to abide the sight o' him, for he was rather a meddlesome party. One day he'd bin lookin' round as usual, an' sayin' how well things was doin' in her garden. An' he leans over the gate and sez he'd like to see her old owl. 'See my old owl! No, that you wun't! But you shall feel a scrub broom in a jiff.' She'd got a rabbit stewin' in her pot on the fire at the time; an' the old creatur swung that broom 'bout most 'mazin' active like. I was near by, and saw it all. Didn't I laugh at the way the keeper cleared out. No, there ain't many left like old Sally Grant."

"Was she a religious woman?" asked Helen. "She lived so far from our part of the village, where I have always visited, that I seldom saw her; and she was so independent, that she gave one very little chance of being friendly with her."

"That's true, an' no mistake; she was a strange old lady all round," answered John. "Mr. Eyre went to see her a week or so afore she died, an' he told me she'd a good bit o' the heathen about her. She told him nobody couldn't say as she'd ever bin a bad liver, an' she'd allus kep' herself to herself, an' she reckoned if the Lord treated her as she'd allus treated Him, there warn't much cause for fear. He was a bit troubled about her, was Mr. Eyre, an' sez he to me, 'We must pray for her, Master Spence;' but, bless you, she war gone afore he could get nigh her again."

"The Lord is merciful," said Mrs. Spence. "I know Mr. Eyre 'ud be as good as his word; an' perhaps his prayers brought light to the poor soul afore she slipt away, as none knows of. He's a good man is Mr. Eyre."

"Ay, indeed he is," rejoined her husband. "To think o' a man like that as might ha' been one of the first doctors o' the day, givin' up all his hopes an' comin' to settle down here among us poor folk. You wouldn't find many as 'ud do that, and all out o' pure love o' his fellow-creatures. Why, bless you, most everybody round has a good word to say of Mr. Eyre."

"Ay, that they have!" put in Mrs. Spence. "Even they folks that are always a-crying out 'bout folks above them can't lay hold on anything against he. He lives too unselfish like for that."

What the old couple said was true. There are few, very few, who give up their life as Eyre did, to spend it wholly in the service of others. He had distinguished himself as a medical student, and in the opinion of many, a promising career lay before him. To the bitter disappointment of many of his friends he renounced it, and buried himself in the little village of West Dene, there to devote himself heart and soul to the people.

The village had been rather badly off for doctors before that, for the gentry went to Redminster for their medical men. The villagers had rather a distrust of doctors, and preferred trusting to the herb medicines concocted by the old women of the place; so that, when Henry Eyre came to West Dene, he found much to discourage him. Through all he never lost heart, but worked steadily on, till at last none could withhold their respect from him. He was an earnest Christian, and followed more literally than is thought necessary by many the commands of the great Founder of Christianity; and it was just because he was so consistent—because he so truly *was* what he professed to be, that the contempt he had met with at first changed to admiration, and distrust to confidence.

"Must you be going, Miss Helen?" said Mrs. Spence, as the girl rose. "Nearly nine o'clock, is it? The time slips by when you're by us. Good-night; my old man will see you safe home, miss."

Helen would not let the old man go farther than his garden gate. As she walked slowly back in the soft summer twilight, she thought how sad these good kind hearts would be if her home were to pass into strange hands, and their family were to leave the place. Another change it would be for them to fret about.

That evening she lay long awake; but when sleep came to her weary eyes, her heart was comforted by some words which had struck her in a book she had lately been reading: "He who sets kings on their thrones, heeds and pities the sparrows in their fall."

(To be continued.)



"LEAVES OF GRASS."

NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

THE fields are never so lovely as in the middle of June, just about the time when the rattle of the mowing machines is first heard, and the peculiar "this way and that way" as the mowers whet their scythes. It has been remarked, that with the advance of science the poetry will fade out of life; and with the introduction of machinery the romance is dying out of agriculture. If this be true—and it cannot be denied that the picturesque is steadily being eliminated from life (George Eliot, in a well-known passage in the opening of *Felix Holt*, touches on this ugliness that must overtake us)—it behoves us to get as close to nature as we can, to make the most of our opportunities, and to look at nature with a sympathetic discernment that shall fix *what* we see upon the "tablets of the mind."

And a field of grass can be much more than it appears at a casual glance if we will only take the trouble to particularise. We have it on the authority of Macaulay, that the man who will leave the general for the particular at once stands a chance of being interesting. Let us look at a field of grass in detail, treating it as so many leaves, a few of which we can read if we will.

To know a field of grass means spending an afternoon—or many, for that matter—in one. The landscape painter has a good opportunity of becoming intimate with nature if he but keep his eyes and ears open.

It was in painting out of doors this spring that I for the first time studied a grass field from a painter's or a botanist's point of view. And how difficult to render it is! There were three of us, and we started by making studies of an apple orchard, with the grass below. At the end of our afternoon's work, when we came to compare notes, we had to confess that day after day we were beaten. Nature was too infinite for us to make definite. Some days it would look all grey—silver and gold, for the buttercups were in full blow—another day it would look green and yellow, and then we got our work rank, and it mightily offended our artistic sense.

It was no use individualising either. Painting from knowledge is useless to obtain effects. The painter must work entirely from observation. Many a man who fails completely to get the effect he sees, could draw most faithfully any individual grass or flower that goes to make up nature's treasury.

And yet it interested me to individualise, and see what went to make up the grass-field. And my studies in this direction proved to me the truth of an expression my fellow-worker was fond of using: "Throw on everything in your box; it's your only chance." This was said to counteract a tendency on my part to get my field too much one colour. Quite true, I said to myself, when I looked into the matter. There were buttercups, ox-eye daisies, pink clover, wild sage, sorrel, and grasses too numerous to mention. I found upon examination, however, that there were some six very familiar forms; and as all grasses lean to a warm purple hue when in bloom, the fields where much has run to seed present a very reddish-purple tone, as subtle as it is beautiful.





REED WARBLERS NEST.

Another difficulty the painter has to meet — as though the difficulty of his task were not already more than he could bear —is that nature is constantly changing. One flower goes off and two come on. And it is worth while noting the marked changes a grass field undergoes. In the beginning of May or end of April we have Shakespeare's—

"Daisies pied and violets blue,
And ladysmocks all silver white,
* * *
Do paint the meadows with delight."

This is the silver age of the field. Later on we get the golden age of the buttercups: but before that happens we have the cowslip period—the link between the silver and the gold age. As the buttercups go off the pink clover and red sorrel come into the field to lend their redder tones of colour, which, mingling with the purples of the grasses, brings us into what we may call the bronze age of the field.

Situation is everything to plants, and in one field bordering the river, and in which were some boggy places, a very varied flora was to be obtained. Enumerating only the most conspicuous, in the pond itself the yellow lily and beautiful delicate pink water violet; and on the margin, the flower de luce or yellow flag, and the most beautiful of wild flowers, the azure and pink forget-me-not.

The docks and sorrel in bloom in the drier portions of the field presented a most varied palette of reddish tones, the sorrel in particular being found from crimson to a yellowish pink. Ox-eye or moon daisies are a conspicuous feature of the fields, and usher in June. By the river itself the wild rose is now in bloom, many of the branches drooping over into the water so that the blossoms are reflected in the stream.

Imagining the field before one as a large map, the various territories are severally coloured by the particular group of plants in flower, for among the grasses themselves you will find all one kind growing together, occupying a territory to themselves, while another kind claims its acre alongside. The comfrey is a striking wayside flower just now, delighting in ditch banks and the sides of streams. The pink campion, erroneously called ragged robin by some people, and the blue meadow crane's bill, delight in a damp situation. The comfrey is one of the few wild flowers that is many-coloured, for you can find them purple, pale yellow, white, and pink side by side. It is full of ornamental suggestion when examined, the curve taken by its flower spikes being full of meaning to the eye that sees aright.

Designers are aware that wild flowers are fuller of suggestion than cultivated ones, and amateurs might pick up many a hint in the colouring of their rooms and the art of combining colours. This last remark is particularly addressed to Miss Mantilini, for I have heard experts express the difficulty they find in harmonising contrasting colours. A well-known flower, the cowslip, suggests a good scheme for a dress, the pale green of the calyx carried out in some soft thin woollen material, while the pale yellow of the flower with its accent of orange forming the trimming in two tones of silk.

Birds, again, are full of suggestions in this way; and now that any tone can be produced by skilful dyeing, the most striking and original harmonies might be carried out in dress by following the plumage of a male chaffinch, for instance.

In arranging bouquets and vases of cut flowers, lightness, variety, and chasteness can be obtained by the judicious use of grasses and the introduction of a few spikes of sorrel in the midst of the flowers.

But the beauty of the flowers of the field is only seen by those who go into the fields and have the taste and leisure to drink in what they see; and by waiting quietly birds come and show themselves in a way that surprises those who only know birds in museums. The reed bunting I have frequently watched fly on to a spike of dock, and I found two nests of the reed warbler cleverly woven around four reeds. In one case the bird had collected pieces of string, worsted, and thread, to bind round the outside of the nest. In another nest a cuckoo had dropped its egg.



6 COMMON GRASSES

GYP AND THE LIONS.

A TALE OF MISSION LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA—FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Mrs. CAREY-HOBSON, Author of "The Farm in the Karoo," "South African Stories," etc.



One of the finest pieces of coast scenery in South-eastern Africa is to be met with at the mouth of the Umzimvoobu, or St. John's River, the entrance to which is guarded on either side by two enormous and picturesque rocks, called "The Gates."

The neighbouring and back country is both beautiful and fertile; lovely glens with wooded sides or grassy slopes, where many tropical and sub-tropical fruits grow luxuriantly as well as those usually cultivated in colder climates.

At the time of our story, although there were, even at that distant date, two or three traders living near the sea who were supplied from time to time by a couple of small vessels from Port Elizabeth or Cape Town, the greater part of the land was but scantily inhabited by man; a few Kaffirs of the Pondo tribe had their villages or kraals, and among them the Rev. Stewart Harding, a missionary, with his wife and family, had dwelt for several years, living a life of true self-denial.

One morning in March, 1855, a handsome lad, mounted upon a beautiful Kaffir pony, whose mane and tail had never known the touch of the shears, stood on the heights above the Umzimvoobu rocks, looking far over the Indian Ocean. With his right hand shading his eyes, he was evidently watching intently for some sail that he expected to see.

"Lawrence, Lawrence!" cried a fair girl, who now joined him, "how can you stand gazing out to sea in that fashion when the *Penguin* passed through "The Gates" an hour ago?"

"Come in, has she!" exclaimed the youth. "Well! that is amusing, while I have been straining my eyes looking at the horizon in hopes of catching the first glimpse."

"Whereas, if you had only taken Jack a little nearer to the edge of the krantz (cliff) you would have seen her coming in 'like a thing of life," said his sister. "But, Lawrence," continued the girl, as they turned away from the spot, "I wish you were not so eager about this horrid little *Penguin*. I can't bear to think of your going away. What are we to do without you?"

"It is not that I want to leave you all, Helen—you know that; but father says—and I think the same—that if I am to do anything at all I ought to be at college now."

"Well, I am sure you are quite learned enough—I can't see what father wants you to go to college for. You seem to me to have done nothing but read and learn, and learn and read, all your life."

"Oh, come, Nelly, I have had my fair share of play, too! But I will acknowledge that, besides going to the university, I have a great longing to see what the great world is like. I wish we were all going back. I am afraid father will miss me very much—that is, the teaching. We have been so constantly together lately. You three girls have each other, and the mother has you."

"And papa has mamma and his church full of people," said Helen.

"Yes, but neither mamma nor the coloured people will read up Latin, Greek, and mathematics with him, and go through all his old college books."

"But he has his books—that's just it; and we shall miss you awfully, Laurie."

"My dear old Nell, don't you think it is I who ought to talk of missing all of you?—I, who know not a soul in all England. I shall be like that white-barked tree on the great plain—quite alone!"

When the brother and sister reached home, after a visit to the *Penguin* for letters, and a subsequent gallop of four or five miles, Lawrence found his father as usual in his study. It was only a large-sized beehive-shaped hut, which had been built for him by the Kaffirs, but to the hard-worked missionary this cool retreat amongst his beloved books was a place of intense delight and enjoyment, the only drawback being, that as it was situated at some little distance from the house, he could never stay there after dark on account of the trouble there might be should lions chance to be prowling about.

That there were lions in the neighbourhood they knew to their cost; constantly was the stillness of the night broken by the deep roar of this so-called monarch of the forest, as he carried off some unguarded goat or other animal; indeed, if this kind of prey were difficult to obtain, he had not scrupled occasionally to substitute for it an Ama-Ponda native, whose hut door might not be sufficiently well fastened to keep his majesty out.

On this lonely mission station the lions were unusually bold, often coming up close to the houses in the night time.

"Quite a budget of letters for you, father," said Lawrence, "and here is *the* letter from Mr. Smith."

"The letter that is to take you from me, my boy. But Mr. Smith is very good and kind," continued he, reading the letter. "You are to go to his house at Port Elizabeth for a couple of weeks, where he has a large vessel of his own bound for London, on board of which he offers you a passage."

"Mr. Smith has sent you a box, father; the Captain says it is a supply of new books. I despatched it by a native before I left the *Penguin*, so it will be here this afternoon."

The box arrived, the three girls and the mother flocked into the study to watch the unpacking. None but those who have lived upon an isolated station, or a lonely outpost, can fully appreciate the keen delight there is in the unpacking of such a parcel—new books fresh from the publisher's hands, magazines full of the current thoughts of the day, and English newspapers, every one of which, nay, even every fragment of which, was put away to be read with the pleasurable feeling that for the moment took the reader back to his own beloved country.

"Mamma," said Helen, at last, "I must go in and see about shutting up and getting tea ready; please don't be long before you come."

"We will go with you now," said her mother, carrying off some of the newspapers.

"And, Lawrence, you and father will not be late? Funelli told me that the lions were all round the house last night."

"All right, Nell, never fear; we'll come."

Nevertheless, when left alone both father and son forgot how the time went by. The hut was rather dark, so that while it was still daylight the candles had been lighted. All at once the hills resounded with the discordant yelling laugh of the jackal and the hyena. Books were caught up and instant preparation made for leaving the hut; no fear had they of these mocking brutes, but the long dull roar that had answered the weird laughter told them that already had they stayed too long.

The roar they heard had been a distant one: but even as they passed rapidly into the house Lawrence thought he could distinguish a prowling figure in front of the dark clump of evergreen trees; and it must have been so, for scarcely had they time to fasten the door when the creature, seeming to regret that he had allowed them to escape so easily, pounced upon the spot they had but just occupied, and roared out his disappointment.

But they were accustomed to the noises of this wild, uncivilised land, and tea, or rather supper, was a sociable, merry meal with them all, and it passed off pleasantly, till just at the very last, when Eva, the youngest girl, exclaimed—

"Where's Gyp! She has not come for her tea!"

The house was a small and primitive one, and it took but a short time to discover that Gyp, dear old Gyp, that had come with them from England, and was, in fact, quite one of the family, was not in the house.

There was consternation in every face. Poor Eva was crying fit to break her heart. Gyp was the only playmate the poor child had ever known. Lawrence, opening for a few inches first the front door and then the back, whistled and called to no purpose; he was answered by a terrific roar close to him. The moon was rising, and as he peered out in hope of discovering the little white mass, he distinctly saw three large lions watching the house.

"It was strange," he thought; "they must be looking at something; and yet if Gyp had been close by, surely she would have crept in at his call." He was about to bolt the door in despair, when there was a call from the girls' bedroom; Gyp was on the window-sill outside of the closed shutter.

Poor old Gyp! There did not seem to be much chance of rescuing her. The lions were steadily watching from under the shadow of the trees, though one occasionally seemed to advance from the others. As soon as Lawrence was in Helen's room he saw at once what had puzzled him before—the reason that the lions had not already snatched the dog from the sill.

There was no glass window—merely a shutter, and being obliged to have it closed all night, there had been several round holes made in it to allow of ventilation. These, with a bright light shining through them, had been sufficient to keep the monsters off for a time; but they would soon get used to the uncanny-looking eyes, and then, alas! for poor Gyp.

The shutter was closed from outside, therefore it could not be opened without pushing Gyp from her place of refuge. She whined piteously for help, but evidently found comfort in Lawrence's encouraging, "Sit quite still, Gyp; I'm coming."

Lawrence had hit upon a plan of rescue. Taking a small saw that could be inserted into one of the holes, he had soon sawn the shutter down beyond the dog on each side. As we have said, there was no sash, so with a "Now then, Gyp, old dog!" she was pulled in from below as the centre of the shutter was raised.

Lawrence had taken the precaution of putting a pistol in his belt; his father also had his gun in readiness for any emergency; they

were therefore neither of them unguardedly taken by surprise when, with a tremendous bound, an immense lion dashed at the gap after the retreating dog. Lawrence feared much that the shutter would not be strong enough to withstand such an assault, and he was leaning with all his might against it, when the lion's head came right through the hole. In a moment the lad had put his pistol into the creature's ear and fired twice. His father had pointed his gun also, but Lawrence said—

"Stay, father! he has had enough; we shall want the gun."

With scarcely a struggle—for both balls had entered the brain—the lion fell back dead. But the lioness was close at hand, and determined to avenge the death of her lord. At the risk of meeting with the same fate, she also made for the hole in the shutter. At that moment Lawrence and his father were barricading the window with a large bag of Indian corn, which had, in fact, been used before in the same manner as a measure of precaution, and was usually kept in a corner of the room.

They had not reckoned upon her coming so soon; they thought it probable that she would follow the lion, and therefore both went quickly to lift the two hundredweight of maize, thinking to fire at her from over that barrier and be safe. But just as they had with some exertion hoisted the sack upon the window seat, down it came again with a thud, knocking them both over, while with the shock came such a loud, angry roar, that they thought the lioness had really broken the shutter, and was in the room with them.

They were up in a second. She was scratching, and trying to force her way in, snarling and making a horrible noise; but as yet the good planks did not yield.

Lawrence caught up his father's gun and fired full into her face, the ball entering the eye. This so enraged her, that in the struggle that ensued she at last succeeded in breaking the shutter, and in a moment was in the room. Then there was a scene of confusion.

Gyp, who had retreated to the pillows on the bed, rushed forward at the sight of her enemy, barking most vociferously. But the lioness no longer thought of the dog; she sprang towards Mr. Harding; and if Lawrence had hesitated a second, his father would in all probability have fallen a victim to the fury of the beast. But knowing that he had but one barrel loaded, and that his father's life depended upon his steadiness of aim, with an inward prayer for aid, the shot was directed with precision, and, Heaven be praised! with good effect.

The creature rolled over; she was not quite dead, but he quickly gave her the *coup de grâce* with a large hammer that was among the tools that had been brought in for the purpose of repairing the shutter.

Meanwhile he handed the gun to his father to reload, saying, "Quick, dear father, remember there were three lions. I must close up that window." He saw that his father looked dazed by the shock, and that it was necessary to recall him to action. Then, by the exertion of great strength, he once more got the sack of maize on to the window-seat and dragged a chest of drawers in front of it.

He looked out now through the aperture above the sack; the moon shone brightly; it was almost as light as day. The dead lion lay beneath the window, but there was not a sign of the third; the living one, disappointed, instead of staying to look after his friends, had gone to seek his prey elsewhere.

Lawrence looked back into the room; his father was all right, and had reloaded the gun.

"The other lion has made off, father. They will none of them bother us any more to-night except that we must get rid of this creature some way or other."

"Thank God, my boy, that we have both escaped as we have done."

"And poor old Gyp," said Lawrence, taking the dog in his arms and carrying her towards the door. "When I saw the lioness about to spring upon you, I wished I had left Gyp to her fate."

When he opened the door he found Helen on her knees outside.

"Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence! are you both safe? Where's father? I told mother I could hear you both talking, but there she is, as white as a sheet. I had almost to pull her away from this door, she seemed determined to go in."

Giving Gyp to the girls, whose tears were dried by having all back in safety, he and his father soon, by their presence, restored the mother to comparative tranquillity; but when they spoke of returning to clear the room, she clung to her husband, and entreated them not to go near the lioness any more that night, even although she was dead.

"Very well, dear mother," said Lawrence. "I will only fetch out what the girls require, and they can go into the spare room to-night."

On the morrow great was the rejoicing among the Pondo villagers to find that the young master had actually killed two of their formidable foes. With supreme satisfaction Funelli and one or two other Kaffirs not only skinned the lion and lioness, but undertook to prepare the skins in their best manner in time for Lawrence to take home with him; and in after years, as these lion-skin rugs lay on the floor of his college rooms, they often brought to mind that night's work on the banks of the Umzimvoobu, and the rescue of Gyp from the lions.

VARIETIES.

The First Butterfly.

One of the superstitions that used to be believed in Devonshire was that anyone who did not kill the first butterfly he might see for the season would have bad luck for a whole year afterwards. A young lady tells of an instance she fell in with: "The other Sunday," she says, "as we were walking to church, we met a man running at full speed, with his hat in one hand and a stick in the other.

"As he passed us he exclaimed, 'I sha'n't hat 'en now, I b'lieve!'

"He did not give us time to ask what he was so eagerly pursuing, but we presently overtook an old man whom we knew to be his father, and who, being very infirm at upwards of seventy years of age, generally hobbled about by the aid of two sticks.

"Addressing me, he observed, 'My zin a took away wan o' my sticks, miss; wan't be ebble to kill'n now, though, I b'lieve.'

"'Kill what?' said I.

"'Why, 'tis a butterfly, miss; the furst hee'th a zeed for the year, and they zay that a body win have cruel bad luck if a ditn'en kill a furst a zeeth.'"

Useful Music.

Bishop Beveridge observes that of all recreations he found music to be the best, and especially when he played himself.

"It calls in my spirits," says he; "composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts."

A Just Judge.

Aristides being judge between two private persons, one of them declared that his adversary had greatly injured Aristides.

"Relate rather, friend," said he, interrupting him, "what wrong he hath done to thee, for it is thy cause, not mine, that I now sit to judge."

A Constant Enemy.—Above all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere, to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with inclinations and aversions to the prejudice of your greatest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons. It obscures every talent, paralyses every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable.

Shop Assistants.—"If in the actual work of shop assistants there is a prosaic monotony, then it is all the more probable that they need our warmest sympathy, our most thoughtful considerations, since they themselves are no *machines*, but men and women with exactly the same hopes and desires as the rest of us. It is because we consider them of a *different* order that we tolerate the long hours, that we allow women to stand all day long to serve us, though it has been *proved* that serious injury to health may be the result."—*A Hardy Norseman*—Edna Lyall.

The Effects of Superstition.

The Duchess of Angoulême, in the sixteenth century, on wakening one night was surprised by an extraordinary brightness which illuminated her room. At first she thought it was the fire, so she scolded her women for having made so large a one; they assured her, however, it was caused by the moon.

The Duchess ordered her curtains to be undrawn, and discovered that what produced this unusual light was a meteor.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "this is a phenomenon which never appears to persons of common condition. Shut the window; it is a meteor which announces my departure. I must prepare for death."

The following morning she sent for her lawyer and physicians, and made every arrangement for her approaching dissolution.

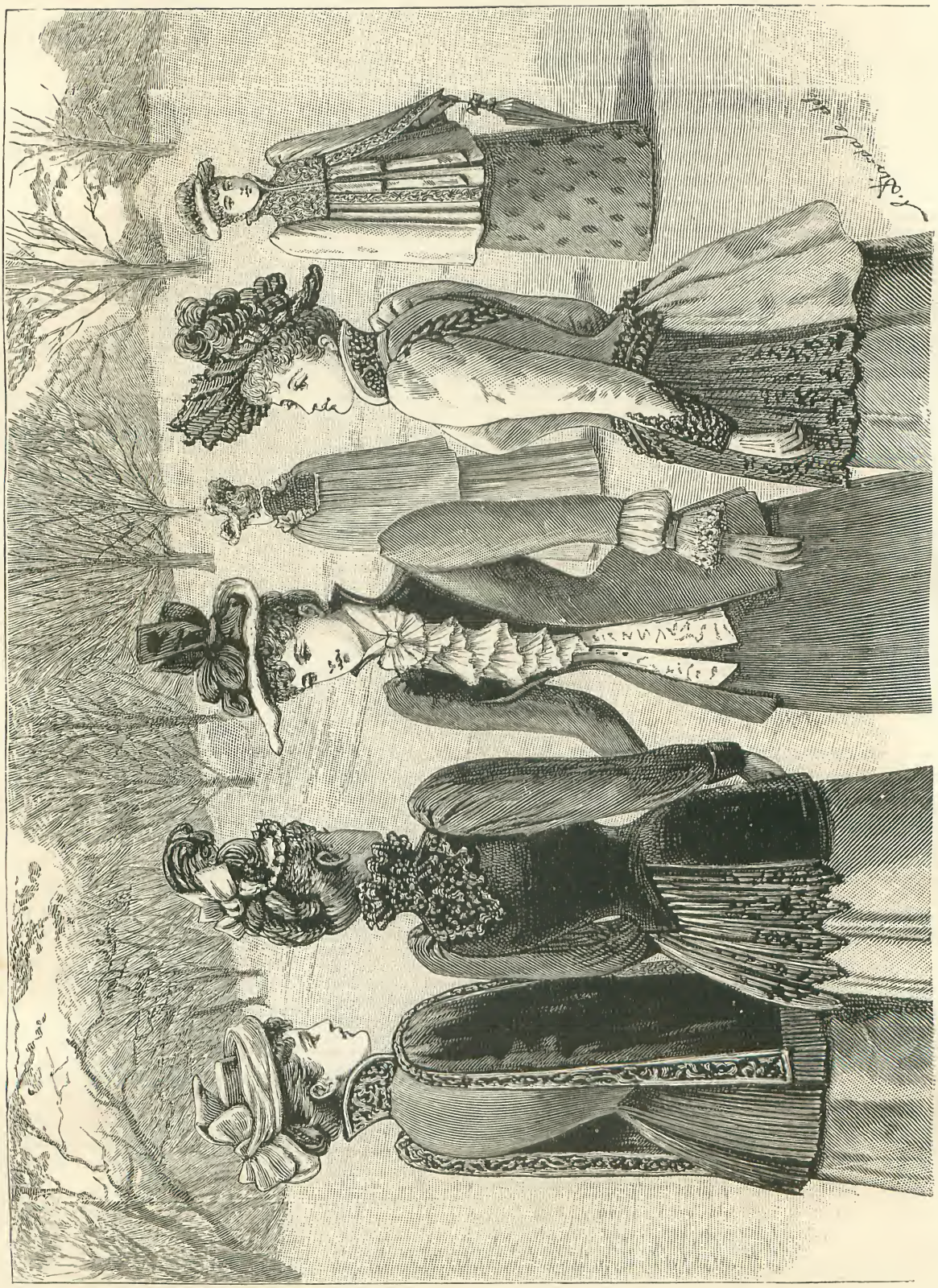
The physicians assured her that her apprehensions were ill-founded and premature.

"If I had not," replied she, "seen the signal for death I could believe what you say, for I do not feel myself exhausted or particularly ill."

On the third day after this event she expired—the victim of terror.

Long after her day all appearances of the celestial bodies, not perfectly understood by the multitude, were supposed to indicate the deaths of sovereigns and distinguished persons, or revolutions in governments.

Friends and Enemies.—Ten friends are dearly purchased if gained at the expense of a single enemy; for the enemy will take ten times the pains to injure you that the friends will take to do you service.



NEW HATS AND MANTLES OF LACE AND SILK.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I SAID in my last that jersey bodices and blouses were more in favour than ever, and certainly I have never seen so excellent and varied a collection of both as have been brought out by the manufacturers this year. They are in every colour and shape, and in every style of trimming—gold and silk braiding as well as coloured and black.

In purchasing a jersey, due regard should always be had to the skirt with which it is to be worn; and if possible they should approximate in some degree in colour. For instance, if the skirt be black, the jersey should be black too; and if the braiding be of gold, or gold and black, some attempt at ornamentation of the same kind should be made on the front of the skirt, either with a few rows of gold and black *passementerie* or braid. A brown skirt should have a brown jersey, or a grey one—a jersey perhaps not exactly to match in colour, but of the same tone of grey. Thus, the jersey may be of a light dove colour and the skirt of a tone of the same, but in a darker shade.

After the winter we often find ourselves with the skirts of our dresses fairly good, or good after being turned and sponged, and the bodices worn out. If they be of serge or cashmere, they can be made useful throughout the summer worn with a jersey.

The array of trimmings quite takes one's breath away, and those of imitation jewellery, hailing from Paris, are exquisitely lovely. All kinds of stones are imitated, including the moonstone; and the gold and silver galloons, with jewels, are most handsome. In jet there is a great feeling for the "nail-head," or cut pieces of jet, to sew on to bands of ribbon, for dresses and mantles; and gold lace and gold ribbons of various widths are the most fashionable trimmings for both hats and bonnets. When not carried to extremes, the mixture of gold as a trimming, especially with black, is pretty and stylish; and it is to be hoped that these expensive fashions may have a long life, for otherwise they will be indeed extravagant. Good jet trimmings, however, are not an extravagance at all, for they can be used for several gowns successively, and always make a dress look well. Just now, when gold and black is a combination so much in vogue, it is not difficult to mix our jet with gold, and so bring ourselves quite up to the mark of fashion. Gold braiding and jet *passementerie* can be mixed, and when done with taste, looks well. For instance, the corselet bodice can be ornamented with jet bands at the top and at the waist, while the upper, or yoke portion, may be of braided gold in an arabesque design.



TWO WALKING GOWNS.



THE NEWEST JACKET AND MANTLE.

Nothing can well be smaller than the bonnets are at present, and at no time has the home milliner had a better chance of success in making-up a becoming and pretty bonnet or hat. The correspondent of a contemporary says that "the smallest he has yet seen was composed of two moss roses and a toothpick!" The foundations certainly require very little doing to them, and the trimmings can be purchased all ready prepared for home arrangement. The easiest way is to choose a bonnet shape which is suitable, and get the trimmings at the same shop, where they will generally be found ready to help and advise you in your choice. There seem to be more black bonnets in wear than anything else, with or without a mixture of colour.

One of the loveliest of the new artificial flowers of this season is the honeysuckle, which is copied with wonderful fidelity to nature. So also is the old morning glory, which is apparently a favourite flower.

In the way of natural flowers for buttonholes, I hear that the Malmaison carnation is to be *the* flower *par excellence*, and in place of the Maréchal Niel rose every one is to wear the Catherine Mermet and mignonette.

So far as colours are concerned, I find yellow very prevalent in every shade. Next to that, for millinery at least, comes heliotrope in some of its shades only; and in the way of novelties we have a pelargonium pink, which is chiefly seen in velvet on hats only.

And now I must give a small space to the discussion of the Coming Dress Bazaar, which I mentioned in my last as one of the events in the near future. The Kensington Town Hall, which serves for so many bazaars, was used for it, and on April 14th the festival of our future dress was opened by Margaret Lady Sandhurst, the object to be benefited being the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. The hall was decorated in pale hues of yellow and green, in which the stalls were draped, and which looked spring-like, though the weather gave little promise at the moment of spring sunshine or warmth.

The Rational Dress Society had two divided skirt models, called the "Syrian" and the "Japanese." The "Syrian" is a kind of baggy Turkish trouser, turned under, and fastened at the knee; while the "Japanese" hangs in straight pleats, like an ordinary skirt. These were all short—certainly four or five inches above the ankle—and the general foot coverings were house slippers, more or less pretty. Some, however—amongst whom was Lady Harberton—wore boots. The bodices were in nearly all cases loose shirts, and Greek sleeveless jackets



A SPIDER-NET VEIL.

over them; and to these had been added the high "Tudor collar," now so fashionable an article of dress. This was an unfortunate addition, so far as becomingness was concerned. Besides, being an anachronism of the worst sort, it was not in the least degree suited to the jacket. At the back, the height of this collar added to the look of length, which was an ungraceful characteristic of all these dresses. The short skirts were not a success, and gave a general appearance of ungainly "Shanghai chickens" to the wearers, who stalked and looked very self-conscious and uncomfortable indeed. No dress terminating above the ankle is either graceful or necessary, so far as muddy roads are concerned—at least, so I think.

The "Turkish Tea-gown" was the most graceful of the dresses, as it reached to the ankles completely.

I fear we have not yet arrived at the ideal costume; and perhaps the general indifference of women to the matter is owing to the fact, that the great necessity for such a sweeping change as the one in question is not proved, especially when Dame Fashion is kind enough to give us such comfortable and pretty garments at the present time, and when we can, if we choose to devote time and trouble to the subject, arrange our under-garments so as to meet every hygienic and sanitary requisition. We have the comfortable "combination" in so many forms, and we need not wear corsets unless we like to do so.

One thing is quite certain—with this new style of dress lessons in deportment would be very needful; how to walk and carry oneself, how to stand, and how to sit; for no carelessness in any of these things would be possible, or at least tolerated; and as the ordinary working woman, and those who affect a masculine demeanour, are not likely to pay great attention to them, the failure of the short dress is assured.

Coloured veils have become quite *passé*, and are never seen. Some of the new ones are remarkable. The spider's web—of which our artist has tried to show the effect—is the most wonderful, and will be much worn, as well as the finer kinds of "Russian net," some of which have a minute speck of gold on it. All veils are worn to cover the chin, and are large enough to go well over the edge of the bonnet. I hope all my readers will endeavour to tie these veils at the back neatly, for the prettiest bonnet may be spoilt by an ugly ravelled-out wisp of net at the back.

Alpaca and tussore silk are the new materials of this season for under-petticoats. The former is very pleasant to wear, and is nearly equal to silk, while the latter washes as well as an ordinary white petticoat, and is very cheap as well. Tussore has been much adopted in America for under-clothes on this account.

The new blue, which has been so much talked of under various names, has not proved very becoming, as it makes many people look pale and wan, just as some shades of heliotrope do.

The tweed dresses for spring use are in extremely light shades of colour—grey, fawn, and tan, and will not be very economical wear in London, I fear. There are, however, two very pretty dark hues—one between a damson and a mulberry, and a warm shade of brown called "bark," which is much favoured by the Princess of Wales and her daughters. To my mind this shade is best described as being the one that will shade harmoniously amongst the golden yellows of the spring, and will look well with daffodils and mimosas too.

Now that the sleeves of our gowns have grown longer, we shall not need to wear the four-button gloves; and already the old two-buttons have made their welcome appearance in the shops.

Some of the newest sleeves quite fall over the hand like the Chinese or the Middle-age sleeve of the Plantagenets; so I suppose we shall leave off wearing bracelets, unless we wear them—as they were worn many years ago—outside the very long sleeves of other days.



THE NEW YOKED BLOUSE.

The tight-fitting sheath-like skirt is worn as much as in the winter: the only difference in it is that at present the front is tabbed, either in squares or points, and under it is a deep flounce about fourteen inches wide, which puffs out between the tabs, and takes off the extremely plain look of the front. The edges of the tabs are corded with the old-fashioned cording of long ago, which was called "piping cord," and edged every part of a dress, especially the bodice, and was thought to give firmness to armholes and the neck of dresses. Nowadays I fancy the cut of our dresses is better, and we have done away with "piping cord," and save much time thereby in the making of our dresses.

The paper pattern selected for the month is the new yoked blouse, a simple but useful bodice, suitable for a person of any age, which can be made of any material, lined or unlined, and worn with any skirt. It will take four to five yards of single-width material, and if lined, the lining should be cut out the same as the material; and a thin material should be chosen, as it is made up and sewn together with it. There are nine pieces—two yoke, three sleeve, bodice front and back, and collar, and cuff.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out- or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, and new skirt.

SUMMER PUDDINGS.



s cold sweets are always welcome during the hot summer days, I shall give recipes for some in due hopes that some may be new to my readers. New puddings are usually welcome, as one tires sooner of them than anything else, and so one longs for more variety.

Apple Soufflée.—Butter the *outside* of a pudding dish, and cover it with "short crust," made of six ounces of fine flour, three ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sifted sugar, the yolk of one egg, beaten light; rub the butter, sugar, and flour together, and add egg and enough water to mix to a paste; roll out into a sheet the size of the dish, cut the edges neatly, and bake to a pale brown in a steady oven. In the meantime pare and core a pound and a half of apples, add a quarter of a pound of sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of half a lemon; stew till soft, then stir in half a dozen ratifia biscuits and one penny sponge cake crumbled down, the yolks of two eggs well whisked, and a very little water; stir well over the fire a few minutes to cook the eggs, then pour into your paste dish (which has been gently slipped off the mould), and make the apples smooth on the top; whip the whites of three eggs stiff with a tablespoonful of castor sugar, spread evenly over the apples, dust some sugar over the icing, ornament round the edge with ratifia biscuits, and put the soufleé into a nearly cold oven just to *slightly* brown the icing.

Chocolate Pudding.—Soak a third of an ounce of gelatine in a little milk. Dissolve four ounces of vanilla chocolate in a pint and a half of milk, and boil in a clean pan for ten minutes, stirring all the time; flavour with a very little vanilla essence, and sugar to taste; put into a jug to cool. Put the soaked gelatine in a pan and dissolve it; let it also cool, then add it to the chocolate and mix well. Pour, when almost cold, into a mould previously wet with water. When set, turn out and serve with whipped cream round it. This pudding should be made the day before it is required. If liked, a cup of strong coffee can be used in place of chocolate, and is very refreshing.

Chocolate Solid.—Make a custard (as directed below in "Pineapple Sponge"), and to it add three ounces of chocolate boiled in a quarter of a pint of milk. When cool, add a very little essence of vanilla, and pour all into a wet mould to set.

Devonshire Junket.—Put one quart of luke-warm sweet milk (the richer the better) into a punch bowl, or a crystal one, add sugar to taste, and a few drops of brandy or any flavouring, and a dessertspoonful of rennet. Leave it in a cool place to "set" or "curd," when it will be ready. Send to table in the bowl, with little lumps of whipped cream on the top, and serve with cream.

Haycocks.—Beat three eggs very light; beat their weight in sugar and butter to a cream; add same weight in flour gradually, and lastly, beat in the eggs and a little of any flavouring; half fill buttered dariole tins with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. When cold, scoop out a little hollow on the top of each and fill with whipped cream and a few pistachio nuts chopped and sprinkled on the top, or else fill with any preserve and sprinkle almonds or cocoanut on the top. They can also be served simply glazed over with any preserve, such as apricot, and a thin custard poured round them in the dish.

Italian Cream.—To one pint of good rich milk add enough fine sugar to sweeten it, the *thin* rind of a lemon, an inch of cinnamon stick, and three quarters of an ounce of isinglass; put all into an enamelled pan and stir till it boils and the isinglass is dissolved. Beat in a large basin the yolks of six eggs till very light, strain over them the boiling milk, etc., stirring well all the time and till the mixture is nearly cold, then add a desert-spoonful of lemon juice; pour into a wet mould, and when quite set turn out.

Kendal Puddings.—Rub the rind of a lemon on to six or eight lumps of loaf sugar, pound and add them to one pint of milk in a pan and let it boil; mix to a smooth batter two large tablespoonfuls of ground rice with a little milk, add the boiling milk on to the rice, stir well, adding more sugar if required, and also half an ounce of butter. Stir over the fire till the mixture thickens, and let it boil a little. Have ready some little cups or tins well buttered, fill with the rice, and set in a cool place till quite cold. Turn them out on a dish and garnish the top of each with a little piece of bright-coloured jelly. Pour round them a good thick cold custard sauce.

Coffee Mousse.—Make a teacupful of strong coffee, using a quarter of a pound to the cup of water. When strained add to it an ounce of sugar and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Put into a tin gallipot, place it in a pan of boiling water, and let the water boil round it till the coffee thickens, and which must be constantly stirred. Let it get perfectly cold. Whip one pint of thick cream stiff, add the coffee by degrees so that it is smooth and thick, and serve in old china cups or coloured glasses. It is only fair to say that as a rule *coffee* sweets and creams are only liked by a few, as it is an acquired taste, and therefore they are not always appreciated as they should be.

Moonshine.—Dissolve three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, add half a pound of loaf sugar, the thin rind of two lemons, boil for ten minutes; then strain it; while hot add the juice of the two lemons, strained, and when the mixture is nearly cold whisk it till it looks like snow. Put into a wet mould, and turn it out next day.

Gâteau.—Take a fresh Madeira cake, cut off the top to make it even, then cut the cake into slices half an inch thick; on the lower slice spread some marmalade, place a slice on the cake, on top spread it with raspberry jam, then cake, then some apricot jam, and so on till all is together; glaze outside with marmalade, and serve with cream or custard.

Orange Fool.—Juice of four oranges, three well-beaten eggs, one pint of cream, a little cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Set it on the fire to thicken till it is like melted butter, but do not allow it to boil; then pour it into a glass dish and serve when cold.

Pineapple Sponge.—To three yolks and one white of egg, beaten, put a pint and a half of milk which has been boiled with an ounce and a half of gelatine and three ounces of sugar; return all to the fire in a jug set in a pan of water, to thicken; add to it a small tin of grated pineapple, and pour into a wet mould to set. Turn out the next day.

Queen Pudding.—Take half a pint of bread or stale cake crumbs, one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two ounces of sugar, an ounce of butter, and a little essence of lemon. Mix all in a pudding dish and bake for an hour. Put a thin layer of jam on the top; beat up the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth with a little lemon juice and two ounces of fine sugar; lay it over the jam, and return to the oven for a few minutes to brown lightly. Serve cold.

Quaking Custard.—Three cups of milk, the yolks of four eggs (reserve the whites for meringue), half a packet of gelatine, six table-spoonfuls of sugar; vanilla or lemon essence to taste. Soak the gelatine in a cup of the cold milk for two hours, then heat the rest of the milk to boiling, add the gelatine, and over the fire stir till quite dissolved. Take off, let it stand five minutes before adding the yolks and sugar. Heat slowly until it thickens—say seven or eight minutes—stirring constantly. When nearly cold add the flavouring; pour into a wet mould, and leave till set. Turn out. Have the whites beaten up to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar and the juice of a lemon. Heap round the custard in the glass dish.

Raspberry Gâteau.—Take a round sponge cake a pound in weight, cut into slices, and over each slice, commencing with the lower one, pour a syrup of the fruit while hot, made of half a pound each of currants and raspberries boiled with six ounces of sugar. Pour the fruit over along with their juice. Whip half a pint of cream till thick, sweeten, cover the cake with it roughly dropped from a spoon; colour a little of it pink with juice, and put a dot of it between each spoonful.

Russian Pudding.—One quart of claret, three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, the juice of one lemon, one ounce of isinglass, a breakfastcupful of damson jam, and a small glass of brandy. Soak the isinglass with the claret, brandy, and sugar, then put in the jam and stir all over the fire. Let it boil for a few minutes, then strain it into a wet casserole mould. Fill the centre with whipped cream when the pudding is set and turned out.

Rhubarb Cheesecake.—Stew a bunch of rhubarb till soft, beat well with a fork, drain all the liquor away, add the juice and grated rind of two lemons, sweeten to taste, add a little nutmeg and three well-beaten eggs. Pour all into a paste-lined dish and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven; turn out and serve cold with cream.

Snowballs.—Boil a teacupful of rice with a pint and a half of milk, flavour with chopped almonds, and add sugar to taste. When the rice is tender beat it well till smooth; pour into wet cups, and when the rice is cold turn out on a glass dish and garnish with jelly.

Cornflour Meringue.—Five eggs, one quart of milk, three quarters of a cup of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cornflour, half a cup of jelly or jam. Heat the milk to boiling, and stir in the cornflour previously wet in a little milk; boil for a few minutes, stirring well; remove from the fire, and while hot add the beaten yolks, sugar, and vanilla essence, lemon, or almond. Pour into a buttered dish and bake fifteen minutes. Beat the whites of eggs stiffly with the jelly or jam, add a little flavouring, draw the pudding to door of oven, quickly spread on the meringue, and bake covered for five minutes; remove the cover and brown slightly. When cold, serve with fine sugar over the top.

Fig Compote.—Take one dozen large figs, cut up in halves or quarters, put them into a saucepan with a sixpenny packet of gelatine, two ounces of fine sugar, and enough water to quite cover them; let them simmer *slowly* for two hours; then pour into a wet mould. When quite set, turn out, and serve with spoonfuls of whipped cream round. Prunes can also be done this way, using half a pound of prunes (stoned) to the packet of gelatine.

Lemon Mould.—Steep the thinly-pared rind of eight lemons in one pint of water for twelve hours; strain, and dissolve in the water three quarters of a pound of castor sugar, add the juice of the lemons and whites of seven eggs beaten very stiff, and the yolk of one. Boil

this over a slow fire, stirring well till as thick as double cream. Pour into the glass dish and use cold.

Lemon Pudding.—Half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, six eggs (whites and yolks separately), the juice of one lemon, the grated rind of two, one nutmeg. Cream butter and sugar, beat in the yolks, lemon, and spice; stir in the stiffly-beaten whites last. Bake in a paste-lined dish, and eat when cold.

Lemon Pudding.—One cup of sugar, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornflour, two lemons, the juice of both and grated rind of one, one pint of milk, and a tablespoonful of butter. Heat the milk to boiling, and stir in the "wet-up" cornflour; boil five minutes, keep stirring; while hot, mix in the butter and set away to cool. Beat the yolks light, add the sugar, and mix well before putting in the lemon juice and rind. Beat to a stiff cream, add gradually to the cold cornflour, and when *quite* cold stir smooth; put into a buttered dish and bake. Eat cold.

Semolina Cream.—Soak an ounce of semolina in a gill of cold milk for an hour, then boil it until soft in three gills of milk. Stir this into the contents of a large tin of Nelson's blanc-mange dissolved in a pint of milk; flavour to taste; put into a wet mould and stand till set.

Italian Cream.—Take three quarters of an ounce of Nelson's gelatine and soak it in half a pint of cold water; boil the thin rind of a lemon in a pint of cream, add the juice of the lemon and three spoonfuls of raspberry syrup to the gelatine; pour hot cream on the above ingredients, stirring gently. Sweeten to taste; add a few drops of cochineal, whisk till thick, and pour into a wet mould.

There are also many varieties of cornflour shapes, for which directions are given on the packets, so that I need not take up space to repeat.

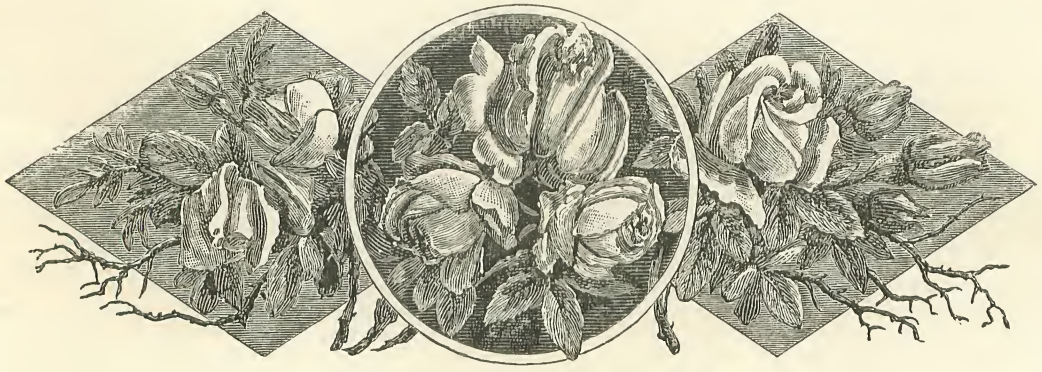
Apricot Compote.—Take a stale Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round of two inches thick. Stew a tin of preserved apricots with a teacupful of sugar for a little while. Fill up the centre of the cake, put on the top slice again, and pour over enough of the hot syrup to soak the cake. When cold, pour either a thick custard over it or else spoonfuls of thick cream whipped up stiff with a little sugar and essence of vanilla.

A very good summer pudding you will find the following to be, though it is served hot. The lemon flavouring makes it very refreshing.

Lemon Pudding.—Wet with a very little cold water two good tablespoonfuls of cornflour, then pour over it, stirring well, as much *boiling* water to make it to the consistency of thick starch; add five or six spoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and the yolks of two eggs, beaten well. Bake in oven ten minutes, spread the two egg whites beaten up with a little sugar, and very slightly brown in the oven.

A very good mould can be made in much the same way, making the starch very thick, adding sugar, lemon, and one egg yolk and white, returning all to the pan and allowing it to cook for a little while, then pouring it into a wet mould. Let it get cold, then turn out. I have no doubt that amongst the foregoing recipes each one will find something new, and I can confidently assure you that they are all very good. Many of them are suitable for use at garden parties and all such outdoor entertainments.

"CONSTANCE."



LAVENDER AND ROSES: A VILLAGE INDUSTRY.

BY FANNY L. GREEN.

SOUTH of Croydon there lies a great flower-growing district, whose fragrant products, instead of finding their way to Covent Garden, are distilled in the service of the druggist and perfumer. Some plants grown there, such as poppies, liquorice, aniseed, and chamomiles, are purely medicinal; but others—the lusciously-scented Provence rose, "sweet lavender," rosemary, and peppermint—are largely used in perfumery.

In summer, the air of Mitcham, of Wallington, and of Carshalton is fragrant with the odour of whole fields of "the queen of flowers," lavender, and sweet and pleasant herbs; and numbers of men, women, and children receive steady employment in tending the crops, cutting and carrying them, and preparing them for the market.

There are several farms and distilleries in the district, but the most interesting is the farm and distillery of the energetic woman to whom the revival of the lavender industry at Wallington is due.

More than a quarter of a century ago a succession of bad seasons seriously reduced the Surrey crop, thereby raising the price of the English oil, or otto, of lavender so considerably, that the foreign oil, which is much cheaper, but far inferior in quality, nearly drove it out of the market. Numbers of poor families in the district were thus deprived of their livelihood, and great distress ensued. Miss Sprules, whose family had been engaged in flower-farming and distilling for more than a century, determined to manufacture lavender water, or "essence," as it is properly called, out of a portion of the oil, and to send only the rest to the London dealers in the otto. She has now a large business at Wallington—the Wallington Distillery—which gives employment to a number of the village folk, and for some years has been by special appointment, "Purveyor of Lavender Essence to the Queen."

Lavender, roses, peppermint, rosemary, and chamomile are all part of Miss Sprules' fragrant stock-in-trade; but the manufacture of perfectly pure home-distilled lavender water is her staple industry. Its production is the result of a long course of cultivation and skilful treatment.

The lavender bushes, which are a little over two feet high, are propagated from slips which are struck under hand-lights, and subsequently placed in specially-prepared beds, where they remain for twelve months. During this time they are carefully clipped, to strengthen the growth. When the young plants are a year old, they are planted out in rows in sunny open fields, but for some time they are not allowed to flower. Short manure and superphosphate of lime are put to the roots, and the bushes are kept clipped.

The lavender plants are most productive when they are four years old; and even when the worn plants are judiciously and assiduously replaced by young ones, the crop cannot be grown on the same land for more than six years. At the end of that time, or sooner, the bushes are taken up, and the crop changed to potatoes, or some other vegetable.

In August, the "spikes of azure bloom" are ready for cutting, and a series of busy scenes ensues. First, the stalks are taken two or three together in the hand and carefully cut with the sickle; then they are bound in sheaves, and carted to the distilling shed.

The process of packing the still is very interesting. There is an aperture at the top through which a man enters, and the sheaves are handed down to him from a sort of stage, which is level with the top of the still. He packs them carefully in, pressing down the stalks fairly tightly till the still is full, when they are covered with water. The still-head, which communicates with a coil of copper pipe contained in a tank filled with cold water, is then bolted down, and heat is applied. After a time, the crude oil of lavender, a yellow, slightly turbid liquid, distils over with the vapour of water, and the two pass out together into the receiver. The oil, being much lighter than the water, rises to the top, and is carefully skimmed off and filtered. Half a hundred-weight of good lavender flowers will yield from fourteen to sixteen ounces of the otto.

To the pure oil, mixed with the finest rectified spirit, a small quantity of rose-water is added, and the mixture is carefully distilled, the result being a deliciously fragrant perfume which is perfectly white, and will keep in any climate. The exhausted lavender stalks, which look like rushes, are used for manure, and as litter in stables.

Oil of lavender and cloves are the chief ingredients in the powerful perfume called "Rondeletia," but this scent contains also otto of roses, otto of bergamot, and the extracts of musk, vanilla, and ambergris.

Fragrant lavender sachets and faggots are also sent out by Miss Sprules. The flowers for the former are dried on canvas trays in warm cupboards, and then ground and mixed with powdered gum benzoin, a small quantity of otto of lavender being added to the mixture. The lavender faggots are cut when the flowers are fully expanded, the spikes being spread and dried slowly in a cool shady place before the bundles are made up.

The peppermint plant, like the lavender, is grown in fields, and two kinds are under cultivation in Surrey—the black mint, with purple stems, and the white mint, which has green stems, and yields an oil of greater delicacy. The former is more generally cultivated, because it is hardier and more prolific in oil than the latter, which is principally grown for drying in bundles, or "bunching."

The peppermint requires a moderately rich, friable soil, and the quality of the oil is best when it grows in dry ground. The crop is allowed to stand till the heads are coming into flower, when it is cut down. So important is it that other plants should not be mixed with the peppermint, that the ground is kept very carefully weeded; and it is customary with some growers to give the labourers a gratuity to induce them to be careful in throwing out other plants while they are cutting the herb.

The gathering and tending of the peppermint at Wallington is chiefly in the hands of women and children. The oil is distilled in a similar manner to otto of lavender, but the distillation takes place at the lowest possible temperature. Miss Sprules allows her labourers to take away the peppermint water which runs out of the stills. They bottle it, and use it for medicinal purposes. Oil of peppermint is chiefly used in the preparation of the well-known cordial, in the manufacture of lozenges, and other forms of sweetmeats, and in prescriptions, to disguise the taste of nauseous drugs.

Rosemary is cultivated in a similar manner to the lavender, but it requires a longer period of growth before it is ready to be cut with the sickle. English oil of rosemary is ten times as valuable as the oil which is imported from Germany, France, and Spain. It is an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of Eau de Cologne, and is extensively used in hair-washes and eye-lotions, and in scenting soap.

Chamomile is a purely medicinal plant. The flowers are carefully gathered and dried by artificial heat. The best are large, double, and of a good white colour. For the latter quality, fine dry weather during the flowering season is essential. Wet changes them to a buff or brownish hue. Chamomile flowers are a soothing remedy for toothache, and an oil is distilled from the plant which is used medicinally.

The Surrey cabbage roses are used in the preparation of rose water, and the deep red Provence roses are cultivated for the manufacture of rose confections and infusions. The processes to which these two varieties are subjected are quite distinct.

The cabbage roses are gathered in successive crops about the end of June or beginning of July, and sent to London in sacks. When they arrive there, they are immediately spread out on a cool floor, for if left in a heap they will be so heated as to be quite spoilt. They are then pickled. First the leaves are pulled from the calyx; then every bushel of flowers has about six pounds of common salt thoroughly rubbed in. The salt absorbs the moisture from the petals, and rapidly becomes brine, reducing the whole to a pulpy mass, which is finally stowed away in casks. The mixture will then keep for almost any length of time without losing its fragrance.

The Provence roses are gathered while they are in the bud, just before expansion. The petals are cut off near the base, leaving the pale portion attached to the calyx, and are gently sifted, to remove any loose stamens that may remain. The petals adhere together loosely in the form of little cones, and have a delicious rosy odour, and mildly astringent taste. The "confection of roses," which is said to be good for delicate chests, is made by beating up the petals in a fresh state with sugar. An infusion of rose leaves, acidulated with sulphuric acid and slightly sweetened, is found to be a pleasant vehicle for other medicines.

It is satisfactory to know from Miss Sprules that these pleasant forms of industry are more profitable than the run of women's work; but it must not be forgotten that she reaps the fruit of long experience, and has succeeded to her father's connection. It is true that she has developed and extended his business; but a woman who knows nothing of the processes of flower-growing and distillation, and has no acquaintances among wholesale druggists and perfumers, would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get a footing in the trade.

Many poor women are, however, employed in these industries, and several ladies now add to their incomes by selling Miss Sprules' dainty wares—the fragrant essence, lavender-salts, sachets, and faggots—on commission. These home-grown products are used now in all our own royal palaces, and are exported to several foreign potentates.

Very charming the bottles look in their cupboards, with their dainty labels and pale blue ribbon bows, and almost as attractive is the lavender, "in arid bundles bound," to "lurk amid the labours of the loom." There is no more ideal odour for the linen which is still a good housewife's pride.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIII.



WHEN Adrien de Riancourt reached Paris the Reign of Terror was at its height. Robespierre, beginning to falter on his unhappy imminence, was clutching at his waning popularity by more and more ruthless executions. It was the worst moment in which he could have ventured into so fearful a position. But de Riancourt possessed high and undaunted courage. He had fully faced his intention; he had come to Paris to save his brother by his own death.

Adrien went straight to the authorities and demanded leave to visit one whom he described as his foster-brother, in prison. There was little difficulty in discovering where the supposed young Marquis de St. Eustache was imprisoned, but for a long time Adrien could not obtain the necessary permission. His story was a very ingenious one, told as it was in Breton French. He described the young Marquis as his foster-brother; he pretended that money and jewels had been secreted by him, and that unless he could obtain the secret of their hiding-place they would be lost to the nation.

Adrien was a good actor; a grim sort of smile crossed his face as he reflected that once, in one of the ill-fated Queen's comedies at Versailles, he had played much such a part as he was now assuming, and with the most rapturous applause.

The officials, on hearing of treasure, pricked up their ears. Adrien obtained permission to have a quarter of an hour's interview with the prisoner in the evening.

One of them informed him, with a wink which made his blood run cold, that to-night was the last chance of obtaining information from that prisoner.

There were some hours to spend before he could go to the Conciergerie, and Adrien felt wistfully that he would like to make the most of his few short hours of liberty. Protected by his peasant disguise, loose hair, and tricolour cockade, he walked through the streets. The faces of the passers-by were a curious and painful study. They were either reckless and turbulent, or wore a strangely scared and hunted expression. The very gait of the people was altered; there were a thousand gradations, from the rolling slouch of men intoxicated with emotions, reeling from the satiety of unbridled excitement, to the hurried, terrified scamper of many whom the hysterical fury of the times had reduced to the torments of shattered nerves.

Adrien was worn out with fatigue. He had ridden fast and long; hardly yet recovered from the weakness of his illness, nothing but his dauntless courage would have borne him through. He returned to the tiny room over a shoemaker's shop which he had hired. He sat down, but he could not rest; a feeling pressed on him that in a few short hours he would be no longer at liberty, but restricted to four narrow walls, to the loss of the light and air which he felt passionately that never till

now had he estimated at their full value.

Worn out as he was, he pushed aside untasted the coarse food which a slipshod daughter of the house had placed before him, and went out again. This time he wandered up the Faubourg; the grim, deserted houses stood with their wide iron gates open, their courts foul with neglect and the refuse flung there in fierce contempt.

The Maison de Lemprière looked more desolate and forlorn than even its neighbours. Adrien, feeling faint and sick, leant against an opposite wall looking at it. He would not seek out Valentine, he would not even ask where she was. He had courage enough to die, but he had not courage enough to face a parting such as that would be.

Great coarse bills and proclamations were pasted on the walls; even as he looked a man passing by roughly fastened one on the door. Some of the windows were broken—two in the delicately-furnished *salon* he used to know so well, with its white and gold and turquoise decorations.

Adrien stood leaning there, his rough fisherman's cap drawn low on the brows. To hide the delicacy of his hands he had taught himself to keep them in his pockets, but on this day he had omitted this precaution in his utter weariness and exhaustion. His eyes scanned the windows wistfully. Although he had made up his mind to seek no interview with Valentine, he hungered for a glimpse of the face of his love—one glimpse to carry with him as a light into the darkness that was drawing near.

How long he stood there he never knew, but the daylight was waning, and a dusky grey shadow stealing over the sky, when he was startled by the touch of a hand on his arm.

He turned round hastily; a child was standing beside him, with big blue eyes and loose hair.

"Monsieur," she said, in a low whisper, "my mother has sent me to speak to you."

"Your mother, my child?" he said, speaking in the gentle tone he always used to children. "What would she say?"

"My mother lives there," said the child, pointing to the Maison de Lemprière. "She has been watching you a long time, and by your hands she perceives that—that——"

"Well," said Adrien, with a sad smile, "if my hands betray me, will she denounce me?"

"No, no," said the child, earnestly. "But—but, monsieur (Citizen, I mean), my father will be coming home soon, and he is not like her. He hates the aristocrats. Will not monsieur move somewhere else?"

Adrien drew himself slowly upright.

"Your mother is good," he said. "Yes. I will do as she advises—I will go on. But first, little one, tell me this. You say your mother lives opposite—then what has become of the family who used to live there—M. de Lemprière and his daughter?"

"They have moved to an apartment on the other side of the river," answered the child, "and mademoiselle is to be married to-morrow."

"Married!" Adrien staggered back against the wall, looking so deadly pale that the child uttered a little cry of fear, and caught hold of his sleeve. After a moment he recovered himself, and seeing the terror of his little companion, he made a great effort to put some tone into his voice as he faltered—

"To whom is she to be married?"

"To Citizen Alcibiade Lefôret, monsieur."

He braced himself to a new effort. The clock of some neighbouring church was striking six; in half-an-hour he must be at the Conciergerie; he must be going.

He put his hand on the child's curly head.

"Thank you, my child," he said. The sound of his voice was so strangely extinguished that she shrank away, and ran across to her mother with the childish instinct prompting her to entreat her to come and help one who sorely needed help.

Adrien looked after her and went on his way. These tidings had come upon him with a sense of crushing weight; he was only conscious of a vague prayer that he might have strength to go through to the end—only conscious of overpowering suffering, and a dim feeling that it would not last much longer. One more night! A few more hours of this unbearable pain, and then it would all be over—all over, and for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANGE Laurent had been withdrawn from the society of his fellow prisoners, and placed once more in the solitary cell in which he had held his interview with Valentine.

It was with a curious feeling that he had quitted that strange society, where gaiety and the bright nonsense of the day masked the bitter agony of real human nature. He walked down the long dark room when the rough gaoler summoned him. Conversation died away as he passed, eyes followed him—eyes suddenly softening with a strange look of awe. One hand was stretched out to shake his, and the owner hurried away into a corner, afraid to show the emotion which would have been a breach of etiquette. There was not one of those assembled there who did not feel a mingled admiration and gratitude to Ange amounting to enthusiasm. When he passed out from among them, they knew what it meant—there would be no return.

Ange did not know why he was summoned in the evening. It was in the morning that the mock trials took place, and the tumbrils were wont to start on their fatal journeys. When he found himself alone in that cell, with its memories, he sat down listlessly, and leant his head on his hand.

Of late he had been trying to bring back prayers to his memory—not the daily prayers which were the habit of his life, but prayers for the dying, prayers for the dead. He tried to remember the holy words which had come to him on that night when he and Père Laurent had consigned his dead father to his cold sea grave, but he could not recall them distinctly.

He was not left alone long; the door was thrown open, and some one came in. There was a little cry. "Ange! my brother!"—"Adrien!" And the two men were locked in each other's arms.

"Adrien! my master, my brother! Ah, thank God, I see you once more! But you are ill—you suffer! Dear brother, what is it?"

For Adrien almost fell into the chair that Ange pushed towards him. The faithful fellow knelt beside him, holding his hands, gazing at him with almost adoring love.

"Dear, dearest brother, you have not yet recovered—you are still ill! Ah! Heaven bless you! you have come to see me again."

Adrien put his arm on his foster-brother's shoulder, and spoke in the same kind of extinguished, toneless voice as before.

"Dear Ange," he said, "I have come to take your place. See how easy it is! The clothes I wear are yours, exactly similar to those you have on. We have but to change head-gear, you to put on your own old fisherman's cap, and to keep your hands hidden. Stay! even that is unnecessary," he went on, taking up Ange's hand lovingly. "See the refining work of suffering—already they are as white and almost as thin as mine."

"You are dreaming, Adrien," said Ange. "Take my place! It is impossible, and, I am thankful, it is too late."

"I cannot argue," said Adrien. "Ange, you have never disobeyed me yet. What I command must be done."

"Ange!" Ange looked up at the cry of agony that burst from Adrien's lips as he went on—"Ange, listen to my words. Think of Rougemont! At the door stands Mère Finette; we have always called her mother—your mother, Ange. She has grown old and feeble—her silvery hair as white as snow. She looks out hour after hour, day after day, far into the night, her eyes wild with watching, fierce and hungry for her child who comes no more. Within, by the dead hearth, his head bowed on his breast, his hands hanging listlessly, idle because there is nothing now to work for, nothing for which to live—do you recognise Laurent?"

"Be silent!" cried Ange, the tears streaming down his face.

"And see, my brother, if—if some day the better times return, you will still be there to take the old name. You will be de Riancourt St. Eustache, and you——"

"You do not know what you are saying, Adrien. I St. Eustache! I am a peasant. I am all my mother's. I have no ambition. I accepted our father's will. You talk of an impossibility."

"Do not stop me, Ange; let me go on! The time is short. Ange, down by the far-off fields, where the great

orchards cluster, and the river dances down to the sea, some one is waiting, and hoping, and praying, while night after night she weeps for despair, and day after day she rises to hope, which is quenched as the darkness gathers again, and poor Mariette knows that you come not."

"My brother, you torture me!"

"Listen—listen, Ange, to what life has for me. I have shown you what it has for you. Ange, you know of my love for Valentine—the love that is the great passion of all my life. She is to be married to-morrow, a bride to be saved from the cruel fate that now destroys all that is noble and gentle in this disgraced country, saved by base marriage with a man whose hand is stained red with the ghastly stains of the Revolution. I can see her with the bridal wreath on her brow, false as she is fair—no unwilling bride, for women ever cling to success. She is lost to me, lost to love, to hope, to all save wealth, and the hideous triumph of those who have proved the strongest!"

Ange could not speak, he held his brother's hands fast in both his.

"And now listen, Ange. Another picture. Far away, but growing nearer, nearer, as each of those hours clang out—listen!"

The great prison clock boomed out the slow strokes of the hour.

"Ange, this is what I see! The gates of Paradise, a little wicket gate, a shining path, a company waiting there, one behind another, one more beautiful than the other. First, our young mother, in her fair, radiant beauty, sweet, girlish, tender, as she has lived ever in my imagination, her arms stretched out to clasp me, her worn-out, sorrowing child, once more to her breast. There—there, once more united to her, my father, my Abbé, old friends, loving friends, all are there, waiting to marshal me on to the foot of the Throne—ready, ah! ready! Ange, they stretch out their hands, they claim me. Earth is to me one living agony. Death is all I crave. Do not keep me back. It is for you to live, to go home to the old mother, to the sweet love that is true to you. For me—Ange, by the love you have borne me, by the bond between us, keep me not from them—let me die!"

His head fell forward on Ange's breast; he was shaking with strong emotion.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps from without.

Adrien leapt to his feet.

"There is not a moment to lose!" he exclaimed, rapidly placing his cap on Ange's head. "Remember, I must be obeyed. It is dark; you are safe. Do not lose us both! See, this is my address."

He thrust a pocket-book into Ange's pocket, and sank down again into a seat as the door opened.

Adrien addressed the gaoler.

"I am grateful to you, Citizen," he said, "for allowing me to see my foster-brother. Though one of yourselves, you understand that the tie between us is strong, and you will not marvel that he is overcome." Then, as Ange turned almost fiercely, he went on, laying a strong compelling hand on his shoulder, "Ange, be a man! This sympathy with a condemned man might be misunderstood. Be gentle with him, Citizen—it is a kindly weakness."

"We have no time to wait for more scenes," said the gaoler, roughly putting his hand on Ange's shoulder. "Come, my friend.'

And blindly, mechanically, acting under that strong compulsion with which Adrien constrained him to obey, the unhappy man was led away.

The gaoler put in his head once more to say, "I have permission to leave you in this cell to-night, Citizen—it is only this one night."

"That is good of you," said Adrien, looking up at him with a wonderful sweetness.

The man, as he shut the door, felt an unwonted pang contract his heart.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

JANETTE R.—You should not lay a hot cake on its side when you take it out of the tin, but stand it on a sieve or wire stand to cool. We thank you for expressing such kind appreciation of our paper.

DEBORAH.—1. The London National Training School for Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., trains for the post of cookery instructor in all branches of plain cookery for £10 10s. for the full course of twenty weeks; and for high-class cookery, £21 for the same number of weeks. The Liverpool Training School of Cookery may also be named, which trains for the diploma of the Northern Union (Hon. Secretary, Miss F. L. Calder, Colquitt Street, Liverpool). One of the departments of The Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education is their Training School of Cookery (Central Office, Carlton Court, 90, Albion Street, Leeds). There are the Sheffield, Wakefield, and Mesfield branches. Of the Central Office the Gen. Hon. Secretary is Mrs. R. W. Eddison.—2. "Pouring oil on troubled waters" is not a mere saying, it is an actual fact. There is a mechanical contrivance employed at one of our northern ports to enable vessels to pass over a dangerous bar in calm water by means of pouring oil over it, and ships employ it as need may require.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE BY HERSELF should fix her mind much on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ to get rid of fear. It is only by means of cultivating love that we can get rid of fear, and we have a simple rule to know of our progress in the Christian life in 1 St. John iii. 14. But we must first be "doers of the Word," *i.e.*, performers of kind and thoughtful actions to all about us, and love will grow in the work, the "perfect love which casteth out fear." Read your Bible with a purpose, and study love in it; and above all chapters, the picture of love in action (1 Cor. xiii.), changing the word "charity" to "love."

EX-WYE-ZED.—The Bishops of Bath and Wells and of Ely bear what are called "titles of courtesy," as they are both sons respectively of the Marquises of Bristol and Northampton.

FUDGE.—There is a general feeling just now amongst hairdressers that washing the head much is not good, and that constant thorough brushing with a moderately hard brush is far better, with an occasional washing to keep the head and hair clean.

LILETH.—1. The life of Elystan Glodrydd, the founder of the "Fourth Royal Welsh Tribe," is given in Sir Bernard Burke's *Commoners of Great Britain*. Your ancestor was a powerful British chieftain, and was born in 933. He derived his name of Elystan, or Athelstan, from the Saxon king of that name, who was his godfather. The appellation "Glodrydd," or "the Illustrious," was given him on account of his valiant deeds and great possessions, which lay between the rivers Severn and Wye. He married Gwladys, daughter and heiress of Rhyn, Lord of Pegiun. Elystan was styled "Prince of Ferlys," and through his mother was directly descended from one of the knights of Arthur's "Round Table." He died early in the eleventh century.—2. Government annuities are perfectly safe, but are not so much in amount as those of public companies. The age attained on the last birthday must be stated correctly, and application made at the nearest post office. As the average life of women is longer than that of men, they receive less per annum. At fifty they receive £6 7s. 9d. for £100. If sixty, £8 3s. 11d. If seventy, £11 7s. 1d.

POOR LITTLE DABS must write to the Publisher, "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., enclosing the money for the monthly number. If in print it will be sent to her.—2. The 15th of August, 1872, was a Thursday.

RUTH.—We have the promise of guidance and help, if we pray for them, in the name of our Blessed Lord, and we shall assuredly be guided aright. But God has given us common-sense and friends to advise us, and He expects us to use the gifts He has given us in these respects. We are to be "diligent in business, and guide our affairs with discretion;" and "work, with our own hands, the thing that is good." And we are not to fold our hands and shut our eyes and let ourselves drift aimlessly along, thinking that our prayers are not to be accompanied by an earnest endeavour. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and at the same time, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Your Divine Master permits you to be both tempted, tried, and chastened; but if you commit yourself to Him, praying for both faith and patience, "He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able to bear," and "All things will work together for your good."

TWICKENHAM FERRY had better wait till after the census is taken.

ONE IN PERPLEXITY.—We have no doubt if you tell your parents how heartily you desire to follow your own way they will allow you to do so, seeing that there is no wrong in it.

BEAUTY UNADORNED.—People who suffer from excess of fat may eat lean beaf and mutton, veal, tongue, sweetbread, thin soups and broths, beef-tea, poultry, fish, cheese, eggs, greens, spinach, watercress, mustard and cress, lettuce, celery, asparagus, radishes, green peas, French beans, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, broccoli, and seakale, bread in moderation, and fresh fruit. They may drink tea, coffee, cocoa from the nibs, with milk and soda water, but not any of the above must be sweetened. No alcoholic liquors should be taken, no beer nor porter, nor even wine. Stout people must avoid bacon and ham, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, rice, sago, macaroni, pastry, puddings, and cakes.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.—If such a matter of regret and distress to you that you should have backslidden so much, take courage now, for it is the work of the Holy Spirit both to convince of sin and to revive a desire to return to your "first love" and zeal. "He is able to save to the utmost," and says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Instead of ceasing to present yourself at His Table you should have humbled yourself before Him, besought His pardon, and more grace and strength, and gone to His Table in the spirit of that beautiful hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

FLORY TAYLOR.—We must refer you for all advice on the subject of the complexion to the articles by "Medicus," and the innumerable answers we have given on that subject.

ELSIE MAY.—The sick-headaches of which you complain are the result of some disorderment of the liver, which is not acting properly. This should be attended to; and for the alleviation of the pain which the complaint has produced we can recommend you to butter two plain thin biscuits or slices of bread and sprinkle them over with cayenne pepper, fold them together, and eat them like a sandwich.

INEXPERIENCED ONE.—The custom of offering wine and cake to afternoon visitors has for many years past been superseded entirely by the introduction of afternoon tea. The practice was more especially adopted in the country, where visitors used to arrive cold or fatigued after driving long distances.

SNOWBALL and G. G. are both quite young enough to wait at least five years before worrying about marriage. Both must have much to learn before they could be really good wives to any men.

QUEENIE seems very happy in her far-away home in the snow and ice; and we are grateful for her good opinion of our paper. There are numbers of good "Reciters" to be purchased cheaply.

J. F. E.—We are much obliged for your enclosures, and regret our inability to answer your questions.

FANNY CLIFTON, E. H. M., N. H., "ONE BY HERSELF," AMY ROHSART, AIMÉE, send rhymed prose more or less good, little originality, however, being exhibited in any of it.

QUITE FRENCH.—Your English composition is very creditable indeed. You wrote to the wrong address.

K. E. P.—The heirship would be decided by the Court of Chancery. Consult a lawyer as to your claims.

IVY.—The eldest daughter of the eldest brother, or, primarily, his eldest sister, if living and unmarried, would be "Miss" Jones.

PETICA.—Chilblains are chiefly the result of improper feeding or insufficiently nourishing food, cold houses, passages, and bedrooms, and not enough warm clothing; and secondly, of putting thoroughly chilled hands to be heated externally. Rubbing after a tepid bath each morning, exercise, and good food, will do wonders for them.

ALICE, E. S., and MAUD.—Sometimes the state of the hair indicates that of the health, and may be regarded as a safe guide. Loss of hair and premature greyness are often the result of loss of nervous power, for which the general health should be under treatment. Your hair is too dry. Perhaps you need cod-liver oil, taken in small doses of a teaspoonful daily. But we could not venture to prescribe for you.—"E. S." should consult a doctor, and so should "Maud." The latter must not take a tonic without a doctor's advice and suitable prescription.

HYPATIA.—Sir Bernard Burke says that Her Majesty has no surname, though she is of the Guelph family.

PEARL.—Many of our precious stones can be manufactured of a preparation of rock-crystal, boracic acid, and caustic potash, purified by alcohol, and the colours produced with metallic oxides. The compound made of the above-named substances is called *Strass*, the name of the German inventor. But there are chemical tests by which the imitation may be easily discovered; and to connoisseurs the spurious character of any such manufactured gems may be detected by means of touching with the tongue, as they are comparatively soft and warm. Also, they lack the hardness of real gems.

LOUIE.—The only book, such as you describe, that we know, is *Ben Hur*, by Wallace.

HELIOTROPE and SWEET MARJORAM.—The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was Miss Dinah Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik.

WATER LILY.—"Contemporary" means "one who lives at the same time with another," be they ancients or moderns. Thus, "Socrates and Plato were contemporaries." Charles Kingsley died so recently that he was a contemporary of many of our writers.

YELLOW ROSE.—1. "Dennis" and "Denis" are the French forms of Dionysius; the name means one belonging to Dionysius, or Bacchus, the god of wine. The patron saint of France is St. Denis, and in the Cathedral dedicated to him all the French kings and queens were buried. The Irish get the name from the French form of it.—2. The Irish name "Derrick" is a corruption of Theodoric. Both names are borrowed, and have become Irish by adoption only, not by origin, neither being Celtic.

LOCO.—A person travelling in a 1st class carriage with a 2nd class ticket can of course be charged with defrauding the company, and must pay the amount due to them on the cheaper ticket. Surely you must know that without applying to us? It is only common honesty to do so. When trains are crowded to excess, and there is not a sufficient number of seats for the number of tickets issued, then the guard has a right to give 1st class seats for 2nd class tickets, and no extra charge is required. Your writing is more childish than "boyish."

BABY.—We thank you for your nice letter. Certainly you are quite old enough to be baptised, and from all you say we believe you are prepared for that sacred rite. You must pray for Divine grace from day to day, and place no dependence on your own strength, but on His, "who is able to keep you from falling."

APIS.—1. The name of the "knot" is said to be derived from, or given by, Canute, on account of his fondness for that bird as an article of food. The poet Drayton mentions this tradition.—2. "Merlin" is derived from "merle," the French for blackbird. "Kite," called also "glide," is a name probably derived from its motion of gliding through the air like a kite, without much movement of its wings. "Chough" is probably derived from Old German or Danish; "quail" is derived from the Old French "quaille;" "swallow" is an Anglo-Saxon word; "rook" seems to be a word from the Anglo-Saxon, *hroc*, chattering. The word "rook," or "castle," in chess, is quite different; that comes from the Persian or Armenian *rokh*, a fabulous bird of great size and strength, from which the castle in chess is named, chess being of Indian, if not Chinese, origin, it is said. You will remember Aladdin's "roc," no doubt, in the "Valley of Diamonds."

MINERVA.—Your question is rather absurd. What do you say when you receive a present? Say that you feel much obliged for it, or simply the words, "Thank you," and look smiling and as gracious as you can—not with the "glum" expression of a bull-dog, nor even of a cow. Wedding cake deserves kindly thanks as well as anything else. It is the habit of young people to sleep on a scrap of it, to give them such dreams as they desire. Of course this is simply child's play, and no phophecy of future matrimonial prospects could be obtained through the influence of the cake. That of the large piece from which it was cut might have a very serious influence on the digestion of the sleeper, and conjure up goblins, which we should describe as "nightmare." "Gobblers" and "goblins" are closely allied!

EMILIE.—In showing visitors upstairs you may say, "Would you please to walk this way, ma'am?" Walk quietly before them, and certainly do not run.

THISTLE.—You would be obliged to take a doctor's advice as to the question of a warm or a cold winter residence being the most suitable for your sister. We could not possibly give an opinion.

DAISY.—Washerwomen rub linen over with a wax candle after it has been starched to give the extra degree of gloss desired—as for cuffs and shirt-fronts.

NELLIE.—To go out as a missionary to China more is required than almost to any other place, as the language presents such very great difficulty. We knew of a very worthy man who thought himself divinely directed to go to India as a missionary, and found that he never could acquire the language; so after two years or more he had to return home. Apply either to Mrs. Meredith, Head Office of Church of England Women's Missionary Association, 143, Clapham Road, S.W.; or to the Rev. Sir James Phillips, Bart., "St. Deny's Home," Warminster, Wilts. The terms for the necessary training and board, as we believe, amount to £1 per week.

LOTTIE GREY.—The 11th of December, 1871, was a Monday.

A CONSTANT READER.—You can advertise for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of your two sisters in a French paper through Hachette's (bookseller, Charing Cross). It would be best to do so in English; but you should do so with care.

A Hundred Famous Cities Competition.—The Editor begs to notify that the MSS. on this subject sent in competition for Prizes can in no cases be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.



THE GIRL'S OWN OUTDOOR BOOK

FOR JUNE (PART II.) IS NOW READY, PRICE SIXPENCE,

Containing full and detailed particulars in the art of SWIMMING, SKATING, BOATING, TRICYCLING, on playing HANDBALL and BASE or PRISONER'S BARS, and HOW TO TAKE LODGINGS AT THE SEASIDE.

Part I. (for MAY) has been reprinted, owing to the unexpectedly large demand, and can now be obtained.

PRESS NOTICES.

An excellent compendium of open-air games and exercises.—*Saturday Review.*

A wonderfully full, bright, useful, wholesome, and practical volume of moral and physical health.—*Glasgow Herald.*

It deals with life in a serious yet bright and happy spirit, while the teaching and advice all make for good as well as real enjoyment.—*Daily Chronicle.*

A really valuable repertory for the intelligent and practical.—*Guardian.*

Well written, and evidently by experts, so that the chapters are both readable and instructive, while they are pervaded by a spirit that is likely to infect their readers with a keen desire for outside occupations.—*Scotsman.*

Our Extra Summer Number for this year will be called "MEADOW-SWEET," and will be ready with the July Magazine. But early orders should be given to the Booksellers, to prevent disappointment.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XII.—NO. 597.] JUNE 6, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN UNROMANTIC STORY.



"I FELL TO THINKING."

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CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER," said my little girl, looking up from her book, "why don't they put different sorts of girls in stories?"

"I think they do, Trissie," I answered. "The stories you have to read are often about girls who are not at all alike."

"I know," she went on, with an unsatisfied face; "there are those who are rich, and have ponies to ride, and everything they can possibly wish for, and there are the poor little children, like "Nellie the Watercress Girl," and "A Saturday's Bairn," but there are none like nurse's sister, or Fanny Simpson from the dressmaker's—girls who are nice and tidy, you know, mother, but not rich, not dreadfully poor. Don't they have any stories in their lives, I wonder?"

When the child was gone upstairs, I fell to thinking of the sameness of human nature everywhere. I could not have made it clear to Trissie, perhaps, but it was clear enough to me that the tragedies and comedies of life are substantially the same from the highest to the lowest; and thinking of stories I had known in the lives of servants and humble friends of my own—people like Fanny Simpson and nurse's sister—I thought at last of Etta King, and how when I had known her, years before, it had always seemed to me that the simple history of her life was a history worth recording.

It was when I was living at Willington that I first saw Etta King. The back windows of my apartments, in the principal street of that quiet little town, looked out upon the work-rooms of a draper and milliner, whose large, handsome shop seemed rather out of place in Castlegate Street, for in that street lived the doctors and lawyers; some of the clergy, too, and old Sir William Amyot, whose great boast it was that he had lived nearly all his life in his native place.

The two or three shops that had slipped in between the stately private houses were very quiet and respectable. West, the draper's, was the largest; then there was Charnock, the chemist's, on the other side; a bookseller's close to the church, and Miss Lawson's "fancy repository," where every Willington young lady called almost every day, between Charnock's and the bookseller's.

I used to sit at my window and watch the girls who worked for Mr. West coming in the morning to their day's toil. They had to come through a long passage and down a yard directly underneath the place where I was seated, so that I could even hear their voices, and catch stray words of their talk with each other. And from this daily watching I grew to take quite an interest in them, especially in the one I afterwards learned to know so well.

Etta King was about seventeen years old at that time; a slight girl, not very tall, with a fair, pale complexion and a good deal of light silky hair, which she wore coiled loosely round her small, shapely head, without any of the enormous pads and frisettes with which all her companions imitated the then prevailing fashion. Her black alpaca dress was a good deal worn, but it was neatly and prettily made, and she had always a clean collar and cuffs, and a bow of bright-coloured ribbon at her neck. Etta wore gloves, too, which the others forgot sometimes; and she had a quiet voice and little ladylike ways, which made a certain difference between her and the smart, noisy, ordinary work-girls, who nevertheless seemed very fond of their companion, and kind to her in their own peculiar way.

The millinery room, where these girls worked, was always open at eight in the morning; from eight to half-past the workers came dropping in, and were hard at work till one o'clock, when a bell rang, and out they trooped to dinner. But in the afternoon all stayed in the workroom to tea, and in the warm summer weather they would throw up their windows to the sash, as soon as the forewoman's back was turned, so that a mere casual glance from my room showed me all their doings.

I was amused and interested in watching them all, as soon as the tea was made, and they were gathered round their own table, pulling out from bag or pocket their wretched "Novelettes," and becoming in a minute or two entirely absorbed in some thrilling and vicious narrative. Only Etta King ever brought a volume of any other description; she had generally a book, and I judged, from the other girls' occasional gestures and bursts of laughter, that her reading was the subject of a good many jokes and jeers. But she did not seem to be moved by anything that was said, and sat reading on till, with a run up the stairs and a whisk of her silk skirts into the room, Miss Milner, the forewoman, put an end at once to tea and reading.

As Etta sat over her delicate blondes and laces, I often thought that her mind was far away from the work before her; she seemed a good deal employed in purely mechanical tasks, in endless pleating of some fine soft material, called in those days—and perhaps now—Cambray Quilling, and greatly in vogue for the delicate white caps of elderly Quakeress ladies, and others who love neat, plain head-gear. She made rosettes, too, wonderfully regular, round, and full, like a dahlia in perfect bloom—dozens of rosettes, which Miss Milner's skilful hands afterwards placed upon the tasteful caps which were so much sought after at Mr. West's establishment.

And this kind of work, while it kept Etta's swift fingers always industriously employed, left her free to think her own thoughts, to go over to herself the books she was so fond of reading, while the light chatter of the girls around her often broke upon her ear without conveying any real sense or meaning.

I watched for an opportunity to become acquainted with Etta, for the girl had attracted me strangely; and one day, when she happened to come out alone, I called to her from my open window, and, telling her that as I had seen her so often she really was not like a stranger, began to ask one or two questions about her books, and why she did not join the other girls in their industrious perusal of their favourite papers.

Etta was rather shy at first; but by degrees she lost her hesitating manner, and told me freely that it was not so much because she did not like the papers, or thought that they were in any way wrong, but because she wanted so much to read other things—books of which she had heard, and of which, she added with a blush, she supposed all well-educated people were bound to know something.

"So this little sewing-girl aims at being well educated," I said to myself, with a smile. But when I came to question her, I found that the child really had read a great deal for her age, and that she seemed to understand and think about what she read.

I wanted to know more than she could tell me in a two or three minutes' talk, so I said, "Will you not come in and see me this evening, after your work? Perhaps I have some books that you would like to read, and that I should be happy to lend you."

She promised, with a pleased smile, to come in the evening, and meantime I thought a good deal about her. I wondered if it would be well to encourage such very studious tastes in a girl who would most likely have to earn her own bread by her needle for a long while to come, if not always; and I resolved at last to go in and ask Mr. West, an old acquaintance of mine, for a little information.

But I heard only good of the would-be student. Etta King was the best girl they had, Mr. West said; she did a great deal of fine, careful work, and if she happened to be ill or away, there was no one who could well supply her place. Yes, he had noticed she was fond of reading; but it did not interfere with her work at all; and as long as the young people attended to business, he was not, of course, concerned with their peculiar tastes, whatever direction those might take. She lived with her parents, who were very decent people; but they had a large family, and all of them were obliged to do something for themselves as soon as they were old enough.

So I went back and waited for my young visitor, and that evening I learned to like and respect her very much indeed. She did not propose to herself any special end to her studies; she just seemed to read and learn for the love of it, because, as she simply said, "there does not seem to be anything else so well worth doing."

"I don't think," she went on, "that I spend much more time over my books than the girls do over their sensational nonsense, but it must be better to read things worth remembering, and books that fill our minds with good and great thoughts, than too many stories, that just slip away and leave almost nothing behind them."

"Quite right, my dear," I said to myself; "but I hope you won't learn to be a female prig; that is the chief danger for you." And I began to ask her what other interests in life she had, besides this of study.

I found she had young brothers and sisters, as well as those who were older, and that her life was a full and busy one; that she was going home now to dress a doll for Julia, and cover Johnny's ball for him; that there was a good deal of sewing to be done for her mother and the children, and that on Sundays she took the little ones to church, and to walk with her in the afternoons.

She was good friends with the work-girls now, but at first they had made great fun of her and her differences of taste. Since they had found that it was no use—and found, too, as I learned afterwards from others—that Etta was always obliging and good-tempered, however they might tease, the girls had let her alone; but it was pretty plain that there could not be very much in common between Etta and the rest.

After that first visit she came again and again to see me, and, as far as I knew how, I helped her on. Considering her very limited time she really made wonderful progress; and I was glad to see that added knowledge made her, as it should do, a better work-woman and better daughter and sister, than a mere ignorant girl would have been. It often amused me to find how little thought she had of the things that filled the other girls' heads: while they were for ever talking of their admirers, and dressing themselves up and laying themselves out to attract attention, it did not seem to occur to simple Etta that a young man could possibly care for her at all.

And yet there was some one who did care, greatly to the surprise of Etta and all her companions. I have said that opposite Mr. West's shop was Charnock, the chemist's. The grey-headed assistant who had served Mr. Charnock, and his father before him, had recently died, and the whispered news that there was a new shopman coming to Charnock's made quite a little sensation at the draper's opposite—a sensation which was much increased when the new comer actually appeared.

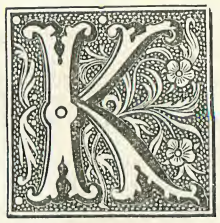
(*To be continued.*)



ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*Continued.*



ATE ASHLEY and Thomas Parry in particular of Elizabeth's servants talked to her constantly of Seymour, introducing praises of his merits, and suggesting the advisability of the marriage, if the Duke of Somerset and the Council would give their consent. These untrustworthy and imprudent persons assailed the girl in her unguarded moments to ascertain what were her views and intentions. Happily for herself and them, Elizabeth, while she showed little feeling or delicacy in allowing the conversations, had not been taught caution from her infancy in vain; she declined to give any direct answer to their hints. Indeed, she seemed to take a peculiar pleasure, from her very girlhood, in eluding and baffling any attempt to extract her real opinion on matters concerning herself nearly. Sometimes her haughty temper and her self-respect resented the unjustifiable liberty taken with her by her servants, when they sought to intrude into her confidence. She turned on a bedchamber woman named Mountjoy, who was harping on the all-absorbing theme, and told her that she—the Princess—would have Mountjoy turned out of her presence if she did not desist. Elizabeth was so indignant at Seymour's presuming to offer her advice, through a servant, on the exchange of a house and land which formed part of her dowry, that she at first protested her incredulity with regard to his having been guilty of such presumption, and then protested passionately in reference to the advice he had given, "I will not do so, and so tell him."

Nevertheless, Elizabeth's attitude towards this daring adventurer was full of the coquetry which distinguished her manner to her favourite courtiers in future years. She encouraged his advances, if it were only to play with them, received him when he visited her in the sumptuous mourning which he wore for his wife and her stepmother, exchanged letters and messages with him, through Kate Ashley and Parry, and accepted the offer of a loan of his town-house—Seymour Place—when she should go to London to visit the young king. Elizabeth even had private interviews with the Lord Admiral through the same instrumentality, and appears to have been in his company when she and Mrs. Ashley were rowed one evening in a barge on the Thames. For this flagrant piece of indecorum Mrs. Kate was roundly rated by the ambitious wooer's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset (Mary Tudor's "Gossip Nan"), who told the weak or designing governess, with much reason, that she was not fit to have the care of a King's daughter.

The excuses for Elizabeth in conduct which was not only undutiful, undignified, and unwise, but was singularly heartless when it had to do with the memory of poor Catherine Parr, were, that the girl was very young and wrong-headed, in spite of her superior mental powers. She had inherited her mother's tendency to flightiness and her hunger for men's praise; moreover, the Princess was surrounded by the worst of guides and advisers in a circle of foolish, intriguing, unprincipled candidates for place and power, in which Thomas Seymour was the most conspicuous figure.

Detection and punishment followed speedily. The Protector and the Council were warned of the plot for the disposal of Elizabeth's hand in marriage, and were highly incensed by the news. The Duke of Somerset, a more honourable and humane man than could be easily found among his contemporaries, tried at first, even while he was well aware of his brother's disloyalty to himself, to defeat the conspiracy without open scandal and violence. He arranged to send his brother, the Lord Admiral, much against his will, on a mission to Boulogne, at the very time when Elizabeth would be in London for the purpose of visiting Edward. After this mild measure was ineffectual, the Protector saw himself compelled to take an extreme course.

In the meantime Seymour was making a clumsy effort to shelter himself behind the assertion that he "had thoughts of the Lady Jane" for his next partner in life. He had in reality persuaded simple, stupid, Thomas Grey, formerly Marquis of Dorset, and now Duke of Suffolk (in the room of his father-in-law, Charles Brandon), to entrust Seymour and his mother with the other young girl who had been reared in the household of Catherine Parr, and had walked as chief mourner at her funeral. But in all probability it was to retain a hold on his nephew, King Edward, by assuming the guardianship of his destined bride, and not to keep Lady Jane as a second string to his own bow, and a last resource for himself should the alliance with Elizabeth fail, that Seymour coveted and secured the keeping of Lady Jane. His ostentatious manœuvres, which were constantly contradicted by his idle boasts, were of no avail.

The Lord of Sudeley was thrown into the Tower in the spring of 1549 on a charge of high treason, for having conspired against his brother and the Council, compassed the death of Queen Catherine, and aspired to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth. Mrs. Kate Ashley and her crony, Parry, were arrested simultaneously, and subjected to a severe examination, while Elizabeth was detained prisoner, pending the enquiries at her house of Hatfield.

Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, the husband of Lady Tyrwhitt, not only a bedchamber-woman and an intimate friend, but also a stepdaughter of the late Queen, who had waited on her deathbed, was sent by the Council to take order at Hatfield.

Sir Robert told Elizabeth that Kate Ashley and Parry, as well as the Lord Admiral, were, as a sequel to their examination, committed to the Tower. The information must have been a terrible shock to the Princess, since, in addition to her strong and constant attachment to her erring servants, she must have been sensible that her own fate hung in the balance. She had been guilty of sufficient insubordination and defiance of the Council to draw down upon her severe reprisals.

In spite of Elizabeth's customary self-control she cried bitterly, and was still more overwhelmed when Sir Robert told her farther, that her servants had borne testimony against her in repeating the outrageous liberties which Seymour had taken with the Princess, in Queen Catherine's lifetime, together with her complacent reception of his advances after the Queen's death. Her maidenly modesty was never her strong point; but what she had of the quality to which she laid great claim in after years, along with her pride, received a sharp wound. Parry had been terror-stricken, and she called him "a wretch" for his arrant cowardice, and for his treachery in first having wormed out of Kate Ashley the coarse gossip, and then for being the person to retail it to the Council, thus doing Elizabeth's reputation a cruel, unmanly wrong.

But the girl's heart soon softened to her over-indulgent governess, her slain mother's kinswoman, while her quick wits were not long in recognising that her servants had said nothing which could seriously compromise either her or themselves—had given no hint of the existence of such a marriage contract as the Lord Protector and the Council dreaded to discover had passed between Elizabeth and the Admiral. In the absence of any convincing proof of this—the most common and the most fertile in misery of all the astounding follies of the day—it was Sir Robert's object, either by coaxing or threatening, to induce the Princess to make some direct statement which could be used against the wrong-doers.

But Elizabeth was not merely innocent of any heinous offence, she was in her element after she had recovered from the first effects of the blow, outwitting Sir Robert, and defending both herself and her servants who had displayed no very high standard of courage and truth. But their mistress was not going to escape blame on her own account by giving them up, knowing as she did that her youth and rank would be taken into consideration, while the subordinates would pay the full penalty of the misdemeanour. The magnanimity in her strong nature, which walked hand in hand with its selfishness, came already to the front. She wrote pressing letters "to my good lord the Lord Protector," not only stoutly asserting her own innocence, but warmly maintaining that of her servants. She turned the tables on the bewildered Sir Robert, who was striving with all his craft to beguile her into an admission of the faithlessness of Mrs. Ashley and Parry to their trust, if into nothing more. The Princess professed to be much in earnest, and very frank and sincere in seeking to call to mind everything that had happened: she would give the gist of all the conversations which had passed between her and her servants on the subject. But, in reality, she took up Sir Robert's time and attention with the repetition of a string of the merest trifles in speech and action in confirmation of her unswerving declaration that Mrs. Kate and the cofferer had not committed any malpractices where their betters were in question.

One of Elizabeth's last biographers (Weissener) exclaims at the courage and astuteness of the girl in her teens which could thus match and circumvent the wiles of the experienced statesman. He had the Protector and the Council at his back: she had only the silly waiting gentlewoman, who was at that moment separated from her and lodged in the Tower, to pay for her part in the transgression.

But Elizabeth's triumph was by no means unalloyed; she had to consent to have both Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry removed from her service; she had to submit to having Lady Tyrwhitt put at the head of the establishment at Hatfield—arrangements which called forth much angry opposition from Elizabeth. Neither as girl nor woman could she easily brook that her will should be thwarted, and that any control to which she was not well inclined should be exercised over her. She said that Mrs. Ashley was her mistress, and she had not so behaved herself that the Council should need to put more mistresses over her, and that it would give a bad opinion of her behaviour to make her have another "governor."

When her protest served her nothing, either with Sir Robert or his wife, Elizabeth "wept all that night and lowered (frowned) all next day."

Poor Lady Tyrwhitt! if she did not possess sufficient experience in sickness to prevent her attaching much weight to the delirious utterances of a dying woman, was yet a devout and decorous gentlewoman, who had felt so little inclination for the trying office imposed upon her, that she had endured a rebuke from the Council for not undertaking it sooner. She and Elizabeth were by no means strangers to each other. They—and for that matter the culprit, Kate Ashley—were old acquaintances, who had been members of the same household in Catherine Parr's days. Elizabeth does not appear to have had any personal objection to Lady Tyrwhitt, with whom she had one taste in common. Sir Robert's wife and Lord Borough's daughter was one of the learned ladies who had gathered round Queen Catherine. In Lady Tyrwhitt's case learning had not altogether taken the place of common-sense and discretion. The love of study was a passion with Elizabeth from youth to age, and she was also quite capable of putting a proper value on prudence and honesty. It is not improbable that she had more respect for Lady Tyrwhitt than for the beloved, foolish Mrs. Kate, of whom her mistress never lost sight, for she was Elizabeth's servant, and that was enough.

The yoke against which the Princess rebelled petulantly did not sit very heavily on her. We soon hear, from Sir Robert's version of his wife's report, of the vehemence with which Elizabeth always defended Mrs. Ashley, and how, after a little interval of reserve, she could not hear the Lord Admiral "discommended" without being ready to make answer for him.

Any partisanship on Elizabeth's part, where the chief offender was concerned, was worse than useless. Seymour was executed on the 20th of March, 1549, according to one account, with letters containing desperate appeals to Mary and Elizabeth hidden in one of his velvet slippers. His death was taken quietly enough by those most interested in it. The deed was by the ordinance of the brother whose forbearance he had outraged, who was soon to follow him on the path to the scaffold. The Lord Admiral was said to be the favourite uncle of his Royal nephew, whom he had flattered and courted. One of Seymour's bold plots was to get the young King on his side, and supersede the Duke of Somerset in the Protectorate. Yet the brief entry in Edward's austerely philosophic journal was, that on such a day Lord Seymour of Sudeley was beheaded, without a single word of regret or lamentation. The slain man had undoubtedly made an impression on Elizabeth's lively fancy. Like her father before her, she was very susceptible to personal beauty, and the Lord Admiral was still reckoned the handsomest man in the English Court. He is described as "brilliant, magnificent, and audacious," in the middle of his bragging folly, and "so versed in allurements" as to be suspected of magic. He was not more than thirty-three years of age, having been two years younger than his wife. He was the first man who had worked on the huge amount of vanity which, at this date, overbalanced Elizabeth's keen shrewdness and cool, calm foresight.

Common humanity, the familiarity of use and wont, with any atom of affectionate remembrance for kindly, forbearing, Catherine Parr, who had loved this man to the last, ought to have rendered the announcement of his violent death in the prime of manhood, on a charge which implicated her in his fate, a tremendous disaster to the girl of sixteen. But when the blow was dealt to her, in the presence of those who watched her every word and look, her self-command was perfect. "This day died a man with much wit and very little judgment," was her sole, half-disdainful observation.

"Impassable, impenetrable!" is Weissener's exclamation at the strange scene, half in horror, as at a prodigy, half in admiration at a marvel.

But Elizabeth's acting in its flawlessness cost her something. Her generally vigorous health gave way under the frightful strain. She was sufficiently ill to excite the compassion of the Duke of Somerset, while some remorse for the cause might mingle with the compassion. (In a letter written by Elizabeth at a crisis of her life, years after the Duke's death and that of the Lord Admiral, she refers to the Lord Protector's having once told her, that if he had consented to grant his brother a personal interview, instead of listening to third persons, the fate of Thomas Seymour might have been averted.) The Duke's influence was at this time paramount with the Council, and enabled him to proclaim an amnesty in relation to Elizabeth. He sent back Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry to wait on the sick and suffering girl, and help to console her, by their attendance and sympathy, for the indignities and trials which she had been compelled to endure.

But Elizabeth's error was not entirely cancelled. In spite of her entreaties, she was not permitted to appear at Court and visit her brother for more than a year. Apart from Elizabeth's delinquency, Edward's tutors allowed him to receive but few visits from his sisters, though he was fond of both, and for a long time treated Mary as if she were his mother. The tutors said that his sisters' visits left the boy depressed and moody.

It is Weissener's opinion that a change now took place in Elizabeth's character, and that her letters have, from this date, the half manly, commanding, impetuous tone which afterwards distinguished them; while the circumspection to which she had been trained from infancy did not again forsake her to the same extent. She could hold herself in check, and give play to her love of justice in the abstract—where none of her own prerogatives were invaded—to her devotion to the interests of the people, her powerful judgment, penetrating sagacity, and her occasional grand magnanimity. For many a year she sought carefully to undo the consequences of the youthful imprudence—for which her servants were more to blame than she was—which had yet cast a suspicion of evil upon her. She continued to live in retirement with Lady Tyrwhitt, giving herself up to study, chiefly of theology, "the science of religion," which forcibly attracted not only all the more devout, but also all the more enquiring minds of the generation. She displayed a Puritanical plainness of dress, and such an indifference to personal adornment, that for a period of seven years she hardly so much as looked at, far less wore, any of the rich jewels which came to her through a bequest of her father's. It was in reference to this extreme simplicity of attire, and opposition to all forms of self-indulgence, that her brother fell into the habit of calling her, in a quaint conceit, his "sweet sister Temperance."

Elizabeth also exhibited a demure prudery of behaviour which, as it was difficult to distinguish it from maidenly modesty and discretion, recommended her especially to the members of the Reformed churches. Their code on these points was then very strict, and they were fain to look to Elizabeth as next to Edward, their great hope and stay.

In the March of 1551, when Mary was summoned to London to answer to the Council and to her brother for her practice of the Roman Catholic religion, Miss Strickland has pointed out that Elizabeth was also in London. She entered it on horseback in semi-state, with a distinguished following, the day before her sister's arrival; and the day after, as if by design, she came from St. James's Park (the way being strewn with sand for her and her cavalcade), while her reception at the Court gate was marked by much respectful ceremony. Elizabeth was in her eighteenth year—a tall, fair, handsome girl, such as people loved to look upon.

It is uncertain though it is very likely that the sisters met on the visit which each paid to London. There was nothing of declared enmity between them then; but their relations, always difficult, and to be dealt with warily, were rendered still more complicated and hazardous by the manner in which the woman and the girl became mere puppets in the hands of the Spanish and French ambassadors, Renaud and Noailles. These gentlemen played off the one sister against the other, not for the Princesses' honour and happiness, but for the benefit of the foreign countries whose representatives thus adroitly and unscrupulously employed every weapon on their sovereigns' behalf.

The downfall of the Duke of Somerset did not materially affect Elizabeth's position, unless by making way for the sway of the far more grasping and unprincipled Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. She refused Somerset's petition that she should intercede for him with her brother, on the plea that she had as little means of access to Edward as the imprisoned duke himself had. No doubt the excuse was true in the main, while it also reminded Somerset of the selfish precautions by which he had separated the young King from his sisters. But Elizabeth's action is also an example of the cool neutrality and inactivity which she adopted thenceforth, as her policy in all state affairs, till her time came.

It is said that as Edward lay dying in July, 1553, Northumberland made use of the same ruse to get Elizabeth into his power, which caused Mary to set out on the journey to Greenwich, under the belief that she was obeying the summons of her dying brother. If this was so, the younger sister, warned by her future great minister, Cecil, already her friend, stayed on quietly at Hatfield. If another statement is true, that Northumberland sought to bribe her by the offer of a large sum of money to acquiesce in Edward's settlement of the crown on his cousin Lady Jane, thus disinheriting both his sisters, the plotter was foiled by the girl of nineteen, who gave him, and the commission in whose name he spoke, a warily temporising and eminently judicious reply, to the effect that they must first make their agreement with her elder sister, in whose lifetime she had no claim or title to reign.

There is no hint of grief for the death of her young brother and early playfellow on Elizabeth's part, unless it is to be found in the attack of illness from which she was reported to have suffered at this time. Many people thought it a mere feint to prevent Northumberland's seizing her person; but in fairness it is necessary to recall that, while Elizabeth was the reverse of Mary in having all the advantages included in the possession of a fine physique, and the enjoyment of excellent health, the proud imperturbability with which she had heard the news of the Lord Admiral's execution was followed by a similar fit of sickness. Poor young Edward's untimely death, together with the contents of his will, could not fail to produce in the girl a strife of conflicting feelings—lingering memories of childish fondness and kindred affection warring with indignant resentment at the manner in which he had abandoned her cause, no less than her sister's—an injury which Elizabeth was the last creature in the world to forgive and forget. Elizabeth recovered in time to repair to her mansion of Somerset House the day before Mary's entrance into London as Queen. The Princess, with her

train, went out as far as Wanstead to meet Mary, receive her gracious greeting, and ride, side by side, with her through Aldgate.

In this triumphal progress, when Elizabeth, it is not difficult to conceive, rather flaunted her youthful stateliness and beauty in contrast to Mary's small size and sickly, *passée* looks, even under the passing transformation wrought upon the Queen by a great spirit in the hour of its satisfaction, Michele, the Venetian ambassador, the most impartial of the contemporary witnesses of the spectacle, took notice of the manner in which Elizabeth showed off, among the other items of her charms, her beautiful hands.

In the contention which soon arose between the sisters on religious questions, Elizabeth was at once ready with her diplomacy, her professions of only following the faith which she had been taught, together with her willingness to receive fresh instruction, and her anxiety to express a modified conformity to the Queen's religion. Mary, in her honesty, was ready to accept these concessions for more than they were worth, to take into consideration the age of her sister, and as a mark of satisfaction and trust, to bestow on her the gift of a jewelled rosary.

In all this it is advisable to keep in mind two things—first, the extreme difficulty and even danger of Elizabeth's position in the circumstances; and second, the fact of her youth. Granted that what she said of herself afterwards was true even then, she had "a man's heart in a woman's breast." It is also true that "she had a woman's subtlety," the instinctive radical subtlety of some women—of her cousin Mary Queen of Scots, for example, and not the simplicity of other women—of her sister Mary or her cousin Lady Jane. In conjunction with this duplicity, Elizabeth could lay claim to the reflective power of a man. Elizabeth had no sympathy with Mary's bigotry; on the contrary, she had an abhorrence of it. Mary, with all her conscientiousness and uprightness, had it in her from the first to be a female Robespierre: Elizabeth was an Erasmus in creed, and would never have sacrificed a hecatomb of victims to a system, a conviction. This is not to say that she did not strive, like her father, to bring about a certain uniformity of worship, as at once a mark of homage to herself and a boon to the kingdom; while her bye-laws with regard to nonconformists and recusants were sufficiently severe in fines and imprisonments, stopping short, however, unless in rare instances, of the sacrifice of life. She saw that her own claim to the throne must stand or fall with the Reformed religion, and she never lost sight of her interest. But it is also true that her enlightened, cultured intellect accepted and approved, by preference, of the doctrines in which she had been brought up; save only where they threatened her royal prerogative, her right of private judgment, her strong personal prepossessions. She would no more be subservient to Geneva than she would be to Rome.

But even when Elizabeth was tempted to equivocate and prevaricate in response to one side of her complex nature, there is no real reason to doubt the sincerity either of her Protestantism or her Christianity according to her light. Possibly her religion—such as it was—saved her from many a snare and stumbling-block in her difficult path, though it was not of a nature to deliver her from her weaknesses and blindnesses; and unmistakably it was her refuge and support in days of darkness and terror.

Elizabeth's character has suffered heavily, down to this time, alike from her political friends and her political foes, and almost as much from the one as from the other. By the friends who hailed her as their deliverer, and gloried in the solid benefits and splendid triumphs of her reign, she was loaded with unqualified panegyrics, her very faults twisted into virtues. She was "good Queen Bess," the people's queen. By the more bitter Roman Catholics, and her foreign enemies generally, she was beset with unmitigated abuse, and stigmatised as a bold hypocrite, a treacherous deceiver, a wanton and cruel tyrant, whose sole merit was to be found in her commanding intellect and the penetration which enabled her to select and bend to her purpose the greatest minds of her country and era. It is hardly needful to explain that the truth lay a long way between these two extremes.

The profound dissembler whenever dissimulation suited the end she had in view; the dallier with suitor after suitor; the coquettish and imperious mistress of Leicester and Essex; the pitiless kinswoman of Lady Catherine Grey; the gaoler and slayer, however reluctantly, of the royal cousin who had fled to the Queen of England for protection from her rebel subjects; the adept at deceit who contrived to throw the odium of the death warrant on the secretary Davison; the aged woman who refused to own her years and infirmities, and declined to the last moment to appoint a successor, lest she should live to know herself forsaken, as she had known the dying, broken-hearted Mary deserted for the Princess whom she had fondled as a child, who was still in the hey-day of life and strength and coming triumph—was no saintly spirit—scarcely even a heroic figure in the highest sense of heroism.

The woman whom Burleigh served so faithfully; before whom Sydney and Raleigh were content to bow low; whose praises Spenser and Shakespeare sang with enthusiasm; for whom Drake and Hawkins, Howard and Greville fought; the mistress whose smile irradiated her household "like sunshine"; the Queen who showed a mailed breast and spoke with a patriot's tongue at Tilbury; whose humblest subjects called down blessings on her head—was no mere false pretender.

In the precariousness of her footing after Mary's accession Elizabeth had no lack of suitors. It seemed one of the offices of the manœuvring foreign ambassadors, as well as of the Council, to suggest, now handsome, frivolous, vicious Edward Courtenay because of his Plantagenet descent; now this prince, now that; Philibbert of Savoy, whose proposals were destined to be repeatedly laid before her; the heir of the King of Sweden; even strangest suggestion of all, and likely to be exceedingly repugnant to Mary, her own destined bridegroom, Philip of Spain, her cousin, the Emperor's son. No doubt the last was a mere subterfuge. Elizabeth would have none of them. Her highest ambition was to be Queen of England; she would not imperil her chance of the succession by marrying a foreign prince; neither was she disposed to share her power with a subject, though her vanity and the strain of lightmindedness, which was at this time kept in abeyance, might tempt her to trifle with a Leicester or an Essex.

All the princely suitors, with the exception of Philibbert of Savoy, fell into the background on the passing of the Act of Parliament, which Mary obtained, asserting the legitimacy of her rights, but failing to establish those of Elizabeth. Mary's conduct immediately afterwards, in giving her cousins, Frances Brandon and Margaret Douglas, Court precedence before her sister, emphasised she omission, and so affronted the Princess, whose claims were thus seriously impaired, that she made a pertinacious request, at last granted, to be allowed, on the plea of her health, to withdraw from Court, and reside at one of her country seats.

When Mary's marriage was announced and Wyatt's rebellion broke out, Elizabeth was at her manor house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire. Mary, doubtful, not without reason, of her sister's loyalty, despatched messengers, under the leadership of Elizabeth's grand-uncle, Lord William Howard, to bring her to Court.

Elizabeth was ill at this crisis, as she had been on similar epochs in her life; and if mental anxiety had before broken her down, there was sufficient cause for the disaster now, for, innocent or guilty of conspiring against Mary, she stood then in deadly peril. Elizabeth's name and Courtenay's had been the rallying cries of the insurrection. She had managed, with her unsurpassable tact, not to commit herself—at least, to suppress every proof of her participation in the rising; but the presumption of her connivance was, and is to this day, so great that her innocence in any real sense is almost inconceivable.

Travelling by slow stages on account of her recent illness to obey her sister's summons, Elizabeth entered London in an open litter on the 23rd of February, 1554. As a sign of her innocence, she was dressed, in spite of the inclemency of the season, in white, like a "Fair Maid of February." But there the resemblance ceased. There was nothing of the pensive, meek grace of the first flower of the year about Elizabeth, whether well or ill, in prosperity or adversity. She had left such attributes to her little cousin, Lady Jane. Elizabeth's countenance "was pale and stern; her mein proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavoured to conceal her trouble." Such was the testimony of the ambassador Renaud in a letter to his master. A large company of the gentlemen of Elizabeth's household and of the party of her friends, as well as the guard sent by Mary, surrounded the Princess; but they were as nothing to the great crowds gathered on either side of the road to gaze upon her, many of the spectators openly bewailing her destination. That morning the Duke of Suffolk, the husband of Elizabeth's cousin, Frances Brandon, had perished on the scaffold; not a fortnight before his daughter, Lady Jane, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, had been beheaded. People thought that the terrible tragedies of Henry VIII.'s reign were about to be even more fully repeated. Some of the gazers could look back seventeen years, and remember the spectacle of Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn, with her strange, impassioned beauty, like that of a lurid sunset, as she stood ready for the axe on Tower Green. After all, no thought could be more piteous than the simple consideration patent to everybody present, that here was a beautiful, high-spirited girl of twenty—princess or no princess, scornful or submissive, of one or two things there could be no mistake—she was fatherless and motherless; there was none able and willing to defend her, and she was advancing to meet her doom at the hands of her nearest of kin—her own sister. Verily the lion's cubs were preparing to rend each other.

Elizabeth was taken to Whitehall about four o'clock, in the gathering blackness and darkness of the winter afternoon. Her request to see the Queen was peremptorily refused. She was lodged, with a suite of six ladies, two gentlemen, and four servants, in a well-guarded quarter of the Palace, and detained there in miserable uncertainty as to her fate for three weeks.

When the divided parties in the Council at last agreed to send Elizabeth to the Tower, and a deputation waited upon her to acquaint her with their decision, she besought them "with something like a threat"—for she made them remember who she was—to alter it. Finding her petition rejected, half of her suite removed, a guard placed in the ante-room, the hall, and the garden beneath her windows—ominous tokens of what was in store for her—she spent the night in prayer. On the following morning—that of Palm Sunday—when two

Lords of the Council arrived to tell her a barge was in waiting to convey her to the Tower while the tide served, she made a last desperate appeal to the Earl of Sussex, one of the two members of the Council, to take a letter from her to the Queen. His compassionate consent to do Elizabeth's errand brought down upon him Mary's hot displeasure; but it procured a brief delay in the execution of the sentence.

Here is a letter, beginning sententiously, "If any ever did try this old saying, that a King's word was more than another man's oath, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to verify it to me, and to remember your last promise and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof, which, it seems, that I am; for without cause proved, I am, by your Council, from you, commanded to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor than for a true subject; which, though I know I desire it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God that I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing." The Princess goes on in the same impetuous, forcible manner to protest that she never "practiced, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to the Queen's person or dangerous to the State." She therefore begs to be suffered to answer "afore" Mary's self, instead of being referred to the Council, and that "afore" Elizabeth went to the Tower. She tells what she has read, and within her own experience known (mentioning the case of the Lord Admiral and his brother) of the loss to an accused person "for want of coming to the presence of their prince," or ruler, for the time, and prays God "that one sister might not be persuaded against another;" and all because of "false report." She ends by signing herself: "Your Highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end, Elizabeth." Then follows one more piteous entreaty for "but only one word in answer from yourself."

Something has been already said of the beautiful handwriting of this letter, in which there is not a sign of agitation or tremor. Weissener gives additional details, describes "the elegant and measured flourish" which accompanies the signature, and instances the curious fact, that on a portion of paper uncovered by writing at the end of the letter, to which a forged addition might thus have been added, Elizabeth had taken the precaution of drawing a number of fine strokes (with scarcely a shake in them), and so filling up the blank as to render it impossible to write upon it. Weissener dwells on the singular alertness and prudence which could at such a moment foresee every contingency, and guard against it.

Mary was either too incensed or too doubtful of her own firmness to grant the prayer. She refused with vehemence either to see or write to her sister. Elizabeth was rowed to the Tower so early, that all London was still safely bestowed in the churches decked with palms—emblems of victory and rest; but so late where the tide was concerned, that difficulty and danger had to be met in passing London Bridge, where the barge hung in the tidal wave long enough to startle and alarm the occupants of the bridge houses for the safety of the passengers it carried through. None save her escort was acquainted with the identity of the Princess.

At the Traitors' Gate, which was opened to admit prisoners arriving by the Thames, Anne Boleyn's daughter was sufficiently overcome to draw back for a moment—still more from the cruel memories of the past than from the frowning walls above her. She refused to land in a resistance which was practically useless. She said pettishly, first, that it was the name of the gate which she could not endure, and next, that she did not wish to wet her shoes. Not only was the river water lapping the stones beneath her, the grey clouds overhead, obscuring the sky on the wild March morning, were dissolving in rain. A member of her escort offered her his cloak, but "she dashed it from her with a good dash," and set her foot on a step, saying, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee above." One of the company in the barge was guilty of the disrespect and want of feeling of replying to the forlorn protest with the cool taunt, spoken only half aside, "If it were so, it were the better for her."

Again Elizabeth stopped short. These grim towers, with their bloody annals, were too much even for the high spirit of one who was yet throughout her life a consistent hater of bloodshed. She sat down on a wet stone by the water's edge.

It is Weissener's impression that, valiant as the Princess was, and great as were her powers of self-command, she was not so wholly dauntless as Mary showed herself, and that Elizabeth was subject in seasons of difficulty to fits of hesitation and apprehension, which were perplexing and discomfiting to her followers. But this may be only to say, by anticipation, what the biographer himself remarks the next moment, that Elizabeth's judgment far exceeded that of Mary. The younger sister was qualified to foresee objections and consequences which were not apparent to the elder, and so could not, for a second, quell and disarm her.

The Lieutenant of the Tower, Brydges, entreated the Princess to take shelter, and said the place where she sat was unwholesome; to which Elizabeth answered, with quite as much temper as despair, "Better sit here than in a worse place, for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."

But when her gentleman-usher burst into tears, the girl of twenty was impatient of his weakness, pulled herself together, and chid him roundly for taking away her courage instead of doing his best to maintain it. She seemed to recognise the vain, and therefore undignified, nature of the altercation, and resolutely passed within the gloomy portal. When the rattle of the bolts and bars around her ceased, she stood firm, with her book in her hand, in the centre of her handful of attendants, and prayed to God to give her His grace to build not on the sand, but on the rock.

Elizabeth was always ready with her public prayers—rhetorical, figurative, and, as a rule, highly denunciatory—calling down freely curses instead of blessings on her enemies. We may be permitted to question the Christian spirit of these petitions, and even the perfect candour and singlemindedness of the petitioner; but it is not necessary to doubt her sincerity within certain bounds, and in the light in which she viewed all that happened to herself. Totally unlike her sister Mary in this, as in so many respects, Elizabeth was even in girlhood radically untruthful, capable of profound and prolonged dissimulation; but it was, to begin with, at least, the untruthfulness of casuistry, and a double nature which deceived itself, rather than that of a girl or woman who set herself knowingly and deliberately to tell lies. Elizabeth's specious metaphysical intellect and far-reaching ambition blinded her to simple honesty and integrity, so that she could call on the righteous God to help her in double dealing without any conscious sense of hypocrisy. It is a somewhat awful thought, but it is desirable to bear it in mind in considering the mightiness and meanness of the great Queen's character; its two sides, the one splendid in courage, wisdom, and justice; the other sordid in selfishness, lightmindedness, and a furious temper, and, above all, in endless treacherous craft.

For the first month of her imprisonment, Elizabeth "never set foot outside her room," was compelled to hear Mass, and was systematically persecuted by the Governor Gage. Two of her ladies—Mrs. Sandys and Isabella Lady Harrington — a young bride, were, in the case of the first, removed from attendance on the Princess, and in that of the second, imprisoned along with her husband (who had been committed to the Tower for a previous offence), because of their Protestant faith, and their unconditional refusal to conform to Roman Catholic rites. Elizabeth had little ground to look for redress or mercy; and if what she said long afterwards to the French envoy, Castelnau, was a correct representation of her feelings, "she gave herself up for lost," and she meant to make only one request, that she might be slain by the sword, as had become the custom in France, and not by the axe, and that a swordsman might be sent for from France to dispatch her (as a headsman was sent for to behead her mother).

In the course of this month Elizabeth was examined before the Council, headed by her bitter enemy, the Lord Chancellor, Stephen Gardiner. She defended herself with great presence of mind and animation, not only on the general accusations of her complicity with Wyatt, and of her being in alliance with the French, but on such details as her removal from one of her houses (Ashridge) to another (Donnington), as was believed with the purpose of her reaching a spot where her communications with the rebels might be easier.

So great was the fascination of her youth, beauty, and wit, together with the peculiar blending of a frank address and a majestic carriage, which she was said to have inherited from her father, King Henry, that after she had borne unfalteringly the humiliation of being confronted with one of her servants as to the true meaning of her "remove from Ashridge to Donnington," not only did the servant (Sir James Crofts) fall on his knees to confirm her assertion of innocence of evil intention, the Catholic Earl of Arundel, understood to be keenly opposed to her, knelt in his turn, stated his conviction that her Grace was speaking the truth, and expressed his regret for having troubled her about such small matters.

In the meantime the great Emperor was clamouring for her death, as the daughter of Anne Boleyn and the dangerous rival of his cousin Mary; and the utmost which Elizabeth's friends could do on her behalf was the clumsy device of hiding a girl in the hollow of a wall and setting her to speak unseen, praising Elizabeth and abusing the Mass. Crowds of Londoners came in a great ferment to listen to "the talking stone." But the Council had only to send a few masons to pull down a portion of the wall in order to reveal the fraud.

Mary shrank from imbruing her hands in her sister's blood, and cooled and softened a little as the weeks went on. She began to let fall in conversation the words, "my sister," which had not crossed her lips for some time, and permitted Elizabeth's picture to be replaced on the palace wall, from which it had been removed.

(*To be continued.*)



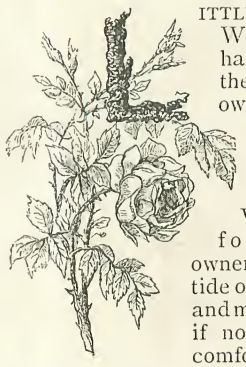
WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," "After Shipwreck," "Sea Blossom," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

WEST DENE AND ITS SQUIRE.

"A fearless gentleman,
Of seemly frame and soul above disguise.
* * * *
Hearty of voice, with genial hands and eyes."



ITTLE by little the West Dene estate had passed out of the hands of its owners, till now almost all that was left of it was the old manor house itself. With his wife's fortune the late owner had hoped to tide over his difficulties and make a fresh start, if not in wealth, in comfort. He was devotedly attached to the old home; and when he brought his bride to it, a pleasant vista stretched before him of a life of quiet, happy usefulness, in which his beautiful young wife would have a share. He cared little for society, and did not wish to associate much with those people round about West Dene who looked upon the Warhams and their poverty with scarcely concealed contempt. "Oh, they are a decayed family," was the significant remark applied to them.

In making plans, however, Richard Warham had left out a very important item in his calculations, and that was, the knowledge of how far his wife would be in sympathy with him. It was strange how blind he must have been to her character, to suppose that she who before her marriage had been the gayest of the gay, would consent to settle down for good in a place like West Dene, where there was nothing to amuse or interest a nature like hers. His hopes were rudely shattered. "If your means will not allow of our living in town during the season," she said, when he remonstrated about expense, "my fortune will; and I certainly do not intend to live here the whole year round."

Richard Warham gave in, as he generally did when his wife was concerned. Her happiness was always his first consideration. Though he disliked society, he went for some years regularly to London every season with his wife, counting the days until he could return to his beloved West Dene.

At last ill health, brought on by excitement and overstrained nerves, brought Mrs. Warham for some years to an invalid's couch, and all gaiety was out of the question. By this time too she was tired of it; she had tried it and found it wanting. Yearning for something more satisfying, she opened her heart to her husband and children; and though the effects of her previous life of vanity and selfishness remained, in a tendency to irritability of temper and depression of spirits, the sweet home influences, and the love by which she was surrounded, gradually brought a rest and peace to her heart that she had never known before.

After this the stream of their life flowed on with little to ruffle its surface. Though the broad lands which had belonged to his fathers had passed away from the Squire of West Dene, Richard Warham never forgot the influence that belonged to his family by reason of its name and ancestry. Wherever it could be done without interference with the rights of others, he exercised it in promoting reforms of all kinds that had for their purpose the welfare of the people. In everything he was thoroughly liberal-minded. He strove to interest Mrs. Warham in his plans for the good of the cottagers; and though with her there was small practical outlet, yet she learnt from his example a warmer sympathy with the poor of all classes.

If his wife, however, only feebly seconded his efforts, his children made up for her lack of interest by the enthusiasm with which they adopted his ideas. Little radicals he used to call them; and he enjoyed listening to their crude, childish notions, which had for their foundation a real warm-hearted love for their fellow-creatures, especially for those whose worldly circumstances were not so fortunate as their own. This he did all in his power to encourage, by giving them constant opportunities of coming in contact with their poorer neighbours. His own manner with such people was a singularly happy one, and both his children inherited it. He brooked no familiarity, but, on the other hand, he was never patronisingly familiar himself, as is the way of many. As one old woman in the village expressed it, "The Warhams treated poor folk just as they treated their own drawing-room visitors."

Richard Warham had taken special pains to train his son, Edward, in his own ideas; and the boy had rewarded his father's care. He was keenly alive to the possibilities of influence that still remained to them, in spite of the reverses which had robbed them of the one influence which seems nowadays the paramount one—that of wealth. He was as deeply interested as his father in all reforms that aimed at increasing the welfare and happiness of the people. He was an admirer of some of Kingsley's ideals, and got up during one of his holidays a lending library in the village, solely for the purpose of making known the works of that genial and clear-sighted writer. Nor were his sympathies confined to the village of West Dene. In Redminster, the sleepy cathedral city which was their nearest town, the Warhams were well known and respected. Through their warm friendship with the rector of one of its churches, Dr. Gray, they were brought into contact with a number of people in whose lives they interested themselves.

With boys, Edward was always a special favourite, and the boys in Redminster and West Dene thoroughly appreciated him. He took an interest in their games, and encouraged the more thoughtful among them to cultivate a love of natural history, giving every opportunity to those who showed a real interest in the subject to improve their knowledge of it.

While Edward had his boy friends to help and to influence for good, Helen had as many girl friends, whom she influenced in like manner. Her aim was not merely to help them to be good practical housekeepers, but to give them interests that would lift them out of the petty, narrow lives most of them led. She encouraged reading as long as it did not interfere with duty, as well as everything that increased their perception of and love for the beautiful.

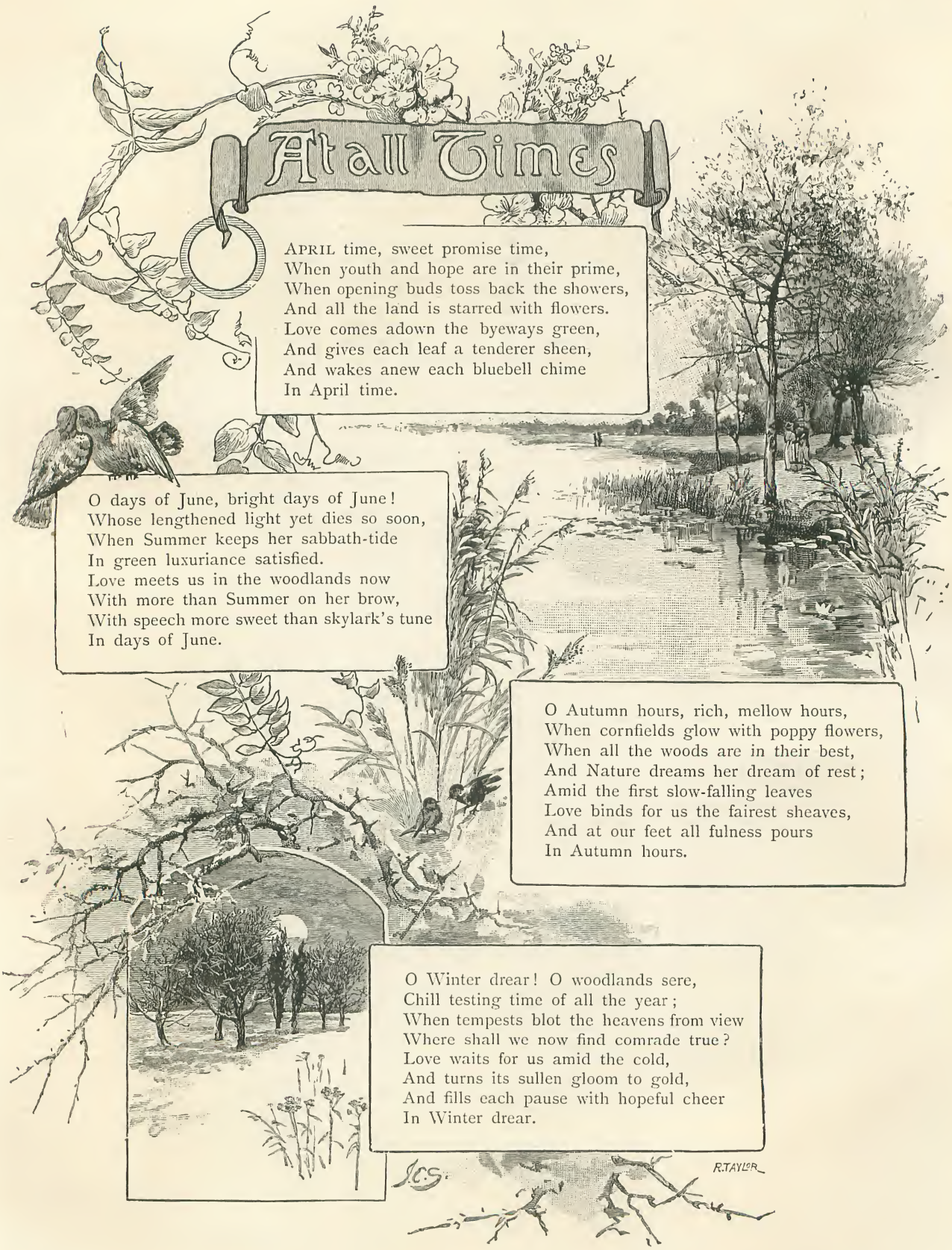
Intensely sensitive to the influence of the beautiful herself, she longed to awaken what was in many cases a dormant sense in others.

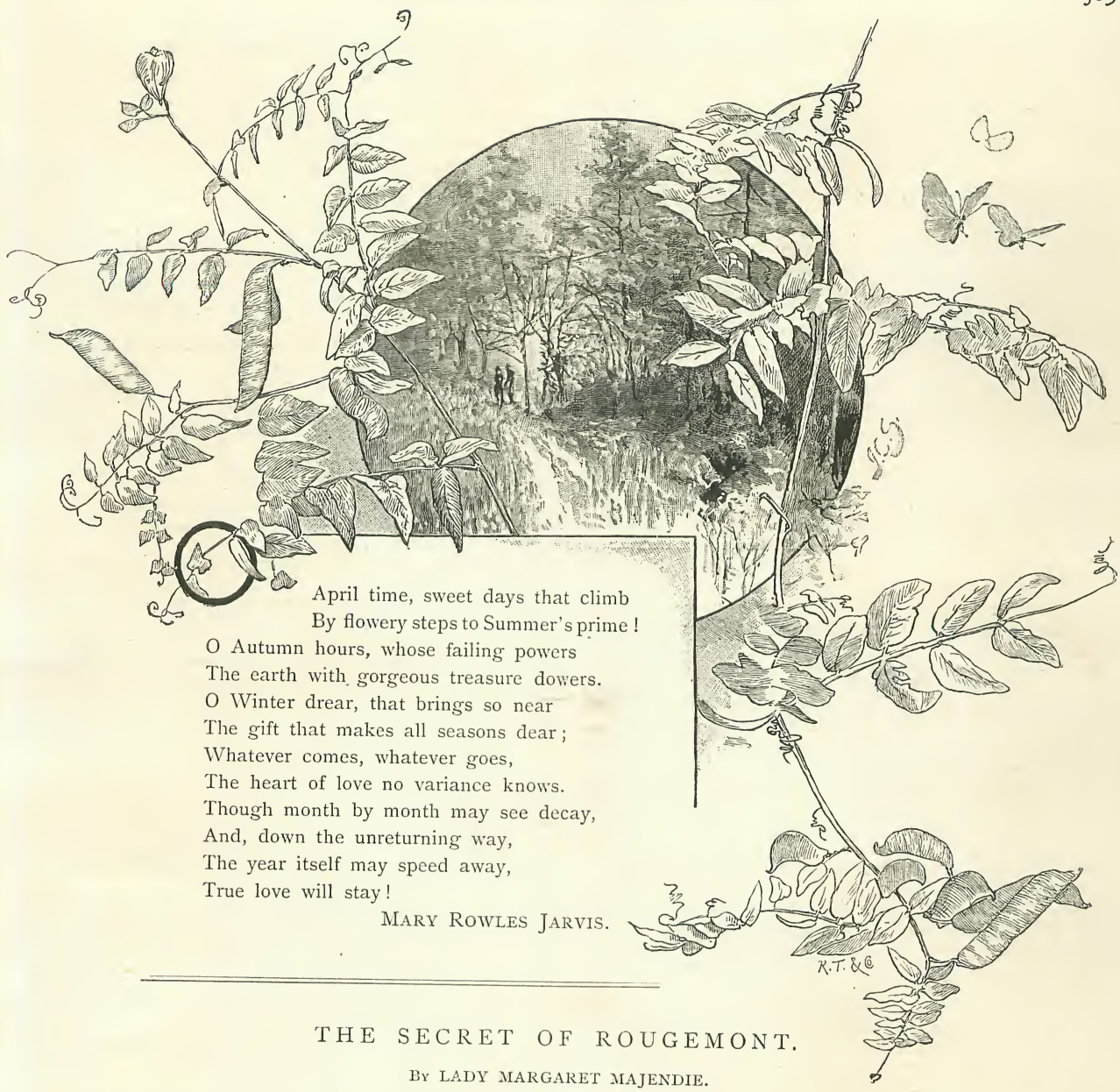
The years spent in this quiet, happy way at his beloved West Dene were the fulfilment of Richard Warham's early dreams. His children were growing up all that he could wish, and it was his constant delight to train their minds and to arouse their interest in all he held most dear. They saw few people, for neither his wife's health nor his purse allowed of entertaining in any way except on a very small scale. Doubtless they were happier with their little circle of valued friends, than they would have been with a larger one of mere acquaintances.

To this happy calm there came a disturbing influence. Mr. Warham had some severe money losses, and to meet pressing demands he mortgaged the house. He had every hope then of being able to repay the money by the time it should fall due; but fresh difficulties and complications arose, and, as time passed on, and it became inevitable that the house would have to be sold, he sank into a lingering illness, from which he never recovered.

Edward Warham, with all his bright hopes blasted, irretrievably as it then seemed, turned bravely to the first opening that presented itself, and entered the large firm of Eustace and Rivington as a clerk. He threw his whole energy into the work, as was always his way, and with the hopefulness of youth, believed at first that he was on the way to make a fortune in a very short time. He soon discovered his mistake, however; hence his despairing letter to his sister.

(*To be continued.*)


At all Times
APRIL time, sweet promise time,
When youth and hope are in their prime,
When opening buds toss back the showers,
And all the land is starred with flowers.
Love comes adown the byeways green,
And gives each leaf a tenderer sheen,
And wakes anew each bluebell chime
In April time.
O days of June, bright days of June!
Whose lengthened light yet dies so soon,
When Summer keeps her sabbath-tide
In green luxuriance satisfied.
Love meets us in the woodlands now
With more than Summer on her brow,
With speech more sweet than skylark's tune
In days of June.
O Autumn hours, rich, mellow hours,
When cornfields glow with poppy flowers,
When all the woods are in their best,
And Nature dreams her dream of rest;
Amid the first slow-falling leaves
Love binds for us the fairest sheaves,
And at our feet all fulness pours
In Autumn hours.
O Winter drear! O woodlands sere,
Chill testing time of all the year;
When tempests blot the heavens from view
Where shall we now find comrade true?
Love waits for us amid the cold,
And turns its sullen gloom to gold,
And fills each pause with hopeful cheer
In Winter drear.
J.C.S.
R.TAYLOR



April time, sweet days that climb
By flowery steps to Summer's prime!
O Autumn hours, whose failing powers
The earth with gorgeous treasure dowers.
O Winter drear, that brings so near
The gift that makes all seasons dear;
Whatever comes, whatever goes,
The heart of love no variance knows.
Though month by month may see decay,
And, down the unreturning way,
The year itself may speed away,
True love will stay!

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XV.

"VALENTINE, we must go. It is time."

"I am ready, my father."

Valentine came out of the room to join her father. It was her wedding day, but she had dressed herself in black from head to foot, even to the black veil thrown over her head, which brought out in vivid contrast the ivory whiteness of her face.

"So, my child?" said M. de Lemprière, looking at her tremulously. "So dressed? What will Alcibiade say? Surely, Valentine, he has at least deserved some little outward consideration?"

"My dress must do," said Valentine. "He will not notice it. No other colour than black should be worn now by the women of France—certainly not by me."

"We have no time for argument. It is late already," said her father.

They walked together through the streets, Valentine with a hood drawn forward so as to hide her face from the passers-by; her father, with a little affectation of ease and *bonhomie*. All was well now; he was secure, was even an important member of society, as the father-in law of so distinguished a patriot as Alcibiade Leforêt.

Valentine looked neither to the right nor left. She shivered as her father threw open the door of the house to which they were bound, and, holding her hand, gently guided her in. Her heart was beating so fast that she was only conscious of a feeling of suffocation. She clung to her father's arm to support herself.

A man dressed with some attempt at the bravery of a wedding guest ushered them into an office on the ground floor. His blue velvet coat was old and stained, a huge cambric cravat knotted round his throat was decorated with torn and dirty lace.

"Citizen Alcibiade has told me that you cling still to some remnants of old superstition," he said, seating himself on a kind of counter, and swinging his legs. "His consideration for this, Citoyenne, has given me untold trouble and annoyance."

"I am sorry," faltered Valentine, breathing quickly.

The inner door was pushed open and Alcibiade came in. He was dressed with the utmost foppery of the day; his coarse, handsome face was flushed. A quick scowl crossed it when his eyes fell on Valentine's black gown; but he banished it quickly, and came forward with outstretched hands.

"I have kept faith," he said. "We have a priest—he is waiting. We have done even more. This house was once inhabited by a bishop; he built a small chapel. My friend Jules," he went on, turning to the other guest, "be so kind as to see whether our worthy friend is ready. He is in the dining-room that used to be called a chapel."

Jules went out, and Alcibiade advanced towards his shrinking bride.

There was something almost gentle in his tones as he addressed her.

"I have kept faith, I repeat," he said. "This morning at nine o'clock Adrien de Riancourt is to be tried—and released. Now it wants but ten minutes to the time. Have I not kept faith. At the very moment that you become my wedded wife I shall have paid my debt. He will be free."

"You are good," she faltered.

Alcibiade moved restlessly from one place to another; then he left the room. Valentine and her father remained alone. They did not speak. Monsieur de Lemprière stood helplessly twisting his fingers together. Valentine sank back in one of the hard office chairs, bracing up nerves and strength for what was to come. About five interminable minutes passed, and then Alcibiade came back and offered her his hand.

She rose, and put hers into his. It was cold as ice. Her large blue eyes gave one wild look round—a look of despair—as he led her out.

CHAPTER XVI.

LONG years after it was always a marvel to Ange that he had passed so easily out of the prison. Though Adrien de Riancourt had been dressed in clothes the facsimile of those he himself wore—the unvarying brown suit of the Breton peasant farmer—yet, in spite of the remarkable likeness between them, it seemed incredible that he should have been allowed to pass without challenge. He could only attribute it to the fact, that on that day there had been some fierce dispute among the gaolers; they were preoccupied, all their thoughts full of their own affairs.

Ange quitted the Conciergerie with feelings akin to desperation. He had yielded against his will to Adrien. "I consented, I consented!" cried the poor fellow to himself, half wild with remorse that he had consented, even though he knew well that he could not have done otherwise, for the pathos of that imploring cry rang in his ears with maddening reiteration—"Do not keep me from them! Let me die!"

Out in the open street again, under the free sky, his bewilderment began to subside, his shrewd sense regained ascendency. He drew out the pocket book which his brother had given him, and drawing near to the light burning in a shop window, proceeded to examine its contents. He found several gold pieces and two papers, the one, a letter directed to Citoyenne Valentine de Lemprière, at her father's former house; the other, the precious official papers with which Adrien had come to Paris.

Ange made up his mind that he would go at once to the Maison de Lemprière and deliver his letter before he took any steps with regard to his own safety. Adrien's words about his faithless betrothed haunted him. He could not believe her to be faithless. He thought of the fair, loving girl who had visited him in the Conciergerie, of the passionate devotion of her manner when she first imagined herself to be speaking to her *fiancé*.

Ange would not allow himself to pause he dared not think of what the morrow would bring forth. Pulling his cap over his brows, and placing the precious papers in his breast, he started on his way.

It was some time before he could find the Maison de Lemprière; but when he did so, his loud knock brought the same child to the door who had spoken to Adrien.

The child looked up at him with frightened eyes. "So you have come back?" she exclaimed. "But what is it? You are changed. Let me call my mother."

She ran away. Ange tried to plan out what he should say, but the first sight of the woman who came hurriedly from within, changed his plans.

"What! is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Is it, then, Jeannette Clos?"

"At your service. What! little Ange Laurent? But I thought all the time that it was Monsieur Adrien! What a mistake; and you are more alike than ever. How pale, how thin! Why did you not come in the other day when I saw you and sent to warn you? Come in and eat a white soup with us for the love of the old country."

Ange allowed himself to be led in. In one corner of the splendid dining-room, panelled with white and gold, and gay with mirrors, Jeannette and her husband made their kitchen and living-room.

"And how came you here?" said Ange, when Jeannette, once a friendly neighbour at Rougemont, had seated herself with her hands on her knees.

"Oh, as to that, you remember my marriage with M. de Lemprière's valet when they were staying at Riancourt. We came to Paris, and monsieur gave us the lodge. I was concierge. Mathieu died. It was a good thing for me, the good-for-nothing. I could no longer be concierge; they wanted a married porter. I took service as housemaid in this house, and then I married Henri Clos, an *ouvrier*. Now our day has come, and the reign of the *noblesse* has ceased." She ended in the mechanical way of one well accustomed to the familiar formula.

"And you are in charge here? Then what has become of the owners? I have a letter here for Mademoiselle Valentine."

"They have gone," said the woman, bringing some food out of a great marqueterie cabinet which stood near the fireplace. "De Lemprière was not popular with the authorities. He went too far, and he stopped too short. *Va!* there are others like him. He thought it best not to be too easily found, so he changed his quarters. But he has secured himself now."

"Can I see her—Citoyenne Valentine?"

"To-morrow she is to be married. That is what I mean by saying that he has made all secure now. She is to marry a man of great influence—Citizen Alcibiade Leforêt; a man at whose raised finger heads fall."

"I understand. And now, good Jeannette, I want help from you for the sake of old times."

"What!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You are not suspected, are you?"

"Suspected? What folly! An honest peasant like myself suspected!"

"Pardon, friend," said the woman, trembling; "but you know what times we live in, and the likeness between yourself and our poor young Seigneur Ad——"

"Hush!" cried Ange, quickly; the pain of hearing that name was too great. "Hush, that is all over! I have made that safe."

"You—you did not denounce him?" said the woman.

"One must look to oneself," said Ange, gloomily.

Instinctively she shrank away from him, then cleared her brow and uttered, with a long sigh, "Doubtless it was a good action. It is the way of the world now, you see."

"But you will help me."

"It depends. My husband doubtless will help you after an action so meritorious."

There was no sarcasm in her voice; it was cold and grave; she so often heard such deeds spoken of as meritorious that she considered them such.

Ange was troubled. "Before I go on," he said, "tell me this. Is Citoyenne Valentine a willing bride?"

Jeannette shook her head sadly. "You may have heard that she was affianced to our young seigneur. They loved each other."

"And yet she marries this homicide, this——"

"There is nothing to be said about it," said the woman, shortly. It was evident that she thought the conversation dangerous.

Ange sat quite still, looking down thoughtfully for a few moments; then he said, "The request I have to make is simply this. My work in Paris is done. I tell you frankly I want to be off. I want help to obtain papers for myself and—for my wife."

"Your wife? Are you then married?" exclaimed Jeannette. "Is it possible? Is she from Paris?"

"Yes," he answered, "she is from Paris; but I must take her home. I cannot live here longer when the very streets smell of blood, and the people are fiends, not men. I must take her away, and at once."

"There will be little difficulty," said the woman, after a pause. "My husband will take you to the right bureau. You may have to wait some days; but I don't know. I heard him say that some of the gentlemen would be glad to get rid of the country *canaille*, who have come up to Paris ripe for mischief; but you ask only to get back. It may be easy. You can go with my husband when he comes in. Now sit down and eat. What would Mère Finette say if she saw you! You look worn out."

But Ange could not eat; he tried to do so to please his old neighbour; but the food choked him, he could not swallow.

Presently Henri Clos came in—a quiet-looking man, with a thin, grave face, and curious, prominent grey eyes; a

man who in quiet days had been mild and steady till hunger drove him wild, and he drank deeply of the deadly cup of revolution, and became a pitiless fanatic.

His wife betrayed the state of fear in which she lived by her quick, tremulous movements. She ran forward, saying hurriedly, "See, Henri, my friend, this good man wants to get back to his own people and his good mother! You have heard me speak of the good Laurents—Mère Finette, who was so kind to me in the old days in the country. He wants help to get his papers for himself and his wife."

"The citizen has then a wife?"

"Yes; a young wife, whom he wants to carry off from the wickedness of Paris," said Jeannette, eagerly.

Ange produced the papers with which he had come to Paris, and Henri Clos took them to the light, studying them with the greatest care.

"That is well," he said; "but I see no mention of the wife."

"No," said Ange, the red colour rushing into his face. "I am but just wedded. She is from Paris."

"A good patriot?"

"Would a man capable of denouncing his own foster brother have married her else?" said Jeannette, bitterly.

Henri turned fiercely upon her; but as he did so, a little hand stole into his, a pair of loving childish eyes looked up into his, and the child asked softly, "Have you seen the list of the condemned for to-morrow, my father? Are there any names that we know?"

"I have it here," said Henri, drawing a paper from his pocket. "Among them is a name we all know—Adrien Charles Marie de Riancourt, Marquis de St. Eustache. This, of course, you expected, my friend?"

"Expected, as you say, of course," cried Ange, almost fiercely. "Is it not my own doing?"

"Brave patriot!" cried Henri. "Come with me. We will endeavour to do your job for you. Yes, even I myself have sometimes a craving to return to the country, to the green fields, the blue sky. But bah! While the aristocrats yet live there is work to be done, and France must be purged."

Roughly drawing Ange's arm through his, he drew him out into the street.

At a late hour of the night the two men returned. Henri had been successful; he had obtained permission for Ange Laurent and Jeanne, his wife, to quit Paris and return to their native province.

Henri, in spite of his ferocity, was a weakly man. He desired his wife to give Ange something to drink, and then rolled off to bed in one of the once splendid apartments upstairs.

Ange found himself alone with Jeannette Clos. In an instant he had made up his mind what to do, and suddenly advancing, he spoke in a low, quick voice—

"My friend, good Jeannette, for the love of the old days, the old home, do, Jeannette, for the love of monseigneur, who was ever a good master to us, help me now? Listen—I have no wife, but I want to save Valentine de Lemprière, my young master's love, from marrying that man—a fate worse than death! I cannot save him." The anguish in his face as he uttered those hopeless words wrung the heart of his listener. "But I may be able to fulfil what would have been his dearest wish—to save her. Tell me—when is the wedding, and where?"

"Tell me—you did not betray him?"

"I?"

Jeannette quietly wiped her eyes. "I am glad," she said. "The wedding is to-morrow, in the Rue Jean Jaques, a house belonging to Alcibiade Leforêt, at nine o'clock."

"You know it?"

"Of course I *know*. *They all know* me. Alcibiade trusts my husband; he employed me to introduce a priest in disguise into the house to-night, also to clear out and arrange the chapel, which was used as a dining-room. At ten o'clock I am to be there with purchases he has made for his bride. He is a generous bridegroom, this Alcibiade, as you will doubtless acknowledge."

"And this chapel—what means exist of getting into it?"

"The only entrance used is through Alcibiade's rooms and office."

"There is no other?"

"Yes, there is another; it is always locked and barred, but I have the key, for by that door I let in M. le Curé last night."

"Ah, bless you, bless you, Jeannette! This is more than I could have dared to hope. Then my master's bride will be saved?"

"Alcibiade is a powerful man," said Jeannette, doubtfully. "And you, my poor friend—you look worn out."

"I can eat now," said Ange. "And the good God will give me strength."

In truth Ange was able to eat now, for hope had been rekindled in his breast. It was a slender plan, a very desperate one, upon which his hope was founded, but it served to raise from his breast the weight of despair which had been crushing him to the very earth.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Tale of Kindness and Courtesy.

An Englishman making the grand tour about the middle of last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than they are now, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently anxious to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat.

The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner.

The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company: there was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart, not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity "which never faileth."

On the regiment being dismissed the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel he found an aide-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters.

In the evening he was carried to Court, at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant Court in Europe, and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy.

Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

Take Courage.

"Only thyself thyself can harm.
Forget it not! And full of peace,
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease."

—*Celia Thaxter.*

An Unfortunate Name.

There is a village in Essex called Ugley, and its name has given rise to the following truthful, but, to all appearance, very uncomplimentary rhyme:—

"Ugley church, Ugley steeple,
Ugley parson, and Ugley people."

About Wives.

The good or ill hap
Of a good or ill life,
Is the good or ill choice
Of a good or ill wife.

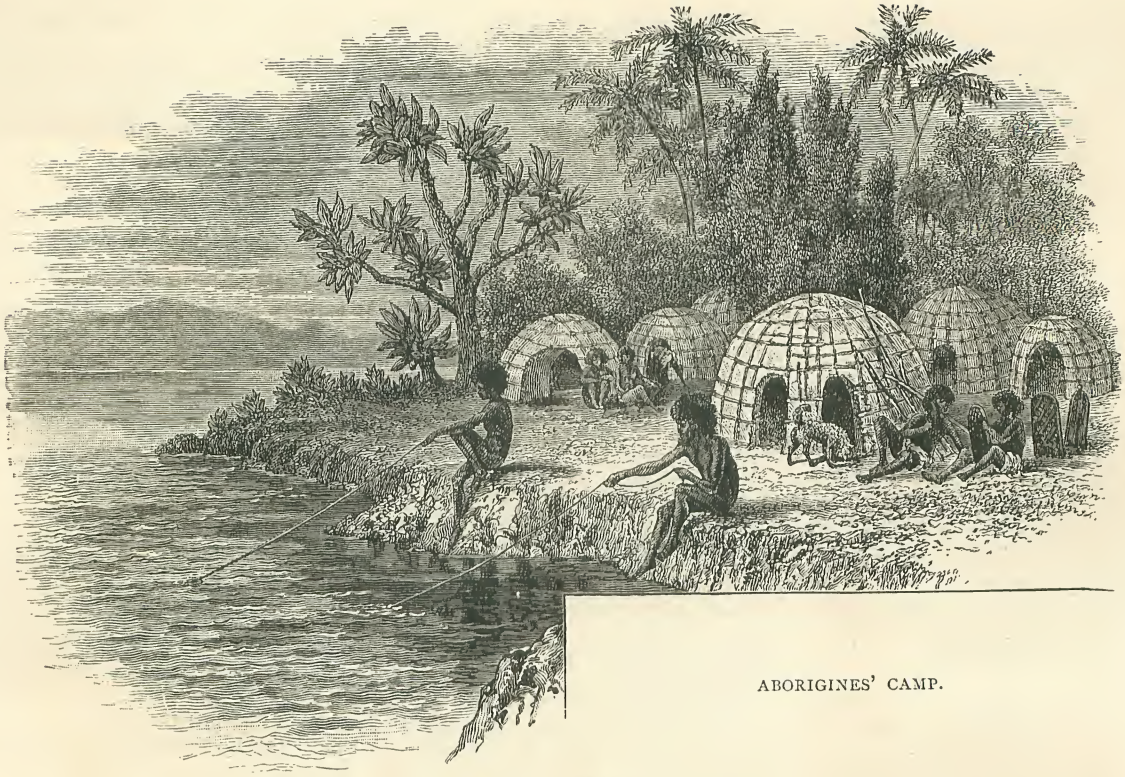
On the Side of Truth.

When Dean Swift was arguing one day with great coolness with a gentleman who had grown exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well?

"The reason is," replied the Dean, "that I have truth on my side."

In the World.—Living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it.—*Horace Walpole.*

Answer to Charade II. (p. 503).
Pondicherry.



ABORIGINES' CAMP.

IN SOUTHERN LANDS.

II.—AUSTRALIA.

AFTER leaving Mahé you will enter upon a long uninterrupted voyage. During this voyage, which is of a distance of about three thousand three hundred miles, you will rarely see land and rarely see ships, as the line taken by your vessel is out of the general run of ocean steamers, most of them calling at Colombo instead of Mahé. The time taken in traversing this distance is about twelve days, and during that time you will be thrown into more immediate and intimate contact with your fellow-passengers than before, and will have to bring all your resources of self-employment to your aid by the various means which I have mentioned in a former chat with you.

In addition to those social amusements and pleasures, you may, perhaps, become versed in a knowledge of the names of the various sails and parts of the rigging, and may come to have some idea of the methods by which your captain and officers hope to steer you safely to your far-off destination.

Before you have been many days in the Indian Ocean someone is sure to say to you, "Have you seen the flying-fish?" and, unless you have been on the look-out for them, you will, in all probability, not have seen them. They are very curious creatures, and are worth observation. The best place to see them from is the fore-part of the ship. They are in shape somewhat like the herring, and vary in size, being from ten to fifteen inches in length. As the ship ploughs her way through the sea she sometimes comes across whole shoals of these creatures, which, to get out of the way, rise out of the water and glide through the air in a manner very much resembling that of a swallow. They do not really fly, nor have they wings, but the fins are so large and broad that, when frightened, the fish jump out of the water, and by extending them, "fly" for very considerable distances. They cannot, apparently, steer themselves whilst in the air, as they always fly in more or less straight lines; but they appear to be able to change their course by occasionally dipping into the water and moving their fins, after which they rise



ALBANY.

again and go on, much after the fashion of a stone when thrown into a pond by a boy in the game of "Ducks and Drakes." Sometimes they will be seen to rise at some distance from the ship. It is supposed that, as a rule, on these occasions they are avoiding some hostile fish. It has been stated that they never rise from the sea except in fear of something, and that their visible evolutions are always a manifestation of fright rather than light-heartedness. They sometimes fly into the cabins through the open ports, and the sailors mount their pretty fins, or "wings," on cards.

As you get nearer to Australia day by day the temperature comes down, and the "punkahs," which will have been going for some days in the saloons, are dispensed with, and you will assume warmer clothing. The sea, as the Australian coast is approached, is generally somewhat more boisterous than in mid-ocean. A tremendous scene of curiosity is aroused when the sight of land is announced, and glasses are levelled with all haste to catch a first glimpse of "Greater Britain." And as we are nearing our first point of call in this great continent, it may be as well for us for a moment to chat over its short but not uninteresting history.

Australia is indicated on old maps by the name of "New Holland," for it was the Dutch who first said anything definite about the existence of this great southern continent, although the Portuguese had noted the land as far back as 1540. Early in the seventeenth century the island of Van Dieman's Land was discovered by the man whose name it formerly bore. The first English discoverer of any importance who worked out a definite map of Australia was Captain Cook, who in 1770 sailed through the Torres Straits—those very Straits where, last year, the *Quetta* was lost.

The first settlement of the English was made in 1788 by Captain Philip, who arrived at Botany Bay. This bay proved insufficient for the anchorage required for the troop and store-ships, and so Port Jackson was fixed upon. The settlement was far from prosperous at first, as no attempt seems to have been made to do without supplies from home; and on one occasion the settlers were, it would appear, nearly starved through the loss of a store-ship. The colony sank into a condition of anarchy until Governor and Lady Macquarie arrived, and fresh and more severe rules were enforced.

Since then repeated excursions led to the formation of fresh settlements, and the present great and phenomenal wealth and prosperity are the result. As time went on, and the peace and quietness of the colony became more assured through the better legislation and discipline of the settlers, the idea of exploration of the interior of this vast continent occurred to the people; and as the pastoral and other varied resources of the country were opened out by pioneers, fresh settlers were attracted from the mother country, and Queensland, Victoria, and Western and Southern Australia became named districts, having in them towns, and peopled with a young and vigorous nation.

Your first stopping-place in Australia will be Albany, or King George's Sound as it is called, and you will not arrive there until one or two days after you have first sighted land. If you are travelling at the right time of year you may see some "bush fires" on the coast; and these look particularly grand at night. They sometimes cover vast tracts of country, and in their passage onwards do incalculable harm to any life, animal or vegetable, or any dwelling that may lie in their path. As I have said, the sea is nearly always a little rough off this coast, but old passengers will tell you that "it will be all right when we have rounded the Leeuwin." This is a cape which has to be passed before arriving at Albany: its name, by the way, is interesting, being derived from a Dutch word signifying "Lioness." The Dutch were the first to see this Cape Leeuwin early in the seventeenth century, and, indeed, it is said that they sailed to this coast in the sixteenth century. The first English colonists arrived in 1829.

If you land at Albany you must on no account allow this place to present itself to your mind as a type of the flourishing colonies of the Southern World. It is a dreadfully desolate-looking place, with little vegetation, and a wilderness of sand. The shops and stores are of the very rudest and most primitive kind. There is one good hotel, where lunch or tea may be obtained, and that is the "Freemason's Hotel." In Albany you will find few signs of prosperity or activity; it is a sleepy place, and an indication of the slow advance of civilisation is the number of aborigines who congregate in the few streets, and either beg from you or offer various implements of their manufacture, such as spears made of wood, which are thrown by means of a short handle. These spears are very light, very long, and very thin, and, being made of wood, look quite harmless, an appearance which very much belies their true nature in the skilled hands of the aborigine. Another curious weapon is the so-called "boomerang," a curved piece of wood, which varies in size and weight, as it is intended for the chase or for war. The boomerang is thrown directly from the hand, but the peculiarity of its flight rests in the fact that it does not go straight to its mark, but wanders about apparently aimlessly in the air, and then suddenly turns and strikes the object at which it was thrown. Some of the aborigines may be seen to throw the boomerang in such a manner that, after performing evolutions of various sorts in the air, it returns to the hand of the thrower.

These aborigines of Western Australia are for the most part of dark colour, but have none of the negro type of countenance: they have



KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

thick bushy hair, and, in the case of the men, long beards and whiskers. Their hands and feet are small and well-shaped. There is nothing of very particular interest to be seen at Albany, and the only material advantage to be gained by going ashore there is to touch again *terra firma*, and to go a good long walk, both of which are very desirable after a fortnight's travelling by sea.

Very fine fruit is grown in Western Australia, and the cultivation of grapes has become an industry, as also is the mining for gold. The area of Western Australia is over a million square miles! that is to say, eight times larger than the United Kingdom. The capital of Western Australia is Perth, and a railway runs from Albany to that town. A very fine tree, called the "jarrah," grows in this part of Australia, and many square miles are covered with it. It is of special use in ship-building, and gives employment to a great many people in hewing it down and preparing it for that purpose.

The olive also grows here, and also the sandal-wood tree, which shares the importance of the "jarrah" from a mercantile point of view.

At this port you will, in all probability, see the Australian newspapers, and they will do much to remove any prejudice that Albany may have given rise to. Such papers are the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, which is very similar indeed in appearance to our own paper of that name; the Melbourne *Age* and *Argus*, and the Adelaide *Observer*. All these papers contain not only colonial news, but also all the latest news of great importance from "home." Here I may speak of the use of the word "home" by our Australian relatives. In speaking of their travels, "going home" always means going to England, and not to Australia. Doubtless it is an inherited expression, and shows the love of those early settlers for their own country.

The journey from King George's Sound to Adelaide can at present only be made by sea, as the railway system in Western Australia is but in its infancy. The time taken in this voyage is about three days, and the route is across a large bay, known as the "Great Australian Bight." Land is rarely seen during these three days, and the weather is liable to variations of a not too pleasing nature; indeed, some travellers call it the "Bay of Biscay of the South." A large island is passed before entering the Gulf of St. Vincent, in which Adelaide lies, and this is Kangaroo Island. At the north-west corner of this island is a promontory called Cape Borda, where there is a signalling station.

The ship does not go up to Port Adelaide, which, as its name implies, is the port of Adelaide, but anchors in a bay called Largs Bay. A little steam-tug usually comes alongside, and for a fare of a shilling takes passengers from the ship to Port Adelaide. The town of Adelaide itself is about eighteen miles distant, and a railway runs between the two places. There are several intervening stations, and it strikes the visitor as peculiar that the train should, as it were, in many places run through a street. Adelaide is, to many people, the most charming of all Australian cities. It is quiet, lacking the noise and bustle of Melbourne or Sydney, and it bears the impression of being a place at which people comparatively well off in the goods of this world have settled rather for a peaceful, comfortable home in a warm climate, than for the advancement of their fortunes; and so it is. There has never been the gold craze in Adelaide that has afflicted other cities, and its progress has been quiet, slow, but certain. Adelaide is the capital of that part of the Australasian colonies which is known as South Australia. If you look at a map of Australia you will see that this name, South Australia, is hardly a happy one for the district to which it belongs. Victoria is more southern than South Australia, which, if anything, is central rather than southern, it being an oblong piece taken from the very heart of the continent. A curious phenomenon may sometimes be witnessed here, especially in the summer, and that is a plague of locusts. At first it is difficult to realise what the cloud of whitish insects is, but their numbers are so startling that they soon arrest attention. They occur sometimes in such numbers as, by settling on the rails, to stop the railway traffic, and until some wind comes to blow them away they work their own sweet will, eating all young plants and green shoots of vegetation.

Adelaide is, then, on the whole, a pleasing town, and boasts one long broad street, with a tramway and some fine public buildings. This is King William Street. A cathedral is in course of construction, and the choir of that cathedral is as well-trained, and the devotional effect of their singing as great, as any we could hear in England. Music, too, seems to thrive here, as there is an orchestral and choral society, which gives performances of the great classical oratorios and cantatas.

There is an air of prosperity, fertility, and yet repose, a strong *soupçon* of England and the old home, about Adelaide which must strike all who visit the Australian town. It is not so grand as Sydney, nor so imposing as Melbourne, but it has a quiet "country-parlour" aspect which is very charming. Adelaide is well worth visiting, and will make a lasting impression on every English visitor. In a future chat with you I shall have to speak of those modern triumphs of colonial citizenship, Sydney and Melbourne; but whatever of grandeur there may be in these, the mind of the traveller who has seen all three will surely turn for rest and tranquil beauty to Adelaide. W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

By NANETTE MASON.



CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

To any girl who is not what she should be, a conscience has many objectionable features. She cannot silence it for one thing. It insists on speaking whether its remarks are wanted or not—an inexhaustible fountain of observations—and when it says anything it means it. Tongues may be given to some people to conceal their thoughts, but the tongue of conscience is not of that sort.

There is no teaching it to be polite, and "not contradict a lady." It neither flatters nor deceives. Her friends may treat her to compliments, but conscience comes out plump and plain with just what she is and just what she ought to do.

No stopping of the ears will keep out its penetrating voice, and it is equally impossible to show it the door. It has her as fast as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest with his glittering eye. There it is, a second self, dwelling in her without her leave, and—equally without her leave—criticising all she does and thinks.

Girls who make light of what the warning voice of conscience tells them, may be sure of one thing—they will be uncomfortable. And serve them right too, for who wants those who do wrong to enjoy the feeling of living in clover? If girls are bent on being happy, they must take care that no reason exists for their censuring themselves.

Anyone with half an eye might have noticed Arabella's uneasy face yesterday; though no one guessed the cause, it was the look of conscious guilt. It all arose out of a fib that Arabella told her governess the day before, and about which her conscience kept making cutting remarks till at last she gave in and went and said how sorry she was, and how she would try never to fail in truthfulness again. She had been quite unsuspected, but, to quote an old writer, "When anyone stands condemned at the bar of her own conscience it is of small importance to her happiness to be thought innocent by all the rest of the world."

The uncomfortable are sure to be weak, so it is not surprising to find people at their feeblest when they are acting against conscience. A girl from being the bravest of the brave, enjoying perfect self-command, and put out by nothing that can happen, may become timorous as a hare all because she has an unquiet conscience. "Conscience," says Shakspeare, "does make cowards of us all;" and in another place he points out how "suspicion always haunts the guilty mind, and the thief both fear each bush an officer."

But if conscience is a gloomy companion when we do wrong, giving us dismal days and sleepless nights, it is cheerful company when we are doing what is right. We have then an easy mind, for our thoughts and actions are all

of a piece. We may be shabbily treated by the world, but we are in good humour with at least ourselves. There is that within us which no reverses can destroy—

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

This is a truth which has been recognised by all who have watched the working of their own mind. To quote another poet—

"Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of Heaven;
True joy to all is free.
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O conscience, thine alone,
It all belongs to thee."

And as for strength, who are so strong as those who give constant heed to conscientious scruples, and always try to do their duty? "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

Let us call Montaigne, the famous French essayist, as a witness. "As conscience," says he, "fills us with fear when ill, so a good one gives us greater confidence and assurance, and I have gone through several perils with a more steady pace in consideration of the secret knowledge I had of my own will, and of the innocency of my intentions."

A sensitive conscience is a continual check upon wrong-doing. If a girl is tempted to wander in forbidden paths, she hears her conscience whispering, "The way of transgressors is hard"; "You can only be happy by doing what is right," and such like phrases, well calculated to bring to a standstill all but the hardened and thoughtless.

Not long since we read a story of two men who had agreed to swear falsely against a third, but when it came to the day of the trial their consciences revolted from the crime, and to the amazement of everyone they declined going into the witness-box.

An old and instructive anecdote of an uneasy conscience is told about a follower of Pythagoras. He had bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay on a future day. He went with his money on the day appointed, but found that the cobbler had in the interval departed this life.

Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to remain quiet under such an act of injustice, so taking up the money he returned to the cobbler's shop, and casting it in, said—

"Go thy ways, for though he is dead to all the world besides, yet he is alive to me."

Numberless examples might be given of the troubles people bring upon themselves by turning a deaf ear to conscience, and many curious tales might be repeated of evil deeds brought to light by this observing and critical witness, resident in people's own hearts. "Wonderful," it has been well said, "is the power of conscience to make us betray ourselves, and for want of other testimony, to give evidence of what we would eagerly hide from our neighbours."

An ancient writer tells about Bessus the Pæonian being reproached with ill-nature for pulling down a nest of young sparrows and killing them. His answer was that he had reason so to do, seeing that those little birds never ceased falsely to accuse him of the murder of his father. No one had ever suspected him of this dreadful crime, and it would have remained concealed and unknown had not the revenging fury of conscience caused it to be in this way discovered by himself.

Not so many years ago an avenging conscience brought a murderer to the gallows in our own country. To quote the story as we have read it in the pages of a popular magazine, a man in the days of his youth had killed his wife, a woman who had loved, trusted, and enriched him. The murder had been deliberate and cruel, and so well planned that the victim had been looked upon not as dead but only as disappeared.

The murderer went abroad, maintained his respectability, and returned to his native land. He had been many years away, and in the once familiar suburb of the great city in which he took up his abode he found everything utterly changed.

One evening, however, wandering about, he turned down a short lane where old grey cottages behind long rank green gardens stood just as they had done when he had walked down that lane in the gloaming speaking tender words to the woman he had afterwards done to death. At that moment his apparently dead sin leaped to its dreadful resurrection; and unable to bear alone the awful voice that now sounded in his breast, he hastened at once to the authorities with confession and self-surrender.

But these are dreadful tales, and we gladly pass from them to say that not a few have conscientious scruples about great things, but when it is a matter of little offences they have no conscientious scruples at all. In this way many shabby acts are committed. For instance, Mildred and Charlotte were out walking the other day in the grounds of a well-known landowner to which the public are admitted entirely by the proprietor's good will. They came to a gate, on which was "Please shut this gate behind you." They paid not the least attention, and just because of their lack of that conscientiousness which we might expect to find in every kind and reasonable nature, the colts got into the garden and pranced all over the flower-beds, and the cows made their way out of the meadow to bite at and nearly destroy some choice young trees. What apparently did Mildred and Charlotte care? The flowers and the trees did not belong to them, any more than the ground on which, a week before, they with some like-minded companions had a picnic, and which they left littered and vulgarised with chicken bones, eggshells, and bits of newspaper.

Of a similar sort is Sophia, who, when she borrows a book from the library, has no scruples about returning it bearing plain evidence, in the shape of butter marks and coffee marks, that she has been a diligent student of it at breakfast time. Were the book her own she would be careful enough to protect it from the perils of the butter-dish and coffee-cup, but when it is the property of other people her conscience is conspicuous by its absence.

Elizabeth has an ingenious but disreputable method of furnishing herself with a stock of new music at small expense. She gets the music-seller to send her a selection of pieces on approval, keeps them for two or three days, copies those she fancies, and then returns the parcel with a message that none of the pieces suit, but that she will call shortly and look at some more. It never seems to strike her that she is doing a mean thing, about which all honest people should have conscientious scruples.

For another example take Julia, who made an engagement with Martha for two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and kept her waiting, though Martha is a hard-worked type-writer, to whom every minute means money, till quarter to three. Who, with a sensitive conscience, desirous of acting towards others as they would have others act towards them, would ever do such a thing?

We don't know who they were, but lately, when walking in Kew Gardens, we saw two young ladies—at least, they looked like ladies—take a sly glance round and, not thinking themselves observed by anybody, each pluck a few blossoms from a flowering shrub. They had surely left their conscience at home that day.

Such are some of the little dishonesties and shabbinesses which disfigure the lives of many people. No one who realises that such things should be made matters of conscience can do them and retain self-respect.

The best girl is she who is always saying to herself, "Is it right?" and who has conscientious scruples about doing anything likely to give the least offence or cause the least inconvenience to her fellows, or that is the least possible departure from the duty she owes to God and to her neighbours. Better far err on the side of having a conscience too sensitive, and afraid to do things quite blameless in themselves, than have one of the accommodating sort, ready to be satisfied with excuses, and shut its eyes to occasional transgressions.

A solemn thought regarding the book of conscience caught our attention the other day in an old writer, and with it, girls, we shall conclude. It is worth taking home to yourselves, and turning over in your minds and using to regulate your conduct, for everything we do here is to be considered in the light of the other world, to which we are all hastening.

"Wouldst thou know," says this old author, "whether thy name be written in the book of life? Why, then, read what thou hast written in the book of conscience. Thou needst not ask who shall ascend up into Heaven for to search the records of eternity; thou mayst but descend down into thine own heart, and there read what thou art and what thou shalt be. . . . If I write nothing in this book but the black lines of sin, I shall find nothing in God's book but the red lines of condemnation; but if I write God's word in the book of conscience, I may be sure God hath written my name in the book of life."

[THE END.]





RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

MISS EMMA WAKELY requests us to refrain from advertising her Victoria Society for the Study of German by Correspondence, because she is "inundated with applications for membership."

MARY and ADDIE.—It is a mistake to suppose that "stay-at-home girls," who have no outdoor diversions, are necessarily driven for recreation to novel-reading. Have you no taste for any branch of learning which you can pursue with interest? There is natural history, botany, geology, astronomy, conchology, mineralogy, archæology, quite apart from wood carving, painting, music, and needlework. Select some special department of study; commence making a small collection of specimens. The use of a good microscope would afford never-ending interest in the study of natural history and botany and the making of scrap-books for plants and flowers. Everyone should cultivate a taste for some special pursuit, and thus add, not only to their own pleasure, but render themselves more agreeable to others.

COOKERY.

JUDIE.—As a kitchen-maid, it is your business to assist the cook in every way that she may require, such as plucking and trussing poultry and game, skivering and tying the meat, salting it, washing and preparing vegetables, beating up eggs or cream, etc. When no scullery-maid is kept, all the kitchen appliances—metal, china, and delft—are kept clean by the kitchen-maid. Of course she should pay special attention to the cook's work, so as to help her when many dishes have to be served. If your first situation in that capacity, your wages would be about £7; when you have learnt your business you might get £9. But it would be wiser to take low wages rather than lose an opportunity of obtaining a good practical training under an experienced cook.

A SISTER.—All Christmas puddings, however well made, would turn off after a time if no spirits were employed to preserve them. We know of no other preservative. Sugar will do so for a time only, after they have had four hours of boiling. If you cannot preserve them in the usual way, make fewer puddings, and use them before they begin to turn off.

MISS RAJMENT.—Yes, there are classes held in London and the provinces where pupils are instructed in making second-course dishes. We have often named these classes before. The London National Training School for Cookery is in Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.; address the Superintendent. There is also the Liverpool School of Cookery, Colquitt Street, Liverpool; Hon. Sec., Miss Calder; and the Yorkshire Training School of Cookery, Carlton Court, 90, Albion Street, Leeds; Hon. Sec., Mrs. R. W. Eddison. Perhaps it might suit you better to get a situation as kitchen-maid, and learn privately under a good cook.

NANETTE.—"Colcannon" is dressed in different ways, but a simple method is to boil and mash greens, cabbage, potatoes, and carrots together, adding a very little onion, a good piece of butter, pepper, and salt; put the mixture into a pudding-basin, and boil for an hour. Some think the addition of a couple of eggs an improvement; but to poach and lay them on the top when served, as in the case of spinach, we think preferable. We have ot space to give you many "hints." When you have only scraps of cold meat, make a fine mince, removing all skin and gristle; add a little chopped onion, butter, and pepper. Boil a vegetable marrow (in stock, if you have it), cut it in half lengthwise, scoop a hollow all down, fill it with the hot mince, and place the two sides together, tying with a thread if required, and serve with thick gravy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VANITY.—The title of "General" Booth is, we believe, self-conferred, and not recognised by the Queen, who politely desired that her letter should be addressed to him as "Esq." Not holding her commission, he could not be accorded a military title.

A LOVER OF READING.—We thank you for your nice letter.

FAIRY.—The system of localising and classifying the intellectual and moral characteristics of a human being by those of the head was first propounded by Dr. Franz J. Gall, and subsequently by Dr. Spurzheim, and Drs. A. and G. Combe. The first-named commenced his observations when a schoolboy by the evident association of certain external formations with special intellectual and moral traits of disposition and character in his schoolmates.

JEANIE DEANS.—No woman, whether married or unmarried, is entitled to use a "crest," or a "shield." But she has a right to use the family arms on a "lozenge," by which we mean to describe the form employed on a "hatchment," a diamond-shaped ground, on which the arms are emblazoned, instead of on a shield, which is placed on the outer wall when the master or mistress of a house dies. No doubt you have often seen them in London.

IMPATIENT ENQUIRER.—We could not decide the question as to whether the painful symptoms you describe be neuralgic or rheumatic. We do not know the circumstances under which you are living, the exposure to damp, cold, or draughts, nor whether you have any hereditary tendencies to rheumatism. You should consult a doctor. Perhaps you suffer from a combination of both complaints. But one thing we may say, that we should not prescribe for neuralgia as for the other disorder, so advise you to get an opinion from someone who can see you.

BIBLE STUDENT.—Miss Mary Petrie's address is Hanover Lodge, Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.

MIMÉE.—The meaning of "oyer and terminer" is a court for hearing and determining cases. They are Norman-French words. The sense of hearing is *l'ouïe*, and hearsay is *ouïr-dire*, "oyer" being a corruption of the word.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—There is no occasion whatever for your making yourself unhappy on the point of the lady's legitimacy. Certainly by English law she is, as she was born in wedlock. We regret that your letter was concealed amongst a heap of others, or it should have had earlier attention.

NEATNESS.—You should not always lie in the same position at night. It sometimes leads to bad results internally.

LOLLY.—Yes, the hue appropriated by national custom to mourning differs in the East, and even in some parts of Europe, in several countries one from the other. In China, and amongst the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies, black was selected as denoting privation of light and life, and the "shadow of death" falling on the mourners. In Turkey it is blue or violet, emblematic of the happiness which it is hoped the departed enjoy—we may add, up in the blue expanse above. In Egypt it is yellow, the colour of the falling leaves and fading flowers, denoting the end of all human hopes. In Ethiopia it is brown, because that is the colour of the earth, to which the dead return. White was the colour originally adopted in Spain, but abandoned in 1495, having been used for the last time on the death of Don Juan, Heir of Castile. Cardinals exchange their scarlet robes for purple ones. On account of the injury done to trade by the long wearing of mourning dress up to the year 1768 in England, George III. reduced it to one half by an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

LILLIE.—We are greatly obliged to you for so kind and appreciative a letter of thanks. We may observe that your style is particularly good; the writing likewise, excepting the unnecessary capital E's substituted for small ones.

L. C. M.—In answer to your query as to when paper was first made in England, until the year 1690 scarcely any was made excepting a coarse brown sort, but some was imported before that from France, Holland, and Genoa. The first paper-mill was erected at Dartford, in 1588, by one Speillman, a German. The manufacture dates much earlier in the East. Most of the ancient manuscripts in Arabic, and other Oriental languages, were inscribed on paper made of cotton, and it is believed to have been introduced into Spain by the Saracens.

ANNETTE and RHODA.—We return the photographs, and regret to disappoint you; but we do not give opinions of character, nor of intellectual capacity, from the likenesses sent to us.

M. E. M.—We could not possibly propose your going to any special doctor, nor could "Medicus" treat your case, as an unseen and perfect stranger in every respect. But it seems possible to us that the careful treatment of your general health might do more towards curing your deafness than a purely local treatment. Possibly, however, it may have resulted from a severe fall, or shock of some kind, such as a blow on the ear, or head, or the firing of a large cannon close to you. Investigations as to such possibilities, and as to your constitution and general health, are most essential. Have these been thoroughly investigated?

PUZZLED.—A widow may leave her late husband's Christian name on her card, but on legal documents and on cheques, etc., she should substitute her own. If any female members of the family be "at home" when you call, go in; never merely leave cards; nor should you send them up when you go in, but tell your name, and let the servant announce you. The young people, if already "out," should have one card left for them, turned up at the side. If a middle-aged relative or friend be in the house, a separate card should be left for her. The wife of the representative or head of the family is "Mrs.——," and his unmarried sister is "Miss——." His daughters must be called by their Christian names during her lifetime; and she takes precedence of all the other female members of the family, whether married or single.

"A THANKFUL ONE."—A man should raise his hat, even to a stranger, if passing her very closely, as on the public stairs of an hotel, or any narrow passage; and he would not do wrong in so doing to you if acquainted with your parents, and having met you with them, though not introduced. But he should not presume to speak to you, under the circumstances of their not having introduced him.

MISS TAYLOR.—The Girls' Clubs are continually changing hands and addresses. Miss Maxfield (of 82, Edith Grove, West Brompton), has been succeeded as secretary for the Early Rising Association by Miss Clift, Fernbank, Cheltenham.

MRS. W. J. YOUNG.—We are happy to inform our girls that the address of your Half Hours Reading Society is now changed from Nutfield, Surrey, to 3, Corona Road, Lee, Kent.

JESSIE TURNER should send 2d. to our Publisher, and ask him to supply her with the number of the "G. O. P." which she requires. The Editor has nothing to do with that department. We are glad you derive so much benefit from our paper.

MRS. E. R. H. T.—We think you must give up the idea of being a teacher. Perhaps you could assist at a shop, which would allow of your return home in the evening.

SWEET VIOLETS.—1. Neither of you "know your own mind" at nineteen, and a lad in his teens less than a girl.—2. We cannot give you the recipe you desire.

GLADYS.—The phrase about "pouring oil on troubled waters" is only a fact which has been used in a metaphorical way, and applied to that "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

E. A.—A prize of £10 was recently offered for a solution of the charade which you ask us to solve for you; but you make no allusion to the prize! This was a little underhand. Such circumstances considered, we should not "help you," as you express it.



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AN UNROMANTIC STORY.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES REVEL was a gentlemanly young man, the son of a country surgeon, who could not afford to bring his boy up to his own profession, and had done the best he could for him in apprenticing him to a chemist in his native town. After passing his examinations, young Revel had come to Charnock's as the first opening that offered itself, and it was not long before the giddy young milliners over the way began to declare that Mr. Revel had found some special attraction in their own establishment. It must be Miss Smithson, they all said. Now Miss Smithson was the show-room young lady, the pride and beauty of West's, a tall, showy-looking girl, with a very high opinion of her own charms and virtues.

Nothing loth to believe so flattering a tale, Miss Smithson dressed herself every day in her best black velveteen, with lace ruffles round her neck and a bunch of summer flowers on her bosom, and found endless reasons for getting into the window, or going to the door, to gratify the supposed admiration of the susceptible chemist.

But nothing came of it all; either Mr. Revel was not at all impressed by so much beauty and finery, or else he lacked courage to gain an introduction to the lady he admired. As a matter of fact his thoughts were fixed on some one quite different. None of Mr. West's young people knew that James Revel had an aunt in the town. She was a very poor relation indeed; in fact, she lived in one of the St. Philip's almshouses, and was very glad to have found such a refuge from the storms of life.

But to her nephew's credit be it said that he thought none the less of his old aunt for her lowly station or her humble home, and many an evening that would have been dull and lonely enough was brightened for her by a pleasant visit from her clever, handsome nephew. For handsome and clever of course he was in the old lady's partial eyes, and she was never tired of singing his praises to her other friends, especially to Etta King, whose



"SHE TOOK THE LITTLE ONES TO WALK WITH HER SOMETIMES."

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mother had been a school-mate of her own.

Mrs. King often sent Etta to see her friend at the almshouses, to carry her some home-made bread or preserves of her own making, or some other of those little gifts which a tidy, careful housewife has always on hand.

But while Mrs. Winders thanked Etta and her mother over and over again, and then branched off into discursive praises of "my nevvy Jim," and how Jim was come to live in Willington, and came often and often to see his poor old auntie, and had not grown a bit proud though he was quite the gentleman, it never occurred to Etta to connect Mrs. Winders' nephew with Mr. Revel at the chemist's. She would stay sometimes chatting with the old lady, and then run home with her empty basket, and forget all about the things that had been said.

I think if Miss Smithson had made those evening visits, she would very soon have learned from Jim's aunt all there was to be known about him. But then Etta was so unsophisticated, so wanting in common feminine curiosity.

One night, however, the little milliner stayed longer than usual talking to Mrs. Winders. The old lady's sight was failing, and she begged Etta to read her a few items from the evening paper which a neighbour had just before brought in. While the reading was still going on, the door suddenly opened, and a young man walked in with the air of one quite at home in the snug, cheerful room.

"It's Jim," said Mrs. Winders, in a delighted voice. "Jim, this is Miss King, who is so kind as to come and see me sometimes. I've often told her about you, but you've never happened to come when she was here."

Of course Etta recognised the chemist's assistant at once, and she was rather shy and confused, being quite unused to talk to strangers.

But Jim Revel had a very pleasant manner of his own, and desired nothing better than to meet the pretty girl he had so often watched going into the draper's opposite his own place of business.

Before Etta knew how it had happened, the three were talking like old friends; and when at last she rose to go, afraid that her mother would think her too long away, it seemed only natural that Mr. Revel should see her as far as her own door.

And that first meeting was the forerunner of many others. It was the old story over again. The simple girl, who had never dreamed of such a happiness falling to her own share, soon had to hear that James Revel loved her, and she loved him in return with a proud admiring affection, that seemed to me just the love a girl ought to have for the man to whom she has promised herself for life.

And, to do James justice, he was not unworthy of it. He might have looked higher, some of his friends said, making very fine distinctions between high and low; but I think the young man fully knew what a treasure he had found, and appreciated Etta at her true worth.

I must leave you to imagine the indignant surprise of Miss Smithson and the rest, when they found what a turn affairs had taken.

"To think," cried the show-room young lady, "that he should overlook me—me, and take up with a demure little chit like that, who does not know how to do her hair, or put on her gloves properly. The man must be a perfect savage, my dears, in spite of his appearance."

But Etta had run the gauntlet of their criticism so often that she did not much care about the remarks that were made upon her engagement.

Old Mrs. Winders was quite delighted that her "dear nevvy" and her little friend should have grown fond of one another, and I am sure all Etta's real friends were pleased that she had made so nice and suitable an engagement.

For my own part, I felt quite relieved, for I could not help seeing how Etta's studies had unfitted her for the hard, rough life of a poor working man's wife; and I hoped that James Revel would be able ultimately to give her a home where some degree of culture and refinement would be quite possible. Of course the young couple would be poor; but there are such different kinds of poverty. They would have to wait, and while they waited my life at Willington came to rather an abrupt end.

I was called suddenly away, and did not return till the following summer was fast changing into autumn. Almost my first enquiry when I settled again in Castlegate Street lodgings was for Etta, and I was very glad to hear that, in her case at least, the course of true love had run smooth, and that she and James Revel were to be married in a few weeks' time. They had taken a nice house, my kind, talkative landlady told me. "Mr. Revel is a-furnishing of it beautiful," she said, "for he has come into a bit of money from his grandfather, and there ain't nothing that he reckons too good for his sweetheart."

By-and-bye I stood in the old parish church and saw the simple, pretty wedding. I had looked upon many brides of higher rank and far greater pretensions, but never upon a prettier or sweeter-looking maiden than Etta was, in her plain dove-coloured silk, with her young sisters in white beside her.

James Revel looked very handsome and very proud of his pretty blushing Etta, and I am sure the good wishes of everyone in the church followed them both as they drove away.

Very happy they were for a good while in their nice house, which Etta kept so well that one might have thought she had spent all her time in housekeeping beforehand.

"Where there's a will there is always a way;" and the girl who had gone straight from school into a milliner's work-room, and had only learned domestic matters at odd times, managed, by giving her whole heart to her new work, to do it as well as she had done the old.

Neither did the young couple lose their taste for reading and study. In their pleasant parlour stood a well-filled bookcase, and the books were there for use as well as show. Both of them were able to take a lively and intelligent interest in questions of the day; and it was very pleasant to note how well James Revel understood that a woman's mind, when she has had the good sense to cultivate it, is, after all, as capable and as ready for work as her husband's can be; that things which interested him in his reading were sure to interest Etta too, and that he had no need to go from home to find agreeable and intellectual society.

Again and again I spent a happy evening with my newly-married friends; and though they waited on themselves and me with their own hands, and their home was necessarily a humble one, I could not help feeling that there was more true refinement, more delicate care for the comfort of their guest, than is often to be found in a far larger house, with quite a little crowd of servants.

When the time came for me to quit Willington again—this time for a long period—I said good-bye to James and Etta with very real regret. And I did not see them again till the years had made great and sad changes in their lives and mine. For during my absence I had married, and lost my dear husband, who left me alone, but for little Trissie, only two years after our marriage day.

The winter before his death we had spent in the Riviera, in the vain hope that the soft southern air would have prolonged the precious life. When he died, and I had laid him in the grave, so far away from our own English home, I felt almost broken-hearted, and as one who knew not where to turn for refuge. But I thought of Willington once more, of the many friends I had in the quaint old-fashioned town, and I resolved to fix my dwelling there again—at all events, for a time.

It was very sad to go back under such altered circumstances; but the journey and the necessary exertion of settling again in my old rooms did me good; and my friends were all delighted with lovely little Trissie, such a sweet, fair child as she was in her baby days.

One of the first questions I asked my landlady was about Etta and her husband.

"Indeed, ma'am," said worthy Mrs. Wills, with a very sober countenance, "indeed, you will be sorry to hear of their troubles. Everyone in the town is sorry for them, for two nice pleasant-spoken young people they always were, and a-getting on so nicely too, as they were, and got a fine little boy and all—it do seem a most dreadful pity."

"Why, what troubles have they had, Mrs. Wills?" I asked, anxiously. "They were so happy when I was here before."

"And so they were, ma'am, for many a day," said Mrs. Wills; "and when the baby came he was a real beauty; and it was a perfect picture to see Mrs. Revel, how fond and proud she was of him, and how prettily she dressed him, and walked him out every morning, as soon as he was able to go. She took my Sarah Jane, as you remember, ma'am, used to do your errands, to help her in the house, and a good useful girl she has made her, and main glad I've been to have Sally in a home where I knew she'd be so well looked after. But when the little boy was about two years old, his father met with a dreadful accident—got hurt in a railway 'collusion,' I think they said, and he's never hardly been able to move since. He just lies on the sofy all day; and sometimes he's in most dreadful pain, and all the missis and Sally can do is no good till the pain like goes off of itself again."

"Oh, poor Etta!" I cried, thinking that even my own sad loss might be less hard to bear than this grief of seeing the terrible suffering of one so near and dear. "But how do they live, Mrs. Wills? Mr. Revel has had to give up his situation, of course?"

"Yes, that he have, ma'am; and you would never have thought there was such a spirit in a little slip of a woman like Mrs. Revel as she's shown through it all. When he was left in that dreadful state, even the doctors were surprised to see how she bore up, and kep' her feelings under, and nursed him and tried to hope for the best. And when they knew for certain that the poor fellow would be a helpless cripple always, she just turned round and she says, 'Jim, you've worked for me, it shall be my turn to work for you now'—and so she has done. They got damages from the railway people—a thousand pounds; and of course a thousand pounds is a tremendous sight of money; but when you come to think that it's the price of a young man's health and strength for all his life, it don't seem a bit too much for the company to pay. They got it put away somehow, so as to draw the interest for a little income; but Mrs. Revel begged and prayed till her husband let her take a small part of the money to set her up in a milliner's shop. He was dreadfully against it at first—couldn't abear the thought of her taking a shop upon herself, with all her other cares. But then, as she pointed out to him, they couldn't live and bring up the boy on forty pounds a year, and they hadn't much more except their furniture and things."

"They have had to leave their pretty house, then?" I said regretfully.



"THE THREE WERE TALKING LIKE OLD FRIENDS."

"Oh, yes. They live in St. Philip's Street now, and I'm glad to say Mrs. Revel is a-doing first rate. Mr. West was very kind, and helped her to start; and indeed everybody has been kind, for they couldn't help but see how brave she was under her troubles. Sally's there still, to do the housework and mind the boy, and they've a woman to help sometimes, for Mr. Revel, poor man, wants a deal of attention; and between him and the business Mrs. Revel do have a handful, I can tell you. But I dare say, ma'am, you'll be going in to see her, now you have got back?"

"Yes, indeed; I shall go to-day. I am more grieved than I can tell to hear of their misfortunes. But don't let me keep you any longer, Mrs. Wills. We can unpack the other things presently. I shall not rest now till I have been to St. Philip's Street."

(To be concluded.)

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

By LLOYD LESTER.

In this complex world-life of ours there exist many things easy to be obtained, and still more that are difficult in winning. Making acquaintances may be placed under the former heading; making a friend, the latter.

Almost all people desire this gracious possession, but very few indeed, comparatively speaking, really know what it is to have *one* loyal, faithful, trusty friend, let alone several friends. As an absolute fact, in a lifetime spent in touch with many lives—noble and good as well as shallow and bad—it is a rare and wonderful thing to find one soul of whom we can say *with perfect confidence*, "That man, that woman, is my friend with the unalterable fidelity of the magnetic needle to the north pole." Why is it thus? Man cries out about the fickle and fleeting friendships of daily life. We speak bitter things in our cynical distrust; we grumble and fume over our false friends, and in sheer disgust refuse to believe in anyone.

Is, then, friendship unattainable, a dream, a myth belonging to a vanished golden age, when men knew not selfishness? Not so. That age has yet to dawn, while beautiful histories of undying devotion and self-sacrificing zeal between two human beings are repeatedly forced upon our notice in every era; and we see that, given the requisite conditions, our inherent capacities for reciprocating friendship may be truly satisfied.

These conditions are very simple in statement. Two people are introduced to each other. They meet again and often. Each finds in the other some attractive traits, not of necessity similar, but appreciative. Mutual trust is engendered, and finally affection. Now comes in the difficulty. A few months or years pass on, and one fine day the intimate companions are sundered. "I cannot help it; A. has disappointed me," cries B. "He is not what I thought him." "B. is unjust," says A. "He jars upon me, and I cannot endure it." Thus these two creatures walk apart for the rest of their lives; or, at best, there is merely the cool intercourse of acquaintance, while A. and B. seek other friends, to go

through precisely the same experience. Both are sincere, honest, warm-hearted, yet A. and B. have failed to *continue* friends, precisely because they have neglected to obey the conditions upon the observance of which a permanent friendship alone can exist. They have not learned the art thereof—for it is an art, and a fine and delicate one.

We meet with a person whose sympathies warmly respond to our own. His regard for us is sincere. We wish to retain it. How can we do so? By observing three simple rules—Perfect courtesy, exercised more scrupulously the closer the intimacy becomes; Trust even when your friend seems a little less responsive than usual—he may be physically unwell, or perplexed in business, or a thousand things quite unconnected with his friendly feeling; and last, but by no means the least rule—Avoid undue familiarity; respect your friend's holy of holies—that wonderful inner shrine of spiritual experiences into which no other soul, however close its union, should or may enter.

There are times in our existence when the sweet, mysterious, undefinable impressions and yearning aspirations of our innermost sanctuary cannot bear the coarser medium of speech; when we cannot share even with the mind most akin to our own the consciousness, the perception of another richer life whose vague breathings by some unknown agency are borne in upon our soul. How destructive then to all communion, to all sympathy, when some well-meaning but totally careless friend comes in with imperious tread, and demands the full surrender of our sacred temple to his keeping. We are jarred, we are repulsed, and instinctively, reluctantly, we have to confess that he no longer has the right even to share in the holy place, much less the most holy. Our impetuous friend is angry, hurt; possibly deems us cold to him, not realising that his own rash lack of respect declares him incapable of appreciating friendship in its noblest sense.

To souls finely attuned no words of mortal speech are necessary to express that intense sympathy which checks each step over the threshold of another's inner life as profane. A clasp of fingers, a look from the soul's clear windows, a light touch, are eloquent and expressive. We would sooner enter with loud laughter a sacred place where a man was holding communion with his God than irreverently pry into or dictate the tastes and doings of our soul-friend. We may sympathise, we may be drawn so close to the veil that we can hear through it the tender thoughts, the holy mystic yearnings of our friend's spirit; but *never* pass beyond this outer curtain by which each soul is separated from all others but its Creator, if you are worthy to be called its friend. And then, while your own spirit kneels reverently without in the holy place of hallowed friendship, how joyous, how sweet is the intercourse which follows when your friend comes thither from his sacred altar and pours out into your responsive heart his hopes and dreams, his lofty aims, and the glorious lessons learned by him in his solitary retreat. This indeed is soul-fellowship, and friendship worthy the name.

Again, in the daily walks of life how difficult it is for some people to realise that relatives and friends have a right to liberty of action and thought apart from their kinsfolk. Many a person is forced to realise the truth of that homely proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt"—most painfully true in many cases. We show deference and respect to the opinions of a stranger, but our own are subjected to vulgar curiosity, coarse jesting, and lack of respect. Why should this be so? Cannot our very homely family life be turned into a sacrament by the observance of those three rules mentioned above? No wonder our dearest and nearest shrink away from our rude touches, our impertinent familiarity, "because they are our own," and seek more congenial society. Individuality in all its fine instincts needs protection against these grosser natures, who wound without knowing it those whom they best love.

The marital relation should be the most sympathetic of all, and yet how frequently it is rendered a distressful burden by the total incapacity of one or the other to recognise the fact that each has its own individual tastes and opinions, demanding as much respect as those of a stranger. We disgust and weary our friends by our tactless blundering, and thus many a soul is left to mourn its loneliness. How exquisite is the perfect many-folded rose; how wonderfully its beautiful involuted petals open one after the other until almost the delicate heart breathes its sweetness in shy self-revelation. So it is with true friendship—gentle, unobtrusive, graceful, sympathetic. How we respond to such influences, and open our natures thereto, until we seem almost one with the delicate sensitive soul of our friend, yet pausing diffidently on the threshold, not daring to pass that veil which God in His wisdom provides for our spirit's shrine.

But if we with rude, hasty curiosity violently tear asunder the rose before it blooms, only colourless scentless leaves will be our portion. The same in friendship. We write for those sensitive natures who are capable of the highest sympathies, and we say to them, "Wait patiently, reverently, the full development of your friendships; learn to follow those few rules implicitly, and you will never be disappointed or chilled, nor find, other things being equal, your friends become indifferent."

The art of keeping a friend is summed up thus: Perfect courtesy; full trust; respect for your friend's inner life. And we would add a fourth rule here—Let your friend retain *his* individuality, and retain *your own*. Then will you know the precious gift of friendship, and by intuitive sympathy respond, without a discord, to each vibration of your kindred soul.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE daylight on the following morning, Ange Laurent, closely following Jeannette Clos' directions, found his way into the chapel of Alcibiade's house in the Rue Jean Jaques. The door by which he entered opened into a very low little back street; no other door of the house opened into this street, and the chapel door was never used except on the rarest occasions.

It was quite dark when Ange first arrived; by degrees a gray light began to steal through the dirt-encrusted window which rose above what had formerly been the altar.

Ange looked round him with a sinking heart, for the chapel was composed of four bare walls. A rough table stood under the window, and there were three or four rush-bottomed chairs. On the table paper and ink and a saucer of sand had been placed by Jeannette. There was not a cupboard, a recess, still less the vestige of a curtain, which could aid in concealment; and yet concealment was the one chance of success. He looked round in hopes of some cupboard in the wall, but in vain.

The light increased as he continued his close examination. He discovered that the inner door leading into the house opened inwards on to the chapel, and further, he found that the same key, the one confided to him by Jeannette, fitted both doors.

He proved to himself that by standing flat against the wall he could remain concealed until the wedding party had entered. There was nothing to be done that offered any better chance of successful interference than this, and Ange felt in his desperation that if it failed, death in any form would be welcome. As the daylight increased the torment of his thoughts became almost intolerable. He knew the regular routine that was going on in the Conciergerie. At six o'clock regularly every morning a certain hard-featured old curé used to begin to recite his office, and a few of the prisoners, both ladies and gentlemen, would come and kneel by him; he himself had always been one of them. Many of them were gay enough in the evenings, playing cards, laughing, and talking; but the nights cowed their spirits; they were so long, so terribly long; and no one knew what the next morning would bring forth. Ange could almost see his brother sitting upon the pallet on which he himself had slept so long, pushing back his fair hair, and on hearing the words of prayer, rising and joining the little faithful band. Adrien had always been faithful, doing his duty to God as to man.

Seven o'clock! How the hours dragged! Ange flung himself on his knees on the spot where the altar should have been; he would pray, but the agony of those prayers was too great. He rose to his feet; the beads of perspiration were on his brow; he looked at his hands, and saw that they trembled; he must preserve his strength. Life or death depended on it, and the one boon for which all his soul went out in passionate prayer—that he might be able to save his brother's bride.

Eight o'clock struck. He heard the sound of an approaching footstep, and had but time to take his place so that the door should open upon him, when it burst open, some one looked in, muttered audibly, "All ready," and retreated.

The time passed away. Ange's ears had acquired an extraordinary power of hearing, resulting from the extreme tension of his nerves. Though the chapel was separated by a passage, a long salon, and Alcibiade's office from the Rue Jean Jaques, he distinctly heard the front door open and admit some one; he could hear the low voices in the office, when the de Lemprières were received by Alcibiade's friend, and later on by himself; but he could not distinguish sounds.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a tall man with a pale, scholarly face, dressed in a rusty cassock. He walked quietly in, and Ange, acting on an impulse to save himself time, turned the key in the lock and came up to him.

The curé started violently and looked at him.

"Who are you?" he said, quickly, but very low. "Are you a friend of Citizen Leforêt or of his bride? You are not an invited guest!"

"No," answered Ange. "Monsieur le Curé, do you indeed know what you are about to do? Mademoiselle Valentine is no willing bride."

"Not willing? You are mistaken, my friend. She is willing enough if only her conscience and holy sense of right can be satisfied by the blessing of the church.

"Sir, it is indeed you who are mistaken. The lady is the affianced wife of my master, my young seigneur, Adrien de Riancourt."

"And you—who are you?"

"I am his twin-brother. I am come to save her from so horrible a fate. Oh, sir, do not oppose me! I ask you not to help me; but—do not oppose me."

Somebody tried the handle of the door, and, finding that it did not yield, knocked loudly.

The curé went hastily forward. "What is it?" he asked, without unlocking the door. "I am engaged, and would not be disturbed."

"The Citizen Alcibiade asks if you are ready. The bride and her father are here."

The curé looked at Ange.

"Say 'Yes,'" Ange whispered, very low; and obeying, he answered—

"I am ready—bid them come at once."

The steps retreated from the door. Ange stood with his hand on the key ready to unlock it, when the curé said, imploringly—

"My friend, do not add more guilt to the horrible sins of this blood-stained city. If you can, spare him."

They were coming, their footsteps echoing through the passage. Ange unfastened the door and drew back behind its shelter. The curé went forward and stood by the table.

The door was thrown open with a flourish, and the little procession came in, Valentine walking as if in a dream between her father and Alcibiade, his friend Jules opening the door for them, following them in with a kind of gallantry.

Alcibiade was flushed and excited, a strange contrast to the marble whiteness of his bride. He led her straight forward till they both stood before the priest, without looking right or left.

There was a pause. The curé took up a book lying before him, and began with hesitation to turn over the leaves, when quite suddenly Ange stepped forward.

"M. le Curé," he exclaimed, loudly, "I protest against this marriage!"

Valentine looked up; her presence of mind forsook her. "Ange! Ange!" she cried.

Alcibiade turned round with a savage sound almost like a snarl. Valentine, with one spring, had caught hold of Ange. Deceived by the likeness, maddened by rage and jealousy, Alcibiade thrust his hand into his bosom, drew forth a pistol, and fired.

Just in time, only just in time, the curé threw up his arm. Alcibiade tossed away the weapon; but he was not beaten—he drew forth another. Before he could fire a second time, with the spring of a wild cat Ange was upon him; he seized the hand which held the pistol with a vice-like grasp. Both men were strong, but Ange was wasted by imprisonment; he felt himself failing.

Jules, a mean-spirited fellow, whom Alcibiade had cowed into becoming his slave and dependant, in his terror had fallen on his knees grasping the cassock of the curé. Monsieur de Lemprière only looked on in helpless fear and bewilderment.

Up and down they fought, till suddenly, by a feat of dexterity learnt in many a village wrestling match, Ange succeeded in bringing Alcibiade to his knee. In his fall he lost hold of the pistol. The struggle grew fiercer, for Alcibiade's endeavours to repossess himself of the weapon ceased to be skilful, and became frantic. To the horror of the bystanders, the two men were now wrestling so closely that they rolled together on the ground. There was a ringing report, a shriek so awful that none of those present could ever forget the sound, then the fearful struggle ceased, and Ange rose to his feet. He was ghastly pale and exhausted as he staggered back against the wall.

"Are you hurt? Oh, Ange, dear brother, are you hurt?" cried Valentine, clinging to him.

"No, no; I am not hurt. I am well, thank God."

Alcibiade lay doubled up in a strange and terrible manner; even as Ange spoke his limbs relaxed, and he rolled over on the floor. The curé knelt down beside him; Jules crept forward and lifted the heavy head on to his knee.

M. de Lemprière was the first to speak. He came hastily forward to his daughter, who still held fast Ange's arm.

"There is no time to lose," he said. "I can see at a glance that that fellow will never speak again. Let us fly. The report of the pistol may have been heard—who knows? Do you not see that the man is dead?" he cried, almost peevishly.

It was true that no time was to be lost. Ange glanced at the little group, as he did so sheltering Valentine from the terrible sight of the dead man's face. Jules had fallen forward, and was weeping; poor, cowardly creature though he was, he had loved his overbearing friend.

The curé, holding the dead man's hand, was beginning to recite prayers very low but passionately, as if he would even now wrestle for a blessing for the unhappy victim of his own evil deeds

De Lemprière roused them up. Valentine obeyed. The old man led the way, and she and Ange followed him, and they went out into the little low back street.

There were no passers-by; all was still; a few dirty children playing in the gutter had rushed home to tell their mothers of the pistol shot that had startled them; but there was no interruption.

Ange and Valentine were both so completely under the influence of the horror of what had passed, that for the moment it seemed as if they must obey de Lemprière blindly. But the fresh air restored them both. Ange was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"We must settle what it will be best to do, citizen," he said, suddenly. "I will tell you what I have arranged. I have secured a passport for two people—a man and a woman—to take us safely to Rougemont. Mademoiselle will be in safety with my grandmother, and after this affair of the death of Citizen Alcibiade it will be well for her to be hidden for a time."

"If you can undertake to protect my daughter, I, for my part, am safe," said de Lemprière, his one selfish idea of the best for himself in the ascendant. "I shall return to fresh lodgings; I have a protection signed by Robespierre which embraces only myself, for we thought that by this time my daughter would be in safety as the wife of——"

"Yes, that is well," said Ange, quickly. He felt by the growing weight on his arm that Valentine could hardly support herself, and that all allusion to the terrible events which had just taken place only increased the difficulty. "In that case, citizen, would it not be best that we should separate, you to return in safety to your apartments, I to dispose of Mademoiselle Valentine in a place of safety. She will trust herself to me, will she not?" he said, earnestly.

Valentine made a great effort—she put out her hand and laid it on her father's arm.

"He is quite right, my father," she faltered. "After what has passed my presence might compromise you; and indeed I can—I do—trust him absolutely."

"Then, in spite of my paternal feelings——"

"For mercy's sake show no emotion in the street, citizen!" said Ange, hastily. "We are already observed."

"I pique myself on my self-command," said the old man, sententiously. "And so, my daughter, I will bid you farewell. I commend you to our good friend here."

Valentine looked up at him with yearning eyes. "Father," she murmured, "not one kiss—not one embrace?"

"Not for worlds, my child. Heaven bless you. We shall meet again, in better times," and the selfish old man buttoned his snuff-coloured coat more closely over the breast in which Robespierre's protection was concealed—the protection for himself, and himself only. He left them and walked up the street.

Ange knew that it was necessary, as they moved onwards, to explain to Valentine what their position now was.

"Mademoiselle," he said, almost whispering, "I have much to explain to you—that is, if you can bear it. Since I saw you in the prison you doubtless know that Adrien arrived in Paris?"

"In Paris! In Paris! You have seen him? You know where he is?"

"I have seen him—yes," answered Ange, with so deep a gloom on his brow that Valentine shivered and shrank.

"You will do what you can for him—for me?"

"I have done what I could," said Ange, simply. "I have saved you."

"But tell me, my friend—tell me of your own escape. I—I will tell you my story. Alcibiade promised me the life of Adrien if I would marry him. I made conditions. I must see him once more, bid him farewell. He took me to the prison, and—Ange, I found you!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Ange, a sudden hope almost too great, too perfect, rushing into his soul—"you found me, and——"

"And I did not draw back," she went on, her colour coming and going painfully. "You, brave, noble friend, had given your life for him! I—I—could I do less?"

"Go on, go on! Oh, mademoiselle, I cannot thank you now! Go on!"

She looked at him almost terrified. "And that unhappy man, five minutes before we went to the chapel, told me this—that at nine o'clock the prisoners would be tried, and you, by his instrumentality, were to be released. At nine o'clock, and yet—I cannot understand it—you were in time!"

"Ah, God be thanked! Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, but for this street, these passers-by——! Oh, mademoiselle, my heart is bursting to kneel down and thank God who has saved us!"

"Ange, Ange, are you mad! See, they look at you."

He instantly pulled himself together, and, bending towards her, went on speaking in tones hoarse from suppressed excitement—

"You have saved him also, mademoiselle—you have saved his life. Let me tell you. I saw Adrien in prison; he came to me; he was dressed in my clothes. I had no choice; he was worn out, broken-hearted; he had heard that you were to be married; he had no wish to live; he forced me to obey. We had but to exchange head-gear—I walked out free, and he remained, to be saved by you, Mademoiselle Valentine!"

There was no answer. Ange found that he was only just in time to save her from falling to the earth in a deep swoon. Fortunately they were within a few doors of the Maison de Lemprière, and, lifting the insensible girl in his strong arms, he carried her there.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

By ANNE BEALE.

ARE our readers tired of the above title? for this is the fourth paper we have written under that heading. If so, let them substitute for it "Our Tract Distribution," which is, perhaps, more straightforward.

If people get wearied of the subject, as they do of most repetitions, and ask if there is any good in giving away tracts at all, let the Religious Tract Society endorse our emphatic declaration, that the tracts and publications scattered wholesale, at home and abroad, are of incalculable service in arresting the careless and turning the sinner from his evil ways.

Millions of tracts in every known language are sent by our and other societies yearly all over the world, and grants are eagerly sought by clergy, ministers, and missionaries of all denominations. Better still, they are greedily asked for by the people, and often pave the way for the acceptance of the Holy Scriptures. Much thought and mature judgment are now given to their compilation, and the old four-page tract, which people rejected with a smile, has become a vehicle for matter which interests the receiver.

Everybody reads nowadays, and the aim of all religious societies should be to counteract by every possible means the terrible evils caused by the propagation of infidel and impure writings. This cannot be too often repeated; neither can the assurance that religious tracts, leaflets, and especially weekly magazines or monthly periodicals, such as *The Cottager and Artizan*, *Friendly Greetings*, *The British Workman*, and others, with illustrations and varied contents, are greedily seized upon. The appetite for healthy mental food is as keen as that for bodily nourishment, and such being the case, let us satisfy both to the best of our ability. But one finds strange customers.

"I asked for bread and you gave me a stone," or words to that effect, is constantly the outcry of poor souls in the cold, hard weather if you offer them a tract; but when you supplement it by a coffee or coal ticket, the effect is magical. During the past very severe winters we have found coal tickets open the hearts with a touch. We had one strange and somewhat uncomfortable experience, however, which proves that hunger is stronger than politeness.

Walking down a somewhat unfrequented road when the frost was hardest and the snow deepest, we came upon a gang of men employed in clearing the road of the snow, and heaping it up on either side preparatory to its being carted off. This latter duty was, like many another duty, long in its performance, street surveyors and ratepayers alike hoping for a thaw to save labour and expense. We had some tracts with us, and we offered one to a man near the pavement, who was shovelling the snow upon a heap hard by. "I want food and fire, missus; something to eat and warm myself, not to read," was the somewhat sullen reply.

We produced a little packet of pink coal tickets and gave him one, asking him to see whether he lived near enough to either of the depôts named thereon to procure the half-hundred weight of coal promised on the ticket.

He soon found one and, happily, pocketed the pink cheque; for almost before he had done so, we were surrounded by the gang, with cries of "What's up—what's this!" and without waiting for a reply, the remaining tickets which we held in our hand were seized upon. In the *mêlée* that ensued they were literally torn to shreds by the men, who took them forcibly from one another, and in their grim earnest defeated their own ends.

"How wicked! They were coal tickets," we exclaimed.

"It is the young fellows who have done it, ma'am; they don't know any better," pleaded one.

"If only you could give me one. I have a wife and seven children starving at home," murmured another.

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said a third. "If I might have the pieces, I could, maybe, paste them together."

The "young fellows" slunk off and resumed their work. We longed to preach them a little sermon, but were afraid; so contented ourselves by letting our wrath explode in a few strong sentences as we walked away, saying that they had lost many hundreds of coals.

But it proved to us what hunger meant, for each member of the desperate gang was hungry, and some had probably left a family at home without food or fire, expecting the return of the bread-winner with his chance earnings.

These tickets have introduced us to more than one empty grate. They are issued from the soup kitchen at Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, and have a wide circulation, inasmuch as the coal can be procured in various parts of the Metropolis, as well as from certain coal vans. The Hospice at Ham Yard is the centre of unbounded liberality, and truly the daily distribution of soup there is a sight worth seeing.

A curious incident occurred in connection with one of our coal tickets, which tells of the honesty of the members of the Salvation Army. An officer of that wide-spread force picked up a small packet, containing four shillings and twopence, and a coal ticket issued from Ham Yard. He or she sent this by a Hallelujah Lassie straight to the Yard.

On referring to his books, the manager found that the ticket had been issued to us, and wrote to enquire if we could trace the owner, and so enable him to restore it and the money. We failed to do so, in spite of much cunning questioning of those to whom we had given tickets, and the carefully wrapped-up parcel was appropriated to the poor at Ham Yard. What the loss must have been to the owner is easily imagined!

Crossing sweepers are said, sometimes, to amass a good sum per diem, and it may have belonged to a member of this fraternity, amongst which we have many friends.

The wives occasionally take up the broom, when they are unfortunate enough to lose their husbands. A somewhat disreputable old Irishman died, and his widow, who was not much more distinguished-looking than himself, took his place. The man had been singularly ugly, but the woman wept over him none the less. A sarcastic donor of many pence made some allusion to his appearance, to which his wife indignantly rejoined, "An' sure it's the eye forms its own beauty." This was a reproof as poetic as it was just.

Last Christmas the Religious Tract Society sent us a large parcel of valuable works, "to

brighten the homes of the poor "—we quote from the letter that accompanied it. There were books for children and adults—charming coloured picture-books full of bright-hued animals and birds; summer and winter numbers of *The Girl's* and *Boy's Own Papers*; illuminated alphabets and poems, and much besides to rejoice the hearts of childhood and youth. It is almost unnecessary to say how they did rejoice, and how the elders rejoiced with them.

"This is a nice present! This *will* please the children!" exclaimed a policeman.

"They will all want it first. I must take care they don't tear it," said a shoemaker, almost hugging the gift.

"Something to take home to the children," was the delighted cry.

But the pictures are too attractive for our comfort. The children tell one another, and only last Sunday we were persistently followed by a little troop of well-behaved, decently clad juveniles, mutely demanding some of those gorgeous pictures already in the possession of the leader of the group, who dwelt hard by.

Even the two score of washerwomen and the dozen men and boys at our steam laundry rejoice in the illustrated works, and none please them so much as the *Girl's* and *Boy's Own Papers*. "We like a whole story," they say, therefore the winter and summer numbers of those periodicals contained in that "esteemed favour," our Christmas parcel, were received with enthusiasm. So was a large roll of illustrated almanacks, presented to us for circulation by another good friend. There were fifty to begin with, but they were not enough, and the demand for "More," was great. The sea is not the only element asking for *more* than it gets. Our friend responded again, and the walls of at least a hundred houses and workshops were adorned with a printed sheet, the pictures and texts on which could do nothing but good. Let us hope that a daily glance at the daily text has refreshed some poor, thirsty, weary soul, with a spiritual "cup of cold water."

We have had a touching instance lately of the results of such a draught. A young man stood every Sunday at our Metropolitan railway station with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. Why will people purchase papers on Sunday, and so encourage the army of sabbath-breakers who hawk them about, and even invade the quiet of the streets by their cries? Our little contingent always receive their crumb of religious literature politely and sometimes gladly; the boys especially, who run after us if we chance to overlook them. The "I don't care if I take one" of the men is less encouraging, but this is a mere *façon de parler*, for many add, "It will be something to read when I get home."

The client above-mentioned was always civil, and seemed rather to come forward when we appeared. One day we ventured to ask if he liked the books, and he replied in the affirmative. On another occasion we asked if he possessed a New Testament, and he said "No." "Would he like one?"—he replied "Yes." A friend of ours gave him one—a small pocket Testament, which induced him to say, "I am passionately fond of reading, but I am sorry to say hitherto I have read nothing but novels. Now I will study this book."

Intervals for conversation between the buying and selling of newspapers are very limited, and the expectant purchaser is often a listener, so our opportunities of ripening acquaintance with our friend were brief. But each successive Sunday he came towards us, enquired for our health, and asked for "any sort of book." He also said that he had read much of the New Testament.

We missed him for several weeks, and when he reappeared, he told us he had been ill, and that, in fact, he ought to be then in bed. He looked pale and worn, but further enquiries were cut short by a Sunday customer.

Missing him again for two or three Sundays, we enquired for him of a man who, like himself, was a seller of Sunday papers. "He is very ill. He is in the Consumption Hospital. I am going to see him this afternoon," said his friend. "Will you give him this—and this?" we asked, thrusting a *Friendly Greeting* and some other paper at random into his hand.

Alas! the following Sunday we enquired again, and the answer we received was, "He is dead. He died last Sunday morning before we got to the hospital. He had only been married eight months."

Comment on this episode is unnecessary; but we are thankful that the presentation of a few tracts opened to him that blessed Book which we will hope and pray taught him the way of salvation.

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

THERE are few pleasanter or more attractive country seats in the north of England than Eden Hall, on its southern border, near Penrith, the seat of Sir Robert Musgrave, who is the descendant or representative of one of the most powerful of the old "Border families." The fair *aula ad rivum* Eden, as it is styled by old writers, stands on the banks of the river whose name it bears, embosomed in a rich belt of leafy woods.

Situated in the forest of Inglewood, in the Saxon days it was the property of Henry Fitz-Swein, or Sweyn, and early in the reign of Edward it was carried, by the marriage of an heiress named Turpe, into the family of Stapleton, from whom again it passed in the reign of Henry VI., by the marriage of Joan de Stapleton, to the head of the house of Musgrave, whose chief seats up to that time had been at Musgrave and at Hartley Castle, both in Westmoreland.

The "martial and warlike family" of Musgrave, as it is styled by Camden in his *Britannia*, was renowned from a very early date both in Border warfare and in Border minstrelsy, and it has preserved an unbroken male descent through more than twenty generations down to the present day, marrying into the noble houses of Clifford, Graham, Wharton, Hutton, and Fane. They draw their lineage, according to Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds, from one of the companions of the Conqueror, who obtained from one of the early Norman kings a grant of Scaleby Castle, in Cumberland. "Such a gift," observes Burke, "is the best testimony to his qualities as a soldier, for in those days the stout heart and the ready hand were the only qualities which found a reward." His descendant, Thomas de Musgrave, was Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, and helped to defeat the Scottish King David in the reign of Edward III., by whom he was summoned to Parliament as a Baron.

The marriage of his great-great-grandson, another Thomas, with the heiress of the Stapletons, would appear to have led the Musgraves to exchange their abode in Westmoreland for the more attractive domain of Eden Hall; but the family showed no signs of degenerating from their old fame as "red hands in the foray." The descendant of Thomas, Sir Philip Musgrave, acquired great renown under the royal banner during the Civil War, at the battles of Marston Moor and Worcester, and as governor of Carlisle on behalf of King Charles, and finally as lieutenant, under the heroic Countess of Derby, in the Isle of Man. After the Restoration, he received from Charles II. a warrant for being raised to the Peerage as Baron Musgrave, but the patent was never taken out, and the honour fell through, so to the present day they stand just where they did two hundred and eighty years ago, fifth on the roll of England's baronets.

The mansion of Eden Hall, though so romantically named and situated, is not one which calls for any lengthy description. It is a handsome structure of stone, and exhibits a good specimen of the architectural taste of the era of the first and second Charles, in whose reigns it was built. It contains a fair share of old-fashioned and comfortable apartments, and commands very fine views of the picturesque scenery of the valley of the Eden.

The house is well furnished with family portraits and with other treasures; but amongst all its treasures there is none which can vie in curiosity and antiquity with an old drinking-glass, which is known far and wide as "The Luck of Eden Hall," and which is used only on state occasions. It is not large, or in any way remarkable in its workmanship, but the letters I.H.S., which it bears on its top, show that it was originally designed and fashioned for sacred uses.

It is not known for certain when or how this cup came into the possession of the family, but tradition attaches to it a curious and fanciful history. A legend records that it was seized from a company of the "good people," or fairies, as they were disporting by the side of a spring in the garden of Eden Hall, known as St. Cuthbert's Well, and who, after a vain attempt to regain by force their lost chalice, vanished into thin air, singing a wild refrain—

> "If this glass either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

"The fairy chalice," writes Sir Bernard Burke, "may still be seen at Eden Hall by those who have the good fortune to be invited guests at the table of the head of the house of Musgrave. . . . On rare occasions the cup is brought out from its sanctuary with all the honours due to so ancient and sacred a relic, and, being filled to the brim with wine of the choicest vintage, is presented to each guest in succession. But we would not advise those who are uninitiated in Bacchanalian mysteries to lay rash hands upon it, seeing that he who drinks at all is expected as a matter of course to empty the goblet at a single draught." But unfortunately at present the estate of Eden is in the possession of a minor; and so the "luck" of Eden Hall is stowed safely away in a strong box at the bankers, and the guardians of the property hold it under lock and key.

As might be expected, the fair domain of Eden Hall is celebrated in many local ballads, which deal with its history in bygone days, amongst which should be mentioned specially "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night," and "A Pleasant Ballad, showing how Two Valiant Knights, Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave, fell in Love with the Beautiful Daughter of the Lord Dacre of the North, and of the Great Strife that happened between them for Her, and how they wrought the Death of One Hundred Men."

E. WALFORD, M.A.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

By AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

CHILLY blows the evening wind,
The night is late;
Far, so far from home I stand
Outside the gate.
The path is steep, the way is long;
No star to guide:
I stumble o'er the stony road
Outside, outside.

I toil alone; no tender hand
Is near to aid;
The loved on earth have passed away
Like flowers that fade.
I miss their smile, their comfort sweet,
I long for light;
Oh! Shepherd of the wandering sheep,
Lead me aright!

Oh! Father, guide my erring feet,
And help Thy child;
The way is very long and lone,
The night is wild.
Oh! save me! bring me safely home
Ere yet too late!
That 'mid the gloom no more I stand
Outside the gate.

PAIN: A FRIEND AND NOT A FOE.

By "MEDICUS."



WHACK! Whack! Whack! Whack! I was sitting, pen in hand, in my garden wigwam hard at work, when the sound of blows fell upon my ear. It was a brutal fellow beating his poor overladen donkey as he passed along the road. I would gladly have gone to the animal's rescue. I have done such things many times and oft, but never, I fear, with permanent advantage to the creature concerned; for in cases of this kind, if one loses one's temper—and who could help doing so?—the costermonger, or whoever he may be, is sure to take revenge on his unhappy beast when its advocate is gone.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Why, I wondered, should it be ordained that a poor defenceless dog or donkey should suffer violence and cruelty at the hands of him he spends his life in faithfully serving?

It would be presumption on our part, however, to say that all that is, is not right, for our minds are finite, and here below we see darkly as in a glass. But with Butler, Wilson, and many other great men, both in the Church and out of it, I have long held the belief, that there is a future state even for the creatures under us, that we are all too ready to call the "lower animals."

"It seems a wild fancy—but those who receive it
More happily justify Providence here:
Dumb innocents, often so cruelly treated,
May well for their patience find future reward;
And the great Judge, in mercy and majesty seated,
Claim all His creation, as bought by its Lord."

But this thing called pain, reader, that all of us, from the beetle we inadvertently tread upon to mighty man himself, suffer from now and then, is a strange mystery.

"I must confess," I say in one of my books, "my inability to understand the mystery of pain at all. It is in one way undoubtedly akin to the sense of touch, and it is a provision, therefore, for the preservation of the species. The lower animals, for example—few of whom can be supposed to know anything of death—would hardly trouble to defend themselves from their enemies if it were not for pain, and many classes would become extinct, for the lesser would scarcely care to defend themselves from the greater."

It may be said, too, that, as far as we ourselves are concerned, pain has its utility in drawing our attention towards some sick or ailing portion of our frames which would otherwise escape our notice, and be therefore treated with contempt, or rather not treated at all. It is well known, moreover, to medical men, that some incurable ailments of the system are remarkable for their entire absence of pain. It is as if Nature were loth to call the attention of the doomed one to a complaint that can never be cured.

But then what a variety of pains the human being is liable to suffer from, all depending, of course, on the particular kind of tissue in which the disease is situated. We have, for example, hot, burning pain, dull, aching pain, acute lancinating pain, throbbing pain, gnawing pain, spasmodic pain, etc., and often we have a distressful combination of several of these at once. Yet all are wearying, and all are depressing to the system. It is nonsense to say that pain itself cannot kill; pain conquers the strongest minds that ever existed, lowers the nervous system, and weakens the heart itself.

And it should not be forgotten that, although pain is but a symptom, its removal by justifiable means often gives a relief to the system that enables it to throw off or master the ailment itself.

Pain, therefore, should never be pooh-poohed or neglected. It is the voice of Nature calling from unseen depths for relief, and a return to the paths of health.

On the other hand, pain is often imaginary, and often exaggerated by the mind. When half asleep, for example, we sometimes think the pain much greater than it is, and the return of daylight, and as much activity as we are capable of, seems to banish it to a great extent. This fact points to the usefulness of preventing, as much as in us lies, our minds from dwelling on the pains we suffer. It accounts, to some extent also, for the effects of hypnotism in banishing pain, though hypnotism, I may tell you parenthetically, is about the last thing I should think of advising anyone to try for the relief of suffering or cure of disease.

Music as a remedy for pain may seem strange to many of my readers, and yet it has been lately adopted with a considerable degree of success in such ailments as gout and chronic rheumatism. I know the benefit of music sometimes in my own case. For instance, I am still suffering from that wearying agony, sciatica, though able now to move about to some extent. Well, if I take my fiddle and accompany one of my children on the piano, I have after, say, half an hour's playing, an exaggeration of the pain. The reason of this is not far to seek. The children are young, and therefore indifferent musicians, so, instead of their following the leader, I have to follow



"I STUMBLE O'ER THE STONY ROAD."

them, and limp in the measure whenever they limp. This is aching instead of pleasurable; but if, on the other hand, I take my fiddle, or, better still, perhaps, because it entails less work, the guitar, and let the instrument sing to me, soothe me, run away with my every thought and feeling, then the sciatic pains are really for the time being banished.

I think that patients who suffer chronically from some form of muscular rheumatism or nerve troubles would be benefited by allowing themselves occasionally a recreative evening—musical, of course. The music, however, must be first-class, and of a sort that can best be appreciated by the sufferer. Classical would be best, if it can be understood. If not, it would only be a strain on the mind, and consequently a depressant.

But apart from music, there are many simple ways of alleviating pain, and these every girl ought to know something about, for no young lady can tell when she may be called upon to prove herself what the poet terms a "ministering angel."

"O! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

The simplest of all remedies for the relief of pain is one that is understood and adopted even by the lower animals. I refer to hot or warm fomentations. You will often see a dog or cat wet and warm its paw in the mouth, and then apply it to a sore ear; and notice, again, how tenderly a dog applies his hot tongue to a painful spot that he can reach, or if not able to reach it, how he will solicit assistance from some canine companion—assistance that is never refused. I was much struck one day in Barnum's show in London at noticing the behaviour of two monkeys—indeed, it was almost human. One had a collar on, and under it a great ragged sore, that the collar was sadly chafing; and there he sat holding his head to one side, while a companion with deft and nimble fingers tried to pick the lock and so relieve the other. But every now and then he put his warm tongue inside the wretched collar and held it there against the sore for half a minute at a time, to ease the pain.

The reader probably knows without being told how to foment. The water should be as hot as the sufferer can bear it, and two thick pieces of flannel should be used wrung out of the hot water, the one to be applied as soon as the other is taken off. Two worsted stockings or socks will do if nothing better is at hand. But rest and warmth in bed is incumbent after hot fomentation; and if the illness is of a serious character, or appears to be, the room should be warmed by lighting a fire.

Rest is a great pain-killer; so too is sleep, and in all cases of suffering you should try to get your patient asleep by legitimate means. The house should therefore be kept quiet, for even a door slammed will effectually banish sleep. The fender should be drawn back from the fire lest a piece of coal fall on it. Sometimes a little wine negus, if the patient really requires it, or even hot brandy and water, will do good, and ease the pain, especially if internal.

But I bid you beware of brandy or wine if the temperature is high, and, for this reason, I always advise the keeping of a clinical thermometer in every house. It is put in the axilla for a few minutes, and if the temperature rises a degree or two over 98°, stimulants will do more good than harm.

Neuralgia of all kinds is greatly benefited by heat, by rest, and by sleep. But it should not be forgotten, that as a general rule the health is below par when one is afflicted with neuralgia. Tonics help to raise the standard of health, but I do assure you they are only a partial cure, a mere patch up, and that pain of this kind is only removable by removing first and foremost any apparent cause—it might be a bad tooth, for example—and then trusting to a more generous diet, of which cod liver oil and extract of malt should form part, recreation, fresh air, baths, and above all, change of scene and atmosphere.

When there seems to be some degree of congestion or slight inflammation of any internal organ, a simple mustard plaster often acts like a charm. Blisters, on the other hand, should not be used without consulting the family doctor. They often do more harm than good by weakening the system.

I should be sorry indeed, in these health sermons of mine, to advise anything that is not safe; therefore I pray you, avoid so-called pain-killers, whether in the form of liniments, or oils, or narcotics. The latter are infinitely more dangerous, but woe is me, they are much used. Chlorodyne is dreadfully abused. It is a most dangerous drug administered in the way of self-doctoring. It engenders the chlorodyne habit, and this, as any medical practitioner will tell you, breaks up many and many a happy home, and helps to fill not only our lunatic asylums but our gaols as well. I would not write thus if I were writing to girls only, but I know right well I have thousands of readers who are older far than our girls.

Laudanum or morphia should never be taken for the relief of pain, unless prescribed by a medical man.

Then there is bromide of potassium, not so much used for relieving pain as for sleeplessness. Well, if judiciously administered, it may tide over an evil time; but one should not forget that sleeplessness is a symptom of something radically wrong in the brain or nervous system, and that drugs can do no permanent good.

I assure you, reader, that the person who resorts to narcotics for the relief of pain or for sleeplessness is quite as foolish as the ostrich that buries his head in the sand with the idea that he is hiding from the pursuing enemy.

You can never be wrong if you look upon pain as a friend who has come to warn you, in a rough kind of way, perhaps, that there is danger close at hand. So don't kill that friend without at the same time taking the warning he conveys.

What would you think of the commandant of a fort to whom a horseman came riding fast and furious to tell him an enemy was advancing to destroy him, were he to place the messenger in the donjon-keep, then summon all hands, and order a banquet and ball? He would be a fool, would he not? Yes, and the person who, warned by pain, attempts to banish that pain without taking cognisance of the cause thereof, is quite as big a fool as the commandant of that forewarned but not forearmed fort.

Now if, in this brief paper of mine, I have succeeded in causing the reader to consider these truths, I am more than rewarded. They are these:—I. The simplest methods for the relief of pain are best and safest; II. Narcotics and pain-killers are at all times dangerous; III. Pain should be looked upon as a friend and not a foe.

VARIETIES.

The Language for Poetry.

There can be no question that the English language possesses more poetical capabilities than any other at the present day. Dr. Johnson says, speaking of languages:—

"The Spanish for love, the French for gallantry, the Italian for music, and the English for poetry."

Playing at Shuttlecock.—Shuttlecock is a sport of long standing. It appears to have been a fashionable pastime, among grown persons, in the reign of James I., and is mentioned in an old comedy printed in 1609, wherein it is said, "To play at shuttlecock methinks is the game now."

Living and Dying.

In the churchyard of Dartford, in Kent, is the following epitaph:—

"We all must die we know full well,
But when or where no one can tell;
Strive, therefore, to live godly still,
Then welcome death, come when it will."

Hard to Believe.

A Dutch ambassador was once entertaining the King of Siam with an account of Holland, about which His Majesty was very inquisitive. Amongst other things, he told him that water in his country would sometimes get so hard that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. On this the king observed—

"Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now I am sure you are telling lies."

Diligence and Delight.—It is a common observation that unless a girl takes a delight in a thing, she will never pursue it with pleasure or assiduity. *Diligentia*, diligence, is from *diligo*, to love.

Dear Paint.—A farmer, being told that the price of an Italian landscape he admired was fifty guineas, was astonished, and asked the artist if that sort of paint was "partiklar dear," for, said he, "I've painted all my front palings for fifty shillings!"

The Sensible Fiddler.

A blind fiddler, in performing before a large company, was much laughed at for his sorry scraping. The boy who led him saw this, and said—

"Father, let us be off; they do nothing but laugh at us."

"Be quiet, child," said the philosophic musician; "by and bye we shall have their money, and then we shall laugh at them."

Those who Sneer.—The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbours.

Early Rising.—The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mentions, in his *Family Expositor*, that it is to his habit of early rising that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works.

Bands of Goodwill.—The bands of goodwill are loveliness and lovingness.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER V.

ROBIN AND REX.

"So pure withal
In soul; in heart and act such conscious yet
Such careless innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight."



"Now, Aunty Nell, I'se going to sit on your knee and be comfy, and you tell a story. Go away, Robin; I'se got Aunty Nell just now—I doesn't want you."

"Oh, but, Rex, that is unkind," remonstrated Helen.

"No, it isn't," he said, burying his curly head in her arms. "Robin can go and look for nasty sings outside. "I want a story," he added, with a beseeching look on his bright little face.

"Oh, I don't want to listen to baby stories," said nine-year-old Robin, with fine contempt; "it's a deal nicer outside. Besides, I'll get strawberries, and you won't."

"No, you won't," said Rex, decidedly. "Will he, Aunty Nell?"

Helen smiled.

"Why shouldn't Robin get strawberries? Rex likes stories best, so he doesn't want strawberries," she said.

"Oh, but I does. I like strawberries and stories too."

"You pet," said Helen, hugging him. "Well, Robin shall go and find some for himself; you and I will go when we have finished our story. Rex mustn't be a selfish little boy," she added.

It was Sunday afternoon—a bright lovely day, with that wonderful Sabbath calm brooding over the place, which is the distinguishing mark of an English Sunday. Very quiet and peaceful the library at West Dene seemed, with its windows open to the lawn. The scent of honeysuckle and roses filled the room, borne in on the summer air from the flowers that clung lovingly to the walls of the old house.

Helen was alone with her two little favourites, Robin and Rex Dennis. She was devoted to children, and they were always attracted to her. For these two she had a very special love. They had no mother of their own—she had died when little Rex was quite a baby. When their father, Mr. Dennis, a shy, reserved man, very broken down in health, had first come to Redminster, the rector had sought him out, as was his way with all to whom Fate had been hard, and had introduced him to the home circle at West Dene. Mrs. Warham gave him a warm-hearted invitation to come to them when he liked, and to bring his children.

So when Robin and Rex had accompanied their father to West Dene, Helen's heart warmed to the two motherless boys, and their first visit was followed by many more, till at last it became an event of everyday occurrence for the two little fellows to come up to the Manor. Helen played with them, told them stories, and taught them to help her and to make themselves useful in a hundred little ways.

The boys brought a great deal of light and sunshine into the old home, where there had been no children for so long, and little golden-haired, hazel-eyed Rex soon became everybody's pet and plaything.

But it was Helen who had the warmest place in his heart. "Aunty Nell" he called her; and sometimes in speaking of her, "my nice aunty," to distinguish her presumably from his father's sister, the only other "aunt" he was familiar with, who certainly had not won his affections in the way Helen had.

The boys always looked forward to the end of the week, for then they paid a long visit to West Dene. Their father, whose broken health had obliged him to give up his living, took occasional duty for other clergy in or near Redminster, so that he was generally absent on Sundays. Soon after breakfast the boys would make their appearance, and help Helen to gather the fruit or flowers, with which she supplied some sick people in the village every Sunday. Then they would go to church together, and in the afternoon Rex always expected a story.

Robin, who, in virtue of his four years' seniority, considered himself quite a man beside his small brother, rather disdained the story-telling which was a special feature of the afternoon, and preferred to search in the woods for slugs, stag-beetles, and such like things, which were the delight of his heart.

But this afternoon it was the strawberries that attracted him, and he went off to become better acquainted with them, leaving Helen and Rex curled up in a corner of the sofa.

"Now, Aunty Nell," said the little fellow, as soon as they were alone, "tell me the story, please."

"I think we'll talk instead this afternoon," she said. "Aunty has told you nearly all her stories now, darling."

"Hasn't you one more?" said the little fellow, pleadingly.

Helen smiled. Her heart was very sad that afternoon; somehow the thought of having to leave their home seemed harder to bear than ever. Full of this idea she wove it into a little story, which she began telling the child.

"There were once some people, Rex," she said, "who lived in a very pretty home."

"Was they little boys like me?" interrupted the child.

"No, they were all older than you. They were so happy in their pleasant home," she went on.

"Had they a father and mother?" he asked, starting up.

"The boy and girl in this home had a mother, but no father," she said, softly.

"Oh! I s'pose he had gone to the Happy Land—like my mother," he added meditatively. Little Rex always spoke of his mother as being in the Happy Land, and without having been taught to do so, he used to sing, "Bright in that Happy Land, beams mother's eye."

"Well," said Helen, "as I told you, this boy and girl lived very happily in this home until they were quite grown up."

"Aunty," he asked, suddenly, "is you quite growed up yet?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I suppose I am."

"But you isn't very old, is you?"

"No, darling, not very."

Rex nestled into her arms again, and she went on—

"When the father of this boy and girl died——"

"What was they called, Aunty Nell?"

Helen was somewhat taken aback.

"You shall give them names, Rex," she said.

He was silent for a minute, then said, "We'll call the girl Rhoda, 'cos that's nursie's name, and we'll call the boy Robin."

"Very well; when Rhoda and Robin lost their father it was found that they had not very much money left, and people told them they would have to leave their pretty home, never to come back to it again."

"Never, never?" asked the child.

"Never," said Helen, the tears coming into her eyes.

"What did they do?" he asked; and then in the same breath, "I knows what Robin and I would have done."

"What, my sweet?"

"We'd have prayed ever so hard to God to let us stay, and I'm sure he'd have let us. Did they pray?" he asked, after a short pause.

"Yes," said Helen, gently.

"And did God hear them, and let them stay?"

"I don't know, darling. The story isn't finished yet—it is still going on."

The little fellow opened his large hazel eyes, and stared at her out of their liquid depths. He had a vivid imagination, and the barest outline of a story was enough to set it working actively.

"Is they a real girl and boy?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And does you know them?" he asked, looking at her with astonishment. He was silent for a moment or two, then asked suddenly, "When will the story finish—I mean, when will they know if they have to go away?"

"Perhaps in about a year," she said, sadly.

"Then I'll pray ever so hard to God to let them stay, and I'll ask Robin to pray, too."

He lay back in her arms again, and was silent.

Helen sat thinking deeply. His beau-

tiful, childlike faith had brought wonderful comfort to her aching heart. After all there might be hope yet, though everything did look so dark. Then came the reflection that if, after all, they did have to leave the dear old home, she would have the same opportunities—aye, even greater opportunities, of comforting those around her, for would not the need be greater? She thought of Ted, with his broken hopes, and then and there the yearning to help him shaped itself into a steady determination to make up to him, as far as it lay in her power, for the disappointment which had met him at the very outset of his career.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I will devote my life, please God, to making him and mother happy;" and she felt an enthusiasm spring up in her heart such as most of us know in our noblest moments. She felt capable then of any sacrifice that might be asked of her, and even the sorrow that had loomed so great seemed to lose some of its proportions when viewed in the light of this high, unselfish resolve.

"Go on with the story, please," said Rex, when they had sat silent for some moments. But a sudden interruption came in the shape of Robin, who appeared just then at the window, his hands filled with strawberries, and his crimsoned mouth telling pretty plainly what his occupation had been for the last half hour.

"Such beauties, Rex!" he cried, flinging himself down on a stool at Helen's feet, and proceeding to pick out the ripest of the fruit for her and his brother. Robin looked upon himself as Rex's special protector, and always saw that he had the best of everything. It was a pleasure to see the two together: the elder so careful of the younger, the younger looking up with loving admiration to his elder brother as his hero.

They made a pretty picture: Helen in the sofa corner with Rex on her knee, and Robin's curly brown hair resting against it, as he sat at her feet distributing his spoils.

A very fair picture indeed, thought Mr. Dennis, as he stood and watched them from the window. He had come up to fetch the boys, and had made his way round to the library, meaning to enter by the window; but the sight of the three sitting there, so utterly unconscious of anyone watching them, held him spellbound. As he looked the thought crossed his mind how happy it would be to see them always thus, and a vision arose of his solitary home brightened by a fair presence that would bring comfort to his lonely heart, and of a sweet girl not too young to act the part of mother to his motherless boys.

"Why, there's Fa'!" cried Rex, suddenly, his attention having been drawn for a moment to the window. "Come in, Fa'! Isn't we cosy?" he added, nestling closer.

Mr. Dennis, lost in thought, hardly heard the child, and Helen, looking up, caught his eyes fixed on her with an expression in them which startled her, and made the colour burn on her cheeks.

She rose, gently putting Rex down, and went to the window. "How do you do, Mr. Dennis?" she said, as quietly as she could.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Warham," he said, abstractedly; "I have just come up. Miss Gwynne told me you were here, so I came round this way. I hope the boys have not been troubling you?" All this he said very nervously and hurriedly.

"Oh, dear, no!" Helen said, quickly. "We have just been enjoying some strawberries that Robin got for us." She longed to put him at his ease; she had always sympathised with the shy, awkward manner which served so many others as a butt for ridicule. He was usually less shy with her than with anyone else; the feeling that she understood him made him unbend in her presence as he seldom did elsewhere. He seemed strangely nervous this afternoon, however; and Helen herself hardly felt at ease. That glimpse of his face she had caught as he looked at her from the window had aroused vague suspicion in her mind. She had half guessed the thought that flitted through his brain at that moment, and was filled with surprise no less than with pain.

"Aunty Nell was telling me a story, Fa', when you came in," said Rex, who was now perched on his father's knee. Mr. Dennis never appeared to greater advantage than when he was with his children. All the reserve and shyness, which told so against him elsewhere, seemed to vanish when Robin or Rex were chattering away to him to their heart's content.

"And what was the story about, Rex?"

"It was a real story; about a real growed-up boy and girl, and they had such a pretty home, and their father was in the Happy Land, and they hadn't no money, and people told them they must go away from their home. And then Robin comed in, and so we didn't hear no more," said the little fellow, with breathless eagerness. "And, Fa'," he went on in the same way, "Aunty Nell says the story isn't finished yet, really; they're still in their home, and I'se goin' to pray ever so hard that they mayn't have to go away from it."

He jumped down from his father's knee as he spoke, and Mr. Dennis turned to Helen.

"Is it your own story you have been telling him?" he asked, in a low, sympathetic voice.

Helen's answer was hardly audible; she felt the tears rising, and not for worlds would she have given way to them just then.

"You must not give up all hope," he said, bending forward, and speaking in a lower tone to escape the notice of the children, who were amusing themselves at the window. "And even if you should have to give up West Dene," he added, hurriedly, and with great nervousness, "there is one who, if you will accept it, is ready to ——"

"Is some very learned discussion going on here?" cried Fay's merry voice as she entered the room just at the moment when Mr. Dennis had conquered his shyness and reserve sufficiently to attempt to make Helen a proposal of marriage.

He wished Fay miles away at that moment. Why had she not waited five minutes? he thought, crossly. What he had already said meant anything or nothing. Helen could construe it as she pleased; but another five minutes would have settled the matter once for all; and now the opportunity was lost, and so favourable a one might never occur again.

A keen glance told Fay that she had interrupted something more than a "learned discussion" as she called it. Helen and Mr. Dennis often talked together about books and other subjects of intellectual interest; but Fay felt sure no conversation of that sort had produced the look of embarrassment and nervousness so plainly marked on both faces.

"I am sorry to disturb you," she said, saucily. "I came for Robin and Rex. I daresay they will like their tea, though you may not. It is not given to everyone to be so indifferent to the wants of the inner man."

"I believe," she said to herself, "that that odious man has been proposing to Helen, and that she has been silly enough to accept him; unless indeed I have just happened to arrive in the nick of time."

Fay's estimate of Mr. Dennis was certainly a poor one, and it was unjust. What she really thought of him was not, however, very clear, seeing she hardly ever spoke of him without ridicule. Perhaps the fear that he might be in love with Helen made her more vehement in her attacks; for she had a very different idea in her own mind of what her cousin's future ought to be.

"Where are the chicks?" she asked, looking round the room.

"I will look for them," said Helen, eagerly. She was longing to get out of Mr. Dennis's way, and prevent him from finding a further opportunity of speaking to her. Her cousin's appearance at that critical moment had been to her as a godsend.

Just then the two boys, Rex in front, Robin behind, rushed in through the window.

"Robin's got such a lovely nasty thing," cried Rex, rushing up to Helen. He called all his brother's naturalist spoils "nasty things," as most of them were found in stagnant ponds and muddy pools, which Rex's nurse had taught him to call "nasty, dirty places."

Robin produced from his pocket with great triumph a huge fat toad. This was too much for the party, and they burst into a hearty laugh, which did more than anything to set them at ease again. The merriment increased when Fay discovered a dark-coloured stain on Robin's light cotton suit, caused by the wet mud—in which the toad had reposed in his pocket—having soaked through.

"Ah, what will nurse say to that, Robin? Your Sunday suit, too!" said Fay.

"Oh," he replied, coolly, "she's got six days to wash it in."

"Robin," said his father, sternly, "I have often told you not to put such

things in your pocket. See that this does not happen again."

"Come, it is tea-time," said Helen, taking Rex's hand. "You will stay, Mr. Dennis?" she asked, as carelessly as she could.

In the first moment of his disappointment he had been so mortified that he had meant to depart then and there; but on second thoughts he concluded that it would be better to stay.

Fay led the way to the dining-room, a pretty old-fashioned room, with panelled walls like the library, and having quaint old oak furniture.

"I must be my own trumpeter, I suppose," said Fay, "as nobody seems inclined to fill that office for me. Helen, I hope you notice how carefully the table is arranged?"

"How good of you, Fairy. Did you do it all yourself?" asked Helen, looking up from behind the urn, where she was already busy pouring out tea.

"Yes, every bit; I'm quite proud of myself," she added. "We shall manage beautifully, you see, with one servant less," she went on in a lower tone, "so cheer up, darling."

"I am not afraid of not managing," said her cousin, "but I do not like your having to do work of this kind. For myself, I do not mind; I am accustomed now to cooking and dusting; but that sort of thing is hardly in your line."

"All the more reason for my learning something about it," laughed Fay. "I shall become so useful that nobody will know me—see if I don't. Well, chickabiddy," she said, turning to Rex, who sat between Helen and herself, "what are you going to have?"

"He's not to have hot bread," said Robin with alacrity from the other side of the table, where he was devouring a hot cake as fast as he could. "Nurse says it gives him indignation," he added, with his mouth full.

"What *does* the child mean?" asked Mrs. Warham, from the head of the table.

"Robin," said his father, "don't speak with your mouth full. Who said *you* might have hot cakes?"

"Nobody; they don't make me ill, but nurse says they make Rex ill."

"What is it they give him?" asked Fay, with an amused look.

"Oh, I don't know," said Robin, half impatiently, his eye wandering meanwhile from his empty plate to the different good things on the table. "Rhoda said it was indignation. Father"—in the same breath—"may I have butter and jam together to-day?"

"Do you have them together at home?" asked his father, rather severely.

"No, we doesn't," put in Rex. "But this is Sunday, Fa'."

"We don't have them together at home," Robin went on, "because Martha's such a mean scrub she——"

"Come, Robin, that is rather hard on Martha," said Mr. Dennis. "Who taught you to call her that?"

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "it was Kate at the Rectory. She and Rhoda talked a deal about Martha the other day, and I heard Kate say, 'She must be a mean scrub!'"

"People should be careful what they say before little boys," said Fay.

"I'm not a little boy," said Robin, proudly. "I'm a deal bigger than Artie Wilson, and he's two years older than me."

Artie was Robin's great friend; he was about eleven years old, and like Robin, devoted to beasts, birds, and creeping things of all sorts.

"Have you got spectacles yet, Robin?" asked Fay.

It was the boy's darling ambition of have a pair. Artie wore spectacles, which gave him a very knowing look, and which were the admiration and envy of Robin, who tried hard to convince his father that he needed spectacles very badly, but without success.

"No," he said, in answer to Fay's question, "I shall save up my money and buy a pair."

"But you wouldn't be allowed to wear them if you did," said Fay, mischievously.

"I'm going to school in a year, and I can do as I like there," he said, triumphantly. "Artie says he's going to wear his, and if he does it I'll do it," he said, decidedly. The boys had already settled that they were to go to school together, without considering what their respective parents might say in the matter.

"Ah, you will be a good deal wiser when you get there," said Fay, laughing.

Here Mr. Dennis said he must be going, as he had to take evening service in one of the churches in Redminster, so the little party broke up.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME REMARKS ON MODERN PROFESSIONAL PIANOFORTE PLAYING.



THERE are two recognised schools of modern pianoforte playing, viz., the Classical and the Emotional, or Romantic. Sir Charles Hallé may be said to be the principal exponent of the former; Anton Rubinstein of the latter.

There are earnest and reverential students of piano music, and patient traditional fingerers thereof who cling loyally to the more conservative interpretations of so distinguished a pianist as Hallé. They admire a deferential rendening of the great composers by one who does not flavour his performance with his own personality, but who yields himself a painstaking medium for the exact expression of the musician's meaning. They prefer the performer to read, not recite, the notes, so that there may be neither occasion nor excuse for the slightest divergence from the lines and signs of the score. They greet a perfect performance under these conditions with unmistakable, emphatic approval, but without manifesting great enthusiasm. They are satisfied that the player has done his duty. He has done what Beethoven or Chopin (as the case may be) meant; and he has done it very well. But reverence for the immortal interpreted prevents too exuberant praise of the transient interpreter.

Halle and his disciples can never draw a large audience to a piano performance only, but require to have recourse to other instrumentalists or to vocalists, whose contributions are as the meats or the sweets in the piano sandwich. Of the veteran Halle no one can presume to speak except in terms of respectful praise. If his touch is cold, it is also clear; his playing, if not generally glowing, is often brilliant; if not grandly demonstrative, it is finely sympathetic.

Out of the numerous pianists who appear to have followed his lead, Miss Fanny Davies may be selected and referred to as an excellent example of his method. To hear and see her once is to remember her with favour and admiration. Keen intelligence and reverent study are manifest even in her appearance and attitude—in the stoop and bend of the body and shoulders, the earnest fixed concentration of eye and mind on the score, and the laboured accuracy of phrasing and touch.

To Halle and his collaborateurs unbounded honour is due for a steady and sure elevation of the people's taste in classical music, and for a manifest improvement in their cultivation of the art of piano playing. Out of this very advancement, however, grew a craving for the picturesque and sublime in execution—a craving which Rubinstein was fitted to gratify.

Meantime, it is to be observed that the instrument itself has been undergoing great developments, and has become, in powerful hands, capable of a much wider range of expression.

The writer delights to recall one of the visits to this country of the famous Rubinstein. Eagerly expectant crowds flocked to hear him. His individual performance is the sole attraction. The piano is the only instrument. It is a "morning" performance, and the player steps on to the platform as if fresh from a walk. The programme is in his hand. He bows easily and pleasantly, drawing off his gloves, takes his seat, rubbing his hands, which he immediately indulges with a preliminary scamper over the keys. He glances at the programme, in which several long pieces are bracketed together, dividing the performance into four or five parts, each of which is to be

gone through at one sitting. He is calm, cool, and collected when at the outset some rich melody of Beethoven flows meanderingly from his facile fingers; but when the presto leaps wildly along beneath his touch, the lion mane of the man shakes as it in a breeze, and his brow is wet with the dews of perspiration. The spirit of Beethoven is upon him, and the player's genius is making the composer's genius live glowingly and more rapturously in the souls of a spell-bound audience. In some pieces, such as Lizts' arrangements of the March of the "Ruins of Athens," and of Schubert's "Erl King," every possible shade of forte and piano is touched off in a manner wonderfully suggestive of the variety of an orchestral performance. Exquisite diminuendos and crescendos to the utmost attainable limits of piano and forte expression seem to rise and fall and throb and pulse in every listening heart; and so on to the conclusion of the piece, when pent-up feeling, after a momentary breathless silence, bursts out in excited bravos and applause.

Now the success of such a performance is, of course, not only due to the player's combined forcefulness and delicacy of *technique*, but also to his sympathetic genius, which enables him to unfold a more abundant wealth of musical meaning than perhaps even the composer imagined. It is the impress upon the performance of the interesting and powerful personality of the performer, or, it may be, of his profound inner experience, which gives the highest charm and effect to piano music. The cultured musical scholar may take exception to such a player's departures here and there from the strict letter of the text; but it is the spirit of the whole work, its moods, meanings, and suggestions, which the emotional or romantic player is constrained by inspiration to render.

There are with us several splendid exponents of this more modern style, Paderewski being one of the finest. Paderewski seems yet in his early manhood, has a thin, pallid, clear-shaped, hairless face, and plentiful, outstanding auburn hair. Like Rubinstein, he plays entirely from memory, and with almost equal force; but his movements are confined to the hands and arms, with slight jerks of the head, the body being straight and rigid. He shows himself capable of delicious delicacy of expression, but his command of technical resources makes it appear as if he himself delighted more in loud and difficult passages. It must be admitted that some of his fortissimo playing becomes mere hammering—sound and fury signifying nothing musical. But this is exceptional. By different methods of striking the keys, by headlong plungings of the fingers, by breadth and *firmness* of grasp, by grand wrist attacks, and by carefully considered pedalling, the piano is made to utter many of the tones and effects of an orchestra.

Much more might be said in continuation of the comparison between the two manners of interpretation of piano music which would tend to illustrate the superiority of the emotional, or romantic style. It seems indisputable that the preponderance of critical and popular opinion is on the side of this method.

The age which was enchanted by Tennyson's exquisite graces of colour and song and brilliance of thought, has become deeply moved by Browning's strong, rugged outlines, and splendid suggestions of the deep and difficult things of life; the age which was fascinated by the rich variety of melody and rhythm of Mozart and Beethoven has become fired with enthusiasm over Brahms' and Wagner's supreme strivings and soarings; and the age which was content with the quiet, regular, clear, consummate neatness of *technique* of Hallé, has become enraptured with the thunders and tempests and still small voices of Rubinstein.

The great emotional pianist is typical in an age in which, under the high pressure of education, and longings full of spiritual daring and discernment, men agonise to reach the highest heights of attainment.

And what if they fail, as fail they sometimes must? Let the poet answer:—

"How oft Fate's sharpest blows shall leave thee strong
With some re-risen ecstasy of song!
How oft the unimagined message bound
In great sonatas and a stormy sound
Shall ease thee, and constrain thee, and make thee sure
That this is true, and this, and these endure—
Being at the root of all things, lying low,
Being life and love and God has willed it so."

WILLIAM PORTEOUS.

PERSIAN SKETCHES.

THE FAMINE.

IN the year of 1871-2 Persia was visited, we are told, by one of the severest famines on record, the causes resulting chiefly from the unparalleled drought that prevailed throughout the country for near upon three years, together with the indolence and short-sightedness of the Persians, who, looking to Providence to help them, deem it not expedient to help themselves.

Owing to there being no artificial means of irrigation, excepting the Kanat, an insignificant means of conducting water underground—no canals, no reservoirs in Persia—when there is a deficiency of rain, the crops entirely fail. For three years snow in the usual months from November to March, fell in very small quantities; week after week passed, with but the continuation of cloudless skies, a glaring sun, and dusty atmosphere. Springs, rivulets, watersheds ran dry; corn repeatedly sown, without rain or dews, refused to grow, and the country supplies were ultimately exhausted. There was no grain remaining to sow; flocks and herds perished for the want of water, and the distress in all quarters became most terrible.

On these disastrous reports reaching England, a large and influential meeting was held in London, at the Mansion House; subscription lists were opened, and in less than six months nearly £5,000 had been collected towards the relief of the starving.

In November of 1871, while travelling by easy stages from Teheran to Bushire, a distance of some 600 or 700 miles, we undertook to distribute a part of this fund, in order to mitigate, if possible, the sufferings of the people. As the famine increased, bread by the poorer classes was quite unattainable; they lived on dead animals, in some places upon one another, on the rinds of melons, grass, or anything that could be found. A handful of roadside dust, mixed with the same quantity of the coarsest flour, was a luxury to which only those in a higher station of life could aspire.

The cook marching with our caravan received orders each day to bring on his mule abundance of bread, eggs, and brandy, that no opportunity might be lost of restoring the destitute and well-nigh dying to life, opportunities of but too frequent occurrence.

On the 1st of March, when but a few miles south of the capital, two men, brothers, came up to beg of us. Exhausted and ill, they had crawled to Teheran in the hope of finding work; and being unsuccessful, were anxious to get back to their own village. They had lived upon nothing but offal, plucked from dead animals on the road, and they most thankfully received four krans (3s. 4d.), which they said would enable them to reach their destination, distant about eighty miles.

At the next stage there was no bread to be found within many miles, so the Khetkhoda, or head man of the village, was summoned, and received orders to have 500 lbs. of bread baked that evening and distributed to the worst cases, which numbered 300. During the journey distressing tales, day by day, reached us of the poverty of the land. A priest whom we met told us that in a few months 700 bodies had been buried by him round about. Dogs, the scavengers of the East, might be seen from dawn till eve prowling round the dead bodies that lay as they fell on all sides and in our very path, so loth were they to leave their hideous meal; vultures, awaiting their turn, hovered in hundreds like a cloud overhead, while others, grossly gorged, were unable to lift themselves on the wing at our approach.

During one of the night marches, when but the first faint gleams of dawn were visible in the sky, our road, winding and weird, took us through a chill, narrow pass, with stunted hills on either side, called by the Persians, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death;" and such it proved to be. At a sudden turn we came upon three men who had laid themselves down to rest or die. Two were already dead. One of the bodies, scarcely cold, had been attacked by jackals, but the third, to our relief, still breathed. After pouring down his throat an egg whipped in brandy—a never-failing remedy—he quickly showed signs of returning strength; and setting him on one of the mules, we took him to the end of the stage, and, giving him bread, started him again on his journey. Further on we passed a very old man with his son. Having sold the greater part of their clothes to buy themselves something to eat, they had laid down behind a ruined wall for shelter from the bitter north-easterly wind that was blowing. Reviving them in the usual way, we passed on, but an hour after, having occasion to retrace our steps, we found the younger of the two men had gone, having robbed the old man of his few remaining rags, and the bread and money we had given.

As we went further south, and the cold weather was increasing, matters seemed each day to grow more melancholy. Constantly, reaching the end of our day's journey, having ridden, perhaps, a distance of some thirty or forty miles; cold, tired, and sickened with the sights we had seen on the road—of the lepers, the frost-bitten, the starving—men, women, and little children looking like mummies but that they still had strength to walk, would creep out from every corner as we approached, and, seizing the horses' bridles, would kiss our hands and feet, and implore us, "in the name of Allah," to save them from the jaws of death.

Passing one evening into the caravanserai

(an inn where travellers can get a shelter for the night), we noticed on one side of the entrance gateway a baker's shop. On the board in front a few pieces of bread were lying, and awaiting the highest bidder sat a burly well-to-do looking man, with an entire absence of the drawn lips, the sunken eyes, with which we had of late grown so familiar. On the opposite side was a dwelling-room, in which some women stood ministering to a little dying child, so thin and wasted that its arms and legs were but staring bones, and told the oft told tale of starvation. On enquiring to whom the child belonged, the baker answered that it was his, and that if he had given to his child he should have died himself, as there was not enough bread for both of them. The child was past recovery, and died in the night.

In the city of Ispahan the streets were thronged with numberless poor starving creatures, though more attention was given to them there than in any part of Persia. In utter despair of ridding myself of them one day, when out walking, though two servants always accompanied me, I turned down a bye-lane, where I thought perchance they would not follow, and before me was one of the most heartrending sights I had experienced. Lying in the pathway was the skeleton of a horse that jackals, dogs, and vultures had abandoned. A woman sat beside it with a young child in her arms wailing piteously; and trying to pacify it, she fed it with the shreds of dry and putrid meat that could still be found on the ribs of the skeleton.

It was reported that in the first few months of the famine in Ispahan, 12,000 died of starvation; in Teheran more than 20,000. A similar condition of affairs, we are told, existed at Shiraz Koomeshah, and more or less over the large provinces of Kirman and Khorassan.

A famine such as this does not come alone. Countless diseases and pestilences follow in its train, from which a country, reduced to these extremities, takes many years to recover.

Suffice it to say that the Shah personally made every possible effort to allay the misery of his famine-stricken subjects from his own private means, though the villagers were oppressed, unknown to him, with heavy taxation.

It cannot be doubted that the first requisite, as a certain preventive against a national calamity such as this ever recurring in Persia, is a good government; secondly, made roads, of which there are none; thirdly, railways, which would increase the import and export of the country greatly; and fourthly, a permanent arrangement for the preservation of water, drought being one of the most deadly foes with which a country such as Persia has to contend.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SNOWDROP.—"Lip-reading," or the "oral system" of teaching deaf mutes, has very properly superseded the sign-and-finger alphabet method formerly adopted. There is a training college for teachers of the deaf at Castlebar Hill, Ealing, W., and you had better apply to Mrs. Kinsey (the wife of the Principal) for all particulars and terms. There is also a training college and school for the oral instruction of mutes at 11, Fitzroy Square, W., under the direction of W. Van Praagh, Esq.

MISS E. H. HATHWAY.—We are obliged by your letter, and are happy to explain that your correspondence lessons include English subjects generally, French, and Italian, and to give your address—Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E.

JEANNIE.—Write for information to the Secretary of the Nurses' Club, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. You will then obtain a list of the several institutions and private teachers of the art of "massage." But it may be well to forewarn you that you ought to be a very healthy, strong woman, no less on your patients' behalf than on your own, to be a good *masseuse*.

ADDIE.—We advise you to apply for all such information to one of the training institutions for sending out missionaries. You will find their address in some recent "Answers" on the same subject.

L. C.—A Miss E. H. Hathway used to be the Secretary of a Correspondence Class in which grammar was included as an item of education. Direct to Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E. You should not sign yourself "Yours respectively," but "respectfully."

MUSIC.

VIOLIN.—The writer of "Mittenwald and its Violins" is quite justified in stating that a violin is composed of 58 pieces. One great authority gives, indeed, 24 purflings, making 70 parts. The 58 parts are:—2 parts of belly, 6 sides or bouts, 12 linings, 12 purflings, 6 blocks, 1 sound post, 1 finger board, 1 bridge, 1 nut, 1 button, 1 brass bar, 1 neck, 1 scroll or figure-head, 1 tail-piece, 1 tail-pin, 4 pegs, 4 strings = 58.

BELLA.—The first writer on the subject of the theory of music was Lasus of Hermione, in Argos, B.C. 548; but the most ancient author on the subject, whose works are still extant, was Aristoxenus, who flourished at a much earlier date, B.C. 324.

ALEX.—The Republican song, called the "Marseillaise," was the composition of a French officer of Engineers, Rouget de Lille, when at Strasburg, in February, 1792. Its name simply originated in the fact that a body of French troops played it, probably for the first time, on their entering Paris, after a march from Marseilles, in the July of the same year. The verses are said to have been written one night, and repeated by de Lille to his "ladye love" the next morning, she being the daughter of Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg, and the composer inspired by his passionate attachment to her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORENCE.—We have answered such scores of enquiries exactly similar to yours, respecting red faces and hands, that we have already informed our readers that we have ceased to repeat ourselves. The articles by "Medicus" give advice on the care of the hair, teeth, hands and feet, and the complexion.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—1. Certainly take off your gloves at dinner, luncheon, tea, or supper. When paying a visit, and you take afternoon tea, you need not remove them (one only in any case) if you take a dry biscuit; but you could not touch buttered cakes or bread with a gloved hand.—2. The 15th of April, 1814, was a Friday.

LÉONIE.—January 4th, 1851, was a Saturday. Your writing is good.

"MAAS."—The 18th of October, 1876, was a Wednesday.

NURSE.—There are at least upwards of fifty hospitals in London. The earliest, St. Bartholomew's, was founded in 1102, and St. Thomas's in 1552. The Great Northern is one of the most recently founded, and dates from 1856. The five which are distinguished as the "Royal Hospitals" are—St. Bartholomew's, Bridewell, St. Thomas's, Christ's Hospital, and Bethlehem, united in 1554 for purposes of administration, and placed under the care of the Corporation, with a distinct government, in 1782.

MISS FLORENCE GRIFFITH.—We are happy to inform our readers that half the funds subscribed by members of your Working, Reading, and Practising Society are devoted to the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, the expenses having first been paid. Direction—Cote Bank Villa, Westbury-on-Bristol.

TESSA.—You may wear your rings on any finger which they will fit. The wedding ring is always worn on the third finger of the left hand; but that does not preclude the wearing of any friend's, or affianced husband's, ring upon it. We have often told our correspondents that they were bound by no rules on this question. They are perfectly free to wear them anywhere—on their thumbs if they like!

A. G. O. E.—It is not usual for girls to accept gloves, music, etc., from young men. Tickets should be sent to their mother, and may be accepted, with thanks, by note or word of mouth. You should never walk alone with men; you should have a sister, friend, or maid with you, were there any chance of being joined by them. Such difficulties are more easily avoided by a little tact in the first instance, than after the habit has been permitted. Bow to your young friends, just as if nothing new had happened to cause a coolness.

LITTLE LANCASHIRE LASS.—1. Charles Kingsley and Henry Kingsley were brothers, though there was much difference in their respective ages—Charles being born in 1810, and Henry in 1830. They died, one in 1876, and the other in 1875.—2. No one can "look down" on a girl who is honourably earning her living in any capacity.

PAULINE, "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," and others who wish to be of use, had better join the "King's Daughters"; address to "Fidelis," 106, High Street, Lewes, Sussex; or Miss Tatham, 19, Portland Street, Southport.

LOUISA.—The word "Sheckinah," or "Shekinah," means "the presence of God," and is to be found in the Talmud—not in the Bible. It means that light or visible glory that was the symbol of the Divine presence.

C. B.—1. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.—2. The address of Miss Mary Petrie, and the "Chronological Scripture Cycle," is—Hanover Lodge, Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Square, W.

M. DE B.—"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall," has been traced to the year 1503 in manuscript, and it is believed to be of Raleigh's own composing. In *Fuller's Worthies* we find the story of its being written by him on a glass window where Queen Elizabeth would be sure to see it; whereupon Elizabeth wrote the rhyming answer beneath, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

PET and DARLING.—Edward means "guardian of property." The diminutives for it are "Ed," "Eddy," "Ned," "Neddy," "Teddy." Stephen means "a crown." The only diminutive for it is "Steve." It is sometimes spelt without the "p"—Steven. It is of Greek origin, and Edward is of Anglo-Saxon. We have not given your pseudonyms in full—they were too foolish.

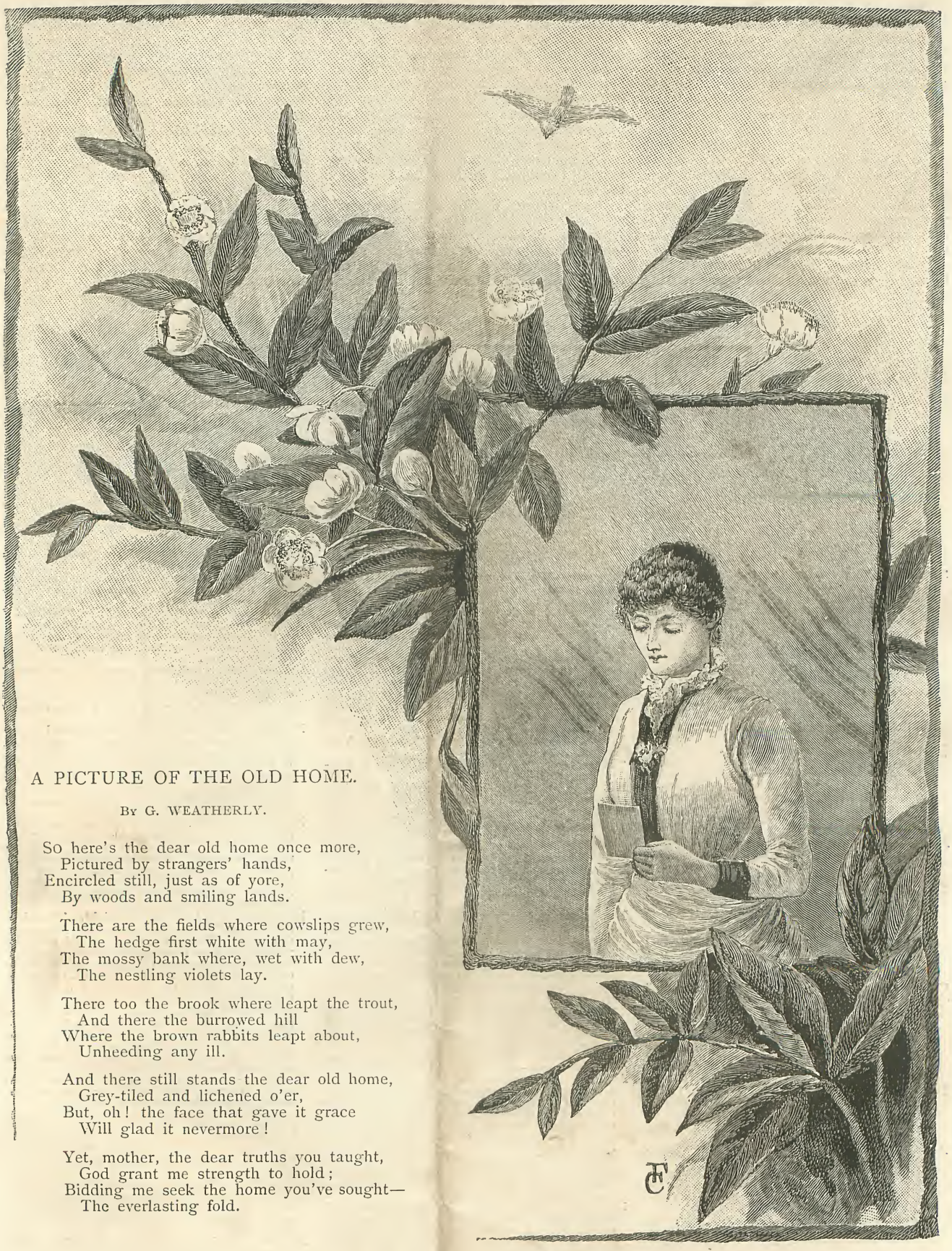
DOUBTFUL.—Yes, your friend is right. There have been female "justices of the peace." The precedent exists. Margaret Countess of Richmond, of whom there were so many portraits in the Tudor Exhibition, the mother of Henry VII., held that office. The Lady Bartlett also held it in Gloucestershire, under Mary I.; and a good dame of the name of Rouse had her place on the bench, amongst the other justices, at the assizes and sessions in Sussex. In 1643, Anne Countess of Pembroke, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, succeeded to the hereditary office of Sheriff of Westmoreland, attended the judges of assize, and sat with them on the bench at Appleby.

SURGICAL.—You should name your wish to visit a hospital to your family doctor, or to some nurse, who might be able to invite you to visit her.

HOPE.—When using the conditional mood, or subjunctive, you say "were," not "was." "If I were" is correct. The doubtful "if" cannot be used with the positive "was." We think you had better procure Dr. Angus' *Handbook of the English Tongue*.

RALPH GOODEN has probably made his hands red or brown and rough by not wearing gloves out of doors, and playing rough games, and doing rough work. He would have to take care of them, as his sister does.

MARGUERITE.—We regret to say that the sketches you send would not find a sale, and the designs are not original. Your hand promises well, but is not formed.



A PICTURE OF THE OLD HOME.

By G. WEATHERLY.

So here's the dear old home once more,
Pictured by strangers' hands,
Encircled still, just as of yore,
By woods and smiling lands.

There are the fields where cowslips grew,
The hedge first white with may,
The mossy bank where, wet with dew,
The nestling violets lay.

There too the brook where leapt the trout,
And there the burrowed hill
Where the brown rabbits leapt about,
Unheeding any ill.

And there still stands the dear old home,
Grey-tiled and lichened o'er,
But, oh! the face that gave it grace
Will glad it nevermore!

Yet, mother, the dear truths you taught,
God grant me strength to hold;
Bidding me seek the home you've sought—
The everlasting fold.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XII.—NO. 599. JUNE 20, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



"THE WAY UPSTAIRS."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

A VERY slight tap at the door brought Jeannette running to open it, for she had long been on the watch. One glance was enough. "Bring her in, bring her in, *la pauvrette!*" she exclaimed. "See, I am quite prepared; bring her upstairs. By the mercy of fortune my husband is out; all will be well. We must change this dress before she can pass as one of us, *mon gars*."

Chattering she led the way upstairs, and showed Ange where to lay her on a bed in one of the rooms.

"And now go down," she said. "You will know what to say if my man comes in. Go down and sit quiet till the shining goes out of your eyes again."

Ange went down as he was told; but it was not so easy to get the shining out of his eyes; the evident excitement would not subside.

Presently, as he sat by the stove, striving to conquer the wish to leap up and pace up and down, he became aware that in a corner of the room the child was seated, watching him with her quiet, wistful blue eyes.

"My child," he said, "you look at me very earnestly. What are you thinking of?"

The child came slowly forward till she stood by his knee. "I am thinking," she said, slowly, "what it can all mean. You are he and yet you are not he. When he looked at me it was too sad to speak of, and I felt as if I loved him here"—and she pressed her hands on her breast. "But now——"

"I will explain it to you," said Ange, the thought coming into his mind that Adrien would probably return to the place from which he had before sought tidings of Valentine. "I will tell you, child. I have a brother so like me, so very like, that though he is a great seigneur, and I am only a peasant farmer, it is not wonderful that you should not know the difference. I think he will come soon—very soon—perhaps to the very place in which you saw him before. Then you will not let him go? You will watch, and bring him in, will you not, dear child?"

"Yes, I will watch," said the child. "I will tell him you are here. I am glad to know—I could not understand"—and the little child stole away to begin her watch.

Meanwhile Jeannette had succeeded in restoring Valentine to life. When she came to herself the poor girl found relief in such overpowering weeping that for a long time the good woman could not leave her. The relief of finding again a friendly woman's face, and one who had once served in her father's house, was so great that Valentine clasped her fast, hiding her face in her bosom, and allowed herself at last to break down the self-control of so many days of agony.

Jeannette's heart was so softened and touched that she could only tend her with gentle, motherly kindness, while the tears streamed down her own cheeks as Valentine poured out her whole story.

Jeannette heard it to the end before she was obliged to go down to be ready for her husband's return. She made Valentine swallow a bowl of soup, and then left her, exhausted as well as relieved by her tears, so that she sank into deep, dreamless sleep.

Jeannette Clos made up her mind, as Ange had done, that Adrien would find his way back to the Maison de Lemprière, and it was a great relief to her when, ten minutes later, a message from her husband was brought to her, saying that, having heard of the severe illness of his mother, he had started at once for Fontainebleau without waiting to bid her adieu.

Greatly relieved, she felt able to make plans with Ange. "There is but one thing to be done, my friend," she said, with decision. "Monsieur Adrien and mademoiselle must leave Paris at once with the papers you have secured for yourselves, and he must still personate you."

"It is a good idea if it can be done; but—but——"

"Yes, yes; like a true man you see all the 'buts.' They must be married first. Where is the difficulty? Monsieur Adrien can personate you before the registrar. I can manage the religious ceremony. M. le Curé, he who was to have married her before, is still here. I will secure him. I know of a church where even now some worship goes on at night in secret."

"You are all-powerful, Jeannette."

"But for you, my friend, it will not be altogether easy. But stay! I will make de Lemprière exert himself; he shall obtain papers for you under some new name. He shall do it! I can manage him, the old rascal! He has secured himself so well, that he shall do a job or two for me. *Va!* the day of the aristocrats is over!"

Valentine slept on all through the day; she was worn out, and Jeannette Clos, when she came upstairs, crept in and out on tiptoe not to disturb her.

In the evening, when all was dark and quiet outside and in, the child, who had been sitting by her mother's side, suddenly jumped up. "Mother," she said, "I think my poor man must have come now; let me go and see."

"I am ready for him—go," said Jeannette, tranquilly.

The child stole out. In about half an hour she came in, leading Adrien de Riancourt. He was faint and exhausted—blinded by the light. Sinking into the nearest seat, he seemed unconscious at first, unable to see the loving eyes of his brother, or to realise that his arms were round him, that he was chafing his cold hands, and pushing back his long, tangled hair.

Gently, tenderly, as he was able to bear it, they told him their story; they broke to him that Valentine was here—under this very roof. It was well for him that he could not see her at once; it would have been too much. They told him that she was asleep, that she knew of his safety, that to-morrow they should meet, and all would be well.

Then Jeannette conducted her guest to a remote chamber far away, where she knew that he would be safe, and might sleep undisturbed, and she stole away, leaving the brothers together in a state of such happiness, that they sat as they used to do in happy, childish days, hand in hand, far into the night.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the following morning Jeannette entered Valentine's room with some breakfast, and awakened her with a loving kiss.

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, he has come! And, let us be thankful, my husband has been sent for to the forest of Fontainebleau, and he will not be back for a week at least, so we have time before us."

Valentine sat up in bed. "Dear Jeannette, I can eat now," she said, for after the long rest and renewed happiness the appetite of youth returned, and she was very hungry.

Jeannette looked on proudly as the food disappeared; then other cares occupied her mind.

"We must see about a little toilette, mademoiselle. It will be different from what you used to wear, but we must make the best of it"—and she proceeded to dress Valentine in a grey gown of her own, folding a large blue handkerchief crossed round her waist, and arranging a muslin cap on her hair, which curled naturally in little golden rings under the unwonted head-gear.

"We have no mirror," said Jeannette; "but all the same, mademoiselle must trust my word that she looks charming. Monsieur Adrien will not criticise."

In the dilapidated house there were long suites of empty salons, in which such of the furniture as had not been destroyed by the fierce visits of patriots lingered. The mirrors were splintered into a thousand pieces, and Jeannette warned Valentine to be careful as she walked, lest she should cut her feet. She conducted her to a little room looking into the court, round which the house was built.

"You will be safe here, mademoiselle," she said. "My husband and I are known and respected as good patriots; all the world knows that we are in charge of this house; no one searches now, no one suspects; we are well known. I will go now and send Monsieur Adrien to you."

Valentine sank into a chair, her heart beating fast; she was still weak, and not fully rested; but she leapt to her feet as she heard a quick, light footstep come swiftly along the passage, and the door opened.

"My Valentine!"

Once more she was in his arms, once more she could look up into his loving eyes, could see the sweet brightness of that smile that was all the world to her. The joy was too great for words.

By degrees they told each other all that had passed since they had last met. Adrien told her that, when the moment

of his trial had come, to his extreme astonishment he had been released on the assurance of Alcibiade himself that he was not de Riancourt, but Laurent, his foster-brother, condemned by accident.

Valentine clenched her hands, and the blood rushed into her cheeks as she saw with horror that Alcibiade had seen and recognised Ange, and had concealed his knowledge from her lest she should draw back and refuse to fulfil her compact.

"Coward! traitor!" she exclaimed.

Then Adrien changed the subject, and very gently, very tenderly he told her Jeannette Clos' plans, the necessity for their immediate marriage, and departure for Rougemont. It was no time for hesitation. Valentine assented to all that they wished. Then she asked to see Ange.

"We owe him all—everything, Adrien," she said, her eyes filling with sudden tears; and Adrien went downstairs to fetch him.

When Ange came in, Valentine could hardly speak; but the clasp with which she held his hand in both hers, and pressed it to her heart, conveyed far more to him of her overwhelming gratitude than her faltering, broken words.

Jeannette arranged all. The three remained in close concealment for a few days, then the necessary papers were procured, and Adrien and Valentine were married before the registrar. In the middle of the night Jeannette Clos fulfilled her promise; she conducted them to a far-away, obscure little church, where, by the light of one rush candle, the curé, in the rough disguise of an *ouvrier*, over which he had hastily drawn a torn vestment, married them, invoking a blessing from on High. After that there was no need for further disguise. Ange Laurent and his wife might pass anywhere.

But Jeannette hastened their departure, in fear lest her husband should return. She was successful in her undertaking. She obtained all that she required from M. de Lemprière—a passport for Ange, a large sum of money for the young de Riancourts. He gave all she asked, his one anxiety being to get them away out of Paris, where their presence might prove a source of danger to himself. Disgusted with his selfish conduct, Jeannette took care not to spare him, but exacted everything that she could from him for his children.

Ange disguised himself completely, dyeing his fair hair and eyebrows to destroy the likeness to his brother. He passed as *Valentine's brother* going home with them to seek work in the country. Their hearts were so light and joyous that they laughed over their disguises with frequent amusement.

At last they departed. Jeannette stood watching them. Valentine was mounted on a mule that they had purchased; the two men walked on either side. The tears blinded the good woman's eyes, and she dashed them away impatiently as she turned within.

The little child pressed up to her and took hold of her hand. "Mother," she said, in an awestruck whisper—"mother, tell me! Are they then aristocrats?"

"Bah!" said the woman. "They are good patriots. The day of the aristocrats is over"—and stooping down she showered kisses on the little curly head.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

Shopping as a Fine Art.

Half the vexation and unsatisfactoriness of shopping arises from going out with no clear idea of what is wanted, no business-like adaptation of means to ends, and no knowledge where to go.

The scientific shopper makes out a list; she limits the cost of each article by the number to be bought and the state of her purse, and she plans her route so as not to retrace her steps and go over the same ground half a dozen times. She always tells the shopkeeper, in a few clear words, and always pleasantly, what she wants, and decides with reasonable quickness whether what is offered will suit. Dawdling is fatal to success in shopping.

The Bishop's Choice.—There is a whimsical account of the circumstance that occasioned the cities of Bath and Wells to be united under one bishop. It is said that Charles II., wishing to raise Dean Crichton, a native of Scotland, to the episcopal dignity, gave him the choice of either Bath or Wells. The honest Scotchman replied that he should like to have "bauth," which, being mistaken by His Majesty for "both," the two bishopries were forthwith granted him.

A Test of Friendship.—The only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness, or of their rising in the world; the more especially when fortune has raised them a degree or two above our own level.

The Lady's Slipper.—Thevenard was the first singer of his time at Paris in the operas of Lulli. He was more than sixty years old when, seeing a beautiful lady's slipper in a shoemaker's shop, he fell violently in love, unseen, with the person for whom it was made; and, having discovered the lady, married her. He died at Paris in 1741, at the age of seventy-two.

A Warning to Chinese "Mashers."

Long ago Government in this country used to interfere with people dressing as they pleased, but that would not do nowadays. In China, however, at the present time, such interference is common enough. The governor of the province of Kiangsu, in which Shanghai is situated, issued a proclamation, a year or two ago, denouncing the custom of wearing expensive silks and satins, richly embroidered at the neck and sleeves. The governor did not attack the ladies, but he warned the young men that if found dressed in a foolish, extravagant manner, they would be "run in" and punished.

Our Consul-General at Shanghai mentions that the "mashers" who parade a street in that city in which native restaurants abound, make it almost as gay as the tulip beds in the public gardens, and that the shops for the sale of silk piece goods are among the busiest and most prosperous.

An Evening Thought.

The bird that to the evening sings,
Leaves music when her song is ended—
A sweetness left, which takes not wings,
But with each pulse of eve is blended.
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight,
Makes also a delight for others.

—*Charles Swain.*

Distance lends Enchantment.

The hills look green that are far away,
And we struggle to reach them all the day;
And we say, "Oh, would that we could be there,
Where the beautiful emerald hills appear!"
Ah! would in the near we could calmly rest,
But the far-off always appears the best.
And this proverb rings in my ears all day—
Oh, the hills look green that are far away.

—*Louisa H. Walker.*

Double Acrostic I.

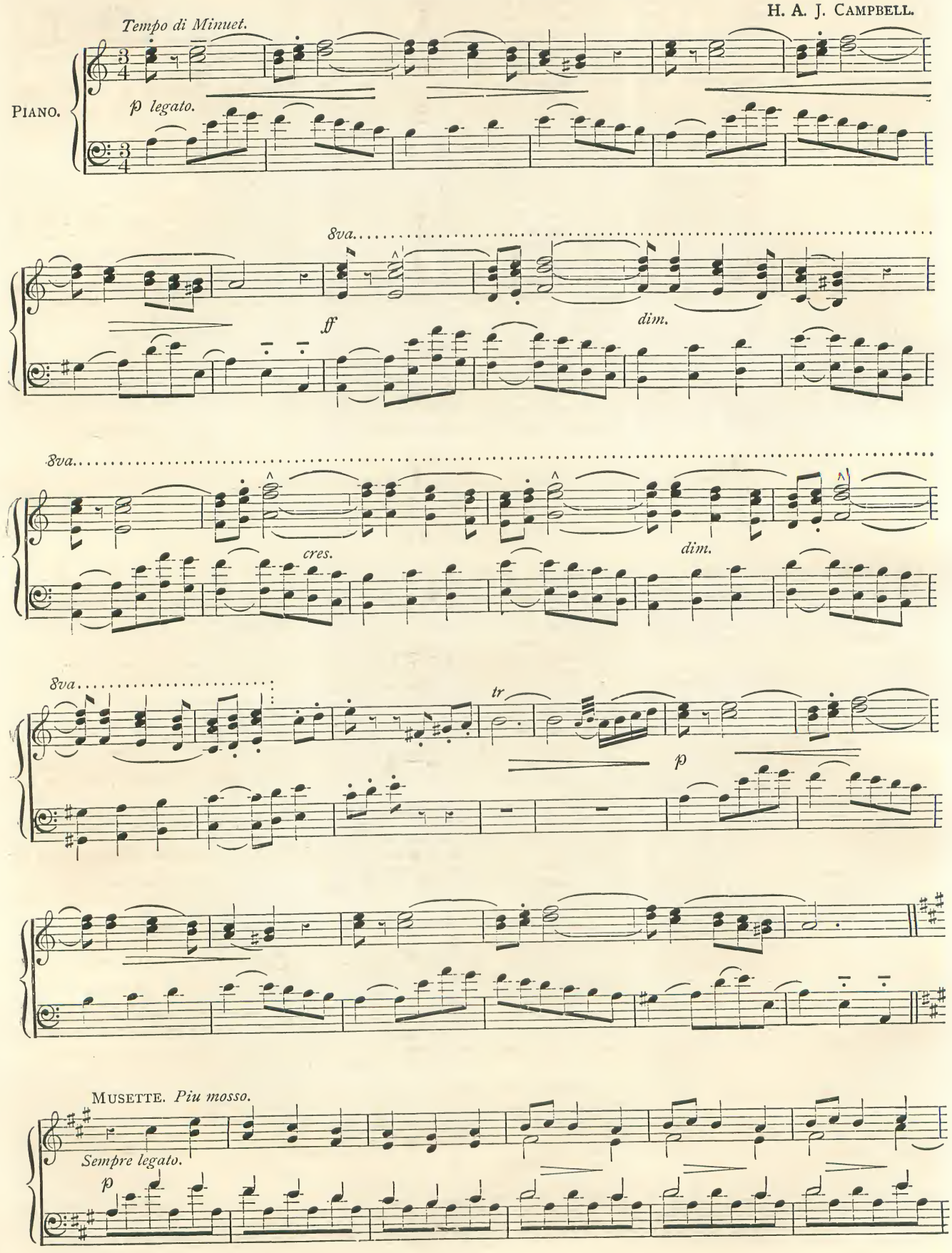
Strange, such unlikelihood should be
Between them. With the first we see
That Nature stayed her genial force,
To lavish it, with fuller course,
Upon the second; thus they grew,
As similar, yet diff'rent too.

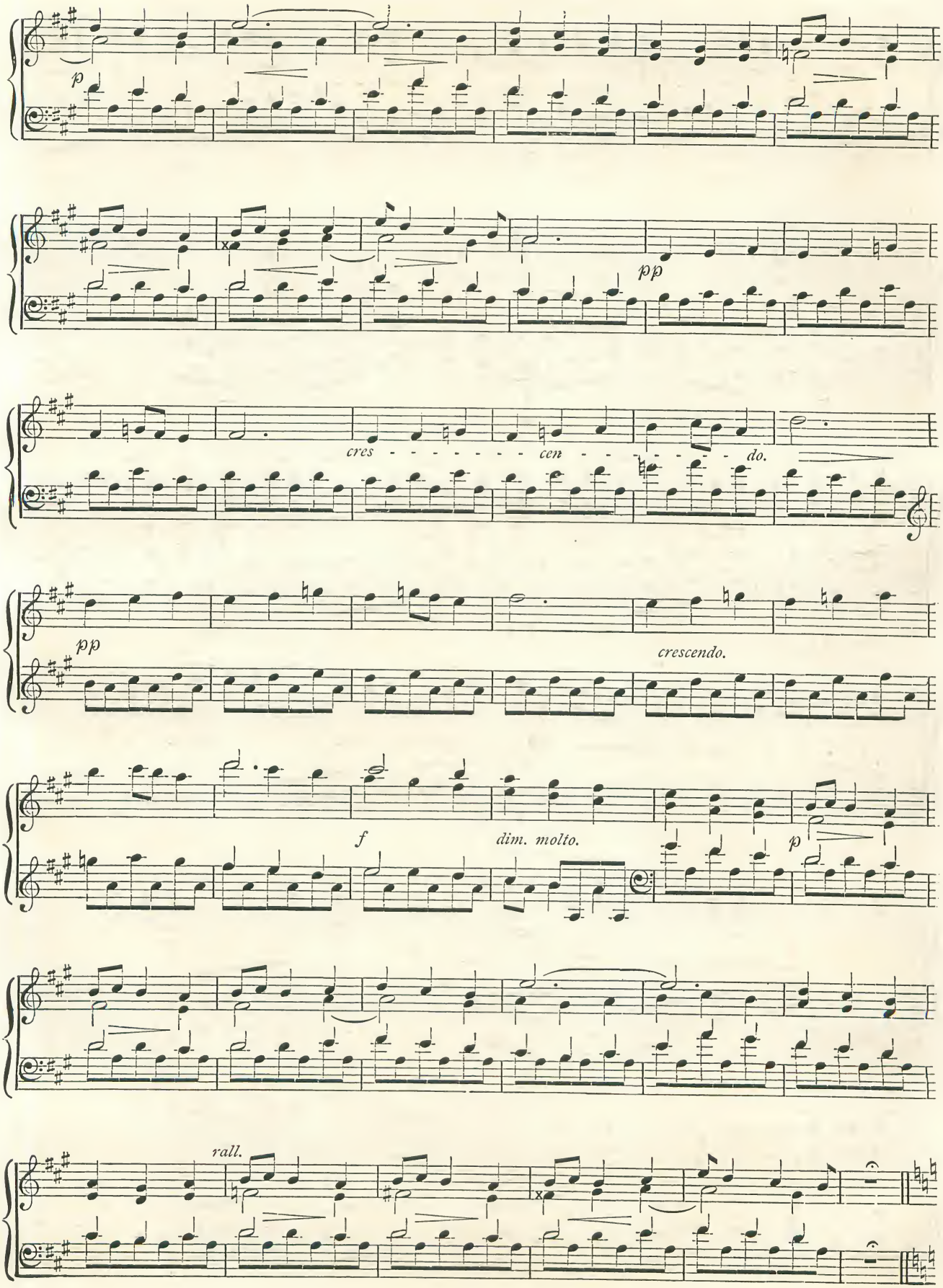
1. Esau's descendant, whose malignant mind,
   Could satisfaction in betrayal find,
   And could to the insensate tyrant give
   A clue to trace the blameless fugitive.
2. A noble stag; a pair of branching horns,
   With sharp and slender points, his head adorns;
   America this forest monarch knows,
   One of her southern States his name bestows.
3. Ere Saxons came, ere Romans seized our land,
   A British fortress stood above the strand;
   Hengist's fierce pirates stormed its earthen mounds,
   And slaughtered every one within its bounds.
   On the same site a Saxon castle rose,
   To guard our southern coast from foreign foes.
   Useless precaution! new invaders swarmed
   And landed near it, unopposed, unharmed.
   Its massive ruins former strength proclaim,
   Known by their modern, not their ancient name.
4. A cunning, sullen, solitary bird,
   Yet most amusing when his talking's heard.
   But in the time of old this was not so,
   His flight brought desolation, terror, woe,
   So deep, that superstition links his form
   With omen of impending death or storm.
5. The flow'r, whose touching legend thrills the heart
   With grief; we pluck its sprays ere we depart.
   And give them to the friends we hold most dear,
   To keep and cherish us our *souvenir*.

Ximena.

MINUET AND MUSETTE.

H. A. J. CAMPBELL.




p
pp
cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
pp
crescendo.
f
dim. molto.
p
rall.


Tempo Primo.
p
cres - - - cen - - - do.
8va
f
cres.
8va
dim.
tr
p
8va
f
8va
ff
rall.
rall.
sfz
sfz

HOW WE MANAGED OUR GIRLS' GUILD.

By ONE WHO HELPED.



OUR busy, dirty, manufacturing city simply swarms with girls—in mills, in factories, in warerooms, in shops, everywhere. To stand in one of the large thoroughfares at breakfast or dinner-hour, and see the sharp, saucy, prematurely hard faces of the "mill-workers," almost makes one wonder where girlish modesty has betaken itself. Only the other day a little stunted mite, as young as the Factory Act allows, was strolling homewards with the inevitable ragged faded shawl for a wrap. A tall, grave clergyman took the curb rather than elbow a place through the crowd of girls bent on jostling him. This one planted herself directly in front of him, and with calm assurance ejaculated, "I say, is it cold up there?"

Stimulated by much that we had seen and been told in Edinburgh, a few of us girls resolved to set about forming a Girls' Guild, for our own mutual help, comfort, and consolation in the first place. Then, we thought, if things went well, some outside work would surely come to hand.

Our minister encouraged us, kindly gave us the use of the lecture hall, and made a few practical suggestions. The idea seemed to be popular. The first dozen or so that we asked to join agreed warmly, and we formed our Committee, choosing President, Vice-President, and Treasurer from those who were out of their teens, and so had a little wider experience. Some simple rules were framed, and after a few pleasant meetings the question came up, "Now what are we to do?"

Naturally, we looked round to see whom we could benefit. The small annual subscription expected from each member made a respectable amount, speedily augmented as it was by voluntary gifts from outside sympathisers. Near the church which we all attend is a Home for Waifs and Strays, who, after training of all kinds, are drafted off, generally to Canada. It was proposed to give these outcasts a Christmas tree and an evening which they would remember pleasantly long years after. We decorated the lecture room, invited the thirty little inmates then in the Home, warmed and filled them with kindly words and a plain, plentiful tea. We played games until we were almost footsore, though the children seemed as fresh as ever. Then we had singing, and a short address from our minister, who, fortunately, has the happy knack of making himself young again whenever that is desirable. After that, every child took from the tree a gay-coloured, long muslin purse filled with sweets, a suitable card for hanging at the head of each bed, and an orange for after consumption. The satisfaction of the poor little lonely children was really almost too deep for words. They were safely conveyed back, tired by this time, but happy too. So were we.

Some of our rules might be mentioned as helping to explain our plan of working. We meet once a fortnight during the winter months. Each meeting the President or other official opens and closes with a short prayer. Every member is expected to contribute at least sixpence a year to our funds. A record of every subscriber is entered in our minute-book, but the sum is never set down: the total only of whatever may be paid in at any Guild meeting is recorded. So no girl is kept away from fear of demands upon a slender purse; while any who have largeness of means as well as heart can benefit our funds. As yet, every year has closed with a balance on the right side.

Every member is bound to take an active interest in some distinct work for others. Sunday-school teaching, hospital visitation, reading to some sick poor, a certain amount of time weekly consecrated to Dorcas work—all are open for selection. Materials to be made up at home are purchased from the Guild funds, and then sold to such poor people as bear a good character, at about two-thirds of the cost price, the labour of course being given into the bargain. Our girls take a real pride in doing our work well, and the pretty little frocks which some of our handy members can devise from a remnant or a cast-off dress of Mrs. Blank, are bought up as soon as finished. Thanks to the industry of our members we have been able to have three sales of clothing, and at each we have achieved the pleasant results of empty tables, warmly appreciative buyers, and a return of money for future purchases of material, quite sufficient to set us all busily at work again.

Close to our church is a very poor neighbourhood—our mission district, in fact. The idea was mooted of trying a meeting once a month, in the room down there where a missionary gathers what is almost a ragged school every Sunday, and has organised a Band of Hope and other similar agencies. None of us felt quite able "to give an address," even to girls; yet we could not gather them merely to sit and look at one another.

Again some Scotch experiences solved our difficulty, and with grave doubt as to our powers, we resolved to try a cooking class. A gas stove was hired, which, with the necessary tubing, only costs the Guild about 6s. each winter. A few slips were printed, and several of us undertook to distribute them through the district.

From the first the interest and attendance have steadily increased. Some older—and generally married—lady kindly gives the lesson, but the Guild are gaining confidence, and will soon be able to dispense with such crutches.

On a large blackboard we write down from the dictation of our "demonstrator," the dishes which have been chosen for the evening lesson, the quantity and price of each article required, and the time necessary for cooking, as nearly as may be; for stoves and hands do differ so very much, we find. Then one of us cleans saucepan, frying-pan, or baking-dish, as may be wanted; another chops suet, or washes vegetables, thus saving the time of the demonstrator, who mixes and makes, explaining each part of the process, and giving the reasons for it. It is amusing to see all the note books and pencils which are brought into use, and most gratifying to find out afterwards from some voluble, kindly soul, that "Betsy tried that dish you had at the cooking class last time, miss, and the boys didn't leave a pick in the dish!"

Of course sometimes our youth and inexperience make us slip. One night a brand new spoon was left too long in a saucepan of boiling rice, and when remembered only the handle and a bit of the bowl remained. But we flatter ourselves that on the whole, we have presented a very respectable front to our certainly critical but increasingly kindly constituency.

One meat and one sweet dish—pudding or cake—is made on each night; and we find that a "sweet tooth" is by no means confined to children. If the meat dish cannot be sufficiently cooked in the time at our disposal, we say clearly how much additional must be given at home; for we sell every viand at the close of the lesson at the price of the materials, which, as all is clearly written down on the blackboard, anyone present can easily calculate. If the result is satisfactory, the competition for its possession is often amusingly keen.

The dishes, bowls, etc., of course have to go home with their contents. To the credit of the district, it should be added, that in no case has any article so lent been lost or injured. All come back at the next lesson clean and in good order.

Twice we have persuaded ladies skilled in nursing, to come and give a very mild ambulance lesson. The poor people are so very ignorant what to do when any one faints, or meets with what is unhappily very frequent, with so much machinery in the mills—a severe cut. Bread and linseed poultices were made; the use of cotton wool with mustard sprinkled between two thin folds in place of the ordinary mustard poultice; the mode of bandaging arm, wrist, or leg, all shown clearly. Our Guild members were intensely interested, and made valuable notes; but the other girls rather shrank from what they seemed to look upon as "horrors," and we are doubtful about repeating the experiment.

Many of the Guild are communicants, and one of our rules is, that all who have that privilege should avail themselves of it at each partaking of the Sacrament. We do not absent ourselves without grave reason. Also, in cases of sickness, the Guild deputes two members to visit and enquire.

During last summer it was resolved to create some interest in missions, and to arrange for a sale of useful and fancy articles as early in the winter as might be found practicable. Each member kindly undertook both to work and beg, and this first effort resulted in over £22 being paid to our treasurer for missions. We object altogether either to balloting or raffling. We charged 3d. only for admission, and we only made or asked for articles which could be justly sold under 5s. each.

One thing remains to be added; a very serious source of disquietude to those on whom the management mainly depends. An alarming and wide-spreading epidemic of matrimony has broken out among the members! Perhaps after all it may be regarded as a valuable outside testimony to the actual efficiency of the Guild, but as our married girls pass from our ranks, and become "honorary members," some of us regard that increasing list with very doubtful satisfaction.

If our experience should be helpful to other girls similarly anxious for united work, we shall be glad that we have made it public.



JANET NEAL'S MENTAL PICTURE OF MALVOLIA.

MALVOLIA.

By ALICE MACDONALD.

JANET NEAL received so few letters, that to find one addressed to herself in an unknown hand was a distinct and pleasurable excitement. The writing looked interesting, being firm and decided, with quaintly formed capitals. Janet was a plain, gentle-faced woman, looking older than her twenty-nine years warranted, but with a mind and heart that remained perversely young in spite of hard work and a lonely, unsheltered life. A poor music-teacher, living in a shabby lodging-house, and able to count her yearly pleasures on the fingers of one hand, learns to attach importance to trifles, and to Janet the very appearance of this letter was a little satisfaction.

There was something childlike in the way in which she examined the postmark, and appreciated the quality of the thick cream-coloured envelope before she opened it. It had nothing to do with pupils, it bore no reference to music lessons, it was long and closely written; and Janet found it surprising and a little absurd, but none the less interesting, and bearing the stamp of truth. The signature was "Malvolia," and the writer introduced herself as a girl of twenty, who had heard of Janet Neal, no matter from whom, and felt strangely drawn to her. The last page of the letter ran thus:—

"Will you let me write to you, and will you sometimes write to me? If you knew how I long for a sort of impersonal conscience, to whom I may confess both my actions and their motives, I feel sure you would pity me and help me. I want there to be one soul to whom my soul may disclose herself without the least bodily or worldly prejudice. Let me write to you as one spirit to another, without your being affected by my appearance, influence, or possessions.

"Alas! what disappointments my professed friends have been to me. I have learnt at last that I need never hope for a man to be my friend—lovers, if I choose, but friends, never. And as for women—to them I am either a rival to be hated, or a valuable ally to be propitiated; a giver of gifts, a bestower of pleasures, one with whom it is not wise to be at war. It sickens me! You are older and wiser than I am: I respect and admire the life you lead; it would kill me: and I admire you for being able to endure it. Help me to make better work of mine.

"I do not ask for much of your time: only read my letters and write to me sometimes. Surely your life is not so full and rich that you cannot admit another interest. I know I should interest you. If you write, address to me, "M.," at the post-office in your street here; if you do not, I shall understand that you do not think me worthy of the help and sympathy I ask from you.

"Yours, if you will,
"MALVOLIA."

Janet was puzzled, interested, and in a certain sense pleased. She was a painfully sensitive woman, and had withdrawn herself from more than one would-be friend, feeling unable to passively accept kindness she could never return. The thought that she might have the power to give help and comfort by written words was delightful. Moved by sudden impulse, she wrote at once to Malvolia, and posted the letter before she had time to doubt the wisdom of her act. Half an hour later she tormented herself with doubts and conjectures until she became convinced that the peculiar appeal was a cruel hoax, and that her answer had been actuated solely by vanity and self-conceit of the most degrading kind.

Poor Janet bore the weight of her own bitter disapprobation for three days, until another letter came from Malvolia welcoming her response with rapture; and after that a week rarely passed without bringing her several sheets of the thick paper closely covered with the firm fantastic writing.

Malvolia was right; she soon became a most living and vivid interest to Janet: her letters had all the fascination of romance to the prosaic little music-teacher. She could not have explained wherein Malvolia's fascination lay; she neither respected her nor approved of her; at times she despised her, but she always loved her.

Janet could not persuade herself that her mysterious friend cared in the least for her; the long morbid letters contained no word of affection, no desire to know if all went well with her—only craving demands for sympathy and approbation.

She sometimes fancied that her feeling for Malvolia approached in a certain degree to the bondage of a man who passionately loves a fickle and worthless woman. Her many faults were crystal clear to Janet, her views and opinions often both grieved and shocked the gentle, conscientious woman—yet—she loved her.

If she replied seriously and disapprovingly, as she often felt it her duty to do, Malvolia simply ignored her protest, and wrote at greater length, reiterating all she had considered objectionable. But Janet was never disheartened. She treasured all Malvolia's letters in a locked box, and read them again and again, as she strove to arrive at a just conclusion concerning their writer, and the kind of advice and admonition she needed most. A few paragraphs taken at haphazard from these letters will best show their nature: they extended over many months—almost a year—from early in February to late in December. They were seldom dated, and had never a formal beginning or ending.

* * * *

"There is a ball here to-night, and I have grown tired of the glare and the music and the people, and left it all to come and write to you. It is such a joy to feel that I may write openly; be my own living self, with no affectation of reserve or mock modesty, such as I am forced to assume to those around me.

"I am looking beautiful this evening: I knew it before they told me, but I have had admiration enough in the last two hours to assure me of it if I had been blind. Shall I send you my photograph? I think not—in fact, I will not; it would certainly give a diagram of my features—broad brow, curved lips, and so on; but my colouring, which is my greatest beauty, goes for nothing, and I am poor indeed without it.

"Try and picture me—chestnut brown hair, gold touched in some of its waves and ripples, blue eyes with thick black lashes, and an ivory skin rose flushed. I see my reflection in a silver-framed mirror as I write, and it is a very lovely sight.

"Now this is not vanity: if my face and figure belonged to another woman I should think them well-nigh perfect. And why may I not rejoice in my own beauty? My portrait is being painted by a well-known artist; it is sure to be in next year's Academy. I wonder if you will go there and recognise your unknown friend—I trust not—I pray not. If you had ever seen me or knew my real name, the ink would freeze in my pen, and I should be wrapt away from you in a cloud of pride and reserve.

"Never mind who I am, or why I am lonely enough to seek you in these letters. While I write to you I have neither rank nor riches—I am only Malvolia, a most miserable girl, wondering how best to spend her life. I am young, rich, beautiful, beloved, talented; and yet—and yet—I am restless and unhappy. Nothing contents me. I feel at times that I will give up everything for music, devote my whole soul to it, become a world-famed singer. I have the power—I know it; but then—I should renounce so much. I love so many pursuits. I feel torn into a hundred pieces."

* * * *

"Your long letter came to me yesterday. I have been painting all day, and could not begin to answer it sooner. I was in one of my trances, when I seem to be high among the stars, with the clouds under my feet, and the earth so far away that it no longer exists for me. The fall after these hours of exaltation is terrible; I am in the lowest pit of depression, and only the sight of my picture comforts me.

"Music is much to me, but I am an artist by nature; the power thrills and stirs within me; I feel it in every vein. I could kneel and worship my work of to-day; it is an embodiment of truth and beauty—only a woman in dark draperies leaning forward, listening; yet the face says so much, and the neck and arms are filled with meaning. Have you ever noticed the soft beautiful little lines where a woman's arm joins the breast? I could kiss them in my picture."

* * * *

"No, I never paint landscapes; they do not interest me sufficiently; my nature is too dramatic for them. I can paint the sky but not the earth. I often make an impressionist study of a sunset flush—as if it were the blood of a sacrifice poured on earth and sky—so that I may remember it; and sometimes a sunrise, when I come home from a ball so very very late that we may call it early by-and-bye.

"I am not sure that I enjoy seeing 'over night's brim day boil at last'; I am too much in the secret of a day that I have watched from the beginning; my sunrise days are fraught with too much for me.

"But about landscape pictures: I think I hate them. Trees and hills and depths of distance in green and blue paint become ludicrous to me; they lack the human soul that makes pictures of life so precious. I am too personal, too *bornée*, to care for them. When I look at one I only think, 'I would walk alone in that forest if I could,' or, 'I could be happy beside that river if the right one were with me.'

"When I was a child a certain famous picture my father possessed meant the world of completed revenge to me, the vision of fulfilled desire. I had a hatred then—I wish I could hate as thoroughly now. It was such an absolute and perfect feeling; and when I looked at that picture, I always felt that I had killed her and buried her under the great rock. It did not matter to me that I saw her daily; that was only phantasm and mirage, and the real body I hated was crushed under the grey rock and the ghastly tree.

"Your sympathy is very precious to me; I

hunger for sympathy. I pity myself more than I pity the vilest wretch that lives. I have glorious gifts, and yet lack the powers to best apply them. I am too sensitive; the most ordinary facts of life sometimes give me a martyrdom of pain, a crucifixion of nerves and feelings.

"How I envy coarse, thick-skinned people, who are never disgusted. I would rather be disgusting, as they are, than be disgusted, as I am. So many things make me shudder with loathing. Think of food alone—slaughtered beasts: we devour the flesh and blood of dead animals; we tear beautiful living leaves and roots out of the kindly earth to make them into messes and mashes, with worms and insects still within them.

"Everything is uncleanly, everything we see is polluted, and we ourselves are the most uncleanly of all. I sigh to be a disembodied spirit: at times I feel that my soul is contaminated by being linked to my body. I should like to be a star, a sunbeam, a cloud—the taint of earth revolts me."

* * * *

"You ask me why I call myself Malvolia. I ask you, in my turn, why you do not read Shakespeare? Do you not remember the unhappy wretch in *Twelfth Night*, who was 'sick of self love, and viewed all things with a distempered appetite?' Flashes of self revelation show me at times that that is my true character, and I style myself Malvolia as a species of penance, a spiritual hair-shirt, a mental mortification of the flesh."

* * * *

"September.—How long I have been silent! We have just returned from Scotland, and I should like to have such a sense of God that I might give Him thanks for having created me. What a lovely world it is! I have been shooting, fishing, riding, yachting, walking miles over the moors—leading, in short, the happiest animal life it is possible to imagine. I have shot three stags. I never felt what real power was like before to see these strong living creatures reel and bleed and die because I moved my finger—it was glorious! It makes me realise for the first time that there may be pride and pleasure in murder.

"We had a huge house-party, of course—a constant succession of guests coming and going. People are all puppets—learn the right strings to pull and they will dance at your pleasure. I made my puppets caper merrily, and was never better amused. I loathe love, but I hate to be without a lover. This sounds a paradox, but it is pure truth.

"Well, now I come to confess that I have had several more chances to change my whole destiny. What will you advise, I wonder. Shall I become a Copper Queen by the simple process of marrying a Copper King? He is rich enough to harness my horses with diamonds if I wished it—wickedly rich, brutally rich; but I do not feel interested enough in the world to marry him for the sake of doing good with his millions, and I have no desire to spend them on myself. Good-night to that idea.

"I fear I was bewitched in my cradle; my mind is a very opal. *I love* the view of life one day that I loathe the next. I honestly believe at times that it is a woman's best and highest destiny to marry, and bear children, and devote herself to making the happiness of one man; and at other times marriage seems to me the wickedest and most tyrannous institution mind of man could frame for the misery and debasement of women.

"I hate my body; I want to punish it for being white, and plump, and prosperous, when I despise it so. I dream of becoming a nun. Yet no; here common-sense steps in: why should I lead an unnatural, artificial life, suppressing and feeling ashamed of every honest human instinct. I would give anything to be frankly animal: I attained that state, or should I say sunk to it, now and again in Scotland; but even as I rejoiced in it, a song, or a sunset, or a chance word, roused my slumbering soul, and back rushed all the old maddening doubts and feelings.

"One evening we were on Loch Awe, the most beautiful loch in the Highlands; the sky was a dream of beauty, blue melting into green, green ripening to gold, gold flushing into crimson, for it was sunset. Ben Cruachan's great head had one shining evening star above it, and the splendour fell on castle walls, old grey ruins close to the water's edge—once strongholds for defence and defiance.

"The circle of the hills was beginning to look cold in anticipation of the loss of the sun, and I sat alone, at the prow of the yacht, held silent by the evening sorrow one feels at such a time. Slowly, very slowly, there stole through my heart the peace of the parting day; it seemed to me that the riddle of my life and the mystery of my misery were on the verge of solution; I should be stronger and nobler after that beautiful hour. A ripple of music came from the group at the other end of the deck, and a verse of a song, whose words I could not hear, pleased me vaguely by its air of distant sadness; and then—then, while I gazed at the strength of the hills, and the splendour of the skies, came this chorus, shouted with fatal distinctness—

"'Mother, you will not forget it,
Colman's mustard is the best—
Ask for it, and see you get it—
Put a plaster on my chest!'

"I wept with rage over the disenchantment wrought by these vulgar, trivial words; but it was typical of life and human nature, and of myself.

"I wonder sometimes why I go on writing to you. It is a caprice that has lasted for months now, has it not? I never profit by any of your good advice; I never even think of shaping my conduct by it. I must be a law unto myself. But partly it is a kind of relief to me to write, and I fancy my letters must brighten your dull, grey life. You find it far pleasanter to have a somewhat absurd letter coming now and again than you would if I myself came in bodily presence to take you for a drive, or to ask you to stay with me.

"You are easily impressed by surroundings—every mortal is to some extent; and if you were with me now, you would feel a kind of uncomfortable respect for me, due to the dress I wear, and the room, and its furniture, and the footmen in the hall. These absolutely unimportant details would make you feel shabby and insignificant—intimidate you, in fact; while my rambling letters probably give you a pleasing sense of superiority of mind and content. So we will remain friends at a distance."

* * * *

Janet found it characteristic that the letter containing this paragraph was followed by nearly two months of complete silence. She wrote to Malvolia several times, fearing illness or disaster; but when the long looked for answer came it made no reference to her loving anxiety. It was shorter than usual, and ran thus:—

"Here is a real piece of new for you at *last*—I am going to be married as soon as my *trousseau* is completed. My poor mother is so delighted that she thinks me even more perfect than usual, if that is possible; she has always dreaded that I might launch out absolutely into Bohemia, and is accordingly charmed that I consent to consider the idea of being respectably married.

"He is the—well, never mind his title; he has all that heart can desire in the way of position and money; but, as you know, I have always had both, and care nothing about either. I won't pretend for one moment that I love him. I thought I loved a man once, and fate decreed that he was the one person I have met in this world on whom I had absolutely no influence. But I am tired of the life I lead, and want a change.

"I may be happy—I may be wildly wretched: at any rate, it must be different, and something new: something different is what I hunger and thirst for. A married woman has more influence and more power than any girl can have, and I shall not find much in the way.

"I would describe him if I could, but, riches and position set aside, he is made up of negative qualities—not young, not old, not handsome, not ugly, not tall, not short, not dark, not fair, not clever, not stupid, not good, not bad, not attractive, not repulsive. I may add to his good qualities the fact that he is not inconveniently in love with me. I am too vain to care to marry a lover and see him sink into a husband; if one cared either for the man, or the man's love, the disillusionment would be very bitter. To know that one's voice, and eyes, and lips, had utterly lost their power, to become a good and a chattel, counted just before 'his servant and his maid, and his ox and his ass,' from being 'my love,' to being 'my wife'—misery!

"*Eh bien!* all this I shall be spared by wedding the worthy gentleman, who certainly admires me. I am an expensive-looking person, and 'pay for dressing,' as my maid says, and he approves of my money. Of course he is rich enough for that last item not to matter; but money likes to marry money, according to the saying, 'To him that hath shall be given.'

"No more of this—I am tired of the subject. Write me one of your good conscientious letters. I may leave it unread for a week or so, but it will perhaps do me good, and it will certainly amuse me.—MALVOLIA."

* * * *

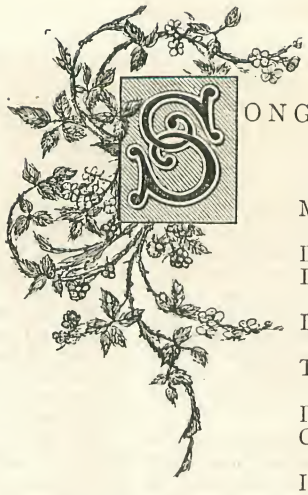
Janet was very much troubled by this letter. Her hopes for Malvolia had always centred in the belief that some day the vain fantastic creature would meet a man whom she could truly love. The Little Sea Maid gained an immortal soul when she loved the Prince, and love alone could change Malvolia from a self tormentor to a sweet and simple woman.

The losing of that hope meant much; and as Janet sat alone in the dusk, her forebodings grew as vivid as a vision, showing all a life's mischance: a tardy awakening to love, when duty and honour would forbid it; an undisciplined mind, with no firm principles to support it in the hour of trial; a strong will, that held self-pleasing as the aim and purpose of life, and a heart that would love the more passionately, when the fated hour came, from having been indifferent for so long—shame and misery, disgrace and dishonour, bowing the proud, beautiful head of the girl whom she had never seen, but whom she loved so dearly. Could nothing be done to save her?

She was not a ready writer as a rule, but that evening her pen seemed winged, and flew over the paper as with all the eloquence that loving friendship could suggest. She urged and pleaded with Malvolia to break off this impending marriage. The slight awkwardness she occasionally felt in advising one far above her in station vanished utterly. The true strong nature of a good woman who had loved and suffered, and prized her love even the more for the suffering it had brought her, counselled and warned the weak, self-deceiving nature; and the little music-teacher's mind was transfigured and exalted by the strength of her purpose, which meant to her the salvation of a soul in both worlds.

She was in a fever of impatience for Malvolia's reply during the next week, and spent much time each day watching for the postman, only to be disappointed.

(*To be concluded.*)



SONG OF THE WORKERS.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

Make the most of life, girls!
  As you go along,
Do not dream, at labour pouting,
Life is just a summer outing,
  Filled with fun and song.
Life is duty, urgent, needing
  All that heart can give;
Those who pass its claims unheeding
  Have not learned to live.
Do not idle through the present,
Choosing only what is pleasant,
  Making self your aim;
In the workers' noble army
  Strive to win a name!

Make the most of life, girls!
  There is much to do;
While you tarry, ways debating,
Golden harvest fields are waiting—
  Labourers are few.
For each hand, for service willing,
  Somewhere there is place;
Find the niche that needs your filling,
  Then, with heart of grace,
Make each hour in its progressing
Yield the uttermost of blessing;
  You shall find in store,
Fountain depths of pure enjoyment
  Never known before.

Make the most of life, girls!
  Down the centuries' track,
Days and years are fast receding,
And, once gone, no price or pleading
  Ever wins them back.
Each life hath one youth-time only—
  Rightly use its powers,
Lest old age, remorseful, lonely,
  Mourn for wasted hours.
Live, that grateful hearts may love you;
Live, that God may smile above you;
  Work; beyond the strife
There awaits renown eternal—
  Make the most of life!

SNAKE WOMEN: A STUDY.

Among the most curious creations of imaginative literature are those strange beings, "Lamia" of Keats, "Geraldine" of Coleridge, and "Elsie Venner" of Oliver Wendell Holmes. They are beings partly snake and partly woman, and are fascinating in both aspects, with something of the deadly, paralysing fascination of their snaky sisterhood, and fascinating also with the beauteous feminine charm of their womanhood.

The idea is an old one, and dates back to the mythical ages. Then the serpent was the visible embodiment of the power of evil, and was not only gifted with unusual subtlety and wisdom, but was represented as occupying a peculiar position in relation to mankind. Man was easily subjected to his influence, and if a tempter to evil but appeared to him in snaky guise, his downfall was assured. But as time went on, the significance of the old myth was partly forgotten, and we have the more modern ghouls and vampires, who hide their reptile nature in human form, the more easily to ensnare their victims. They are creatures of æsthetic tastes, it is only the physically beautiful that attracts them; but when they are sure of their prey, they do not rest till all the beauty is destroyed.

But most ghouls and vampires are coarse and repulsive, and their form is the only trace of humanity about them. Not so these snake women of the poets; they combine the woman nature with the snake nature, and the destruction they bring on those over whom they cast their spell is not effected without pain and suffering to themselves.

Keats has taken advantage of one of the old tales, and has given us a Grecian Lamia. But he has clothed her with a sensuous beauty, as only he could, almost hiding the repulsive element in exceeding loveliness, and it is a Lamia that is all his own, whether as the serpent, "that palpitating snake," with woman's mouth and melancholy eyes, or as the woman—

> "A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
> Of love deep learned to the core."

There is mystery about her. "I was a woman," she tells Hermes, and she is piteous in her appeal to be allowed to take that shape again. Was it a penance, a doom of the gods for some offence committed in her womanly form, that consigned her to such a fate, or was all her pretty pleading the guile of a serpent longing to gratify her passion?

She never appears repulsive, and in her snaky covering she is more pathetic than repellent. Her serpent's body and head are forgotten in the pathos of her mouth and eyes—

> "What could such eyes do there
> But weep and weep that they were born so fair?"

and the sweetness of the voice is such, we do not think of the serpent's throat. Indeed, except for the external form in which she first appears, there is little of the serpent in Lamia's words and actions, and it is only in the after event that her sting shows itself. She beguiles Lycius, it is true, but with woman's wiles, and her power over him is incomplete, for the mere echo of a sound from the outside world rouses his will into action, and she prays to him and weeps in vain. The poet seems enamoured of his beautiful snake woman, and would fain keep her so; but "do not all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy"? Once recognised for what she is, her human bloom fades as her snaky beauty faded once before, when "nothing but pain and ugliness were left," and then she vanishes. And Lycius? Lycius was dead.

Geraldine is more mysterious, more weird and shadowy in conception. Her beauty is less sensuous and more ethereal than that of Lamia. Lamia casts her spells and draws her victim to herself for the gratification of her own pleasure, but no such motive of self-pleasing appears in Geraldine. She is more subtle, deeper, stronger. Is she a female Mephistopheles striving with the guardian mother angel for the soul of Christabel, or is she seeking to free herself from some curse which has imposed the frightful snake-nature on her, by transmitting it to a pure, innocent soul? But surmises are vain, we must take Geraldine as she is in this fragment. Coleridge assures us he had a clear vision of the whole work when he began the poem, but to us he has only given two pictures of the series, two acts of the drama.

As with Lamia, there is little of the serpent in her outward appearance. De Bracy has a poet's vision of a bright green snake coiled round the helpless dove—

> "Green as the herbs on which it couched,
> Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
> And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
> Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!"

but he does not recognise the snake in the radiant lady. Christabel sees her eyes shrink

and deaden as a serpent's eyes, but then Christabel was under her spell, she had raised herself on her elbow and watched the lady as she unbound her robe, she had been clasped in those fatal arms, she was powerless to tell what she saw.

But Geraldine is not always strong, she falters sometimes; why else did she stumble on the threshold? or was there some charm in it that the evil thing could not cross? And something akin to remorse appears when she tells Christabel she would her mother were with her, though it is over in a moment, and she repels the guardian spirit fiercely. But the remorse asserts itself again before she finally cast her spell over her victim, and she seems to conquer it with difficulty.

"Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
Deep from within she seems half way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay.
Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side."

And what effect has the charm on Christabel? She hisses like a serpent, her features are changed; so great is the baleful influence on her she imitates "that look of dull and treacherous hate." But it is a change in her physical nature only, a paralysis of her mental nature; morally, she is still the "maid devoid of guile and sin," and when the trance passes, the good spirit returns. Which will conquer, the woman snake or the mother angel?

With Elsie Venner we descend from the heights of idealism to the plains of realism, and Elsie is the truest snake woman of the three. There is no mistake about her, we know how it all happened. The strange, weird girl, with her undulating, gliding movements, her small diamond eyes, her alternations of fierce excitement and torpor, is no mystery to us; she is scientifically accounted for, half snake, half woman though she be.

Except in their common dual nature there is little resemblance between her and Lamia and Geraldine. They are women conscious of their power and its effects, exercising it on one victim only, and responsible for its use. Elsie can hardly be said to have a victim; she is almost a child; her snaky influence emanates from her unconsciously, and she is not responsible for its effects. Lamia and Geraldine are capable of deception, and can appear in maiden guise or as 'a thing divine" at their own sweet will; but Elsie cannot conceal her nature. It shows itself in her curious dress, her barred skirts, and barbaric ornaments, in her habits as she glides along by the wall and coils herself to sleep in a sunny corner, in her power over the rattlesnakes on the mountain.

Lamia shows the emotions and passions of a woman, with the disposition of a serpent; Geraldine apparently has no heart, but is gifted with a human intellect and reptile nature; but in Elsie the two are blended, they co-exist, and for a long time balance each other. It is the rousing of the semi-dormant human feelings to greater activity, and the consequent increase of growth of the woman nature, that is the signal for the fading of the snake.

But while Lamia and Geraldine are types, Elsie is only an individual instance, an exceptional case, which is never likely to find its counterpart either in reality or in fiction. Lamia and Geraldine have more of the significance of the old myths about them; they typify the unceasing struggle of evil for mastery over the good; they are symbols of the dangers that beset unwary mortals who, in entertaining strangers, may entertain serpents unawares.

AN UNROMANTIC STORY.

CHAPTER III.



In another quarter of an hour I stood knocking on the counter of Etta Revel's shop. She came herself in answer to my knock, looking a good deal older and paler than when I had seen her last. Her gentle, pleasant face was marked with lines that trouble, and not time, had drawn there.

"Oh, Mrs. Vernon," she said, as soon as she saw me, and knew, by my own widow's dress, of the loss that had been mine; "Oh, Mrs. Vernon, are you really come back?" and then the memory of our mutual sorrows was too much for us, and for a little while we could only mingle our tears.

As soon as I could command my voice I began to ask her about her husband, and to tell her how I had heard from Mrs. Wills of her sad trouble.

"It is almost two years since it happened now," Etta said. "Mr. Charnock wanted Jim to go to London in a hurry, on some particular business. He came home to me, and had only just time to tell me he was going, and to say good-bye, and then run off to catch the train. I was vexed that he had to go without his dinner, but thought nothing, of course, but that I should see him back the next day. We had planned to go to a concert that evening, and I did not care for it without Jim. After baby was gone to bed it seemed rather dull sitting alone, and somehow I felt depressed, and didn't know how to read or settle down to anything. So I called Sarah out of the kitchen to bring her sewing and sit with me; and while we were both very quiet there came a tremendous knock at the front door.

"'It's the post,' said Sarah, with a jump.

"'It couldn't be at this time, Sarah,' I said. 'But put down your work and run and see.'

"It wasn't the post, but a boy with a telegram—'Accident to the up train. Your husband hurt. Come, if possible.' It was a dreadful blow to me. We had been so happy; there had never come a cloud between us, and we loved each other so. He might even die before I could see him again, and with that thought I threw on a shawl, and telling Sarah to mind the child, ran home to father and mother. They were very, very kind. Mother came back with me to keep the house, for I couldn't trust a young thoughtless girl like Sarah with house and baby while I went away, and father went up with me by the next train to Shelford, the place were poor Jim was lying.

"It is only a little town, not so large as Willington, and the people who had been much hurt were lying at the inn, close to the station. I expected to see Jim dreadfully changed—cut and disfigured perhaps; but he wasn't that, only pale, and so very still. I soon found that, though I stood beside him and held his hand, and kissed him again and again, he was hardly conscious that I was there at all. He had said one or two words, but didn't seem to notice anything much the nurses and doctors said. The doctors feared serious injury to the spine, but they couldn't at all tell at first how it would turn out. He might die quietly in a few days, or he might live. 'Live and get well,' I said, catching at the hope, and the young doctor, I think, would have assented, but the other, a grave-looking, elderly gentleman, with white hair, and a kind look in his eyes, took hold of my hand and said in a fatherly way, 'My dear, the truth is always best. There is just a chance that your husband may live. There is none at all that he will ever be quite well again. I should disappoint you cruelly in the end if I were to say so. All we can hope is that his life may be spared."

Father and I waited on at Shelford, waited till poor Jim knew us again, till we were told the sad truth that, though Jim was given back to life, to his wife and child and home, he would be always a helpless, hopeless cripple, never able to walk about, often unable to sit up, even for an hour. It was a bitter, terrible grief; he had left me so full of health and spirits. I had always loved him so much that at first I could not believe it. And when I began to realise what it all meant, I had hard work to hide my grief from my husband, and try to seem cheerful for his sake. Father and I brought him home, as soon as he was able to be moved, and I am sure Mrs. Wills must have told you about the railway company, and how I came to start in the shop here, and the rest."

"Yes," I said, Mrs. Wills had told me, and I was very, very sorry. "But how can you do it, Etta?" I asked. "Does not your husband want you to attend upon him? Mrs. Wills says he suffers so much at times."

"Indeed he does," answered Etta. "But I am thankful to say his bad days are not very frequent. When his paroxysms of pain come on I put everything aside that I can, and devote myself to him. But he is often free for weeks together from severe suffering; and I have never found that I could not, by working hard, care for him and for the shop too. And our little Willie is such a good, dear child. He has never been the least trouble since he was born, and of course that helps me. You will be surprised, too, to see how good and steady Sarah Wills has grown, and how much she can do. I wonder to myself sometimes that I can be so happy even now. Dear Jim is so patient, so thankful to everyone who tends him. He has borne it all so well—and you know it must be far worse for him than for me. It is dreadful for a young man to have to give up his life and his work as Jim has done."

"Ah, Etta," I thought, "you are the same as ever. It is your own bright, cheerful, thankful spirit that draws out the best qualities in those around you, and makes your world seem bright, whatever shadows come."

But aloud I only said, "And what can your husband do? How does he pass his time now?"

"He can read and write," answered Etta. "I am so truly thankful that he had studious tastes before. He will often say that the best half of his life remains to him, for he has his wife and his child and his books still." Etta smiled and blushed, quite in her maiden way, when she said this, and then she asked me if I would not come in and see James. He would not look to me so very much changed.

So I went in, through the back shop, which was used as a work-room, to the parlour behind, the parlour which poor James Revel never left, except to be wheeled in his invalid chair to his bed on the same floor.

He was lying on a couch near the window, carefully dressed, and looking pale indeed, but not very unlike his old self. It seemed almost impossible to realise the change which had come over him. Only, when he saw me, and tried to raise himself from the cushions of the couch, I saw with pain the great difficulty with which he made even so slight an effort. The poor fellow wrung my hand, and seemed truly pleased to see me. I tried to look the sympathy I dared not trust myself to utter, and began to ask him questions about his health and his books, and about the boy, too, the little Willie whom I had not yet seen.

While we were talking, some customers called Etta into the shop, and I was left alone with her husband.

"Etta has told you of our troubles, Mrs. Vernon," said the sick man; "but I am sure she neither could nor would tell you the half of what she has been to me through them. You know, better than anyone else, what a different life I had hoped to make for her. In my ignorance of what was to come I thought to shelter her from every anxiety and roughness—to make her as happy as any lady in the land. And now, now I am here, a useless, helpless burden, and she is at work almost day and night to care for me, and do what I ought to be doing. It is almost too dreadful to be borne sometimes."

"Oh, James," I said, "Etta bears it without repining. She is happy even now; she has but just told me so."

"God bless her!" said poor Revel, fervently. "Indeed, I know He does. You have had troubles too, ma'am. You must have known for yourself how a great sorrow seems to shake one's faith in God at times. Lying here as I do, I feel sometimes that I couldn't trust in Him if it were not for Etta. Then she comes in, with her dear face, that has always a smile for me, and her kind, ministering hands, and I say to myself, 'The God who made you and gave you to me must be good, whatever misery and evil seem to contradict it.' And indeed, though she seldom says anything about her religion, I know very well that it is the inspiration of her life. She could never of herself do all she does. She seems to care or me continually. She is the best of mothers to the boy, and yet she looks after the business and earns enough, with what little we have, to support us all in comfort."

"And what of her studies, James?" I said.

James sighed heavily. "It is of that I hate to think," he said; "that a woman with her faculties should have to give up all time for the culture of her mind, and occupy herself day after day in nothing but common everyday work, seems such a shame, such an utter waste, that I can't bear to think of it."

"Oh, James!" I exclaimed again, "don't say that. Her faculties are not wasted. Do you think that the most gifted woman, the brightest female genius that ever lived, could possibly have done an intrinsically nobler work than Etta is doing every day? Don't you think that it is just because she has always cultivated to the utmost the nature God has given her she is able to bear up and do so well to-day."

"I do, I do!" he murmured. "And yet I am sure you will understand my feeling."

Just then the wife came back, bringing with her a bright, rosy boy, a year or two older than my Trissie, and I had to make acquaintance with him, and to stay and take tea, as I used to do in the old days. But neither then, nor in the many subsequent days on which I saw them together, did I ever find in any look or word of Etta's any shadow of regret for the unfulfilled dreams of her youth. She and her husband are living on still at Willington, and I live in the hope that in the bright hereafter they may be amongst the number of those who will learn the full meaning of that mysterious promise: "He that loseth his life in this world shall find it unto life eternal."

[THE END.]



"I TRIED TO LOOK THE SYMPATHY I DARED NOT TRUST MYSELF TO UTTER."

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE.

"Who came but for friendship, and took away love."

"Do you feel inclined for a walk, Nell?" asked Fay one evening, as she and her cousin were sitting alone in the library.

"I think not this evening, dear," said Helen; "I feel too tired; but I should be very grateful if you would take mother out for a stroll."

"Certainly. I wish you would rest, Helen; you work harder than anybody else in this house, I am sure. I wonder," she went on, "that you let these boys tire you so"—the Dennis children had been spending the afternoon there again.

"They don't tire me, Fay; besides, I like to have them here, I am so fond of them. How we should miss them if they were to go away," she added.

Fay looked at her cousin keenly as she spoke. She was thinking of the scene she had disturbed the Sunday before, and was wondering if Helen was thinking of it too.

"But seriously, Nell," Fay went on, "you have too much to do. You will break down if you do not take care. You should make more use of me," she continued. "I have not your talent for or knowledge of housekeeping details, but I might relieve you of some of the charitable work. You are so frightfully indefatigable, Nell; you might content yourself with being a ministering angel to the village, without extending your labours to Redminster."

"I keep on the work there for father's sake," answered Helen, gently. "You know how interested he was in the people; and Dr. Gray would miss our help, small as it is," she added with a sigh.

"Well, Nell, I must get ready, I suppose. Do rest, darling, and be better by the time we come back," she said, as she left the room.

Helen lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes, but not to sleep. She was wearied in body and mind—too wearied to rest. The strain of the past few months had been almost too great for her, the more so that the burden she had had to bear had been borne almost alone.

Mrs. Warham's health was too delicate for her to be troubled with business matters of any sort; so since their father's death, Helen and her brother had taken the management of everything into their own hands. Mr. Warham's affairs had been found to be in a good deal of confusion, and by the time they were settled, a very small income remained to his wife and children. It was the task of making this go as far as possible that was taxing Helen's ingenuity to the utmost. She shrank from letting her mother feel in any way the effect of changed circumstances, as well as from giving up the little refinements and comforts so dear to those who have known better days.

Disagreeable gossips, who knew something of the real state of affairs, were fond of talking of the "pride of the Warhams," and their "keeping up of appearances," and so forth; but Helen felt as many in like circumstances do, that it is this very "keeping up of appearances" which saves many from breaking down, and giving up the struggle in despair. Once give way and sink in the social scale, and the chances are you never rise again.

It would indeed have been impossible for the Warhams to manage as they did, if Helen had not had almost a genius for housekeeping. As servant after servant had to be parted with, increased work fell upon her shoulders. She baked the bread, superintended the dairy, helped the cook, and saw, in fact, that everything was done with strictest economy. It was a disappointment none the less keenly felt because borne in silence, that almost her whole time was taken up by the great question how to make both ends meet; and that so little remained to her for reading or study, in which she took such delight. "It seems such a sordid thing to waste all one's energies on," she would say to herself sometimes with a sigh; but so little did she let those around her know of her feelings in this matter, that everybody fancied she delighted in the work—even Fay, who teased her continually about her love and capacity for domestic economy, as she called it. Yet there were times when she felt Helen loathed the whole subject, and would have given anything to have been saved the calculating of grocer's and butcher's bills and the like.

That feeling had come over her this evening as she lay with closed eyes on the sofa. Her brother's letter, with its undercurrent of hopelessness, had made a greater impression on her than she was conscious of. She hardly dared now to recall the hopes she had had when he first entered the great and wealthy banking firm of Eustace and Rivington. She had thought his success assured, and that before long, if their uncle would only help them in the meantime to pay off the mortgage, Ted would be in a fair way to make an income that would seem wealth in comparison to the sum they had to live on now. These hopes were shattered at one blow by her brother's letter. Their uncle had refused his help, and there seemed but little chance of Ted's bettering himself, for years to come.

"Nothing can save us now," she thought; "we shall leave West Dene, sink in the social scale, and be forgotten by everybody. Poor, poor mother! to end her days in that way! she who has been accustomed to everything of the best!" She realised now for the first time how ardently she had hoped all along that something might turn up to save their dearly-loved home. She knew that, in spite of the way she had often spoken of having to leave it, her heart had still clung passionately to the hope that the appeal to their uncle might not be a vain one. With the failure of that, she knew their last hope was gone. Still, the blow might be softened for them all if Ted's prospects improved; and she thought long and busily of how this could be accomplished. Scheme after scheme that she planned broke down, and she came sorrowfully to the conclusion that for the present there was nothing to be done. "Though how we shall manage, without letting mother feel the change terribly, I do not know," she said to herself. "It is getting more and more difficult to manage on our present income; and Ted's salary hardly makes any appreciable difference to it."

Then a painful thought crossed her mind. She recalled the scene of the previous Sunday, and what it meant—surely, if she would but accept it, there was a home ready for her, a home where, if there was not luxury, there was at least comfort; where there would not be the constant calculation that was a daily feature of her life here; a home, too, where her mother would be welcome, and where she would be saved from the discomfort and poverty which would be their lot if they left West Dene. Ought she to accept the offer? She coloured at the thought. It was surely a mercenary thing to accept a man merely because he had a comfortable home to offer; for here lay the difficulty—she did not love Mr. Dennis. If she had had even the spark of an affection for him it would have been different; but her feelings for him were nothing but those of ordinary liking and respect.

"I do not fancy, though," she said to herself, "that he is deeply in love with me. He has asked me to be his wife for his children's sake, rather than for his own. I," she continued, musingly, "have never been in love, so I do not see that there would be any great harm in accepting his offer. I should devote myself to the children, little darlings that they are. I am sure he made the offer out of pity for me or care for them; and if he does not offer love, he ought not to expect it. What a prosaic couple we should be, though," she went on, half aloud; and even the thought of his intellectual tastes, so like her own in many ways, and of all the time she would have at her disposal for reading and study, did not lend much charm to the prospect. "But, mother, darling mother," she said, softly, "if it would be for your comfort, I might do it."

She rose and paced the room as she spoke. "If I had only someone to advise me," she murmured. "Can it be right to marry from such motives? Oh, surely not! What am I to do? And yet," she thought again, "I am

only thinking of my own happiness after all. Oh, if one could only leave self out of sight, I believe I could make Mr. Dennis happy! He will not want much show of love, I suppose. And the children—they would brighten life; it would be nice to hear them call me mother, and to know I had a nearer claim on them than I have now." She paused; an intense sadness filled her heart. She felt she understood something of the meaning of renunciation now.

Like every girl, she had had her day dreams. It was hard to see them vanish, hard to face the future as it lay mapped out before her. Then there stole into her thoughts the remembrance of One whose whole life had been one continual act of renunciation; and the self-sacrifice she contemplated seemed to dwindle to nothing when compared with the self-abnegation of Christ. She lay down on the sofa again, and a feeling of peace came over her.

* * * *

Had she fallen asleep and been dreaming, or was that Ted himself standing there looking down on her with a merry smile in his blue eyes?

"Ted," she cried, starting up, "is it you?"

"Well, Nell, I was just wondering whether or not I should disturb your forty winks. Had a pleasant sleep, eh?"

"But, Ted, I don't understand. How is it you are here? I cannot be sure that I am not dreaming," she went on. "Tell me, do, how you came here, and why?"

"Well, little sister, here is the whole explanation. The head man in our branch of the office, who decides all about the holidays of the different clerks, etc., came to me yesterday and asked if I cared to take a fortnight's holiday at a moment's notice. One of the other fellows ought to have gone, but wanted to put it off until later, so old Thornton pitched upon me to take his place. You may guess my answer. I wasn't going to lose such a fine chance, you may be sure; so I snapped at it, packed last night, and am here to-day, for a whole fortnight. Just think—no more of that hateful office work for a whole fortnight! Hurrah! By the way, Nell, I've brought a visitor with me—that is, he stopped at the Rectory on the way down; but he'll be here in the course of half an hour or so. You remember Myddleton?"

"The boy who was such a favourite of Dr. Gray's, and who was at Harrow with you?"

"The very same! You met him at Redcourt two years ago, you remember."

"You have surely never asked him to stay here, Ted?"

"That's just what I have done, sister mine. And why not, pray?"

"Oh, Ted, just think of asking a visitor here when we are so poor!"

"Come, Nell, things are not quite so bad as that. I suppose we have still something to eat in the house?"

Helen could not help smiling. "Men never think of these things," she said, good-temperedly. "We are not absolute beggars yet; but really, Ted, it is a serious matter having a visitor just now. I do not think you know how very quietly we live. We have given up dining in the evening, and have a late tea-supper instead, about seven o'clock."

"Well, Myddleton won't object to that—I can answer for him. He's an awfully nice fellow. And really you ought to be grateful to me for bringing him down; we so seldom have anyone, we are in danger of getting moped. Oh, Nell," he went on, "what bliss to be in the old place and in the old room again! I daresay you are surprised that I am in such spirits; but it is the pleasure of getting down here, and seeing you all again, that has sent them up so."

"It is delightful to have you here again, Ted," said Helen. "We do miss you so. I was feeling so miserable before you came in; but now I feel ever so much better. But you must have something to eat; how thoughtless of me not to think of it sooner!"

"You need not trouble, Nell; I shall reserve myself for the evening meal. I had tea at the Rectory, and both Myddleton and I did justice to Mrs. Gray's cakes. Where are mother and Fay?"

"Out for a stroll. I expect them in every minute."

"I am sure that's the sprite's voice," said Ted, as Fay's ringing laugh was heard not far off.

In a moment he was off to meet them, while Helen went to see about the evening meal, and to make other preparations for the travellers.

"Bryant," she said, entering the kitchen, "what have you in the way of food for to-night? Mr. Edward has taken us by surprise, and brought a friend with him."

"Has the young master really come?" asked the cook, in astonishment.

"Yes; a little while ago. I could hardly believe it, it seemed too good to be true."

"Well, now, that is nice; and you'll be wanting something tasty-like for the young gentlemen after their journey."

"Yes," said Helen, with a troubled look; "but I am afraid there is nothing to make anything of. If I had only known we might have ordered something."

"Tut, tut; don't you worry yourself, Miss Helen. I'll give them something as I'm pretty sure they'll like. My cousin," she went on—"him as lives at Crossland's farm, you know, miss—has just sent me this very day a dish o' fine trout; and then there's some veal as we can make a mince of."

"Bryant, you are a good soul; I do not know what we should do without you!" exclaimed Helen, gratefully. "But I do not like your giving to us what you get as a present for yourself."

"As if I'd eat the trout myself," laughed Bryant. "No, no, they're for you. I was going to have sent 'em up to-morrow as a surprise; but, bless you, they may as well be eaten to-night. With that and the veal, I reckon they'll do nicely. Then there's the cakes as I made this afternoon 'ull come in handy. Oh, they won't see no poverty in the land, Miss Helen, never you fear!"

Meanwhile Ted had met his mother and Fay, and great was their surprise and delight at seeing him. Whatever Mrs. Warham might say of her son during his absence, she always gave him an affectionate welcome when they met. She was fond of her children in her own way—as fond as a nature can be in which there is neither much warmth nor depth of affection.

"Well, Fay, are you glad to see me?" asked Ted.

"Not particularly," she answered, coolly. "We get on very well without you. I think it shabby of you to take us so by surprise."

"Have you told them of the further surprise you have in store for them, Ted?" asked Helen, as she joined the group.

"No. I've brought my friend Myddleton to stay for a day or two," he said, turning to his mother.

To Mrs. Warham, who knew absolutely nothing about the straits to which this would reduce Helen, there seemed no objection; in fact, she rather liked the novelty of having a visitor.

"There he is, I declare!" cried Ted, as he caught sight of his friend coming up the avenue. "Come along, Myddleton, and let me introduce you to the family; although it should not be necessary, as you all met some two years ago at Redcourt."

"Even earlier than that, I think," put in Mrs. Warham, smiling. "I think we used to see you sometimes at the Rectory—years ago."

"I remember well having met you all before, and I am delighted at this opportunity of seeing you again," said Myddleton, pleasantly, as he shook hands all round.

Helen remembered how nice she had thought him when she had met him at Redcourt; and she felt glad that he had come just then, when they were all in need of a little brightening up.

While he was exchanging a few remarks with Mrs. Warham, Helen and Fay slipped away to attend to the supper table; and very pretty their deft fingers made it look, with its furnishing of old silver and delicate china, and a few flowers tastefully arranged here and there. There was no stinting of good things either; home-made brown and white bread, delicious-looking butter, such as only a home dairy can produce; honey, cakes, and fruit were there in abundance; for the Warhams never stinted their hospitality, however frugally they lived themselves.

A very bright little party sat down to supper in the pretty old dining-room. Helen and Fay had donned their white frocks in honour of the guests, and very fair and girlish they looked, Helen, seated behind the urn, dispensing tea and coffee, with the sweet sad look in her eyes that was so often there now; and Fay, the embodiment of the spirit of fun and mischief, not far off.

Ted was in wonderful spirits; he seemed to have forgotten all his troubles; he laughed and had sparring matches with Fay, until the whole party

were infected by his gaiety, and even Helen for a time forgot the cares and worries that had been weighing on her so terribly.

After supper they went back to the library, and Ted proposed a stroll out of doors; so off they went over the lawn, through the shrubbery, and down to the river side.

"Now, Myddleton," cried Ted, "this is what used to be our enchanted land! Our old boat is moored there. What fun you and I used to have in those days, Nell; as for you, Fay, you were a regular water-sprite."

"How lovely this is," said Myddleton, turning to Helen, who was gazing dreamily on the water, picturing to herself, no doubt, those long-ago days when she and Ted had romped and played there the livelong day. "You cannot think," he went on, "what a treat it is to one accustomed to live much in town, to run down to a place like this for a day or two. I am more grateful than I can say to your brother for having brought me here."

"Yet you would not care to live always in the country, I suppose? People accustomed to live much in London seldom do. Society there must be charming, though," she said half regretfully.

He laughed.

"What sort of society do you mean, Miss Warham?"

"Oh, not dances," said Helen, quickly, "but literary society; that is what I should like—and there is plenty of that in London."

"Too much, almost," replied her companion. "Society would be all very well if we were only allowed to exercise free will in regard to it; if, for instance, you could avoid the bores and the twaddlers, and mix only with the interesting, and the people really worth knowing. But that is hardly possible; even in so-called literary society there are a good many tiresome people."

"Yet it must be good for one to be constantly coming into contact with so many different minds. I think people who live always in the country, and see very little society, are apt to get into one groove, and to have too few interests outside of themselves," said Helen.

"Well, I suppose a judicious mixture where it is possible is the best," said Myddleton, smiling; then, finding he had a sympathetic listener, he told her of his life, of the society in which he moved, and of the men he met, drawing her out in return, and making her talk of her daily life, her work in the village, and her different interests. Their conversation wandered to books, and he found himself listening with interest to the clear, original ideas Helen had formed on many that she had read. He felt the indescribable charm of her manner, the quiet simplicity of her talk, so free from anything like affectation or conceit; and Helen—well, she felt she had never had so interesting a companion. She wondered why she should find Ernest Myddleton so much more entertaining than, for instance, Mr. Dennis; but she could find no reason except that the one had a gayer and easier flow of conversation than the other.

It was getting chilly, and the twilight was fast closing in, when they strolled back to the library, there to bring the evening to a close with music and singing.

Helen felt a strange gladness in her heart that night as she sat in her room thinking over all that had happened during the day.

"But it is only natural," she said to herself, "now that Ted is with us again."

Was Ted's presence the only cause of her brightened spirits?

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. L.—The address of the Secretary for the fourth summer meeting of the University Extension and other students, to be held in Oxford in August, 1891, is simply—M. E. Sadler, Esq., University Extension Office, Examination Schools, Oxford. The price of a ticket admitting to all the courses of lectures, concerts, and conversaziones, is £1 10s. The syllabuses, which will be published, will not only contain outlines of the forthcoming lectures, but suggestions for home study, lists of books, etc. Also, an official programme, giving a list of lodging-houses and terms, for the benefit of students, is now ready. A limited number can be received at Keble College and Somerville Hall. Scholarships to the value of £120, have been offered by the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., and eleven other gentlemen, for the purpose of enabling University Extension Students to study for a short time at Oxford, who would not otherwise be able to afford it. The first part of the meeting will begin at 8.30 P.M. on Friday, July 31st, and end on Tuesday evening, August 11th. The second part will begin on Wednesday morning, August 12th, and end on Monday evening, August 31st. The programme is to be had, on receipt of 6d. in stamps, from the Secretary.

Ignorance.—We think you would do well to see Miss Mondy, the Secretary of the National Home-Reading Union, the object of which is to encourage and direct study pursued at home. The Central Office is at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Of course if you suffer at all from weakness of the eyes and smarting of the lids, you should do your reading in the morning after your eyes have been rested at night, and never read by candle or lamp-light. Reserve that time for knitting, or doing some sort of work that needs little close attention, and will not try them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annette.—*Lex mundi*, "the world's law"; *lex scripta*, "the written law"; *lex terræ*, "the law of the land"; *lex talionis*, "the law of retaliation"—*i.e.*, the Scripture law of "an eye for an eye," etc.

Admirer of Dickens.—A completion of *Edwin Drood* was written by R. A. Proctor; and also one in America.

Frank.—1. *Multum in parvo* means "much in little."—2. "Technical" means of or pertaining to any business, science, or art, as "technical phrases," "technical language." Thus, in law, the words of a document must be "technical," meaning "legal."

Véronique.—1. There are two derivations for porridge: the first from the Latin *porrus*, a leek; the second from the Old French *porrée*—beetroot, pot-herbs, etc. From the latter, "pottage," a thick soup, made of beetroot, carrots, and herbs. The latter derivation may be a clue to the reason why, in the North, the poorer classes speak of porridge as "them."—2. *Sartor Resartus* is Latin, and means "the tailor patched," the title of an old Scotch ballad.

A Plain Reader.—We are sympathetic over your "woes and secret grief"; yet think you unwise, as well as ungrateful to your Divine Creator, to be so discontented over your face and figure. From your own very minute description it seems to us that you have nothing to grumble about. Suppose that you had a squint, or one eye bigger than the other, or a "mulberry nose," or a "port-wine" or mouse-fur mark, or a large mouthful of black and uneven teeth, like the grave-stones in an old churchyard! Humble yourself for your unreasonable discontent, and thank God sincerely that He has given you a healthy and passably good-looking face, not likely to frighten anyone's baby when you pay a visit.

Poll Pry.—The reason why some counties are called "shires" and others are not, is simply this:—"Shire" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "Scyran," to cut off, or divide; and all those counties so termed were portions of larger territories, or even kingdoms, with the exception of Cambridgeshire. Kent, Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, Norfolk, and Suffolk, all retain their ancient boundaries, and never were "shires."

Two Pupil Teachers might try Lewes or Rye, in Sussex, for their holiday jaunt. There are charming walks round the first, and good lodgings to be had.

Monica Iola Lisle.—Agnes and Inez are the same name, of Greek origin, the latter being the Spanish form. It means "pure." Beatrice, or Beatrix, means "making happy," and comes from the Latin.

Self-Esteem.—"The man *who* cleans the windows" is correct, not "the man *that*," etc.; but the last is a common mistake.

Music.—When plants decay at the root, the drainage of the pot is bad. Turn the plant out and put in fresh pieces of broken brick, and more of them.

Eine Unerfahrene.—Your father should respond for you.

Mistress Dolly Dimple.—1. Your fowls want lime and gravel.—2. February 9th, 1876, was a Wednesday.

Flowers.—White straw hats would require bleaching and re-blocking. We fear they could not be well done at home.

Shommie, Annie R.—Your sentiments are good, but the metre is incorrect.

Nora's Friend.—We should advise her to take fresh heart, and go away to some part of the world where she is not known, and so begin life afresh.

Nil Desperandum had better have her hands and arms well rubbed. A little oil will make the rubbing easier to do. She is using them too much.

Sidney.—The invention of the tricycle was not altogether due to one man. It developed out of the "hobby-horse," or "velocipede," dating back to 1769, and spoken of then in the *London Magazine* as "a chaise to go without horses," and again, some ten years later, in the *Journal de Paris* (1779), as a "velocipede," invented by the aeronaut Blanchard, the "hobby-horse," known to our grandfathers in 1819, having been introduced from France, and patented here by the Baron von Drais, in 1819; and in 1881 the idea was improved upon by James Starley, a mechanic of Albourne, Sussex. A vehicle on three wheels, with crank action, was sent by a firm in Chelsea to the Exhibition of 1862. But the "tricycle" as at present known is the perfected invention of Starley.

Lulu can obtain the number of the "G. O. P." by applying to our publisher, and enclosing the money in stamps, or otherwise.

A Sufferer should read the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the hands and feet.

Clan Cameron.—Make the rosemary tea for your hair just as you make tea for drinking. The best soap for washing the head is that without scent, and with the least alkali in it.

F. Cole.—1. Consult the article by "Medicus" on the care of the hair.—2. We do not bind ourselves to any limitation of time in replying to our correspondents, nor do we perpetually answer the same old questions, for which our readers may refer to former correspondence, or articles in which the several subjects have been fully discussed.

Troubled Lassie should show her eyes at an eye infirmary, or ordinary hospital; or she might consult a doctor at a time when his advice is given free. Her general health has probably much to do with the state of her eyes.

Epidermis should consult a doctor.

Hieratica.—1. Refer to all our directions given for cleaning ivory, and especially that of pianoforte keys.—2. We cannot repeat the same answers perpetually. You have our indexes at your service.

Nancy.—We are sorry for your trouble, but are quite unable to tell you how to prevent hair growing all round your neck. When washing, you might rub it daily with a piece of smooth pumice-stone, and that may gradually wear it off.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XII.—NO. 600.] JUNE 27, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

STOOL-BALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.



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A SHORT time ago there were some articles and letters in the daily papers on the subject of stool-ball, and most of us learned with some surprise that this ancient game had never quite died out in country districts. The letters and articles were somewhat vague: still more vague were the rules of the game as given in dictionaries and books on recreations; and it became evident to the reader of both books and papers, that ancient and modern stool-ball had little in common.

In the old game a stool was set upon the ground and the player took her place before it. A bowler threw a ball at the stool with the object of striking it, and the other player beat off the ball with her hand. The game was like cricket, with a stool for wickets, and as the players were usually women, there were no runs, the scoring being counted by the number of times the player at the stool successfully beat back the ball.

Another ancient form of the game resembled rounders. Stools were set up in a circle, and a feeder threw a ball towards one of the stools, and the player endeavoured to strike it back with her hand. After the ball was struck, all the players changed places, the feeder trying to strike them with the ball as they ran from stool to stool. Both of these old forms are interesting; but if any of our readers meditate starting a stool-ball club, we advise them to adopt the modern method, which is far more exciting, and makes a really enjoyable and suitable game for girls.

Stool-ball as played in Sussex just now bears a strong resemblance to cricket modified to suit the feminine capacity. The essentials for the game are a leather tennis-ball, two wooden bats shaped like tennis racquets, and two wickets, consisting of a pole five feet high, and fixed in front of the pole, at the top, a flat piece of wood about eighteen inches square.

An ordinary tennis-lawn is not large enough for stool-ball, which should be played in a field. There is no necessity to have the ground kept so carefully as for cricket, though of course long grass impedes both ball and players. The wickets are erected fifteen yards apart, and the players number eleven on each side. It is necessary to choose a captain to each team to prevent disputes, and two umpires are also a necessity in all important matches.

The field are placed much the same as in cricket, only closer round the wickets; the bowler stands midway between the wickets and *throws* the ball at the face of the wicket; the player strikes the ball with the wooden bat, and if she makes a good hit, runs ensue. The wicket must be tapped every time the player strikes the ball, or misses to strike it, and until she has tapped she may be put out or thrown out. If the ball strikes the pole of the wicket it does not count; to put the player out the ball must strike the square at the top. In all other respects the rules are the same as in cricket.

Mr. James, of Oxford Union, has drawn up a set of rules for the new form of stool-ball; but any players starting on the basis of the well-known laws of cricket cannot go far wrong.

Girls living in the country who want a change this summer from the inevitable tennis cannot do better than start a stool-ball club. The implements are cheap, the dress need only be a sensible flannel costume with a loose bodice and wide sleeves, and after some practice a challenge can be issued to one of the well-known clubs at Heathfield or Horsham. The great advantage of stool-ball is that it offers healthful recreation to twenty-two people at the same time, whereas the tennis-court only accommodates four players at a time. It is also a good game to teach working girls, for the essentials cost very little, the rules are easily understood, and success is more quickly achieved than in tennis, which has now become terribly scientific.

During the long summer evenings we hope the excellent game of stool-ball will be widely played, both in private meadows, in country districts, and in the great parks which are to be found in most of our large cities. There is a song written by D'Urfey in his play of *Don Quixote*, acted in 1694, the chorus of which forms a fitting conclusion to this article—

"Come all—great, small, short, tall—away to stool-ball."

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECTORY.

"... Not too austere and retired ... that his rigidness frighted people from consulting with him. 'Let your light,' saith Christ, 'shine before men,' whereas over-reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim."—*The Faithful Minister.*—THOMAS FULLER.

COMFORT and refinement were the ideas most vividly suggested by the Rectory of St. Mary's at Redminster. It was a long, low, rambling house, with bow windows opening on to the garden in all directions, and its red-brick walls and porch were covered with roses and creepers. Two sides of the house opened on to a well-kept lawn, part of which was used as a tennis ground for the benefit of the rector's juvenile friends, while the rest, gay with flowers, and shaded by two or three splendid copper beeches, was looked upon by the rector and his wife as their own special domain. Here Dr. Gray read his papers or composed his sermons in the warm weather, while his wife read or worked in their favourite spot under the large copper beech by the drawing-room window.

On this particular afternoon the party assembled on the lawn was larger and gayer than usual, for the Warhams, with Ernest Myddleton, had dropped in for afternoon tea, and the rector and his wife were doing their best to make them welcome.

"Well, Ted, my boy, it is nice to see you amongst us again, even for a short time. You must tell me all about your life in London. Keep a good cup of tea for us, Mary; we are going to have a little chat first, Ted and I."

"That is always your way, Alfred," said his wife, pretending to be cross. "There is a time for everything, you know, and 4.30 p.m. here is the time for afternoon tea. I can't help your tea not being good," she called out as they strolled off.

There was something in the rector's kindly sympathy that was irresistible, and Ted felt constrained to pour out his whole heart to him. He had said very little to anyone about his troubles since his return to West Dene. As was natural, the excitement of the first night had been followed by a reaction, and now he was feeling in very low spirits indeed.

"I could bear it, indeed I could, Dr. Gray," he exclaimed, vehemently, "if we could but save West Dene. It is so hard to part with that, and begin life in utterly different surroundings."

"Why not set before you the goal of making a fortune sufficient to buy back the place, if it must be sold. I have known that done before now."

"I had a hope once of doing that, but I have abandoned it now. There are no prospects for an unknown beggar like myself in a wealthy firm like Eustace and Rivington's."

"You don't know about that. Work well, and success may come. How do you like the work?"

"Like it? Could anyone like such work? I loathe it, and, for all I gain by it, I might as well be idle at home."

"No, no; believe me, my boy, any work, however distasteful, is better than idleness. And you know," he added, "we cannot expect to find the path always smooth. But there, I am not going to give you a sermon. It is so easy to preach to others, and say 'Be patient,' when things are prospering with oneself. But don't give up hope, my boy," he added, kindly.

"Well, Fay," said the rector, as they rejoined the group round the tea-table, "when do you intend to come over here and help in my parish."

"I don't intend to come at all," she said, laughing.

"That is too bad. I am sure there is no scope for your energies at West Dene. Helen is too indefatigable for that. Now, I know of an opening here that would exactly suit you."

"Oh, Fay is a great help to me; you must not charm her away," said Helen.

"Have you been very useful lately?" asked the rector.

"Of course," she replied; "but I almost struck the other day when Helen kept me standing for half an hour in a poky little garden filled with nothing but smelly cabbages, while she played the ministering angel inside."

"You might have come in, Fay," said her cousin, laughing.

"Yes, but I stayed out on principle. I do not see why Tommy Green's

naughtiness should be encouraged. He broke his leg," she added, turning to the rector, "in trying to reach a jam pot when his mother was out of the way; and now that Helen coddles him, and takes all sorts of nice things to him, half a dozen other greedy little boys in the village will think it a good plan to try the same thing, and we shall have a regular hospital in the place."

Dr. Gray laughed. "I am afraid, Helen, you do not exercise enough control over this cousin of yours. Come," he said, "I must introduce you to my strawberry beds."

"Now, Alfred, that is too bad again," cried his wife; "the best of the strawberries are here, and cream, too."

"All right, wifie; I have no doubt Helen can do justice to both. We shall not be very long, but we want a little chat—don't we, Helen?" he said.

He had known Helen from childhood, and she had always been one of his special friends.

"You are not looking well, child," he said, as soon as they were alone. "Working too hard, eh?"

"Oh, it is nothing," she replied. "I have been rather busy lately. Ted's coming on us so suddenly and bringing a visitor with him made a little more work, of course."

She did not care to reveal to him, old friend as he was, the difficulties with which she was striving, the hard struggle to make both ends meet, which was daily becoming more wearing.

"Ted is looking well, but I am sorry to see him so down-hearted. You must not let him depress you, child," he said, laying his hand kindly on Helen's shoulder.

"Oh, he has brightened us up wonderfully," she answered, quickly. "He has been in such good spirits since he came. One could not expect him to be always so bright, poor fellow," she said, sadly.

"I have just been telling him that he must make it his aim to buy back West Dene."

"I am afraid there is little hope of his being able to do that."

"Come, you are getting melancholy, too," said the rector. "There! are not these beauties?" he said, handing her some of the largest and ripest strawberries he could find. "You must not give up heart. You know the day is darkest before dawn—something might happen even now to help you."

Helen shook her head sadly. She thought it very unlikely.

"Well, we must return, and do justice to the wife's good things, or she won't forgive me for having carried you off. You see," he continued, "the possibility of Ted's being able to buy the place back is not such a very remote one after all. The boy has splendid brains, and once give him an opening, he will make his way."

"But there seems to be no opening for him where he now is."

"But that might come. Let him prove himself faithful in little, you know, and he will win for himself a chance of being faithful in much."

"Do you know anything about the firm, Dr. Gray?" she asked.

"No. I only know that it is a first-rate one. The sleeping partner, Eustace, they say, is almost a millionaire."

"Ah! here you are at last!" said Mrs. Gray, as they joined the little circle round the tea-table. "You must have some more tea, Helen, and some of my strawberries, which are quite as good as his," she said, with a laughing glance at her husband.

Mrs. Gray's afternoon teas were celebrated everywhere. It was agreed no tea had such a delicate flavour as that at the Rectory; no cream was so rich as that yielded by "Daisy," the Rectory cow, that grazed on the fine pasture in the field next the garden. Nobody could produce cakes to vie with the delicious scones made by Elspeth, Mrs. Gray's Scotch cook; and certainly the fruit—of which there was always such a plentiful supply in the Rectory garden—was unequalled in size and sweetness anywhere.

Ebenezer Watson, a working tailor who lived near the Rectory, was fond of remarking that "parsons don't do nothin' for a livin', and such as me has to work to feed 'em"; but then he was a notorious grumbler and fault-finder. Mrs. Gray knew all about him, and made allowance for his peculiarities with the remark, that sitting over his work so much made the poor fellow's liver bad. Sweet little Mrs. Gray! Poor Ebenezer would have been badly off but for her friendship. It was she who visited his wife when she was struck down with fever, and sent her day after day jelly and other nourishing food. These Ebenezer was glad enough to receive, though he was sometimes heard to remark ungraciously that "she'd have done a deal better if she had sent them a bottle of port or sherry wine instead of all them slops."

Everything round the Rectory certainly did suggest well-being and comfort; but we all know there are some men and women for whom flowers bloom more readily, near whom animals grow sleek and fat, and in whose smiles children love to sun themselves. Dr. Gray and his wife were of these, and it would have been hard indeed if all the natural sequences of life were to be reversed to suit the levelling ideas of such as Ebenezer Watson. If God had seen fit to entrust the rector with a fair amount of the world's goods, he always remembered that they were only in trust, and he never forgot to use them as such.

"I want to know if you girls will help me with my mothers' meeting this summer?" asked the rector's wife. "I am going to have a dozen or two mothers here to spend the day. You two would be invaluable. You, Fay, might recite, and Helen could sing. You see, I don't beat about the bush," she said, laughing. "If you come, I expect you to make yourselves useful."

"What is my wife letting you in for now?" asked the rector.

"For my pet aversion," answered Fay.

"What's that—a tennis party?"

"No, a mothers' meeting," she said.

"Come, come, this is shocking," said the rector. "You will never do to help in my parish if you hold these views."

"You must only believe half of what Fay tells you about such matters, Dr. Gray," said Helen. "She takes a pleasure in making herself out to be worse than she really is. I assure you the mothers of West Dene are all in love with Fay, and it is a great disappointment to them when she does not appear at the meetings."

"That is only because I make them laugh," said Fay. "Nell is the one who comforts and gives them advice. I couldn't do that. I should have been at my wits' end if Mrs. Barnes had asked me to prescribe for her Johnnie, as she asked Helen the other day. Nell, of course, was equal to the occasion, and is up a peg in the estimation of all the mothers, in consequence."

"Well, Fay, there is no fear of your being asked for advice at my meeting. I shall be quite satisfied if you amuse the mothers and keep them in good humour."

"But whatever will you do with them all the time?" asked the girl. "Make them play tennis?"

Mrs. Gray laughed.

"Who spoke about tennis?" said the rector. "Do you wish a game, Fay?"

"Not to-day, thank you. But," she added, boldly, "I wish you would have a tennis party such as you had last year."

"A very good idea," said the rector, laughing. "Ernest," he said, turning to young Myddleton, who was at that moment enjoying a *tête-à-tête* talk with Helen, "what do you say to our celebrating your visit by a tennis party? It must be when you are with us," he added. "You know we have arranged for you to spare us a day or two before you leave the neighbourhood. Do you agree, Mary?"

"Certainly; but I want them to dine with us one evening as well, when Ernest comes to stay. Then you can discuss your plans for the garden party," she added, smiling.

"Capital," said the rector. "We may count upon you all, I suppose. Ted, you will still be here. I leave the arranging of dates to Mary."

(To be continued.)

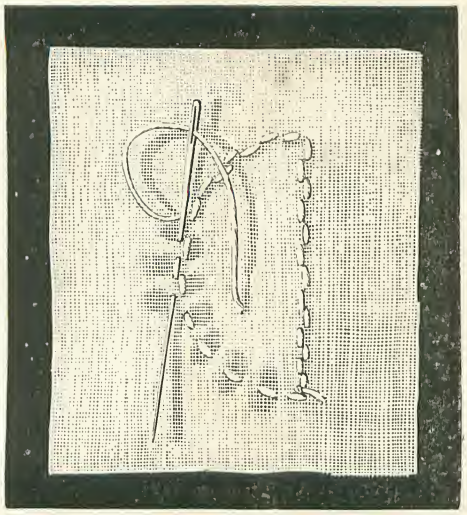




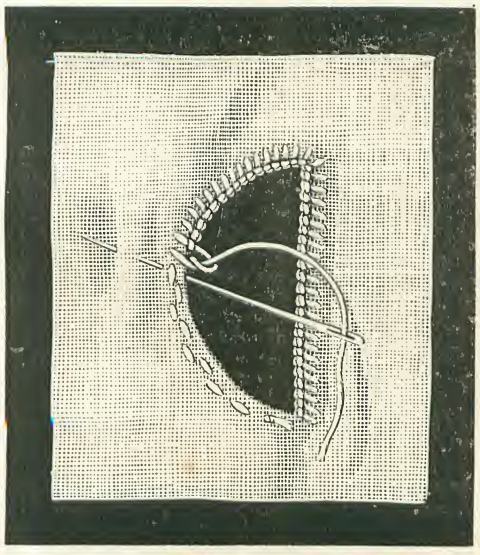
A TOWEL.

DANISH EMBROIDERY.

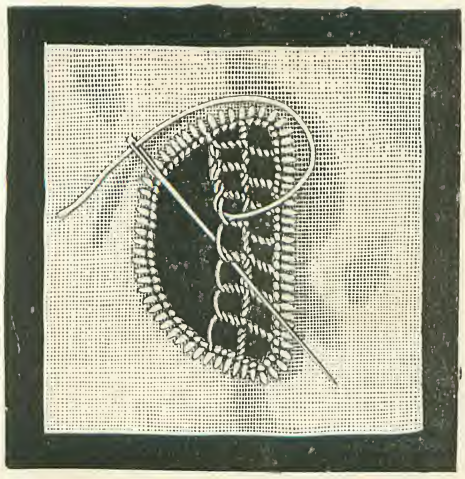
With designs by JULIE NÖRREGARD.



I.



II.



III.

Some miles from Copenhagen there is a small town called Roskilde, which before the fifteenth century was the capital. The king's residence was there, and the place itself was one of great importance.

This place was really the cradle of the beautiful needlework which is called generally Danish embroidery. It was here that centuries ago, when the Church sent men and women from Rome to teach the Christian faith to the northern heathen, that the latter learnt from their teachers all kinds of needlework, eminently the Italian lace-work which they had learnt in Italy. As will be seen by examining the stitches in the towel here illustrated, there is a strong Italian element in the work, although it has taken a somewhat distinctive character of its own, which merits its name of Danish.

The special charm of the work to me is that it adorns the common things of everyday life and use. The illustration before you is of a towel which is used by the peasantry. The V-shaped band of embroidery is from a peasant's shirt. I do not think that our English poor will ever spend time in thus decorating their linen, or that Hodges will soar higher in his personal adornment than having his blouse smocked, as is often done even in these days in some parts of England.

But from these specimens of work it will easily be seen how well the same embroidery can be adapted to the embellishing of tea-cloths, aprons, and linen of all kinds, and our readers will be glad of some instruction on the subject.

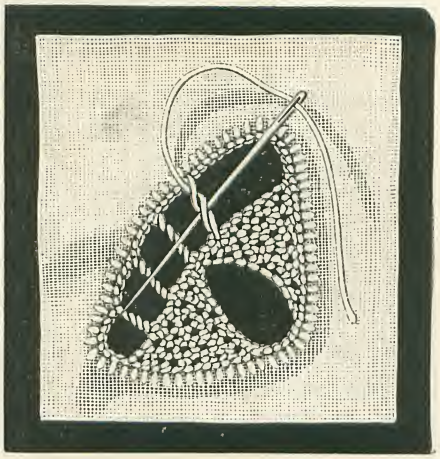
Our illustration shows all the different stitches used in the cloth, which is of coarse linen, flax thread being used to work it with.

No. I. — Make the foundation strong by running the thread twice round the pattern.

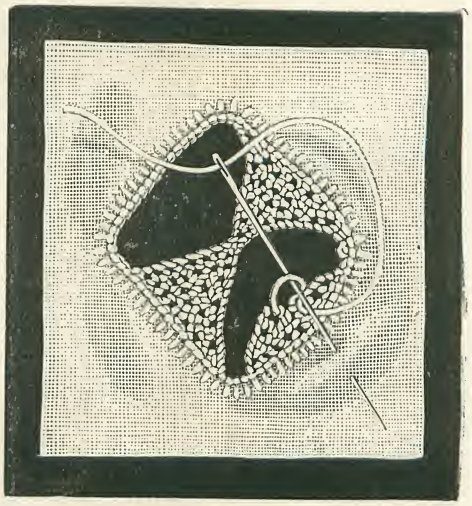
No. II.—Cut out the centre of the linen, turning in the raw edge nearest the outline. When this is done, button-hole the whole outline.

No. III.—From left side of the pattern work eight loops, which have to be fastened in by button-holing. The thread is twisted twice for each of them. When the right side of the pattern is reached, run the thread back through the top of the loops. The thread must then be carried on the wrong side of the button-holing some few stitches higher up, from which part the same work is repeated on four times.

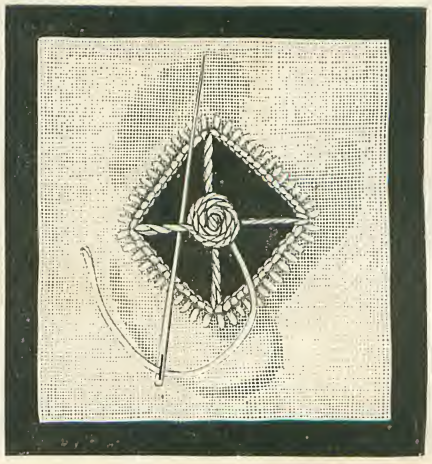
No. IV.—Begin to work a few stitches from one corner side of the button-holed square. Begin to work the first row of the pyramidal figure exactly in same stitches as in No. III. the thread being only twisted once in each loop. Begin with seven loops, then turn back the thread through the top of them. Then work the next row, in which there will be room for six loops, in the next five, and so on until you reach the top, which consists of one loop. Then the thread is carried down the



IV.



V.



VI.



FROM A PEASANT'S SHIRT.

left side of the figure to the bottom, where the thread is carefully fastened down in the part which is done in button-hole stitch. After that is complete, the opposite figure is worked in exactly the same manner. When the top loop is going to be worked, it is fastened to the figure which is already worked. When the third figure is worked, fasten it to the second, and the fourth to the third.

No. V.—Work the two pyramidal figures first, and then join them together as described in No. IV., carrying a thread from the round line of the figure. Work the thread back by twisting it three times. When this is done five times, the pyramidal figure will be securely fastened to the third side of the whole.

No. VI.—From one corner of the square which is done in button-hole stitch, you carry the thread from the opposite corner. Twist the thread back as far as the centre, then go to the third corner and back to the centre, then to the fourth and back. Next work the spider, having made it large enough to run the thread down the first cord, so that it can be fastened into the button-holed border.

MALVOLIA.

By ALICE MACDONALD.

One frosty morning, about ten days later, as Janet was going out to give a music-lesson, she met an old woman whom she knew by sight as a near neighbour, and whose name she had learnt from her landlady. Mrs. Puggin carried an umbrella in one hand and a basket and a letter in the other. As she passed she slipped on an ice-covered stone and fell almost at Janet's feet. Janet helped her up and stooped for the umbrella and letter, which had fallen. Something in the look of the envelope struck her as familiar, but she was none the less surprised to find it was addressed to herself—from Malvolia—the long looked for reply!

Mrs. Puggin, a squalid, pathetic figure, stood brushing the snow from her thin skirt, and Janet wondered what possible link there could be between this woman and her bright and beautiful Malvolia.

"This letter is for me," she said; "where did you get it?"

"I was takin' it to post."

"Yes, but who gave it to you?"

"Why, my daughter Emmy of course, miss;" and Mrs. Puggin's politeness seemed taxed not to answer such an unnecessary question scornfully.

Janet remembered having heard of Mrs. Puggin's daughter, a crippled, bed-ridden girl, but the mystery only became deeper. What could a deformed cripple, a prisoner in one room, know of Malvolia?

"I don't at all understand. Can you tell me who sent this letter to your daughter for me?" she asked, eagerly.

"Why, whatever can you be meanin', miss? My girl wrote it you 'erself last night, she did."

"It's impossible," cried Janet. "Malvolia—I mean, the writer of this letter—is not your daughter."

"I know nothink about Mulvoliar, or whatever it is you call 'er," said Mrs. Puggin, stiffly, "but what I do know is, that my daughter Emmy 'as wrote you letters, and precious long ones too, ever since last February. I've reason to know it indeed, for she 'as spent a sight o' money on paper as was fit to write to you on, as she used to say, and the stamps and all too, and you livin' that close by as it 'ud have been quicker for me to bring 'em to you instead of takin' 'em to the pillar, let alone it bein' a savin'. And me goin' to the office to fetch your letters to 'er addressed "M.," as if 'er own name of Puggin wasn't good enuff to be written. But there, it was Emmy's whim, and she 'asn't too many pleasures, pore girl, to be crossed in this one. And as for keepin' 'er in a good temper and out of 'er cryin' fits, why, I do assure you, miss, your letters were a perfect blessin' to me. She's that clever with 'er fingers in makin' them paper toys you pull on strings, when she cares to, that there's more than one shop glad to get them, really glad; and a shillin' for eight, though they do sell at threepence each, counts for somethin' in these days."

Mrs. Puggin had talked herself into a good temper again, and smiled complacently; but Janet hardly heard her last words. The shock of the surprise was too great to be quickly realised, and she was sure there was some preposterous mistake.

"Take me to your daughter," she said. "I must see her at once."

"Well, miss, I do own I 'ad thought it a little 'ard of you, bein', as I may say, quite near neighbours, though not in the same street, to write so often to the pore girl and yet never to come near 'er; but Emmy said you liked it that way, and I wasn't to dare to speak to you, or trouble you. But seein' it's come on the chance like, and no 'arm done, Emmy will be pleased and proud, she will."

Janet followed her closely down the street and up a narrow staircase. The music lesson was forgotten, and her whole mind was fixed on the desire to fathom this mystery of Malvolia. Mrs. Puggin's story was absolutely incredible, but Emmy would doubtless explain everything to her.

The room they entered was small and dark. A narrow bed was pushed close up against the one window, and in it lay a little humpbacked figure, busy with scissors and cardboard. Janet noticed every detail with one glance—the large head set almost without neck on the meagre, misshapen shoulders, the scanty, unkempt hair, the thin dirty hands adjusting a cardboard dancer, whose pink legs dangled beneath her short blue skirt with an indescribable air of vulgarity; even the stained patchwork quilt on the bed caught her attention. The cripple had not heard the door open.

"There," said Mrs. Puggin, proudly, "ther's my daughter—the one as wrote you all those letters!"

Emmy turned with a cry, and Janet saw an

ugly, white face, small eyed, large lipped, irregular featured, and had time to note its expression of frightened shame before the girl cowered down upon her pillow and tried to draw the quilt over her head. She would have been plain, even if she had been strong and healthy; but her hunchbacked figure and her sickly pallor rendered her repulsive. Could this creature be the bright and beautiful Malvolia!

Janet came forward, meaning to lay her hand on the girl's shoulder; but she saw the deformity there, and could not touch her.

"Tell me," she said, "did you write those letters? Are you—did you pretend to be Malvolia?"

The girl only sobbed.

"Come, come, Emmy," said her mother, "do behave nicely when the lady as you are so fond of takes the trouble to come and see you. It's only 'er nervousness, miss—you mustn't mind it; it ain't worth takin' no notice of. Why, she prizes those letters of yours as never was. You've got 'em all locked up safe in a box—'aven't you, Emmy? Take your 'ead out of the piller, child, and don't act so foolish—I'm surprised at you. And she reads 'em and reads 'em time and agen. They're as good as books to her, that they are. Why, look, miss, 'ere's one of 'em kep' under 'er piller."

Janet looked at her passionate heart-felt appeal to Malvolia. The pages were spotted by candle droppings and greasy finger-marks. Her last doubts gave way, and her feeling of bewilderment changed to bitterness and furious anger at the long deceit.

"It's no use crying—speak to me. Tell me how you dared to do this, and why you have treated me in this way?" she said, shaking the iron rail of the bed in a strong grasp of irritation. She could not bring herself to touch the miserable girl, but needed to clutch something.

The impersonator of Malvolia trembled and writhed as she spoke, with her face still hidden.

"Yes—yes—I did it—I can't speak. Please go away. I'll write—I can't speak. Let me alone!"

"Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Puggin, as Janet flung down the unopened letter that had been the clue to the mystery and hurried out of the house. She went quickly back to her own room, and, unlocking the box in which she kept Malvolia's letters, set herself to read them by the light of this discovery.

Once out of sight of Emmy Puggin, a forlorn hope possessed her that this crippled creature was acting some extraordinary lie, and that Malvolia, her lovely, whimsical Malvolia, was still a breathing reality. She applied herself to the letters for assurance and comfort; but trifles, unnoticed before, proved confirmation strong of the truth of Mrs. Puggin's story. A chance vulgarity of expression, which had before struck her as quaintly forcible; a misspelt word, which she had ascribed to haste; an inequality in the writing, which Malvolia had twice or thrice explained as due to a hand tremulous after riding or organ playing—all these were now evidences of deception, proofs of guilt.

It was true. The selfish, exacting, fascinating Malvolia, whom she had loved in spite of her faults, perhaps because of them; whose letters had become the romance of her dull life, a thread of gold in her plain and homespun present, did not exist, and had never existed. The fairy gold had turned to withered leaves indeed. Malvolia was a hideously deformed cripple, who lay bedridden in one squalid room, and made kicking donkeys and prancing ballet girls out of paper and string. She had squandered interest and sympathy, tender advice and loving admiration, upon this ugly hunchback. Her face flushed as she remembered the spirit of her letters for the last two months.

The shock of the discovery filled her mind too completely to allow her to feel any pity for a girl so sadly afflicted; she was angry with her, and she hated her. The very look of the letters filled her with aversion; she seemed to see the hunchback's thin dirty hands moving over the paper, and she began to destroy them with feverish haste, shuddering with disgust as she heaped them on her little fire.

It was a long time before they were all burnt, for Janet thrust them whole upon the flames, hating their touch too much to tear them in pieces. At last the closely-written ten pages were reduced to feathery black ashes that put out the fire, and Janet sat by the cold grate, dry-eyed but very miserable, crushing her life back to its old narrow bounds and restricted interests.

It was far worse than the news of Malvolia's death would have been. Then at least she could have cherished her memory, and her letters would have been relics, viewed through the crystal of tears. But now—she had been cheated and trifled with for the amusement of that wretched creature. She could never forgive her—never.

She did not try to imagine why Emmy Puggin had deceived her; she did not wonder what aim or purpose the girl had had in view; she only felt that she had been wronged and cheated, and had lost something that could never be restored.

On the following afternoon she received a letter, written in a weak uneducated scrawl on very common paper.

"Please, please forgive me, Miss Neal. I know I've taken you in all these months—nearly a year—but it was life to me. If you were like me, ugly and humped, and always in bed in one wretched little room, looking out at the same black roofs, you wouldn't wonder at my having done it. I'd never seen you, but mother and people had told me about you—how you were a lady, and kept very much to yourself, and hardly spoke to anyone. I knew I could never make friends with you, however much I wanted to; and it struck me like a flash to write to you and pretend I was somebody, and see what you'd do. I wouldn't have done it if I had known how it would have taken hold of me; but after that first answer of yours it grew into me, and got more real than real things were.

"I used to feel myself Malvolia when I wrote to you, and beautiful and strong and rich, instead of a little humpy-dumpy in a garret. I couldn't help it—it carried me away. And oh! it did make me so happy! It was much better than reading, though I used to be fond of that—it was like living in a book. I got to feel that this room, and poor old mother, and the paper toy things, were just Malvolia's dreams, and didn't matter.

"Don't be angry with mother; she knew nothing about it. She thought you were writing to me—knowing what I was—out of kindness, you know. She never read your letters or mine. It pleased me, and that is all she cares for. I thought that being so simple, and making no mystery of it to mother, was the very thing to keep it safe, and I never dreamt of its all coming out in this miserable way. I seem to see your face and the look of disgust on it all the time. Try not to be so angry with me. I've deceived you, and got advice and sympathy written to me that was no more fit for me than the Queen's crown is. But it did make me so happy—and it's something, perhaps, to have made even a hunchback happy for so long.

"But I can't defend what I did. It was quite wrong; but there wasn't any happiness that was right for me to have anywhere.

"You'll never see me nor hear of me again, Miss Neal, and I only hope you'll be able to forgive me, and forget all about it some day. No punishment that anyone could give me could be as hard to bear as what I feel about it. You won't blame poor old mother—she always does just what I tell her, and never asks questions.

"EMMA PUGGIN.

"P.S.—Perhaps you'll hardly be able to believe I did it when you see this writing; but I shall never be able to write Malvolia again. I feel as if Malvolia had died when mother said I'd written the letters and you looked at me like that. Do forgive me.

"E. P."

So this was the last chapter of Janet's romance; and as she read, more than one tear blotted the poor straggling writing. Her anger had burnt itself out, and she began to feel ashamed of it.

The two sentences: "I knew I could never make friends with you," and, "there wasn't any happiness that was right for me to have anywhere," showed her a dreary, joyless life, which made her own narrow one appear rich and beautiful in comparison.

The poor girl; to think that anyone had considered her friendship—Janet Neal's friendship—as an unattainable good. The pity of it! It had been unconsciously her fault. Less reserve, less selfishness on her part, less indifference to her neighbours, and she could have helped and befriended Emmy in a healthy, natural way. Surely it was not yet too late. She would forgive her fully and freely, and find some way to employ or interest her after this long exchange of letters, false and unreal though they had been on one side: they could never be as strangers to each other. Her former repugnance was lost in pity, and she was eager to help and comfort this unfortunate girl, always obliged to lie still, always in the same room, with only black roofs to look out at. Who could wonder that she resorted to any means to break such a joyless monotony?

She walked quickly to the house where Mrs. Puggin lived, giving her good resolution no time to falter. There was no one on the stairs, and she went up at once to the door where she had been before. She knocked twice, but there was no answer; she opened the door and found—an empty room. Emmy was gone, the very furniture was gone; a few small pieces of coloured cardboard on the floor were all that remained.

"Are you wishin' to take the room, miss?" said a voice at her elbow.

"No, I came to see Mrs. Puggin's daughter. Surely they have not gone away."

"Left this mornin', fust thing," said the landlady, curtly, "and I dunno where they've gone to."

"They must have made up their minds to leave very suddenly."

"Dunno, I'm sure. Good riddance, I say. They was never any favourites of mine, neither of 'em wasn't. Then you don't wish a room, miss?"

But Janet moved away without answering, to look out across the black roofs poor Emmy knew so well, and to hide the tears in her eyes. The girl had gone away as the only amend she could make, and Janet's forgiveness could not reach her nor help her now.

Strangely enough, Janet was grieved and disappointed. She had been half dreading to see the ugly white face; but its absence gave her a sense of pain, of loss. Among the scraps of cardboard lay a crumpled and broken paper dancer, the one that Emmy had been making the day that she saw her. Janet picked up the poor little toy and carried it away in her muff.

It was all that remained to her in memory of Malvolia.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

In our illustrations for this month we have endeavoured to show the three or four great alterations that have come in this season, and, for the sake of our home dressmakers, to make them as plain as possible. For her they are perfect "godsends," since she can, with but small exertion, turn her last year's dresses into this year's novelties. "By the Banks of the Serpentine" gives examples of the two chief changes—the flouncings that edge the basque, or bodice, and the repetition which edges the skirt. So much have these long basque-like additions taken, that a gown at present really looks unfinished without them. Lace, material of all kinds, fringes of every description, and ribbon, are all used for them, and there is no end to the adaptations that clever heads and hands may make of these ideas. The prettiest, to my mind, is lace, especially for summer wear; and the second figure in the picture entitled "By the Serpentine," shows the use of black or white lace to a dress suitable for the season. The material may be of anything from cotton to silk; and indeed, at the Royal Academy private view, a very pretty navy-blue serge was trimmed with one of the thick imitations of Venetian Point lace. The basque bodice was cut in lappets of pointed shape, like our pattern; while the white lace was gathered, and sewn on beneath. The same idea was carried out on the skirt; the lace being used as a flounce on the edge of the sleeves—the same idea appearing—and on the collar, both being cut in points, with the lace introduced beneath them. This way of doing up a last summer's gown of any other material would be pretty also. The frills may be made of the material of the dress, of spotted or striped stuff, or of any soft silk, matching or harmonising with the colour.

The flounces round the dress skirt are also a refuge to the home dressmaker, for nowhere does shabbiness so soon appear as round the hem of the skirt. The return of the fashion of three little bias frills, gathered on a cord, with or without a heading, and not very full, supplies a very easy way of making old frocks into new. The style of the heading is shown on our first figure in "By the Serpentine." Deep flounces are also slowly arriving, and I have seen them in lace as high up as the knee, put on in wavy lines, with a bow or jetted ornament at each point. Deep lace flounces are also used on the front breadth of evening dresses; one lace flounce over another, without a heading, and very slightly gathered, the three or four flounces reaching to the bodice front. Lace is now worn much over colour, and our second figure in the same plate has



BY THE SERPENTINE.

black lace over the coloured silk of the dress. Bands of lace over coloured silk are used to dresses at the edge of the skirt, and round the basque collar and shoulders, when these sleeves are used. The other way of making summer gowns is with several sets of tucks, run in so closely that they overlap each other—three tucks and a space, and then three more. The full basques to the bodices are certainly a pretty finish to the gown, and are becoming to everyone except very short people; and these must be warned not to wear them too long, in which case the figure is rendered shorter-looking than the reality really is, as these frills cut the figure. A short frill is all that short people should aspire to, and even then not when they are very stout. These new ideas of fulness and frilling are a great blessing for the young, thin, and unformed girl, who needs "frills and furbelows" to prevent her looking too much like a Maypole; and so all the mothers of our thin girls must look to this, and improve their looks.

The sash has not gone out yet, but has acquired several graceful new fashions, which we have tried to show. They are very pretty when turned into panniers, as we illustrate in our single sketch of "Cotton or Crépon Frock." Here the foundation is of silk, and the pannier the same as the dress; but this might be altered in favour of coloured sleeves, panniers, and flounce. The wide sashes—of which many people have several, no doubt, remaining—are very pretty for the panniers, and will also make the sleeves, with a little careful cutting. One of the pretty additions of this season are the bright-hued gauze or *crépon* scarves, which are used to knot round the neck, with a big bow in front. These brighten up a sombre gown, and, with a rosette of chiffon of the same hue in the hat, make the wearer look up to the latest ideas.

There are many pretty materials for girls' wear this summer, and none so pretty as the "pompadour delaines," with their pretty flowers, and black or coloured grounds; and they are so pretty when made up, and so suitable to the girlish figure and face. The sateens, too, partake of the same idea; but I hope all my readers will be careful to avoid cheap sateens, the English make being preferable for wear and washing to the French.

The bride's dress we give is drawn from life, and affords a very good example of the kind of thing worn at present. The material is white satin, with a train of brocade, pearl ornaments, in the shape of true-lovers' knots, being embroidered on the front and train, with bunches of ostrich feathers in triplets; pearl trimming on the bodice, and veil of tulle, with a wreath of orange blossoms. The style, of course, may be copied in less costly materials, but white satin for a bride who can afford it is an excellent choice. It wears so well, and is very useful afterwards, and if a good satin, will dye better than any other material, and look like new. The bridesmaids' dresses may be of "nuns' veiling," "delaine," or *crépon*, or even of white "ladies' cloth."

We have been asked by several correspondents if there be any change in the style of widows' apparel, and if the nuns' veiling veils are really the right thing. We have made enquiries, and find, with regard to the latter, that crape veils for the first days of widowhood, and net, edged with crape, for the second, are the right and proper wear. The nuns' veiling veils seem to have been an imported Americanism, and to have been applied in England only in rare instances to travelling bonnets, or for invalids suffering from neuralgia, for driving in open carriages.

I must draw my readers' attention, too, to the abundance of woven under-garments to be seen in the shops. It is not often that Dame Fashion lends herself to healthful garments; she too frequently goes the other way, and leads her votaries to folly and ill-health. The best dressed women now demand well and closely-fitting underclothing, and the weighty gathers and fulness have ceased to be the fashion, as well as ceased to be found healthful. So we begin with the woven combination, which once was a luxury for the rich, but now seems to be brought within the means of the poor, for I see them in cotton as low as 5s., and even lower, I hear, but have not seen them. The petticoat is now so often woven as well, that I must say a word about them. Those of stockingette are more worn than flannel, and as it clings so closely to the figure, is more warm and useful. In knitting and crochet, many home-made skirts can be made, and plenty of good receipts for making can be found. I see in an American paper one for knitting a petticoat, in which the perfect fitting is secured by the bottom being knitted with large needles, finer ones being selected for the centre, and, as we near the waist, very fine ones indeed. Thus the skirt is divided into thirds, each third being knitted with a different set of needles. The corset is now always worn over the petticoat, not under, and this secures the fit of the bodice and the skirt of the dress. The great thing, now we have come to wearing only two garments, is to secure the proper amount of warmth, or else we shall be erring in another and a worse direction. Many ladies have the single petticoat lined with flannel, and so have two petticoats in one. In this case the flannel is to be sewn in with each seam, and a good pattern of an underskirt should be secured if the petticoat is made at home. The abolition of the heavy forms of underclothing is certainly the best way to help the working woman, and every woman who has to go through much exertion, or walking, should give this subject her best consideration.

This year also has seen the introduction of a cheap class of silks for use as dress linings, ranging from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a yard. Those of my readers living in the country will do well, if they want such things, to write to some of the many firms who advertise, for patterns. As a rule, these cheap silks measure about twenty-four inches in width, and can be had plain or shot—the figured ones cut to waste, and should be avoided as linings. The general



A BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS.



THE NEW TRAINED SKIRT.

amount sold is five yards for a foundation skirt. Some of the silks are called "rustling," as they are intended to make a noise when the wearer walks, to show she has that very fashionable thing, a silk foundation. I never remember a time when silk foundation-skirts were not thought delightful; but the cost of them placed them beyond the means of many.



THE SUMMER OUTDOOR JACKET.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

The paper pattern selected for this month is that of the fashionable and much worn out-of-door jacket, with revers, and no waistcoat, thus making the garment a thoroughly summer one, useful to put on over thin dresses and blouses, and preserve from chill after tennis, boating, or exercise of any kind. It is simple in make, and could be made at home. It would not need a lining, but must be bound in that case at the seams with narrow ribbon. The revers at the front and back could be of silk, and are so arranged that they can be brought over the chest and buttoned if needed. The pattern consists of eight pieces, and will take three yards and three-eighths of twenty-seven inch material. The pieces are all cut the straight way of the cloth, and should be carefully arranged out on the material before cutting out. When the seams are sewn up in the machine, they should be pressed open and each side bound with ribbon, the revers put on, and the lining of the revers last. Here perhaps a stiff lining of muslin may be put between the silk lining and the cloth or serge, to give substance to the point. No cuffs; a simple line of stitching finishes the sleeve, and this will form the finish all round, unless bound inside and pressed.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, new skirt, and gymnastic suit.



COTTON OR CRÉPON FROCK OVER SILK.

TWO GIRLS ON A TANDEM TRICYCLE.

THERE was a tap at our door, and a female voice whispered hoarsely—

"There's a knife grinder come for you, please, miss."

We descended the stairs with the utmost celerity. There was no knife grinder there. It was—our tricycle!

* * * *

It was not exactly the sort of day one would have chosen for a first trip. There had been a thunderstorm in the morning, accompanied by heavy showers, and this had rendered the roads in some places almost impassable. But we were inexperienced and sanguine; we had made trial of our machine a few days previously up and down the smooth and well-rolled esplanade, and no fears of any kind daunted us, or cooled our ardour. It was quite sufficient for us that the rain had ceased, and the sun had commenced to peep out from behind heavy masses of cloud, which were breaking and being rapidly driven away by a fresh breeze.

To do the thing quite *en règle*, we were arrayed in riding habits; and punctually at eleven o'clock we mounted before the door of our boarding house not without some argument as to places. The tall and elegant Gracioza, who was inseparable from a pair of very becoming *pince-nez*, declared herself of the opinion that neither her eyesight nor her nerve would permit her to take the front seat and steer. Now Ethelinda stood five feet seven and three quarters in her shoes, and enjoyed the reputation of being able to put her balls in hard at tennis, yet she on this occasion was equally self-distrustful, and promised herself the pleasure of upsetting the whole concern should she be obliged to occupy the position in question.

After a proper amount of reluctance, however, the point was gracefully yielded, and Ethelinda took the front seat, resolved to do or die in her friend's service. Surrounded by an admiring crowd, we then set off, not without one or two false starts, and offers on the part of sundry small boys to "give us a push behind."

As there was at least a mile of the town to traverse before getting out into the open country, we commenced a slow and cautious progress through the streets.

But oh! the butcher! the ubiquitous butcher! He tore along the roads at lightning speed—he whirled round the corner—he surrounded us—he cut across our path at odd moments—he drew up with a jerk just in front—he ran into us behind—until we quaked at the gleam of his blue jacket afar off—craned our necks round the corners to see if that detestable garment were in view, careering along with the back inflated like a balloon; and when we caught sight of it, were it ever so far away, we lay low—got behind a lamp-post, or hugged the side-walk, till it had sped by and faded in the distance.

Eventually we escaped whole—left the shops, the villas, and the butchers behind, and found ourselves on the high road, a hedge on each hand, and beyond, grassy slopes, cornfields, or market gardens and apple-laden orchards. Far away a range of hills peered through wreathing mist, which seemed to have detached itself from the clouds flying before the wind in order to cling lovingly around their blue peaks, while to the other side, bathed in warm sunlight, another group of mountains rose, their steep and rocky sides gleaming wet as the last heavy shower had left them.

Our destination was the lovely old ruined castle at Hadleigh—a distance of but seven miles from our boarding-house. But progress was slow, for the wind was dead against us, and the road continually on the ascent.

"It is hard work," panted Gracioza, in Ethelinda's ear.

"It is, indeed," sighed Ethelinda. "But from a moral point of view it is better to be going up in the world than down."

Sometimes the road was terribly heavy, and stoppages for rest absolutely necessary; when the ascent was greater than usual, we even had to get off and "thrutch behind," as they say in Lancashire.

Half way up a hill our chariot lagged more and more, in spite of our most vigorous efforts; at last it actually stopped, and began to run backwards, and we looked wildly round in search of assistance. A yokel calmly sitting on top of a five-barred gate thus addressed us—

"Lazy 'orse o' yourn, that!"—and then he laughed long and loud, swung his legs more than ever, and began to munch a straw. We vouchsafed him but one contemptuous glance, scrambled off, and pushed up the hill with all the energy we could muster.

Reaching the top, we hastily mounted; our pace rapidly increased, and just as we had attained a pretty good speed, an obstruction appeared in the shape of a child, which ran from a cottage and stood directly in our way. Ethelinda immediately applied the brake—a new one just imported from America; but this scientific invention obstinately refused to act. We then cried "Whoa!" both together; but the thing wouldn't listen—I suppose because the observation was addressed to the vehicle and not to the two pairs of feet which were playing the very mischief as we raced down hill.

And the child stood stock-still! Another instant and our souls would have been stained with the terrible crime of murder, when with a desperate effort the front seat collected her scattered wits, gave a vigorous turn of the right wrist, and the vehicle swerved aside, reeled, tottered—and flung both riders off, depositing them in no gentle manner on a soft grassy bank.

We got up at once, unhurt, looked each other straight in the eyes, and said nothing, but advanced simultaneously towards the object which had caused our mishap, with what fell intent I know not. But we were disarmed.

It was a poor idiot child. It stood looking at us, mopping and mowing, rolling its eyes, hanging its tongue out, wagging its head, waving its arms, and uttering dismal squeaks and wails.

We gave a half-penny to the poor little object. It seized it with avidity, and immediately proceeded to cram it into its mouth. And then ensued a remarkable scene. Out of a cottage rushed the mother. She made vain attempts to dislodge the coin by sweeping around the child's mouth with her large and bony forefinger; then she took it by the heels and shook it, head downwards. The gurgling sound which assailed our ears was too much, and we hastily quitted the spot.

Looking back, before passing a turn in the road, the poor little creature was to be seen once more standing right side up, while an expression of disappointment on the mother's face was plainly visible. Poor thing! she had no doubt expected to unearth a silver sixpence!

But we went on our way rejoicing, for we had anticipated nothing less than a coroner's inquest and verdict of manslaughter, the result of our injudicious gift.

This incident had considerably shaken our nerves; and the road now becoming very heavy and corrugated with cart ruts, we experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our seats. We were going fast, as it was still down hill, and every now and then a sudden jerk would throw the hind wheels up in the air, regardless of the precarious situation of the intrepid Ethelinda, who had on these occasions to cling on with might and main. The next moment the front wheel would jump up on a level with Ethelinda's nose, and then Gracioza would wildly seize Ethelinda round the neck, nearly choking her, and never relax her hold till the danger was over, when she would not attempt to make the smallest apology.

But the worst was to come. Flushed, excited, breathless, we raced on, determined to see the thing out, when, coming in contact with an enormous cart rut, our chariot sprang several feet into the air, and descended in a shamefully sudden manner, causing us both at once to rise from our saddles and come down again with a resounding thump. It then settled itself firmly in the rut, and refused to budge one inch.

As soon as the front seat had recovered her breath, she remarked—

"I've seen a buck-jumper before, but I never thought our horse was one of that kind. One can be deceived by appearances, I know, but it didn't look as if it knew how to act so foolishly."

But there was no reply, and the stately Gracioza slowly and majestically descended, and with all the dignity she could muster carried her eleven stone six weight across the road, sat down on a heap of stones, and, removing her *pince-nez*, gave way to tears.

Ethelinda looked on for some moments in silence. Then she too slowly descended, seated herself by her friend, and began to hum "Home, Sweet Home."

Meanwhile there stood the hard-hearted thing, fixed and immovable as fate.

And still Ethelinda went on humming "Home, Sweet Home;" but Gracioza did not join in the chorus, she continued to weep silently.

Things were now getting serious, and a collapse appeared inevitable, so Ethelinda, changing her tactics, tried to look very sympathetic and miserable; and when she had said "Don't, Gracioza!" several times in a very humble and penitent manner, the ice melted—we comforted each other, and made up our minds to soar above our troubles, not only for this occasion, but for all our lives. So if you, dear reader, should ever see two strange creatures flying in the air, you will know it is Gracioza and Ethelinda "soaring above their troubles."

We took a long rest that time.

At last we approached our refractory steed, and began by coaxing, flattering, patting, cajoling it; but no, it would not move. So then our naughty tempers began to rise, and we romped around that thing; we scolded, threatened, pushed, dragged, heaved it, and at last lifted it bodily on to a smooth bit of road.

* * * *

"Oh! if only something would come along and tug us up this dreadful hill!" Lucky thought! A load of hay was just then toiling on in front. We crept up noiselessly behind, and put our idea into execution. Our two handkerchiefs, knotted together, formed an admirable connecting link between the hay-cart and our machine; then we rested our weary feet, and rode along merrily.

There was now time to look about us. The sixth mile-stone had been passed, when Gracioza uttered a rapturous whisper, "There's the Castle." And there it was, lying to our left, a pair of dismantled towers on the top of a wooded hill.

We began to admire it in whispers, for fear the driver of the hay cart should hear us. The adjectives and notes of exclamation were proceeding at a rapid rate, and we were passing a field of ripe waving corn, when Gracioza exclaimed—

"Look, look! a man watching us from that field! He's calling out "Whip behind!"

Ethelinda looked, and then she said in a severe tone—

"If your *pince-nez* serve you no better than that, you may as well discard them for ever! That a man! It is merely a base counterfeit of a male thing—a creature whose personality consists of a broomstick, decorated with an old coat and a top hat that has seen better—much better—days."

But the back seat would not be stung into retort, and Ethelinda went on—

"Your opinion of mankind, I always knew, was not a very exalted one. I did not imagine, however, that he had fallen so low as that."

Here, probably, Gracioza would have retaliated, and a breach would have been made between us that could never be healed, when something happened which effectually altered the course of events.

Having turned the crest of the hill, the hay cart applied its brake, and a sudden and considerable diminution of speed ensued. Now our brake would not act, consequently the tricycle went much faster than the cart, and tried its hardest to get right underneath it; and in less time than it takes to relate it, Ethelinda had disappeared under the projection behind, which was loaded with hay, to the great horror of her friend in the back seat, who felt herself being drawn in the same direction. She began to clutch wildly at the hay, which came out in large quantities, and completely enveloped them.

"Untie the handkerchiefs," said Gracioza, in a fierce whisper.

"I can't, oh, I can't!" in a smothered voice from the depths of the hay.

"Cut the knot, then, or we're lost!" She fumbled in her pocket, and thrust into Ethelinda's hand a small rusty blunt knife, such as most girls carry for like emergencies.

In the midst of frantic struggles, blinded, dishevelled, choking with hay, Ethelinda managed to saw through the handkerchief. We then hung on to the treadles with all our might, and found ourselves getting clear of the cart, which swung off and left us staring regretfully after the small portion of pocket-handkerchief which bore Ethelinda's name in full, and which fluttered in the breeze as it slowly vanished.

We had come to a dead halt at the door of the Hadleigh Arms, a sweet little country inn, and out bustled landlord, landlady, waitress, and ostler, all bowing ten thousand welcomes.

Ethelinda descended with dignity, gathered her skirt up, and tried to look as if her hat were not smashed in, her hair hanging down her back, and herself covered with dust and scraps of hay.

The door of the sanded parlour was flung open by the landlord with an obsequious air; it was a neat little room, smelling strongly of tobacco smoke, in spite of the plants arranged in the window. A looking-glass on the mantelpiece (for which we both made at once) reflected a small portion of our faces and figures, frightfully distorted.

We rubbed each other down with what remained of our handkerchiefs, and then Ethelinda produced a pocket comb, and Gracioza a small mirror. What young woman, with any pretensions to good looks (or otherwise), ever goes out for a day's excursion without these necessaries? We then set to work to do each other's hair, and in a very short space of time looked as if nothing had occurred out of the common—such are the ways of girls.

Having now leisure to look at the time of day, we made the amazing discovery that it had taken us just three hours and a half to accomplish the distance of seven miles. We might have walked it in less time, but upon this point I am not quite certain.

However, the luncheon repaid us for all our trials; it was delicious, and consisted of sweet bread, butter, and cheese, a soda and milk for Ethelinda, while Gracioza ordered lemonade.

Our machine had played us so many tricks that we somewhat nervously looked out to see if it were there. It had not run away, but remained chained to a post in front of the inn. We mounted, with the assistance of the landlord, in the midst of a small crowd of villagers, to whose admiring glances and complimentary remarks we were not insensible.

At the foot of the hill stood a little cottage, where an obliging old man offered to take care of our machine till our return from the Castle.

"Put it in my yard; it 'll be safe there," he said. We looked about, and could not see a yard anywhere, as his cottage stood actually on the road.

He repeated his direction, "Put it in my yard," and again we failed to apprehend his meaning, and looked in vain for anything like a yard.

He then descended the steps, seized our chariot, and we found that his yard consisted of a small portion of ground cribbed from the roadside; it was about six feet by three, and just held the tricycle.

Overcome with wonder, we walked away.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gracioza, "the pride of possession! There's an instance of the British landowner revelling in his ancestral acres!"

And then Ethelinda wondered how many votes that piece of land would entitle him to, and whether he meant to try to get into Parliament on the strength of it. Thus conversing, we reached the Castle.

It was an old and picturesque ruin, of which only two ivy-clad towers and some portions of the walls and keep still remain. We tried to calculate its age, but found the effort too exhausting; nor could we describe the style of architecture (with shame I confess it, after our Editor's exertions in our behalf).

We sat down and allowed our imaginations to run riot. We peopled the old place with brave knights and lovely ladies; we saw gay cavalcades crossing the moat by the drawbridge, and from its towers we watched battles being fought on the plains below.

And then the view from the highest point! Sunny slopes and darksome woods, a silver winding river, and waving fields of grain; far away, hills on either hand, and all the fresh bright tints of summer spread out before us. Over our heads the sun now shone in a cloudless sky, and the sweet and balmy breezes fanned our hot cheeks. Long we sat hand in hand, and drank in the beautiful scene till our hearts were full of peace and thankfulness.

No adventures of any kind disturbed the even tenor of our homeward journey. In one hour we reached the town; it was afternoon tea-time, when all the world was indoors, and we passed swiftly through the deserted streets.

THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XX.



THE journey was long and very fatiguing; but it was over at last, and for the sake of precaution they arrived at Rougemont at midnight.

Mère Finette's joy was beyond all power of expression: it was so great that Ange was almost alarmed for his grandmother. But after a while the crying, laughing ecstasies ceased, and she could sit and watch them with all her soul in her loving eyes.

Rougemont, alas! was no safe abode, for Joseph had been so enraged at the escape of his prey that he had vowed to be revenged.

Poor Valentine was worn out with fatigue; but she could only acquiesce with a forced smile of patience and sweetness when she found that the only security was refuge once more in the Secret of Rougemont.

The three men, under cover of the darkness, carried to it what necessaries and comforts could be managed at once, and before daybreak Valentine was conducted there.

It was settled that Ange should throw off all concealment, and live openly at home under his own name. On the following day he went to Quimperlon, presented himself to the mayor, and explained the mistake that had been made, and that his foster-brother had followed him to Paris, and taken his place in prison. The mayor congratulated him on his escape, and the town was disposed to make a hero of him.

Adrien and Valentine had not very long to continue in hiding. Ange by great good fortune discovered that an English trading vessel had put in at Brest. By the help of the considerable amount of money Adrien had now at command, he contrived that this vessel should wait on the Quimperlon coast just long enough to pick up the fugitives.

The whole night before the separation the two brothers sat together talking. With all his power Adrien was urging Ange to accept his true position, to assume his rightful name, and accompany them into exile henceforth, to share

equally in all things together. But Ange would not consent.

"It is impossible, dear brother—dear as you both are to me. Long ago I accepted my father's wishes with regard to me. I never even questioned them. I have been absolutely happy and satisfied in my lot—why change it? I have neither the education nor the manners of a gentleman. Hush! hush! do not interrupt me! And see, little Mariette is waiting for me!"

"She would be to me, to Valentine, the dearest, most honoured sister."

But Ange still shook his head. "My life would be all misery in exile," he said. "I love my country. I love the soil. Let me be happy in my own way?"

All entreaties were in vain.

At the earliest break of day the moment of parting came. Adrien must row out to the English ship and cast the little boat adrift. Ange went down the steps and unfastened the boat within the cave. Without a word he held out his hand, and placed Valentine within it.

Adrien put his arms round his neck. "Ange! brother! how can I leave you! brother?"

"The dawn breaks; there is no time to lose," gasped Ange. He stooped down once more, and pressed Valentine's hand to his lips. "God in heaven bless and keep you," he faltered. "Good-bye."

Adrien seated himself, and with one vigorous thrust Ange pushed off the boat. Out into the little bay she was soon speeding on her way over the open sea.

It was fortunate for Adrien that he had to use all his exertions to row fast and far, for the English vessel was at some distance from the shore. The little waves danced and rippled gaily.

Valentine was sobbing with her face in her hands; she could not look up.

"See, Valentine, we have arrived!"

She started, for they had reached the side of the vessel, and were greeted by a hearty English cheer.

They were saved!

On his arrival, Adrien discovered that, packed in the little bundle that Ange had placed in the boat, was the belt he had worn on the night of his father's death, the belt lined and stuffed with the diamonds of Riancourt. Adrien welcomed the sight, for it meant wealth in exile, and hope that some day in the far future they might once more return to their native land, once more be united to the brother they loved so dearly.

And Ange? He left the cave, and stood on the cliff watching till the tiny boat became a mere speck in the distance. Then he flung himself down in the dry heather to fight awhile with grief. He had chosen his lot—he would not be one with them; but the choice was made with anguish. His passionately loved brother, his lovely sister, represented to him all the beauty, the poetry, and glory of life—and they were passing away.

For a little while the old life that had once been so happy must seem dull and dreamy; but not always; the clouds would pass away, and God's sunshine pour down upon one so faithful and so true.

[THE END.]

THE GOVERNESS DIFFICULTY.



WHAT is to be done with the enormous surplus number of efficient, and very inefficient young teachers, looking eagerly for situations at home or abroad?

In these days of Board, Diocesan, and High Schools, classes for every branch of education, colleges, and "correspondence clubs," inaugurated to meet the requirements of those who cannot afford to pay for professional teaching—in these days, we may well ask, Who needs to endure the presence of a stranger in the home circle, to pay for her board, and give up a room for her private accommodation? Doubtless there are country gentlefolk, with good means and large houses, who, being considerably removed from the vicinity of masters and classes, must needs employ a governess, who may serve the useful purpose of acting as *dame de compagnie*, to escort their young people in their country walks, or otherwise. But these ladies are taken from the class of "finishing governesses," who have graduated at college, or taken first-class certificates at school; prize winners who, in more than one branch of art, science, or literature, have distinguished themselves above ordinary competitors. Highly educated women like these very usually qualify themselves for a profession, but others elect to find a home in some country place, and to apply the general education they have acquired to their support in the capacity of a private governess.

But what is to become of the poor girl, however industrious and well-intentioned, of *médiocre* attainments, and of the multitudes who propose themselves for less advantageous and lucrative appointments, but whose writing, spelling, and composition (judging from numberless applications for aid in this direction) are simply disgraceful? Disqualified on this score, what, we may naturally enquire, are their qualifications as regard manner and general deportment, voice and pronunciation, knowledge of the rules of good breeding, and the etiquette in which her young pupils (if of the upper class of society) should be early and carefully trained?

To one who has had, for many years, a somewhat extensive acquaintance with English girlhood, certain hallucinations have been exhibited in a prominent manner amongst them. A large proportion of our girls believe themselves to be poets, and these chiefly abound in the middle and lower-middle classes. Quite as many, and amongst all grades of social life, are those who believe themselves to be born nurses; while a third, and very considerable number, regard themselves as qualified to act as teachers, either as governesses, or missionaries.

With reference to the latter aspiration, much, no doubt, of the religious element may enter, apart from any idea of personal interest, in any point of view; and so far we should be sorry to throw cold water over a zeal of which but too few, alas! give much, if any, very adequate evidence. Still, such questions should be investigated, and young people need the guidance of older and more experienced fellow workers.

To young women who seek secular educational appointments, I must point out the fact that even the highest personal attainments, which may distinguish a gifted woman above her fellows, may not necessarily endow her with the art of conveying her knowledge to others. Thus, whether graduates of universities, or poor, half-educated girls, who only seek situations as "nursery governesses," a very limited number are verily and indeed qualified to fulfil the important duties which they would fain undertake.

From this important consideration, I pass on to a second. Let us suppose that the intending governess be possessed of a happy facility in imparting knowledge agreeably, and that she is ready for work, and duly qualified. So far as my experience goes, I cannot but see that the supply is very far greater than the demand. To this painful fact it is quite evident that multitudes amongst these young women are likewise awakening, and scores of pitiful letters come to my own and other hands, enquiring for fields of labour in distant lands. The great competition in this country proves a formidable obstacle, which only a minority can hope to surmount; and thus endless enquiries are made about "free" and "assisted passages" to the colonies and dependencies of the empire. It is natural that they should turn their faces thitherward; and it is on this special point that I propose to offer a few words of advice.

First, I regret to say that there is little opportunity given for the emigration of the governess class, with the exception of that by the Colonial Emigration Society, which has a loan fund for the benefit of "educated women" (Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Blanchard, South View, Godstone). Of course this fact, *i.e.*, the absence of assistance towards the payment of unavoidable expenses, must prove a death blow to the hopes of the governess; and the more so in view of another stern fact, viz., that the colonists themselves give no encouragement to their immigration, and openly profess that they do not want them.

What, then, do I propose to meet such formidable difficulties? To you, my young countrywoman, who wish to fight your way through them all, I see one door open, though perhaps, as yet, for the admission of only a limited number. In view of your profession as a governess, pure and simple, being at a discount in the colonies; you must seek your exportation, and your future home, under another class of labour. Go out as a "mother's help," a sort of intermediate capacity, combining those, as chance may require, of nurse, housekeeper, needlewoman, governess—"Jack

of all trades," in point of fact, ready to help with head, and hand, and heart. No "fine airs of superiority" are wanted in the homestead of the "squatter," much less in those of humbler means. The housewife needs a veritable help in any work she may require to be done. Nothing is to be regarded as "menial" and *infra dig.*; from singing and playing, to entertaining her guests; teaching the young folk, and nursing the baby; down to brightening the copper kettle, feeding the poultry, cooking the dinner, or lending a hand, on an emergency, even at the ironing table. Of course your duties as "mother's help" would not necessarily include all these branches of work; but the rule remains paramount, that, in offering yourself as such, you must never say, "This, or that, is not my place."

Life in the colonies differs much from that in the old country, excepting amongst the very wealthy; and so the factotum of the mistress of the house, if willing, good-tempered, and trustworthy, does not lose caste in the performance of the essential every-day work, in which the mother and daughters think it no humiliation to join her. Bearing all these circumstances in view, I recommend the intending emigrant, for whom I am specially writing, to drop the name of "governess" altogether, and to designate herself a "mother's help." Next, that she should qualify herself to some extent in a knowledge of cookery, plain sewing and cutting out, and home nursing. If she can attend a series of the St. John's Ambulance Classes, it would be invaluable to her, and those with whom she may find a home, very isolated as they sometimes may be.

But even if the young governess have sufficient good sense to "put her pride in her pocket," and follow out the suggestions I have offered; I feel that one more, and that a rather important consideration, should be presented to her before taking such a grave step as leaving her own country. Let me then enquire whether she have fully counted the cost of parting from those who are her nearest and dearest? Even if not likely to need her services, in case of sickness and the approach of old age; and length of time required for the interchange of letters; what chance has she of meeting the cost of a return to see them, even for one visit in a lifetime? I now refer to that permanent banishment which emigration to the antipodes would probably involve. Do not shut your eyes, my young friend, to the leave-taking, the home-sickness, the possible need for your presence in the old home in the future, and the sorrow entailed on those who deserve so much of consideration at your hands. Emigration to Canada does not involve so great a sacrifice, nor as many difficulties. The cost is trifling, the exchange of mutual communications quicker, the meetings and a change of plans of far easier accomplishment. Do not rush hastily into arrangements of such deep importance to you and yours, but consult your parents and family, and make your decision after earnest prayer for Divine guidance.

I will now suppose that the "lady's help" has given the question of her future course in life her careful consideration, and that she has finally resolved to emigrate. In this case I will give the addresses of a few more institutions from which she may obtain assistance and information on all essential points. There is the Female Middle-Class Emigration Society (Hon. Secretary, Miss Blake, 7C, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.), the Church Emigration Society, Ladies' Auxiliary (Hon. Secretary, Miss Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.), the Columbia Mission (Hon. Secretary, H. Caldwell, Esq., 18, St. Stephen's Road, Westbourne Park, W.), the United British Women's Emigration Association (Hon. Secretary, Miss G. Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, W.), the Emigration Department of the Girls' Friendly Society (Head Superintendent and Director, the Honourable Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester), and the "Y. W. C. A.," 17, Old Cavendish Street, W.

At the Emigrants' Information Office, under the auspices of the Colonial Office, 21, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., handbooks at one penny each are to be obtained, provided with maps and circulars, free of charge. Lastly, I may name the Ladies' Association for Promotion of Female Education in India, in connection with the "S. P. G." Society (Secretary, Miss Bullock, 19, Delahay Street, S.W.), where young governesses may be put in the way of obtaining a field of missionary work.

This list of addresses may, I think, suffice for the enquirer; and I have only now to warn her very seriously to make no mistake as to her eligibility, for a vocation beset with so many difficulties, dangers, and deprivations. I have personally known of a good and zealous man, who thought himself "called to the work of missionary life" in India; but he had not a gift for acquiring languages. During the five years of his residence in this his self-selected native field of labour, he never succeeded in mastering the language; and had not his wife learned it, and given her time and strength to working in his place; those five years, and all the expenses would have been completely thrown away.

Again. Do not mistake a love of change, adventure, and independence, for zeal in the cause of your Divine Master's glory, and the salvation of souls. There may be some admixture of personal gratification, in the adoption of any and every vocation, however sacred, and whatever amount of danger and self-denial they may entail. But in the devotion of some years of your life to missionary work, your first and main object should certainly be, to offer yourself as a sacrifice to God and to your fellow-creatures. Privations, fatigue, fever, and treachery from the natives, whose good you desire to promote, await—or, at least, threaten you—one or all! Count the cost, and be prepared for the bitter end, so far as this life may be concerned. And if, after consulting good and experienced advisers, with self-examination and earnest prayer, you still regard yourself as "called" to the work; then go, and may you hereafter realise the full bliss of that most soul-stirring promise: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever!" S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

THE EMANCIPATION OF SEAMSTRESSES.

By ANNE BEALE.

We are requested to tell our readers of a change of abode and name—two very important items in the welfare of any institution. "The Needlework Registry and Co-operative Needlewomen's Association" will remove from Carteret Street, Westminster, to 170, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., at the end of June. It will henceforth be styled "The Alford Needlework Association and Needlewomen Registry." As it was originally founded by the late Lady Marian Alford, it has been considered meet that it should bear her honoured name. She laboured late and early, spent and was spent, in the cause of the distressed needlewomen, and to her "good beginning" it is mainly due that a few of them are rescued from the sweating slavery, and enabled to earn a fair wage for a fair day's work. We have to thank some of our kind friends, subscribers to this magazine, for their efforts to aid in this emancipation. Many new clients have come to the office, directed by the Girl's Own Paper, and some of "Our Girls" may be congratulated on their successful advice to their mankind. Shall we be pardoned if we quote from letters lately received, which go far to prove what female influence—albeit only sisterly—can effect. They were written to the Secretary.

"Dear Madam,—I am one of 'Our Girls' brothers' in London, and I have been told by my sister, who is a constant reader of the "G. O. P.," to have my shirts made at your place; and being very obedient in such matters, I herewith desire that you will manufacture me two white shirts." Here follow size of collar and cuffs, and a few other particulars. Then: "If you will kindly let me know how much you will want for making them, I will send you the money; and would you tell me whether you can send them to the above address, or must I fetch them?"

This practical letter was duly answered by the Secretary, who requested that "The sister should be thanked for her kindness and the brother for his obedience." In reply there came a pattern shirt, with more enquiries, and the welcome intelligence that the writer "was going to be a regular customer," together with the following addenda: "I am much obliged for your promise to send them to me. I will convey your thanks to my sister, and feel grateful for your thanks to me, although, you know, a fellow ought to obey his sisters in such matters." This is the comment of the Secretary: "I wish there were more kind sisters and obedient brothers, anxious to help the poor needlewomen." So do we, and we trust both brother and sister will forgive our quotations, made in the hope that their example may be extensively followed. There is nothing so fruitful in results as good example.

The new workrooms and registry at 170, Buckingham Palace Road, are to be opened the last week in June. The exact date is not fixed, but should this advertisement be in print before the event, and should our readers feel inclined to be present, they can ascertain the day on application to the Secretary. There is to be a sale of work, etc., to inaugurate the opening, and contributions of any kind will be most gratefully welcomed, as will be the presence of friends interested in the good cause. It need scarcely be said that a move is an expensive matter, and tends to decrease the funds, which are never very high: so help is needed to settle our seamstresses in their new abode. The lease of the old one has expired, and the change is imperative, so that the increased expenditure is unavoidable. The situation of the new premises is decidedly advantageous, and our allies tell us that they will "certainly call when they go to the Stores!" The Committee have taken the whole house, and henceforth there will be no difficulty in finding the "Alford Needlework Association."

OUR PAINTING COMPETITION.

"GARLAND DAY." *Examiners:* KATE GREENAWAY AND THE EDITOR.

RESULT OF THE EXAMINATION.

THE examination of the work sent in for this Competition was a labour which, for several reasons, was performed by us with great pleasure. In the first place, it was good to see that the number of those competing, instead of being fewer, as might have been expected, seeing the difficult nature of the task, was considerably more numerous than in the last Painting Competition. Then the copies themselves, taken as a whole, gave evidence of an amazing amount of hard and careful, painstaking work. Technical skill was perhaps less apparent than was, in many cases, a painful attention to detail. Indeed, several, who might otherwise have received honourable mention, had completely spoiled their pictures by an excess of carefulness. They had evidently pored long and wearily over some minute dot in a corner, while forgetting that the picture was to be viewed as a whole. None of the pictures sent in were so cleverly executed as several that were received for the "Morning Gossip" Competition; but there were many more of a standard that might be pronounced "good." On the other hand, there were some too bad for comparison with anything we can think of. If you were to dab a few spots of paint of several colours on a sheet of paper, and then hold it out in a smart shower, you would see something resembling some of the sheets sent us.

There was one feature, however, which should encourage all those who failed to obtain distinction. This was the decided improvement in the work of those who had tried in our previous Competitions.

The first prize (£10 10s.) has been awarded to

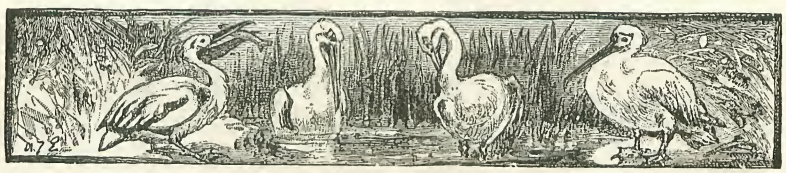
Clara Helen Gawl, Doncaster.

The second prize (£5 5s.) to

Edith Anna Meal, King's Lynn.

The following have received honourable mention:—

Alice Marth Narraway, Forest Hill, S.E.
Mrs. G. A. Robinson, Bath.
Haidée Louie Elliott, South Hampstead.
Elizabeth Thompson, Nr. Dorking.
Bessie Smith, Sterrington.
Mary Wilson, Wandsworth.
Adeline Bertha Pearce, Plymouth.
Edith Harrison, Richmond, Yorks.
Annie L. Frisk, Brighton.
Helen Wallace, Berwick-on-Tweed.
Emily Allen Fuller, Bath.
Harriet Emma Powell, Whitchurch.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

MISS A. GRAHAM wishes us to inform our readers that her sister has had to give up her Music Practising Society. Ill-health has obliged her to leave England. But Miss A. Graham, 99, Bedford Street, Liverpool, will continue the correspondence lessons in harmony and the theory of music.

ADA.—We believe that the most ancient piece of music extant is the Hebrew "Blessing of the Priests," which is still used in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues. The *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Gregory the Great dates from the end of the sixth century.

EVELYN.—You should write to a music publisher.

MARY ELIZABETH.—The phrase "The music of the spheres" (*Pericles*, Act 5, Scene 1) is an allusion to the theory of Pythagorus, that the intervals between the heavenly bodies were determined by the laws and relations of musical concord. When "the music of the spheres" is spoken of in conversation, there seems to be a connection of ideas with the passage in the Book of Job, who, in describing the joy and happiness of God's creation, through His infinite goodness towards them, speaks of the time when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELBA.—The bride's parents give the wedding breakfast, cake, etc., and usually enquire of the bridegroom elect whether there be any friend or relative for whom he specially desires an invitation to be given by the bride's mother, or whoever may represent her. All the brothers and sisters of the bridegroom should be invited in any case, and no relative residing permanently in the house should be omitted.

F. E. S.—The pseudonym "nom de plume" means "pen name," or the name used by a writer in lieu of his own. "Plume" means "feather," and is used in French to signify a pen.

OLIVE IDA.—Cake and wine are not offered to visitors. At from 4 to 5.30 tea is given. You need not remove your right glove unless you take buttered cake or bread.

MARJORY enquires "why the sun looks red in a fog." When there is much vapour in the air, only the red and orange rays of light from it are transmitted through the vapour. All the other tints are refracted and dispersed, for the moist atmosphere acts in the same way as a prism.

CORINNA must send a specimen of her literary composition to some paper or magazine, and it must stand on its own intrinsic merits, or the individual fancy of the editor or his reader.

FAIRY.—We thank you for a nice letter, and we think it very creditable to you that you should have managed to save £30 out of your wages. We see no question in your letter, excepting an opinion about the age of your "young man." If only twenty, and you twenty-five, the difference is the wrong way, and he can scarcely know his own mind so young as that; so do not reckon too much on his not changing it, for he is only a minor.

FRIZZIE.—It is quite immaterial whether you use a table or dessert spoon for soup. It may be a matter of convenience to employ one kind in preference to the other.

META.—1. We thank you for your kind letter. Your verses are very good for a child of ten years old, but are quite irregular and incorrect in measure.—2. You could not repose "too much trust" in your Heavenly Father, always providing that you are honestly endeavouring to please Him, and that your trust has its foundation in the atonement and merits of your Divine Redeemer.

A CHILD.—1. The clergyman of your parish should be addressed as "Rev. Sir," unless the writer were his equal in position, and a friend.—2. The old English practice of eating pancakes on what was designated "Shrove Tuesday" was derived from the ancient heathen festival held at that time.

IGNORANT ONE.—The "Patient Griselda" was a character in Chaucer's *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale*. The story is told in the *Decameron*, by Boccaccio, and it is probable that Petrarch communicated it to both these old writers. It has been often related in verse and in prose. The song and prose history of "Patient Grizzl" date from 1565. Maria Edgeworth published a story, called *The Modern Griselda*, in 1804; and a tragedy in blank verse, entitled *Griselda*, was published by Mary E. Braddon in 1873.

A SUBSCRIBER may, at fourteen, shake hands with any girl on being introduced. When grown up, she should only bow on being introduced, whether it be to one of her own sex or any young man be introduced to her. If the lady be much her senior, it is for the stranger to offer her hand to you, or not, as she pleases.

DAMARIS.—Both the words and music of our National Anthem were composed by Henry Carey (1663-1743) in honour of a birthday of George II. They were sung for the first time at a dinner given by the Mercers' Company in 1740, and published in 1742 in the *Harmonia Anglicana*, and appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745. Both words and music have undergone some changes.

DAISY.—"A little girl of twelve" is far too young to "read novelettes."

FLOSS.—You will not benefit yourself by eating a lemon daily, nor trying vinegar, nor any plan of such a nature, to reduce fat. Probably you would succeed in thinning your blood, and your poor watery blood may develop dropsy, in lieu of good healthy fat. How would you like to become puffy and bloated? Play no tricks with your health.—2. Your hand would be sufficiently good for a bookkeeper.

JOHN W. WISE.—1. There is a Provident and Benevolent Institution for Milliners and Dressmakers at 32, Sackville Street, W. For domestic servants at the same office, and for farmers' families at 26, Charles Street, St. James's, S.W. We do not know of one specially for shop assistants.—2. Although your daughter be not of age, yet if she have left home by your consent, and is supporting herself, we think you have given up your control over her, beyond that of filial regard for your wishes on her part. You might consult a magistrate, or lawyer, on the subject, to make your position absolutely clear. She should have been taught her duty before leaving home.

HELENA O'CONNOR.—We do not give shop addresses, but there is one in Fleet Street where valuable autographs may be disposed of; also, they might be sold by auction at Christie's, or at Sotheby's. Perhaps you might do better by a private sale, as all profits would go to yourself, and you would have no fee to pay to an auctioneer.

K. W.—As a general rule more males are born than females; but more of them die in infancy, and they have not as great longevity. In four European countries they predominate over women, viz., in Italy, Roumania, Servia, and Greece, and the excess of women over men in Belgium is very trifling.

LOLLY.—If you wish to know "The story of a king's daughter," write to Miss Tatham, 19, Portland Street, Southport. She might also inform you about an admirable society called the "Shut-in Society," composed of invalids confined mainly to the house for many years. They correspond with each other, and mutually contribute to each other's little comforts and recreations, sending books, work materials, artists' appliances, etc. Others, who are in health, might send them small contributions of a like description, to be disposed of by the manager or secretary.

NELLIE.—You should pray to be guided aright, and the young man also. It seems to us that he feels he would be making (as you tell us) a marriage out of his own position in life, and thus he has made the best excuse he could to withdraw in time.

ENGLISH GIRL.—The newly appointed Chaplain of the British Embassy Church in Paris is the Rev. H. E. Noyes, late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Walthamstow. The church is in the Rue d'Aguesseau. You might obtain his private address by applying to the Rev. Canon Hurst, B.D., secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HARRIETT.—A schoolroom maid obeys the orders of the governess presiding there. She is both housemaid and waitress, attending to the cleaning of the room, the fire, and light, the laying of the table—if meals be required there—and the carrying up and down of them. It is not necessary for her to have learnt dressmaking.

ANGIE.—1. We are glad that you find our paper so helpful.—2. You must get a copperplate set of examples to copy daily small round-hand, and do not hurry over your task. There is no "d" in the word "oblige."

C. SMITH.—1. Your having slept at an hotel alone, through an accident, brings no disgrace to you, for you seem to have acted discreetly in remaining in your room.—2. You are too young to have your name on your mother's visiting card. After you have "struck" eighteen you may; but girls at home do not have separate cards of their own.—3. It would be quite correct to have "Mr., Mrs., and Miss S—— send," etc., on a Christmas card.

LONGFELLOW.—A girl living with her maiden aunt should have her name on her aunt's card, if she will allow it. When visiting away from home (with a sister), it would be well to write their names on a blank card, being informal, and only a temporary necessity to have one apart from that of their mother. "The Misses ——" should be inscribed on it.

WOODY.—The finest transparent white varnish should be used on an oil painting, to be had at an artists' colourman's.

VALERIA.—We advise you to ask someone accustomed to the care of birds to cut the extreme ends of your bird's claws for you. Beware of cutting too close.

MASSA.—If you spelt a little better, and improved your writing, you might receive some children of an afternoon, and teach them for a moderate sum weekly.

BEATRICE and ANNIE are not in a position to criticise the stories in our magazine. Highly sensational ones would be very unsuitable for children of their age. We recommend them to do their best to follow the examples set them by the heroines, whose fault (in their eyes) is being "good." We also recommend them to learn to spell, and discontinue to write "astromy" for "astronomy," and "dose" for "does"! They can obtain a nice illustrated book on astronomy published at our office.

SPHINX.—The address of The Sea-Shell Mission is 27, Benedict Road, Stockwell, S.W. Secretary, Mr. Charles J. Dakin.

NOW READY.



THE EXTRA

SUMMER NUMBER

OF

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

CONTENTS.

Frontispiece: "SWEET MARGUERITE."

Introductory Poem. By the EDITOR.
Meadow-sweet; or, The Queen of the Meadows. By JAMES MASON. Illustrated by F. MORGAN.
Doctor Ainley's Two Holidays. A Story. By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Work, Wait, Win," etc.
My Little Girl's Garden. By AUGUSTA HANCOCK.
Cakes for Afternoon Tea. By PHILLIS BROWNE.
Forgotten. A Poem. Illustrated by ALICE HAVERS.
A Sketching Adventure in Brittany. Illustrated.
The Children's Day. By the REV. HENRY W. BRADLEY, M.A.
Summer Vegetables. Illustrated.
Little Kindnesses. By EVELYN UPTON.
Like the Disciple Standing By. By IDA LEMON. Illustrated by M. I. DICKSEE.
A Day in the "Rains" in Assam.
Sympathy. A Poem. By MARY L. PENDERED.
Cousin Madeline. The Story of an Irish Girl. In Seven Chapters.
A Child's Dress for Sixpence Three-farthings.
With the Tide. Holiday Duet for Pianoforte. By MYLES B. FOSTER.
A Singing Lesson. Poem.
An Angling Holiday. By RUTH S. TYLER-COVE.
Campiana. A Story with a "Stalkie" to it. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.



VOL. XII.—NO. 601.] JULY 4, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.



MURIEL DRAYTON.

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CHAPTER I.

It was the hour of three one February afternoon at the Army and Navy Stores. The usual crowd of well-dressed people, elbowing and jostling one another, struggled to approach the impassive countermen; a low hum of business and conversation filled the exhausted air, mingled with the jingling of coins from the little wooden boxes where sat the boy-cashiers. A contrast to the stir of traffic and the thronging of humanity was afforded by the fair array of pictures that stretched up the staircase wall, where the observer might lose himself in an ideal world of tranquil landscape and lovely forms. But below, buying and selling went on apace. In the "Jewellery and Plate Department," a large room gorgeous with quite Oriental splendour, there was a press of customers. Among them was a fair, well-dressed girl of about eighteen, just leaving the counter with the air of victory that distinguishes one who has successfully passed through the process of mental and physical discipline necessary to achieve a purchase at the most crowded hour of the day. She approached a picturesquely dressed child some four or five years younger, who was staring appreciatively at a case of *bijou* watches.

"There, Muriel! I have found the very thing that will please her—a lovely gold bangle. You shall see it in a minute when I have paid for it." And in a few moments a very pretty trinket, encased in satin and morocco, was disclosed to the younger girl's gaze.

"Exquisite!" cried Muriel. "But don't forget your promise, Emmeline—you must come and help me choose my present."

"Are you still determined to give Miss Courcellis a canary, you absurd child?" enquired Emmeline Drayton, as the two went downstairs.

"Certainly! nothing will please her better! And, you know, she always calls me her little singing-bird," replied Muriel, whose shining yellow hair and flute-like voice might possibly have suggested to the lady in question some resemblance to the canary tribe. "You know that as she is not going to be a governess any longer, but keep her brother's house, she will have a place to hang the bird, and be able to enjoy it."

"Yes; if anyone can enjoy shrieks that pierce through their head," unsympathetically retorted Emmeline, with a disregard of grammar that would have scandalised her absent governess. "I don't, myself; but it is a matter of taste."

Muriel's blue eyes looked fierce at this, and she began a vigorous argument as to the superiority of canaries to gold bangles, which was only cut short by arrival at the distant "Bird Department." Here she straightway fell into ecstasies, and found it most difficult to choose among the "little darlings" that filled the cages. Her elder sister's representations had their weight, however, and Muriel finally became the proud possessor of a pretty pair of love-birds. Her raptures as she bore away the cage were only stopped by Emmeline's sudden question—

"Why, Muriel, where is Honor? I declare I had forgotten all about her!"

"I am sure I have no idea!" returned Muriel. "I suppose she is buying some hideous thing for *her* present that she does not want us to see."

"It is very tiresome of her to go off alone like this," observed Emmeline, in a superior tone of censure. "I was not very sorry, because she had such shabby gloves; but I am sure mamma would not like it. Let us get rid of that cage, and go and have some tea, whether we find her or not."

Muriel felt some difficulty in resigning her treasure to the keeping of any official; but the girls were at last ascending the broad staircase which leads to the "Refreshment Department," and here they came upon their missing sister Honoria. She would certainly not have been recognised as so near a relation, for she was not in the least like the blonde, self-possessed Emmeline in her furs, nor the dainty Muriel in her modification of the "Kate Greenaway" style of dress. Plain and awkward a thoughtless critic would have pronounced Honor Drayton to be, as she stood on the staircase, showing in her figure all the *gaucherie* of the transition period between girlhood and womanhood—that "sweet sixteen" which is often not sweet at all, but unformed, ungraceful, and an age of immaturities and blemishes at every point. Her features, indeed, were far from uninteresting; but any promise of future good looks was made of no present account by rounded shoulders, poked chin, large hands and feet, and masses of rough hair falling untidily from beneath her hat.

"There she is! Planted stock-still as if she were star-gazing, not caring in the very least what people may think of her!" murmured Emmeline. Muriel's voice rippled over in a thin treble flow of laughter.

Honor was, in fact, rooted to one spot on the staircase, not heeding the stream of people ascending and descending. She was looking at one of the numerous engravings that hang there. It was Frank Dicksee's "Harmony" that thus rivetted her attention; the girl at the organ, the rapt face of her lover delighting in the sound, held her enthralled.

"Perhaps she is going to buy *that* for Miss Courcellis as a memento of her music lessons," mockingly whispered Muriel.

"That would be too dreadful a piece of satire," retorted Emmeline. "If she could only find a picture called "Discord"—of somebody tearing her hair, and another person crashing out wrong notes by the handful, it would be more likely. Well, Honor, what have you been doing all this time?"

A violent blush and start betrayed Honor's consciousness of her sisters' presence.

"We are going to have some tea—will you come?" said Emmeline, condescendingly; and without a word Honor followed.

"And what have you been buying for Miss Courcellis?" enquired the elder sister, as with a dainty turn of her wrist she was pouring out tea for the three at a little table in the crowded room.

It was in a rather deep and guttural tone for a girl of sixteen that Honoria briefly responded, "Nothing!"

Emmeline paused with the tea-pot in mid air. Muriel dilated her blue eyes to their utmost extent.

"*Nothing!* But you must. You know she leaves us on Thursday. You will not be able to have the carriage to come into town again, and you know how much difficulty mamma made about our coming alone to-day."

Honor went on eating bread and butter with a dogged expression.

"What do you mean to do?" pursued Emmeline, after a minute or two. "Have you got anything by you, or"—in a sarcastic voice (for Honor's dislike of needlework was well known in her family)—"perhaps you have been making something for her in secret?"

"I don't mean to give Miss Courcellis anything," replied Honoria, curtly, but redder than ever. "She has been very unkind to me all these years, and I am very glad she is going. So I shall not be a hypocrite, and pretend I am fond of her."

She drowned the confusion of this avowal in a great gulp of tea, while Emmeline and Muriel exchanged significant glances. Those glances meant—There will be a storm at home when this fresh piece of insubordination and ill-temper is made known.

Little was said after that, until the three girls were luxuriously rolling homewards in their father's carriage. "Home" for them meant a pleasant, roomy, old-fashioned house at Notting Hill. Mrs. Drayton, a faded, elegant woman, with thin, delicate features, and an accent of distinction in her voice, could easily have been recognised as the mother of Emmeline and Muriel. She was sitting in a drawing-room of white and yellow, decorated in the most approved modern taste. Her own tea-gown was dainty in the extreme, and little indications of wealth and refinement abounded on every hand.

"Well, girls, come and show me your purchases," she said, in a languid tone, as Emmeline and Muriel entered. "Ah! that bangle is very pretty—very well chosen. And love-birds—well, it is your own idea, child, and I suppose Miss Courcellis will be pleased. But where is Honor? I know she has come in, for I heard a step like an elephant thundering about the house."

Honor was, as a matter of fact, standing at the schoolroom window. Miss Courcellis was out, and the girl had the room to herself. It was a pleasant place, looking upon the large and well-timbered public garden, which, although enclosed by the backs of many other houses, was spacious enough to give the sense of leafy solitude in summer. The shabby furniture was comfortable, and a bowl of flowers on a little table gave the room a look of refined occupancy. Refined! Oh, how Honor hated the word and the room! Here, for six long years, she had endured a yoke against which her very soul rebelled. Here she had, with her downright, passionate

nature, vainly tried to parry and return delicate stabs and thrusts of satire, as well as more open reproaches. Miss Courcellis, who, as she was never weary of reminding people, had lived in "very high families," made what she called "refinement" her idol. Emmeline and Muriel Drayton were, with their pretty features, their glossy hair, their graceful movements, their feminine tastes, Miss Courcellis's ideal of what English young ladies ought to be. Honor, with awkward, unformed figure, brutal frankness of expression, red hands, rough, wavy locks, and hasty temper, was "like a being from another sphere," Miss Courcellis would observe superciliously to her intimates. Therefore, from the day, six years ago, when Emmeline and Muriel nestled lovingly up to the new governess, and Honor stood clumsily aside, staring at her with great dark eyes and an air of mistrust, Miss Courcellis had favoured the two and disliked the one. It was not altogether to be wondered at, after all. But dislike and sarcasm are a blighting frost to the immature child-nature that needs the sunshine of love.

Mrs. Drayton had often wondered with half-peevish irritation at the daughter she had brought into the world. She meant to be a good mother to Honor, but she could not understand how such an "ugly duckling" had come into her callow brood. Honor's father at first always "stood up" for his daughter, whose shortcomings were usually referred by Mrs. Drayton to some ancestor of his own. But when he too heard reports of lessons ill-learnt, fits of insubordination, outbreaks of temper, and was greeted, on his return from the office or the Stock Exchange, by complaints on the one hand, tears on the other, he grew weary of it.

"Do be a good girl, Honor, can't you, and let me hear no more of this nonsense," he would say angrily

And sometimes Honor did try, very hard indeed, to "be a good girl." For weeks together she would struggle to control her temper, to hold herself erect, to tread less noisily, to speak less gruffly—(poor child, the catalogue of faults to remedy was so long, she had a terrible task!)—and would even condescend to wear kid gloves through the night, by Emmeline's behest, to make her hands white.

But then somebody would be sure to say, sooner or later, in a tone of half-raillery, not meant unkindly—

"Dear me; Honor is growing quite a reformed character!" or, "Why, Honor, can that be you, looking so neat and prim!" And away would fly the good resolutions, and an outbreak of passion would evoke the cold response, "Oh, I see it is Honor after all!"

"If they would only love me! If they would only help me!" was often the inarticulate cry of the poor girl, as she flung herself in anguish upon her bed after some such outburst.

Now her whole being was up in arms preparing for the coming struggle.

"I hate Miss Courcellis, and she hates me. I am glad she is going. The others give her presents because they like her, and she has been kind to them. But if I did it would be hypocrisy. Emmeline is often hypocritical in little things, and so is Muriel. I won't be! I won't be! My name is Honor, and if they kill me for it, I will live up to my name."

"Such meanness, such rudeness, such malice, such bad feeling altogether, in a daughter of my own, I was not prepared for, even in *you*, Honoria," uttered Mrs. Drayton, with chilling emphasis, the next day. "I could scarcely believe my ears when Emmeline told me. Miss Courcellis has taken unheard-of pains with your education; you have given her ten times—a *hundred* times—the trouble that your sisters have done, and you refuse to spend a little money in buying her a parting present. It is simply incredible!"

"Mamma, it is not the money," blurted out Honor. "Take away all my savings if you like—I won't complain. I should be a hypocrite if I gave Miss Courcellis anything, and I won't be a hypocrite."

"*I* might certainly give her something in your name," pondered Mrs. Drayton.

But Honoria said, "If you did, I should tell her it was not my present. Mamma, I can't act a falsehood."

"You are a most trying child, and what to do with you I really do not know," remarked the mother, in calm desperation. "You will not dine with us this evening when the presents are given, but stay in your own room. I shall have to consult your father about you. Go away!"

So the little *fête* in the white and yellow drawing-room, when the governess was formally endowed with the gifts from two of her pupils, and with a handsome ring from her employers, lacked Honor's presence. Miss Courcellis was a tall, thin woman, with an aquiline nose and narrow forehead, who held herself remarkably well, and never forgot that she had lived in families so very "high" that to teach a stockbroker's daughters at all was a little condescension on her part. No servant ever was guilty of the traditional impertinence towards this governess more than once. She was conscientious in her way, and did her best according to the light she had—which was but a feeble glimmer. English conventionality was dear to her very soul; an out-of-the-way pupil like Honor was a puzzle and annoyance to her. She received Mrs. Drayton's vexed apologies for the recalcitrant girl with dignity.

"I am but too conscious that I have failed with Honoria," she observed. "I sympathise with you very heartily, and hope that you may find someone who may be able to do the unfortunate child a little good."

"What *do* you advise, dear Miss Courcellis?" eagerly enquired Mrs. Drayton. "Emmeline must 'come out' now, and only have masters. I shall try and get a daily governess for Muriel——"

"Dear, sweet child," murmured Miss Courcellis, as she glanced at Muriel, who was breathing words of tenderness to the love-birds.

"If you ask my opinion, Mrs. Drayton, I do not think—I do not, indeed—that these charming girls should be exposed to the trying companionship of such a sister as Honoria. I should send her to school."

"To boarding-school, do you mean?"

Miss Courcellis nodded. "To some exceedingly strict boarding-school. The risk of undesirable associations is great; but still——"

Mrs. Drayton felt a sudden throb of relief at the idea of being free from the constant responsibility of the family incubus. Boarding-school! Perhaps this was a solution of the difficulty.

"There are so many holidays in English boarding-schools," she meditated. "It would be very trying to have Honor constantly coming home and upsetting the others."

"Perfect isolation from her family is the best thing, depend upon it," observed Miss Courcellis, oracularly. "I should say a boarding-school *abroad* would be best for Honoria."

"It really does not strike me as altogether a bad suggestion," returned the mother. "I will see what Mr. Drayton thinks of the idea. I should greatly dislike a school for Emmeline or Muriel; but——"

"Emmeline and Muriel have such pretty manners already that it would be a sad pity to run any risk. But—you will. I know, pardon me—poor Honoria's manners are so bad already they could scarcely be made worse by the most *mixed* society. I have striven to do my duty," uttered the governess, magnanimously. "I have striven—and I have usually succeeded. With the daughters of dear Lady Clavering, and those of the Honourable Mrs Smythe-de-Jongh, I was acknowledged to succeed. Here, and here alone, I have failed in *one* instance. I will not say why it is; but so it is, and I acknowledge it with grief."

"Ah! well, you know," softly returned Mrs. Drayton, looking towards the chair where the form of her husband reposed in semi-somnolence, "Mr. Drayton's ancestors were unfortunately quite ordinary people. Owing to my poor health after Honor was born, her grandmamma Drayton took almost entire charge of her for some time—years, in fact—and I always do say, and I always shall say, that my poor Honor takes after *that*, and not after *my* side of the family."

"There is nothing like race," assented the governess.

Meanwhile, the object of this conversation was lying on her bed, spent by a storm of passion and tears. It would have been far easier for her to buy some trifle and present it to the departing governess. But she clung desperately to her own conviction that it would be dishonest thus to give any sign of affection to one whom she detested; and, misguided and strained as the idea might be, she held to it with the tenacity of a martyr. "They misjudge me—they dislike me," she moaned. "What shall I do! What shall I do! But I can't be dishonourable. I won't! I won't!"

(*To be continued.*)



SUMMER SONG.

CÉCILE HARTOG.

Andante espressivo e cantabile.

PIANO.

p

f

dim

semplice. *p*

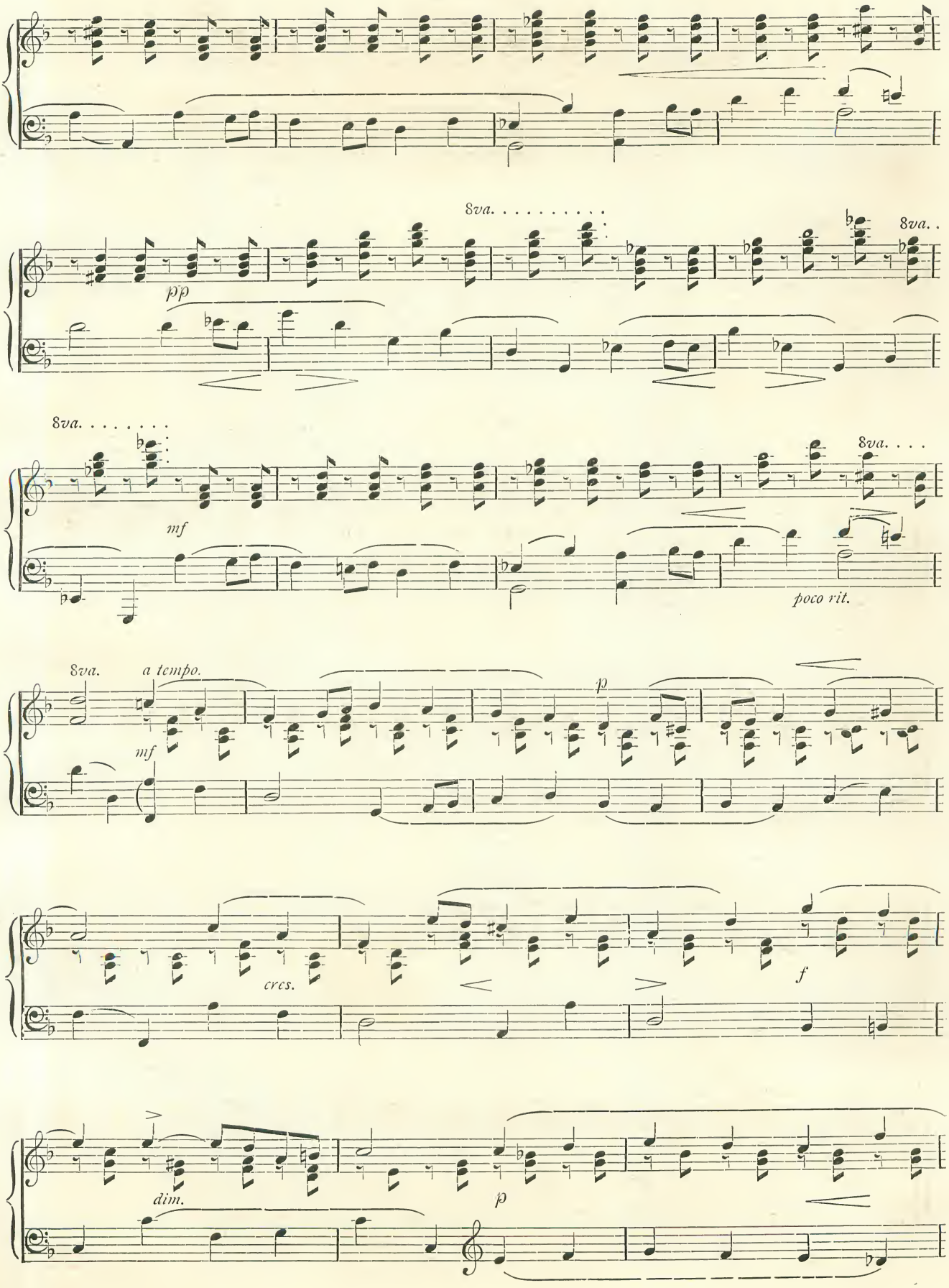
f

poco rit.

p

mf

ben marcato la melodia.


8va.
pp
8va.
8va.
mf
poco rit.
8va.
a tempo.
mf
p
cres.
f
dim.
p


cres.
f
ritardando molto.
a tempo.
p
espressivo.
mf
p
p
dim.
pp
8va.
L.H.
R.H.
pp calando.
R.H.
Ped.

VISITORS.



THE increased facilities for travelling in this nineteenth century have very much conduced to the practice of entertaining visitors. Half a century ago people paid fewer visits, and those generally of longer duration than at present. In these days, everyone possessing a spare room, or able to extemporise one *pro tem.*, likes to ask a friend to stay with them. Now, an invitation should be given for a definite time, and in this there is no breach of courtesy whatever. It is far more convenient for hostess and guest if the latter is invited to "come and spend a week," or "a month," or "from Saturday to Monday," as the case may be, than, as often happens, to be asked to come and stay "a little while," or to "come on a visit to us."

Most people, especially those who number a great many friends and acquaintances, have to make their visits fit one with another, and this is impossible unless you have given your guest some idea of the length of time you expect him to remain with you.

Another drawback to this uncomfortable vagueness is, that you may also wish to invite other guests, and so cannot arrange for their visit.

Your visitor, too, may be able to regulate his or her luggage by the length of the invitation, as the same amount of clothes, etc., is not required for a visit of a few days as that of some weeks. Should you desire to lengthen the stay of your guest, it is perfectly easy to press him to remain; but in the first instance of giving the invitation, name a definite time.

Should you not be possessed of a housekeeper, see yourself that the room intended for your visitor is in perfect order. This should not be left to servants, as it needs the eye of the hostess to note if everything in all great and minor details is provided for the comfort of the in-comer. Who does not know the discomfort of hunting about in vain for matches, or finding that the blinds will not work, and that the key in the door of the room is evidently intended for an ornament, as no amount of persuasion by gentleness or force will compel it to turn in the lock?

Night lights ready for use should be left in the room, for some people are nervous at night, and like a light; so that it should be there for them to burn or not, as they please.

All the wardrobes and chests of drawers in a guest's room should be left empty. People like to feel that they have the room for the time being to themselves, and this comfortable sensation is completely destroyed if they are liable to be invaded at various times by the owners of those possessions which are laid away in drawers or hung on pegs, which they only wish had been left free for their own articles of attire.

There should always be a writing-table in a guest's room, and this well provided with a blotting case, an inkstand filled with ink, and pens that, on demand, will write. A relative of my own, who is gifted with forethought, always fills the said blotter in her visitors' rooms with plenty of writing paper, envelopes, address luggage labels, telegraph forms, and post cards; and, too, she anticipates the enquiry as to when the post goes out, by having the hours legibly written on a card and placed on the chimney-piece. If the windows have the unpleasant habit of shaking, pegs should be provided for them, as a light sleeper tries in vain to yield himself to "Nature's soft nurse," if every wind that blows sends a rat-ratting of the window in the frame.

If it is winter, see if your guest likes a fire; and if not, if a hot water jar would be welcome at night. Needless to say, the bed and sheets should be thoroughly aired.

You should make your visitor acquainted at once with the hours of meals, etc., and if you breakfast at a late hour, offer an early cup of tea to be brought to the bedroom. Many people who rise, or at least wake, very early, find it, especially if accustomed to an early breakfast, very trying to have to wait until a late one; and the temper of the guest, as well as his health, is apt to suffer by the delay.

Should you possess a family skeleton—and how few households there are destitute of one—lock him up in his cupboard, and on no account discuss with your visitor how very trying you find him.

If you have not a large income, and possess but a small staff of servants, you will necessarily have to see a good deal after domestic concerns yourself. Do this unobservably and quietly, as, if you appear to be extraordinarily busy, your visitor will be inclined to think that you are inconvenienced by his presence in your house, and that his being there adds to your trouble. Of course it does do the latter, but you need not thrust the fact upon his notice.

If you let your visitor see that you are not treating him with too much formality, and that you pursue your ordinary avocations as usual, he will feel much more at home than if you altered the whole routine of your day, and laboured incessantly to entertain him.

Always have your morning-room or drawing-room well provided with books and papers; and do not imagine that you can never leave your guest alone. Often he may thoroughly enjoy a few hours to himself, to pay up arrears of letter writing and read books; or if a lady, do needlework, for which time hitherto has failed.

If you take your guest to any distance by rail, omnibus, or cab, remember that these conveyances are used instead of a carriage, which, did your means permit, you would probably possess. Therefore, your guest need not pay his fare. This with middle-aged, old, or very independent people, is not always easily managed; but in the case of people of narrow means on a visit it should be insisted upon. In the same way, the laundress expenses of any young person staying with you might be paid by yourself. It will be but a small expense, and if you can afford to have guests at all, you can manage to add that item to the necessary addition to your household expenses incurred by their visit. Young people, often with scant pocket money, will be very grateful to you in many cases.

In the very best regulated families the proverbial accident will occur sometimes. The butcher does not send the meat you had ordered; the drawing-room fire takes to smoking and you have to retire to the dining-room; you have forgotten to order that which your visitor can scarcely do without; your pony lames himself just as you had planned that charming drive; or your cook is taken ill, and perforce you have to reduce your *menu* to the capabilities of Sarah the housemaid. They cannot be helped; and these, as well as kindred *contretemps*, will happen, however much you may exercise forethought.

Take everything as calmly as you can, and do not make a fuss.

If you can laugh over the accident, and turn it off easily, so much the better; and your visitor will be far more at his ease if you do, than if you perpetually regret its having happened, and bemoan the matter continually.

As for apologies, beyond those necessitated at proper times by the rules of society and etiquette, the fewer there are of them the better. Do the best you can for your guest, and avoid more ceremony than you can help. Should he live in a different style from yourself, do not always be inwardly comparing your household with his, and spoiling your cheerfulness by mental regrets that you have not got a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen, and a James and a Thomas to assist your guest to his *chef d'œuvres*.

On the other hand, if your lot is cast where you have a well-appointed house and a first rate staff of servants, do not, if Mrs. Jones is staying with you (who perhaps lives in a small house or cheap lodgings) make her feel uncomfortable.

This, by want of tact, is often done by well-intentioned people, who treat their homely guest as if he must have come to be fattened up, not having sufficient food at home, or as if the unaccustomed exercise of a long drive must necessarily fatigue him terribly, etc.

As domestic sparring is so sad at all times, we earnestly wish that it did not exist; but as that is not always possible with our frail human nature, still a greater amount of restraint and guardedness should be exercised when your guest is with you. To be present at a war of words, to have to listen to Mrs. A—— talking at Mr. A——, or things in kind, is to make a visitor feel most uncomfortable.

And, as a last word in this paper, which is more suggestive than exhaustive, *never* reprove a servant before company. Endure almost anything sooner than do that. It is a needless wounding of the feelings of your servant, and your guest's comfort is not by any means considered when you do so.



"TO THEM ALL THINGS WERE POSSIBLE."



YOUTH.

By IDA J. LEMON.

THOSE three sat up in the garret, beloved of rats and mice—
Their sanctuary in troublous times, in joy their Paradise;
The scene of many childish griefs, of many deep-laid schemes,
The scene of many noisy games and many girlish dreams.

Those three sat up in the garret; the sun peeped in and showed
The dust upon the floor, the shelves, the toys that there abode,
The dead canary's broken cage; and touched the mingled curls
Of those three crouched together in the way known but to girls.

Those three sat up in the garret, unheeding sun or dust,
The bleared face of the baby doll, Lucilla's broken bust;
The treasures of their childhood now were nought but broken toys—
Unmoved they saw the fallen state of these discarded joys.

Those three sat up in the garret, as grave as judges three—
With reason: for they settled then on what their lives should be,
And they agreed, with eyes afire, and fair, soft cheeks aflame,
That some day they would one and all achieve a glorious name.

Those three sat up in the garret, and talked of what should be;
To them all things were possible, except to fail, you see;
They almost felt the laurel wreaths upon their unbound hair,
And kissed each other, trembling at the shouts which rent the air.

Those three sat up in the garret—the artist with dimpled hands,
Whose pictures should be known, whose name adored, in distant lands;
The little pale musician, with the brown and wistful eyes,
And the poet who should snatch the angels' songs from out the skies.

Those three sat up in the garret. How long ago it seems!
And is it strange or is it sad to think they dreamed those dreams?
And is it cause for tears or smiles that once they dared believe
That art was easy, love was joy, to live was not to grieve?

Those three sat up in the garret. The little artist's name
None knows beyond the circle where she finds love more than fame.
Her palette is not laid aside, she works for daily bread—
For he who should have earned it for her little ones is dead.

Those three sat up in the garret. The poet toiled for years,
The woman's bitter sorrows drenched her poetry with tears;
And when the tardy laurels on her wrinkled brow were worn,
They hardly served to hide the blood-marks left there by the thorn

Those three sat up in the garret. The pale musician tried
To bear earth's discords for awhile, and shrank back terrified;
But ah! *her* dream is realised; a hymn of praise she sings,
And plays upon a harp of gold before the King of Kings.

"NOT UNEQUALLY;"

OR,

BESSY'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

FALLING IN LOVE.

CHERRY cheeks and rosy lips are generally associated in people's minds with dimpling smiles and merry words; but there were no smiles on the face of the fair young girl who knelt in her quiet moonlit room of the fine old farmhouse one cloudless night in early May a few years since.

The words on her lips were far removed from merry ones.

"Ah! but it is so hard!" she murmured, with a painful, low-breathed sob—"so very hard. No one can know but Thou, dear Lord, how very hard."

A fresh growth of fashionable infidelity was sowing its baleful poison-seeds just then broadcast over the land, and suffering had come even to this quiet nook of the earth from its fruit.

Pretty bright-eyed Bessy was the only daughter and darling of the well-to-do farmer, Mr. Bowling, and his wife Elizabeth, or Beth, as he called her generally. They were God-fearing, upright people, and had sought with prayer and patience to bring up their child in the fear and love of God.

Until a few months since no home throughout the length and breadth of England was more truly the abode of peace, and of a quiet, unobtrusive happiness, than the Croftland Farm.

Sue, the old servant, was ready to vouch to the whole neighbourhood that Farmer Bowling and his wife "had never passed a hard word to one another" throughout their twenty-one years of married life.

And as for either of the parents giving hard words or stern looks to their beloved child, why, they would really almost as soon have thought of eating her.

For nineteen years Bessy had grown and flourished in an atmosphere brightened with the sunlight of a most true and fervent love.

The girl herself, from babyhood upwards, had been as true a little sunbeam as relatives, friends, and neighbours could desire to rejoice in.

"Sound to the core as a golden pippin," according to her father's mode of putting the matter.

In other words, being health-whole and heart-whole, and having the glad, grateful acceptance proper to her wholesome young nature of the many comforts with which good means, backed by affection, surrounded her, it was no wonder that Bessy Bowling's face and voice and her light steps all gave signs of a contented happiness in that state in which it had pleased God to place her.

Besides—

Yes, there was a further cause for the calm

peace that shone with an ever-increasing light in the depths of the soft brown eyes, with the growing thought of increasing years. And yet, strange as it might seem to some, it was upon this very "besides" that hung the first taste of bitter sorrow for the fair young girl.

Bessy Bowling was a Christian. She was not one of those who claim the glorious title, and think that in doing that they have done enough. She accepted her Master's designation of those whom He deigns to call his fellow-countrymen: "Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father."

Now, unhappily for the continued peace of mind of the inhabitants of Croftland Farm, a young man in every way estimable and acceptable in the world's judgment, good-looking, well-read, and well-bred, had been appointed as the new foreman to the great Gafferton Ironworks, some three miles distant, about the date of Bessy's nineteenth birthday. And this said foreman, while still arrogating to himself the same title as Bessy, made no attempt to act up to it: even condemned the very notion of doing so as "only fit for women and poor mean-spirited creatures not worth a day's pay."

Meantime, no news of these facts travelled out to the quiet farm, although the new manager had scarcely been a week in his fresh employ before he and Bessy met one summer evening in a rose-perfumed lane, midway between the works and the farm.

Bessy had mounted the bank to gather roses, and with one hand full of the lovely blossoms was trying with the other to free herself from a whole tangle of briars, that her unguarded movements had twined around her thin summer dress of mulled muslin.

"Oh, dear! there's a long rent to have to mend!" she sighed audibly, unconscious of a stranger's presence. Her face flushed a more beautiful pink than that of the flowers when a pleasant voice close by asked courteously—

"Will you allow me to help you?"

At the same time two very capable hands set to work skilfully and quickly upon the proposed task. Too quickly, indeed, their owner decided, when the rescued maiden sprang down from her elevated position, and, with quickly-spoken blushing thanks, almost ran away from the handsome stranger towards her home.

For his part, the young man stood still for a long minute gazing after her, and waiting till he could decide whether to follow her or try to find out from others who she was and where she lived.

"To follow her would be to make her begin by being frightened of me," he murmured at last; "and I don't wish that, beautiful little rosebud as she is."

And so, having watched the retreating figure until a bend in the lane took it out of sight, he slowly turned back to a cottage he remembered to have passed five minutes since, and introduced himself simply enough by a request for a glass of water. His real errand at the cottage was thereby gratified without his having to put it into words.

"'Deed, sir, and you're welcome enough to water. And if so be as you've a fancy to a drop of milk, I'll not begrudge it, for Miss Bowling has just brought me down a real good canful from the farm. And I do always feel, sir, like as if a gift does a body more good when it's shared. So, as I say, sir, if you're for milk instead of water, why, you're welcome as flowers in May."

But Evan Tamworth was not for milk, that evening, at any rate. Not even remembering what it tasted like, he was able without much difficulty to restrain the desire for the beverage until the following evening, when his steps somehow led him in the direction of Bessy's home, and he felt so peculiarly hot and thirsty when he reached the farm, that of course it was the most natural thing in the world to step modestly to the back-door and ask if it was possible to have a draught of milk.

Well, sir," said old Susan, "you see by this time in the evening all the milk as isn't sold is set; but——"

And again she scanned the good-looking face and gentlemanly figure pretty keenly, and with the mental soliloquy, "Neither tramp nor swell snob, but a gentleman bred anyhow, if he ain't born," she went on aloud—

"But if you'll be so good as to wait a minute, sir, I'll just step through to the parlour and ask the mistress which pan Liz shall dip into."

Susan's eloquent description brought the mistress back with her to have a look at the stranger; and Mrs. Bowling was so favourably impressed, that the well-satisfied Mr. Evan Tamworth quickly found himself seated as a guest in the comfortable parlour discussing bread and cheese and English trade prospects with the hospitable farmer, and bestowing almost as many quiet glances as he chose upon Bessy's beautiful young, down-drooped countenance.

A footing in the pleasant home once obtained, Tamworth was not the man to lose the right of *entrée* for want of using it. Before a couple more months were over their heads, the farmer had come to reckon upon enjoying a pipe and a chat with his intelligent new companion at least twice a week, and the farmer's daughter had already glided unconsciously into love with the same agreeable and handsome individual.

Within a year from the first meeting in the lane, Evan and Bessy were engaged, and for a few brief weeks both dwelt equally in a lover's paradise.

But this state of unalloyed joy was short-lived. Confident in the firmness of his hold upon the girl's warm affections, Evan began to allow himself greater freedom of speech, and some scoffing words one Sunday afternoon brought on a conversation which finally betrayed to poor little Bessy her lover's scornful and ignorant indifference to all that she held most precious and most dear.

"But there is no occasion for you to look so doleful, little one," said the young man with a light laugh, as he lifted the sweet sad face with his hands and kissed it. "You know I shall never try to hinder your devotions. Indeed, I like a woman to be religious—it suits becomingly with her nature somehow to be pious."

Bessy drew a sobbing breath, and the brown eyes grew dim.

"Oh! Evan, the Mahommedans think that women have no souls; but to listen to you one might imagine that it is they who have the monopoly of a future hope, and that men have nothing either to long for or to fear in eternity. It is too terrible!—oh! too terrible to hear you when you talk like this!"

Evan stooped once more and smilingly kissed the quivering lips.

"Then suppose we change the subject, little woman, to our future home, so that you may not have to listen any more to what you find so dreadful. Do you know, little one, that Mr. Metcalfe seems disposed after all to come to my terms for that house on the Common? He had better, for he is not likely to get safer or more careful tenants than we are sure to prove; for we both like things trim and nice about us—don't we, my little lady?"

"Yes," sighed Bessy in assent. But her manner was so quiet and dispirited that her lover thought it well to invent an engagement, and to say a speedy good-bye.

"Leave her," as he phrased it in his own mind, "to get over her fit of the doleful dumps in peace."

He walked off feeling rather self-satisfied than otherwise.

"It's as well to let her know at once how the land lies with me. Now, for the future she'll leave off bothering a fellow, and let me alone to go my own way, as I'll let her go hers—that's to say, when the two don't clash—and then—— Humph! I flatter myself my hold on that soft, tender little heart is strong enough to bear pretty much as great a strain of that sort as it may suit me to put upon it."

Evan Tamworth said he flattered himself with this belief; and as the definition of flattery is untrue praise, perhaps events might show him that his expression was better chosen than he thought for.

On the next day, Monday, as he set out for his evening walk to the farm, he stopped on the way at James's, the linendraper, and bought the daintiest pair of delicate tan-coloured kid gloves he could find, and carried them with him to be presented with a smile and a kiss as a peace-offering.

Those gloves remained a longer time in his pocket than he bargained for.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Music of a Cheerful Heart.

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn, the musician, "How does it happen that your church music is almost always of an animated, cheerful, and even gay description?"

"I cannot make it otherwise," answered Haydn; "I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

How to make a Fortune.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realise so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—

"Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too, if thou pleasest—civility."

An Inspiring Kiss.—The great artist, Benjamin West, tells that his mother once kissed him eagerly when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister, and he adds, "That kiss made me a painter."

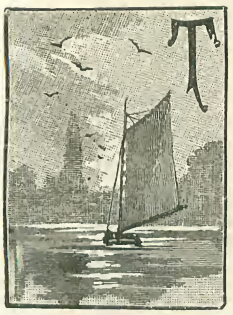
Lend a Hand.

Lend a hand! Do not think that because
yours is small,
Or because from its fingers no riches may fall,
It was meant you should render no succour
at all.

Danger in Prosperity.—Prosperity too often has the same effect on the Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne.*

FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

III.—AUSTRALIA.



THE journey between Adelaide and Melbourne, unlike that between Albany and Adelaide, may be accomplished in one of two ways—either by land or sea. There is a through service of express trains between the cities, as well as a considerable number of steamers. Strange as it may appear to the uninitiated, the greater number of people prefer the steamer route; and I expect that any of you who have been a week or so at sea will feel little inclined to exchange the comparatively easy motion of the vessel for the racket and tear of a railway train, unless the saving of time be your object; for, once settled on board ship, you traverse the distance without noticing the fact; and besides this, the comfort of being able to take one's meals as usual, and, above all, of being able to sleep all night, gives to the steamer pre-eminent claims to preference. Many people who are going from Adelaide to Melbourne come on board, and can generally be seen wearing a more or less doleful expression of face according to their sea capacities. A wicked sense of superiority is prone to rise in the minds of those whose previous experiences have hardened them to indifference to whatever motion of the ship there may be; but they should not be too vainglorious, for the two days between Adelaide and Melbourne can frequently be the most trying of the whole voyage, especially with wind and sea against you.

Melbourne has the good fortune to be possessed of a very fine harbour, or we might almost call it an inland sea—Port Phillip. After entering this, a good view of the coast-line up to Melbourne may be obtained. On the right, as you approach Melbourne, is seen Brighton, one of the places for health resort, and St. Kilda, the Belgravia of Melbourne. Now and then, especially should you arrive on a Saturday, you will see swiftly-travelling little steamers crowded with excursionists, bent on spending the end of the week at one of the watering-places, and returning again on Monday in time for business "in the City."

Now and then in this vast expanse of quiet water you will see dainty little yachts flying along like sea birds touching water in their flight; and so dainty and trim are these small craft, that one almost expects to see them, like the sea birds, leave the water and resume their course in air. The *Cerberus*, a war-ship, is stationed here, and brings back the memories of Portsmouth and the Solent: and presently perhaps a small boat will put off from her, manned by blue-jackets, with their broad-brimmed straw hats—all serving to remind us of that mother country whose most interesting and successful child we are visiting.

As the ship nears her landing-stage, what a crowd of men, women, and children one sees, nearly all well-dressed, and looking well off and happy. What anxiety, what impatient scrutiny of every face along the long ship's side! And then the wave of a kerchief, a sudden recognition, and tears, or laughter, or both. Men looking for their wives and children, whose futures they have pioneered in this vast country, and who have at last been called out to join them in that culmination of their hopes—a comfortable home. Fathers and mothers looking for sons who have been "home" for that education which the older institutions of the mother country can alone bestow—that education which shall fulfil the requirements not only of book knowledge, but also of social behaviour, and for the attainment of which these fond parents, fully realising that "manners make the man," have sent their sons all these thousands of miles. Sisters and brothers on the look-out for those of their relatives who have been "home" merely for pleasure, and who doubtless have in those large chests, which the steam-crane is hauling up, countless treasures in remembrance of all the countries they have visited. But not all in this great crowd look forth with joyous expectation to the ship's arrival. Often in this crowd may be seen the ne'er-do-well, the old-young man, with shiny black coat, ragged trousers, torn and battered boots, and a sallow, unhealthy face; a broad dirty-grey soft felt hat crushed on his head, and in his mouth the constant pipe—for tobacco is cheap here—standing hands in pockets, and wearily scanning the outcoming stream of passengers, with perhaps some vague hope of the chance recognition of some early associate of former days in the old country; and then, his search fruitless, turning away, too indifferent to be disappointed, and, after all are well away, coming back, languidly taking off that shiny coat, and offering his services as a labourer to unload the ship. This is an example of the man who, too lazy perhaps to get a living in the old country, thinks that by the mere act of going to the colonies, riches will come to him. No greater mistake exists; our young countries want not drones but workers, and for such as will work and can work there is a rich harvest of reward.

As in Adelaide, so in Melbourne. After landing from the steamer, it is necessary to take the train to get to the town itself. The distance, however, is not nearly so great in the case of Melbourne. The station from which we start is a very primitive one, put together in a rough fashion; and it is noticeable that at each station on the line a kind of filter is suspended, with a glass attached, so that the thirsty populace may drink. These filters, which look like ordinary sacks, are somewhat puzzling at first. They are a very necessary institution, for Melbourne is at times a very hot and dry place. The very great improvement which began from January 1890 was the stoppage of all alcoholic liquor traffic on the Melbourne railroad. The railway carriages are specially constructed with a view to the requirements of the climate. All the windows can be opened, and lattice-work blinds, which admit air and shield from the sun, can be substituted. They appear to be made in Birmingham, and it is rather a curious experience to be riding in a carriage made in the far-off mother country.

An indication of the presence of the "Celestial nation" in the colony is immediately found on entering an ordinary railway carriage, in a notice which tells you that you are prohibited from smoking tobacco, *opium*, or any other substance in that compartment. Australia would have been a perfect "happy hunting-ground" for John Chinaman; but his undesirable immigrating propensities have received a severe shock and check at the hands of the authorities, who have imposed a tax on him, so that his smiling countenance is not seen in such frequent replica.

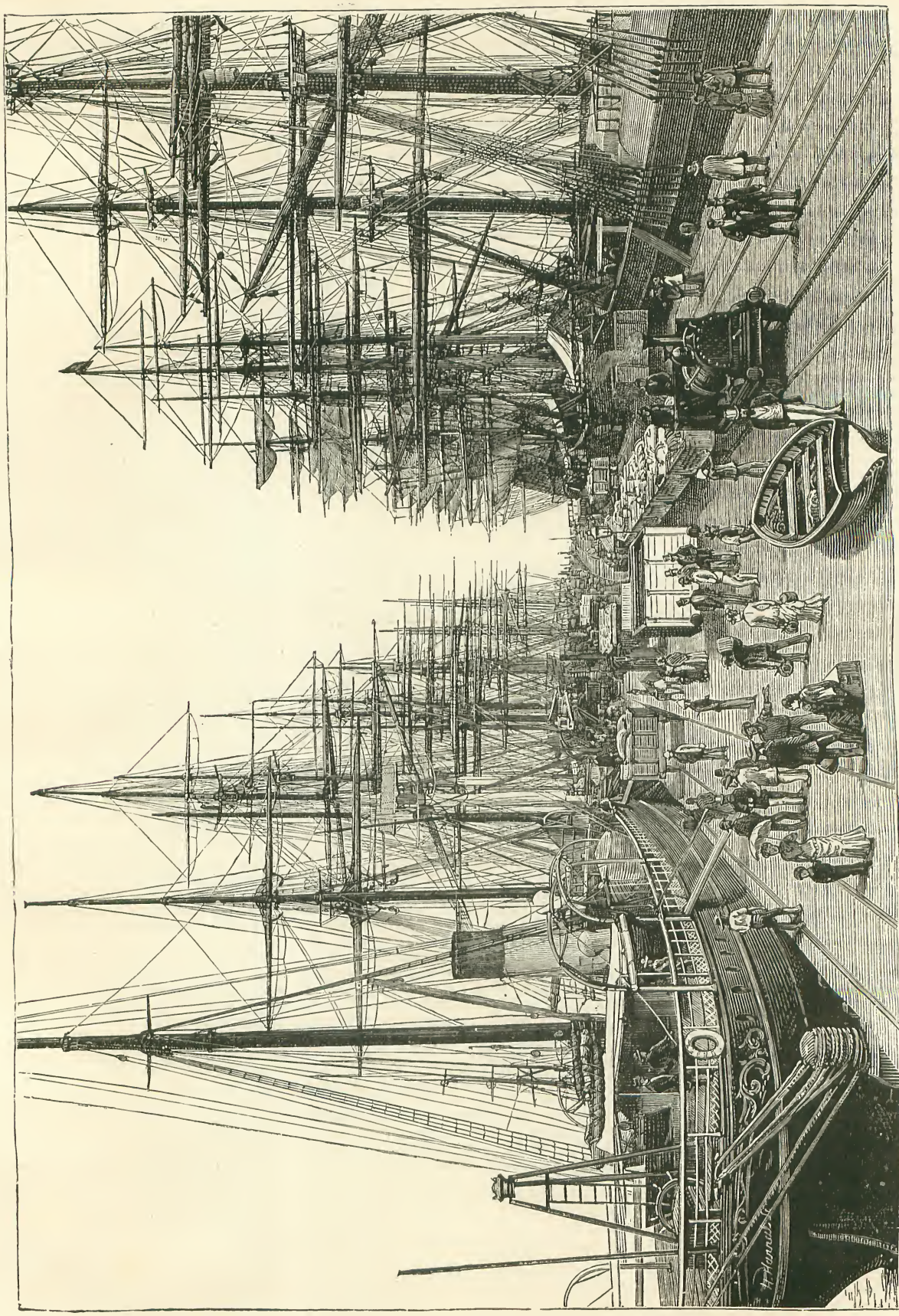
In travelling in a railway train in the Australian colonies one is irresistibly struck by one important difference in behaviour in the Englishman in the colonies as distinguished from the Englishman at home. In England one may travel many miles in a fairly full railway carriage and hardly a single word will be exchanged, each person isolating himself in some book or paper, and only emerging from his self-constructed fortress of seclusion to scowl at some unfortunate fellow-passenger who, by some inadvertent movement, may have so much as touched him, and but to return again, with a growling acceptance of apologies offered, to his book. In Australia all this is different; all seem to be inspired with a kindly interest in the fates and fortunes of others than themselves; recollections of the old country, or experiences in the new, form a frequent theme for genial intercourse, and in a few moments you will be fairly well informed as to your fellow-passengers' antecedents and hopes for the future. There is a good-fellowship and clannish feeling among the settlers in this new and wonderful country which is absent in our community of calm self-assurance and independent self-reliance. None in Australia need feel that worst of all solitudes, the solitude in a large crowd, which many a man and woman must at some time feel in working their way in our large cities, notably in London: the busy hum of an indifferent stream of human life is the most potent factor in striking the friendless with a sense of their own solitude. Each member of the hurrying throng passes quickly on, engrossed with his own hopes and fears, and ends and aims. Not so in these far distant countries. A kindly smile and a strong hand are ever ready to help the weak and struggling settler, and the very colloquial term applied to the new immigrant, "new chum," is an indication of ready affection for those going out.

On getting away from the station at Melbourne one is immediately struck by the enormously wide streets; and up and down the centre of most of these run trams as fine as any in the world. They are worked by an underground cable, and the sound of the bells on these cars is quite distinctive of Melbourne in Australia. There are two cars; in the first is placed a man whose business it is to hook and unhook the tram from its cable, and to apply a brake to the tram when it is to stop. This gentleman is technically termed the "grip-man," and around him are seated, as a rule, a double line of passengers who prefer to ride outside, and who are besought by most urgent and large-lettered notices not to speak to the "grip-man," who is literally the "man at the wheel." The hinder car is generally peopled by those who prefer a covered conveyance and dislike tobacco.

It is interesting to note that, in spite of the broad streets and handsome public buildings, many old broken-down-looking shops still remain in the great main thoroughfares as remnants of the days when sheep fed in what are now fine streets, and gold had not been discovered. Curious, too, is it to see well-known English names over shop-doors, and then, in brackets, the words, "And in London"; as though, forsooth, London were some town not far away, whither one could journey on to get whatever they did not happen to have "at the other shop."

The two principal streets of Melbourne are named Collins Street and Bourke Street, and noble streets they are, with their fine buildings and excellent shops.

Melbourne reminds the visitor less of an English city than an American one, as the streets are laid out in a rectangular fashion, and the houses built in "blocks." The police have much the same appearance as our own, and sometimes one may see the Australian sister to "Black Maria" of English police fame. Smart-looking volunteers, with their red jackets, may be seen walking about,



MELBOURNE QUAY OF TO-DAY.

especially on Saturdays, and the street newspaper-boys are just as importunate as our own. The scene at the railway-station at the end of the day when work is done brings forcibly back to the mind the crowded condition of one of our Metropolitan railway stations, say Baker Street, at five or six in the evening.

The Melbourne market is indeed a splendid institution, and you can buy almost anything in it, from an apple to the opossum. Australia is singularly blessed with birds of beautiful plumage, and in the Melbourne market all sorts of handsome birds, many of them of the parrot tribe, may be bought for quite a small sum. Fruit also is a very remarkable feature. Most of the fruits familiar to us in England grow luxuriantly in Australia, and many forms of the apple cherished in England fifty years ago, and since forgotten, are grown in perfection in the Australian colonies, and especially in Tasmania. Pears, such as are only seen in the first shops in England, can be bought here at the rate of threepence a pound, and the most beautiful grapes for a like sum. Queensland supplies the Colonies with the most luscious pineapples, quite equal, if not superior, to those of Penang. Quinces, which have been greatly neglected in the mother country, and of which such excellent jams and preserves can be made, receive much attention in their culture here, and with splendid results. A very favourite fruit in Australia is the passion fruit. This is a fruit of about the size and shape of a small hen's egg, having an outer hard leathery covering of a dull brown colour. The top of the fruit is cut off with a knife,and its contents (which are of a soft, pulpy nature, and have the taste of ripe black currants) are mixed with sugar and eaten out of the natural shell by means of a small spoon—eaten, in fact, like boiled eggs, but with sugar instead of salt. It is a curious fact, that most of the fruiterers and greengrocers in the Melbourne market are Austrians or Hungarians.

A very clever contrivance is to be seen on the confectionery stalls, and this is a pair of broad tin wings, which are kept incessantly gyrating by means of clockwork, and so ward off the herds of troublesome flies which abound.

Hotel accommodation until quite recently was quite in its infancy, as comparatively few people came to Melbourne requiring it. Now, however, many good hotels have been built, and the best attention may be obtained at any of the numerous so-called coffee-palaces, which are enormous buildings, having many bedrooms, and being devoted to the temperance cause.

Another striking feature in Melbourne is its book-stores. Literature is by no means neglected, and all standard works are published in a form, the price of which brings them within the reach of all. It is a wonderful sight to visit one of these enormous "book arcades," and see row upon row of first-rate books, ranging between sixpence and two shillings a volume.

The botanical gardens are well worth the visiting. Plants which we at home see only in conservatories, flourish here in the open; and every care is taken to make the gardens beautiful and attractive. Usually the great trouble seems to be the keeping the plants free from drought, and to this end revolving sprays of water are placed in the various flower-beds.

Melbourne will strike everyone with its grandeur, magnificence, and importance; and as we look at the great streets, the fine shops, the public buildings, and the general air of prosperity, one thinks involuntarily, "Can all this have arisen in fifty years?"

W. LAWRENCE LISTON.

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And what care I how rich you be?
I love you if your thoughts are pure.
What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?"

"I MUST ask for leave of absence this evening," said Ted, as the little party were seated at breakfast the following morning.

"What mischief are you contemplating now?" asked Fay.

"Nothing that I shall ask you to share, Miss Impudence," laughed Ted.

"What is your engagement this evening?" asked Mrs. Warham, rather languidly.

"I am going to see old Spence and his wife."

Mrs. Warham's lip curled slightly. She never could quite understand her children's intimacy with their poorer neighbours.

"Does Mr. Myddleton go with you?"

"I don't know. What do you say, Ernest, to a visit to a forester's cot in the wilds of the woodland? You could get splendid material for your next novel—'local colouring,' and all that sort of thing, you know. Old Spence is quite a character of this part of the world. No visitor should leave West Dene without paying him a visit."

"Well, as I am not writing a novel, the 'local colouring, and that sort of thing,' would be rather lost on me. Perhaps Miss Warham will introduce me to the worthy couple when she takes me her promised walk to the village, when I believe I am to see the 'lions' of the place?" he said, turning to Helen.

"Oh, by all means!" she replied. "I think we had better let Ted have Master Spence to himself this evening. The old man will have a fund of talk to pour out about his old friends, which may be interesting to Ted, but could scarcely be so to you, who have known nothing about them."

Ernest heartily agreed, being most anxious to remain where he might have some further opportunity of being near Helen.

It was a lovely evening, soft and balmy, when Ted started for the woods. He took a longer path than usual, for by the short cut the fir wood was little more than a quarter of a mile from the Manor. He was in the mood, however, for a long and solitary ramble.

The path he took skirted a brook fringed with alders and bright green flags. Large moss-grown stones covered its bed, between which were gleams of yellow sand and clear limpid water. Under the bank-sides were deep pools, the loved haunt of the speckled beauties. Two and three pounders were there, gold-coloured, with carmine and purple spots—kings of the brook.

This had been one of his and Helen's favourite spots; it was here they had made their first childish attempts at fishing; and how many times had they not crossed and re-crossed the famous stepping-stones higher up! But to-night Ted's thoughts were elsewhere—more in the future perhaps than in the past. He was thinking of the old friends he was to meet that evening, and he was wondering if they would be as faithful to him if his circumstances were altered. His meditations were interrupted by his suddenly catching sight of a figure amongst the firs; the brook had been left behind and he was in the plantation now. It was Spence, axe on shoulder, erect and sturdy as ever. He was about to pass with, "Good night, sir—'tis a fine evenin'."

"Good evening to you, Spence," Ted replied, "and many more of them!"

The old man stopped short and looked hard at Ted from head to foot.

"It can't be Mr. Edward, surely," he said, half incredulously.

Ted laughed.

"Why, mussy alive! Mussy oh!" Down went the axe, and Ted's hand was in a grasp that made his arm tingle.

"Why, who'd ever ha' thought o' seein' you so growed up like? But you do look well, an' no mistake; I'd hardly ha' known ye but for your voice. Ain't I glad to see ye, though; an' mother won't know if she's on her head or her heels. An' your old friend Tom is living next door to me now, in the glade; the rheumatiz works him a bit now and ag'in; he's all right 'cept that. He'll holler like a wood owl when he knows who 'tis. He was on'y sayin' t'other day he'd like to see ye down here among yer own folk instead o' faggin' away at business in Lunnon. I'll jest step in fust an' tell mother somebody is here as she'd like to see. Mother!" he shouted, as he reached the door, "here's a——"

"Dear, deary me! Ye can spare your words, father—I know who 'tis. I ain't likely to forgit him—no, I ain't. Come in, do, and git into a chair, an' let me have a good look at ye. Deary me alive, who'd ever ha' thought such a short time could ha' made such a difference! How fine and tall you've growed, to be sure!"

"Now, mother," put in old Spence, "git the young master some tea; and when that's over, I'll give old Tom notice that you've come," he said, turning to Ted; "an' we can have a long night's talk. Mother ain't out o' that pertickler. She has it under her

hands fur anything out o' the common, an' it'll have to come out to-night—certain sure it will."

"There's bin changes since ye left, an' some as ye knowed ye'll find in the churchyard. An' ye won't be up to so many pranks now as ye used to be in the old days, bird-nesting an' the like, and Miss Helen along with ye Aye, but I remember ye both well; it seems like yesterday that I used to see you come a-trottin' down one on each side o' the squire, and now here you be both grown up. Aye, aye!" and the old man sighed.

"I hear a good many have left this part within the last few years," said Ted, as he took a seat at old Mrs. Spence's well-filled table

"Aye, that ain't to be wondered at. When the big houses was built along here they worked on 'em a good bit, an' got to know about other things an' other places. Up to that they was contented with what they had bin used to But when a young chap can earn twenty-one shillin's a week, an' only ten hours a day to work, it don't stand to reason he's goin' to work fourteen hours a day an' on'y git fourteen an' fifteen shillin's at most for it. So when the houses was finished up about here, most on 'em went away to work for the firms that built 'em, right out o' these parts"

Here old Mrs Spence announced that tea was ready, so the rest of the talk was postponed till after that important meal had been got through.

They had almost finished when a tap came on the door. It was opened a little way, showing a nose of considerable size, then a pair of keen grey eyes were visible, and a laughing mouth. It was old Tom. He stepped in with "Ha, ha, ha! so it's you!" fairly shouted out. "I heard the voice on ye, an' I knowed who 'twas." Coming up close to Ted, he seized his outstretched hand, and in the quiet manner peculiar to the genuine woodman bade him welcome, and hoped he was "come to bide with 'em a bit."

"No," replied Ted, half sadly, "this is only a flying visit to see the old folk and the old place again."

Having cleared away the tea things, the old lady seated herself with the others on the settles on either side of the wide old fireplace, and opened a fund of reminiscences by asking Ted if he remembered a parson who used to preach on week nights sometimes in a little chapel under the hill. "Well, he's dead and gone, poor fellow, an' the lass as he was keepin' company with too."

"He was a fine fellow," was Ted's comment, "and one likely to live long enough, I should have thought."

"Aye, and most on us reckoned on a weddin'; but 'twarn't to be. Her father an' mother lived in furrin parts—where 'twas I don't rightly recolleck; anyway they sent for her there, for they was well to do folks—had big farms, an' kep' a power o' cattle o' all sorts He oughtened for to ha' let her go, but he did somehow, an' the fust letter as she had from these parts was a black-edged 'un tellin' her that he was dead. She never held her head up ag'in; they wrote as how she drooped like, day by day. A little afore she went she told 'em as 'twas weary waitin' for them that never come back. Two months after that black-edged letter got to her hands she was dead."

"Now, mother," said Master Spence, "teem out that pertickler, for 'tis chockly work talkin', an' drier work listenin' Just say how ye like that? Mother makes some every other year. 'Tis made from the best o' fruit, from pearmains, an' Ribstin pippins, an' some Blenheim oranges."

"Don't that cheer one up?" remarked Tom, as the party toasted each other. "It's a good thing to be alive at times, an' my rheumatiz ain't nowhere within a mile o' me to-night."

Then Spence took up the word, and talked of old times and of his youth. He had been brought up in the forest, as his father had been before him.

"Ye see, at that time o' day there warn't but precious few houses round about these parts: there ain't many now for that matter, but 'tis like a town now to what it was then. People lived and died then, an' nobody knowed anythin' about 'em, barrin' their own folks. If you looks at the gravestones you wun't find on'y a few names to people that lived here then, an' they married 'mongst one another, so 'twas all one lot o' folks like—I means woodbidin' folks. Some o' they houses that's left, all on one floor like, was the sort in the forest at that time o' day. My father built his; so did his neighbours theirs. Ye see, the stuff was all ready to hand. They cut the timber, sawed it out, and framed the place. The walls was hurdles fixed both sides o' the framework; then they was wattled wi' clay an' heath chopped up an' mixed; an' the roof was thatched with hoop chips. The stone for all they wanted they got from the quarry, same as they do now, an' they worked it. There ain't better stone to stand nowhere. They was wind and water-tight, an' that's more than can be said o' some o' the new 'uns they builds now. An' if ye calls to mind, all of 'em was in places well sheltered an' quiet, an' they warn't built too near one another. There was a mile, an' sometimes a couple, between 'em. If anybody didn't know where to look for 'em they'd say there warn't no houses about the place. If they'd need to call a neighbour, all they had to do was to blow a cow's horn, and t'other would answer it to let him know he was comin'. We blows 'em now if anything pertickler is the matter.

"The course o' the work run this way. In spring 'twas cuttin', hoop-makin', an' bark strippin' from the felled oaks. All summer was took up with makin' one sort o' thing or another—skeps an', rakes for haymakin', beehives, an' other things, besides trimmin' stone for buildin' like. All winter we was busy cuttin'. We used to go miles backards and forards, night an' mornin'. Some parts was cut one year, some another, so that by the time we'd cut the last lot, the fust one was ready for us ag'in. Then there was lath rendin' an' splittin' oak for palin's for oak fencin', to say nothin' about cuttin' an' tyin' up alder for gunpowder. The black alder what grows on the hill parts near the bogs was peeled before it went. That's used for makin' the best gunpowder, so they used to tell us; we used to get more for that than for t'other. Then there was charcoal makin'—the reg'lar sort, I mean, from the beechwood stacks. So we was in work in the woods all the year roun', one place or another. If things was left an' never cut 'twud be nothin' but a tangle. There's no chance of big timber if it ain't got room to grow. Look at they firs; well, they sows theirselves, an' springs up thick as weeds, an' some parts is choke thick. If daylight warn't let into 'em, an' a bit o' clearance made to give room, nothin' bigger than a pole for scaffoldin' wud ye get. It's the same thing with the pastur' for the stock. Where the cover gets thick with tangle the grass is coarse and sour. If 'tis cleared ye'll find good, sweet, tender feed. Scrub, fuz-bushes, and wiry heath stems, ain't much o' stuff for stock feed. Most on us has somethin' runnin' at pastur' in the woods, an' we don't want 'em to starve. The old squire, the lord of the manor (leastways of our part) when 'twas drawin' near the cold weather o' the year, he'd send the woodreeve round to all the places to see how many there was in family to every house. Then he'd give orders to have so many firs cut for 'em, with lop, top, an' bark for winter firin'. Some had one, some two, an' some on 'em three trees. The trees was cut down an' marked, an' the woodreeve wud call round ag'in an' give 'em a mark on a bit o' paper like that on the trees, an' tell 'em where to find 'em. You on'y has to put the tip o' the tree over yer shoulder an' pull up; an' bein' all down hill, 'tis easy work to get 'em home. Many hands makes light work, an' we helps one another sawin', splittin', an' stackin'. But since th' old squire died, we ain't had any orders for winter firin'—wuss luck! We cuts faggit stuff—we can do that; but 'taint solid-like for billets for firin'. Th' old squire was good in some ways, but high-handed like, an' masterful. He was more so in his young days, an' hot tempered too. Old John, his keeper, is about here yet, well an' hearty; real chirrupy the old boy is; he ain't done any keeperin' for years now. Many's the time he's told me about the squire shootin' Cyrus. Ye'll have heard about that?"

"No," said Ted, "I don't remember; at any rate, tell us about it."

Taking a few pulls at his pipe, and a draught of the old lady's "pertickler," the old man, well pleased to have an interested listener, continued. Old Tom, made happy with the warmth and good company, not to speak of the other items afore-mentioned, pulled away in silence, his big nose conspicuous among the wreathing clouds of smoke he puffed out.

Ted was tired after his long ramble, and old Spence's yarns brought back to him characters and scenes refreshing to him after the artificial, not to say distasteful, life he had lately been leading.

"He was a rare 'un for shootin', was the squire; an' the best pointers that

could be had for the money he'd have in his kennels. But Cyrus was the finest dog o' the lot, both as regards size and looks, an' fur work in the fields. Old John had got him from some famous place where some of his friends was, an' he'd broke him for the squire. He was proud o' Cyrus, an' no mistake. I've sin him many a time. Old John sez he was a Spanish pointer; he was big, an' a different build to the others; an' he was sure. He'd never had a miss tip all the time the squire shot over him; the old boy had trained him special. Well, one day when they was partridge shootin', the birds went out o' one field an' dropped over a splashed bank into another. There was a gate at one end o' the bank, an' 'twas half way open like. On they comes after the dog, the squire an' John; an' how it come about no one knows: the dog might ha' bin jealous, for there was another dog out with 'em, an' he might ha' bin thinkin' about him. Anyway, instead o' drawin' through as usual, he *cantered* through, jest as if he'd bin rangin'. Up got the covey—they was behind that splashed bank. Cyrus turned round and stopped dead still: he knowed, poor feller, he'd made a blunder for once in his life; an' old John told me he looked up at him real pitiful like. Before he could say a word, the squire swung his gun up to his shoulder an' shot Cyrus dead; and then, turnin' roun' to old John, he sez to him quiet, very quiet, though his face was white with temper, 'You broke that dog in, or tried to do so; now break me in another that will not make a mistake.'

"It was quite enough for th' old feller, an' too much. Layin' his gun down an' takin' the game-bag from his shoulders, he sez, 'Squire, I've bin in your father's service an' in yours for many years, an' served ye faithful to the best o' my means an' ways, such as they are; but as long as I live I'll never break another dog for you.' The squire looked at him for full a minnit without sayin' a word; then he said, soft like, 'John, take my gun and carry it home; I shall shoot no more to-day; and get Cyrus buried.' And then he walked right away, hasty like, as if he was glad to get away from the place. The old feller said he knowed he was sorry for what he'd done; but he never mentioned Cyrus after that, nor John didn't to the squire neither. An' now, whenever he talks on it, ye can see how it works him.

"Is that glass o' yours got anythin' in it, Tom?"

"Well, no, it ain't, John."

"Then it soon will have—here 'tis. Mother, it seems like old times come back ag'in, don't it?"

"Aye, that it do. Tell Mr. Edward about old Bitter. Tom is all right; ain't ye, Tom?"

Tom responded with a well-satisfied grunt.

"I remember him well," said Ted, "but have not seen him for years. Is he living yet?"

"I knows ye did; if there was a lonesome place ye was sure to be wanderin' about it somewhere or other; an' if there was any lonesome or unsociable critters, ye'd scrape acquaintance with 'em somehow. I reckon ye'll be lookin' round some o' your old haunts while ye're here?"

"I'd do it only too gladly, but I shall have no time. I am off again in a day or two," said Ted.

"Aye, ye must come an' settle in the old place, Mr. Edward, where you've growed up among your own folk, who know you, an' are proud o' you for your father's sake as well as your own. Ye'll never feel settled like away from West Dene, I warrant you. But I was tellin' you about old Bitter," continued the old man, eager to go on with his story.

"He's dead; so is his dog Judy, and Smut, that 'ere carrion crow that he used to have."

"Why did they call him Bitter? I never found anything of that about him. Far from it."

"Very likely not; ye was on'y a lad then, an' he could be nice to some, though he could make himself unpleasant enough to others. He come from another county up here. I remember when he settled here; I have heard he come from the sea-coast. He bided about like, fust of all, lookin' roun'. Then he takes a house an' gits a old critter fur housekeeper, an' a pony an' a light cart; an' he traded with us for what we'd got to sell; sometimes one thing, sometimes another, as the season was; an' he paid fur everythin' as he had it, right down then an' there. He'd got a market for what he brought, somewhere—that warn't no affair o' ours. His money was sure for what we sold him. He was civil; it was allus good mornin' or good night if you spoke to him; but he'd never speak fust. He was a man that kept himself to himself, an' meddled with nobody.

"Well, there was a big, strong feller about here that most on 'em was afraid on. He was a rough 'un, an' no mistake. Well, old Bitter had to go in the public fur to see somebody about somethin' or other in the way o' trade; an' this feller was there, an' began to chat rough to him. He took no notice fur some time, no more than he'd bin a dog, when all at once, suddin like, he sez, 'Are you talking to me?'

"'Yes,' he sez, 'I am, an' have bin.'

"Then he sez to him, 'Don't you do it!' That about did it, for the feller told him he was goin' to lay him up for a week, an' disfigger him.

"'Very well,' sez he, 'do it! Wilful people must have their way, if they can get it,' an' he laughed in his face.

"Then the feller rushed at him, swearin' awful. But he never touched him, fur he put the blows on one side quick as lightin', an' then he hit him back, old Bitter did, on'y twice, mind ye—an' he laid him on the floor insensible.

"'Undo his shirt collar, and dash some cold water in his face; he will come round presently. I have been obliged to teach a brute a bitter lesson. I hope he will profit by it. Good-night to you all.'

"And from that time till the day of his death he went by the name of old Bitter. A bitter pill too he was if any one meddled with him. He'd talk to Judy an' Smut just as if they was humans. Many a time I've sin him layin' down with Judy by the side o' him, an' Smut hoppin' over him, rufflin' his feathers up an' croakin' like mad. Judy was black, an' Smut was blacker than her; they was a queer pair like, but they knowed him an' his ways better than we did, a lot.

"He came to a mournful end, fur he was struck suddin like, an' brought home. Judy follered with her tail between her legs an' her ears droopin'. Now and ag'in she'd whimper, fur she knowed somethin' was wrong. Smut was in the garden pokin' about, so he never see 'em bring him in. They had old Nance to see to him; he never knowed anybody nor anything after they brought him home. Smut missed him an' made a most terrible to-do. He kep' on croakin', an he tried to get indoors to hunt for him, but that 'ere old varmint of a Nance drove him off with a broom. Then he hammered away at the window, an' findin' that no use, he flew up into the old Scotch fir at the end o' the house, an' croaked his hardest.

"What does old Nance do but get a shacklin' feller, as she knowed, fur to shoot him, for she said he'd never git better so long as Smut was alive; 'twas a bad sign, she said, his croakin'. She was a nice 'un! Some folk said she was a bit of a witch! The feller cried off from the job at fust; for he said that if he shot Smut, an' old Bitter got round ag'in an' knowed 'twas him did it, he'd a'most kill him, if not quite.

"However, Nance talked him over an' giv' him a shillin' to get some drink with, before he tackled the job. When he was primed up like, back he comes to shoot Smut. Smut was in the fir croakin' away, when he ups with the gun an' pulled. The cap snapped, so that was no go, an' Smut croaked away harder than ever. So he goes to the door to tell old Nance he'd have no more to do with the job, when Judy tackled him, an' there was a to-do; he had a hard matter to clear out, I can tell ye; for she was a desprit critter, was Judy, when her dander was up. What with him a-hollerin,' an' Judy yellin' out, an' Smut croakin', 'twas a scrimmage with the three of 'em. Old Bitter never got better, from the time he was took, an' he soon died.

"'Twas a gran' funeral he had, I can tell ye, for the likes o' him as I may say; and there was on'y two to foller him; a real gentleman and a lady they was. Nobody knowed wheer they come from, nor nothin' about 'em. Judy sneaked out an' follered at a distance, but when they throwed the earth on the coffin Judy watched 'em do it. Directly he was in the grave the parties that had follered stept into a carriage that was waitin' for 'em, and nobody has ever clapt eyes on 'em ag'in from that day to this.

"Some on 'em round here would ha' liked to ha' had Judy, but she'd never let anybody come near her. She left the place, an' nobody know'd where she'd gone to. By an' by tales come that a strange critter was about in the forest,

that it waren't safe to see or meet with at night. 'Twas said it had been seen runnin' at most terrible speed, and one on 'em was 'most dazed out of his wits, for it stood in front o' him one dark night as he was comin' home. He see the shine o' the critter's eyes. Well, it got so at last that their minds was made up to hunt it out and kill the thing, whatever it was. They said it was only sin in the dusk or at night. Well, they goes, an' one on 'em gets a fair shot at somethin' that got up just in front o' him, an' he killed it. When they got up an' see what it was, poor Judy lay there done for. She'd lost her master, an' there was nothin' to keep her, so she'd took to the forest and got her livin' there. What they'd sin flying over the moor was Judy after a hare or a rabbit. Smut was lost, too; nobody knowed about him at all—if he flew away, or was killed. He ain't been sin since old Bitter was buried.

"Now, Mr. Edward, if it ain't a secret, I should like to have your 'pinion about that there strange character, who or what he could ha' bin."

"How he came to be what he was I cannot tell you, but of one thing I feel sure, and that is, that he had seen better days, and had moved about in good society in the world. He was a gentleman himself, I am certain," answered Ted.

"Well, whatever he may ha' bin, theer was no doubt he was a strange un here, and no mistake. You an' me ha' sin many changes, mother," said Spence, turning to the comely old dame who had been the companion of a long and honourable life in this old-world forest nook. "It wun't be long in the course o' natur' before we has a change fur good, you an' me; whichever goes fust, t'other wun't be long in follerin', thank God."

"'Tis nearer morning than night, Spence," said Ted, rising.

"Aye, an' ye must be mortal tired o' all this chouter, Mr. Edward."

"Far from it. I only wish it were in my power to repeat such a visit oftener."

"Well, we'll say good night, or rather mornin'," said old John, as Ted gave him a hearty handshake and departed.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

LILY OF THE VALLEY and SNACKS might embroider some pretty table centres in white or colours, sideboard cloths or afternoon tea-cloths for presents. Pillows of all sizes and shapes are also very fashionable presents.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—There are plenty of work manuals on different subjects by Weldon, to be found at any good bookseller's or newsvendor's—2d. each.

DRAUGHTY.—The cheapest way to get a frame for a bedroom screen is to buy a clothes-horse and cover it with cretonne or Turkey red, put on full and gathered above the top bars. But screens are very cheap now, and if you looked about, you could find one to suit you.

ELLA B.—A bride's *trousseau* generally consists of half a dozen of everything in undercloths, and a dozen stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs. If she has many dresses it is better to make up very few—three or four are quite enough to have on hand at once. She has nothing to find for the house.

GLADYS.—Straw and felt hats cannot be turned at home. Felt ones, if black, can be revived by using a little benzine to clean them with, or sponging with ammonia and water; and black straw can be cleaned and stiffened with a little gum arabic solution. But turning and re-blocking can only be done by professional hands.

HOUSEKEEPING.

CHIPS and PRIMROSE.—1. Stains may be taken from the inside of decanters with the cuttings of a raw potato put in for some hours with water, and then well shaken up.—2. The hands should be well washed with a mild soap, and before drying a little glycerine should be rubbed in, and the hands must be well dried afterwards with a towel.

MOTHERLESS.—"Quillaia" is a small genus of South American evergreen trees possessing saponaceous qualities. The bark of *La Saponaria*, called "quallai," or soap-bark, is often used in Chili for washing purposes in place of soap. When imported into England it is one of the chief ingredients in washes for promoting the growth of the hair. You can buy the bark or root at any chemist's.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.—1. The houses in the East bear a general resemblance to each other, and are not at all like an English house, but are suited for a hot climate.—2. The Greek ladies would have the same liberty as the English, but the young girls would be more strictly kept at home and guarded.

LORNA.—Walnut juice from the green shell is a permanent dye, we fear. But perhaps a professional cleaner might take it out. Chloride of lime used very carefully might also succeed.

MARIE.—We should send the shawl to a cleaner's if in good order.

F. M.—Boiled flour paste is the best for sticking scraps on a screen either of wood or canvas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AVERIL'S COUSIN.—"None but the brave deserve the fair" is a quotation from Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," is from Richard Lovelace's poem, "To Althea from Prison." This poet flourished between 1618 and 1658.

GIPSY can find so many "Reciters" published at a moderate price that she can easily make choice of a piece to suit.

DISCONTENT can find all particulars of post and telegraph clerks, and the examinations for the post, in *Cassell's Guide to Female Employment in the Civil Service*, price 1s.

ASPHODEL.—There is no mention of the name Dives in Scripture. Recent authorities consider that the name is derived from the phrase in the Vulgate—"*Homo quidam erat dives*." "There was a certain rich man," our version has it. So "dives" became "Dives," and a proper name by a misapprehension. In the Middle Ages pictures founded on this story were inscribed with *Dives et Lazarus*—"the rich man and Lazarus." In the same way we get the Italian word for a beggar, "lazzarone" and "lazzaretto," from the name "Lazarus," which was really a proper name.

S. C.—1. The stamps for making snakes should be cut evenly to the edge of the stamp, not taken off the paper. For the tail they may be cut round, halfpenny ones being used.—2. Shorthand manuals at all stationers, we think. We could not say how long you would take to learn, as we do not know your abilities.

FLO.—1. "The family were at home" is right.—2. Presbyterians are so called from the Greek word "*presbuteros*"—in our version, "elders" see 1 Peter v. 1. They maintain that the government of the Church was by association of ministers and ruling elders.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The straightforward course, both in friendship and love, is the best. Ask what is the matter, and why her manner to you has changed. If you cannot get a satisfactory answer, do not vex yourself over it, but try to turn your thoughts elsewhere.

A READER'S BROTHER.—Guernsey, the Isle of Wight, Worthing, Torquay, Dawlish, Sandgate, Hastings, are all good climates. You will do more with a suitable dietary and regular exercise, woollen clothing, and bathing with rubbing, than anything. Milk is your chief stay, with cream. The Cape Colony is highly spoken of, but it is far away, and you would have to rough it perhaps. You would have to consult a local doctor, as we could not say if a very dry climate would suit you. But you are too far north now. Cheerfulness and brightness are also medicine for you, and the less you think of yourself, save in the way of careful dietary, the better. You should wear flannel or Jaëger summer and winter.

SLAP-BANG.—Freemasonry is said to date from the building of Solomon's temple. We believe it has been first traced to Spain in the ninth century, having been brought there from the East.

VERENA.—Agnostics assert we have no knowledge but what we acquire by means of our senses. They date from 1876. Atheism is derived from two Greek words—*a*, without, and *theos*, God.

NAOMI.—Many thanks for your nice and pleasant letter and kindly words. We fear, with regard to your gentleman friend, you can do nothing, since he has not mentioned the subject to you himself. The only way would be to mention the engagement as if it was a fact you had just heard, before him.

HONOR CRAVEN.—If, as you say, you have been absolutely truthful to the man who wishes to marry you, and he still wishes it in spite of your first unhappy engagement, we think you need not fear to marry him, and resolve to make him happy. In time your unselfishness will bring its own reward in the increased happiness of your own life.

PEARL.—There is nothing so conducive to unhappiness in life as to be constantly taking out your feelings and looking at them; and there is nothing so opposite to the state and faith of the "little child." The "secret of the Lord" seems to lie in this childlike life. Your trouble seems to be in seeking too much after an outward sign. It is not *faith* you want, but *sight*. Now you had better begin all over again, and relay the foundation of your life in Christ—first, in love; and we can gauge our own progress in five minutes by that infallible guide. "We know we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren;" unselfish service and thought for others, and prayer for their welfare. When you have followed this road a time you will not want anything more in the way of advice from us.

NORFOLK BROADS.—1. One who lives there writes to say that yachts or barges suitable for ladies let at the rate of from £6 to £12 per week. They have a crew of one man and sometimes a boy; and the pleasure wherries two men. No women servants are ever found on them. There are small boats to be had for 35s. per week with no man, and only suitable for young fellows who can rough it. We are much obliged for your kind and polite letter.—2. The 13th of June, 1867, was a Thursday.

CANNES.—Lady Dufferin's dispensary is in Calcutta. Mrs. Isa Foggo is the medical officer resident there.

ZARA.—House plants should be watered with tepid water at all times. We could not say if the boiling water plan would answer. We have heard of it for killing worms in pots and boxes.

SOMEONE'S PET should consult a doctor.

EUNICE H. seems to have behaved with great folly. She had better consult her minister, and be guided by him and by her friends' wishes.

DISTRESSED CRUMPET might take the Indian shawl to a good shop for disposal, or advertise it.



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A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

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"MABEL TOOK HONOR BY THE HAND AND TRIED TO COMFORT HER."

CHAPTER II.



IT was not long after the idea of a foreign boarding-school was broached, when it was definitely settled that Honor should be exiled from the country she failed to adorn.

Miss Courcellis departed in due state, laden with presents and embraces. Only a cold hand-shake did Honor exchange with her governess, while kisses and warm expressions were lavished upon that lady by both Emmeline and Muriel. But as soon as the wheels of the luggage-laden fly were heard to roll away, and the three sisters found themselves in the school-room, Miss Drayton, catching her little sister by the waist, whirled round the room in a mad waltz.

"Good-bye to lessons! Now to enjoy myself in real earnest! I shall make papa give a dance this season!" cried Emmeline, as soon as she had taken breath. "Oh, what joy! She was a nice, tiresome old thing; but I *am* glad she is gone for evermore!"

Meanwhile Muriel, having possessed herself of *Jane Eyre* from her father's study, proceeded to make speedy use of her newly-won liberty by flinging herself at full length on the old chintz-covered sofa, and plunging deep into the forbidden pages. Honor stared at both her sisters in strong disapprobation.

"Then I would not have pretended to be so sorry she was going, if I were you."

"Cannot one be glad and sorry at the same time, you stupid child?" enquired Emmeline, with an air of superiority. "What would become of the world if one were to show every feeling one had? It would be impossible to live with anybody. It is the proper thing to shew the pleasant feelings, and hide the unpleasant ones."

"Well——" began Honor, indignantly; but her proposed exordium was cut short by the appearance of a maid, summoning her to her mother's presence.

Poor Honor's relief in the departure of Miss Courcellis was destined to be only short-lived, for Mrs. Drayton broke to her the information that she was to be sent to boarding-school "abroad" with as little delay as possible. Miss Courcellis had even recommended the school in Germany that would be suitable for her—"an extremely strict school, but a very admirable one in every respect."

Honor had never been out of England, and the thought of being launched, with all the imperfections of which she was half-angrily, half-unhappily conscious, among total strangers in a foreign land, was very terrible to her in its unknown possibilities. She had been miserable with a governess at home—but how much more awful was this fate! Poor Honor had the common human presentiment—

"That makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of,"

and she besought her mother to relent. She would try to do better with another governess; she would amend her faults if only she might have one more chance.

"No, Honor," was Mrs. Drayton's cold reply; "I have heard this sort of thing too often before. I have tried you for six years with Miss Courcellis, who came to us from the very highest families. You know what the result has been. Your father and I have determined to try quite another style of discipline for you."

"Then pray—pray, mamma, don't send me to that horrid German school. Miss Courcellis used to tell me about it when she was angry, and say how strict they were. I shall hate it—I shall run away. *Pray* don't send me there!"

"You must leave your father and myself to judge of these matters," was all Mrs. Drayton would reply, in a chilling tone. She was thoroughly out of humour with her troublesome daughter. Miss Courcellis's implied suggestion that plebeian descent was partly responsible for her failure with Honor, and the contrast drawn between her experience with the stockbroker's family and with the Lady Clavering and the Hon. Mrs. Smythe-de-Jongh, had piqued and annoyed the mother in spite of her acquiescence. She felt Honor was really a disgrace, and had eagerly taken advantage of Mr. Drayton's half peevish consent—"Send the child away if you like, my dear; but don't let me hear more about it than is necessary."

While Honor was bemoaning her fate in her bedroom that afternoon, and Emmeline and Muriel were luxuriating in their new-born emancipation, it chanced as good hap would have it that a neighbour called upon Mrs. Drayton, and mentioned incidentally that she was on the eve of sending her eldest daughter abroad for a year or two to a Miss Arundel, of Les Eglantiers, Belle-Rive, Switzerland. Hearing, in return, of the prospect for Honor, the good-natured lady entreated that the girl might be allowed to go with her own daughter, and spoke in warm terms of the school.

"Although Miss Arundel is an Englishwoman, she speaks French perfectly; the German, too, is admirable; and as for music and painting, they could not be better taught. The girls have such a happy life there, too. They have every English comfort. Miss Arundel studies every character, every kind of disposition. The girls adore her!"

"I do not want Honor to be indulged and made much of," responded Mrs. Drayton, a little stiffly. "She is a most troublesome and difficult child to manage—quite unlike her sisters."

"Then for that very reason you will find this an ideal school for her," pleaded Mrs. Thornycroft. "She can travel with Mabel, for whom we have found an escort, and who starts on the 20th. There is just one vacancy, as I happen to know. Pray think of it seriously."

Mrs. Drayton did think of it seriously. An escort cropping up, all ready for prompt departure, made the prospect very attractive, and removed a difficulty from her path. She did not love trouble of any sort. Then if Honor was to go, the sooner the better, reflected her mother. The tear-stained, swollen face, the mien, sometimes supplicating, sometimes fiercely injured, were not desirable accessories to the home-life. Miss Arundel, it proved on further enquiry, was a lady of good family. This was even better than Miss Courcellis's recommendation of having "lived in good families," and might tend to reform the unfortunate Honor, if anything would. Letters were exchanged, and in a few days it was settled that Honoria Drayton should fill the one vacancy at "Les Eglantiers."

Great was the bustle that succeeded. Honor was reft from shop to shop with bewildering swiftness. Emmeline and Muriel felt inclined to envy their sister only and solely on the account of the new dresses, hats, boots, and gloves she was having, and which, Emmeline reflected, were quite thrown away on a girl like Honor, "who never cares in the very least how she looks." The dresses were certainly plain and inexpensive, for Mrs. Drayton had a daughter to bring out, and it "was not worth spending much on Honor." Yet new clothes for the summer, and even warm materials for the ensuing winter, were a necessary part of the outfit, and the piles in Honor's little bedroom by the side of her new dress-basket grew larger and larger. The girl passed much of her time in a nervous agony of apprehension and a passion of lonely despair of which her parents and sisters had no conception. They were glad she was going, it was evident enough. She was not wanted anywhere, and yet she often had tried to be good and do right. How was it she was always in the way? If she went into the drawing-room when a visitor was present her mother's eyes would follow her with a glance of apprehension, usually justified, it must be confessed, by the speedy clanking of a tea-cup, or upsetting of a "milking-stool" in sheer clumsy nervousness. If she walked out with Mrs. Drayton or with Emmeline, it was not long before she heard: "Don't stoop so, Honor. Don't wave your umbrella backwards and forwards. Don't swing your arms—you are attracting attention, my dear child." She had no accomplishments Miss Courcellis was an admirable pianist of the coldly correct school, but she had only made Honor hate the instrument on which Emmeline performed so smoothly To sing to her own accompaniment, if she were ever alone, was a great delight, but someone was sure to comment afterwards with sisterly freedom on the queer deep voice, and enquire "whether she fetched it up from the toes of her boots?"

One gleam of hope and comfort came to her in these dark days of trouble—she was not going to the German school beloved of Miss Courcellis, and she *was*

going with Mabel Thornycroft, a kind, gentle girl, whom Honor could not help liking. The two had been strangers; but Mabel came one day, and in a staid, sensible, almost motherly style, took Honor by the hand and tried to comfort her, while she spoke hopefully of the coming school-life together.

The dreaded morning dawned at last —a bright February day, with the hope of coming spring in the air. The farewells from Emmeline and Muriel were kindly enough. They were delighted Honor was going away, and could afford to be gracious in the prospect of a whole year at least, freed from the incubus of her presence. Mrs. Drayton felt a little motherly relenting, mingled with vexation, as she saw the puffed and swollen eyelids, disfigured complexion, and stony anguish of Honor's appearance. Pride has much to do with maternal affection in some women, and where pride is mortified, affection is chilled. "What will Miss Arundel think of my poor child?" she reflected. But she kissed and encouraged the girl, bade her be sure and take plenty to eat, wrap up warmly on the night journey, and write home as soon as possible, "and do not pull the fingers of your gloves quite off, my darling," she added, observing that Honor was nervously twisting her hands about in unconscious energy.

Mr. Drayton did not half like it, and was glad when the silent drive to Victoria was over.

It was a little consolation to see Mabel Thornycroft's staid, gentle face appear with an encouraging smile. But even here there was an added pang, for Mabel, unlike Honor, was escorted by an anxious and affectionate group of mother and sisters, all hanging about her, plying her with illustrated papers, buzzing round her with affectionate and tearful solicitude. The porters and guard shared in the general interest, and the two girls might have been distinguished travellers about to set forth on a tour of exploration from the attention they received.

"I must say I wish you had a pleasanter companion, Mabel darling," murmured Mrs. Thornycroft apart, eyeing Honor's unattractive and desolate figure.

Perhaps Mabel wished so too; but she only said, "Oh, the poor girl is so wretched and nervous at going to school, mother dear; she will cheer up on the way."

The "escort," one Miss Wilson, was eagerly looked for at the station by both school-girls, as they had not yet seen her. Honor's heart took a lower plunge still when she beheld a grim and ancient female, arrayed in the shabby guise which many Englishwomen affect for foreign travel. A faded green cashmere dress, a beaded mantle, from which many of the beads had departed for ever, and a bonnet with crushed artificial flowers, completed the *tout ensemble* of this voyager, who was loudly denouncing the authorities for the large sum she had to pay for "excess luggage."

"It is an imposition! I have nothing—absolutely nothing—but a few collars and cuffs! I shall write to the head office! I shall expose it! I shall——"

"Oh, Mabel," whispered Honor, clutching her arm, "what shall we do with that dreadful creature? I *know* she is Miss Wilson—I heard her say she was going to Belle-Rive."

Mabel looked aghast. "We can't be sure she is Miss Wilson yet." The little group watched the stranger with apprehensive glances, while Mr. Drayton, taking off his hat, enquired civilly "if she were expecting to meet two young ladies as travelling companions." "Certainly *not!*" returned the stranger, with freezing coldness. At the same instant a trimly-clad young lady in cap and ulster turned round from a modest portmanteau, that was being weighed, and revealed a beaming face, introducing herself as the individual in question.

This trivial incident had a wonderful effect in raising the girls' spirits. Miss Wilson, whose home was in Belle-Rive, was an experienced traveller, and by the time they were all three seated in the train, she had made one at least of the girls feel quite at ease with her. Among a shower of adieux the express moved out of the station, and Honor felt that she was really launched into the wide, wide world.



FRENCH FISHWIFE.

One cannot always remain at sixteen in a state of obstinate misery, and the brisk motion through the landscape brought with it an imperceptible relief to Honor. The idea of throwing herself into the sea at Dover, which she had once been mad enough to dream about as a proper and heroic mode of ending her unappreciated existence, and "making them sorry at home," ceased to present itself in an attractive light, and by the time they drew down upon the Admiralty pier she was feeling more cheerful than she had done for many days. Her travelling companions were kind though unobtrusive. Mabel had shed a few quiet tears after bidding "Good-bye" to her mother, but was now composed and bright. The sea stretched away in a sunny, rippling plain of blue, and Honor was interested in spite of herself to make her first acquaintance with a large Channel steamer. She sat on the deck between Mabel and Miss Wilson, the breeze caressing her heavy eyelids and tired, tear-stained cheeks with a pleasant freshness. The sea was so smooth that the voyage was pure physical enjoyment; the sun shone so brightly that it was difficult to imagine it was only February. There were few passengers on board, and Honor found herself wandering from end to end of the vessel, watching the waves churn into foam, and the cliffs of Dover recede, or straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of France. The subtle influences of nature were at work already on the poor, unhappy child.

When she heard the chatter of French at Calais, and saw the strange dress of the porters on the quay, and the fishwives in their white caps, she began to feel her shyness return. She could talk French in an Anglicised sort of way; but it was not like this rapid flow of language, which Miss Wilson so easily caught and answered. There was diversion for her in the thorough ablution to remove all traces of crying—on which her escort insisted—and the luncheon that followed in the strange, gay foreign refreshment room, with the delicious medley of dishes, the slim, tall bottles on every table, the flying waiters.

Then followed the long railway ride to Paris through the landscape so like England, yet so unfamiliar in its divided tracts of land, and lines of pollards and poplars. The girls were interested in the great station at which they at length alighted, but were soon fully occupied in the mysteries of the luggage department,

and the journey across Paris, until at last they found themselves safely at another huge station, whence they had to depart for Belle-Rive. One incident was amusing. In the examination of luggage there was revealed in Mabel's trunk a stout square tin box. The officials spied it at once, and evidently suspected dynamite."

"*Ouvrez! ouvrez, mesdemoiselles!*" was all they would vouchsafe in reply to the explanations of Mabel and Miss Wilson. So, with infinite pains, the box was wrenched open, and was found to contain—toffee! No smile mantled on the faces of the representatives of French law and order; they merely uttered "*Bien!*" in a tone of haughty condescension, and allowed the box to be closed.

Ere long they were speeding through the night, in a carriage with no other occupants. Honor, utterly worn out, slept soundly, only starting up now and again with a weird, not unpleasant, sensation of strangeness to see the lights of a station, and hear the sonorous cry, "*Cinq minutes d'arrêt!*" It was dawn when she finally awoke to a new world. For, in a deep valley below her, a clear green torrent was swiftly flowing. High, high above towered the grey limestone cliffs, with dark, vertical clefts draped with ivy, and little fir-trees clinging to the very sides of the precipice, till the summit was crowned with thick, dark forest, and the changing mists wreathed themselves in and out among the changeless pines. All around, the world seemed to be ridges of hill bordered by forest. It was "the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies soon to be more loudly lifted, and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps." The dawn was clear and bright, and the thrushes were singing. Honor, who had beheld little natural beauty in her life, was amazed and overawed. With a low cry she gazed from the window, drinking in the wonder of the world. Nature is a bountiful mother to many a lonely child-soul that has somehow missed true mothering, and Honor felt the first touch of her soothing hand, the first throb of her great heart, on that spring morning among the Jura.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPIRIT OF FUN IN LITERATURE AND ART;

OR,

THE WORKS OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE WORLD LAUGH.

By JAMES MASON.

CHAPTER V.

"INNOCENTLY to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom" was the opinion of Oliver Goldsmith, and few pens have equalled his in illustrating this sensible maxim. He is an author for whom, somehow, we feel an affection out of all proportion to the merits of his character. He had many weak points: Horace Walpole set him down as "an inspired idiot," and Garrick proposed for his epitaph—

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

He was vain, he was imprudent; he had a hundred faults and follies, but Dr. Johnson summed up the general feeling when he said: "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man." "Whether," says the same eminent literary authority, "we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

Many distinguished men of his time were Goldsmith's friends, and were sincere mourners when, in 1774, he was carried to the grave. Burke, when told of his death, burst into a flood of tears, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was so moved by the news that he flung aside his brushes and palette for the day.

Goldsmith's comic writing is defined by Leigh Hunt as comedy running into farce; that is to say, truth richly coloured and overflowing with animal spirits. "It is that of the prince of comic writers, Molière, always bearing in mind that Molière beats every one of them in expression, and is a great verse writer to boot."

The first comedy written by Goldsmith was *The Good-Natured Man*, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1768. It is never acted nowadays, and is but seldom read. Its plot is ill-constructed, like all Goldsmith's plots, but it has some exquisitely ludicrous passages. Its production fell on an evil day. Sentimental comedy was in fashion then, and "anything in the shape of fun that moved an audience to more than a grave smile was reprobated as low." Goldsmith, who hated the sentimentalists and all their works, was not likely to meet with approval, and can hardly have been surprised that his piece was coldly received. He made, however, £500 by it, which was no less than five times as much as he had got for the *Traveller* and his immortal *Vicar of Wakefield* together.

Five years after this, Goldsmith brought out his second and only other comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, one of the best productions of the kind ever written. "I know of no comedy for many years," says Dr. Johnson, "that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry." It was a great advance upon *The Good-Natured Man*, and should be read by all who enjoy a good hearty laugh.

In *She Stoops to Conquer* the famous character, Tony Lumpkin, appears, and is the leading spirit of mischief. He is a young clownish country squire, the foolish son of a foolish mother. "He is," says Hazlitt, "in his own sex what a hoiden is in the other. He is that vulgar nickname, a *hobbletehoy* dramatised; forward and sheepish, mischievous and idle, cunning and stupid, with the vices of the man and the follies of the boy; fond of low company, and giving himself all the airs of consequence of the young squire."

When this play was produced at Covent Garden, in 1773, it triumphed over all opposition. The audience laughed till they cried, and the defeat of the sentimentalists was complete. The play brought the happy author, too, a clear profit of no less than £800.

The plot of *She Stoops to Conquer* turns on the farcical incident of two travellers mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn. It was founded on a real experience of Goldsmith's own. When sixteen years old, he was returning home from school, riding a borrowed hack, and with a whole golden guinea in his pocket. Getting benighted in a certain village, he asked the way to the "best house," and was directed by a facetious person to the house of the squire.

Luckily, the squire was a man of humour, and fell in with the joke, and the schoolboy played the fine gentleman on the strength of his solitary guinea, ordered a bottle of wine after supper, and invited his landlord and his landlord's wife and daughter to join him in the supper room.

Amongst Goldsmith's minor poems there are several humorous pieces, in which we see his buoyant temper and keen eye for the ridiculous. Take, for example, the "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," the "Haunch of Venison," the "Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize," and "Retaliation." From the last we shall, by way of sample, quote the following character of his friend David Garrick, the greatest actor that ever in this country adorned the stage:—

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

William Cowper did not lay himself out for the cultivation of the ludicrous, but he had the happy fortune to produce the poem which has given rise to more laughter than any other in the language. Nothing has ever encouraged merriment to be compared with "John Gilpin."

One afternoon, when Cowper was in one of his saddest moods, the story on which this poem is founded was told him by his friend, Lady Austen, with a view to dissipating his gloomy fancies. It worked on him like a charm. The incidents of the little history took hold of his imagination, and when he retired to bed he was kept awake by the recollection, and excited by it to convulsive laughter. Part of the night was spent in turning the story into a ballad.

In this shape the adventures of the famous horseman made their first appearance in print in the columns of the *Public Advertiser*, in the close of 1782, without the author's name.

"It was slowly but surely making its way to popularity," says one of the poet's biographers, "when Henderson, the celebrated actor, began to amuse the public with recitations delivered at Freemasons' Hall. His attention was directed to "John Gilpin." Lines were never written that were better suited for the purposes of a dramatic reader. Recited with

moderate skill, they might be relied on for setting an audience in a roar; and such is the quaint simplicity of the diction, the rapidity with which the incidents are varied, and the skill with which the progress of the narrative is indicated by allusions to a succession of objects of a ludicrous character, that in the hands of a practised actor it must have been perfectly irresistible.

"Henderson's recitation made it universally popular. It was printed in many places and in many ways, in separate editions, with and without illustrations, in newspapers, in magazines, and even in common ballad form, and was probably sung about the streets."

Cowper was at this time busy on his now famous poem of "The Task;" and when this more serious work came to be published, it was thought that it would do no harm if "John Gilpin" were inserted in the same volume as an avowed piece by the same author. "The Task" had qualities which could not fail to achieve popularity; but that which, unaided, might have been an affair of months, was rendered immediate by the general currency of its humorous predecessor.

In Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who lived from 1751 to 1816, we have a humorous dramatic star of the first magnitude. Among the comic writers of last century, says Hazlitt, he "shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights." He wrote four several dramas, all excellent in their way—*The Rivals*, the *School for Scandal*, *The Duenna*, and *The Critic*. The first of these was produced in 1775; *The Duenna* in the close of the same year; *The School for Scandal* in 1777, and *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, in 1779.

They are all highly artificial, but very amusing. Speaking of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, Lord Jeffrey indicates what most people will allow to be a weak point in both these otherwise admirable works. "There is," he says, "too much merely ornamental dialogue, and, with some very fine rhetorical situations, too much intermission in the action and business of the play; and above all, there is too little real warmth of feeling, and too few indications of noble or serious passion thoroughly to satisfy the wants of English readers and spectators—even in a comedy. Their wit is the best of them."

The best known of all the characters in Sheridan's comedies is perhaps Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*. The funny feature about her is her blunders in the use of words, in spite of her own opinion—"Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs."

"Mrs. Malaprop's mistakes in what she herself calls 'orthodoxy,'" remarks Moore the poet, "have been often objected to as improbable from a woman in her rank of life; but though some of them, it must be owned, are extravagant and farcical, they are almost all amusing; and the luckiness of her simile 'as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile,' will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly 'headstrong' species of composition."

By way of introducing Mrs. Malaprop to those readers who have not yet made her acquaintance, we shall quote a short conversation which occurs near the beginning of the play. And that it may be rightly understood, we must first mention that Mrs. Malaprop has a niece, Lydia Languish, a great reader of sentimental nonsense in the shape of circulating library novels, and distinguished in consequence for the extravagance of her romantic notions. Lydia is fathoms deep in love with one of whom her aunt disapproves, and she scorns the match proposed for her by that worthy lady.

Lydia has just received an instalment of books from the library, when her maid enters hurriedly to say that her aunt is coming upstairs in company with an old friend, Sir Anthony Absolute.

Lydia makes the maid hide away all the sentimental volumes, seats herself on the sofa, picks up a copy of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*, and exclaims, "Now for 'em."

"There, Sir Anthony," says Mrs. Malaprop, entering the room, "there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling."

"Madam," says Lydia, "I thought you once——"

"You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all; thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory."

"Ah! madam," exclaims Lydia, "our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget!"

"But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman."

Lydia attempts still further to defend herself, and ventures to suggest that preference and aversion have something to do with love affairs.

"What business have you, miss," says her aunt, "with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman, and you ought to know that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage, as if he'd been a blackamoor, and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made; and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed."

These arguments producing no effect, Lydia is sent to her room. As she goes out, Mrs. Malaprop turns to Sir Anthony Absolute, who has been present during the interview, and says, "There's a little intricate huzzy for you!"

Sir Anthony replies that it is not to be wondered at, such independent conduct being the natural result of teaching girls to read. On his way to Mrs. Malaprop's he had seen Lydia's maid coming out of a circulating library, "and from that moment," he says, "I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress."

The two cry out against circulating libraries as "evergreen trees of diabolical knowledge," and then Sir Anthony enquires, "Mrs. Malaprop, what would you have a woman know?"

"Observe me, Sir Anthony," she answers. "I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.

"But, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old to a boarding-school in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise, that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it."

The author of these fine comedies wanted one thing without which the highest gifts are valueless to their possessor. He had no prudence. The consequence was that his life was a scramble, beset by creditors, and that he came at the end of it to be a hopelessly ruined man. Much has been written about Sheridan from this point of view, and girls who want to see how one who made the world laugh had to struggle in a very undignified way with unpaid bills and broken obligations will not have to complain of lack of matter.

Tom Hood, our next humorous writer, who was born in 1799 and died in 1845, was one of the most famous wits of his day. He did not look as if there were much fun in him; there was a grave and melancholy, almost funereal, expression in his face, which suggested the undertaker rather than the author of *Whims and Oddities* and *Comic Annuals*.

The reason for this undoubtedly was the almost life-long ill health which fell to his lot, not to speak of the struggle he had during a great part of his career to pay his way and owe no man anything. He was forced, he used to say, to make broad grins under narrow circumstances, and be a lively Hood for a livelihood. But it was a much more noble struggle than that maintained by the writer we have just finished talking about.

"The connection between disease and the comic faculty in Hood's case," remarks his son, "is not so unreasonable as it appears at first sight. The invalid who could supply mirth for millions while he himself was propped up with pillows on the bed of sickness, was not a jester whose sole stock-in-trade consisted in mere animal spirits—which are too often mistaken for wit. Hood's wit was the fruit of an even temperament and a cheery and contented mind, endowed with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous."

The first appearance of Hood as a comic writer was in the year 1826, when he published the first series of *Whims and Oddities*. The critics in many instances took offence at his puns, but the public approved, and he was encouraged to start his *Comic Annual*, the first number of which was published for the Christmas of 1830. On the cover was the picture of a boy blowing bubbles; these ultimately increased to eleven, numbering the years of the publication.

A mere catalogue is a dull affair, so the reader must look elsewhere for an enumeration of this great humorist's other works. But it will be helpful to those who want to understand Hood, and have a good laugh, if we direct them to a few poems which may be taken as characteristic specimens of his genius. Let them read the ballads of "Faithless Sally Brown" and "Faithless Nelly Gray," and from these pass on to "Domestic Asides, or Truth in Parentheses," "The Wee Man," "The Comet," "The Boy at the Nore," "The Lost Heir," and "A Parental Ode to My Son, aged three years and five months." If these do not please, let them lay *Hood's Comic Poems* down, and never take credit to themselves for ability to appreciate fun.

No doubt there is something to be said against Hood's propensity to run off into puns. These are held by many people to be the lowest form of wit; but there are puns and puns, and it may truly be said of the puns of Hood, that they are the very best of their class. With him a pun is not a mere jingle of similar sounds or a distortion of pronunciation—it is a play of sense as well as of sound. To quote his own words, "a pun is something like a cherry; though there may be a slight outward indication of partition, of duplicity of

meaning, yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure." In other words, the sense is complete without any reference to the second meaning.

For examples of Hood's puns take the opening verses of "Faithless Nelly Gray":—

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

"Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg
And the Forty-second Foot!'"

Or take the verses in "Faithless Sally Brown," where Ben, the "nice young man, a carpenter by trade," is torn from Sally by the press-gang crew:—

"'And is he gone, and is he gone?'
She cried, and wept outright;
'Then I will to the waterside,
And see him out of sight!'

"A waterman came up to her—
'Now, young woman,' said he,
'If you weep on so you will make
Eye-water in the sea.'"

The last stanza of the same poem, relating to the death of Ben, furnishes equally happy examples:—

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

What greatly heightened Hood's popularity was his power of illustrating pictorially his various whims and fancies. Some of his quaint little pictures are very funny. Take that one, for instance, in which the heads of two Quakers are visible just above the ice on a bitter winter's day. There they hang, surveying each other in what Hood calls *an ice fix*, or state of suspended animation. This picture he entitles, "Coolness between Friends."

Hood's fun was not kept for his published works. He carried it into every-day life, and we understand him better as an author by seeing what he was as a husband and friend. His practical jokes and hoaxes were often extremely funny, and all so innocent in their nature that they never gave anything else than enjoyment, even to those who were the objects of them.

He was never in better spirits than when a friend of his was completely imposed upon by a sham account of a survey of the heavens through Lord Rosse's "monster telescope." On another occasion he was found working away industriously with wood, paint, and glue to send a foreign friend a new and killing bait for the early spring — a veritable *poisson d'avril*, constructed to come in half after a brief immersion and reveal the inscription, "Oh, you April fool!"

When his wife was first learning the mysteries of housekeeping, he gravely persuaded her that she must never purchase plaice with red or orange spots, for they were a proof that the fish were not fresh. Armed with this valuable knowledge, Mrs. Hood felt herself a match for any fishwoman who might endeavour to impose on her inexperience; but the reception she got from the first to whom she said, "I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant spots!" opened her eyes as to the nature of her husband's marketing advice.

One day two or three friends came down to visit him for a day's fishing, and, as they often did, they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. The guests were in high spirits, and played off one or two practical jokes on their host, and at last, just as they were landing, one of them gave the boat a push, and Hood, who was last, went plump into the water.

Fortunately the water was shallow, but the poet was wet through. It was playing with edged tools, however, to venture on such tricks, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly, he began to complain of cramps, aches, and stitches, and went indoors.

His friends, rather ashamed by this time of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His wife had received a quiet hint, and therefore kept her mind easy as she pretended to carry out the prescriptions of the repentant jokers. The doctor lived miles away, so they had to doctor the patient themselves, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, Hood all the time shaking with laughter, whilst they thought he had ague or fever. One rushed upstairs with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard.

At last Hood gave out in a sepulchral tone that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions about his will, which his guests were all too much frightened to see the fun of. On this he could stand it no longer, and after hearing the penitent offenders beg his forgiveness for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughter, which they at first thought was delirious frenzy, but which in the end betrayed the joke.

But, though the humorous faculty in Hood was uppermost, he had a deep vein of melancholy pathos running through his mirth. "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," are enduring witnesses to that fact; and his "Dream of Eugene Aram," remarks Allan Cunningham, "places him high among the bards who deal in dark and fearful things, and intimate rather than express deeds which men shudder to hear named."

Hood died on the 3rd of May, 1845. During his last illness he said once: "It is a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here I have thought of it more and more. It is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I could have wished to stay a little longer."

FITTING OF HARNESS.

I WROTE in these pages not long ago, a few simple directions on harnessing and unharnessing, for the benefit of girls who drive themselves.

To those who have already mastered these simple details, I would add a few practical hints regarding harness fitting, a subject far too little understood, even by those whose duty it is to see that the noble animal, who puts forth the whole of his strength for our convenience, should do so with as little pain and discomfort to himself as possible.

Nothing looks so bad as the points of straps flapping about. These should be cut off, or an extra keeper sewn on the leather. A keeper is a leather loop sewn on to the standing end of a strap to receive the point, after it has passed through the buckle.

The head collar should be fitted so that the nose-band lies about the breadth of two fingers below the bottom of the cheek bone. There should be two fingers' play between the nose and nose-band, and three fingers, or the breadth of the hand, between the throat latch and the throat—not tighter. Take particular care that the brow-band is not too small, as it will pinch the horse's ears.

The cheek pieces should lie along the cheek bone, and be lifted so that the mouth-piece of the bit lies horizontally in the mouth, one inch above the tushes of horses, two inches above the corner teeth of mares. Take care that the bit is not so high as to wrinkle the corners of the mouth.

The blinkers should be parallel to the cheek bones—not pressed inwards, as is so often seen.

The pad should be well stuffed, so that the iron arch does not rest on the wither. The stuffing can be pricked up at home with a knitting-needle, by poking it through the serge and working it about.

The pad should rest about a hand's breadth behind the wither. The girth of the pad should admit one finger between it and the horse's belly.

The traces should be of such a length that, when the horse is in draft, the tugs and back-band—the strap which goes through the pad and holds the tugs—lie vertically down the centre of the pad.

The back-band, or outer belly-band, when buckled, should admit of about three fingers between it and the horse's side, when the traces are stretched.

The tugs should be so high that the line of the shafts is about level—if anything, sloping upwards towards the shoulder of the hames.

The cart should be so balanced, that there is only about three or four pounds weight on the tugs.

In going up hill, sit forward, so as to lean more weight on the horse's back. In going down hill, sit back, to take the weight off.

The collar should admit one finger between the sides and the horse's neck, and the flat of the hand at the bottom of the collar.

The crupper should admit the breadth of the hand between it and the croup.

The breeching should lie horizontally from its slings, about one foot below the root of the tail; when buckled to the loop of the shafts, and the horse is in the collar, there should be about eight inches play.

When the horse is in the breeching, he should be one foot away from the splinter-bar.

* * * *

It is very desirable, even in a woman, to train the eye to note quickly these points. Trifling as they may appear, they are essential to the comfort and wellbeing of the horse you are driving, and it is precisely attention to these details that makes the difference between a well-turned-out equipage and a slovenly one.

EVELYN.

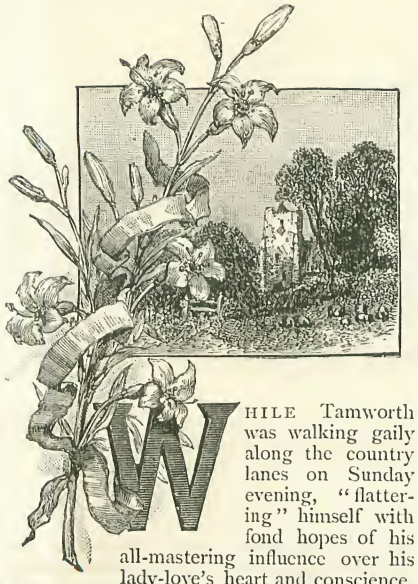
"NOT UNEQUALLY;"

OR,

BESSY'S REWARD.

CHAPTER II.

NOT AT HOME!



WHILE Tamworth was walking gaily along the country lanes on Sunday evening, "flattering" himself with fond hopes of his all-mastering influence over his lady-love's heart and conscience, the poor girl herself remained in the honeysuckle arbour almost as motionless as a statue, trying to think.

It is well to say "trying to think," for at this early stage of the trial that had so unexpectedly come upon her, Bessy's mind was literally half benumbed with pain.

The minutes went on, and Mr. Bowling came out into the garden at last to seek the pair, and warn them that it was high time to be setting off to church for the evening service. He was startled when he caught sight of his daughter's face, and saw that she was alone.

"Why, father's little one!" he exclaimed hastily, "what is the meaning of this! Have you two had a quarrel? Where is Evan? Are you ill?"

Bessy lifted herself up wearily from the bench, answering the many questions as she did so.

"No, father dear, I am not ill—we have had no quarrel. Evan is gone. He said he had an engagement with Barnsley of the works."

"And is father's little girl jealous that Barnsley should rob her of half-an-hour of her lover's company?" asked the farmer, with a mingling of surprise and kindly raillery.

Bessy shook her head slowly as she said in low tones, "Ah! no, father. It is nothing of such—foolish, mean sort as that—that is troubling me. I have found——"

"Yes, my pet"—in a voice hoarse with fear for his child's happiness—"you have found what?"

"Oh! father, I have found out to-day quite fully, without any possibility of doubting any more, that Evan cares for none of those things that we—that we care most about."

There was silence for a few moments. Mr. Bowling dropped his face into his broad, work-hardened hand, and when he lifted it up again it looked almost as sad as his daughter's. He put his arm around her, and drew her to him, kissing her forehead with something of solemnity.

"I had begun to have my suspicions of this, my lamb. May God guide and guard you, my darling."

"Guide me," repeated Bessy, piteously, as if she would remonstrate against the idea suggested by the words, although they had only put her own thoughts into audible sound.

A second grave kiss answered the pitiful cry.

"Aye, my lamb, may He guide you to act according to His holy will! What is it your mother's favourite hymn says—

> "E'en though it be a cross that leadeth me;
> Still all my song shall be,
> Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.'

And there's a something, too, that the Apostle says, is there not, my darling, that may help you to know what to do in this matter? Can you tell father what it is?"

A sobbing sigh. "Yes, father."

"Ah! I thought so! Speak the text out, my lamb. It will likely bring a bit of comforting strength along."

Bessy shook her head once more. The wound was too fresh as yet for her to be able to look forward to relief. But she repeated the text. It had been echoing in her brain for the past half-hour: "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

The Apostle's command to the members of the Christian church was so distinct and plain that there was no possibility of pretending a want of comprehension.

"But, ah! it is so hard, all the same!" sobbed poor young Bessy the next morning, as she knelt by her bedside in earnest prayer for strength to give up her lover for the sake of her faith. For "what communion hath light with darkness?"

Gaily and proudly, with all the air of a happy and successful lover, Evan Tamworth presented himself at the farm on Monday evening. He was looking forward to the little extra treat of helping to get the small soft fingers into those dainty gloves.

An irritable feeling of impatience ruffled his forehead when he prepared to enter the house in his usual unceremonious fashion, and found the door was locked. The loud, sharp clang of the bell betrayed this touch of temper.

"And I misdoubt as this won't make him any better," murmured shrewd old Betty, as she went to open the door with a letter in her hand.

"Please, sir, Miss Bessy is out; but she asked me before she left to give you this note if you came."

"Oh!"

As that short ejaculation broke from the young man's lips, he drew his head back involuntarily, as if he had been struck or stung.

Recovering outward composure with an effort, he said coldly—

"If I came! I don't know what you mean. Of course I should come. You knew perfectly well that I should."

"Yes, sir," replied Betty, quietly. "But that's the message as Miss Bessy give me to give to you with the note."

Again she offered it to Tamworth, and this time he took it, and without another word turned from the door. He had crossed the garden, and gone over the farm fields and down the lanes, till he had reached the spot where he first saw Bessy Bowling gathering her rosebuds, before he opened his set lips, paused in his walk, or attempted to learn the contents of the letter. His usual power of self-flattery had deserted him for once, and he dreaded to see the lines that the beloved fingers had penned for his eyes, after the parting of yesterday. They were few enough and simple, going direct to the point.

"DEAREST EVAN." [The letters bore evidence of the trembling of the hand that traced them. The reader's eyes flashed with an angry joy and pride when they marked that circumstance.] "Dearest Evan,—I am afraid that I am going to give you some pain; and oh! I am so very, very sorry! But our talk last night has made me see so plainly that I have to choose between you and Jesus Christ. And I love you so dearly, Evan; but I love our dear Lord best of all. And so we must say 'good-bye,' dear Evan, and, oh! may God bless you, my own dear love!—BESSY."

It was a pitiful little letter, and it touched the strong man with compassion, and a longing to give comfort in spite of his wrath. He went back to his lodgings, and wrote a reply that betrayed the mingling of these sentiments.

"YOU SILLY LITTLE WOMAN,—What is the good of going into heroics like this, and hurting us both? For you cannot deny that the writing of this foolish little letter caused you as much pain to write as me to read.

"I shall come over again to-morrow as usual, and claim beforehand a good half-dozen kisses in sign of penitence.

"Besides, how can you reconcile it to this very tender conscience of yours to go throwing a fellow over like this? According to your belief, you've only got to wish, and you can move a mountain. What's to hinder, after we are married, your wishing me converted to your own notions? Just think what a fine field for your faith! Is it, after all, less strong than you would have me believe, little woman? Why, there's actually a verse in the Bible to the very point in this matter—'How knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband!' So, you see you are bound, by your own belief, to accept the chance I give you to have a try at me.

"Meantime, I remain your loving, but rather indignant—EVAN."

This epistle penned and posted, Tamworth felt more himself again, and ate his solitary supper with very tolerable appetite, and a comfortable conviction that the irritating little episode in the course of his courtship was now fairly over and done with.

He reckoned without his host.

(To be concluded.)



A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

By G. WEATHERLY.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee."—Numbers vi. 24.



It is not rich as some gifts are,
Its value's small in truth—
This birthday present from afar,
Gift of old age to youth;
But the sweet words that come with it,
The blessings that it brings,
These give it worth, and make it fit
For treasure-house of kings.

"The Lord of Heaven bless thee, dear,
On this, thy natal day,
And keep thee in His love and fear,
And guide thee on thy way!
May He in mercy give thee peace,
Whene'er by grief oppressed,
And bring thee, when life's troubles cease,
To His eternal rest!"

CHEAP AND PRETTY SWEETS.

In most households it will be often found a great convenience when we have sweets to have them cold. As a general rule, it will also be found much easier to make cold dishes look pretty than hot. This applies to all dishes, but particularly to sweets. If we attempt to ornament hot dishes composed of meat, as a rule the decorations will be found expensive. Cockscombs and truffles, button mushrooms and ornamental slices of red tongue dipped in glaze, undoubtedly will make dishes look very pretty; but we should have to pay a very pretty figure for doing so. There are many kinds of dishes that may be called sweets that can be made, which combine the three following essentials in the every-day cooking of middle-class families. They can be made cheap, wholesome, and pretty.

A very economical, but at the same time a really elegant dish, can be made out of a single orange, a tablespoonful of cornflour, and some white sugar.

First choose a good-sized ripe orange—and the darker the colour the better. Take a dozen lumps of sugar and rub them on the outside of the orange—so as to get off the colour that is. When the orange has been rubbed all over, it will look a great deal paler. Next place six of these lumps in a very small saucepan, such as an egg saucepan, and dissolve them in about a wineglassful of water; add some more lump sugar till you get a thick syrup when hot; this will of course crystallise when cold. Next take the orange and peel it carefully, so as to avoid breaking the thin inside skin; now divide the orange into its natural divisions. To do this it is best to pull the orange in half with the fingers, and then gradually separate these little divisions from one another by pulling them apart from the centre. If this is done carefully, you will find that you do not lose any of the juice. We cannot say for certain what number of pieces will be obtained, as oranges vary. We recollect, however, that of the last two oranges experimented on, one contained eleven pieces and the other nine. Now dip these pieces of orange one by one in the syrup, so that a certain quantity of syrup will adhere to each piece of orange, and place the pieces on a plate.

Sometimes it will be found advisable to drop a little of the syrup, when it begins to cool and gets thicker, on the edge of each piece of orange, which, when cold, of course has the appearance of being crystallised. We next take the remaining lumps of sugar that have been rubbed on the outside of the orange and dissolve them in the syrup, to which some water can now be added. We now take a small round basin—one holding about a pint—a little more or a little less is of no consequence. We must, however, add sufficient water to what is left of the syrup to about fill the basin.

We will, however, suppose the basin to hold exactly a pint. Take a piece of butter and smear the inside of the basin with this butter, so as to make it slightly greasy. Now take another rather larger basin, and put in it a brimming tablespoonful of cornflour, and moisten this with a wineglassful of cold water; stir it up, and mix it till it is quite smooth.

Now bring one pint of diluted syrup to the boil—it is best to taste it to see if it is sufficiently flavoured with the orange and sufficiently sweet. Pour this pint of boiling, sweetened, and orange-flavoured water on the cornflour. Be careful to stir the cornflour before pouring it on, and keep stirring it, as when you mix cornflour with cold water, however carefully you may mix it, it will settle at the bottom in a cake if left to itself even for a few minutes. Keep stirring the cornflour with a spoon in the left hand while you pour the boiling liquid in with the right. Of course it will thicken into a very light yellow-looking jelly. Now pour this into the buttered pint basin, and put it by till it is quite cold. By this time the little pieces of orange will also have got quite cold, and will look like crystallised orange, which indeed they are.

Next take a round glass dish, and having eased the cornflour by pulling it away from the basin all round the edge, turn it out on to a glass dish. Then take the pieces of orange and place them round the edge on the glass dish with the thin part touching the bottom of the pudding.

The dish looks very pretty as it is, but can be made to look still prettier by means of a little green angelica, a quarter of a pound of which can be bought for fourpence.

It is a great mistake to think that a small sum of money spent on ornamenting sweets is necessarily extravagant, and housekeepers are too apt to regard any novelty or innovation as unnecessary extravagance. The same persons who will spend threepence or fourpence a week in parsley to ornament cold meat do not consider it extravagant, because they and their mothers before them have been in the habit of using it. Angelica keeps good for months, and four pennyworth will probably last as long for ornamenting sweets as four shillings' worth of parsley, bought at different times, would last in ornamenting cold meat; and, in addition, we eat the angelica, but look at the parsley, which, we trust, is afterwards used for flavouring soups and gravies.

Cut four little strips of angelica about an inch long, and pointed at each end, and make a star on the top of the cornflour pudding. A little piece of lump sugar can be placed in the middle of the star, coloured a light yellow by means of the orange peel. A little piece of angelica can also be placed on each division of the orange round the base of the pudding.

This dish is extremely pretty in appearance. The pale yellow and bright green contrast very favourably, and we do not think the dish could be improved in appearance by introducing any ornament of a brighter colour; but, of course, a preserved cherry might be placed in the centre of the star, and the pudding itself could be sprinkled over by a small teaspoonful of hundreds and thousands, which are also used for ornamental purposes.

As a rule tinned apricots, though undoubtedly very delicious and very pretty in appearance, are rather expensive when served by themselves.

A very economical dish, however, can be made out of a small tin of apricots, which can be utilised so as to give pleasure to a dozen children. The dish that we are going to describe can be called Imitation Poached Eggs.

First of all we must take half a pint of milk, boil it, sweeten it, and flavour it with a few drops of essence of almonds, and pour this boiling milk on rather a small tablespoonful of cornflour, as we want to make it rather thick. While it is still liquid, pour a tablespoonful of this mixture into a dozen saucers—teacup saucers are better than breakfastcup.

Next we must have by us a plain stale cake without any currants. A cake that has been



"A BIRTHDAY PRESENT."

baked in a square tin about four inches square would be best. Cut this cake into slices, each slice being about the size we have named, four inches square, and toast these slices a light brown. Place each slice with the brown side uppermost on a small pudding-plate. Next open a small tin of apricots, pour the syrup into a basin, and place the half apricots on a dish to drain. Taste the syrup to see if it is very sweet, and, if necessary, add a little sugar, as tinned apricots vary very much in sweetness. Pour a little of the syrup on to each slice of toasted cake, so that it soaks into the cake without running on to the plate. The twelve slices will probably soak up the whole of the syrup.

Next, by means of a very thin knife we must loosen the cornflour settled in the saucers, so that it will turn out. It is best turned out on to a slice such as we use for fried eggs. Place a round of cornflour with the convex side uppermost in the middle of each piece of cake. You can slide off the cornflour from the slice on to the middle of the cake with a knife. Next place half an apricot—each half must be dry and free from any syrup running off it—on the centre of each white round of cornflour. You now have a dozen poached eggs apparently; indeed, in the distance everybody would feel certain that they were real genuine poached eggs. "If you like you can give one or two grates of a nutmeg over each "poached egg," which looks, of course, like pepper. It is a very pleasant and agreeable surprise to little children, besides being an exceedingly nice dish to eat.

Of course these twelve poached eggs could be all placed in one dish, but then it requires a very large dish for the purpose; and after the cake has been soaked in the syrup, it is very apt to break in being moved from a dish on to a plate, unless an egg-slice be used instead of a tablespoon for the purpose.

If, in making the above, you should have any stale pieces of cake left over, suppose even they are broken into fragments, you can use them up to make what we will call orange pudding. Suppose, however, you have no cake, the pudding we are going to describe can be made equally well, though perhaps not quite so nice, from small crusts of stale bread, though each piece should not be bigger than the top of the thumb down to the first joint.

We must commence as we did in our first receipt by rubbing some lumps of sugar on the outside of an orange, and as we only want the outside of the orange, and not the inside, it is quite possible to make one orange do for the two dishes; and in the case of having a children's party, when both dishes might be made at the same time, it would be as well to bear this fact in mind.

First of all we must make some syrup by dissolving the sugar that has been rubbed on the outside of the orange and a little more sugar added to it by pouring some boiling water on the sugar and stirring it up. Now soak the pieces of stale cake or the stale crusts of bread in this syrup, and then place them on a plate to drain. Next take four eggs and separate the whites from the yolks of two, and put by the two whites in a basin. These have to be whipped up to a froth by-and-by with some powdered sugar. Take a pint of milk and boil it, and when it has boiled, sweeten it with the remainder of the syrup and the syrup that has drained off from the pieces of stale cake or crusts of bread. Beat up the four yolks and two whites very thoroughly, and gradually add the hot sweetened milk. Pour this mixed egg and milk into a pie-dish, add the soaked cake or crusts of bread, and place the pie-dish in the oven and bake till it sets. When it is quite set, take it out and let it get cold. When it is quite cold, spread a layer of orange marmalade on the top so as to cover the whole of it.

Now take the two whites in a basin, and with a fork beat them to a froth, and gradually add nearly a teacupful of powdered sugar. The sugar must be very finely powdered indeed, and it is far safest to buy the sugar powdered, and not attempt to make the powdered sugar at home. Now pile up this thick white froth on the top of the marmalade and edge of the pie-dish, taking care that the whole of the edge is completely covered. If you take pains in whipping the white of the eggs to a froth, you will be able to make a sufficient quantity to cover the whole of the dish an inch deep. Now place the dish once more in the oven, which must be very slack, as we do not wish the white to turn colour. In a very short time this white foam will swell and set firm. Then take it out of the oven and let it get cold.

The top of this white froth can now be ornamented in various ways. You can, if you like, use up the remainder of the orange—if one was used for this pudding only—and place these divisions of the orange round the edge of the dish, and you can place little leaves of green angelica between each piece of orange, the green and yellow on the white having a very pretty appearance. One piece of orange can be placed in the centre of the dish, upright, like the crescent on the Turkish flag; but if the remainder of the orange has been used for the cornflour pudding described in our first receipt, you can ornament the dish in other ways. Perhaps the prettiest ornament of all is to sprinkle some hundreds and thousands over the top.

These pretty little sweets known as hundreds and thousands can be bought at twopence an ounce, and if used solely for ornamenting purposes, one ounce will be sufficient to ornament a very large number of dishes like the ones we have just described.

For instance, suppose you have a dish of stewed pippins—a teaspoonful or less of this white froth can be placed in the middle of each pippin, and a very tiny pinch of hundreds and thousands placed on the top of each; in fact, a saltspoonful would be sufficient to ornament a dozen pippins. The expense is almost *nil*, but what a difference in the appearance.

Another very cheap and pretty dish can be made with apples and cornflour.

Take six or eight large apples, and try and get them as much as possible the same size. Peel them carefully and scoop out the cores. For this purpose a scoop like that used by cheesemongers for tasting cheese will be found very convenient, or you can use an ordinary silver or bone marrow spoon. Put these apples in a tin with a little sugar and water, and two or three strips of lemon peel. White sugar must be used for the purpose. Bake these apples in the oven gently till they are tender, and baste them from time to time with the syrup in the tin. Do not let the apples get discoloured, as this would have the effect of browning the syrup, and we want to have the syrup as clear and bright as possible, though we shall not be able to have it perfectly bright.

When the apples are cooked sufficiently to be eaten with a spoon, take the tin out of the oven, and with an egg-slice move the apples on to a dish to get cold. Now pour off the syrup—which of course is flavoured with apple—from the tin into a small saucepan. Rince out the tin with a little warm water, and add this to the syrup. If we have right apples we shall want about a pint of sweetened water. Add a few drops of cochineal to the syrup till it is a bright red. When the apples are quite cold we must let the syrup boil, and pour it on to a tablespoonful of cornflour in a basin previously mixed with a little cold water, as we did before, of course remembering to stir the cornflour while we pour the boiling syrup. We shall now have a pint of cloudy red jelly. Wait till it begins to cool, and then with a spoon pour the jelly over the apples. We first fill up the hole in the centre of the apples where the cores have been removed. We then, taking only a spoonful of cornflour jelly at a time, gradually cover the apples with red jelly. This requires some little time and patience. It is best to put a little on at first, and then when that has got cold, add a little more. This is a very pretty-looking dish.

You can, if you like, ornament each apple by cutting out little green leaves of angelica and placing them on the top.

When the dish is quite cold, in autumn you can place some real green apple leaves round the base, just as we place strawberry leaves round the dish of strawberries, or mulberry leaves round a dish of mulberries. Indeed, in ornamenting every kind of fruit no decoration is so pretty or so suitable as the leaves of the tree from which the fruit was gathered.

In the summer and autumn, when fruit is cheap, ripe, and plentiful—and it is only at such a time that fruit is really in its prime—we can make a great variety of cheap and pretty sweets with the assistance of a tablespoonful of cornflour and a little sugar.

For instance, suppose blackberries are in season. The advantage of using blackberries is that, generally speaking, they cost nothing beyond a morning's pleasure for the children of the family. The disadvantage of blackberries is undoubtedly the pips.

Suppose we have a quart of ripe blackberries. Pick out two or three dozen of the largest and best, and place the remainder in a small saucepan with a little water and sugar. The amount of sugar is a matter of taste, but you should bear in mind that in making blackberry jam a pound of fruit only requires half a pound of sugar. Add a little water to the blackberries in the saucepan, and let them stew gently till they are perfectly soft and tender. Now strain them through a hair sieve, pressing them with a wooden spoon.

After we have drained off the juice we can put the blackberries back in the saucepan and add a little more water, stirring them up and pressing them against the sides of the saucepan, and then drain them through the hair sieve again, rubbing them with a wooden spoon, and scraping the pulp from the bottom of the sieve and adding it to the juice. When we have got a pint of juice, we must boil it and pour the boiling juice on to a tablespoonful of cornflour as before. Let it get cold in the basin, and then turn it out on to a dish. A round glass dish does very well, or if we use a silver dish, we must place a piece of ornamental paper at the bottom.

Now ornament the dish by placing one ripe blackberry on the top, of course picking out the best one for the purpose, and surround it with a few fresh blackberry leaves. Place the remainder of the blackberries round the dish touching the mould, with a green leaf under each blackberry. This looks very pretty on a silver dish with an ornamental piece of paper, and the cost is almost *nil*.

A number of similar dishes can be made from other kinds of fruit; for instance, ripe mulberries can be treated in exactly a similar manner; so can black and red currants, only bear in mind that in ornamenting the dish you must pick the smallest leaves for the purpose.

Ripe gooseberries make a delicious sweet, but, strange to say, ripe gooseberries require more sugar than early green gooseberries, though of course the latter would not be suitable for the purpose.

Should you try the experiment with ripe raspberries, which resemble blackberries with regard to pips, bear in mind that you cannot get a good colour without adding some ripe red currants to them.

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A PLEASANT DINNER.

"The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness."

"WE have been busy discussing plans for the tennis party," said Dr. Gray, as the Warhams and Ernest Myddleton were dining at the Rectory one evening. "You and Ted will be the lions of the afternoon," he said, turning to Myddleton

"Yes, indeed," laughed Mrs. Gray; "nearly everybody in the place has heard that you are here, and I have been besieged already with half a dozen questions about you."

"See what notoriety is," said the rector, smiling. "You come down to Redminster for a day or two, and instantly everyone begins talking of you, and discussing your plans with as much interest as if you were Royalty itself. This party will give Redminster a fine opportunity of renewing its acquaintance with you; and it helps us to pay off old scores too. You and Ted must fight the Redminster champion, and take the pride of the inhabitants down a peg."

"Who is the champion this year?" asked Ernest.

"A man of the name of Brooke, a nice enough fellow, but a little carried away by conceit at his own prowess. You and Ted will have to show Redminster how the game is played. I am glad you don't forget the old place, my boy," he said, turning to young Myddleton.

"I enjoyed life here too much, Dr. Gray, to do that."

The party assembled that evening round the Rectory table was a very bright one.

The rector was the friend of young people of all sorts and conditions. None understood better than he how to sympathise with them. They would tell him their troubles, and feel all the time as if they were talking to an elder brother, or a father, as the case might be. He would listen to the hopes, plans, and ambitions of his young friends with the greatest interest, and many a shy boy, whose cherished day-dreams were too sacred to be exposed to the perhaps unsympathetic atmosphere of home, found in the rector a warm-hearted and helpful confidant. Many a man, and woman, too, who was suffering from the effects of her own wrong-doing, was pointed by the kindly rector to Him who could lift, by the power of His Cross, to a better life.

Of all his boy friends, Ernest Myddleton was the rector's special favourite. He had seen from the first that he was no ordinary boy; and the keen interest he took in books pleased the rector so much that he gave him the run of his library—a very rare privilege. Gradually Ernest won a place in his heart different from that held by any other of his boy friends; and he had a great many of these, who were warmly received whenever they chose to go to him, and welcome to whatever help and encouragement he could give. But Ernest held the place of a son; and the rector's interest in him was that of a father in a son of whom he is very proud.

As for young Myddleton, the Rectory had always been to him like a second home, and the rector and his wife like a second father and mother; the more so now that both his parents were dead.

Though they had no children of their own, Dr. and Mrs. Gray loved to have young people about them. A friendly party, such as was now gathered round their table, was their great delight.

No wonder, therefore, that everybody was so cheerful this evening.

Edward Warham had forgotten his depression of spirits, and vied with Ernest in making the rector talk. Listening to Ernest's account of his college life made Dr. Gray feel young again, and being led to recount his own reminiscences, many a racy anecdote was recalled, causing much hearty laughter.

Mrs. Gray replied to Ernest's enquiries after his old friends, told him interesting stories about her *protégées*, and made Fay laugh merrily over some of her parish experiences. Mrs. Warham enjoyed the conversation quietly, but took little part in it.

Helen, having banished for once, as it seemed, her cares and worries, laughed as gaily as any of the others. She sat next Ernest Myddleton, who, in spite of his conversation with the rector, found time to talk pretty often to her. Mrs. Gray, glancing at them now and then, smiled a little to herself, and there were others at the table who noticed what evident pleasure the two took in talking to each other.

The conversation was not allowed to drift into gossip or twaddle. There were allusions to the topics of the day, discussions about new books and new authors, in which all took part. There was no shyness or awkwardness anywhere. Dr. Gray and his wife understood too thoroughly the art of putting people at their ease for their guests to be nervous in their presence.

The home of an English clergyman, if he be a man of culture, as is usually the case, is peculiarly fitted to be the centre of refining influences. It was this which lent the great charm to the Rectory at Redminster. Yet there was nothing suggestive of great luxury or extravagance in the room in which the party were sitting. It was long and low, with a bow window opening on to the flower garden at the back of the house. Its dark terra-cotta walls were relieved by some beautiful engravings of works of the great masters, and a few tastefully framed photographs. Quaint vases of Venetian glass and other ware, picked up during annual holidays, most of them filled with flowers, were scattered about in odd corners of the room.

By one person there that evening the charm of the environment was specially felt, and that was Ernest Myddleton. Never had the Rectory appeared so like home to him as it did this evening. As he looked at Mrs. Gray, a vague half thought flitted through his brain of a home like this in which he would be master, and in imagination he substituted another form for that of Mrs. Gray at the head of the table. Was it by mere chance that his glance immediately wandered to Helen's fair face; or was it that he had already met his ideal, though he himself was only half conscious of the fact?

* * * *

"Come into my study, Ernest," said the rector, after the West Dene party had left.

"Ah! this is quite like old times, Dr. Gray," said Myddleton, in a tone of satisfaction, as he threw himself into the comfortable armchair opposite the rector's, in the library.

"Yes, the old room has pleasant associations. Will you have a cigar?" he said, handing Ernest a case.

"No, thank you—I don't smoke."

"Ah! I am glad to hear it. I wondered if you had resisted that weakness. Believe me, the longer you can do without it the better. To tell the truth, I keep these chiefly because I find some visitors will talk to me more freely under what they consider the genial influence of tobacco. I have known men come to me and be so shy and tongue-tied that I thought I should never get anything out of them; but no sooner had they a cigar in their mouth than the reserve melted. As for myself, I have never taken to smoking."

"Ah! Dr. Gray," said Ernest, "you are one of those happy, well-conditioned natures, who need neither to be soothed nor stimulated by artificial means."

"There you are flattering me, my boy. Yes," he went on, after a short pause, "this is just like old times, when you used to curl yourself up in that armchair and read by the hour. What a bookworm you were to be sure. I like to see you in your old place, my boy."

"You have got more books than ever now," said Ernest, looking round at the well-filled shelves.

"Oh, yes," said the rector, laughing. "The wife gives me a lecture now and then on the evil of having so many. She calls it my 'besetting sin.' But I must show you my latest acquisition," he said, rising and reaching down a magnificent copy of Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. That is a work of art, isn't it?"

"Beautiful!" said Ernest. "That must have cost you a small fortune, I should think."

"Pretty well," said the rector; "but it's a first-rate work, and I confess I could not resist the temptation." He settled himself comfortably in his arm-chair again, and plunged into conversation with Ernest. Such *tête-à-tête* talks were his delight. There was an irresistible charm about the way in which he drew out confidences. His nature was singularly sympathetic; one reason, perhaps, for his being such a favourite with young and old, was just that he was able to enter into the feelings peculiar to both to an extent that few could do.

He had soon drawn from Ernest an account of his hopes and aims. He smiled quietly at the studiedly indifferent way in which Ernest turned the conversation to West Dene and its inmates. Had he not once himself felt and behaved in the same way?

* * * *

An hour or so later the rector and his wife were having a cosy *tête-à-tête* in the same room. The last hour of the day, before retiring to rest, was always spent by them together. It was then they talked over the events of the day, and exchanged their mutual confidences. Then it was that they discussed their plans, or talked of the friends in whom they had an interest. Often this was the only hour of the day that they had for quiet talk, for both led busy lives.

They had sat silent for some minutes. The rector had a book in his hand, but he was not reading, he was watching his wife's calm, peaceful face, as the lamplight fell on it, bringing out that look of sweet serenity, born of inward happiness, which was its great charm.

"Pleasant thoughts, eh, little wife?" he asked, looking at her with an intense love beaming in his bright grey eyes.

"Yes, Alfred," she replied, with a loving smile, "very pleasant. I was just wondering if many people were as happy as you and I," she went on.

The rector laughed. "Yes, we have pulled very well together, Mary—very well," he added, musingly.

There was another pause, then the rector broke the silence again.

"How fast the young folk are growing up, Mary. I can hardly believe it. It seems sometimes as if it were only yesterday that I held them in my arms at the font, and now here they are quite grown up."

"Yes," said his wife, "it is difficult to realise that they are no longer children."

"What a fine fellow Myddleton has grown," said the rector.

"Very; he does you credit," said his wife, smiling. "You know I always look upon him as your boy; you have been just like a father to him."

"I suppose he will be thinking of marrying soon," she continued.

The rector laughed. "I suppose you have somebody in view, Mary. You are a great match-maker, I know."

"You must qualify that last statement, Alfred. It is only true in part. I would do anything in my power to remove difficulties from the path of those who I know as a certainty care for each other, but match-making in the ordinary sense I abhor."

"Well, well," laughed her husband, "let me hear from whose path you intend to remove difficulties, as far as Ernest Myddleton is concerned."

"I am not sure," answered Mrs. Gray; "but I have often thought Helen Warham would be the very wife for him."

"You have?" said the rector. "What if Miss Helen's affections are given elsewhere?"

"I should think it very unlikely. Besides, did you not notice to-night what a liking Ernest seemed to have taken to her; and I am sure she did not look as if his attentions were unwelcome."

"Well, I have a shrewd idea," said the rector, "that Dennis admires her, and will eventually make her an offer."

"Alfred!"

"Well?" laughed the rector.

"You don't mean to say that, even if he did, she would accept him?"

"I am not prepared to say she would not."

"But the idea is absurd! That old bookworm——"

"I beg your pardon, Mary; Dennis is not much over forty."

"Well, he looks much more," said his wife; "and Helen is not much over twenty. So think what the disparity would be."

"I know a case where the disparity of age is as great, and yet has not been seriously objected to as a bar to the happiness of the parties," said the rector, with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, well, you are not Mr. Dennis, you know!" she said, laughing.

"A nice way to get out of it," he rejoined; "but, seriously, Mary," he went on, "I should not wonder if Dennis thinks of making her his wife. Look how devoted she is to the children. She would make them a capital mother."

"Oh, Alfred, I cannot think that she really cares for that man! He is not at all a match for her. I should ever so much rather see her married to Ernest Myddleton. I am sure he admires her. Several things I have noticed make me think so."

"But, for all you know, Helen may prefer Mr. Dennis."

"I am sure she would not. He is not at all the husband for her. I wonder he ever married at all."

"Poor fellow!" said the rector. "They say he was devotedly attached to his wife."

"All the more reason why he should not marry again. A man who has only half a heart to offer has no right to marry a girl so tender and warm-hearted as Helen. The man who makes her his wife should be devoted to her; and I am sure Ernest would be that if, as I feel pretty sure, they already have a fancy for each other."

"Well, I am sure nothing would please me better than to see them married; they are both very dear to me. I have been teasing you a little, Mary. I fancy, like you, that they both have a sort of fancy for each other. I noticed it to-night."

"There," said his wife, triumphantly, "I shall do what I can to further it; see if I don't!" she said, laughing.

"I wish you all success, little woman. Dear me, I had no idea it was so late; this comes of your match-making, you see!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Test for Poetry.

A girl has sent us some poetry of her own composition, with a view to publication. It shows to great advantage under the test suggested in the lines with which she concludes the letter sent with her verses:—

"If you no fire can in my verses see,
Try them with fire, and bright enough they'll be."

Eating a Hundred Guineas' Worth.

During the remarkable "tulipomania" of the seventeenth century, when enormous prices were given for new or improved varieties, a sailor one day entered a summer-house and espied a couple of onions, as he thought, lying in a corner. Thinking they would be a fine addition to his mid-day meal, he took from his pocket his bread, cheese, and knife, and then commenced a broadside on the bulbs. Just as he was swallowing the last mouthful the gardener entered, and, seeing the parings of his precious bulbs on the ground, exclaimed—

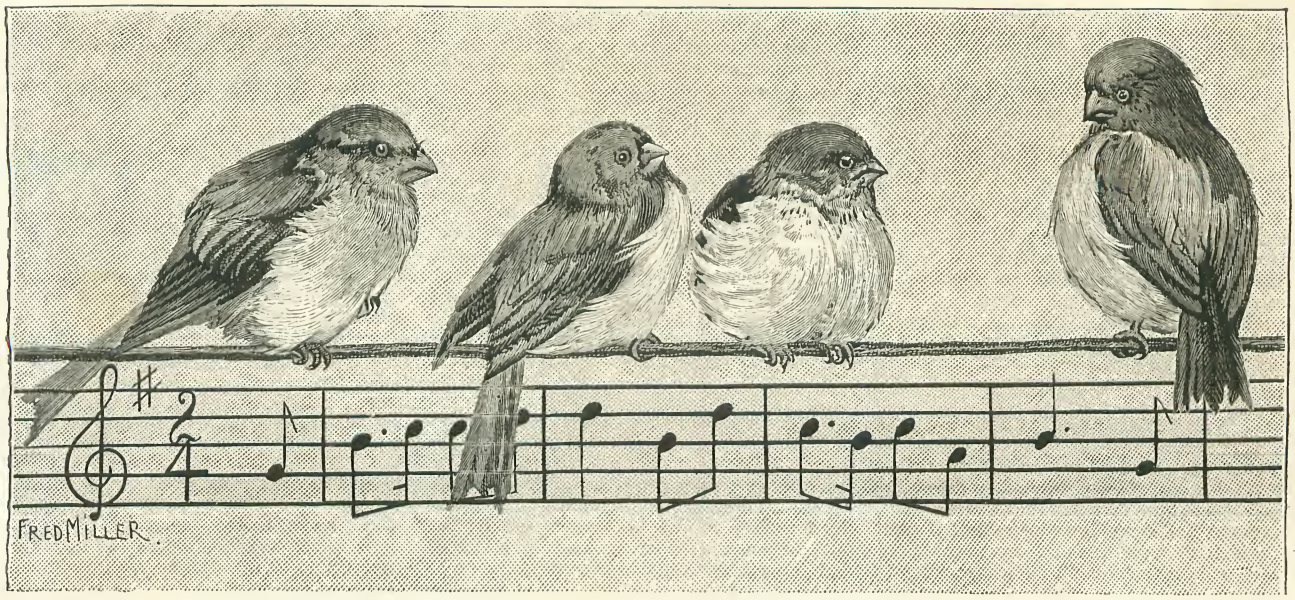
"Oh, I am a ruined man and undone! You have destroyed all my hopes; you have devoured my 'Alexander the Great,' and my 'Duke of Marlborough'—worth fifty guineas each."

To the Editor of the "Girl's Own Paper."

Sir,—As so many readers of the "Girl's Own" are doing, and not dreaming, gentle deeds, I am sure they will not turn a deaf or an unsympathetic ear to my plea for the Holiday Homes of the Ragged School Union. The object is a fortnight's holiday in the country for the poor children attending our schools and missions. The number benefited by the holiday in 1890 was upwards of 6,000. Our needs are pounds, shillings, pence, boots, clothing, provisions, working parties, garden parties, drawing-room meetings, church, school, and family collections—so that in some way the amiable, accomplished, and good-natured readers of the "Girl's Own" can help us in our work. The task is a pleasant one, and the result such as can well be imagined by those who know the pains and sorrows of the every-day lives of our little people.—Yours obediently,

John Kirk, Secretary.

Ragged School Union,
Exeter Hall, Strand, London, W.C.



NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

Novello, Ewer, and Co.

These eminent publishers add considerably to their laurels as providers of what is best in music at prices within the reach of all; and, certainly, amongst the most useful and acceptable of their publications stand the *Albums for Violin and Pianoforte*. We have before us Nos. 11 and 12, each containing six of Corelli's quaintly beautiful sonatas. No. 17, devoted to six of Handel's sonatas; all the more interesting for being his Opus 1, and therefore one of his very earliest efforts. No. 15 contains some easier pieces, composed by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, to whom we are indebted for the clever accompaniments upon the original figured bass, and also the bowing, phrasing, and editing of the different Albums just referred to.

Two Songs, from the music to "Marmion," composed by A. C. Mackenzie.—The first of these is a sad, plaintive melody of great tenderness, with a lament in chorus. In the second, Dr. Mackenzie gives us a most spirited and dramatic setting of Lochinvar, "so daring in love and so dauntless in war."

Paterson and Sons.

Vocal Trio, *The Bee and the Butterfly*, by Otto Schweizer.—An effective little part-song for two sopranos and an alto.

Two Songs, with German and English words, by Georgette L. Peterson, show considerable talent. There is especial charm about No. 2, "Sag' ich liess sie grüssen."

Song, *By Islay's Shores*. Words by William Black. Music by Alfred Stella.—This is a ballad much in the manner of the old Scotch folk-songs. We cannot understand why it should end in the relative major, when the whole character of the story, from the commencement to the last word, is sad and lonely.

Scottish Songs without Words, for the Pianoforte, by Eugen Woycke.—We should have preferred a more simple accompaniment to "Auld Robin Gray" and the other favourite melodies under treatment. As it is, the airs are environed by damp fireworks, giving us the feeling that we are looking at a "set piece," which the bad weather has prevented from coming out clearly.

The Abbey Portal. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by McConnell Wood.—We call attention to this song in the sincere hope that it is the last that will ever be written solely in order to drag in part of the church service as a refrain. This time it is the "Agnus Dei!" We've had the "Kyrie eleison," "Ora pro nobis," "Gloria," and nearly every portion of the Liturgy. The scene is almost always an abbey or cathedral, and the listener a dying beggar or a consumptive child; and apparently what ultimately kills them is the draughty position they occupy as listeners, combined with two doses of the refrain!

The Old Mill. Words from "The Pageant of Life," by George Barlow. Music by Arthur Hervey.—We recommend this well-written song to our mezzo-soprano readers as being much above the average, and at the same time not difficult. The compass is from D flat to E flat.

A Border Pastoral for the Pianoforte, by Colin J. Stalker.—A most charming musicianly pastoral movement. It glides along just as the sweet burn does amid the purple heather, and really breathes of the highlands. To play it well you must be sure to be legato in style, but never heavy.

"Magazine of Music" Office.

Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor.—A most wonderful five shillings'worth. Over seventy illustrations, including twelve autograph portraits of celebrated players and composers; the elements of music made interesting on a new and Kindergarten principle; pianoforte playing gradually developed, with illustrations to each step, from a first lesson to such studies as a Rubinstein would practise. These are only a few of the many good things presented in this truly marvellous compendium.

THE PRIVILEGES OF POVERTY.

By A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

"What are you girls quarrelling about?" asked Mrs. Grenville with a smile, as she entered the breakfast-room one snowy afternoon, and broke in upon a very animated discussion between her daughter and niece, who were sitting over the fire, and talking as fast as their tongues could go.

"Oh! mother, we are only arguing—not quarrelling," said Eveline, making room for the new comer to join them. "Gladys will maintain that poverty is an unmixed evil, and I say that it has many advantages connected with it."

"I should like to hear Aunt Emily's opinion," said Gladys. "She knows more about it than either of us, for she has tried almost every sort of life in her time—haven't you, auntie dear?" and she stroked Mrs. Grenville's hand, of which she had taken possession.

Mrs. Grenville returned the caress by an affectionate look as she replied—

"Yes, Gladys, I have been both rich and poor; and I should echo Agur's prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches;' but I must own I agree with Eveline in thinking that poverty is not without its privileges."

"Privileges! Aunt Emily, what a word to use!" exclaimed Gladys. "Now if you had said mitigations, or compensations, or consolations, it would have been more natural."

"I can tell you one privilege attendant on

being poor," said Eveline. "The ability to get enjoyment out of little things."

"But surely that is more a question of temperament than of circumstances," said Gladys.

"Not altogether," interposed Mrs. Grenville. "If a person is too poor to buy flowers regularly for the table and the drawing-room, and a box comes unexpectedly from a friend's greenhouse, or from a cousin at Cannes, the pleasure the arrival gives, the satisfaction of arranging the flowers to the best advantage, and the enjoyment of the sweet things afterwards, are something very different from the sensation felt when flowers are supplied as regularly as bread and butter at tea time."

"I suppose so," said Gladys, reluctantly.

"Again; when money is scarce, and it is not possible to gratify every little fancy as it arises, what delight a birthday present often gives."

"It does," said Eveline. "Now last week how charming it was to get that watch-bracelet you gave me, mother. I had such a desire for one. I have wanted it ever since they came into fashion. If I could have managed it, I should have brought it directly I saw Miss Everett's; but I never could have saved enough out of my allowance for it, I know."

"Well, but," said Gladys, hesitating, "suppose you had been rich enough to buy it at once, wouldn't you have had just as much pleasure, and three months sooner?"

Eveline looked doubtful how to answer, and her mother replied—

"Possibly, though very likely the having to wait for the bracelet, and the improbability of ever getting it at all, made it the more precious when at last it came. But I think there can be no doubt that the mere fact of being able to gratify every desire as fast as it arises, does deaden the sensation of pleasure as time goes on."

"Oh, yes," said Eveline. "If I could order any book I liked from the bookseller's as it came out, I should not have felt any particular gratification when uncle Edward gave me that beautiful 'Tennyson' the other day. I should have felt it kind of him, but I should have got it somehow, whatever happened."

"And then," said Mrs. Grenville, "there are so many things that are pleasures to poor people—a concert, a flower-show, a dinner-party, a day at Windsor, a drive in the park, an excursion to Canterbury, a trip to Paris, a month in Switzerland. Now even the greatest of these enjoyments is no particular treat to a person who takes it as part of the regular routine of life. It is impossible to help being *blasé* sooner or later, and *ennui* effectually destroys anything like brightness or amusement. Poverty makes pleasure much more pleasing, because it is taken in smaller and more wholesome measure."

"And there is another thing," said Eveline. "You escape a great deal of painful doubt, and a burden of responsibility, if you are poor. Muriel Wentworth is one of the best girls I know — so thoughtful and conscientious. When I stayed with her last winter, she was often terribly worried about what it was right to do. You know her father gives her an immense allowance, but he expects her to be always very handsomely dressed. If she wears the same gown often in the evening, he says, 'Muriel, I am quite tired of that old thing; haven't you something fresh?' So she is obliged to spend a fortune on her clothes. Then when she wants to send good subscriptions to missionary societies, or help largely in their parish, she finds a difficulty in doing it. She says she often feels quite miserable and wicked when she spends ten pounds on a new dress, while her room is full of old ones not half worn out or even old-fashioned, and cannot give more than a guinea to the rector for his coal club or clothing society. She thinks it can't be right. I told her it was her father's money really, not hers, and if he gave it for a particular purpose, of course it was her duty to use it for that. But she said she knew she was inclined to be fond of dress herself, and she never felt quite sure, when she bought something new, how far she was making an excuse of her father's wishes to please herself. Now if she had had only just enough to buy necessaries, like me, she would have been saved all that; and I know it was not affectation, but a very real trouble to her."

"Well, I own," replied Gladys, "that I have heard Lady Seymour say often that it is so perplexing to know how to give, and where to refuse. She has a district, Aunt Emily, in the East End, and at first she gave at every visit. Then the clergyman called on her, and told her that one woman, who seemed nice, and complained bitterly of her husband's cruelty in keeping her without money, was addicted to drinking too much. The husband was an honest, well-meaning man, and trying hard to keep his wife out of temptation; but Lady Seymour's half-crown upset all his plans, and the wretched woman got intoxicated, sold the furniture, beat the children, and did all kinds of dreadful things. Lady Seymour was very unhappy, and promised never to give any more without the clergyman's leave. Then she heard of the death of a little boy, and the doctor said if he had had plenty of beef-tea and jelly, he might have been saved; and Lady Seymour had that on her conscience for a long time, because she could easily have given it and did not. Then she says she has about a dozen appeals for charities every day in the week, and of course she cannot give to all, though she might to a great many; and she does not know which to answer, or how much to give. Sometimes people come to see her, and beg for help whom she knows to be unworthy, and she says it is so dreadful to refuse them, and then sit down to lunch, while perhaps they are almost starving. She feels as if she had no right to enjoy her good things while so many go without. I said one day to her, that if she set aside a certain proportion of her income for charity, and spent it all, she would feel satisfied. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'because how do I know I ought not to set apart more?'"

"There, again," said Eveline, "poor people must have clothes, and cannot set apart more than a certain amount without going into debt; so they have no qualms of conscience on that score."

"Another advantage of poverty is, that it usually sharpens the wits," said Mrs. Grenville, "and certainly encourages habits of industry. Many young men who waste their lives in idleness, if nothing worse, because they have enough to live on, would be useful, hard-working men if compelled to work for their living. Some able writers would never have put pen to paper but for the stimulus of poverty. Many talents would lie buried for ever if not brought to light by the stern pressure of want. Poverty guards us from temptations to sloth and self-indulgence, and so helps to keep us healthy and strong. A girl who must be with her pupils at nine o'clock every morning, cannot get into the lazy habit of coming down to breakfast at eleven. People who keep a plain and frugal table, cannot undermine their constitution by excessive indulgence in rich and unwholesome dainties."

"Ah! but, Aunt Emily, is not poverty often very injurious to health too?" asked Gladys. "When I was at school, I used to be so sorry for Fraulein Grëtz, the lady who taught the violin. She had a delicate chest, and yet she was obliged to come out in all weathers, or she would have lost her lessons. She often used to complain, poor thing!"

"I fancy more people suffer from want of sufficient air and exercise, than from having too much of it," replied Mrs. Grenville; "though of course there are exceptions to every rule."

"I am sure Flora Ashworth is an example of what you mean," said Eveline. "When we were at school she was the hardest working girl, and the cleverest of us all. She used to write, and I believe things of hers were printed in magazines, though she never would own it. Miss Meadows always said she would distinguish herself; but since her uncle died, and her father came into that great property, Flora has done nothing at all. She comes down at eleven, and goes to bed at one or two; spends her life in shopping, calling, and going out, and declares she has 'no time' for anything sensible. She is always having headaches now, and looks ill and cross whenever one sees her nearly. I am certain she was a much happier as well as a much better girl before she became rich."

"Yes, she always looks dull now, and bored," said Gladys—who had been to the same school—"and in old days she used to be so bright and full of spirits. I must admit that poverty does give people an object in life, which the rich often seem sadly in need of. Flora used to be so keen on getting a scholarship and going to Girton, so that she might be independent, and no burden on her family. How she used to sigh over the expense of her education, and rejoice over the five pound note her rich uncle sent her annually on her birthday. I doubt if fifty pounds would please her as much now; and she certainly does seem to have nothing to live for, though in another sense she has everything."

"No Christian girl ought to be without an object in life, however she is situated," replied Mrs. Grenville; "but it is easier, I imagine, for the poor and hard-working to keep their heavenly aims in view than for the rich. Undoubtedly, if we look at secondary objects, the girl who has some immediate duty before her, such as maintaining herself, earning money for a charitable object, eking out a limited income, so as to be suitably dressed for her station in life, to keep out of debt, and at the same time have a trifle in hand to help a friend or meet any unexpected emergency, is happier than one who sees nothing particular that she *must* do, and cannot decide which to choose among the host of things that she *may* do."

"And, mother," broke in Eveline, vehemently, "there is one great advantage that poor people have. If persons seek their friendship, and seem fond of them, and try to cultivate their acquaintance, it cannot be from interested motives. If I had a fortune, and a poor man paid court to me, it would be impossible to help wondering occasionally whether the money might not be a part of my charm, especially as I am not pretty or clever."

"Oh! nonsense, Eveline," replied Gladys, who was very attractive, and knew it. "You are quite charming enough in yourself, without the aid of money."

"Eveline is right, though, in principle," said Mrs. Grenville. "The rich are beset with flattery in word and deed all their life through, as men, women, and children. Very few have courage to tell the truth to a rich man when it is a disagreeable truth. It is astonishing what a glamour money seems to shed over its possessor. Persons who are anything but toadies, and have nothing in particular to gain by it, will allow their rich friends to take liberties that they would never for a moment tolerate in their poor ones. Naturally, this kind of treatment has the worst

possible effect on the character of its recipients. Another way in which the rich are at a disadvantage, is the impossibility under which they labour of truly sympathising with the majority of their fellow-creatures in their every-day troubles. They cannot understand the point of view from which life is regarded by persons who are unable to gratify simple and harmless desires. The idea of 'going without' is so unfamiliar to them, except as a self-inflicted discipline, that they absolutely cannot realise the condition and frame of mind of their friends, dependents, and *protégées*. They cannot make allowance for faults and failures which in their case would be heinous indeed, but which are much more excusable in those who suffer from the wear and tear consequent on poverty-stricken circumstances. This makes them often appear harsh, unkind, and unreasonable when they have the best intentions, so that true gratitude and affection less frequently fall to their share than to that of persons really less kind-hearted but better fitted by their training and habits of life to meet the requirements of their neighbours."

"On the whole, then," said Eveline, "you think poor people are better than rich, or at any rate behave better?"

"I do not give any opinion on the point," replied Mrs. Grenville. "Poverty has its special temptations—covetousness, envy, discontent, meanness, a grasping spirit, dishonesty in little things, leading eventually, perhaps, to great frauds, all have to be guarded against. I do not mean that the rich are not also tempted to these sins, but they may naturally be expected to have more power over the poor. I say nothing about grumbling, for a person with a natural turn for it will find as ample opportunity for indulging it in a palace as in a hovel."

Eveline laughed, and Gladys blushed, for she knew she had rather a character for being fond of airing her grievances.

"There is one other temptation that poor people should watch against," said Mrs. Grenville; "but I find it difficult to give it a name. I mean a sort of peevish dissatisfaction with the way of life of richer neighbours, a tacit disapproval of others because they indulge in little comforts, luxuries, and pleasures which are out of the question for themselves. It does not follow that because it would be very wrong for Eveline to give £10 for an evening gown, it is wrong for her friend Flora, who has five times her income. It would be extravagant for me to keep a French cook, but it is not at all extravagant in my sister, whose husband likes her to entertain largely, and is quite willing and able to meet the expense. Many pleasant things in the way of trips, visits, and amusements, which would be unjustifiable in persons of small income, because the money spent in them would have to be taken from the comparatively slight amount set by for religious or charitable purposes, are quite allowable, and perhaps beneficial, to wealthy people, who may devote a suitable proportion of their income to God, and have plenty left for such things. I have sometimes noticed a tendency, in good, self-denying, poor people, to judge hardly the persons who drive where they must walk, and pay servants to free them from the little drudgeries of daily life, which are a tax on their own strength. There is a disposition to look down on our superiors in fortune, and perhaps in rank, from a sort of high moral platform, merely because they avail themselves of the comforts which God has given them, though, for wise reasons, He has seen fit to deny them to us."

"I know what you mean," said Gladys; "I think it is the same sort of thing as being ill-tempered when you are uncomfortable, and good-tempered when things go right. When I have neuralgia, my people say I find fault with everybody else at home, and when I am in good spirits, it always seems to me that they are much better behaved."

"You mean, that because I should like to go to Cannes for the winter, and cannot, the disappointment disposes me to think it very self-indulgent of my cousin to do it when she can and does go," said Eveline.

"Precisely," said Gladys. "Well, Aunt Emily, I am afraid I must give in, and acknowledge that even poverty, much as I detest it, is not without its good points, for a religious person, at all events."

"And remember, my dear Gladys, that the temptation to regard this world as our home, and to set our affection on things below, instead of above, must have tenfold power when all the world can afford of pleasure is at our disposal. Our Lord Himself tells us that it is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, and the marginal reference reminds us that the corresponding passage says it is hard for those who *trust* in riches, thus implying that it is all but impossible to possess riches without in some measure trusting in them. I always think that passage in the Epistle of St. James is very encouraging to a true servant of God, through whatever vicissitudes he may pass: "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low." We may rejoice in prosperity with a clear conscience, if God is pleased to give it us, and we need not go mourning all our days if our lot is cast in the shadier walks of life, sure, as we are, that our heavenly Father is—

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

THE GOOD DOCTOR.

By ANNE BEALE.

And he is gone, the friend we all loved best!
Life's labour done, the gentle soul has rest.
He cannot die who lives in every heart;
Whose good deeds form of every life a part;
Whose spirit is with God and yet with us;
It is not death to live in memory thus:
Not death but rest—eternal rest above—
His love for us made perfect in Christ's love.

In hamlet or in town, in hut or hall,
He heard the poor man's cry, the rich man's call.
Wherever sorrow touched or sickness lay,
His words could comfort and his presence stay.
Son to the agèd, father to the young,
Brother to all—the honey from his tongue
Fell, like the flower-dew to the thirsty bee,
In soothing sweets of holy sympathy.

And never beat there on this toil-worn earth
A heart in happier harmony with mirth:
Wherever joy-bells rang, or childhood played,
Or jest went round, his hasting footstep stayed:
Abroad, his happy laugh and sunny smile
Could even suffering of its pang beguile:
At home, they wakened up in every part
The joyous echoes of heart answering heart.

At home! be comforted, oh widowed wife!
With you the memory of a blameless life,
Of wedded love unchanged from youth to age;
As pure as new-fall'n snow is that fair page—
Of childlike faith, of Christlike charity,
Of self absorbed in true philanthropy—
To you the blessed hope, through Christ, is given
Of near re-union with your saint in Heaven.

Be comforted, oh, children of their love!
One-half your life below, one-half above:
To you is left a holy heritage,
Her life to cherish and her grief assuage:
His stainless name to love, and stainless bear—
His robe of purity unsoiled to wear—
So God shall gently wipe the tears you shed,
And say—Wife, children, sisters, friends, be comforted!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LESURWTH.—Lemon peel is used to flavour puddings, custards, and stewed fruit, to rub on the hands to soften the skin, and to clean copper and brass also.

DAME DURDEN had better use Judson's dyes. Directions are given on each packet. But if the dress is worth anything, send to a proper dyer's.

TOPSY.—White silk can be cleaned with a dry powder of fine starch and a little laundry blue. We fear that a stain of claret-cup would be sugary. In that case you would require pure alcohol. It will be difficult not to leave a mark.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—1. The foundation of a scrap screen is canvas, very tightly stretched and nailed on.—2. The saint whose name is attached to the 14th of February seems to have nothing in the history of his life to justify the custom of exchanging *souvenirs* or sending letters. It is probable that Valentine's Day is the continuance of a Pagan festival in honour of Pan and Juno, and the Church not being able to prevent it, adopted it, and made it Christian, placing it under the patronage of the saint of the day. This happened to be St. Valentine, the name being a corruption of "galantin"—a lover or gallant. The Saint himself was a priest who was put to death with great cruelty in the persecution under Claudius II., A.D. 270.

COOKERY.

MISS PARKIN.—In the north of England you find parkin manufactured especially for the 5th of November. The ordinary receipt is—half an ounce of ginger and half a pound of sugar mixed with four pounds of oatmeal. Rub into it one pound of butter and two ounces of candied lemon peel chopped fine. Warm enough treacle in a jar to mix this into a stiff paste. Bake in a flat cake in a greased baking-dish in a very slow oven. Parkin must be kept in a tin box away from the air.

A NOVICE.—There are many ways of using tomatoes—as a salad, cut in slices with pepper and salt, vinegar, and sugar; or with oil with layers of breadcrumbs, as oysters are cooked in a pie-dish; whole, with a little butter, in the oven; stewed with breadcrumbs, cut up and made quite thick in a saucepan. They are extremely wholesome, and are said to affect the liver.

A. M. B.—Compressed or dry yeast is made largely at Rotterdam, and imported into England through Hull. The account of the processes employed in its manufacture is too long to be quoted here, but may be found in the *Chemistry of Common Life*, vol. i., p. 299. Crushed rye and barley malt are the ingredients.

GRACE.—Perhaps your oven is too slow; this always makes bread heavy, a hot oven being needful for bread at first to burst the starchy grains; after this it may bake more slowly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATER.—The 21st of February, 1859, was a Monday.

PIERS GAVASTON and F. STEPHENS.—We regret we cannot help you with advice about your compositions. Neither of them is good enough for publication.

CARRIE CLIFFORD and FARMER'S DAUGHTER must advertise and make personal enquiries for a situation.

ISA MACDUFF.—1. Cha-tau-qua, pronounced as divided.—2. Your poem is not of great promise.

MUTTON CHOPS.—The 12th of May, 1870, was a Thursday.

CHILDE LOLLARD.—The lines are incorrect in many ways, and not very original.

M. R. S.—Poetry is not a very paying form of literature, and yours is very slight.

ADA SEYMOUR, E. B., VIOLET, ANGELA, DOGGIE, F. R. O., ROBERT'S SWEETHEART, PRESTO, CARRIE MORTON, M. LE MOYNE, COLLEGIAN, EBORACUM, REBECCA O., HIGHLAND CHIEF, EMILY, M. S. R., SONATA, ESPERANCE, LILY BELL, G. M. E., A. H. P. B. K., and LOTUS FLOWER, all send us poetry or prose of their own composition, most of which is incorrect in metre, or lacking in interest and originality of thought.

ONLY A GIRL.—It depends on yourself. The usual weight for a girl would be one pound in each dumb-bell.

AN ENQUIRING ONE.—The inscriptions on the card should be, "From Father and Mother, with best wishes and love"; or, "From Fred and Mary."

G. A. R.—Unless there were a provision in the will for paying interest on the sum you would get the principal only (we imagine) on coming of age; but we have not enough information to speak positively.

M. VON M.—We think Green's *Shorter History of the English People* would suit you, perhaps. It is very interesting, and well written.

D. W. F.—Your hymns have much merit, and are full of religious feeling. We are thankful to hear you find the correspondence of use in your Christian life. We all of us need a word of help and encouragement now and then. Thank you for yours.

M. L. P. (India).—We have read your kind appreciative letter with much interest, and we are glad to feel we have gained another friend. Your lines are correct but unoriginal. It gives you pleasure to write them, and so they are of use in their way.

A VERY OLD READER.—The grey silk must be dyed, we fear. Crimson would be a good colour. You will find all the information needed in "Outfits for Abroad," by Dora de Blaquière, vol. ix.

A. SMITH, A. C., LAURA T., and EMIGRANTS.—Colonial Emigration Society, Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Blanchard, Southview, Godstone Station, Godstone—Send an addressed and stamped envelope for reply; The Female Emigration Society, Miss Blake, 70, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.; Church Emigration Society, Hon. Secretary, Miss Denison, 196, Cromwell Road, S.W.

MARAVILLA.—The use of a very little toilet vinegar in water to bathe the face every day may tighten the skin, but exercise, bathing, and nourishing diet are the best cures.



"ROSE SOFTLY BLOOMING."

FIRENZE.—The cards have been forwarded to their destination.

LINDA.—1. A "manicure" is a person who attends to the hands, cuts the nails, and makes them look pretty.—2. Rooms may be perfumed with pastiles or "Ribbon of Bruges," both of which are to be found at the chemist's.

ONE WHO WOULD BE GRATEFUL.—Doctors agree that there is danger in checking extreme perspiration of the hands; but you might try a wash of alum or tannic acid, putting two drachms of either to one pint of water, and using a little twice a day. A slice of lemon used without soap is also good, and Fuller's earth powder. You should avoid pickles, fermented liquors, tea and coffee, and spiced dishes, and avoid hot rooms and gas also. Get your doctor to give you a simple tonic.

ADA.—Squeaking or creaking boots are generally cheap ones, and the only cure we have heard of any value is to take them to a shoemaker and get him to open the side of the sole and put in half a teaspoonful of French chalk.

DOLOROSA.—*The Girl's Indoor Book* would suit you, we think. Price 8s.

DAISY.—To make picture frames of cork the flat frame must be made first, and then the cork is cut up into pieces and glued on firmly. Some taste is needed to arrange the cork.

POLLY, AN ORPHAN GIRL FAR OFF (Roumania).—The word "gopher" is applied to several animals in Canada and the United States—in Missouri, to a kind of pouched rat; in Canada, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to a squirrel. The word is derived from the French *gaufre*—waffle. The other word, "gopher," is from the Hebrew, and means the kind of wood which the Bible says was used in the Ark. The Chipmonk is a squirrel-like animal of the genus *Tamias*, found in North America. The word "ranche" or "rancho" is Spanish, and originally means a rude hut or shelter of branches where herdsmen or farm labourers may sleep at night. It also means a place or establishment especially for rearing horses and cattle, used in opposition to "hacienda," a cultivated farm or plantation. "Ranche life" would mean "life in a ranche."

HAREBELL should attend an evening class in drawing, if possible. *The Girl's Indoor Book* has some excellent lessons in drawing from nature and painting in oil and water colours, by John Staples, which will be helpful to you. Price 8s.

R.—The 14th of March, 1869, was a Sunday.

BOS.—The printing of stories we could not manage. Our space is too limited. Probably one prize only would be given.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—The 3rd of January, 1872, was a Wednesday.

HISTORIAN.—Joan of Arc seems to have been tried on a charge of sorcery and heresy by the Bishop of Beauvais and an ecclesiastical court, and condemned to death by Frenchmen. The English soldiers, who firmly believed her to be a witch, carried out the sentence. But the disgrace of her death lies with Charles VII., whom she had rescued and crowned King of France.

CADDY TURVEYDROP.—"Columbia's days are done," etc., from "Columbia," a poem by Timothy Dwight.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The *Dictionary of Needlework* was originally published in twenty-four parts. You can obtain the different subjects in small manuals, we believe, from the publisher—Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—1. The cemeteries and burying-grounds of the Wesleyans would not be consecrated.—2. Milk is considered to be an almost perfect food, and, as such, is universally ordered by doctors. Medical opinion is still divided on the nutritive qualities of beef-tea. But from what we can gather, the latest opinion is, that if not of alimentary value, it possesses stimulant and restorative properties which make it valuable in exhausted states of the system.

A. J. S. M.—It seems certain that the use of soda in bulk in washing is not to be encouraged, for it is, in the long run, destructive to the linen. We should think that some one in the laundry is using soda unmercifully to save labour. You will find borax much better in every way, and a much more efficient agent in saving time and soap.

A SISTER.—If your brother be kindly treated and is not unhappy, you had better leave him where he is, for you cannot tell how long you might be able to pay for him elsewhere, and then he might fall into unkind hands.

AMY DARRELL did not read her Shakespeare very attentively, we fear, and no wonder her friends laughed when she said she knew nothing about "Puck," one of Shakespeare's best known creations in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The original of this character was Robin Goodfellow, or what the Scotch call a "brownie."

A COUNTRY STILE.—The 9th of July, 1869, was a Friday.

ECHO.—Thornton Castle is in Kincardineshire, N.B., Thornton Abbey in Lincolnshire, and Thornton Hall in Lanarkshire, N.B.

SIRÉE.—We know nothing of electrolysis except that we frequently hear it recommended. It is said to be efficacious.

CRISS.—The 11th of September, 1871, was a Monday.

MONKEY.—The 16th of August, 1872, was a Friday.

FLORA MACDONALD.—The Jerusalem Chamber is in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The origin of the name lies probably in the habit—which still exists in religious and monastic houses—of naming rooms either by the names of places mentioned in the Bible, or qualities, such as faith, charity, joy, or peace.

BEA would have to take round a portfolio of her drawings, and show them to the firms she thinks they might suit. That is the only way to dispose of them.

D. E. L.—The salary of a morning governess varies from £60 to £100 per annum, according to the number of her pupils, and of the hours she is with them.

COMPETITOR.—The signature of your guardian would be enough.

CHUCK-CHUCK.—Consult the advertisement columns of daily papers for addresses of firms requiring waste paper. It is worth but little at present.



VOL. XII.—NO. 603.] JULY 18, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

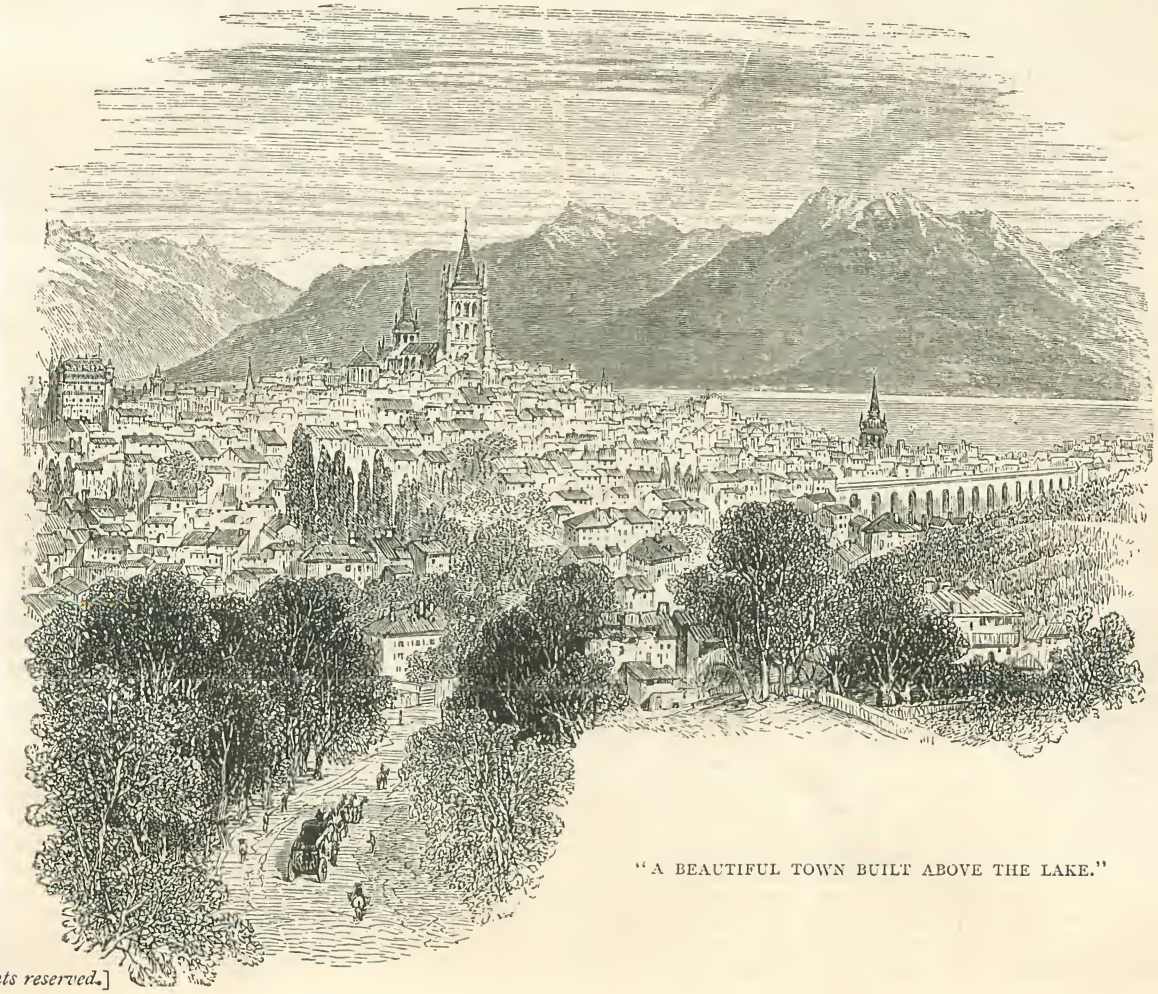
A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

BY LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A WORLD of mountains—white, evanescent, with veils of thin vapour drawn around them; a lake, shimmering in pale vagueness at their feet away into what seems infinite distance; and Honor knows her destination is at hand. All the wonderful scenery upon which she gazes is pervaded by the same aërial tinge of mystery and of reserve, as if mountains and lake should say, "Our time of full revelation is not yet; we have hardly awakened from the winter sleep that holds us in its spell." Across the lake Honor could see dimly great inlets of pine forest running up into the snow; on the water twin sails, scudding hither and thither, caught a faint gleam of morning sunlight. From the contemplation of this fairy vision she was recalled by the train drawing into a



"A BEAUTIFUL TOWN BUILT ABOVE THE LAKE."

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great bustling station, and all at once her nervousness and shyness returned with tenfold force. If she might only be left to look at the view in solitude all day, instead of enduring the anguish of introduction to fresh people! Mabel, quiet and calm, was collecting wraps and umbrellas. Honor followed her on the platform like one in a dream.

"Oh, I *hope* that is Miss Arundel!" she breathed, catching sight of a homely round-faced female in evidently British dress, staring about her.

"That, my dear!" cried Miss Wilson in amusement. "Oh, no, *she* keeps a confectioner's shop in the town. I think I see Fraülein and one of the girls. Here they come, and I shall have to bid you good-bye; but I shall ask you both to tea one day before long."

The German teacher who now bustled up was a tall, middle-aged woman, with a kind face and pleasant manners, accompanied by a very pretty young lady in a grey, fur-trimmed costume, whose aspect overwhelmed Honor with a fresh attack of *mauvaise honte*. She had felt a wild impulse of hope, on seeing the homely Englishwoman, that perhaps she was going to escape from the dreaded "refinement" that had embittered her existence, and now this young lady, Helen Percival, looked as though she could have nothing whatever in common with a red-handed, awkward schoolgirl. Both she and Fraülein spoke very kindly to the strangers, and on finding they would like to walk to "Les Églantiers," carried them off into a white, broad road, surrounded by handsome houses standing in gardens, with white-barred shutters folded back from their windows. The bright, clear air and the vividness of every colour, gave an added sense of strangeness to the scene. Honor replied in monosyllables to Miss Percival's questions, unable to escape from the wretched consciousness of her own individuality. She could see that they were passing through a beautiful town, which seemed to be built on mountain slopes a long way above the lake, and the views that every now and then appeared in the space between the houses were of bewildering loveliness.

At last they came to a high, terrace-like part of the town, and the dread name "Les Églantiers" appeared on the gatepost of a large garden, well planted with evergreens. A smiling French maid, in a funny large cap, admitted them into an echoing stone vestibule, then into an inner corridor, and at last into an exquisitely pretty room, *le petit salon*. The walls were covered with water-colours, the window was artistically draped, books and dainty ornaments were scattered on the table. But the central point of interest was undoubtedly Miss Arundel herself.

"Two more children come to join my large family!" she said, in a quick, finely modulated voice, as she shook hands with Mabel and Honor, and with one glance of her keen, soft eyes seemed to "take in" every detail of their appearance. "Which is Mabel and which is Honor? But you need not tell me—I know already. Now sit down close by the fire and tell me about your journey, while you warm your poor cold fingers."

Mabel alone was competent to take up the tale, while Honor gazed mutely at Miss Arundel. She was worth looking at. Her hair, prematurely white, was the first point that attracted attention. Brushed, *à la* Marie Antoinette, off her forehead, it was arranged in a coronet of beautiful braids, of which one was never seen to be out of place. Her figure was graceful, tall, and slight, and her complexion was of peculiar fineness. Although her face was white, it was with a clear pallor that spoke of health, and her lips were remarkably mobile and sensitive, while her dark eyes were evidently used to scrutiny. Her hands were exquisitely shaped, and she was dressed in some soft, rich fabric that fell about her in noiseless folds. Her whole presence seemed to breathe forth an air of quiet dignity and reserve, of which others besides schoolgirls were fully sensible. She had a rapid way of speaking, almost in an undertone, and never, even when most emphatic, raised her voice.

Honor was dismayed. Such a vision of elegance and of "refinement" was worse than anything she had dreamed of. This beautiful woman, like a piece of rare porcelain, would scorn her, the common delf, more, far more, than Miss Courcellis had done. So she sat with shoulders more rounded than ever, and a hopeless expression of countenance, till she was startled by the direct and prosaic question—

"My dear, have you ever put up your hair?"

"No," responded Honor, in dismay.

"Then you must," replied the brisk, decided voice. "I do not allow anyone here with hair down. But do not be alarmed; you shall rest first. And now come and have your breakfast."

Through a long corridor, with tall girlish forms appearing and vanishing into doorways, Miss Arundel led her new pupils into a great *salle à manger*, bare to Honor's ideas, and established them on either side of her at a table. Here she daintily ate her roll and drank her coffee, talking all the time, while each instant Honor felt more grimy, more awkward, more miserable.

"Poor child! if you could only have seen yourself!" she said to Honor one day long afterwards. "Your face was really quite black with the journey, and you had such an air of *farouche* sullenness and misery as you stooped over your plate! I was thinking all the time, 'What *am* I to do with this girl?' But I did not despair even then."

It was characteristic that Honor had contracted much more grime in travelling than Mabel. Both were glad when the meal was over, and they were informed that the next thing to be done was to go straight to bed and have a long rest. Honor was conveyed into a pretty room, with coloured rugs on the parquet floor, and two white beds. Alas! the other was not to be allotted to Mabel, but already belonged to a certain Laura Johnson, whom Honor detested in advance. She was assured she would not be disturbed till luncheon, and was left at length in peace.

"Oh, you wretches! Of course you are redder than ever!" ejaculated Honor, looking at her unlucky hands, fresh from soap and water. "What *will* she think? I am sure she is worse than Miss Courcellis, from that speech about the hair. And I can't put it up! Oh, dear! Well, they can only kill me—or I can find some way of escaping to England, or going to Grandmamma Drayton. I will write to her to-morrow. Sleep! I cannot sleep! What nonsense to think of such a thing! How cruel not to let Mabel be in my room!"

Honor would have been more incensed than ever had she known that Mrs. Thornycroft, fearful for Mabel's comfort, had secretly suggested the two should not be placed together. But in a few minutes the tired girl was fast asleep after all, and did not wake until the maid brought in a tempting luncheon of soup; then she once more forgot her griefs, real and imaginary, in the world of dreams.

When she was dressing, at about four o'clock, having fairly exhausted her capacity for slumber by five or six hours' rest, a tap came at the door, and a voice enquired, "Shall I help you put up your hair?"

It was a girl, tall, dark-haired, and pretty, whom Honor had not yet seen. She introduced herself as Isabel Johnson, and would take no denial as she entered and began to handle Honor's rough, brown locks, talking all the while.

"Poor girl! How I pity you! You're very homesick, aren't you? So was I. I assure you I cried oceans of tears when I came. But you will get over it—that is, if you get on properly with Miss Arundel. She's very nice sometimes, but awfully strict. I have no business to say *awfully*. I have no business to talk English at all, you know, only you make an exception. Now watch how I do your hair, or you'll get into awful (there it is again!) trouble! You poor thing! Have you anything to put on but that travelling frock? No, of course not; your luggage has not come. Never mind, it will do for to-day. Now you look quite respectable. Who is that old-maidish little girl who has come with you? My sister shares your room. Miss Arundel will not always put sisters together. You will find Laura a fearful chatterbox. Now then, dear, give me a kiss; you look quite nice!"

Rattling on thus, without pausing for or expecting a reply, Miss Johnson was rather amazed to have her invitation responded to by a sudden and passionate embrace from Honor. The lonely and desolate girl felt her heart go out to this dainty and pretty young lady, who did not scorn her, but helped and petted her. Exhibitions of affection were not frequent to poor Honor, and she caught at Isabel's words like a drowning man at a rope.

"Dear me! there, that will do, child! You are nearly choking me and ruffling my hair," cried Miss Johnson, half repenting of her good nature. "It is tea-time—come with me, and don't look so scared; nobody is going to hurt you."

Honor both looked and felt scared. She thought she looked worse than ever with her hair thus put up; and in truth it revealed the worst point of her figure—her rounded shoulders—which had been partially concealed by the rough mane. But she followed her guide in silence. Afternoon tea was in progress in a large, light, and airy room, with three windows commanding an entrancing view over lake and distant mountain. Sounds of bright young voices and laughter were heard as the two entered. About a dozen girls were sitting or standing near a cheerful fire of logs, which burned in the open fireplace, and in the midst was Miss Arundel, in her own special low chair, smiling and chattering French in her peculiar swift undertones, just as though she were a girl herself.

She took no notice of Honor's entrance, and it was a relief to find no public mention made of the new girls.

"Young ladies, allow me to introduce to you two new fellow-pilgrims in the pleasant plains of knowledge." With a confused recollection of Dickens, Honor had been half expecting a ceremonial couched in some such words as these. But there was Mabel already, looking very much at home, and cutting up and dispensing a *gâteau Anglais*, or a cake she had brought with her on the journey and left untouched. These afternoon cups of tea were much enjoyed by Miss Arundel's girls, who were proud of the little "home comfort" found in no other school in Belle-Rive, and the opportunity for social intercourse was pleasant.

Honor saw that she was the youngest in appearance of the bevy, who all had a more grown-up and self-possessed look than herself—"more like Emmeline," she ruefully thought. Her new friend, Isabel Johnson, had deserted her. She sat down on a chair apart, and instantly found Helen Percival by her side, with kind enquiries, in English, as to whether she were rested or not. Nervousness made her shake a little tea out of her full cup upon the front of her dress; she coloured in an agony, expecting a public rebuke from Miss Arundel. Not one of that lady's long, dark eyelashes quivered in her direction, and everyone appeared utterly unconscious of the trifling accident.

The German governess sat apart knitting, with the expression of amiable neutrality she usually wore when French was talked. The French governess was younger and more animated, and joined occasionally in the girls' conversation; but Miss Arundel was undoubtedly the centre of attraction.

When tea was over, Honor was given to understand that she was to unpack her boxes, which had now arrived. Isabel Johnson volunteered to help her, and was soon curiously unfolding and inspecting dresses, deciding in her own mind that they were made without much attention to taste. She signified to Honor which she was to wear for dinner, and in every way tried to pose as the new girl's "guide, philosopher, and friend."

Dinner, in the refectory on the ground floor, was another ordeal. The long, daintily-spread table, with its fair girl forms on either side, the lamplight falling on their varied locks and pretty, simple evening gowns, was a picture of unwonted splendour to Honor. It was very unlike what she had imagined school to be. She replied in monosyllables to the remarks of Helen Percival next to her. But her healthy young appetite could not but relish the delicious soup and two well-cooked courses, with abundant vegetables, that followed. At dessert she gazed with amazement upon a large round cake, ornamented with twenty candles, brought in by a beaming-faced maid, and placed before Miss Percival. It proved to be that young lady's twentieth birthday, and according to custom the anniversary was celebrated by the gift from Miss Arundel of a cake adorned with candles corresponding to the number of years completed. The cutting and handing round of the frosted cake was a merry function. Honor ate her piece in silent amazement. What a strange school was this! And what a curious bewildering day she had had! She felt dazed as she tried to recollect its experiences from early dawn. She was glad when the hour of nine allowed her to take refuge in her room, and it was not long before she was again in the world of dreams.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSERY NEEDLEWORK.

By nursery needlework I do not mean needlework that can be done in the nursery, for the mother or nurse who undertakes the sole care of young children will find her work "cut out for her," as the saying is, in keeping them safe and thoroughly happy until they are asleep. Needlework for the small denizens of the nursery is the subject on which I wish to offer a few suggestions; but the first little garment I shall describe, consisting of very simple knitting, could perhaps be manufactured at favourable moments, even with the little ones at play close by.

FIRST VESTS.

Very many young mothers now dispense entirely with the so-called "shirts," which used to be placed next the skin of the newborn infant. These give no warmth, and, indeed, are often made of a somewhat chilly material; they are also expensive, and very fidgety to make, and those who have once substituted the woollen vests now to be described will, I think, be slow to give them up. They are soft, warm, pretty, and "baby-like," while at the same time they are inexpensive, and can be washed in a minute. I have always found nurses fall in love with them at first sight.

A very good wool to use is the "Lady Betty" two-ply white wool; and two bone needles—about the smallest size that can be bought—will be required.

The vest is made in four straight pieces of knitting, afterwards sewn together—back, front, and two sleeves. There is no increasing or decreasing whatever. For the back and front pieces—cast on sixty stitches and knit two plain two purl alternately, till you have a ribbed piece about eight inches in length; then cast off all but four stitches, and knit these two plain two purl for about an inch, to form a tiny shoulder strap, and then cast off. For the sleeves—cast on thirty-two stitches, and knit these two plain two purl for about three inches, to form a warm little sleeve, and then cast off. Sew up the sleeves with the same wool lengthwise, and sew the back and front together, leaving a good-sized armhole, into which the sleeve is to be sewn. The vest is finished with a simple crochet edging round neck and sleeves, and a very narrow ribbon or a chain of crochet run in round the neck, to draw it up close, is an improvement. The way the ribbing is to run may be seen by the stripes in Fig. 1; and though there is no opening down the front of the vest, the elasticity and softness of the wool is such that there is no difficulty in slipping it over the baby's head.

These vests wear extremely well, and are washed with perfect ease, and without shrinking at all, if they are merely squeezed in tepid water and lather. Four will prove an ample supply for one baby, and, if the "Lady Betty" wool is employed, the set will cost 1s. 6d.

FIRST LEATHER SHOES.

There is a stage in baby's development which may be called the kicking stage, when he wears out leather shoes so fast as to make a serious demand on slender purses. "You will have to buy a pair a month," said a friend to me; and the thought of so many half-crowns to go for one small item alone frightened me into seeing what I could do for myself. Even apart from economy, many mothers will feel as I did, and take a pleasure in making as much as possible of the small wardrobe with their own hands.

My shoes cost 6d. to 8d. per pair, and looked and lasted as well as the shop ones; but the cost would, of course, vary with the style of leather or other material employed. A very nice material is velvet corduroy, which can be had of most drapers in all shades of quiet colours. It is a wide stuff, about 2s. or 2s. 6d. per yard, so that it would make cheaper shoes than the ordinary red leather which I employed, and would probably prove quite as durable. Morocco, fine kid, gros-grain silk or satin, embroidered or beaded on the toes, would make beautiful little shoes for gifts or special occasions. But now for directions. Besides the material you have chosen for the uppers, buy at a leather shop some thick leather for the soles, and procure a fine awl (price 3d. or 6d.), a saddler's needle, also rather fine; some stout thread, a little flannel or other material for lining, narrow sarcenet ribbon (rather less than two yards per pair), and buttons. Now rip apart an old shop shoe, to give you the pattern; if it is the exact size you wish to make, so much the better. If, as is probable, the new shoes are to be a little larger, it is easy to allow for this. You have before you two pieces of leather, shaped something like Figs. 2 and 3. There may or may not be side seams; if there are any, they may be disregarded, and the uppers cut in one piece. It will be advisable, also, to cut the straps separately, in one long piece each, as the seam at the heel is the "knotty point" of the whole affair, and the difficulty is complicated by seaming the straps as well. Besides, it turns out to be



FIG. 1.

more economical of material to cut them as in Fig. 4, since the uppers can then be cut in and out of each other, as in Fig. 5. Now place the old sole on the stout piece of leather, and mark it round carefully with a sharp needle, or the point of a pair of scissors, allowing in length, but not in width, for a larger size. The new sole is best and most neatly cut with a sharp penknife. In enlarging the uppers, be careful to make the difference only where you see the dotted line from A to B in Fig. 3, but



FIG. 2.

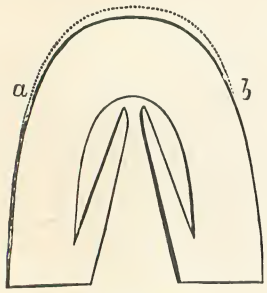


FIG. 3.

at the heel allow more leather than you think you will need.

If you wish to ornament the toe in any way, either with beads, embroidery, rosettes, or bows, now is the time to do it, before lining the upper; and when the adorning is accomplished, cut out the lining by placing the upper upon it; then sew together both lining and upper all round with a fine needle, making catch stitches about half an inch apart. The straps need no lining. Bind the instep edge of the uppers with narrow ribbon. Many

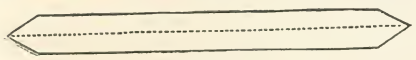


FIG. 4.

sewing-machines, if set to a coarse stitch, will work thin leather, and of course add greatly to the neatness and finish of this part of the shoe; but whether we use handwork or machine, it is easiest and neatest to stitch the right side of the binding first, and then fell down the edge of the ribbon on the inside of the shoe. Fold the straps at the dotted line, and stitch and bind them all round; begin where the heel of the shoe will be attached, and let one end of the ribbon lap about an inch

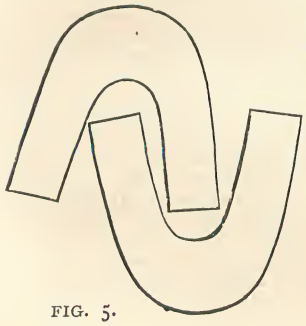


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

over the other end of the binding, so as to give double strength or hold for the stitches, just at the part that is to be sewn to the heel. Sew on a button, and cut, and, if you like, overcast a button-hole, and the straps may be set aside as finished.

Now to fasten the uppers to the soles. Fold the uppers so as to find out the middle of the toe, and begin your stitching there. Make holes with the awl through sole and upper, about a quarter of an inch or rather less from the edges of the two pieces of leather, the sole and the upper, and about the same distance apart. Make these holes one at a time, as you want them, and wherever the sole curves rather more, set the stitches a little closer together, but not too close. You must stitch from the middle of the toe with two threads away on both sides at once, about three stitches on one side, then three on the other; draw your thread tight and firm, and at the parts of the sole marked A and B (Fig. 6), let the upper be slightly full for three or four stitches. Once round the toe you will begin to feel hopeful, and will find it all plain sailing till you are about 1½ inch on each side from the heel seam that is to be.



FIG. 7.

Here it is best to let the lining go loose, and stitch only the outside leather of the upper to the sole, till you get to the exact middle of the heel, and there leave the thread on each side rather loose for a stitch or two. The heel seam is a little tiresome to manage neatly. Get the two ends of the upper quite even, cut off the superfluous leather, turn the upper inside out,

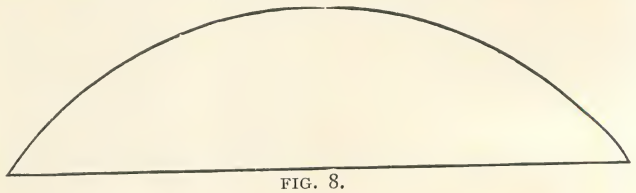


FIG. 8.

and stitch through the two edges. Add two rows of stitching, to show on the right side for the sake of neatness, and also to keep the seam flat (Fig. 7), and then draw the loose sole stitches tight and firm, and finish off.

Now cut a bit of thick cardboard for stiffening, about the size and shape shown in Fig. 8; glue one side, and insert it between the loose lining and the leather heel; press it firmly against the latter, and leave the work for a day till the glue is set. No seaming or stitching for the lining of the heel is needed, as the ends lap over and keep in place very well with a touch or two of glue. A lining for the sole is cut out and glued in; the ribbon binding of the heel neatly fastened off; the strap sewn firmly to the heel for about an inch, and the shoe is done.

But perhaps your sense of neatness is offended by seeing the stitches along the sole whenever the shoe is turned up to view, as it often will be, by its little kicking wearer. There are several ways



FIG. 10.

of managing to conceal these stitches. First, a groove may be cut for them round the sole before beginning to sew, this groove consisting merely of a line cut by the point of the penknife, not being allowed to sink any depth into the sole. The edges of this cut soon fall together, as it were, and conceal the stitches between them—a plan often adopted by regular shoemakers, and certainly we never perceive the stitches in their work. Or a second sole may be cut out exactly the same size as the first, and glued to the latter when the shoe is completed; or, lastly, a very thin piece of leather may be cut nearly half an inch larger than the sole in every direction, and glued on to it, the obtruding edges being neatly pressed into the crevice between sole and upper with the back of a knife—a paper-

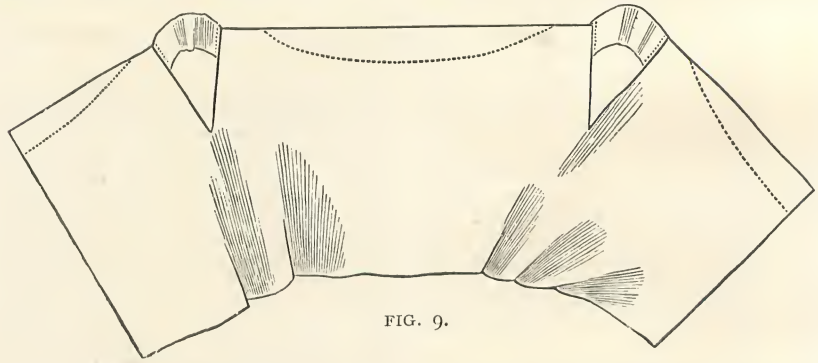


FIG. 9.

knife, or any similar blunt instrument. This last is also a shoemaker's device; and though I have found each of these three plans answer very well, the last is perhaps the most satisfactory, as it is also the most tiresome.

Let it be remembered that it is a good plan to cover any absorbent surface, such as flannel

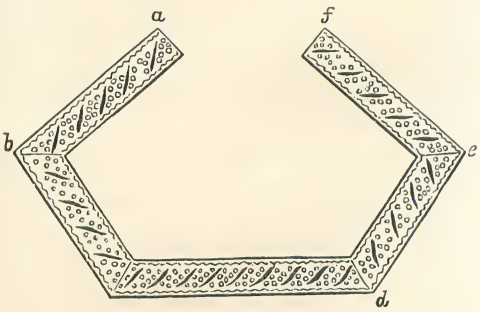


FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

or leather, with thick paste, and let it dry before applying the glue; and another important point is to have the glue-pot in good order. Glue should be broken into small pieces, and soaked for twelve hours in cold water before it is melted; it should then remain on the fire for no longer time than sufficient to completely liquefy it. Properly made glue will run easily from the brush when hot, and will form a stiff jelly when cold. Household glue is too often thick and stringy when hot, and a hard and solid mass when cold.

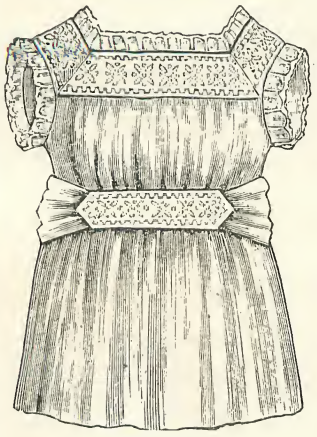


FIG. 13.

PINAFORE PATTERNS.

Patterns and materials for pinafores have legion for their name, but fresh ideas on the subject are always welcome to mothers. An exceedingly pretty and simple pattern for a first pinafore is cut as follows:—Take a straight piece of muslin and slit it down straight from the neck for 3 or 4 inches, for an arm-hole; join the slit at the top by means of a straight strip of muslin, about an inch wide when hemmed. Hem the back edges, the bottom of the skirt, and the neck, after shaping the

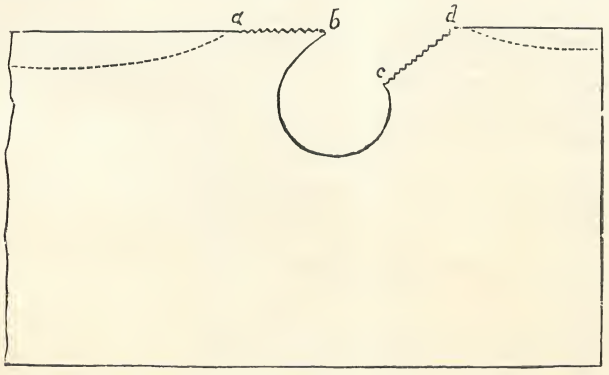


FIG. 14.

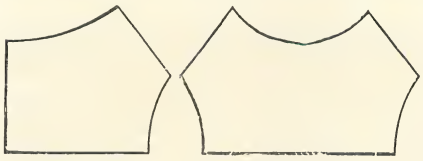


FIG. 14*a*. FIG. 15.

latter as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 9; run a drawing-string through the latter hem; sew plainly (not full) a narrow

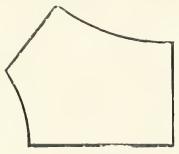


FIG. 16.

edging of lace round the neck and arm-holes, place a band of insertion, or of the muslin itself, at the front-waist, gathering the pinafore into it, and sash ends of the same material

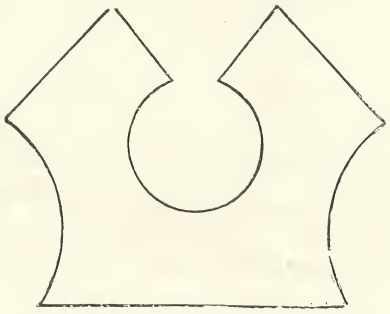


FIG. 17.

complete this easily made and extremely becoming little garment, which, when finished and drawn up, presents the appearance shown in Fig. 10. The hem of the skirt looks very

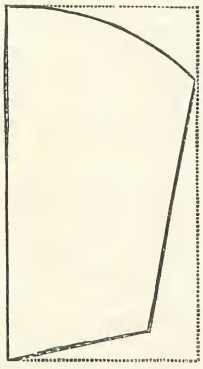


FIG. 18.



FIG. 19.

nice in all nainsook or linen pinafores, if done in hem-stitch.

A modern favourite is the yoked pinafore, but I fancy it requires a specially neat little figure to set it off. To make this, a band of insertion, of embroidery or everlasting trimming, or a strip of the plain material itself, ornamented with feather-stitch, is taken and folded and secured in four places, shown in



FIG. 20.

Fig. 11 as B, C, D, and E. The spaces between B and C and between D and E form shoulder-straps, and the straight piece of material for the pinafore is gathered into the spaces between C and D for the front, and between A and B, E and F, for the backs. Everlasting trimming is very suitable for the yoke band and edging of this pinafore, as the band requires to be firm and strong. The pinafore

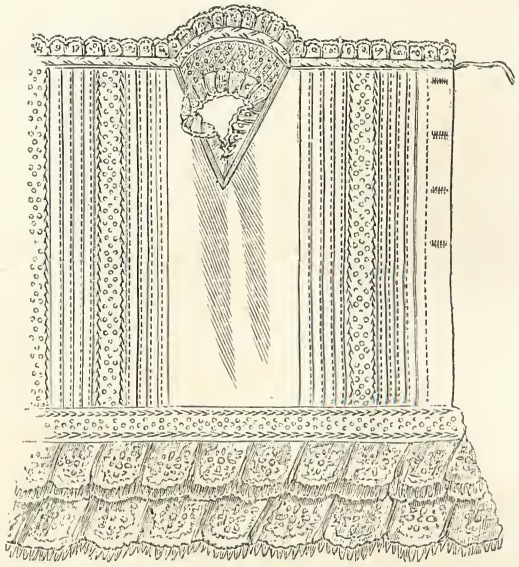


FIG. 21.

may be left like a smock, and joined part of the way up the middle of the back (Fig. 12), or it may be finished with a band and sash ends, as in Fig. 13.

Another pattern of pinafore is cut as in Fig. 14, the notched lines at A B and C D being sewn together for the shoulder seam, and a very neat and well-fitting garment is the result. Fig. 14 shows only half a pinafore, and the dotted lines are to indicate the shaping of the neck. All baby pinafores require plenty of width in the skirt if they are to "sit" well. The small wearers all belong to the family of Mother Bunch, and a narrow skirted pinafore on a little dumpling figure invariably "rides up," and looks very ugly.

Large overalls, or pinafores to crawl in, are very useful, and tend to preserve the dainty garments underneath, while permitting baby to exercise his limbs on the floor in the way that delights him. An excellent material for this sort of pinafore is the red cotton twill or Turkey red, or Monteith, as it is sometimes called. This material is well known for its wonderful washing and wearing qualities, and it has the further advantage of being by no means unsightly.

One good pattern (Fig. 19), is made with a yoke and long full sleeves, gathered into a band or ended with a frill at the wrist. The yoke should be lined or made double, and may be cut in three pieces (Figs. 14*a*, 15, and 16), front and two backs, or in one piece (Fig. 17). The skirt should be long enough and full enough to amply cover the frock; the sleeves are cut first as straight pieces (see dotted lines in the half sleeve shown in Fig. 18), then gored a little for the seam, and rounded for the arm-hole and wrist, and are gathered at each end. The back of the pinafore is fastened by two buttons and buttonholes in the yoke, and by sash ends, of the same material as the pinafore, at the waist. It is easily made, easily washed, easily slipped on, and by no means ugly.

But my *chef d'œuvre* of simplicity possesses these advantages in an even greater degree, and is made as follows:—A narrow straight band for the neck; a straight piece for the skirt gathered into this band, with slopes for the shoulder-seams; straight full sleeves gathered into wristbands, and sash ends or not, according as time and taste dictate. When time is precious, as it mostly is to young mothers, this pattern (Fig. 20) is well worth trying.

Fig. 21 shows half of a beautiful "best" pinafore, which, as a contrast to the last one mentioned, is by no means quickly made. A moderate bazaar price for one of these, when nicely made, is 10s. or 12s. 6d., if fine nainsook and good insertion, and edgings of imitation Valenciennes lace are employed, while the cost of these materials would come out something like this:—

	s.	d.
½ yard nainsook muslin .	1	2
4 yards lace insertion . .	1	0
3 ,, wide edging . .	1	0
2 ,, narrow ,, . .	0	4
	3	6

It is almost impossible to allow for the tucks with sufficient correctness if you cut this pinafore out to begin with, so I have found it best to cut it as I go on with the work, in this way. Fold a wide hem of the selvedge for one of the back pieces, and make four tucks lengthwise, with their folded edges turned towards the back; cut off the muslin, and fasten in a strip of the insertion with nice feather-stitch; feather-stitch the other side of this insertion on to the edge of the unworked muslin, and make four more tucks, with their folded edges pointing in the reverse direction to the four first, namely, towards the arm-hole. You can now cut out the arm-hole, and begin the tucks and insertion for the front, which has three strips of insertion and sixteen tucks, eight with their folded edges towards one sleeve, and eight lying with their folded edges towards the other sleeve. The sleeves have a shoulder strap of insertion, or of the muslin itself, about four inches long, something as in Fig. 9, except that instead of hemming the arm-holes as straight slits, these must be slightly scooped or rounded out for the pinafore now in hand. Finish the arm-holes with some of the narrow edging, put on slightly full, and with a row of feather-stitch on the hem. Bind the neck with a band of nainsook, only just wide enough to take a row of feather-stitch (which is, of course, worked before the binding is felled down on the wrong side) and a drawing string; sew the narrow edging on to the neck quite plain, or only just easy. Around the skirt is a piece of insertion, and also two rows of full wide edging, all put on with feather-stitch.

The beauty of this pinafore lies greatly in the needlework, the neat little tucks, and the feather-stitch, and if these are nicely done, a certain amount of economy may be practised as regards the lace; for example, the insertion round the skirt might be dispensed with, and so might one row of the wide edging, without at all spoiling the general effect. Plenty of tacking with fine cotton and a fine needle will be a great help in making this pinafore.

M. A. WHITBY.

"NOT UNEQUALLY;" OR, BESSY'S REWARD.

CHAPTER III.

"THEN YOU'LL DIE!"

"DEAREST EVAN,—Please do not come to-night. I am leaving by the mid-day train on a visit to my aunt.

"You speak of faith, the all-powerful faith; but you forget, dear Evan, do you not, that our dear Lord says, 'This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting?' The gift is not to self-indulgence, but to self-denial. I cannot—I must not—marry one who treats of these matters lightly. But I am not going to tell you that I shall try to leave off loving you, Evan, or that I shall try to forget you. I don't mean to do either; but I shall pray for you every day, and all day long."

Mr. Tamworth dashed the letter down with an oath, taking the name of that Lord in vain in whom he professed no belief.

He had found the unsatisfactory missive awaiting him at his lodgings, when he returned in the evening to pay those small extra attentions to his toilette which generally signify due honour to a lady-love. His hands even remained unwashed when he sat down to the lonely tea, which a savage ring at the bell, and scowling order, had caused to be hurriedly placed on the table by his startled landlady.

"Little fool," he muttered passionately; "does she suppose I care whether she loves me or not! Bah! I'd as soon—sooner—have the hate of an idiot."

"There," he muttered half an hour later, as he sat smoking a pipe with a moody frown upon his brow—"there, I wash my hands of it from henceforth, for good and all. I'm well rid of an impudent little minx, who thinks to set herself up as a dictator to a fellow."

All the same, if he did think himself so well rid of her, his heart yearned after the faithful girl; and that night, when all in the house were asleep but himself, the tears that poured down his cheeks were as hot and bitter as those that blinded the eyes of Bessy, moaning in the solitude of her own room—

"Yes, I must give him up. But ah! it is so hard."

Bessy stayed away from home nearly nine weeks, and almost another nine were added to those before Evan Tamworth saw her again after the parting of that Sunday afternoon.

They had purposely avoided each other's better known haunts; but at last it fell out that they suddenly came face to face with each other one day, and were both equally startled at the meeting.

There was no room to doubt that the girl had kept her word as to faithful remembrance and love. Her eyes grew brilliant with the swift leap of joy, her face was suffused with the rosy flush of an utterly irrepressible happiness.

Tamworth had been startled at the first sight of her face before she had caught sight of him, and he was even more startled now.

He had had just a glimpse of her, with cheeks so white and wan that he could scarcely recognise her.

"Bessy!"—he stretched out his hands and took hers in a close, eager clasp.

"Is it you, Bessy, my darling, or is it your ghost?"

Waiting for no answer, he went on, quickly—"You love me still, Bessy, and as much as ever. Say, is it not so?"

The sweet brown eyes looked up at him with frank earnestness. "Evan, dear, I told you that I should. I think I am one of those who cannot take love back that is once given."

He bent and kissed her. "Then, my darling, we will forget all these foolish, weary months that have passed, will we not, and take up the old, happy time, and not let any more remembrance of that tiresome little misunderstanding come to trouble us?"

Again Bessy's eyes met her lover's with gentle seriousness.

"Was it a misunderstanding, Evan dear? Are you a Christian?"

He answered her look with a smile. "Oh! little person, you shall call me whatever you like, so that you get flesh and colour back to these cheeks."

She shook her head, and drew her hands away.

"It is not what I may call you, Evan," she said, sadly; "but what our Lord calls you."

Tamworth dashed his hands together, and stamped his foot.

"Don't be a little fool, Bessy. You can't afford to stand on fancies, let me tell you. Have you looked in a looking-glass lately?"

He waited an instant to note the reply given by a painful flush in the thin cheeks, and then went on roughly, and without giving his impatience time to choose or weigh words—

"Yes, of course. You know as well as I do that you'll die if you don't look out—that your heart is just breaking for unsatisfied love, and yet you fling away the cure. You'd best take heed, or it may come too late to save you, when your eyes are open to your foolishness at last."

He spoke on the hot impulse of the moment, and did not consider or intend the full brutality of such plain speaking. Bessy had turned away with a shiver, and laid her trembling hands on the gate. He did not

see the deadly pallor which overspread her face. She was so young; no wonder that the blunt flinging at her head of the threat of speedy death chilled her with awe; but it did not freeze her courage. One minute to subdue the natural human dread, one minute to still the quivering of the voice, and then she turned to her lover again.

"Evan dear, I think perhaps you are right, for I do find it so very hard to live without you. I love you so very much. But I love Jesus Christ more. And oh! Evan, think—ah! think how awful it would be if I learnt to live without Him here, and had to live without Him for ever."

People talk of sudden conversions. They are perhaps rare. The growth of grace in the heart is generally gradual; but it is certain that these last words of Bessy, together with their rapt love, did, by God's grace, work some change in her companion's heart.

"Without Him for ever." The words repeated themselves in his brain. For years he had tried to persuade himself that there was no hereafter; but he had never thoroughly succeeded; and now the terrible thought came to him with the force of full conviction, that there was the possibility of a "for ever" to be passed with evil, with all that was vile and hideous, and black and horrible. A "for ever" away from good. And the strong man shuddered. He did not shudder at the thought of death. He had taught himself to think of that with a kind of contempt. But there might be—his thoughts flew forward—very likely there was—there must be—a hereafter, a for ever—a for ever of good; a for ever of evil. Which would he wish this girl here beside him—this girl whom he loved so much to spend it with? Which would he wish to spend it with, himself?

"Well, Bessy," he said at last, in an altered voice, "you are a queer girl; but of course, with your way of looking at these things, very likely it would break your heart as soon to take me against your conscience as to give me up. Though where a soft little thing like you gets the strength from, to put up with all this suffering for an opinion, I can't think."

"'I am with you,'" murmured Bessy, rather as to herself than in answer to Tamworth. Then she said aloud, "There is a hymn I have been fond of for many years. That helps me very often—

'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that leadeth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

CHAPTER IV.

THAT TELL-TALE MIKE.

"BESSY."

It was a June day once more when that quick cry was flung out into the air, and the hedges were decked even more abundantly than usual with the beautiful sweet-scented blooms of the pink and white summer roses.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening. Bessie had left her father and mother taking a quiet little doze in concert, after the busy work and heat of the long day had drawn to its pleasant end. To their middle age, rest was the most acceptable form of holiday; to Bessy, in the heyday of her youth, rest and holiday both were found rather in change of scene and occupation than in arm-chairs and folded hands.

With a cabbage-leaf basket piled with strawberries she set off to pay a visit to her old pensioner, Mary Middleton, to whom, just two years ago that very day, she had carried a can of new milk. That fact was not forgotten.

The girl's steps were very brisk at first, but as they drew near a certain well-remembered spot they gradually slackened, and finally stopped altogether.

Placing her picturesque burden of berries carefully on the ground, Bessie once more climbed the bank, gathered a handful of flowers, and then sat herself down in the quiet lane to think. It was nearly eight months since her last parting with Mr. Tamworth, and during all that time she had never once seen him again.

For a while not only her lover, but parents, friends, neighbours, and even herself, had believed that the struggle to act according to her sense of right would only end with her death. But as the weeks went on tone and strength slowly returned, and when winter began to yield to the gracious influence of spring, it was only by the patient look in the brown eyes, and by the songless lips, that people were reminded of the great grief and trial that had shadowed the fair girl's youth.

But even these tokens of sorrow had begun to disappear of late, and only that very day the farmer had said joyfully to his wife—

"Why, Beth, old lady, do you know our little one, I do declare, is getting over her trouble for that poor, misguided young fool, poor boy! I actually heard her trilling out one of her little songs this morning. I'd bet my good old mare, Elsie, that we'll see her heart-whole again yet, and ready to say 'Yes' to some other better young fellow before the year is out. What say you, old lady?"

"I don't like to hear you say 'I bet,' dear," was the quiet rejoinder.

The farmer smiled.

"Well, Beth, I grant it is a foolish habit; but you see I never do say it to anyone who'd likely say in return, 'Done with you.'"

And so the matter ended, Mr. Bowling never remarking that his wife had made no comment either way on his supposition with regard to their daughter's present or possible future state of feelings. Perhaps, being a woman, she saw farther into a woman's heart than a man could possibly contrive to do.

At any rate she might not have felt quite so startled, even if she had felt as puzzled as a certain young man did who, strolling quietly along the lane in deep thought, came close up to Bessy before he was aware, and saw her with the roses in her lap, as she leant back against the bank under the hedge.

A stray ray of the slanting sunbeams was kissing her bright hair, her eyelids were closed, and—most puzzling enigma—instead of the expected expression of wan resignation, a soft, contented smile was resting on her lips.

Perhaps it is not quite surprising, such is the selfishness of man, that the contented smile called up a decided look of discontent on the gazer's face, for all so sweet as it was to see.

And there was marked discontent—aye, even a touch of sharp pain, in the hasty, quick cry of the girl's name that issued from the gazer's lips—

"Bessy!"

The cry had scarcely had time to strike its sound upon the evening air before the smile had grown still more vivid.

The brown eyes were wide open, the girl was upon her feet, and of her own free will she had offered her two hands to the clasp that was ready enough to receive them. Her face was brilliant with a very glory of joy, which she made no attempt to hide. Evan's eyes met hers with a bewildered expression in them.

"You love me still, Bessy?"

"Why, of co——." And then more shyly, and with a quivering little smile and a blush, "I am afraid so."

"Humph," still very doubtfully, "and yet I caught you smiling ever so happily this minute, although we are nothing more to each other."

Bessy bent her head till it almost touched his hands, to hide her cheeks' crimson flush.

"When have you been nothing to me, Evan, since the first time I saw you?"

"But still—but still," persisted that doubting, suspicious Mr. Evan Tamworth. "But still, who were you thinking of when you were smiling just now?"

One tiny, mischievous gleam shot up at the persistent questioner from the brown eyes. But there was a very anxious expression on the handsome face, and Bessy was too gracious a little being to cause wilful pain, even if her love had not pleaded for the sufferer.

"Evan," she said gently, "I was thinking of you."

"And thoughts of me called up that happy smile?"

"Yes."

It might have been thought that such admissions should have been enough to satisfy any lover, however exacting; but, curiously enough, Evan did not evince perfect satisfaction even now.

"I don't understand, Bessy," he said, in tones that sounded actually like those of reproach. "Are you changed? Thoughts of me used to call up tears and sorrow."

"Yes, Evan dear, when you needed them," she replied, looking up again with her face illumined with a grave, sweet smile. "But I think—I hope—that I have thanks and praises to give for you now."

And, yielding herself to her lover, as he drew her within his arms, she laid her head down upon his shoulder and wept tears of joy for him, as she had done several times during the past month, instead of sorrow.

"But how has it come to pass that you have learnt anything about my change of feeling?" asked Evan, when a minute had passed by, and they found themselves seated side by side on the grassy bank. "I thought it was a matter only known to myself and a few others, who are strangers to you."

Bessy smiled.

"Ah! one of those few others is quite a dear friend to me. Do you know Mike Doolan?"

At last all shadow of perplexity vanished from Tamworth's face.

"Why, how stupid of me!" he exclaimed. "Mike has told me many a time, since I first took to visiting his poor old mother, that he had found work on a farm close by, and yet I never associated his words with your home. But there, Bessy darling, if you are taking me on the strength of what poor Mike tells you, I am afraid I must draw back again, for I shall feel like an impostor on your credulity."

Bessy put her arm bravely through her lover's.

"Ah!" with a shake of the pretty head, "but I shall not let you draw back."

Then, more softly and seriously, she added, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Do men try to teach others to love a Master whom they themselves lightly esteem. Our Father has heard and answered my prayers, Evan. And henceforth we will walk together in faith and fear and love of our Lord."

"Amen, my own true darling. The words have come true to you, after all, that I once quoted in mockery, 'How knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?' And it was your choice, by God's grace, that has begun this blessed work in my soul."

Bessy looked up.

"My choice, Evan?"

"Yes, my darling, your choice — Christ first, your lover second. If men more often saw that women were willing to make some true sacrifice for the faith that they profess, the women's influence as missionaries would be greater, dear. They would far more often receive into their hearts as a blessing, as a precious fact, the Apostle's words, 'How knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?'"

GRACE STEBBING.



A WATER PICNIC.

LILIES.

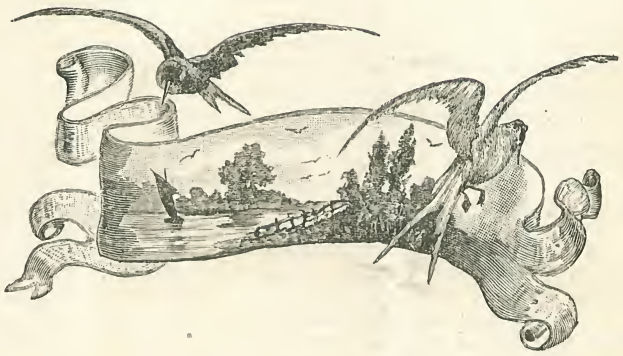
By SARAH DOUDNEY.

DOWN in the densest shade
That matted boughs have made,
The lilies float upon the reedy stream;
Amid the deepest gloom
They show their pearly bloom,
Lighting the darkness with a silver gleam.

No other light is seen,
No sun-shaft bright and keen
Now breaks the shadow of these silent bowers;
A dim mysterious place,
Its only touch of grace
Is the white glory of its stainless flowers.

Oh, ye who come and dream
Beside the gliding stream,
Bringing your maiden beauty to the spot,
God made you fair and bright
That ye might be the light
Of life's dark places where the sun shines not.

Tender and sweet and pure,
Your patient souls endure
The darkness, sad and still, of sunless hours;
Earth's dreary shades ye bless
With your white loveliness,
God's gracious light-bearers, life's human flowers!



WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. GRAY GIVES A TENNIS PARTY.

"But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away."

MRS. GRAY had sent out her invitations for a garden-party at the Rectory, and all Redminster was in a flutter of excitement at the prospect. A party at the Rectory was looked forward to by everybody.

There were some misgivings about the weather; but they vanished when the day arrived—gloriously fine and pleasantly warm, perfect weather, as everybody said, for a garden-party.

Ernest Myddleton was in high spirits, and helped energetically in all the preparations, marking out the tennis-court, going into Redminster for a fresh supply of balls, and making himself useful in a dozen different ways.

"It would be worth while, Dr. Gray, to forbid any trespassing on your strawberry beds. People will never be able to resist the temptation of helping themselves to such as these"—pointing to a basket he had just filled.

"No, no; there shall be no prohibition about anything to-day. It is only once in a way, you know," he added, laughing.

"Well, I hope," said his wife, "that they will leave some of the fruit for my mothers. They enjoy picking it for themselves more than anything; and people are very thoughtless, you know, Alfred. A great many who come here have fruit of their own, and do not need to pick ours; but they will never think of that, and will do it out of mere thoughtlessness."

"You must please yourself, Mary; you know more about such matters than I do. Mrs. Gray is afraid her jam will suffer," he said to Ernest; "don't you believe what she says about the 'mothers,' it's all nonsense"—and he went away laughing.

Between three and four the guests began to arrive, and the lawn was soon a gay scene. The tennis players were eager for the fray, and their bright costumes formed a pretty contrast to the more sombre colouring worn by the other members of the party.

The rector flitted to and fro, joking with this one and that, enquiring after the health of old ladies—occupied, in short, in making everyone feel thoroughly at home.

Ernest Myddleton was of course a centre of attraction, as all Redminster knew that it was chiefly in his honour the party had been given. He made himself very agreeable, chatting to his old friends, many of whom he had not seen for some years.

"Ernest, we want you on the tennis ground," said the rector's voice. "I am sure you have done your duty in the talking line by this time," he continued, taking him off to join the players. To tell the truth, he was rather loth to go. He had not much interest in the game this afternoon. He was wondering what made the Warhams so late in arriving, and he went off with Dr. Gray, inwardly railing at the fashion which makes everyone think it the thing to arrive at a party after everybody else.

He threw himself heartily into the game, however, and was soon thoroughly enjoying it. The Redminster champion, Brooke, and another local player, were matched against Ernest and a young stranger. The play was close, and attracted quite a little crowd of onlookers.

As matters were becoming exciting, the rivals being five all in the last of the three sets, Ernest caught sight of the West Dene party just arriving. He looked up eagerly. Mrs. Gray was bringing them over to see the game. As they came nearer, he saw to his surprise that Helen was not in the group; he looked for her everywhere, but in vain. When he took his place, ready to serve, he heard Mrs. Warham, who, with the rector's wife, was standing a few yards off, apologising for her daughter's absence. She was not coming

then. As he heard that, his interest in the game died out. It was just as if the sunshine, which had been so brilliant the whole afternoon, had suddenly become obscured by a cold gray mist. He played on mechanically, conscious all the time of its being better to beat the champion player if possible, but for himself hardly caring whether he did so or not. He hardly heard the applause which greeted himself and his partner as they came off victorious, and he was just walking off abstractedly when a merry voice close by exclaimed—

"Well, Mr. Myddleton, you are in a brown study." He looked up, and caught sight of Fay.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gwynne."

"Oh, don't apologise," she replied. "Your cutting your friends dead is perhaps excusable after such a feat as you have just performed. Not everyone can beat the Redminster tennis champion," she added, laughing mischievously.

"I assure you I wasn't thinking of the game at all," he said, somewhat nettled by her manner. "When did you come?" he asked next. He knew perfectly well, but wanted an excuse for asking why Helen was not there.

"Oh, just a few minutes ago," said Fay.

"Is Miss Warham here?" he asked, in a studiedly careless tone.

"No. Helen went as usual on an errand of mercy. I never saw such a girl—she always does that whenever there is anything of this sort on."

"I dare say a tennis party has not many attractions for your cousin," said Ernest.

"Oh, Helen doesn't play much; but she always enjoys coming here; and I know she was most anxious to come to-day, so it is the more provoking that she cannot."

"Is there no chance of her coming later on?" asked Myddleton.

"I fancy not; she has gone down to nurse the little Dennis boy."

"Dennis?" said Ernest, questioningly. "Is that one of the boys I saw at West Dene?"

"Yes. You don't know the father, do you? I suppose you haven't been here since they came to West Dene? Old Mr. Dennis is rather a slow coach—at least I think so; I don't believe he is really very old. He is a clergyman, and awfully learned. He was obliged to give up his living on account of his health. His wife is dead, and he has these two boys, who have taken a desperate fancy to Helen. Then there's a Miss Dennis, who lives not far from here. She pays periodical visits to her brother to see how he is getting on. I do not care much for her; she is a weak dilution of himself."

"Are you as devoted to the children as Miss Warham?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no! I don't mind the small one, Rex; he is rather fun, says quaint things in an amusing way; but Robin is my aversion. You never know what that boy has in his pockets; he fills them with slugs and tadpoles, and all kinds of slimy creatures, picked nobody knows where."

Ernest laughed. "I can fancy that would not be in your line, Miss Gwynne," he said, glancing at the dainty costume she wore, every part of which was the perfection of neatness and good taste.

"Come along, Myddleton," said the rector; "we want another set here. Will you and Miss Gwynne take a side?"

"With pleasure," said Ernest, though he felt disappointed at the interruption of this conversation with Fay. Seeing, however, how eager she was for a game, he determined to gratify her by playing his best. The result was they won very easily. Just, however, as he was about to renew his conversation with her, she was called away to play another set; and feeling vexed and angry, he withdrew, and sauntered off to another part of the garden.

He felt annoyed with himself for being so foolish about what was, after all, nothing. He had not thought that Helen's absence could have made such a difference to him. How much she had already become to him! Then he went off into a pleasant reverie of day-dreams, of which Helen was the centre. Sitting buried in these thoughts, in the little summer-house near the rector's strawberry beds, he was suddenly startled by hearing voices close to him.

"What magnificent strawberries! I really can't resist them. I always appreciate picking them for myself far more than eating them with sugar and cream."

Ernest half rose, remembering Mrs. Gray's anxiety about the strawberries being left untouched; but the voice jarred on him. It was that of a girl to whom he did not particularly wish to speak just then; and reflecting that she and her companion would not, in all probability, make much appreciable difference on the quantity of the fruit, he remained where he was.

Their flippant talk was rather irritating; but he heard it in an aimless way without taking in what they were saying, being busied with his own thoughts. Suddenly the name of Warham was mentioned, and Ernest's attention was unconsciously arrested.

"Well, everybody says he is paying her a vast deal of attention." The voice was that of Miss Heath, a pretty little flirt, for whom Ernest had rather a contempt.

"But she surely can't care for that old fogey," said her companion.

"Why should she not? He is very well off, and she is cut out for a clergyman's wife."

"She is very fond of the boys, I know, but it does not follow that she cares for their father."

"It does not follow, perhaps, but it is very likely. Why, I have been amusing myself with watching them this afternoon. He——"

"I thought they were not here."

"Oh, they arrived a short time ago! He brought her himself, and has never left her side since. I heard him say to someone that she had been nursing his little boy all this afternoon. That shows of itself which way the wind blows."

"How?"

"Why, you little goose, is it likely any girl of sense would like to be shut up in a sick room on a day like this, rather than being enjoying herself out of doors—especially when there is a party like this in question—unless there were some very strong attraction to keep her there?"

"I do not think that Miss Warham would prefer it," said the other; "but I think she would do it if she thought it her duty. She is so intensely unselfish."

Here the conversation stopped, and the girls sauntered off. Ernest rose and made his way round to the house by a different path. He was determined to judge for himself if what they had said was true.

Tennis was still going on, and numbers of people were strolling near the court or watching the game; others were patronising the dainty little refreshment tables that were scattered about the garden. Ernest made his way through the house and into the drawing-room, where he stood watching the various groups on the lawn. He was looking out eagerly for Helen, when to his surprise he noticed her sitting just outside the window under the copper beech, with Mrs. Gray and Mr. Dennis beside her. He drew back, and stood watching her from a point where he was invisible to outsiders. He felt a thrill of delight as he looked at her. She wore a dress of some soft filmy stuff, which suited her slender figure to perfection. But such details were lost on Ernest at that moment. He only knew she looked charming, and that it gave him intense pleasure to gaze at her. He hardly noticed Mr. Dennis at all; he was thinking of no one but her. He had been scarcely conscious before that moment of the nature of his feelings for Helen, and the thought that he might lose her, just when she had become so precious to him, was most painful.

The rector's voice roused him out of the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Why, Myddleton, you truant, you are here, are you? I have been searching for you everywhere. I want to introduce you to my friend Dennis. Has my wife told you about him?"

"No; but Miss Gwynne has."

"Well, come and see him for yourself," said the rector, stepping out of the window.

"Why, Helen, child!" he exclaimed, "this is a treat. I thought we were not to see you this afternoon."

"Miss Warham came with me," explained Mr. Dennis.

"Ah! indeed; I didn't understand that. Let me introduce my young friend Myddleton to you, Dennis," said the rector, bringing Ernest forward.

Ernest contented himself with saying a few commonplace words to the new acquaintance, and then turned to Helen. But he found himself strangely shy and embarrassed in speaking to her, and the remarks he made sounded cold and commonplace.

Helen was conscious of a sense of disappointment. She had looked forward so much to meeting him again, and it was disappointing to find him so cold and constrained. She was puzzled to find an explanation for it, unless, she thought, "I have shown too much interest in him, and he wishes to show me it is unwelcome;" which thought, as may be

supposed, did not add much to her peace of mind during the rest of the afternoon.

* * * *

When Helen had come downstairs ready dressed for the party, and looking forward to it as eagerly, if more quietly, than Fay, she had found a note awaiting her, containing a pleading request from Mr. Dennis that she would look in that afternoon and see little Rex, who was far from well. He had asked so incessantly for her, that he—Mr. Dennis—felt sure she would not refuse to come.

The brightness faded from Helen's face as she read the note. It was not anxiety for her little Rex that caused the change. The thought did not even cross her mind that he might be seriously ill; there was another feeling present, and Helen was startled by its intensity.

She had been conscious of a marked change having taken place in her life lately. Some influence had been at work of which she was conscious only in a dim, vague sort of way. She hardly dared ask herself what had given a new turn to her thoughts of late. Perhaps it had not occurred to her before to associate the change with Ernest Myddleton; but Mr. Dennis's note, and the train of thought it called up, revealed the truth to her.

She felt now that she was becoming more interested in Ernest Myddleton than was safe for her own peace of mind, and the discovery filled her sensitive soul with dismay.

"How could I?" she thought, reddening at the idea. "What must he think of me?"—and she went painfully over in her mind what she had said to him, but could find nothing of which she needed to be ashamed. There was, in fact, nothing to recall; she had drifted unconsciously into love, and it was only now that she had awakened to the fact.

It did not strike her that she might refuse Mr. Dennis's request. It is true she had had qualms about going there so often since she had become aware of Mr. Dennis's intentions; but in a case like this it would have been selfish to refuse, she thought; so in spite of protests and murmurs from her brother and Fay, she started off. Her thoughts were sad ones as she made her way down to Mr. Dennis's little cottage. Her discovery brought her no joy—rather the reverse. With her usual tendency to morbid self-examination, she analysed the feelings she had had the last few weeks. It grieved her to think she had so soon forgotten the goal which she had set before her; that she had even for a day lost sight of that which she had determined to make her life work—devotion of her life to the welfare and happiness of her mother and brother. She had to confess sadly that the high aims she had set before herself some days ago, had been rather lost sight of since her intimacy with Ernest Myddleton had begun.

"It is not for me to dream of marriage with him," she said to herself. "He will make some brilliant match, and marry a woman fit for the sphere of society in which he moves. That I could never be," she thought, sadly. "I had no right to think he cared for me simply because he liked talking with me, and we happened to have tastes in common." Yet argue as she did in this way, the thought that he was not quite indifferent to her would arise; little things he had said, momentary expressions of his face, would recur to her mind, bringing with them the doubt whether she were wholly wrong in supposing that Ernest Myddleton cared for her.

"This is good of you, Miss Warham," said Mr. Dennis, meeting her at the door.

"How is Rex?" she asked.

"Very much the same as when I wrote. Mr. Eyre saw him this morning—he does not think there is any danger. But I have telegraphed for my sister; she will be here in the course of the afternoon."

"Aunty Nell! Fa', is Aunty Nell coming?" murmured Rex's voice, as Helen entered the room. He was tossing about in his little bed with flushed cheeks and eyes unnaturally bright.

"Here I am, darling, come to take care of you," she said gently, sitting down beside him.

"Have you really come, Aunty Nell? Did Fa' write you a letter?" he asked, excitedly. "He said he would, and that you would be sure to come."

Her presence seemed to have a wonderfully soothing influence on him; she told him little stories while he lay half asleep, his curly head resting on her arm.

"Aunty Nell," he said suddenly, "I'se going to pray to God to make me well."

"Very well, darling."

The little fellow folded his hands, and began reverently—"O God, make Rex a good boy, and please to make him well quick"; then, after a short pause he added, "God bless this little girl, and make her stay always with me." This he said with a condescending pat on Helen's shoulder, who was kneeling beside him.

"Aunty Nell, how long will God be before He does what I asked?" he questioned wearily, as he lay back on his pillow again.

"I do not know, darling, but Rex must lie still and not talk."

The child remained quiet for some little time, then he said in a pleading tone—

"Aunty Nell, I'd like you never, never to go away from Rex."

"Wouldn't you get tired of me if I stayed here always?"

"No," said the child, dreamily; "I'd like you to stay always, and never go away no more."

Mr. Dennis entering the room just then, heard the child's words, and smiled. He looked at Helen, and their eyes met. There was the same expression, half wistful, half pleading in them which Helen had noticed that Sunday afternoon. How long ago it seemed now; and the remembrance of all that had passed since then made her heart beat wildly.

A tumult of thought filled her mind. All the plausible arguments she had used in trying to persuade herself that it was her duty to accept his offer were swept away in the wild rush of feeling that filled her heart. What had seemed comparatively easy then, she saw was almost an impossibility now that she knew what love really meant. She felt for the moment that marriage with Mr. Dennis was out of the question; but then again all that she was foregoing in refusing his offer rushed to her mind—the chance of a comfortable home for her mother, the possibility of helping her brother, and a passionate yearning for some loving friend who would advise her, arose in her heart. Mr. Dennis, watching the pale, set face, little guessed the tumult that was going on within.

To her great relief, he remained silent. His first experience had been too much for him, and he shrank from repeating the experiment. He rose abruptly and left the room, and Helen breathed more freely.

"How calm, how cold he seems; so thoroughly prosaic," she said to herself. "Is it possible he knows what love really is?"—and the thought that it could not disappoint him much if she refused his offer gave her some relief.

Little Rex had dropped asleep, his head resting on Helen's arm, and she had fallen into a reverie from which she was roused by Mr. Dennis's voice.

"Miss Warham, forgive my selfish thoughtlessness; I had quite forgotten this was the day of the Grays' garden party. My sister has just arrived, and has reminded me of it. I was invited myself, but forgot all about it. How doubly kind of you to come here," he added, gratefully.

"What do you say to going now and taking Miss Warham with you?" said his sister, entering the room at that moment. "I can take care of the child while you are away. I expect there is nothing very much the matter with him. You have a tendency to make a mountain out of a mole hill, Stephen, in such matters," she added, with a smile.

Miss Dennis was an old maid, not very good-looking, but thoroughly warm-hearted. Fay's description of her, as a weak dilution of her brother, was a pretty good one, but she had none of her brother's awkward shyness, and therefore got on better with the world than he did.

Helen had never cared very much for her, but to-day she felt she could hug her, so grateful was she for the suggestion that they should go off to the Rectory.

Mr. Dennis agreed, and they set off. As they were leaving the house they were met by Ted. He had determined that his sister should not lose all chance of the fun by her self-sacrifice, and had come to fetch her, so the three set off together.

It is generally the case, if we look forward very much on anything, that the realisation falls short of the anticipation. Helen found this to be the case with the party at the Rectory, as we have seen. Her feelings that evening, as she lay down to rest, were very different from what they had been when she rose that morning. How little is sufficient to turn the scale, and make the heart that beat high with hope and gladness, dull and heavy!

(To be continued.)

AUGUST

NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

In all the southern counties of England harvest is well in hand in August. Here, in this Thames village, the winter oats were cut the last week in July, and by the middle of August the wheat was nearly all stacked. A good deal of barley is still uncut, but if the weather keeps fine by the time September comes in, the bulk of the corn will be down. The children's holidays in most villages coincide with the harvest, so that the older ones may help in the fields, making bands and helping to tie; for the self-binders (machines that not only cut the corn but tie it up in sheaves) are not used by all farmers, and the ordinary cutters only place the corn in heaps ready for tying. As soon as the wheat fields are cleared, the children go gleaning, or "leasing," as they term it, and I constantly meet them returning with their handfuls, the amount each child gleans being reckoned by handfuls: that is, they glean until both hands are full, and then tie each one up and start again. One family here, where there are some five or six children, gleaned nearly two sacks of corn—enough to last them for some time in the winter. Bread made from "leased" corn, if well made, and baked in the old-fashioned brick ovens heated with faggots, is the sweetest bread I have ever tasted, and I generally try to buy a few loaves those weeks that the villagers bake.



Poppies are mostly over by August, only lingering here and there by the roadside, but the beautiful golden corn marigold is to be found in plenty in some fields. It is one of our most striking wild flowers, and keeps fresh a long time in water, which is more than can be said of many wild flowers. The blue cornflower I only saw growing in one field some three miles away. The corn cockle, a purplish flower somewhat resembling a campion, but with a more marked calyx, was not at all frequent in the fields about this village. The blue succory, or wild chicory, so striking in stony, arid places by the wayside, was not nearly as plentiful as I saw it in Cambridgeshire, where, with the plant resembling pinkish broom (*Rest-harrow Ononis*), it quite decorated the sidewalk. The flowers grow close to the stems, which look incapable of producing such delicately-tinted blooms, for it is a tone of blue quite distinct from the blue of the forget-me-not or borage. This latter flower I have found growing in a few waste places, though it is said to have been originally introduced into this country from the Mediterranean. I gathered a bouquet the last week in August that presented a most striking appearance. It consisted of succory, borage, blue meadow-crane's-bill, forget-me-not, oxeye daisies, and meadow-sweet. Blue is the least common colour met with in wild flowers, and yet here were four blue flowers together, and in some localities a fifth might have been added—the cornflower. In one field that was cut in June for hay-making and completely cleared of its flowers, a second crop has sprung up, quite fresh as though it were early summer, and it was in this field that I gathered the crane's-bill, meadow-sweet,

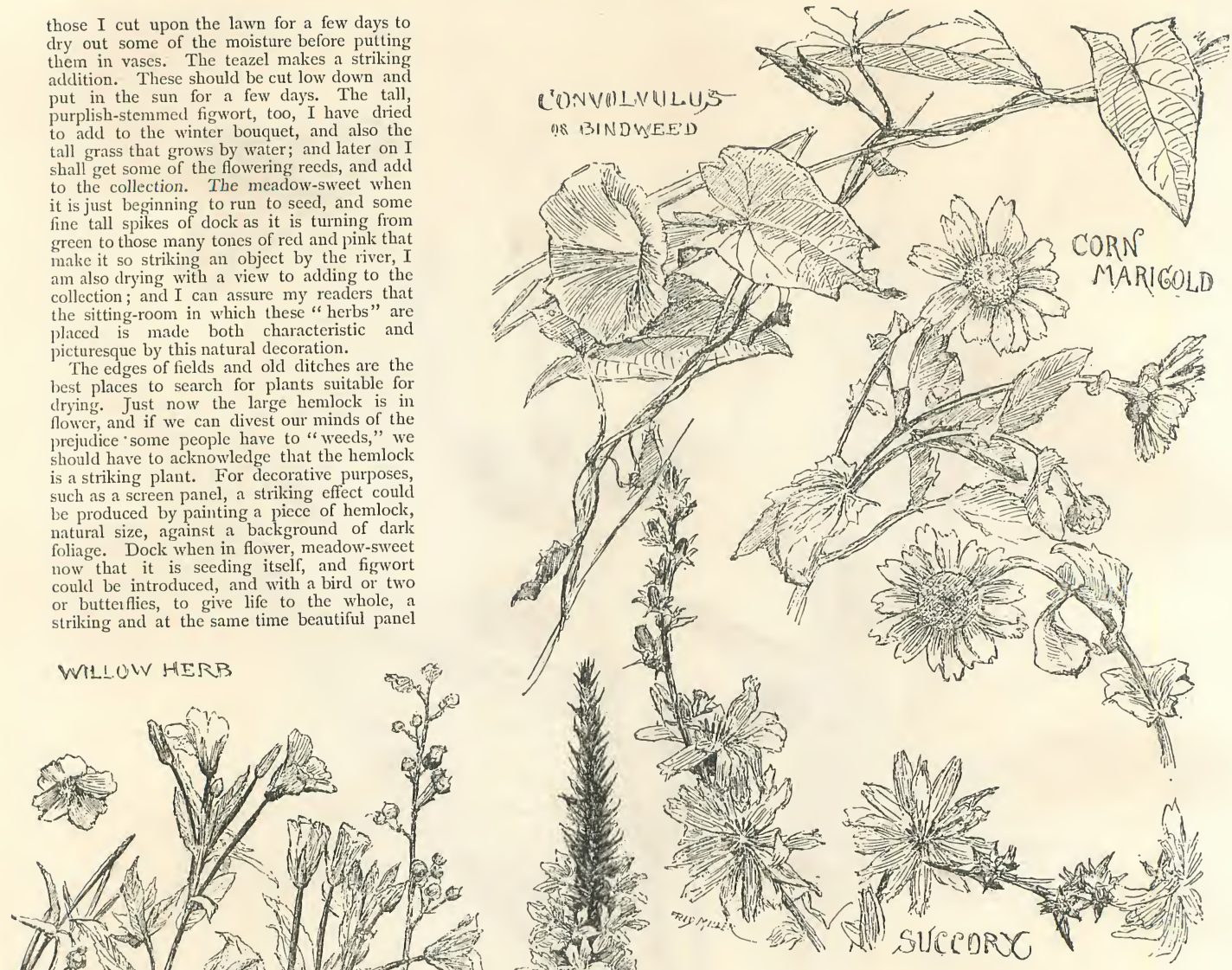


and oxeye. By the margins of streams and here by the river, the water foliage is looking its best in August. The long purples or loosestrife, and the beautiful four-petal pink flowers of the willow herb—called in some localities "codlins and cream"—are the features of the river banks in August. The willow herb is particularly striking, if you look at large masses of it, as the foliage is a warm, yellowish-green, and the pink flowers seem then to float over the foliage in tints resembling those seen in a soap bubble. The sedges too make themselves felt in the landscape in August, as most of them are in flower now, and when viewed in masses, the purplish-brown of the flowers contrasts well with the deep bluish-green of the stems.

August is the best month to dry the large reed mace or bullrush, as well as sedges and grasses for putting in large vases, ornamented drain pipes, and other receptacles for winter decoration; and a charming decoration these dried plants afford if some little care be taken in collecting and arranging the specimens. Cut the bullrushes low down (in the water itself where possible), so that you have leaves as well as flowers and their stalks, and be careful not to break off the upper part, or the flower, which is thinner and yellower than the lower portion, nor break the leaves. I spread

those I cut upon the lawn for a few days to dry out some of the moisture before putting them in vases. The teazel makes a striking addition. These should be cut low down and put in the sun for a few days. The tall, purplish-stemmed figwort, too, I have dried to add to the winter bouquet, and also the tall grass that grows by water; and later on I shall get some of the flowering reeds, and add to the collection. The meadow-sweet when it is just beginning to run to seed, and some fine tall spikes of dock as it is turning from green to those many tones of red and pink that make it so striking an object by the river, I am also drying with a view to adding to the collection; and I can assure my readers that the sitting-room in which these "herbs" are placed is made both characteristic and picturesque by this natural decoration.

The edges of fields and old ditches are the best places to search for plants suitable for drying. Just now the large hemlock is in flower, and if we can divest our minds of the prejudice some people have to "weeds," we should have to acknowledge that the hemlock is a striking plant. For decorative purposes, such as a screen panel, a striking effect could be produced by painting a piece of hemlock, natural size, against a background of dark foliage. Dock when in flower, meadow-sweet now that it is seeding itself, and figwort could be introduced, and with a bird or two or butterflies, to give life to the whole, a striking and at the same time beautiful panel

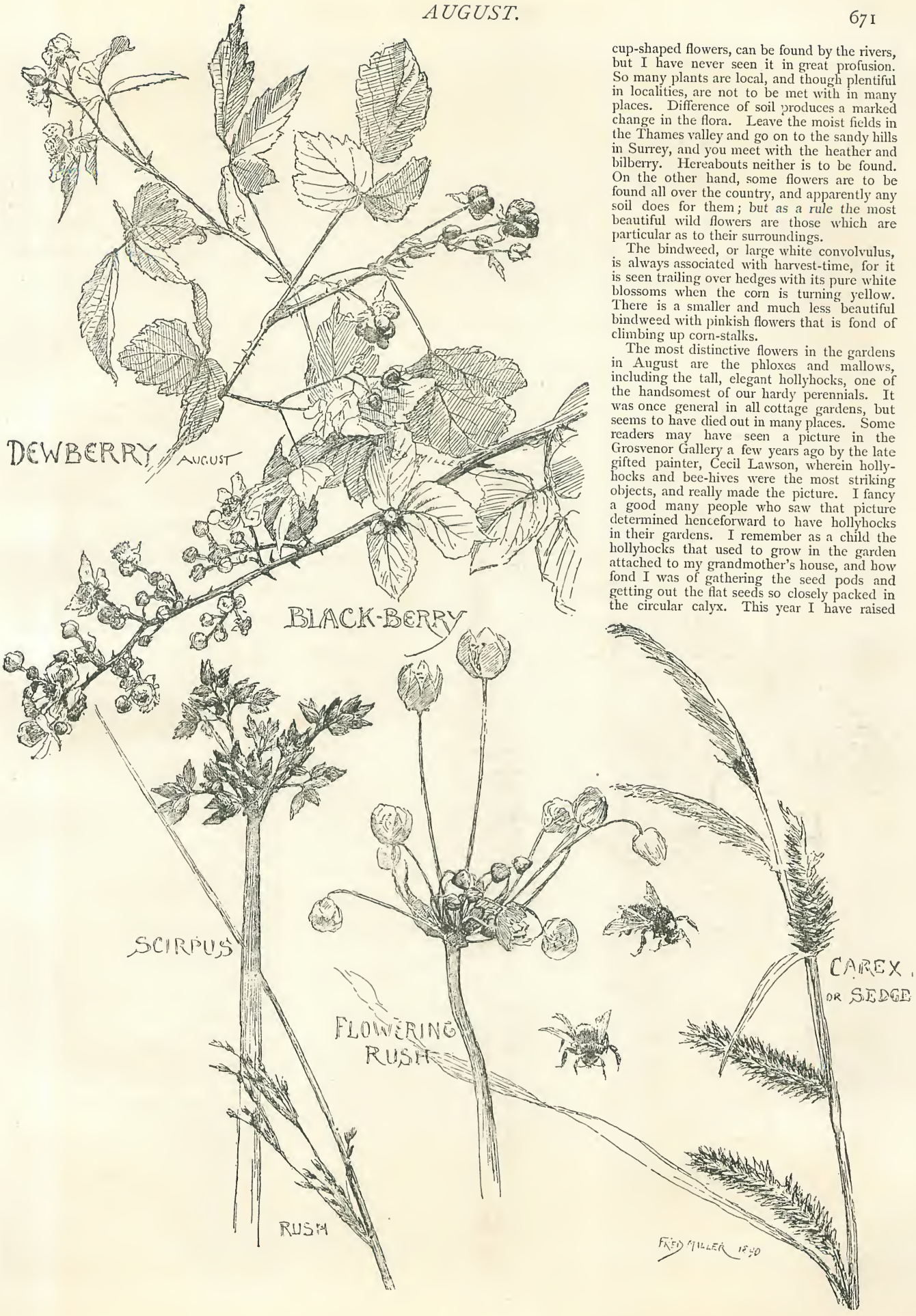


might be painted by anyone with some little knowledge of art. An important point to remember in this decorative work is to paint everything the natural size. Everyone finds it much easier to work to the full scale than either larger or smaller than the object to be painted.

The word "weed" is too often used as a term of opprobrium—the measure of *our* disgust. "Weed" is a corruption of the Saxon word *wort*—a herb, a word used with great effect in the Old Testament. I would keep the term "weed" for some few noxious pests that prove such a sore hindrance to us gardeners, especially when we get a little slack, and neglect to use the hoe regularly. The beauty of hedgerow plants is manifest to anyone who goes to collect specimens to dry for vases, and especially to anyone who essays to make drawings of them.

The yellow snapdragon or toad-flax is to be met with very generally during August. It is a slightly venomous-looking plant, and its appearance has perhaps gained it its rather gruesome name. A plant much more beautiful, and one constantly seen growing out of river banks, is the fleabane. Its golden flowers with their rays of narrow petals, and its glaucous green foliage, ought to have procured it a sweeter name than the one it bears, which is evidently a survival of some old superstition, as are the names of so many familiar plants.

The flowering rush, with its beautiful pink,



cup-shaped flowers, can be found by the rivers, but I have never seen it in great profusion. So many plants are local, and though plentiful in localities, are not to be met with in many places. Difference of soil produces a marked change in the flora. Leave the moist fields in the Thames valley and go on to the sandy hills in Surrey, and you meet with the heather and bilberry. Hereabouts neither is to be found. On the other hand, some flowers are to be found all over the country, and apparently any soil does for them; but as a rule the most beautiful wild flowers are those which are particular as to their surroundings.

The bindweed, or large white convolvulus, is always associated with harvest-time, for it is seen trailing over hedges with its pure white blossoms when the corn is turning yellow. There is a smaller and much less beautiful bindweed with pinkish flowers that is fond of climbing up corn-stalks.

The most distinctive flowers in the gardens in August are the phloxes and mallows, including the tall, elegant hollyhocks, one of the handsomest of our hardy perennials. It was once general in all cottage gardens, but seems to have died out in many places. Some readers may have seen a picture in the Grosvenor Gallery a few years ago by the late gifted painter, Cecil Lawson, wherein hollyhocks and bee-hives were the most striking objects, and really made the picture. I fancy a good many people who saw that picture determined henceforward to have hollyhocks in their gardens. I remember as a child the hollyhocks that used to grow in the garden attached to my grandmother's house, and how fond I was of gathering the seed pods and getting out the flat seeds so closely packed in the circular calyx. This year I have raised

some plants from seed, and hope next year to see some of them in bloom. The perennial phloxes are despised by many people, and yet some of them are beautiful plants, especially the white ones. Some of the pink ones are crude in colour, I allow, but there is no necessity to have those that are objectionable. The annual phlox (*P. Drummondi*) is a very showy plant, blooming in an infinite variety of colours. To be effective it should be grown in beds, so that a perfect kaleidoscopic effect is produced.

The double German aster is always a favourite in village as well as in the big gardens, and it is certainly a showy plant in borders and flower-beds. The ten-week stocks are still blowing, especially where the first blooms have been cut, as this causes the plants to throw fresh flowers. In many gardens I notice sweet peas are over, but I have plenty in flower, simply because I have kept all seed pods cut off. If those who grow flowers were careful to keep them from seeding, they would be able to cut flowers weeks and even months longer than they now do. I have pansies well in bloom still, and yet in all the gardens around me they have long been over. My white galega and scarlet geum are still throwing up blooms.

Sunflowers greet the entrance of August, and are, I always think, some of the most striking flowers a garden can produce. Against walls or shrubberies they are particularly effective, but I find that they must be in full light. Some I planted slightly under the shade of trees have thrown small miserable blooms. The perennial sunflowers and harpaliums are well worth growing. In a garden near me, where there is plenty of space, a varied and rich effect is obtained by rows of annual chrysanthemum, cornflowers, clarkia, and scabious, and I noticed a pale-coloured sunflower which is well worth growing, as it is effective when contrasted with the ordinary yellow ones.

Those who grow balsams should have them in full flower in August; and indeed there is no month in which gardens should look gayer than in the one to which we have devoted these few scattered notes.

FRED MILLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

DOROTHY.—1. Berlin black, not Brunswick, is the best for putting on the summer grates. All oilshops keep it.—2. Camphor and borax, of each an ounce, and a quart of boiling water. Stand till cool, and then put away in a bottle for use, leaving remains of camphor and borax in the mixture. Apply twice a week to the roots of the hair with a small sponge.

MARQUETTE.—The best thing to prevent the chilblains coming is to rub the part, when first you feel it, with a very little dry mustard. Keep yourself warm, dry, and well fed, and take enough exercise always, is the best cure.

PANSY and HYACINTH.—Navy blue cashmere would dye a good black. The black cashmere should be sponged with ammonia and water, and left to drip dry.

JIMMIE.—We are much obliged for your letter on poultices.

POLLY.—We regret your admirer is so dilatory in proposing, but we are old-fashioned enough to think that a girl who really respects herself will wait until she is asked. Your education has been dreadfully neglected; your spelling and writing are shocking. Try and improve them, and forget matrimony for a while.

LYNN would have to advertise for a situation as governess in India, or go to a high-class registry office in London.

INITIALS, KATHLEEN, and Others.—Two views of "How to Live on £40 Per Annum" have been given by us. The first, in the country, at p. 584, vol. xi.; the other near London, at p. 101 in our present vol. xii. There are many ladies who live on sums below £100 in all parts of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GERTRUDE.—The word "palatine" takes us to Rome, for it is derived, like "palace," from one of the Seven Hills—the "Palatium"—where Augustus had his residence. So the name of the hill came to mean a magnificent house, where the emperor, king, or sovereign resided. A "count palatine" was a nobleman or count possessing royal jurisdiction; and a "county palatine," a county in which the proprietor possessed royal rights and powers. The second of our counts palatine was the nephew of William the Conqueror, Hugh D'Abrincis, who was made Count Palatine of Chester, with the title of "earl," in 1070. Edward III. created the palatine of Lancaster, 1539. The earliest, however, were Durham and Ely, whose bishops were granted palatine privileges in 963, or earlier. Hexham was also a county palatine in Henry VIII.'s time, but was dissolved by Elizabeth. The palatine jurisdiction of Durham was separated from the diocese and vested in the Crown by William IV. in 1836.

INFLUENZA.—Any publisher would take your great great grandmother's story provided you paid for the printing and publishing of it. The only way is to send or take it to those who publish such things.

DUCHESS.—It is not customary to introduce the friends you are walking with to the friends you meet, unless there is some special reason.

G. B. L. and A BAD WRITER.—The evil of novel reading is that it is a form of mental dissipation, and after indulging in it to excess, our daily life becomes "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and our duties burdensome. For young people the habit is extremely bad, and should be checked.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.—We could not give our opinion on the status of any company.

PRINCESS should see her foster parents, and get them to consult a lawyer.

CORDA VIE.—1. "Brobdingnag" was the country of a gigantic race described in *Gulliver's Travels* by Swift.—2. Your poem is not bad. You may yet do better.

DAISY II.—The 25th of March is called "Lady Day" because that day commemorates the "Annunciation of Our Lady," the Virgin Mary.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We notice that the *People* newspaper is devoting a column to helping people to find their lost relatives—a most charitable and kindly work. Perhaps if you sent particulars with reference to your relation you might be successful in finding him. A letter addressed to the postmaster of the place is generally attended to in the Colonies also. We do not know about the "dead letters." You had better write to the Secretary of the General Post Office.

THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEE.—Try the National Home Reading Union for Directing and Encouraging of Home Study; Central Office, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.; Secretary, Miss Mondy.

FRANK ALLEN.—1. Wadebridge is on the River Camel, seven miles N.W. of Bodmin. It is a small seaport town, the principal trade being in cattle.—2. Truro is a city, the seat of a bishopric, and a seaport. Population, 6,247.

FRED'S CHUM.—1. "Gertrude" means "spear maiden." It is Old German.—2. The origin of "saying kind things to people" is in your own heart. If you naturally think loving and kind thoughts it will be easy to say them, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." So begin to cultivate the thoughts of your heart, and plant good seed there, which will return sevenfold into your bosom.

I. M. F.—"Tears, idle tears," is a poem in Tennyson's *Princess*, canto iv. It has been set to music by many composers.

E. S. M.—Edward the Confessor was so named from his holiness and piety, "which also has enshrined him," says Green, "as a saint in his Abbey church of Westminster." The term "confessor" is one of the oldest in the Christian Church. Bacon says: "Our religion, which hath been sealed with the blood of so many martyrs and confessors." It means one who boldly confessed his belief in Christ before the magistrates, and then endured punishment for the same cause.

MAUD.—We should advise you to be guided by your eldest brother, who seems to have your best interests at heart.

B. A.—You could improve your writing by taking some pretty writing that you like and copying that; and there are plenty of nice books to be had suitable for you to read without reading stories always. In the way of working, you can find at any bookseller's plenty of work books as low as 2d. each, for knitting, crochet, etc.

DAISY.—Mrs. Oliphant wrote a memoir of the Comte de Montalembert in 1872. We think he lived and died a Roman Catholic.

YOLLANDE.—You are entitled to ask two questions only, so out of yours we choose two.—1. Dip the ink stains into boiling water for a few minutes, then hold the part tightly over a saucer or a bowl and rub in some salts of sorrel, and rinse well. Salts of sorrel are poisonous, but will not damage white or coloured materials. Violet inks are really aniline dyes. Perhaps a little chloride of lime might do them good.—2. We never make promises for future articles.

ARTIST and TISSY W. must bring their portfolios of specimens and go round the shops and show them wherever they think it likely they would be taken. Personal enterprise and activity would be requisite.

LADY MACBETH had better begin with tepid baths or a sponge bath, and use plenty of friction.

A NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.—Your father had better see him and make enquiries as to the cause of his conduct to you. But we are of opinion that, as your marriage to him was not agreeable to his family, you are well out of it, and had better try to turn your thoughts away, and do your best to forget.

DOROTHY and MARGARET.—There are several "Pansy" books, as we think you must allude to the "Chatauquan Series."

PRE-RAPHAELITE.—The nameless fragment you have kindly sent us is not suitable to our columns, but it is certainly of the dogmatic style, though we do not understand the drift of it completely. Nor do we quite see that the admiration of fine pictures comes from Pride (with a capital P) and a desire to "out-do God." Surely we may love both art and nature?

USELESS NANCIE should arrange to do her own reading and study each evening for an hour or two, and then read to her grandmother.

LONELY JOYCE will do well to tell her mother about her trouble. But her mother should keep her confidence sacredly, of course.

MOTHERLESS NINETEEN could go into a situation as nursery governess, making arrangements to have time for study for herself by taking a smaller salary. She could also enter a school to teach, and also take lessons.

PANSY'S LETTER (New Zealand) and MYRA MILTON (Australia).—We should advise your trying to get employment where you are living. Your drawings are very poor, but you write well enough to contribute to a paper in your own land.

GAWKY SIXTEEN will find it a difficult thing to begin calling a person "Mrs." or "Mr." when she has once used their Christian name.—2. Stocking darning is not a thing to be ashamed of, but should be kept for seasons when visitors are not likely to call. We should turn our best side outwards, and be as pleasant and pretty in our lives, manners, and surroundings as may be.

CLARE.—We have never heard of the process you mention.

MATER.—There is only one Mrs. Oliphant who writes tales, but there was Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, who also wrote, and was well-known in literature.

MOLLY BAWN sends us a pretty little tale which, if she had had more experience in writing, might have been made much of. Try again. Do not write on both sides of your paper. You will do well in time.

A COUNTRY GIRL will, we hope, carefully avoid such pitfalls, and beware of taking all advertisements for gospel.

LENNA B.—We think your duty is to the living now; and you can best please those you love by going to the wedding. Wear a white gown and black ribbons. You will be changing to lighter mourning in October, of course.

EMMELINE.—Give formal and written notice to quit, stating that, after a certain day, the rent will be raised. Of course we do not know if there be a lease, in which case you will do well to see a lawyer.

JESSIE.—A very little carbonate of soda in water often does good. A great deal of it would probably be lowering, as you say.

WHILIGH.—The tales you mention have not been republished, and can be found only in the "G. O. P." volumes.

LADY'S-MAID should wear her black apron when downstairs waiting on her lady.

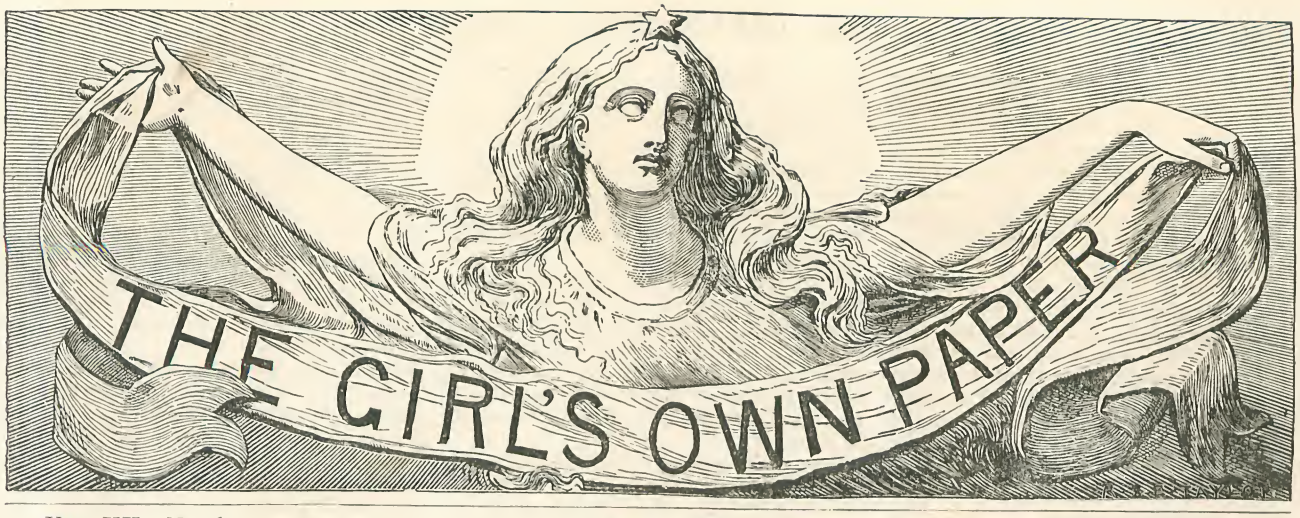
JEWISH.—

> "No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung,
> Majestic silence!"

This quotation is from Bishop Heber's "Palestine," and is slightly altered in recent editions of his poems. The reference is to the rearing of Solomon's Temple. See also Cowper's "Task," Book v., "The Winter Morning's Walk," line 144.

A MOURNER and HELPLESS ONE.—You had better try keeping bees or growing flowers if you cannot help yourself with poultry keeping, which would be best.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—See list of a servant's outfit in the "G. O. P." for June, p. 507.



VOL. XII.—NO. 604. JULY 25, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.



LAURA JOHNSON WAS BUSILY ENGAGED IN TOUCHING UP A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH.

CHAPTER IV.

THE experience of waking on the first morning in a strange home and in a foreign land is one that will never be forgotten. At first Honor could not remember where she was; she raised herself on her elbow, and looked round her pretty room with an air of bewilderment. Then the apparition of Julie with hot water and a "*Bonjour, mesdemoiselles!*" recalled her to a sense of the facts. She had scarcely spoken to her room-mate, Laura Johnson, on the preceding evening, though she was obliged to acknowledge she looked a well-bred, bright little creature; and this morning that young lady proved inaccessible to anything but the French language. This Honor was too shame-faced and self-conscious to talk, so they dressed almost in silence and descended together to the *classe*.

Miss Arundel read prayers, after the girls had gone through a chapter of the Bible, each taking one verse in turn; then they filed in silence to the refectory, and stood round the table while Miss Arundel said grace.

Honor had conscientiously struggled hard to "put up" her



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unlucky mane, and had, after many efforts, succeeded in achieving a result of which she felt secretly proud, but which to the impartial observer looked very much like a bird's nest in an indifferent state of repair. Just as the movement of taking seats after the grace began, there was a threatening vibration felt throughout the structure; then, lo! in an instant down it came, tumbling about the unfortunate girl's shoulders.

What should she do? Should she turn and fly? She gazed around in wild dismay. The sight was too much for the gravity of anyone at table. Laughter lay very near the lips of the inmates of "Les Églantiers," and Miss Arundel herself was smiling; so a silvery burst of mirth celebrated the dire misfortune. Isabel Johnson, the friend of yesterday, was laughing more than anybody, in a frank, outspoken way — for Miss Arundel's girls never giggled. They expected Honor to laugh too, but that was impossible. Her training had made her too morbidly self-conscious, too much on the outlook for criticism and censure, too constantly on the defensive, to view this trifle lightly, as any other girl in the school would have done. It seemed to her a foretaste of the same treatment under which she had long rebelled at home—of being put in the wrong, scoffed at, made the butt of everybody, in spite of stupendous efforts on her part to do right. With a furious look around, that would have done credit to a tragic muse, she dashed from the room, fled to her chamber, and flung herself upon the bed in a storm of angry tears. She had tried *so* hard to do her hair properly; she would try no more; everybody was unkind to her; nobody appreciated her; she was ill-used and unhappy; she would run away, unless, indeed, she were expelled. In the midst of these wild reflections Mabel entered.

"Come, Honor," she said gently, bending over the prostrate figure. An arm gave her a vigorous push, but Honor's face remained buried in the pillow.

"There is nothing to make all this fuss about; and Miss Arundel wishes you to come back directly to have breakfast. She says you may complete your toilet afterwards, and she will excuse your hair for once."

"Why did you all laugh?" fiercely demanded Honor. "I did not think *you* would have been so unkind, Mabel. I thought you were going to stand my friend."

"Well, it was so very sudden," apologised Mabel. "I don't think you know how funny it looked; and your face——" Here she stopped, afraid lest she should laugh again.

"I have a great mind to cut it all off," protested Honor, gazing angrily round in quest of a pair of scissors. "Laura Johnson has short hair; and if it were once gone they couldn't make it grow again. I declare I will do that!"

"But you must not cut it off *now*," expostulated Mabel. "Miss Arundel will really be vexed if you do not make haste." And in effect a tap came at the door from the ubiquitous Julie, with a message to the effect that "*Il faut que ces demoiselles viennent tout de suite.*"

"Why, Honor, it is such a lovely school!" argued Mabel, as Honor unwillingly rose. "I am quite at home already, and I know we shall be very happy here! This is Saturday, you know, and we have no lessons; we shall enjoy ourselves so much."

Poor Honor, with her rough mane and red eyes, hated entering the breakfast-room again, but none of the girls appeared diverted from their bread-and-butter and coffee. Miss Arundel said, in a tone of gentle reproof, "*Venez, mon enfant!*" But that was all, and the meal ended in peace.

The girls now scattered themselves in little groups about the *classe;* some had mending to do, others were going to write letters. Honor sat at the window, delighting in the view. The morning was clear and sunny, though cold. She could see the wide expanse of lake and the snowy mountains with the pines running up among them.

Nothing could be more entrancing, thought the girl. She longed to glide over the surface of the lake, touch at those distant shores, explore the weird forests vanishing into snow and mist! Honor felt angry with Mabel, who, too staid to be enthusiastic, was already deeply absorbed in writing a letter home. By-and-by it occurred to her that she ought to follow her friend's example, and reluctantly applied herself to the task.

What was her feeling about "Les Églantiers?" She did not quite know whether she hated it, or was enchanted. Of one thing she was certain—she would never feel at her ease with either girls or principal. The German governess, with her homely face and kind manner, and Isabel Johnson, were the two people to whom Honor felt attracted. She was fond of German. Miss Courcellis had disliked it, considering it a harsh and "unrefined" tongue as compared with French. This, combined with the fact that Miss Courcellis did not teach it herself, had been quite sufficient to make Honor like the language and apply herself diligently to its study; and she had already prepossessed the Fraülein in her favour by proclaiming her preference.

When the letter was written, Honor fell to studying her companions, who were beginning to assume definiteness, and to separate themselves one from another in her eyes. She saw that Helen Percival, who had met her and Mabel on arrival, was a great favourite, and with her gentle, self-possessed manner took a high position among the others. Then there was a dark-eyed, romantic-looking girl whom her companions called Ruth, and seemed to make good-natured sport of, now and again. Honor thought she should like her. Laura Johnson, busily engaged in touching up a water-colour sketch, was evidently one of the foremost in uttering occasional witty sallies, which Honor imperfectly understood. Then there was apparently one girl, Maud Seymour, who excelled in music; and another who was painting an Easter card with great care and delicacy from a bunch of flowers, like and yet unlike the English snowdrop. Miss Arundel did not appear among her girls at all during the morning, which was a relief to Honor. The little, middle-aged Scotch lady who acted as housekeeper, Miss Graham, came now and then bustling cheerily in and out, with her pleasant face and kindly mien. Nobody uttered a word of English, and Honor gathered that Sunday afternoon and evening alone were privileged for the reading and speaking of her native tongue.

By-and-by the word was given for letters and work to be put away in preparation for a walk. This was of intense interest to Honor and Mabel. The girls, under the escort of Fraülein, threaded the uphill street to the old part of the town, where the foreign shops, with their treasures of carved wood and quaint superscriptions—"Aux Fiancés," "Au Bon Génie," "Au Petit St. Jean," etc., amused and delighted the strangers. A great many English lads seemed abroad, enjoying the bright February morning, all in a hilarious and particularly insular frame of mind. There were many older students who were not English, whose gaily-coloured caps of green, white, blue, or red had some mystic meaning unknown to Honor. Under an old stone arcade the girls were amused to see an enormous board, where below the inscription, "Clefs Trouvés," keys of all sizes were hanging on hooks. Apparently if one lost a key in this accommodating town one only had to go and claim it from the public repository; and it seemed from the number of keys as if the plan made the inhabitants rather careless!

There was a large open market-place, lying below a steep hill, where stood the cathedral; and here was in progress what was called the "Marché aux Fleurs." Women sat behind stalls and baskets, selling flowers of all sorts, from costly plants in pots to bunches of violets. A brisk trade immediately opened between the schoolgirls and saleswomen. Honor saw that many of them were buying flowers for Miss Arundel. "To curry favour, I suppose," she reflected, indignantly deciding that she, who had declined to give a present to Miss Courcellis, and who was actually expatriated on that account, would not begin by any such act of fawning.

But the walk was full of interest; the mid-day lunch or dinner was most welcome to the healthy young appetites, and after a little rest, Honor was quite delighted to hear that another and a longer ramble was in prospect. "*Mes enfants, il faut profiter du beau temps,*" observed Miss Arundel, coming for a moment into the *classe;* and away they all went again.

Isabel Johnson was Honor's companion on this occasion, and, stooping to a mixture of French and English, managed to convey a good many impressions into the new girl's mind.

"It was a very great shame of Miss Arundel to laugh at your hair coming down! Poor thing! of course you were angry! 'I laughed too?' Oh! well, I only smiled because the others did; but Miss Arundel began it. I hope you will get on well with Miss Arundel. It was a

rather unfortunate beginning, wasn't it? Still, you *may* get over it, and make a good impression on her; there is no telling."

"Does she make favourites?" enquired Honor, in bad French.

"*I* think so," retorted the other. "Some of them are quite infatuated about her. They would lie on the ground and let her walk over them! Helen Percival is like that; so is my sister Laura. Miss Arundel often scolds her; but Laura worships the very ground she treads on. It is a *way* she has, somehow. I do not give in to it; neither, I should think, will you."

"It would be very unjust and silly if she took a prejudice against me because my hair fell down," pursued Honor, following the train of thought suggested by Isabel's opening remarks. "She did not look to me like an unjust or silly woman."

"Oh, well, there is no telling!" returned Isabel, evasively. "You will be able to judge for yourself in a very little while. Mind, school is not *all* like this—reading, amusing ourselves, walks, excursions—and "English" as it was yesterday when you came. On Monday lessons begin in real earnest—and you will see!"

Although Honor was strongly attracted by Isabel Johnson, the tendency of all these remarks was to exercise a very uncomfortable influence on her mind. She had no idea of resisting it, thinking that her pretty and *distinguée* friend and patroness must know best. Mabel, walking with Laura Johnson, was hearing a very different side of the story. Miss Arundel was perfection; and, "Oh! I hope Isabel is not setting Honor against her!" was more than once ejaculated by the younger sister.

Meanwhile they were climbing a high hill at the back of Belle-Rive. Soon they left the tall quaint houses behind them, and were ascending through woods, leafless still, but with primroses starring the thickets. They emerged at length at the goal of their excursion—a large, flat knoll, whence a magnificent view dawned upon the sight. Far down in the distance lay the lake—serene and blue in the pale sunshine, its surface broken by white twin sails, "like the wings of angels," Honor said. On the further side rose summit after summit, and as far as the eye could reach the "upcrowding hills" pressed upon the gaze. A large brass quadrant here, with outlines and names, enabled the spectator to identify the mountains. Most of the girls knew this spot well; it was a favourite walk at all times of the year, and they were familiar with the mountain ranges.

The romantic girl, Ruth, stood alone, with clasped hands and lips moving. "She is composing poetry," said Laura Johnson; and it was no wonder if she were!

To Honor and Mabel it was a vision of almost celestial beauty. Honor in particular could hardly tear herself away when the summons came to drink afternoon tea in a refreshment booth close at hand, kept by a funny old Swiss dame.

They took another road home, and here a great event happened; for the cry was suddenly raised, "*Le Mont Blanc! Mont Blanc!*" Far, far away, behind many another range, a white shoulder heaved itself on the horizon in dim and lonely majesty. There was really little to be seen. But it was the "monarch of mountains," and Honor caught her breath as she gazed upon that ineffable remoteness and splendour. The day on which she had her first vision of Mont Blanc was a day never to be forgotten in the annals of her Swiss life.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Throwing Rice at Weddings.

The custom of throwing rice at weddings is very common in the East End of London. Indeed, to such an extent is it observed, that grocers, we are told, in the neighbourhood of some of the churches there keep parcels ready packed for the occasion.

The practice, however, has its dangers. The brides are generally protected by their veils, but the bridegrooms are less fortunate, and it is not so long ago since one of them, after being married in a church in Bethnal Green, received several grains in his eye. When he raised his arm to shield himself, a fresh fusillade was opened upon him, and it was only when he staggered back in pain that it dawned upon his friends that they had given him a reception with more vigour than discretion. After a vain attempt to clear his eyes, he was led to a surgery adjacent, and it was there found that he would have to pass, in the ward of an hospital, what should have been his honeymoon.

A Remarkable Dream.

The following remarkable dream is given as quite authentic by the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie:—

"A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire, which, at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible; and on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals."

The Real Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise men;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom,
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—*J. B. O'Reilly.*

Red Herrings.—In a curious old pamphlet called *Lenten Stuffe*, the author says: "The discovery of red herrings was owing to accident, by a fisherman having hung some in his cabin, where, what with his firing and smoking in that his narrow house, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a boiled lobster."

Lasting Fame.

What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh, never, never.
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.—*Schiller.*

More Wit Wanted.

There are whom Heaven has blessed with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

Holiday Work.

Sir,—The holiday season often brings great perplexity to governesses and students who require rest, and yet cannot afford the idleness that would do them good. To these a complete change of work might be a great boon. Such a change is now offered by the Guild of Aid.

This Guild has for many years past trained young women of the upper and middle classes in all sorts of domestic work, and has thus formed a staff of "aids," who are sent out to give assistance in various ways in emergencies. During the holiday season the demand for these "aids," as cooks, nurses, temporary servants, caretakers, especially in the homes of country clergy, far exceeds the supply; and the Secretary of the Guild is willing to entertain applications from persons wishing to act as "aids" during this time. The Guild would provide uniform, and pay not less than £1 nor more than £2 per month. Of course this would only apply to women who were already competent; but others less capable might wish to be trained in domestic work, in preparation for the time soon coming when governesses will be required to teach that subject as well as the ordinary lessons. Such persons could be boarded, lodged, and taught at the Guild of Aid Home at Zeals for a sum which would probably not exceed their usual holiday expenditure, and might find it well worth their while to spend their time in thus fitting themselves for some career besides that of teaching, should they be unable to obtain situations as governesses. In Canada, for instance, women who are trained in domestic work can easily be placed as mother's helps, though untrained girls are a drag in the market. The Guild of Aid is a Church Society, and candidates must be communicants of the Church of England.

Applications to be made to Mrs. Henslow, Hon. Org. Sec. Guild of Aid, Zeals Rectory, Bath. I remain, Yours truly,

C. E. Denison,
Member of the Council of the Guild of Aid,
196, Cromwell Road, S.W.



A POPULAR PAINTER.

LANDSCAPE SKETCHING.

II.

FEW amateurs will mind confessing that the introduction of figures, etc., is one of the most trying of stumbling-blocks; nor is it a difficulty by any means confined to amateurs, as many an artist would admit.

There are, of course, some subjects where the effect is greatly heightened by the entire absence of figures; and, indeed, some where what the French call the *motif*, would be sacrificed by the addition of anything of the kind; but in the large majority of cases—certainly in most of those with which we are at present concerned—the introduction of an animate object, even if it be not actually essential to the interest, rarely fails to add greatly to the completeness. Were it not for the limit laid down at the commencement of these papers, there would here arise a strong temptation to indulge in a little digression, and to dwell for a moment on the lessons—differing much in character, but all of great helpfulness—taught us by some of those landscape-artists who in recent days have shone conspicuously in this part of their work; on, for instance, the ease and absence of all appearance of effort with which Prout places his square-drawn, but always most expressive, peasants or fisher-folk exactly in that part where their *dolce far niente* way of life is best indicated; or, if the subject require it, crowds them in a street or cathedral aisle; on the way in which Harding or David Cox contrive that their figures shall be actual part and parcel of, and quite inseparable from, the scene; and, to name but one more, the facile skill with which Mr. Birket Foster introduces his dainty maidens and gentle children. But we must abide by our undertaking, merely remarking that the books illustrated by these artists will well repay a careful study.

A subject must indeed be exceptional if, during the time required for an ordinary sketch, no living creature of any kind makes its appearance. Something, and often the very thing wanted, is tolerably sure to come. I had been working hard for two hours on a sketch of that loveliest of cities, Florence, as seen from San Miniato, and in that time no figure of any sort had come in sight. The day was intensely hot, my time was nearly up, and I was beginning to despair, when to my no small relief a lumbering cart, carrying a huge wine-cask and drawn by a pair of mouse-coloured oxen, crossed the road exactly where I wanted it. I promptly noted it, and I never look at my work without feeling a little pride in a successful sketch. The approach to the village where I live is under some huge trees arching over the road, which make a frame for the cottages and little shops in the middle distance. I had succeeded in getting the composition fairly well in, but the subject was one of those which distinctly required the interest of moving figures. Many of these passed—unyoked farm-horses, damsels with baskets, sheep from market, straggling cows, etc.—all these had movement, but none seemed to give the real pulse of rural life. At last came a tumbril in which were two girls, one trying to hold a net over a calf, while the other kept off the bellowing mother. I waited till it had half turned into a farm-yard, and my subject was complete. Often have I waited on the bank of a stream till some of the cattle in the meadows chose to wade in knee-deep; and many a time have contrived, as if by accident, that a flock should quietly stray to the part of the common best suited to my purpose. However much time may press, or this or that detail may engross the attention, the appearance on the scene, and the movements of *all* figures, must be keenly watched; and the moment a suitable object reaches the spot where it fits into the composition, the place, and—which is of equal importance—the *scale*, should be instantly indicated, *if it be only by means of two dots*, with any colour the brush may happen to have in it. Even this, I admit, is not always easy; a couple of teams are, say, ploughing in front of you, or the foreground is a meadow with nibbling sheep; for either of these a few minutes' patience will suffice for indicating the place and the comparative size. Not so when a number of fishing-boats are unloading their catches, or the figures in a market-place are in incessant motion.

Seldom has my patience been so sorely tried in such matters as last year in the Mercato Vecchio at Florence. The background and the stalls were themselves not very easy to manage in a short hour, but the constant shifting of the figures, and the tantalising variety of dresses and colours of the moving objects, would have tried the skill of Harding or Stansfield.

What has been said refers, it will be observed, to the hurried indication of figures; but sometimes of course it is quite practicable to actually insert them, either at the time or afterwards. In such cases there is, I have noticed, a singular proneness on the part of some amateurs to over-elaboration and finish, more especially with respect to human figures; and I have seen many a successful sketch completely spoiled through the figures having been retouched and worked upon till they had not only lost all spirit in themselves, but were, from the different execution, entirely out of harmony, even to the most unpractised eye, with the rest of the subject. This is a great, I might say a fatal, mistake. It is quite right to think well over the position, the character, and the colour of such accessories; but the amount of finish bestowed on them should invariably depend on, and never in any case go beyond, that given to the landscape itself.

(*To be concluded.*)

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

By CECIL MEDLICOTT.

"My dear Cecy, I don't complain. A man's Work is his Life, and we wives are only incidental. If I hadn't found that out by this time, I should indeed be stupid. Now don't you make up a distressed face! I know you are wondering how to contradict and console me in o e breath; but it's not the smallest use trying to do either. If *we* had to gain our daily bread by daily work, our lives would also be made of facts instead of sentiment." The last words were spoken with a sudden change in the bright young voice, and the sympathy of the companion to whom these remarks had been addressed could no longer be withheld.

"My poor Molly!" she cried, impetuously. "If Jack——"

"Now there is no cause for any flare up, Cecy. It is all perfectly natural, only one can't be born knowing everything." She sighed, and then smiled, adding, "For the first two months I don't think I was so much an incident as a fact; but then we had to come back from the heights to ordinary every-day life. Just at first perhaps we used to run off the lines and be frivolous; we were each unpunctual occasionally, which is a deadly sin now. But at the end of six months Jack was a business man again, always absorbed in his work, and making me feel myself an interruption if I spoke at the wrong moment. And so it is now, and so I suppose it will continue to be. I wonder what other married women do?"

"Sometimes there are things to fill up their lives," suggested Cecilia, vaguely.

"You mean babies," said Mrs. Templemore, in a blunt manner. "Yes, but I haven't any. Perhaps I never shall have any. One can't fill up one's life with negatives."

"I am afraid Jack——"

"No, no! He hasn't! If he had, do you suppose I should have said one word even to Jack's sister? No; he is just himself—good, kind, dear. Of course he is. Only, a man's Work is his life. It comes first. It monopolises his time and his thoughts. He lives outside his home, we live inside it; and *that* I couldn't tell beforehand. We are all lazy people at my old home, you know, and have nothing to engross us. No one told me. Not that it would have made any difference if they had, because I shouldn't have believed it. I shouldn't care if Jack would let me share his work; if we could talk about it together, and he would let me know what he was doing, and why he is worried. Of course I might say the wrong things sometimes, but I know I should care ever so much; and I think perhaps——"

"Why don't you ask Jack to tell you about his business?" enquired Miss Templemore, as the young wife hesitated.

"Oh, no, he wouldn't like that; it would be like prying into other people's affairs. Oh, that wouldn't do at all! No; if he doesn't ask me to share his interests we must just go on side by side on our different lines, and I must make the best of it."

"That doesn't sound particularly ideal?"

"It does not; but it can't be helped."

The two young women here fell to drinking their tea in silence.

Through the wide open windows came the ceaseless sound of traffic and the jingling of the bells on the collars of the tram horses. Between the house and the wide thoroughfare was a piece of ground laid out in grass and shrubs, and planted with trees of some pretension to size. On either hand were other pieces of ground, in most cases gay with flowers, but devoid of trees or bushes, and looking dry and scorched in the hot September sun.

If it had not been for the noise in the street there would have been a sound of rustling in the trees, for the soft wind was at work, and many of them were shedding an almost continuous though slow rain of green and brown leaves.

"I think," began Mrs. Templemore, after a long pause—"I think I know what to do. If Jack's Work is his life, why should not my Work be my life? It shall be, Cecy, I declare it shall! I will be a business woman; after all, there are thousands of business women in the world. I also will have my hours. I will be punctual to a degree never yet dreamt of. I will be absorbed. My interests shall monopolise me. When Jack speaks, I shall frown and look distracted. When I am not distracted I will be abstracted. In a word, Jack shall have a Roland for his Oliver."

"Oh! but, Molly, you won't get anything to do! Why, what could you do?"

"Anything," returned Mrs. Templemore, loftily.

"And how shall you look for anything?"

"I shall have an office," continued the young wife, disregarding the prosaic question, "or at any rate a high stool. I shall work from ten to four—no, I think from nine to four; but I am not sure about that yet. How shall I find work, did you say? Nothing simpler—I shall find it through advertisements."

"Oh, Molly!"

"Well, of course that would be the way. I shall go about every day answering advertisements till I am suited. You come with me? Why, if you did I should laugh, and no one would engage me. No; I shall put on the bonnet that Jack used to hate, I shall wear a plain black gown, and I shall look business-like up to my very finger-ends. In a month's time, you will see, I shall be deep in my Work, giving the utmost satisfaction, receiving the most inadequate wages, and—and——"

"I don't think Jack would like it at all."

"It is for his ultimate good."

"Your people would be dreadfully annoyed."

"Not at all. First of all, they won't know. Why, do you suppose I told them of our expedition to Blackfriars Bridge and back the other night on the top of a tram? Not I!"

"But this is a very different thing."

"Yes, it is. One was merely an amusing experiment; the other will alter my whole life. At least, if I did not think it would, do you imagine I would try it?"

"You had much better let me speak to Jack."

"What should you say?"

"That it wasn't fair by you to let his business come first."

"Cecy, do you suppose Jack would tolerate anyone's interference? And besides, he doesn't—that is, not knowingly."

"It would be fifty times better to remonstrate with him than to go and play-act anyway," protested Miss Templemore.

"Jack's sister must trust Jack's wife," said Molly, seriously. "I don't think it is play-acting. Our married life was meant to be something better than this. Of course, Jack's particular kind of work is different from most others. I mean that it is not a common daily grind—it is head, not hand work. And, you see, he has put before him an object to be attained as soon as possible. He intends to make a certain amount of money, and then to retire. He doesn't dream of being a City man a moment longer than he can help. How fortunate it is for me, Cecy, that I wouldn't hear of *living out of London*."

"Do you call this living *in* London?" said Miss Templemore, with some scorn.

"It is, to all intents and purposes," returned her sister-in-law. "When a tram runs past your house sixteen hours out of the twenty-four I think you may fairly consider yourself in the world—therefore in town."

"At any rate, I don't quite see what the advantage may be," said Miss Templemore, whose whole soul revolted against the continuous uproar at the end of the garden, and who had thought suburbs uninhabitable till she found herself under her brother's roof on Brixton Rise.

"Why, how could I possibly find anything to do if we lived in the country?" replied Mrs. Templemore. "No, this is convenient, airy, central, and quiet——"

"Oh, my dear Molly!"

"Besides having many other advantages. Cecy, I wish you weren't going away to-morrow. I know you hate these everlasting tinkling bells, and will be glad to go, but I should so like you to witness our dear old Jack's discomfiture. Do you think he *will* be discomfited?" she added, with a sudden pang of doubt. "Do you think there is a chance that he may not find out that I am a business woman, and that my Work is my Life? Oh! Cecy, do you think that?"

* * * *

After her sister-in-law's departure, Mrs. Templemore's energy flagged, while it must be confessed that her courage failed also. Her husband was more like the Jack of her earlier married days, a period lost in the haze of remoteness, though distant but a short time. He asked her more than once on his return home how she had fared during his absence, and on Saturday afternoon he proposed an outing. If things went on like this, there would be no reason why she should carry out the plan that had begun to assume very different proportions now that Jack was so different. This alteration in her husband's manner proved, however, only transitory. Monday's work brought with it the well-known abstraction, and on Tuesday, clad in the dress and bonnet of which she had spoken to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Templemore started on her quest.

To tell of her constant disappointments and failures would be to relate the daily experiences of thousands of women to whom failure means starvation, or debt, or worse.

Mrs. Templemore met her reverses with a sigh of annoyance. It was impossible to carry out her plans when people were so inconsiderate as to fill their vacancies before she had time to apply for them.

Sometimes she would meet face to face some woman who had preceded her, and was turning away with a look of something like despair, and at such moments it would occur to her that, were she to get employment, some one else, to whom work meant everything, would lose her chance.

Then she reminded herself of her husband. It would be worth so much to win him back, while the place she would get would not, after all, be filled by her for long, and the other woman must wait.

Day after day, therefore, Mrs. Templemore started forth, and day after day she returned wearied out but not vanquished. The sight of her husband's abstraction was as fuel to the fire, and by the time that she would have died ten deaths had work meant food, her

persistence was rewarded. She found something to do, or at least to learn, while the fact of her having to begin by paying for her lessons was of no moment.

To Chancery Lane she now wended her way daily, and while she struggled with a type-writer, gloried in the prospect of her husband's return to his former state, laid plans for her own guidance, and pictured to herself scenes in the lives of two people to whom Work was the main thing round which all revolved.

Apt pupil though she was, her attention was often diverted by these fancies, and she would make ridiculous mistakes, over which she would laugh heartily. The girl who instructed her gazed at her at these moments with mild surprise.

Her pupils were not generally so light-hearted; and it seemed to her that there must be something wrong about the pretty young lady who was so little dismayed when her progress happened to be of a retrograde nature.

"I have done very badly indeed to-day," she would say severely, yet with an air of cheerful unconcern; "to-morrow I shall really put my mind to it."

To her sister-in-law she had said nothing of her failures, and until she had completely mastered the art of type-writing, and was taken on as one of the hands—the understanding on which she had first begun to receive lessons—Miss Templemore knew as little of what she was doing as did Jack himself.

* * * *

On the first morning of Mrs. Templemore's entrance into the ranks of the Working Women, anyone but her husband would have observed that she was in a state of subdued excitement.

There was no dawdling over her eight o'clock breakfast, while she rose from the table before giving her husband his second cup of coffee, and left the room with an air of decision completely lost on him. He was still engrossed in the morning paper when her light footstep descended the stairs and crossed the hall, nor until he had tried with a careful hand to bring his cup to his lips without raising his eyes from what he was reading, did he discover that it was empty, and that his wife was not there to fill it. To do this himself did not occur to him. He looked doubtfully at her chair, and finally left the table without satisfying his thirst.

In the evening he returned to an empty house, nor did he see his wife till they both sat down to dinner.

At this meal she had been wont to try and engage him in conversation, never daunted by his short answers, and always anxious that he should know what had befallen her during the day. This evening she sat silent. It may be that he did not notice this at first, for he was hungry and tired. But when the first pangs had been satisfied, he began to miss the sound of her voice, and looked at her in the same doubtful way in which he had contemplated her chair at breakfast-time.

Conscious though she might be of this, she made no sign, and when he at length spoke, returned no immediate answer, only replying when he had repeated his remark.

"Oh, really," said she, as though forcing herself to attend, "I did not notice it."

"Not notice the lightning?" said he, incredulously. "Why, it was tremendous."

Mrs. Templemore made no attempt to defend her want of observation, but, drawing a small note-book from her pocket, turned over several pages as though in search of something, and then, with a thoughtful frown, appeared deep in the study of what lay before her.

"Your pudding is growing cold," suggested Jack, bluntly.

"What?" said she, raising her head, with her eyes still on the book.

"You had better eat your pudding."

"Oh, to be sure; I had forgotten!" Mrs. Templemore hurriedly took up her fork and began swallowing the cooling batter with great rapidity.

At this point it struck her that she was overdoing it—that her husband would guess at her device the very first day, and probably resent it. She therefore roused herself with an apparent effort, and in a short time succeeded in driving the perplexed look from his face, and in restoring him to his usual abstracted condition of mind.

Next morning she hurried him over his breakfast by reminding him that the clock was slow, and again left him with unreplenished cup; and as this also happened the next day and the day after that, Jack began to wonder why his wife had suddenly become unable to remain seated at the breakfast table till he had finished his meal. It was certainly evident that if he wanted his usual allowance of coffee, he must either take it himself or get through his first cup quicker.

To leave his place, go all round the table, and pour out and mix the coffee himself, was not to be thought of, unless under very special circumstances. The newspaper would therefore have to be studied later; he might read it on the tram, as he went into the city, and he could thus give an undivided attention to his breakfast.

This did not occur to him all at once, and, indeed, his old habits often made him begin to read, forgetful of the consequences, which were inevitable and unfailing. By degrees, however, the discomfort of going thirsty to work made an impression on his memory, so that he recollected beforehand that reading and coffee were somehow incompatible, why he couldn't imagine, and thus the reading was given up. In the evenings the silence for which he had once yearned now reigned supreme.

At first this seemed to be a signal advantage, for his train of thought had often been interrupted by some frivolous remark of his wife's; but after a while even this silence ceased to be an advantage. He missed her voice; and since she always seemed either occupied or pre-occupied, he would repeat some meaningless remark over and over again, just for the sake of making her speak, and then feel ridiculously vexed because he saw he had failed in gaining her attention.

Mrs. Templemore never imagined but that he would have immediately discovered that she also was a Worker; and as time went on, and her husband never in any way alluded to it, she began to wonder how he was to be told. The point of the thing was that he should see how work unshared had power to spoil homes and divide lives which marriage should have united; and this point was evidently still unrecognised, and indeed must be, till he should understand that his wife's altered manner was due to her absorption in her work.

It was possible that he would have failed to see that a type-writer and a man in the Stock Exchange could be equally swallowed up by the interest and excitement of their business. Mrs. Templemore certainly had nothing to think of excepting how best to bring her husband back to her side, and all the airs of abstraction, the little frowns, the note-book, and prolonged silences, were only put on as means with which to gain her end.

Once away from Chancery Lane, and the tap of the type-writing machine and ting of the warning bell, and her work was completely left behind. It was simply impossible to take it away with her, or to think about it, while she knew perfectly well that much of her husband's success was due to the thoughts and calculations of the hours spent at home. Type-writing, as a profession, was scarcely one she would have selected; since, however, it had been the only thing she could find, she must now make the best of it, and pretend that it filled every hour of the day with the most intense interest.

If Jack could only somehow know that Work was also her Life, that she also lived outside her home, and that her husband was only an incident!

For some weeks Mrs. Templemore kept her secret most regretfully to herself, and went on her daily expedition. It now began to dawn upon her that she might quite as well do her play-acting, as her sister-in-law had called it, without going to Chancery Lane at all. She could strike attitudes over her little note-book without performing on a type-writer the whole day long, while by degrees the sedentary life began to tell on her health.

Her husband truly now looked more often at her, spoke more, and seemed less pre-occupied; but this was not enough. She could not feel satisfied with so slight an alteration. She told herself that until he should give her the opportunity of telling him that it was perfectly useless to attempt any explanation of what she had been doing, for it was nothing he could understand; and until he should offer help, which she should shortly refuse, nothing was really gained. Yet since he had no idea that she was doing anything requiring explanation or needing help, it was not possible at present to read him a lesson in this way. In order that she might take his part, he ought to take hers; but there was no prompter, and the actor failed to play into the hands of the actress from sheer ignorance.

One cold winter's day Jack Templemore, delayed by the fog, found to his surprise that though he was much later than usual, his wife was not at home. The servants said they knew nothing of her. She had gone out at the usual hour, and had not returned.

Then for the first time he learnt that she was in the habit of leaving the house each morning before he did, and that she was away from home the whole day.

As he stood shivering at the wooden door at the end of the garden, staring into the fog and waiting for her, he remembered many things, and, putting them together, saw how little he really knew of her; how they had drifted apart; how they had scarcely anything in common.

It seemed incredible that for weeks past she should have spent hours away from home. How had she passed them? She was young and pretty, Brixton was dull, she was accustomed to family life and endless society in her old home. What had he given her that could in any way make up for what she had lost in marrying him. Poor Molly, poor little girl! Of course she went somewhere and amused herself—it was but natural.

At this point in his thoughts, a heavy but invisible vehicle stopped near where he was standing, and in a few moments his wife emerged from the fog and ran against him. Before she had time to utter her apology to the supposed stranger, he had pulled her inside the garden and caught her in his arms.

"Molly," cried he "what a fright you have given me. How late you are."

"Oh, Jack!" said she, clinging to him trembling, "oh, Jack!"

"It is ever so late," he repeated. "Where can you have been."

"The fog delayed me," said she, loosening her hold of him, and moving with him towards the house. "Someone got knocked down, and that made me afraid to venture out on the street, so the omnibuses and trams and things kept going past, and I couldn't see them, and I thought I never should get home—never."

"Oh!" said he. "Well, presently you must tell me where you have been to-day, and yesterday, and the day before."

"Oh, Jack!" said she, "I *wanted* you to know."

After this of course she had nothing to do but to tell him all about it; and when he was informed that her Work also was her Life; that this was lived outside their home, and that he, by inverse ratio, was only an incident in it, he laughed, then grew grave, and for some time sat silent.

"You are angry," said she at length. She spoke timidly, yet without fear of interrupting him, for she knew he was thinking not of business, but of her.

"I am angry," said he, "but not with you. Why didn't you tell me—why didn't you——"

"Cecy wanted to tell you," said she, as he hesitated.

"Oh! so Cecy knew, did she?"

"She knew a little. She knew I was going to work—like you."

"Very like me," said he grimly, adding, "You poor little soul. I thought something had happened, but could not imagine what made you so unlike yourself. Why, you wouldn't speak at all. Did you think I should like that?"

"Yes. Well, you didn't speak, either."

"So you were my reflection, my shadow. And I suppose—produce that horrid little book of yours, Molly—produce it at once. Empty! Empty from cover to cover! You little fraud!"

"There was nothing to put in it," said she, blushing.

"And I may suppose this 'nothing' is again a copy; this time, of my long and intricate sums and calculations. Well, well"—and as she began to protest eagerly and anxiously, "My dear Molly, I won't excuse myself, though I believe I could show you that I have not been so fundamentally selfish as I must have appeared. Let us, however, now strike a bargain. You shall give up your work and go into partnership with me in mine, and if you particularly wish to spend a day in the City when there is an orange-coloured fog, you must promise to let me go with you. Do you agree to my terms?"

"Oh, yes!" said she, fervently.

"And you must give up *mocking* me."

"Oh, I didn't, Jack!"

"And you must put that horrid little book in the fire."

"Indeed I will."

"And you must pour out a second cup of coffee for me every morning."

"Of course I will, Jack—oh, of course I will!"

"Then come here and let us seal the agreement," said he, kissing her. "There, I think we may consider the bargain concluded."

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

ELIZABETH WILLOUGHBY; OR, WARDSHIP UNDER THE TUDORS.

A HUNDRED years ago Edmund Burke wrote regretfully, "The age of chivalry is gone," and many other writers have lamented the loss of that "feudal system," of which chivalry was the outward expression. But so deep and thoughtful an historian as Dr. Arnold condemned both the one and the other as "incompatible with man's highest virtue, the sense of justice," and as being fit for none but "Kelts and barbarians." And when he talks or writes of the iniquities of feudality, as brought into England with the Norman conquest, it is probable that he had specially in his mind the law of wards and wardships, which may be fitly illustrated in the following story of young Mistress Elizabeth Willoughby.

What this law was, in plain and naked truth, we learn from Mr. T. Langmead's well-known work on *English Constitutional History*, chap. ii., p. 61. He writes: "If the heir of any large landed estate was under age, the lord was entitled, under the name of wardship, to the custody of his body and his lands, without giving any account of the profits. At the age of twenty-one in males, and of sixteen in females, the wards were entitled to *ouster-lemain* or sue out their livery—that is, to require delivery of their lands out of their guardians' hands. The lord," continues Mr. Langmead, "also possessed the right of disposing his female wards in marriage. The rejection by the ward of a suitable match incurred the forfeiture of a sum of money equal to the value of the marriage—that is, as much as the suitor was willing to pay down to the lord as the price of the alliance. If the ward presumed to marry without the lord's consent, she forfeited double the value of the marriage."

From the same authority we learn that the King's licence for the marriage of his vassal's daughter was always to be obtained, no doubt on payment of a large fee or fine. He adds:—"Wardship and marriage, the most oppressive of feudal exactions, seem to have been nearly peculiar to Normandy and England; so at least we learn from Hallam's *Middle Ages*. So far as they were sources of pecuniary advantage, however, they do not seem to have been claimed till the reign of William Rufus; and though abolished by Henry I., they were soon re-introduced."

Glanvill and other feudal lawyers justified this right of wardship on the ground, that as to the land, an infant heir, being incapable of military service, ought not to be allowed to hold the fief, and a female heir was regarded, in a warlike age, as no better than an infant in this respect.

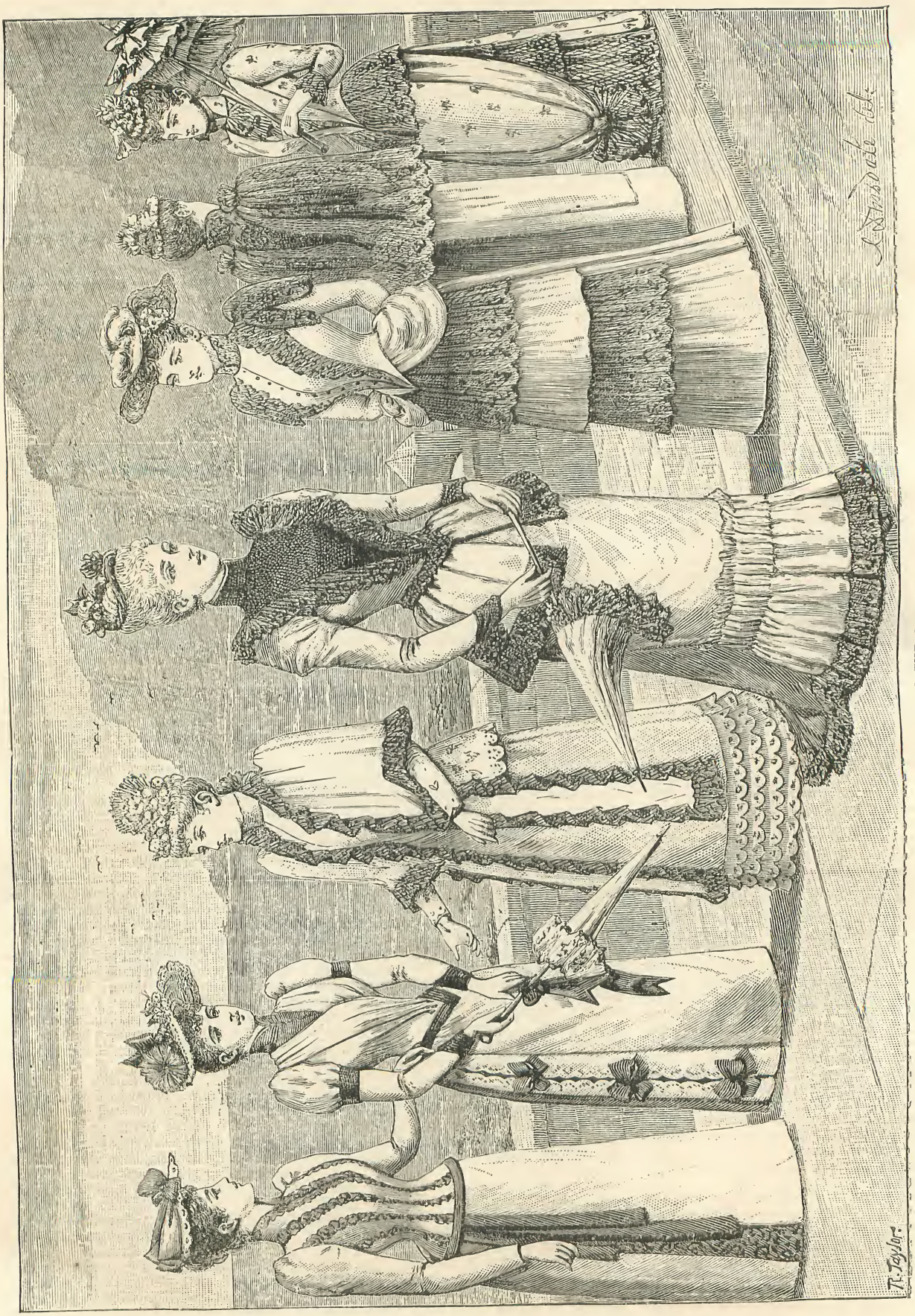
These remarks on wards and wardships are made here, as having a special reference to a pleasant story, which illustrates the working of the system in the family of the Grevilles, Earls of Warwick and Brooke, who for the best part of three centuries have owned that beautiful castle on the banks of the Avon, which is the noblest ornament of Shakespeare's own county.

Among the manuscripts in the muniment room of Lord Warwick, at Warwick Castle, there is one, written in the reign of Charles I., and entitled, "The Genealogie, Life, and Death of Robert, Lord Brooke," from which I may be allowed to quote the following extract on the authority of Sir Bernard Burke:—"In the days of Henry VIII., Sir Edward Greville, of Milcote, had, by favour of the King, the wardership of Elizabeth Willoughby, one of the daughters of Lord Brooke's son. The knight made a motion to his ward to be married to John, his (Sir Edward's) eldest son; but she refused, saying that she did like far better of Fulke, his second son. Her guardian did then tell her that he (Fulke) had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the King's service beyond the seas, and that his return to his native land was therefore very doubtful. She replied and said," continues the manuscript, "that she had an estate sufficient for both him and herself, and that she would pray for his safety and wait for his coming. Upon his return home, for the worthy services that he had performed, he was by King Henry honoured with knighthood, and he then married Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Brooke's son."

So far the author of the Warwick manuscript. Sir Bernard Burke adds that "by this marriage the Manor of Alcester, in Warwickshire, and many other fair lordships and lands, came, in right of his wife, to Sir Fulke, who, seating himself at Beauchamp Court, in the same county, and augmenting his wife's and his own large landed estates by the purchase of sundry other broad lands in the neighbourhood, raised his family to very high distinction in Warwickshire;" in which, as a matter of fact, his grandson became the only rival of Elizabeth's great favourite, the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth.

The young lady was well rewarded in the long run for the firm stand she made against her guardian, when he sought to dispose of her hand in marriage before he had consulted the bent of her heart's feelings. For, while the elder brother's male descendants became extinct in the third or fourth generation, when his property passed by marriage to the Cranfields, Earls of Middlesex, she and her husband carried on the great house of Greville, which has lasted down to our own day. Their grandson, Sir Fulke Greville, whose name is so well known among the courtiers and men of letters of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I., who soon afterwards appointed him in succession Treasurer of the Navy and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nor did the Royal favour end here, for in the following year he was sworn a Privy Councillor, and obtained from his sovereign a grant of the proud Castle of Warwick, and of the park, pleasaunces, and chases by which it was surrounded, and shortly afterwards was raised to the peerage as Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp's Court, Warwickshire. Dying in 1628, he was buried in the great church in Warwick, where he lies under a monument designed and erected by himself, with an inscription which styles him "servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." One or two of his successors in the title were men of distinction, Robert, the second Baron, becoming a general in the Parliamentary army, and being killed by a musket ball at the siege of Lichfield; and another, Robert, the fourth Baron, having been one of the Commissioners sent by the House of Lords to invite King Charles to return to England at the Restoration. The eighth Baron was raised by George II. to the Earldoms of Brooke and Warwick, which titles, together with the rest of the family honours, have descended to his greatgrandson, the present owner of Warwick Castle; while a younger branch of the house, founded by Fulke Greville and Elizabeth Willoughby, enjoys another title, the Barony of Greville, along with large estates in Ireland. It may be added that the Grevilles can show one of the most ancient and honourable descents of any family in the kingdom, being sprung from one John Greville, of Campden, in Gloucestershire, whose tomb in that church records his death in the reign of Edward III.

E. W.



UNDER THE CLIFFS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I THINK I have never seen so many charming fabrics for dress, and so many elegantly pretty decorations for them, as this year; and their inexpensiveness is a constant source of wonder. In several of the weekly papers various controversies have been going on on the subject of dress, and how to obtain your gowns in the cheapest manner. In no case do I find that dressmaking at home is advocated, and this shows that true cheapness of dress has not entered our horizon, and that the fashion of the dressmaker at home, or the "visiting dressmaker," as she prefers to be called, has not become popular amongst us. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that we are not so clever as the Americans in the way of needlework, and understand less than they do how to make the best of our clothes. For unquestionably the visiting dressmaker is of far less value if we have to depend on her suggestions and advice alone, and have none of our own to produce. We must be able to see for ourselves also what gowns are worth re-making, cleaning, dyeing, or only re-trimming. Summer dresses as a rule pay us best the less we do to them, and a little skill and thought applied to them will transmogrify them wonderfully. A little cheap lace, a pair of new sleeves, a fresh sash, will bring them up to the present fashion.

Now that blouses are the chief wear for girls, bodices need not be considered so much, and skirts can be made useful without their accompanying bodices. It seems probable that this summer style will be carried on into the autumn and winter, to the great benefit of our purses. By far the most fashionable morning-dress for our girls seems to be a skirt of blue serge, or black, and a blouse of spotted cotton or silk, either of blue spotted with white, or of white spotted with blue. I should fancy the blouses are bought very frequently ready made, for they are wonderfully cheap and pretty; but they are very easy work for the home dressmaker armed with a good pattern.

With regard to the "visiting dressmaker," you should take care she really *is* a dressmaker, not an amateur, in which case you will be disappointed and cheated. There are really good dressmakers to be had, and one of them should make a dress in four days; thus, if you pay 3s. a day, the making will be 12s. only, exclusive of the trimmings and linings. Four days is enough to spend on any dress, and to do this you must have a sewing-machine. Of course you can help on matters wonderfully if you can work the machine yourself, and work with the dressmaker, as the American ladies do. A dress-stand is also almost a necessity, as you cannot see how trimmings look or skirts sit without it. The other side of the question of making dresses at home is taken by those who hold that if you can find a *good* dressmaker to make up your own material at 21s., you are more satisfactorily served, and get your dress cheaper; and that, given the price of your dress material as 30s., and the making 21s., the trimmings and linings 9s., you get the whole thing done for under £3. The advocate for dressmaking at home in thinking out this question will have to decide how much the keep of the dressmaker is worth per day; it is generally put down, I believe, at 1s. There are many cheaper dressmakers, who make from 12s. 6d. upwards, and some of them fit remarkably well. I have often thought that it would be of much use to us women if there were a registry of dressmakers, with their several prices, and with the recommendations of their patrons on view.

I have tried to help in this difficult subject,



A HOT DAY IN SUMMER.

as it seems at present the most pressing in each of our lives. The materials we purchase are in most instances remarkably cheap, and we pay more for the making generally than we do for the material; but we must bear in mind that good dressmaking is not *quick* work. When we have to dress on £10 a year—or even when we are able to spend £30 per annum—the dressmaking question is a burning one, and I often hear it said that when two women meet together, one of them is sure to ask sooner or later, "Do you know of a good dressmaker?"

Amongst the most excellent materials for girls and women who live in the country are the flannels which are so much used for tennis or boating suits, and which for tourist and seaside wear are excellent also. They are made in all colours and patterns, the stripes being the most becoming perhaps; and care



BODICE WITH PANNIER.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

should be taken to get them of unshrinkable material, or in the case of white flannels and serges, of material that is warranted to be already shrunk. They can be prettily made up, and can have a front and cuffs of silk, which can be taken off when the dress is washed. These flannel-like serges should always be purchased at a good shop.

A few words may be devoted here to the colours which have been most used this season, as the autumn and winter will probably see them used again. Blue in all shades has been most popular—starch, bleu morte, Jeanne d'Arc, and the well-known cornflower, have all been worn; heliotrope too, but much more pink in tone than the original shade we knew, the two new shades being hydrangea and cyclamen—both decidedly pink lilacs. The new greens are cascade and water; in darker greens, tea, cucumber, and banana. The decided return to favour of the old favourite pink has been strongly marked, and the most popular shade is known as peony pink, while the darker shade, known as peony red, is also used again. The browns are an army in themselves, and are called coffee, acorn, camel, walnut, cockchafer, and a red-brown called Servian. Grey seems to have given place to tan, pale browns, and mastic; and apple-green, which was so run to death, has disappeared from the best millinery.

It seems impossible to describe bonnets otherwise than by saying they are decidedly larger than they were, but nearly all are open at the top and show the hair, and are so light that they may be said to be "blown together," being quite transparent.

Gold *passementerie* in some cases forms the bonnet shape itself, and gold tulle, lisse, ribbon, and tinsel are so much used that the fashion will probably have spent itself before the winter comes. Veilings have become quite objects of attention to our manufacturers and designers, and this summer we have spider-web veiling, and, worse than all, the web with a fly caught in the middle of it. The most becoming of veils is, I think, that with a spot at wide intervals, the net itself not being too coarse in texture. It is better to avoid drawing more attention to your veil than to the face it covers. White hats are very pretty, and there is an attempt to introduce the old long lace veils of our mothers and grandmothers to wear with them. I am delighted to see that ostrich plumes and tips are the only feathers worn, and that the wings and tortured birds have vanished. To whatever cause we owe this change, I hope it will remain, and the fashion has disappeared for ever: it was a disgrace to our women and girls that they lent themselves to the cruelty so long.

It does not seem improbable than we shall soon see the extinction of the dress foundation skirt. Many gowns are being made up entirely lined, without foundations; and many ladies have one silk foundation, or skirt, over which they wear several dresses. The gored skirts have made a great success, and we shall probably wear them entirely during the winter. The princess dress has been, amongst the highest classes, the most worn of any; and as a good fit in it is difficult to obtain, it is not likely to become very general, though it is one of the most becoming of dresses when well made and cut. Mrs. Jeunesse Miller has adopted it as *the* model of a scientifically hygienic dress, making an alteration in it which was much needed to make it sit well—of a cut across the figure below the waist. This she calls the "dress form," and on it she models her dress, draping it and arranging it in any shape she chooses.

Lace flounces, and, indeed, flounces of all kinds, are on the increase, and it does not seem improbable that before long we shall get back to the old three-flounced skirt. The putting on of the flounces carries us back to the days or Louis XV., when they drew up the flounces in scallops, mounted them over colours, arranged them in clusters of pleats with a plain space between, and employed flowers and feathers between the groups of folds. We can study all these styles on the Watteau figures in china, and in the pictures of the day.

All kinds of lace are used to trim dresses, mantles, and jackets, and consequently fashions never were more becoming, as lace is always a graceful and elegant trimming. It has in a great measure supplanted *chiffon*, though that is still much worn. Both silks and satins are worn this summer, and surahs, pongees, and all soft Oriental silks, are preferred to zephyrs and cottons. They are generally made in colours with white designs, the newest design being bows with ribbons meandering all over: this is another revival from two centuries ago. Some with a black ground have pale blue ribbons, and some of peony red ribbons on pale green. These bow and ribbon designs are also found in lace and ribbon, and also in all other materials.

In both our illustrations we have endeavoured to show the last ideas on all subjects, and we have already mentioned the various ways of using lace in flounces and as trimmings. In "Under the Cliffs," the various hats and bonnets of the latter part of the London Season are illustrated, and they are very faithful to life. In "A Hot Day in Summer," the new way of lacing up a dress in front and the new fringes are shown, the latter put on the bodice, the sleeves, and the collar. A senorita jacket is worn by the extreme left-hand figure.

The paper pattern selected for our monthly pattern is that of the bodice with waistcoat front and panniers, with a full sleeve—in all ten pieces. This bodice is made on a foundation the pattern of which forms part of the bodice. The pannier is unlined, and the full part of the sleeve is gathered on the sleeve itself, no cuff being used. The band at waist and those on the sleeves are merely sketched to show the method of putting on the trimmings.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, new skirt, gymnastic suit, and yoked blouse.

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

HELEN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"For her good, right, and law are all summed up
In what is possible."



"CAN you spare an hour or so, Ted, for the discussion of business details?" asked Helen one wet afternoon towards the close of her brother's visit.

"Certainly, Nell; now?"

"Yes, please, if you have nothing else to do. Shall we go into father's room?" she added.

"Very well. I have not been there for an age."

Helen led the way into what had been her father's study in days gone by. It had been a charming room once, but had now the dreary, deserted look of disuse.

"How desolate the place looks," said Ted, with a shiver. "I hope you don't often sit here, Nell?"

"Oh, I do! It has such delightful associations. Do you remember our morning lessons here with father?" she asked.

"Rather! What jolly times we used to have in those days, Nell! It is bitterly hard," he went on, "to have to leave the place. It is no use to try to school myself to the thought—I cannot do it. And to think of the plans we used to make with father about repairing and improving the different rooms!—and they need it, I'm sure. The woodwork here is quite worm-eaten and rotten in parts. I daresay it will fall into the hands of somebody who cares nothing about it, too. Well, everything must come to an end some time or other, but I did not think the days of West Dene were numbered yet."

Helen was silent. She could not say the trite words of comfort that are so glibly spoken, and yet have so little meaning. She knew the worth of them by experience, and she felt that silence was the best sympathy she could give her brother.

"Have you told mother we shall have to leave?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes, I broke it to her as gently as I could the other day."

"How did she take it?"

"She was terribly vexed, of course; but I do not think she at all realises it."

"You must try to make her do so, Nell; it will soon be bitter reality. And, you see, it is she who must choose where we are to live when we leave this place. Have you any idea where she would like to go?"

"Do you know, Ted, I fancy mother will never care now to leave this neighbourhood. I think she will probably want to settle down in some small house in or near Redminster."

"Never!" said Ted, vehemently. "What! live on in this place, to be the gazing stock of every curious and vulgar gossip who hears how West Dene left our hands! Impossible, Nell!"

Helen was silent.

"Well," he said, rather impatiently, "do you not see it in that light?"

"Yes," said Helen, slowly; "but we must think of mother, Ted. She is so fond of the few friends we have here; and if we settle in a new place she will know nobody; and you know how she shrinks from making new friendships now."

"Well, if you do settle in Redminster I shall take precious good care to keep clear of the place. My plan was for you to live in London; not in town, of course, but in one of the suburbs. It is country-like enough out at Bromley or Bickley to satisfy anyone, and we should be unknown—another advantage in our circumstances. You must do all in your power to dissuade mother from the idea of settling about here. Fancy the Warhams, once the wealthiest family in the county, and the owners of the land for miles round, reduced to a two-storeyed house in Redminster!"

"Other families as good as ours have had to do the same. I am not sure that there is much good in pride of that sort after all. We have come down in the world, and it would be better to accept the fact."

"We need not purposely lower ourselves, at any rate," said her brother.

"But, Ted, there is nothing lowering in living in a small house; in fact, it is better than keeping up appearances when we cannot afford it."

"Have you no idea, Nell, how we shall be scorned and looked down on by everyone round, when they hear of our settling in Redminster? Could you," he added, almost fiercely, "be content to see West Dene in other hands, to pass it constantly, and yet feel that you had no more right to it than the merest passer-by? All I say is, if you can do that, I cannot, and if mother does not feel this she is unworthy of her position."

He sank moodily into a chair, and for some time neither spoke.

"I was a wretch to speak to you in the way I did, little sister," he said, after a time. "You will forgive me I know." Drawing his chair to the table, he proceeded to look over the bills and account books Helen had brought out, and for an hour or so both sat engrossed in their work.

"Has the committee of ways and means finished sitting yet?" asked Fay, putting her head in at the door.

"Go away, Sprite, or we shall resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means for getting rid of you," laughed Ted.

"You won't do anything of the sort," she answered. "I have come," she continued, "to hold you to your promise, sir. It is not raining now, and you said you would go for a walk if the rain kept off."

"Well, Nell, I suppose our business is pretty well finished by now. I'll join you in five minutes, Fay. You must not worry yourself so much about these wretched bills, Nell," he said kindly. "My quarter's salary will help to dispose of some of them," he added. "I cannot understand how you manage as you do. You must have a wonderful talent for making both ends meet."

He left the room as he spoke, and Helen turned wearily to gather up the bills and account books scattered about the table. Having put them away, she remembered that there were some papers of her father's she wished to find. She had rather a search for them, but found them at length in a drawer of a cabinet that was very seldom used. In pushing the drawer back it caught, and, pulling it out, she found that a crumpled piece of paper, which had got jammed in between the drawer and the wood, was the cause of the difficulty. She was about to throw it into the waste-paper basket, when her eye caught the familiar name of Eustace, written in a bold and striking hand. On opening it, she found to her surprise that it was a letter to her father, written some forty years ago. Both paper and ink were yellow with age. The writer, whoever he was, had evidently been warmly attached to Richard Warham, from the tone of the letter. The friendship had been a boyish one, formed probably at school. Her father had been the elder of the two, and the writer looked up to him with the reverence and love a younger boy so often bears to one older than himself.

There was a heat and enthusiasm about the expressions in the letter that marked the youth of the writer, and Helen smiled as she read the vows of eternal friendship which closed it.

She wondered how long it had lasted, and whether the writer would remember that letter if he were to see it now; supposing him, of course, to be still alive. She wondered who he could have been—this unknown friend of so many years ago. She could not remember ever having heard her father mention his name. A sudden thought struck her. Eustace—could it be? Was it possible that the head of Ted's firm and the writer of this letter were one and the same person? How strange if it were so. Then it all flashed upon her; the writing had seemed strangely familiar, and the reason was, that it bore such a strong resemblance to the handwriting of a letter Ted had given her of his chief's to read.

She rushed upstairs, found it, and compared the two closely. There was little room for doubt as to the identity of the hands. In spite of the natural modifications made by forty years, the handwriting in the letter given her by her brother was essentially the same as that in the letter she had just discovered.

A wild hope sprang up in her heart.

If this were so, how easy it would be to show it to him, and to beg him, for the sake of old times, to do something for Ted.

She had been guided in her conclusion by the great similarity there was in the handwritings. It did not strike her that she had not a proof of the identity of the names. The old letter was signed "R. Eustace;" Ted's, "Reginald Eustace." She rather leapt to the conclusion that the R. must stand for "Reginald;" it did not occur to her that it might as likely stand for Richard or Robert; that the likeness of the writing might be a mere coincidence; that the Eustace who had known her father long ago might be a brother or cousin of the one with whose name she was familiar. She was guided by feeling rather than by reason in the matter.

She determined to keep her discovery a secret from the others, and she made several plans in her own mind as to how she should carry out her scheme of seeing Mr. Eustace, and finding out from him whether he had really known her father or not. And if he did, surely he would help Ted for his sake.

The thought made her gayer and lighter-hearted than she had felt for some time.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*Continued.*



AT the Tower, in the lengthening spring days, Elizabeth was allowed more of the liberty for which she had pleaded, on the ground that her health was suffering from the closeness of her confinement. She was granted a gradual relaxation of the severity with which she had been treated. She could take exercise in the Queen's rooms, on condition that she did not show herself at any of the closed windows, and was attended through the rooms by the Lieutenant of the Tower, the Lord Chamberlain, and three of the Queen's ladies; an imposing cavalcade, the assembling and marshalling of which made the indoor walk a very formal and ceremonious proceeding. Afterwards she was suffered to walk in a little garden, surrounded by a high palisading, with the proviso, that nobody was to appear at any of the windows of the Tower which looked into the garden while the Lady Elizabeth was taking her exercise.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Elizabeth found company in the garden, where some of the warders' children—innocent little birds for such a cage—were accustomed to play. One wonders if they played at beheadings, as other children will play at funerals, and if Elizabeth saw in their games a rehearsal of her own doom, or a revival of the execution of her mother—that mother of whom she never spoke, though she seldom failed to show kindness to any Boleyn or Howard who crossed her path.

Elizabeth, like her sister, was fond of children; indeed, she was fond, in a way, of any helpless dependent on her bounty. She made friends with two of the Tower children. Tradition tells something of these small playmates. One of them was a little girl of three, named "Susannah;" she had heard, from the talk of the grown-up people round her, that the Princess was locked up, and offered her some small keys which had come into the child's possession, telling the lady, in sweet babble, that she might open the gates, and need not stay there any longer.

Another story—and this is authenticated—refers to a boy of four. He brought the prisoner flowers, and received sweetmeats and toys from her in return. So jealously was Elizabeth guarded, that even this simple intercourse was noticed, and put a stop to. It was thought that the boy might be made a means of communication between Elizabeth and the other prisoners. Among the most dreaded occupants of these dismal lodgings were two handsome unscrupulous young noblemen, Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, deeply embroiled in Wyatt's rebellion, and Lord Robert Dudley, whose father, the Duke of Northumberland, and his brother, Lord Guildford Dudley, had lately been slain, along with a more innocent victim, for the attempt to seat Lady Jane Grey on the throne. One of Northumberland's hare-brained, unprincipled projects was said to have included both Elizabeth and Mary, as well as Lady Jane, in its aim. He would, if he had got his will, have wedded all his three sons to women of royal blood, so that one at least could hardly fail to secure the crown of King Consort. Ambrose he would have wedded to Mary, Robert to Elizabeth, and Guildford—the only part of the programme which was fulfilled—to their cousin, Lady Jane. It is a striking commentary on the lack of reverence with which the marriage tie was then viewed, that Northumberland was in no way deterred from his triple scheme by what would in another generation have been a serious obstacle, that of his three sons, two—Lord Ambrose and Lord Robert—were already married.

The near neighbourhood of Courtenay, with his strain of royal blood, his familiarity with the Tower and its officers, and his feather-headed ambition, was a source of grave anxiety to the authorities.

There is not an atom of proof that either Courtenay or Dudley so much as attempted to communicate with Elizabeth: whether in the spirit of the romantic chivalrous notions which were becoming a feature of the period, whether in a temper of more sordid calculation, such an attempt would have been as much as the bold man's head was worth. But on the mere apprehension of an adventure of this kind, it is on record that the little man who had taken it upon him to present the flowers, and his father the warder, were subjected to a sharp cross-questioning and a severe reprimand, and were sternly forbidden to be guilty of any approach to royalty in future. These hard lines did not hinder the little fellow, as the story goes, from looking through a hole in the enclosure of the garden and naïvely informing Elizabeth, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now!"

On a morning in May, after Elizabeth had been in the Tower for two months, while Mary was eating her heart out at Westminster and Richmond on account of the non-arrival of her bridegroom, Philip of Spain, Sir Henry Bedingfield—a Norfolk gentleman of honourable antecedents and sober years, who was well known for his strict Roman Catholic principles—arrived with Mary's commission, and a hundred soldiers of her guard, to take Elizabeth from the Tower, and at the same time to detain her in safe keeping. Without direct evidence of her guilt, it was found impossible for any English Court to try and convict Elizabeth of high treason; at the same time she was not to be left at large.

Sir Henry Bedingfield, like Lady Tyrrwhit of earlier days, had no great mind for the perilous undertaking. But his part was to obey his Queen's orders. There had been some uncertainty as to where Elizabeth should be established—at Pontefract or Woodstock. Mary was incapable of feeling the public's pulse as Elizabeth afterwards felt it. The elder sister was singularly obtuse on such points, but she was not totally insensible to the effect which such ghastly associations as those of Pontefract * would be likely to have on the people in connection with the disposal of their idol. Thus Woodstock was finally selected as the scene of the Princess's banishment, while almost contemporaneously with her departure, Courtenay was transferred from the Tower to Fotheringay, whose halls were not yet darkened by a royal tragedy.

Elizabeth did not know her destination, and either was, or professed to be, much alarmed by the appearance of Sir Henry and his men-at-arms. She demanded first, whether Lady Jane's scaffold had been removed; and second, what sort of man Sir Henry Bedingfield was—if he were a man who would commit a secret murder?

On the 19th of May Elizabeth quitted the Tower, and went in a barge, under the escort of Sir Henry Bedingfield, as far as Richmond. On their way the first sound of cheer from the world without greeted her. Three cannon shots were gallantly fired from the office of the Hanseatic League by the Protestants met there, in honour of the Princess's deliverance, with which they had become acquainted. It is likely that she guessed the import of the salute, and took heart from it. The boom of the cannon reached the ears of Mary in the palace of Westminster, and filled her with resentment, while the barge thus hailed passed on without stopping.

At Richmond, where Elizabeth rested for the night, the most of her servants were with-

* Where Richard II. was imprisoned, and in all probability assassinated.

drawn from her. She took leave of them with great mournfulness, "for this night I think I must die," she said, a conclusion for which there was no reasonable warrant, unless that a French messenger, imprudently sent to get tidings of her by the Ambassador Noailles, under the pretence of making her a present of apples, was seized, searched, and sent adrift. On setting out next day, in the Queen's litter, for Windsor, Elizabeth saw some of her dismissed attendants watching her progress from a little distance, and sent a gentleman to them to say from her, "like a sheep to the slaughter, for so am I."

But it was in anything rather than a lamb-like spirit, or the temper of a victim anticipating speedy death, that Elizabeth proceeded to pursue her journey, and comfort herself during her banishment. It was as if she set herself deliberately to vex and annoy her unfortunate guardian, in a manner that would have better become a country wench than a mighty princess. On the arrival of the party at Windsor, she declined to accept the room assigned to her, and dragged Sir Henry all over the Castle in search of another more to her mind. It is difficult to see why, when she was reassured as to her personal safety, the expedition in the opening summer, along pleasant country roads, through quiet country towns, the population of which streamed forth not merely to gaze upon her, but to do her cordial homage, should not have been a welcome change from her residence in the Tower. Elizabeth loved the face of the country, as she also loved the faces of the people on whom she was wont to bestow her most gracious smiles, receiving praises and blessings in return. King Henry's bluffness was in Elizabeth a winning affability, while her mother's careless suavity and undue familiarity with her attendants had taken the form, when the daughter was in the humour, of a gay, yet dignified, good nature.

She is thus described by a contemporary: "She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well-favoured; but high-nosed, of limbs and features neat, and which added to the lustre of these exterior graces, of stately and majestic 'comportment,' participating of this more of her father than of her mother, who was of an inferior 'allay,' plausible, or, as the French hath it, more *débonnaire* and affable—virtues which might well suit with majesty, and which, descending to the daughter, did render her of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of her people."

There was one respect in which Elizabeth was more like her sister than her mother—both King Henry's daughters had loud, harsh men's voices.

Elizabeth was treated with all possible respect by Sir Henry Bedingfield; while his coadjutor, Lord Williams of Thame, at whose house she stayed for a night, went the length of inviting a large party of ladies and gentlemen to meet the Princess, and she walked with the rest of the party in the gardens and park, in no sense like a prisoner.

As she journeyed, the countrywomen came with cakes and nosegays, flinging them into the litter, till she had to beg of their good-will not to smother her with their kindness. At Aston, the ringers took it upon them to ring the church bells (for which the ringers were arrested and imprisoned; but of that Elizabeth was ignorant at the time). At Islip, a pageant had been hastily got up, with women singing in parts. It was more like one of those triumphant Royal progresses, in which Elizabeth took delight in after years, than the passing along of a prisoner, though the object of all the attention refused to be reconciled to the situation. Woodstock was reached before soldiers' halberds and high castle walls appeared behind the shouting crowd.

Elizabeth was not lodged in the Castle, but in a long, low building connected with it, called the Gate House. There she was to occupy a suite of rooms, hung with arras for the occasion. Both she and Sir Henry had reason to complain of the condition of the dwelling assigned to her, for the walls were dilapidated, the roof leaky, and the number and locality of the doors rendered the guarding of them a difficult matter. Another cause of insecurity was that, reduced as the number of Elizabeth's retinue was, accommodation could not be found for the whole of them in the house; some of the servants had to lodge in the town of Woodstock, at an inn named The Bull, where the old, untrustworthy retainer, Thomas Parry, dismissed for a second time by the Council, had taken up his quarters. With or without Thomas Parry, the servants were very liable to be tampered with at the inn.

There was no diminution of the closeness of the watch kept over Elizabeth, though she was removed to some distance from London, and placed in hands Mary could trust. Sir Henry's orders, which he was too faithful to disobey or evade, were stringent. Sixty soldiers guarded the building by day; forty by night. Elizabeth had the use of four rooms for herself, her ladies, and servants. Into these rooms none could enter save Elizabeth, her attendants, and certain of the Queen's servants; but out of her rooms the Princess could not go, unless she was accompanied either by Sir Henry Bedingfield or Lord Chandos, who unlocked and locked the doors for her, retaining the keys, and escorted her while she was out of doors. She could receive neither messenger nor message, unless in the presence of Sir Henry. Her very linen, in going to and coming from the laundress, had to pass through the hands of the Queen's servants, who searched it before it was delivered. She could walk either morning or afternoon in the garden, but always with the escort-referred to.

Nothing could have been more irksome and galling to a young woman of Elizabeth's temper than the restraints imposed upon her. We are ready to pity her; but we also pity Sir Henry Bedingfield, on whom she did not hesitate to vent her wrath and *ennui*. After her arrival she shut herself up in her rooms, and only appeared to take leave of Lord Williams of Thame, and the ninety cavaliers who had ridden with her on the last stage of her journey, and had lain, as best they might, at the lodge in the park for the first night of her stay.

Elizabeth was left, by the command of the Queen and Council, with neither books, nor pens and ink. It is easy to understand why pens and ink were prohibited, but the interdiction of books seems to have been accidental. Naturally, she petitioned for books, and, hard as they were to come by in those days, Sir Henry was presently instructed to provide the Princess with "any good and pleasant book," with the single reservation that it was not to be written upon, when she declined for a time to avail herself of the concession. Her favourite lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Sandys, who had been removed from attendance on the Princess in the Tower, was again dismissed for her Reformed doctrines. Elizabeth's defiance to this order was to ask Sir Henry Bedingfield to furnish her with an English Bible—a request which savoured of rank heresy to a zealous Roman Catholic, the officer of a fanatical Roman Catholic Queen. He offered her a Latin book instead, with a compliment on her learning; but she scouted both book and compliment. Eventually an English Bible was supplied to her. The Psalms of David in Latin, and a copy of Cicero, were brought to her by the steward's son; but as he also brought three letters for Elizabeth, the whole were sent back. In like manner, Lord Williams' son-in-law desired to make a gift of fresh-water fish and game for the Princess's table; but stout Sir Henry could not permit such a piece of courtesy, even from the near relative of his fellow official, when the gentleman was guilty of staying a long time about the place, talking to Elizabeth's servants. Certainly the charge of an unruly Princess is no light obligation.

In those perfunctory walks which Elizabeth took in the long summer days with her keeper, sometimes she preserved a morose silence, sometimes she pressed and "flouted" him the whole time, with arguments against her incarceration, and urgent pleas for him to interpose on her behalf, where the Queen and the Council were concerned—a line of conduct which he really did pursue as far as he dared, but which, to have conducted in the summary fashion which she proposed, might have been fatal to both of them. When one thinks of all the resources of a woman's wit, and of Elizabeth's in particular, and of the positively malicious ingenuity which she displayed in circumventing Sir Henry's ponderous efforts to keep the peace, while he did his duty, there is a dry humour (which might have been perceived by the prisoner) in the situation.

The solemn daily walks in which the formal, harassed gentleman had to bear his part; the very varying moods of the brilliant young lady who was his distinguished companion; the sore provocation he received, under which, honourable gentleman as he was, and sister of his mistress the Queen as she was, he could not always resist complaining of her arrogant bearing to his employées; the exasperation with which he styled her "the grand lady," and metaphorically shook himself free of her—all the details lend themselves to satire.

But though the scenes may have their spice of amusement for us impartial spectators contemplating them at a distance of upwards of three hundred years, the passages-at-arms were no joke, or else a very grim joke at the time, to Sir Henry Bedingfield and Elizabeth.

The manner in which the Princess tried the feelings and nerves of her guardian to the greatest extent was in connection with an attack of illness which was brought upon her either by mental vexation, her limited amount of exercise, or the insalubrity of the Gate House. She had swellings in the hands—and we have heard what store she set on her hands—arms and face, together with other uncomfortable symptoms. She availed herself of the circumstance to crave the attendance of one of the Court physicians, whom she would, without doubt, have tried to use for her own purposes. The Queen and the Council, suspicious of her double object, either could not or would not grant her request for some time, but offered to let her have the services of a learned doctor from Oxford. She haughtily rejected the proposal, saying, "She did not care to speak to strangers about her health," and remained for an interval without medical attendance; both she and everybody else being well aware, that if she sickened further, or came to die without a physician's help, while in Sir Henry Bedingfield's care, it would be the greatest misfortune which could befall Sir Henry.

When Elizabeth at last gained her ostensible end in having Court physicians sent down to prescribe for her, she is said not to have been disappointed in securing their good offices for more than her health. She did not fail to declare herself satisfied with the gentlemen's professional efforts. She announced herself relieved by the doctors' resort to the great panacea for physical evils in the sixteenth century—bleeding in the hand and in the foot. So Sir Henry Bedingfield was delivered from a haunting apprehension.

Mary had at last consented to receive a letter from her sister, though the Queen would only reply through Bedingfield. In this reply she refused to pardon her sister. Sir Henry

could not venture to show the Princess more than an abstract of the letter, which, as he was no scholar, he had prepared with some labour for her inspection. He offered to give it to her when she spoke to him after he had been hearing Mass in her rooms, a celebration at which she *did not decline* to be present. With her usual caprice she refused to look at the paper till she had dined. After dinner he read it to her, kneeling as he read. She reiterated her imperious demands that he should appeal to the Council for her, both then and in the next walk the couple took; and when he still objected, she cried out that she was worse treated than the worst prisoners in the Tower and in Newgate, since the first could speak to the Lieutenant of the Tower and he wrote to the Council for them; and the second were allowed to have friends to plead their cause.

Sir Henry was struck by the truth of the statement, while he was ready to be thankful for the rain which made Elizabeth break off with the words: "It waxeth wet, and therefore I will depart to my lodgings," and delivered him from farther importunity. He did his best; he took it upon him to forward a copy of the conversation to the Lords in Council, who in their turn were sufficiently touched to grant her permission to write to them.

Sir Henry believed he was bringing her gratifying news when he laid the permission before Elizabeth. But she, in the spirit of contradiction which seems to have taken possession of her at this time, received the tidings in a manner calculated to baffle and mortify their bearer. She did nothing in the way of availing herself of the permission which he had procured for her with much risk of misconception and censure. She took a kind of revenge upon him by hugging her privations, and adopting no means to relieve them, and by addressing to him such taunts as, "that she knew the Lord Chamberlain would laugh in his beard when he found how far Sir Henry carried his scruples."

Then on Sunday, August 26th, 1554, she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, for another gentleman in the Queen's service, and for the Queen's principal woman-servant. They were at a loss to know what she could want with them, and knelt down to receive her orders. Whereupon she made a loud protestation that she had done nothing to endanger the Queen and the State, as God was judge, and immediately afterwards received the Host. She had already confessed to a priest. In whatever manner Elizabeth might explain away, in her tortuous mind, her declaration of having done nothing to imperil the Queen and the State, together with this plain act of conformity to the Roman Catholic form of belief, it is sufficient to give an example of how little real sympathy she had with the creed which she was thus ostentatiously professing. She was at that time secretly sending money from her privy purse in aid of the prisoners ready to suffer for the Reformed doctrines, lying in sore straits no farther away from her than Oxford. Besides Bishops Latimer and Ridley, Archbishop Cranmer, her father's trusted adviser, her own godfather, her brother Edward's chief guardian, was lying in desperate need in the common Bocardo prison. It was not mere humanity which actuated Elizabeth's charity, in which she was not stinted, since want of money was not one of her hardships; in fact, she was called upon to pay not only her own expenses and those of her household, but the debts incurred by Sir Henry Bedingfield during her compulsory stay at Woodstock. The fact was that martyrs for the truth were the teachers whose faith she really held. But the long-believed and fondly-cherished story of her constancy to her creed under persecution is now "completely disproven." The tale was credulously promulgated by Strype, Holinshed, and Foxe, all fain to invest their Protestant Queen with every virtue under the sun. The love of her partisans and subjects carried them away.

So far from making any approach to treading the steep and thorny path of martyrdom which Anne Askew's unswerving feet had traversed, Elizabeth committed more than one deed of apparent apostasy to disarm the Queen's resentment, in which she was more or less successful.

But we are told by Miss Strickland that Mary had her doubts of so complete a submission. She requested that Elizabeth might be questioned as to her views on transubstantiation; when the Princess, a mistress of every style of equivocation, got rid of her embarrassment by repeating the rhyming lines which committed her to nothing—

> "Christ was the Word that spake it;
> He took the bread and brake it;
> And what His Word did make it,
> That I believe and take it!"

How little dependence Sir Henry Bedingfield put upon Elizabeth's sincerity and the permanency of the change in her opinions may be guessed by his waiting three weeks before he reported her act to the Council. The Princess had, however, ingratiated herself in a measure with the Queen, who was incapable of false pretences, so that Mary followed the example of the Council in giving her consent to Elizabeth's appeal to them.

Once more Sir Henry was staggered in his honest gratification at the announcement. Elizabeth received it coldly and indifferently; she did not so much as ask for writing materials till a whole week had passed. In the end, during a walk on a Sunday afternoon, she condescended to request that she might be furnished with the necessary materials, and Sir Henry solemnly entrusted to one of the Queen's women, on the Princess's behalf, an ink-bottle, five pens (of which she took care to return only four) two sheets of good paper, and one of inferior quality, to enclose the other. This was done on condition that Elizabeth should write the letter under the eye of one of the Queen's women. The Princess consented, but put off the letter till another day on the plea of headache. Presently she bathed her temples, changed her mind, and as a climax to her perversity, suddenly declared that she could not demean herself to write with her own hand to the Council, therefore she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, and imperiously commanded him to perform the office of her secretary.

In vain he sought to escape from the commission imposed upon him. He had not Elizabeth's adroitness at evasion, and the troubled gentleman could only urge the schoolboy's plea of his bad handwriting, which did not avail him. She constrained her keeper to "write at her dictation, while she kept the rough copy of the letter turned towards her." After he had finished by writing the date, she added a few lines in her own hand, and would not tell him what she had written. She made him seal, close, and address the letter, and entrusted it to him to place in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. No teasing, mocking schoolgirl could have behaved with more exasperating arrogance and impertinence than did the Royal maiden who was woman grown in her twenty-second year.

On another occasion, when she stormed at Sir Henry as her gaoler, and he defended himself by telling her that he was but one of the Queen's officers, doing his duty to his sovereign, as he would, in the same circumstances, have done it to Elizabeth, she cried disdainfully, "God bless the Queen, and from such officers, good Lord deliver me!"

(*To be continued.*)

IN INDIA WITH MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

By The Hon. EMILY KINNAIRD.

Four miles through a jungle in a buggy, and we *reached the waterside*. With a quick horse, belonging not to a missionary but to a merchant, we were before our time, and dismounted on to a rough wooden form, and were soon surrounded by small brown children with shiny skins set off by loose white clothes hanging round in Indian fashion. It was the work of a few minutes to get out a sketch-book and immortalise these picturesque beings; but fear seized the little urchins, and they began to run away. Anxious to know more about them, we said "Ischule hai?"—(Is there a school here?) which produced a crooked nod of the head meaning "Yes," and excited the further question, "Mem Sahib hai?"—(Is the lady here?) "Na," and we knew that it was not a missionary school. In a few minutes, up the stream, punted by three brown figures, could be seen a long, low "dug-out," the simple boat of the rice fields. As its name denotes, it is simply the trunk of a tree, twenty-four to thirty feet long, dug out and made into a boat. We recognised this as the missionary's conveyance, and found ourselves fitted tightly into it, sitting on a mat, with a low matting hood fitting closely on our heads so as frequently to come in contact with our hats—not altogether an enviable position for a long journey. But, fortunately for us, ours was a short one, and we soon found ourselves landed at a small village where the school prize-giving was to take place. We were conducted speedily to the schoolhouse, where we found Miss H—— seated among books, registers, and prizes, coloured jackets and print pinafores. But where was the school furniture? Where were the requisite cubic feet of space required by the School Board? Where the desks and other things we are accustomed to see in the schools? These requisites in England form no part of an Indian school. The schoolhouse consists of a small, square, mud room, with thatched roof, an open front, with a few rough steps leading up to it, bearing a strong resemblance to a barn. The floor supplies the place of form and desk; a slate and a few books are the only requisites of a country school.

On this day the children of five schools were assembled in expectation and excitement, some Hindu and some Christian. The Christian children knelt in prayer; the Hindus stood while the work of the day was committed to God in prayer by a native "padre." Then the best children in each school walked up the step to receive their

prizes, and all were presented with a small jacket or pinafore made of coloured print. Then came a curious scene; each child dressed herself in her new bright garment above the loose sari they wear around their legs; little brown shoulders became clad, and little brown eyes glistened with pleasure as they went off in their little English garment, made at the small cost of a few pence and a few hours' labour in England. Fitting and buttoning over, the place became cleared except for the occasional visit of one of the villagers who wanted to ask something of Miss H—— on this one of her regular visits to the rice field village.

After an English tea in native glasses, we made our way again to the waterside. By this time the water was low, and thick mud lay between us and our boat. There was no help for it, and we had to be caught up by two of our brown boatmen and hoisted into the boat, when we again sat cross-legged—on one side of us our bedding, on the other side our food. Thus we proceeded on our journey till night came on, and we glided on in the darkness to the next village. Before we could land, our bedding and dinner had to be carried up to the village, and we waited in patience till we also started on our walk across the rice field. "Bulate lao" (Bring the lamp), a climb up the bank, and we were on our way with the bright stars sparkling above and the fireflies flashing around. At 9.30 we were received by the village schoolmistress, squatting on the floor, with two friends in similar position. In front of her was a small earthen mound with little holes, in which were three tins, where our dinner was cooking; she was occupied with supplying rice straw to kindle the flames. A few minutes' explanation as to who the strange lady was who was paying them a visit, and we advanced into another hut, which was to be our bedroom. Our first occupation was to put up the iron bedstead, lace up the sides, and make our beds; our second, to eat our dinner, brought prepared by our faithful boatman; and third, to crawl under our mosquito curtains, meditate on our curious surroundings, and go to sleep. As morning light dawned we could see for the first time the position we were occupying. It was the school-house of Raghabpur surrounded by three other little houses overlooking on one side a small tank; in front of us three natives busy beating out their rice. We had to keep Indian hours and rise early in the morning, as we had a two miles' walk before the sun was up in its power. "Chotta nazari las," and our boatman again appeared with his tin bowls—porridge, tea, and toast for early breakfast.

At 7.30 we were on our way across the rice fields, sometimes crossing the stubble, sometimes along a well-trodden path; sometimes we were stopped on our way by a small pond. This forms no obstacle to a missionary. We were seized up by two men, and soon transported to the other side, when we pursued our way until we had again to be assisted in a similar primitive fashion.

The country through which we passed is low, flat, and marshy; vast tracts of rice fields, studded with little mud villages, and here and there the small tower of a church or school-house. This part of the country has long been under Christian influence and teaching, but the missionary and teacher are as much needed as at home for training and instruction; and but for Miss H——'s indefatigable exertions for the past sixteen years there would be no Scripture teaching in the district. "Salam," and a man in native garb hurried up to enquire whether we could turn aside into his village, which he pointed out as not far off. This was the schoolmaster anxious to secure a visit to his school. After a long conversation he was put off with the promise of a visit next month, and we proceeded on our way just in time to escape a heavy thunderstorm, which we saw and heard gathering all round.

This introduced a new inconvenience. Instead of grilling under the sunshine, we began to chill under the damp, cold air, and were glad of thick winter coverings to keep ourselves warm. Such are the changes of climate to which India, like other lands, is subject.

The school examination was carried on between sunshine and storm; the elder children repeated chapters from St. Mark's Gospel and a Christian Catechism; the younger ones, the Creed, the Commandments, and a part of the Catechism. The schoolmistress stood by marshalling up her little troup. Towards evening our boatmen became anxious, and announced that unless we started at once we could not cross the rice fields, as much was now under water after the storm. At this moment another storm came up, and we were forced to be content for the night with the scant accommodation of this other school-house, this time without beds and bedding. The "high road to Calcutta"—which, be it explained, was only a raised pathway through the stubble—was submerged, so heavy was the storm. A man was dispatched to the village to catch a chicken for our dinner; the schoolmistress undertook to make us a bed of straw, and we sat patiently on a box waiting for bed and dinner, and superintended the hanging up of bamboo matting to protect us from wind and rain.

In the City.

A week later and we were driving in the Maharajah's carriage (kindly lent to us during our visit to Benares) through the narrow streets of this characteristic Hindu town. We had come from the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and were on our way to the City Dispensary, situated in the centre of the town. We had a complete view of its vast population as we turned aside from the main thoroughfare into the streets, where on either side we could almost touch the houses as we drove along. There were shops of all kinds, and men sitting in the front doing their work—gold cloth sewers, sweetmeat makers, brass polishers, merchants, and other dealers. Sometimes it seemed as if we should overturn their shops, as we came in such close proximity, and the shout of our "sais" would be heard rousing some dilatory walker, who, in true native fashion, refused to hurry himself out of our way. Our progress was not astonishingly quick, nor our speed electric, but we eventually reached our destination, and descended in a small square yard from which several alleys wound their way through the city. Up one and down another, sheltered by the height of the houses from the sun which, although it was only nine o'clock, was already an enemy to be avoided, we arrived at the corner leading to the Zenana Missionary Dispensary. We entered a small dark room, dreary-looking and dirty, and turned to our right into the small courtyard which always forms the centre of an Indian house. This would be the men's quarters, but is now unused; up a narrow stone staircase, and we reached the upper storey, where the Dispensary is found. On one side of the courtyard is a small waiting-room, and a picturesque scene greeted our eyes, for the women were already there, squatting on the ground, some dressed in white, some in red, some in yellow, all according to the fashion of the country, draped loosely round the head and shoulders. The native Bible woman, a bright young woman, was soon sitting among them, Bible and hymn book in hand, singing "Bhaghans," and talking to them. "Give us that hymn, the 'Great Physician,'" said one of them, and we proceeded to sing the chorus over and over again. As time went on the little courtyard also was filled with patients, and the lady doctor's hands were full for some hours, a little bell summoning each patient in her turn.

The Dispensary fittings have not cost the mission much: a small table, two chairs and a stool, a cupboard, and an inkpot form the full complement of furniture in the room. A "charpor," or couch, is sufficient for the operating room.

Each patient came in with a paper and a bottle, and received the needed attention: first an old woman suffering from rheumatism, who has implicit confidence in the "Dr. Mem Sahib's" medicine; then a woman suffering from her eyes; next a young wife of sixteen, who has already been married several years; then a mother and her child suffering from fever. Those patients who require more help than can be obtained at the Dispensary are admitted to the Hospital.

The City Dispensary is open two days a week, and the Hospital Dispensary other two days; on the fifth the lady doctor visits a village in the neighbourhood. On some days she sees as many as seventy patients, besides hospital work and special visits, so her time is fully occupied; and she needs an assistant, but at present she has had to lend her to the Lucknow Zenana Hospital.

Thus the work of missions goes on from day to day in the country and in the city. Faithful, brave women are toiling on amid dirt, squalor, ignorance, and indifference; weary often, because of the immense field to be overtaken; longing for more help, yet cut off from the other English residents by the necessities of the work. Is there no way in which more help can be given to them? Yes, there is much help that can be given if only willing hearts would devise ways for willing hands to help.

In India, it will interest the members of the Girl's Own Paper Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association to know, a special branch has been formed, in which every honorary associate promises to do something to help the missionaries in their arduous work, and to seek them instead of leaving them out in the cold. "I have been two cold seasons in Calcutta, and have never seen a missionary," confessed a lady, and there were ten within a mile of where she was living, and as many more within three miles. "I did not know we could help them," said another; "I have little to do all day, and have plenty of time." "I have nothing to do," said a third; "I will start a Young Women's Christian Association Branch, and invite them to meet us."

But what can we do at home? Our hearts may be willing, but how can our hands reach them? The Loving Service League has been formed on purpose to answer this question, and to be a link between England's and India's women. There is the need; here is the supply. It is impossible to visit any mission house or school or hospital without seeing how much more might be done to help. Prizes are needed for the children; of the 5,000 girls under instruction in Bengali, 4,000 are in mission schools, so 4,000 prizes are needed every year. Loving Service League hands might supply them. Zenanas have to be left unvisited for want of time; villages calling for missionaries must be refused for want of workers. If the Loving Service League cards were in the hands of a thousand readers of the Girl's Own Paper, each promising to give or collect 1d. or 3d. or 6d. a week, other fellow helpers might be sent. Women are suffering and dying for want of medical attendance. A Loving Service League doctor might have dispensaries in many villages. Think over these facts, consider these needs, and write to Miss Ballard, Secretary of the Loving Service League, 2, Adelphi Terrace, London.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAY W., READER OF "G. O. P.," MAUDE, and many others write on the subject of furnishing a house on sums varying from £30 to £60. The only way to reckon such expenditure is to divide the sum thus: With £30—£10 to sitting-room, £10 to bedrooms, and £10 to kitchen, crockery, glass, and house linen. This is supposing a six-roomed house—three bedrooms, a sitting-room, kitchen, and back kitchen. Each bedroom would cost about £3 5s. to furnish—£1 10s. bed, mattress, pillows, etc.; 17s. 6d. chest of drawers; 3s. 3d. bedroom ware; 2s. 6d. chair; 6s. 6d. washing-stand; 3s. 6d. looking-glass; 3s. carpet—total, £3 6s. 3d. The sitting-room furniture might be more cheaply bought second-hand so far as tables and chairs are concerned. Two or three comfortable wicker chairs at 7s. 6d. each, and two little gipsy tables at 2s. each—one for writing and the other for work; if possible a sofa. The carpet, if a woven three-ply square, a guinea. List of house linen at p. 507, vol. xii. The modern kitchen leaves little furniture to be bought, a table and some chairs being the chief requisites; about 10s. should cover this. Crockery of every kind is so cheap, and that, with the kitchen utensils and house linen, will be the chief articles; and a clear list should be made of what is wanted. At the sales house linen is cheaper than at any other time, and china shops are constantly selling off.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. J. and YROJRAM.—Starch was first brought into England by Mrs. Dinghein, a Fleming, May 1st, 1653. Mrs. Anne Turner, a milliner, introduced from France the French custom of using yellow starch in getting up bands and ruffs, and it was applied to the huge ruffs then worn. She was afterwards concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and was hung. She appeared, by Lord Coke's order, on the scaffold with a large ruff, and this put an end to this ugly fashion, as he had no doubt intended to do.

FRANCES appears to write freely and correctly. She would require study and practice in writing.

H. J. S. does not say what she can do; but as she speaks of herself as domesticated, perhaps a situation as mother's help would suit her.

DORA.—The average height of a woman is said to be five feet three inches; that of a man is five feet eight inches.

OLD FASHION.—We still think, except so far as the need for whitewashing, painting, and papering is concerned, the house ought to be kept always clean, and not made dependent on a yearly turn out, which forms generally an excuse for dirt.

FAIR PLAY.—It appears to us like a tempest in a teapot, as the young man was her future brother-in-law, and probably meant nothing more than greeting his sister-in-law to be. Such things are, however, unwise and foolish in the beginning of an intimacy or relationship, and are better left alone.

GERTRUDE H.—The "Freedom of the City" confers the privilege of trading in the City. It gives extra votes, but is of no further value, except the "honour and glory" conferred. If the person to whom the "freedom" is presented (?) neither owns property nor trades in the boundaries of the City he has to pay £27 or so as a fine. The gold box in which the freedom is presented (?) is, however, valuable, and that is the only valuable part of a pecuniary character.

M. BENHAM.—The Shakespeare Society was founded in 1840; the New Shakespeare Society in 1873. We cannot find the address of the secretaries.

ONE IN PERPLEXITY had better consult her parents about her future. As she is an only daughter, and an invalid, they had better insure their lives without delay for her benefit.

DAPHNE.—The address of the Zoological Society is 3, Hanover Square, W. Address the Secretary.

HELEN.—The "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" was Henry, son and heir of Simon de Montfort. At the battle of Evesham the barons were routed, Montfort slain, and his son Henry left for dead on the field, where he was found by a daughter of one of the barons, and nursed back to life. His rescuer became his wife, and their child was "pretty Bessie, the beggar's daughter," Henry de Montfort having assumed the garb of a blind beggar to escape the vigilance of King Henry. Two dramas have been founded on this story, one by Day and one by Sheridan Knowles.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—A mother's help or a nursery governess's situation would suit you if you are not well educated.

M. E. L.—The title "LL.A.," that is conferred by St. Andrew's University, means "Lady Licentiate in Arts."

M. E. M.—1. It is wiser to use your real name when you sign the register at church.—2. The 28th of August, 1869, was a Saturday.

TWO CONTRIBUTORS.—1. We have no great faith in straps to hold back the shoulders. It is far better to practice some simple gymnastic exercises and to make up your mind to stand upright. These tricks of body often proceed from weakness, and you might use sea salt and water to sponge the back each morning. They are also the effect of mental causes, and a habit of looking on the black side of things. Try and cultivate cheerfulness and a happy frame of mind, and both your health and carriage will be improved.—2. The 3rd of June, 1872, was a Monday.

TEA-ROSE and HELIOTROPE.—Green and all shades of brown are much worn at present.

DOROTHY SAYER.—We should think it an excellent thing to go and stay with your friend, and thus see the work done by nurses. You would learn much, and see for yourself whether you would like the life.

KATHLEEN.—A gentleman cannot introduce himself to a lady unless in case they have some mutual friend who wishes to make them acquainted, when, if they know each other by sight, it is possible to speak. But this is the only instance; and no gentleman would speak, unless properly introduced, to any lady except under the circumstances we have mentioned.

VERSATILITY.—1. This word, as applied to persons, means that they have ability and cleverness in many ways, and can do well in all.—2. Your poem is, like most of those sent us, religious in feeling, but lacking in originality and correctness.

PERPLEXED PHYLLIS.—Miss Pryde's Home for Christian Workers is 152, Rue de la Pompe, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris. Daily lessons are given by a French governess free to the inmates. You had better write to her, enclosing an English twopence-halfpenny stamp, and find out whether the Home will suit your pocket.

MILLIMUS.—The only way of finding out is to get a Burke's *Peerage* and look through the pedigree, which is a long one. You will see all the intermarriages for generations back.

A Hundred Famous Cities Competition.—The Editor begs to notify that the MSS. on this subject sent in competition for Prizes can in no cases be returned, whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A TYPE OF MAIDENHOOD.



"MOORED WHERE SCARCE THE RIPPLES STIR."

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A TYPE OF MAIDENHOOD.

By G. WEATHERLY.

DRIFTING gently with the stream,
  Careless how the river flows,
Rapt in Love's first fond young dream,
  Heedlessly a maiden goes,
Till the rushing of the weir
  Rouses her once more to life,
And she wakes in time to steer
  Safely from the water's strife.

There, beneath the sheltering trees,
  Moored where scarce the ripples stir,
With but little thought one sees
  Type of many a girl in her;
Drifting idly into love,
  Seeing only life is fair,
Heeding not the Hand above
  That should guide her everywhere.

Well for her if she in time
  Hears the warning of the weir,
Heeds its rushing, roaring rhyme,
  Telling her of danger near!
Well for her if she at length
  Finds a restful, safe abode,
In the love of One whose strength
  Aids her on the heavenward road!

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A GARDEN PARTY AT REDCOURT.

"To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope."

THE day for the festivities at Redcourt had arrived; the weather was warm and brilliantly sunny, and the gardens and grounds were filled with ever increasing groups of visitors, who had come to see the members of Parliament and other great folk who were to honour Ilkeston with their presence that day.

The opening of a town hall seems a simple enough affair, but the event had been utilised by the political party then in the ascendant at Ilkeston to give an excuse for an address from that cabinet minister who, because of his interest in the place, had consented to open it. Party politics ran high in and around Ilkeston; but Mr. Singleton, in inviting the hero of the day to be his guest, had made it distinctly understood that the act was *entirely non-political* in character, so members of both parties were invited to test the far-famed hospitality of Redcourt.

The Singleton name had always been synonymous with hospitality, and the present owner of Redcourt was true to the family traditions. He and his pretty young wife were a charming host and hostess, and no parties went off better than those at Redcourt.

"I am so glad you were able to come," said Mrs. Singleton, greeting the West Dene party. She was determined to show that if others looked askance at the Warhams because of their misfortunes, she and her husband did not mean to do so.

"I am glad you have your racquet with you, Fay," she said. "There is tennis going on now in the lower court. Mr. Myddleton, you are quite a crack player, I believe. I hope you have come prepared for a game"—this was to Ernest, who had just joined the group.

"I am sorry to say I have not, Mrs. Singleton." He had purposely avoided doing so, having profited by his experience at the Rectory.

"Oh, what a pity! Well, Fay, I must find a partner for you," she said.

Ernest turned to Helen. "You are not playing, I suppose, Miss Warham?" he said.

"No; I am a very poor player. I do not care much for it."

"Shall we have a stroll?" he asked. "It is years since I have been here. I am curious to know if I can find my way to my old haunts. I used very often to come over here in old Mr. Singleton's time. I always spent my holidays at my uncle's place, Alderswood—that is not very far from here. I had a letter from Ted this morning," he went on. "I am afraid he finds it very dull going back to the 'grind,' as he calls it."

"It must be terribly hot in London if they have weather like this here," said Helen. "It must seem worse after having had a taste of the country."

"Poor Ted was very much cut up at having to leave. I do not wonder," he added. "What a beautiful home you have, Miss Warham! I do not think I know any place that speaks so much of the past. Redcourt seems modern compared to West Dene, and Alderswood has not much antiquity to boast of. I wanted to tell you," he added, more nervously than was his wont, "how deeply I feel for your misfortune in having to leave it."

Helen looked up gratefully. What comfort there seemed to be in his words! What quiet, deep feeling in the tone of voice in which they were uttered! Yet he had said nothing that she had not heard a hundred times from the lips of others. How was it he had given a special charm to these commonplace words of sympathy?

"Are you sure you have exhausted every chance of saving it?" he asked.

"Quite," said Helen. "I think we are all now realising most fully what leaving it really means."

"Have you made any plans for the future? You will forgive my asking," he added, hastily. "Ted and I often discuss the subject together."

"We have not fixed where we shall go," she replied.

They wandered on, blissfully ignorant of how time went. Ernest pointed out his old haunts, and recalled stories of bygone days. Then their talk drifted on to deeper subjects, and Helen found herself speaking to her companion of thoughts and feelings she would not have dreamed of unburdening to anyone else.

To Ernest it seemed as if each word she spoke were a new revelation of her character. Quite unconsciously to herself she was revealing to him depths in her strong, sweet nature of the existence of which he had had until then but a faint idea. He guessed a little, from what she said, the nature of the life she was leading. He felt sure, though she had not said so, that it was a sad one, and

that it was not the life she would have planned for herself. He felt a yearning to take her away from it all, to give her comfort, ease, the enjoyments of life, a home such as she was fitted for, where she would have opportunities for carrying out all the hopes and aspirations of her heart.

The coldness and restraint which had threatened at meeting to put a misunderstanding between them had quite passed away. They had met several times since the day of the Rectory party, and each meeting had served only to draw them closer. It was very sweet to both, this quiet half-unconscious drifting into love.

It was a good deal later in the afternoon when they found their way back to the lawn, now brighter than ever with crowds of gaily-dressed guests. A band was playing gay and lively music in one corner, and people were thronging the large marquee where tea and refreshments were being served, while others gathered in groups round the smaller tables scattered about in different parts of the lawn.

"You will excuse my leaving you, Miss Warham," said Ernest, as he found her a seat. "I hear Mr. Singleton wants me."

"Certainly," replied Helen, smiling. She sat watching an elderly man who was sitting not far off. There was some fascination for her in his stern face and compressed lips. "Not a man one would care to offend," she thought. "How scornful he looks. He would do for the portrait of old Mr. Eustace, I should think. I have always fancied he must look very like that." Just then the stranger attempted to rise, and in doing so dropped his stick. He made one or two efforts to get it, but failed. Helen went over and picked it up for him.

"I am much obliged," he said with a stately bow, and Helen caught a glimpse of something like a smile in his eyes. "I am a great martyr to lumbago," he went on, "hence the difficulty I have in stooping."

"Can you do nothing for it?" asked Helen.

"I have done all I can do—spent a large fortune on doctors' advice—all so much 'waddle—and what the better am I for it now? If doctors would only tell the truth, or rather, if they would confess their own ignorance, there would be less mischief done by them."

Helen smiled, and was going on to join her mother, when she was accosted by Fay.

"Oh, my pretty cousin," she said, "I have been laughing so. Fancy that ogre condescending to speak to you! What an honour! I saw the little attention you paid him," she went on.

"Don't be silly, Fay," said Helen, blushing. "I merely helped him to get his stick. Anyone would have done as much if they had been near."

"But not to everyone would have been vouchsafed that peculiar privilege of entering into conversation with him. Why, May Singleton and I have been watching him the whole afternoon, and you are the only person to whom he has spoken. We can't think what made him come."

"You have been playing tennis most of the time, Fay, so you do not know to whom he may have been speaking while you were out of the way. But who is he?"

"You have not heard? Why, where have you been? Mrs. Singleton has been trotting out all the 'lions' for our inspection, and he was among the number. That is Lord B——" she went on excitedly. "See, Nell, over there—not that one, the man talking to Mrs. Singleton. They say he made such a speech at the opening of the town hall. The other side looked so small."

"For shame, Fay. Remember people are supposed to bring no politics here," said Helen, laughing.

"Oh, I can't help saying it, Nell. But I do wish I had been at the opening. A political meeting must be such fun."

"But, Fay, you haven't told me who my elderly friend is."

"Oh, I forgot. You will be surprised when you hear, Nell. Guess."

"How can I?" asked Helen, laughing. "Is he another cabinet minister?"

"Oh, no. I'll tell you who he is—he's the great Mr. Eustace, of Eustace and Rivington, the head of Ted's firm. Just fancy!"

"Are you joking, Fay, or is it true?" said Helen, with more excitement than she usually showed.

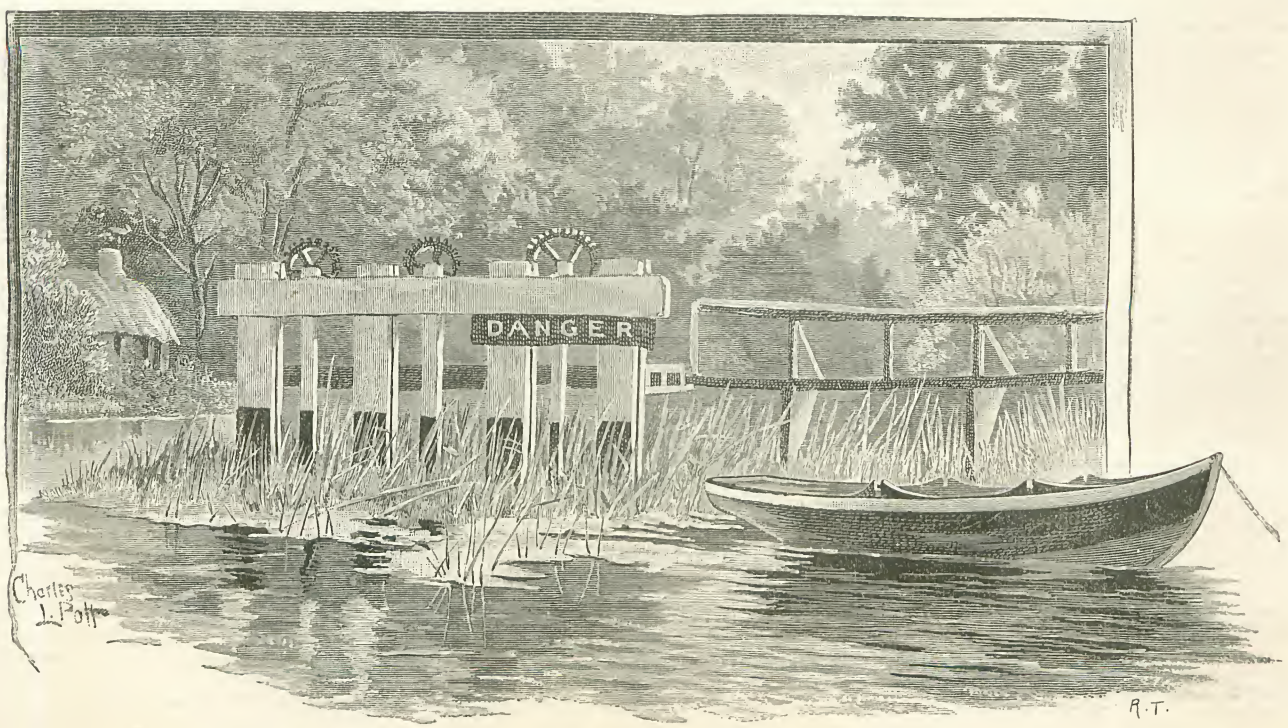
"Quite true; and what's more, it is he who has taken Moorfield. He has been living there for six weeks or so. Fancy our never knowing it. I wonder Ted did not tell us."

What was it made Helen's eyes sparkle so?

"Well, you look delighted at the news, Nell," said Fay. "Don't hope to see much of him, though; they say he is a dreadful hermit, and sees nobody."

Through all the rest of the afternoon Helen's mind was filled with the thoughts of the new discovery. Everything seemed to have happened so well for the carrying out of her scheme. It would be comparatively easy now to seek an interview with Mr. Eustace, and she lay long awake that night planning how she could best carry it out.

(*To be continued.*)



SCHOOL-DAY REMINISCENCES.



It may interest some of the school-girls, who form a large majority of the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, to hear something of the experiences of one who has just brought to a close a school life of perhaps more than ordinary length and variety.

I commenced my educational career at the age of twelve in one of the best private schools in Toronto, Canada. Probably my mother would demur at this statement, as previous to that time I had been for several years under her tuition, and she had done her best to impart to me knowledge in a variety of subjects, and also I had had a daily governess; but the attractions of a small English sea-side town, and the enjoyment of much liberty and the companionship of congenial spirits, effectually ousted all thirst for knowledge, and hindered my progress in that direction. This I found to my woe, when once my education seriously began. At my first school I was put into a large class, of which I was about the youngest, partly that I might be with my elder sister, and partly to rouse my dormant energies by the spirit of emulation, and the necessity of having all my wits about me if my head was to be kept above water.

My new associates appeared to me on first acquaintance to be perfect prodigies of learning, with their Grecian history, astronomy, irregular French verbs, and many other subjects which to me had heretofore been merely mythical; and many and bitter were the tears I shed on realising for the first time my own ignorance, the cause of which I knew only too well, and hopelessly convinced was I of the impossibility of my ever scaling the heights of learning attained by these marvellous Canadians.

However, a few short days sufficed to raise my spirits from these depressing convictions, and give a ray of hope for the future. Once having sounded my depth, and found my feet, things began to go more smoothly and look less formidable. The Grecian history, astronomy, and other high-sounding branches of study to the uninitiated, proved rather alluring than otherwise, and the verbs that had inspired such despair in my young heart by their infinite and subtle irregularities, soon arranged themselves comfortably in my brain when once I took heart and boldly tackled them. After experiencing the sweet taste of success in some little detail, "Nil desperandum" became my motto, and with its help I soon rose to an honourable position in the class.

My sister and I were the only English girls in the school, and at first were subject to a course of ridicule and petty tyranny on this account.

A single glance suffices a transatlantic eye to detect an Old Country bird, and the first question asked, without preamble or apology, even by shopmen or tram conductor, on meeting one, is: "How long are you out?" as though one were a newly-hatched chicken of peculiar breed.

I well remember our first morning at school—how the eyes of all were fixed upon us, and the ears of all hung upon our every word. At last curiosity could be restrained no longer, and the mistress's back being turned, a three-cornered note was skilfully fired on to our desk by the leading spirit in the room. The contents ran much as follows—

How long have you been out?
Where do you live?
What are your names?
How old are you? etc.

My sister obediently filled in the answers as required, and returned the document as it had come, though less dexterously than the other experienced hand.

Our English voices caused great amusement and diversion to these colonial young ladies, who are all more or less infected with the twang of their neighbours across the border. For some few days, in school and out, our every word was mimicked; but as we were able to render the compliment in return with good interest, the fun of the thing soon died away.

An inexhaustible subject of argument, in which neither party ever grew weary, was the relative merits of our respective fatherlands.

In vain did we deny the assertion that the sun's rays never penetrated the thick veil of fog enveloping London, and that any other than artificial light was inconceivable to a town-bred child. Scornfully did we endeavour to enlighten the ignorance which questioned whether one could take half an hour's walk in our island in any given direction without falling into the sea, or being run over by half a dozen railway trains at the outset. Great was the indignation called forth on our opponents' side on being assured with contempt that Toronto, the Queen City of the Dominion, would in England be lost among the multitude of small towns without name or fame outside their own walls. But in spite of these trifling grounds of dispute, we soon became very good friends with the girls, in school at least, and enjoyed our time there very much. I say in school hours we were intimate enough; but farther than this our acquaintance did not go—out of doors a passing nod was all that we ever exchanged. The reason was an all-sufficing one, viz., that we lived in an unfashionable street, and in other ways showed the cloven foot of poverty. During this time my brother was attending the Upper Canada College, the best public school in the Dominion, and there his constant companions and most intimate friends were the brothers of the very girls who could scarcely bring themselves to honour my sister and me with a passing smile in the street.

It is a curious and happy circumstance that men and boys do not seem to be afflicted with that instinctive shrinking from people with narrow means, which seems innate in womankind.

Doubtless from an educational point of view at least this scarcity of friends was advantageous to us, for it left nothing to deter us from our preparation work, while the other day girls of the school were spending all their free hours in each other's company, seeking amusement—sleighing, tobogganing, rinking, carnivals, concerts, and parties, being the principal attractions in winter, and boating and picnics in summer; or, if nothing better offered, sauntering up and down the principal streets of the town. For this last recreation the school hours were particularly well adapted, for we assembled at nine o'clock in the morning and were not released till two; but then there was nothing more to be done but home work, which was on the whole very ill prepared.

For the principal and mistress of the house alone was anything like awe felt; but for her lessons a pretence at preparation was made, even by the idlest, out of fear. For the daily masters, however, most of the girls did no work, and even in class continued to trifle and play with one another half the time. Of course there were exceptions, as there are everywhere, and those who wished to learn had splendid opportunities, and got on well.

The patient though misdirected endurance of one master will long remain in my memory. Among other subjects he started a Latin class, to which my sister and I belonged. Being an optional subject very few cared to take it up, and those who did thought they were doing all that was necessary if they sat in the room while the lesson was in progress, with their attention directed out of the window, or to whispered conversations among themselves; the master, who was a most competent man, meanwhile explaining and construing to deaf ears, and politely entreating that the new lesson might be somewhat more carefully prepared. Such requests had to be conveyed in the most delicate terms, for these Latin scholars were for the most part grown up girls, who would have resented anything like reproof.

The great feature of the school year at this establishment was what was known as the "Close," *i.e.*, the breaking-up of school before the summer holidays. This took place the last week in June, being necessarily early on account of the heat in summer, which drives all the well-to-do people out of town to seek cool and repose in the country, on the shores of lake or river, a very small minority ever getting so far as the sea-side.

To this school-closing function all parents, friends, and relations of the girls were invited, making a goodly number of guests. The entertainment was afforded by the girls, who one and all performed upon the piano; but, happily for the audience, solos were only given by advanced pupils. Quartettes were the order of the day, and if the music produced in many cases was not brilliant, it was at least a pretty sight to see the little bands of four, in their pretty white frocks and ribbons, tripping on to the platform, and with perfect time and harmony, and apparent enjoyment to themselves, rendering some simple little piece.

When each pupil had thus distinguished herself in the eyes of her parents, the distribution of prizes and certificates of merit followed, of which, to the satisfaction of all, there was a generous supply, as is usual in private schools. This ceremony being over, the girls were at liberty to enjoy themselves as they liked, while the guests conversed and had supper. In a moment the garden would be alive with white-robed figures flitting with fun and laughter hither and thither among the flowers and bushes. On a beautiful moonlight night, with Chinese lanterns gleaming from every tree, and a fountain of sparkling water playing on the lawn, the familiar old garden seemed quite transformed. With the delights of long summer holidays just dawning, and all school work and care a thing of the past, what wonder that the still air echoed with the sound of mirth, especially when I add that large jars of ice cream were placed outside for the benefit of us girls, to be consumed *ad lib.*?

Such a nocturnal festivity as this brought

to a close this happy period of my school life.

Although attending this private school, I had ample opportunity of observing the manners and customs in those free schools, of which Canada is so justly proud, for our house stood directly opposite to one of the most popular in Toronto. Children of all classes attended—boys occupying one half of the building, girls the other. Little black negroes, small tradesmen's sons, and children of professional men sat side by side on the same benches, and romped in the same small playground; but outside the gates this spirit of common brotherhood was not observed.

Of course most of our friends and relations benevolently interested in the welfare of our family would have decreed that this school was the right and proper one for my brother, sister, and self; and so it undoubtedly was from a pecuniary point of view; but my mother thought the money well spent which saved our manners, voices, etc., from the roughening influences of such mixed companions.

One interesting scene of frequent occurrence which we witnessed from our windows was the fire-alarm drill. Of a sudden the bell in the little tower of the school would begin to toll; almost simultaneously the school doors were thrown open, and boys and girls rapidly filed out at the word of command, perfect order and silence being observed till every soul had quitted the building, and not till then did the children know whether or not the alarm was false. In a country where fires are so frequent and of so serious a nature, these precautions against anything like panic are very necessary.

After leaving Canada my sister and I commenced the following term at one of the best High Schools belonging to the Girls' Public Day School Company, where new branches of study were opened to us, and we learned to know what real study and steady school work meant. But any description of these experiences would be quite superfluous, seeing that these schools are now flourishing in almost every part of England, and there is scarcely a family in the middle classes that has not at least one member benefiting by the excellent education afforded by them. Suffice it to say that my four years of High School life were happy ones, and that I passed the usual course of examinations, finishing in the sixth form with the London matriculation.

After this I became an inmate of a German *pensionnat* in one of the most delightful watering-places near the Rhine.

Here, after I had lived down the inevitable *Heimweh* which attacked me rather seriously, never having been out of the home nest before, I spent a very comfortable and instructive eight months. It was a small private school of about eighteen girls, I being the only representative of my nation during my first six months there.

Although I had learnt German previously, my knowledge of it for speaking and understanding those around me was *nil* for the first few weeks; but my new companions were not at all shy at airing their English, whether good, bad, or indifferent, so we got on very well together, and I found them most warm-hearted and friendly. Indeed, the affection of some few proved rather overpowering for a time—to use their own expression, which has no adequate equivalent in our prosaic language, they *schwärmed* for me night and day. But in a few weeks the current of their affections was somewhat less impetuous, and continued calm but constant throughout our acquaintance, only reviving to its early strength as the time for my departure approached. This seems to be the disposition of German girlhood in general—warm-hearted, impetuous, sentimental, always lavishing untold admiration and fondness on some individual, real or ideal, and weeping copiously at the mention of the word "home" or "parent" during their *pensionnat* days; for, however happy and comfortable these may be, the girls always at the time consider them a period of exile and bondage. They present a great contrast to English schoolgirls of the present day. One general routine of education is observed in Germany for the daughters of the middle classes. After attending the day school near home till the age of fourteen or fifteen, they are sent to boarding-school for a year to finish. In the *pensionnats* the chief branches of study are conversational French and English, music, painting, and needlework, with a little literature and general information thrown in. But mathematics and classics are all but unknown to them, and at the age when English girls are studying their hardest and preparing for examinations, their German sisters are returning home as finished young ladies, to embark upon a life of amusement and comparative idleness.

Of course some few go in for teaching, but they are not met with in *pensionnats*. Of fancy needlework they are never tired, but prefer it to every other occupation.

As early as the summer holidays, Christmas presents for parents, relations, and friends are begun, and during the succeeding four months every spare moment is devoted to the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles. As the festive day approaches lessons are suspended, walks cut short, and evenings prolonged in order to get the array of shawls, sofa-cushions, antimacassars, etc., despatched in time to arrive at their destinations by Christmas eve—the day on which all presents are received and opened. In return for their needlework the girls receive from home large hampers of presents, clothes, and every sort of delicacy and sweetmeat, which are tastefully arrayed round the brilliantly illuminated and decorated tree, the indispensable accompaniment of Christmas in every German household, whether high or low, rich or poor.

In winter the principal diversion for the girls, apart from skating, is an occasional concert, which usually takes place on Sunday. The music is invariably good, and much enjoyed and appreciated by the audience.

In summer, especially during the holidays, excursions and coffee walks are very frequent, the latter being mild modifications of the former. Some pretty or interesting spot in the neighbourhood is selected, where the ubiquitous coffee garden is to be found, and thither the party go on foot towards the afternoon. After doing justice to the repast invitingly spread under the trees, rambles and out-door games follow.

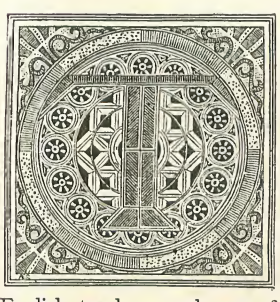
These little outings, so common in Germany, have the recommendation of being inexpensive, healthy, and instructive, for one thus has pleasant opportunities of seeing the beauties of nature, and becoming acquainted with the many sites of romantic and historic interest with which all parts of Germany abound. When a long excursion is undertaken by the school, it is the custom for everyone to be up and dressed by about three o'clock in the morning, and to take the first train or steamboat available for any town some three or four hours' journey distant, where friends or relations of pupils may be living. There the day is spent in exploring the neighbourhood, the said friends keeping open house for the party until their departure. Sometimes the excursionists return home by the last evening train; but more often the journey is postponed till the following day, and the girls are housed for the night at hotels and friends' houses, or wherever an available bed can be found.

I have never been to an English boarding-school, but from what I know of them I should say that life in them is not so bright and free from monotony as in a German *pensionnat*.

When my time for returning home arrived, I was sincerely sorry to bid farewell to my many warm-hearted friends, and I often think with pleasure of the happy days spent among them.

And now, at the age of nineteen, my school life is over, and on looking back upon its varied scenes, I can say with gratitude that I wish every girl might have as happy a one.

HINTS ON PIANOFORTE TEACHING.



To the pianoforte student there is one composer whose works are, perhaps, more valuable than those of all other composers put together, but who is scarcely used at all by the majority of English teachers, and very often when used, used wrongly. I speak of the grand old Leipzig Cantor, John Sebastian Bach. For teaching the pupil to hold the hands properly, to obtain a good firm touch, and to acquire that pure *legato* style which is essential to good playing, contrapuntal music—that is, music with two, three, or four distinct parts—is absolutely necessary. And as it is on this part-playing that the teacher should mainly rely for giving the pupil good style and action, it follows that it should be used as soon as the pupil can read the notes easily. Now Bach's pianoforte music is not only the best in itself for this object, but it has the further advantage of having been written for pupils of all degrees of progress, commencing from the very beginning.

The two sets of the "Petits Preludes pour les Commençants" were written by Bach for the use of his own children, and may be used as soon as the pupil can begin to read fairly fluently. In the case of *very* young or slow pupils, Kunz's "Canons" had better be given first, and the "Petits Preludes" proceeded to when these can be played well.

As part-playing will be found at first very difficult and tiring by the pupil, a very little piece should be set, perhaps only two or three bars, and this should be practised only under the supervision of the teacher, until the pupil can be trusted to practise it properly without help. As soon, too, as the young pupil begins to show that her mind is tired with this fatiguing work, either by inattention or by increasing dulness, she should leave it and proceed to some other portion of her practising.

At first, *each part* must be played through by itself, first the treble, then the alto, and then the bass, and the pupil must be continually impressed that each part is complete in itself. Then the treble and alto may be combined, and lastly the bass added. Care

must be taken that each note of each part is *pressed into* the next note of that part: in other words, each part must be most perfectly *legato*. The pupil must be told over and over again always to remember, when playing several parts at once, that if there are three parts there must *always* be three notes down on the piano, never more and never less; if four parts, then four notes. If there is a rest, of course this takes the place of one of the parts, and there will be a note less. In playing three or more parts simultaneously, the pupil is almost *obliged* to hold the hand in a good position; hence the great value of this style of music to beginners. But to obtain the full value from it the greatest possible care must be taken that each part is most perfectly *legato* on the one hand, and that no two notes of a part be held down together, on the other.

The best edition of the "Petits Preludes" is the Harrow School Edition, published by Messrs. Augener and Co. The fingering is on the continental plan, and can, if necessary, be marked over in the English style, but must always be strictly adhered to by the pupil. All the "Preludes" need not be given to the pupil, and those used should be practised in the following order:—Nos. 10 and 7 in the first set, 4 and 5 in the second set, and 11, 9, 6, 3 and 4 in the first set.

These may be followed, if needful, by Handel's "Fuguettes." Then Bach's two-part "Inventions" and his "French Suites" should be taken concurrently. The "French Suites" should be taken as follows:—III. Minuet 2nd; VI. Gavotte; I. Minuets; V. Gavotte; III. Sarabande; V. Sarabande and Loure; VI. Sarabande; I. Sarabande and Gigue, and V. Gigue. After these come the three-part "Inventions" of which the 5th, 9th, 2nd, and 15th, should be left till the last. Then the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" and the "English Suites" may be practised concurrently. If at any time the pupil should not be ready to proceed from one book to another, some of the pieces from Handel's "Suites" may be used as supplementary work, though these are not nearly so valuable for teaching purposes as Bach's compositions.

Of course this part-playing must be accompanied by some sonatina or sonata, and by technical exercises. With regard to sonatinas and sonatas, there are so many excellent ones by Clementi, Mozart, Reinecke, Loeschorn, Gurlitt and others, that I need say nothing. These, however, may with advantage be interspersed with shorter lyric pieces by Gurlitt and Reinecke, and with the melodious studies of Loeschorn.

But with technical exercises great care must be used. Let it always be remembered by the teacher, that the *proper* way to do anything at the piano is really that way which is the *easiest* and most *natural*. The pupil should play the piano just as she would naturally tap the table with her bent fingers. All stiffness, all constraint, whether of the arms, hands, or body, is to be most carefully avoided. Ease in everything is to be constantly aimed at. If the pupil move the hands when only the fingers should be used, she should not be told to hold the hands still, for that would result in a cramped position of the hands, but she must be told to move the fingers freely instead of the hand. So, too, in wrist exercises, the pupil must on no account be taught to *hold* the arms still, but to take care that the hands move entirely from the wrist.

Wrist exercises may be given from the very beginning, ordinary five-finger exercises being played with the sixth below:—



But this work must be stopped directly the wrists ache, and other work practised until the wrists are rested, when the exercises may be resumed for a time.

Particular attention must be paid to the strengthening of the third and fourth fingers by practising slow shakes with the rest of the fingers holding down notes.



The following exercises, too, may be used by more advanced pupils:—



Here the thumb of each hand holds down the same note as the first finger of the other hand, the right thumb passing *over* the left thumb.

It is of the utmost importance that the pupil should be taught to finger properly common chords and their arpeggios. The rule to be remembered is, that in a chord or arpeggio with four notes, the thumb, first finger, and little finger are *always* used; and, if there be only one note between the little finger note and the next note of the chord, the third finger is used; if there are two between, the second finger.



All the common chords on white notes, viz., C, D min., E min., F, G, and A min., should be constantly practised in these different forms of arpeggio in both hands, going all up and down the keyboard.

The thumb requires constant watching. No stiffening or bending outwards when not in use must be allowed. When not playing it should lie in an *easy* attitude, slightly *bent inwards*. And even when used it should be bent inwards, unless it has to be stretched out to reach a note. In passing under the hand in scales and arpeggios it should move under *naturally*, just as it would ordinarily move under the fingers if the hand were away from the piano.

Pupils fairly advanced may be early taught to master the difficulties of uneven time, one hand playing three notes while the other plays only two. Let the following exercise be learnt thoroughly each hand alone, putting an accent on the first note of each three in the right hand, and on the first of each two in the left.



Then let the pupil play one hand while the teacher plays the other. When the pupil has become well accustomed to hearing both parts together, she may attempt to play both herself, but she had better play it a few times with the left hand before the right hand joins in, so as to get one hand into the swing of its time before the other comes in with a different time.

For pupils in the middle grade, let me recommend as studies the first two volumes of Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum." Though, perhaps, not so melodious, they are far more valuable than those of Cramer, which are so generally in use in this country. Hummel's pianoforte works, too, ought to be used far more than they are, for leading the pupil up to the works of our modern composers.

A. D. SWIFT.

MIDST GRANITE HILLS.

THE STORY OF A DARTMOOR HOLIDAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

It was the second day of August, and a close, oppressive day. At this date the Cambridge colleges are supposed to be deserted; but still occasionally gowned figures might be seen in the High Street, or young men in summer suits, who had the unmistakable air of undergraduates. One such was loitering this afternoon on the pavement near the entrance to Trinity. He was a man of about four-and-twenty, with strong, well-knit frame, a dark complexion, which the sun had brought to a rich warmth of hue, and fine dark eyes. No one would have hesitated to call Arthur Seaton good-looking, and his good looks were of a kind that could not fail to please. The frank, kindly look of his dark eyes was not their least charm. The lower part of his face was finely moulded, the mouth being especially good, with delicate, clear-cut lips, certifying refinement, and perhaps some sensitiveness of nature.

Some of his acquaintance were wont to apply the epithet "aristocratic" to Arthur Seaton's appearance; but then they were aware that Arthur was heir to his uncle, the Hon. and Rev. St. Clair Seaton, rector of Trematon-in-the-Moor, and owner of a considerable estate in the neighbourhood, of which few persons could give a more definite account, than that it was somewhere in the wilds of Dartmoor; for the rector was a bachelor of shy, retiring habits, content to remain buried in the country from one year's end to another.

Arthur Seaton was staying on at his college

through the "Long" in order to read. He was destined for the Bar, a profession held eminently suited to youths who find their bread buttered, and thickly buttered too, without any exertion of their own. Truth to tell, the young gentleman was not of a studious disposition. He had suffered the days of the past term to slip by, and yield him but a scanty gleaning of knowledge; and now he had to work hard in order to make up for lost time. But he was in earnest at last. He meant to satisfy his "coach," and fulfil the expectations of his uncle. It cost him something to stay on at Cambridge during the brilliant summer weather. He had at this moment in his pocket a letter from his uncle, urging that it was time he should, for the sake of his health, exchange the warm, heavy atmosphere of the university town, for the keen, bracing breezes of Dartmoor. Surely, wrote his uncle, such reading he still needed to do could as well be done in the quietude of Trematon Rectory as in his rooms at college.

Arthur felt the truth of his uncle's words. The calm of the out-of-the-world moorland village might, indeed, be held well suited to the student; but, as a matter of fact, Arthur had always found it well-nigh impossible to settle to books when at Trematon. He had a passion for life in the open air. The wild, heathery slopes, strewn with granite, and crested by craggy tors, were his favourite haunts. He loved to wander over them in almost any weather, save the blinding mist which renders such solitudes impenetrable. The happy days of his childhood had been passed at Trematon, and he knew every hill-side, every crag, and every hollow for miles round. The neighbourhood had for him a fascination he could find in no other region. On horseback or on foot, with or without gun or fishing-rod, and with no companion save his dog, he could spend whole days on the moors and know no weariness. It was a strange freak of fortune that imposed upon a being so constituted the necessity for a university course.

The temptation presented by his uncle's letter was strong, but Arthur resisted it manfully.

"No," he said to himself, half pausing on the kerb, and striking his boot with the light cane he carried, as if to emphasize his resolve; "no, not yet, my boy. I'll grind on here for another fortnight, and *then* I shall feel safe. After that, not all the 'coaches' in the world shall keep me another hour at Cambridge."

He looked up. A slight, trim, girlish figure was coming through the old gateway of Trinity. The appearance of the girl was familiar to Seaton, though he could claim no acquaintance with her. He knew that she was sister to Erith, a man who had taken his degree with high honours at the cost of his health, having been stricken with a dangerous illness immediately after the examination. He was now convalescent, and Seaton had believed him to have left Cambridge, till this meeting with his sister proved the contrary.

Arthur knew little of Erith. Their rooms were in different quadrangles, and Erith did not belong to Seaton's set. Yet he felt considerable sympathy for the poor fellow when he heard of his breakdown. He was interested, too, in what he heard some of the men say about the pretty sister, who had hastened to Erith as soon as he was taken ill, and was nursing him with devoted care.

Arthur glanced curiously at the girl as she passed him. He had never been so near to her before. Yes, they were right; she was pretty; but how pale and delicate she looked, and what a sad expression her face wore!

"He can't be worse, surely!" said Arthur to himself, as he walked on down the street, keeping in sight the neat little form, clad in rather shabby black. "I suppose she has worn herself out waiting on her brother, and he, brother like, cannot see that she is over-taxing her strength."

Having no sister of his own, Arthur could animadvert on the ways of brothers with an easy conscience. It sometimes made him indignant to see what a careless, offhand manner his friends adopted towards their sisters; and he was persuaded that, if he had had a sister, his conduct towards her would have been very different.

Arthur kept his eyes upon Miss Erith, and presently saw her enter a shop. It was a watchmaker's shop, and one much patronised by the students, for in addition to his more ordinary stock, the shopkeeper dealt largely in curios, and there was rather a rage for his quaint metal-work and rare ornaments amongst the wealthier undergraduates. Arthur Seaton knew the watchmaker well. He had been drawn to the old man by the discovery that he came from Devonshire, and he would often pass an idle quarter of an hour in his shop, turning over his curiosities and chatting to him the while.

Arthur halted now outside the shop, and stood gazing at the strange medley of articles displayed in the window. A quaintly carved tobacco-box met his eye, and he decided to enter and ask its price. He believed that he would have done so in any case, but certain it is that a desire to look again at Erith's sister prompted the impulse.

The door of the shop stood open, and he entered noiselessly. The watchmaker's eyes were examining, through their big, thick-rimmed spectacles, a large, handsome gold watch which he held in his hand. The girl was watching his countenance with an intent, anxious glance. Neither was aware that another customer had entered. Arthur turned aside to examine a Japanese gong. The next moment he felt almost like an eavesdropper as he stood half hidden by a glass screen, for he perceived that Miss Erith's business was not that of a purchaser, but of a seller.

"It was my father's watch," he heard her say. "I would not part with it if I were not obliged. I feel sure I can rely on you to give me what is right for it."

"Ay, that will I. Mr. Erith knows I'm an honest dealer. Too honest for my trade, I think sometimes; for though honesty may be the best policy, it does not bring in large profits nowadays. But how is Mr. Erith getting on? Did I see him driving past here the other day?"

"Yes, we have had one or two drives. He is better, but very weak still. The doctor says all he wants now is bracing air. We must get away somehow, but it is so difficult to arrange. To tell you the truth, Mr. Shears, my brother's long illness has drained our funds, and that is why I need to sell these things. Would you look at this necklet? It was my mother's, and I know it is good."

The colour deepened in Arthur Seaton's face as he listened. He wished himself out of the way, and yet he was deeply interested in what was passing. He had heard it remarked that Erith was as poor as a church mouse, but he had not known till now what that meant. It is difficult for one with ample means to realise the shifts and straits to which refined poverty may be reduced. It touched him to see the young girl laying out her few valuable possessions, and waiting anxiously to hear what they would fetch. Yet he admired her the while. He was struck with the noble simplicity with which she spoke of their difficulties. Apparently she was too proud to be ashamed of her poverty. And again he was struck with the appearance of the pale, delicate face, shaded by brown wavy hair, and the clear gray eyes, that had so sad a look. He fancied they were eyes not meant to be sad. He would like to see them laugh and flash with mischief. The young face was wronged by its shadow of anxiety.

It was impossible to move now without attracting notice, so Arthur waited and heard the bargain finally settled, and saw the money handed across the counter. The young girl put it into her purse with an air of relief. But she had yet another matter to discuss ere she quitted the shop.

"Mr. Shears," she said, "my brother tells me that you know Devonshire."

"To be sure. I'm Devon born and bred. Ashburton is my native place."

"Is it, really? That is strange! My mother lived near Ashburton before she married—but I have never been in Devonshire."

"Indeed, miss, then more's the pity. There's no county like it, to my mind."

"I want to go there. My brother and I have been talking about it. The doctor has suggested Dartmoor for him. I was wondering whether you could tell me of any place where we might get lodgings which would not cost much. I thought we might perhaps get taken in at some farmhouse. We would not mind how humble the accommodation was, and the more out of the way the place the better."

"I see," said the old man. "Now, if you'd asked me a few weeks ago, I could have told you of the very place. I have a cousin who lives in a cottage near Ashburton, and I know you'd have been comfortable with her, and have found her terms reasonable; but then her rooms are let for the whole of August, I know, and so I believe are all the lodgings round Dartmoor by this time."

"Are they? What a pity!" said the girl, with a look of disappointment. "Well, then, I suppose we must think of some other part."

"Ay, it is a pity," returned the watchmaker. "It would have done Mr. Erith a sight of good to go to Dartmoor. There's no air like Dartmoor air. Well, I'll turn it over in my mind, miss, and if I can think of anything likely, I'll let you know."

"Thank you; I shall be much obliged to you," said Miss Erith, as she turned and walked out of the shop without catching sight of Arthur Seaton.

He advanced to the counter.

"Good-day, Mr. Shears."

"Good-day, sir," said the astonished shopkeeper. "Have you been waiting long? I never saw you till this moment."

"Only a few minutes. I would not disturb your business with the lady. I heard her enquiry about Dartmoor lodgings, and I believe I know of a place that would suit her."

"Do you really, sir? To be sure you know Dartmoor as well as I do myself. But what kind of lodgings are they? She wants something very cheap."

"Oh, she might have these for—I mean, they would be very cheap."

"Ah! that's right; for, between you and me, they have very little money, poor things. That long illness has been a great strain on them, and I fancy they are almost friendless. I knew their mother well by sight when I was a lad. She was an orphan, and the adopted niece of a wealthy squire, who, it was believed, would provide handsomely for her. But she offended him sorely by insisting on marrying an Irish officer, with nothing to depend on but his pay; and the old squire washed his hands of her, and when he died there was nothing for her in his will."

"Poor woman! That was hard lines for her."

"Ay, it was, though many said it was no worse than she deserved. Such a bright, dashing girl she was, and so indulged and petted, that it was little wonder she could not

bear to have her will crossed. I always felt sorry for her myself. She has been dead now many a year, and the father is dead too, I understand."

"Where is Miss Erith's home then, I wonder?"

"She lives somewhere in London. She was a music-teacher in a school, I believe; but she threw up her situation in order to come to her brother. They say she plays beautifully. But there, I ought not to repeat these things. I only heard them from Mr. Erith's gyp."

"They are safe with me," said Arthur Seaton. "Mr. Shears, I wish you would let me look at that watch you have just purchased. I believe it is one of the kind I have been looking for."

The watchmaker was at a loss to understand what there was in the old-fashioned hunting watch to attract a gentleman like Mr. Seaton; but he was used to the vagaries of rich young men, and showed no surprise as Arthur proceeded to examine the timekeeper with the air of a connoisseur. But when, having made a fair bargain for the watch, the gentleman began to negotiate for the necklet also, an amused, knowing twinkle appeared in the old man's eyes.

"You won't forget the lodgings, sir," he said, as Arthur took up his purchases, and was about to quit the shop. "Could you give me the address."

"Hum—ha—not at this moment," replied Arthur, with some slight embarrassment. "I must think—I must make enquiries. You shall hear from me about it."

"Thank you, sir."

Arthur stepped into the street with his gayest air. As he walked quickly towards his rooms he looked like a person who had heard good news.

"What a happy thought of mine," he said to himself. "My godmother's bequest will be of some good to me at last. That old farmhouse will be the very place for them. But how can I manage, without hurting their pride, to make them understand that no payment is necessary? I have it. Miss Erith plays beautifully, he said. Then of course—yes, that will do. What a grand idea! I'll write to my uncle at once."

Arrived at his rooms, Arthur Seaton set to work to carry out his grand idea without loss of time. Sitting down at his writing-table, he dashed off a letter to his uncle. After excusing himself from yielding to his uncle's wish that he should return to Trematon forthwith, and giving excellent reasons for remaining, though sorely against his inclination, yet another fortnight at Cambridge, Arthur approached the subject that filled his mind.

"Now, dear uncle," he wrote, "I want you to help me to 'do good by stealth' for once in my life. Your reward will be, I trust, relief from the difficulty with respect to the organ playing in which you have been placed by the departure of Miss Anstey from the parish. There is a man here just recovering from a long illness, the result of overwork. He broke down after his exam., and his sister, a hard-working music governess, had to be summoned to nurse him. I have not the pleasure of their acquaintance, but I feel much for them, as I understand that they are very badly off, and that whilst the doctor has ordered him away to bracing air, the difficulty of meeting the expense makes it almost impossible for them to obey his orders. I have been thinking of Torhill, my godmother's old home. Her rooms have not been occupied since she died. Why should not these two have the use of them? The situation is splendid. It seems a shame that the dwelling should be tenanted only by Sparks and his wife whilst those to whom it would be new life to sojourn there for a while languish in town.

"You will understand that I could not bear to receive payment for the rooms; and yet, being unknown to these two—their name is Erith—I do not feel myself in a position to offer the free use of them.

"Could you not write to Miss Erith, saying that her name has been mentioned to you as a skilled musician, and asking if it would be agreeable to her to spend six weeks at Trematon, and undertake to play the organ at your Sunday services? You could offer her the tenancy of Torhill in lieu of payment, and I am sure she would thankfully accept your offer.

"Please do not pooh-pooh the idea, or dismiss it as absurd, till you have reflected upon it. I rather pride myself on its astuteness. Hoping soon to hear that you have written to Miss Erith,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"ARTHUR SEATON."

"That will be all right," thought Arthur, smiling, as he closed the envelope. "I can trust uncle to do as I wish. There is but one point at which my little scheme can break down. It would be deplorable if the organ should not be Miss Erith's instrument. But she can surely play it a little. I wish I had told uncle to hint that there are no musical critics to be found in the Trematon congregation."

(*To be continued.*)



A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"HONOR Drayton is to go to Miss Arundel in the *petit salon*."

This announcement was made in French, as indeed every statement at "Les Églantiers" must now be understood as being made, unless it chance to occur on Sunday after lunch. This story is for English readers, hence it is natural to translate the dialogue; but the speaking of French was the normal condition of Miss Arundel's school.

Honor started and flushed at the unwelcome summons which heralded the beginning of Monday morning's duties. She had really enjoyed the past Sunday. It had been a charming day of becoming accustomed to her surroundings; of holiday fare, of peace, and service in a pretty English church, with a sweet sense of rest and serenity, and withdrawal from the cares of life. Mabel Thornycroft had been a little homesick in the afternoon, and had shed a few gentle, not bitter, tears. Honor, not in the least homesick herself, had comforted her, and had felt glad at being able to fulfil so unwonted a function.

Miss Arundel, moving in and out among her girls with fair and lofty presence, kindly smiles, and words, had taken no special notice of Honor, which was precisely what was most desirable. But, alas! this happy state of things could not continue.

"Sit down, my child; you may speak English," said Miss Arundel's quick, low voice, as Honor, very embarrassed, red, and awkward, blundered into the room. "We must have a little talk together before we go on any further. Are you getting to feel at home with us?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," blurted out Honor.

"I hope you will; for you see we are all happy here. But life is made up of duty, not of pleasure only, as I need not remind you, and I want to tell you of some little matters you absolutely must attend to. My dear, what makes you stoop so shockingly?"

Miss Arundel was holding herself with her usual grace; her dark eyes were fixed on Honor's scarlet countenance.

"I can't help it."

"You *cannot* help it! This is serious. Is it possible you have curvature of the spine? Your mother surely would have warned me. But if it is true, that you are obliged to crouch in that extraordinary way, I must have it attended to at once. I must consult——"

"Oh, no!" burst in Honor; "I have nothing the matter with my shoulders."

"Then draw yourself upright. Look at me. There! you have quite a different appearance. Put in your chin and hold up your head! Now you have some re-



"ISABEL SLIPPED THE PAPER AMONG THE BUSHES."

semblance to an English girl who is not ashamed to look people in the face, while, when you look like *this*"—Miss Arundel counterfeited poor Honor's usual style—"I really blush for my country!"

"Bad habits, bad habits, Honor! that is all," continued the lady energetically. "I will help you to overcome them. You shall lie down an hour daily, and you must swing by your hands from the rings in the covered gymnasium twice a day at least for three minutes, and as much oftener as you like. Then you must never be off your guard. There it is again!" uttered Miss Arundel, seeing the awkward pose returning. "I will not tolerate it!" And she shook her head with a mixture of severity and good-humour at the hapless girl.

"While we are on this subject," continued Miss Arundel, "I must also warn you that it is not good form for a well-bred girl to swing her arms to and fro as she walks. Now, Honor, I can see that you think these matters are the veriest trifles. They *are* trifles compared with what concerns the inner life. Far be it that I should rank them above truthfulness, honour, goodness! In these matters I trust you will not disappoint me, child: we shall speak of them often during our life together. But the things of which I complain are on the surface; they attract the attention of everyone who sees you, and attract it unpleasantly.

"Now, it is every girl's duty to make herself as pleasant to the eye as she can. It adds a little brightness to the world; and a graceful and becoming exterior is the best expression of a fair soul within. To cultivate such an exterior adds just a tiny little contribution to the sum of human happiness. So when you care nothing how you look, and go about with rough hair, collar awry, holes in your gloves, poked chin, stooping shoulders, and arms working like the bar of a steam-engine, you know you are guilty of both selfishness and laziness—selfishness, because you care nothing about offending the good taste of other people; laziness, because you will not take the trouble to reform."

Selfish and lazy! Honor's face during this lecture was a study to behold; but Miss Arundel was merciless.

"I would rather say all I have to say at once than be continually fidgeting you, child," she concluded, after many more strictures, in which she referred all these matters to a higher standard than Honor had ever dreamed of connecting with them. "Only mind this—you must attend to what I tell you. Now you may go."

There is something in perfect self-possession and elegance which seems to intensify its opposite tenfold. Honor had looked awkward when she stood alone at the schoolroom window at Notting Hill, but she looked ten times more awkward when confronted with the ease and grace of Miss Arundel; her hands, which she never knew what to do with, seemed to grow visibly redder and coarser as she glanced at the delicate white fingers of that lady, and the setting of the pretty, dainty room seemed to throw up every clumsy detail of her pose and figure. She hardly knew how she got out of the doorway. Her face burnt with shame and mortification. When she re-entered the *classe* she fancied every girl knew what had been said to her. Mademoiselle bade her take her seat and write a translation of some English into French, but she hardly appreciated the direction, as she took home the mortifying certainty that not one of her companions but shone in contrast to herself. She felt with bitterness that she was "out of it," and her heart swelled with anger and sorrow.

School days at "Les Églantiers" were very busy. All the morning, classes went on, various professors paid their visits, there was a cheerful *va-et-vient* from the large school-room to the smaller study, and a distant monotonous hum of pianos filled the air. This special day was devoted to an examination for Mabel and Honor, and the new girls acquitted themselves in a fairly creditable manner with regard to both French and German. They heard indeed that they had much to correct in the way of pronunciation, and the dark vivacious little Parisian shuddered when she heard Honor's English "u's"; but things might have been worse.

On the daily walk, Honor, smarting under a sense of wrong, flew to claim Isabel's companionship, and was not deterred by that young lady's rather grudging consent. She longed to pour forth her complaints against Miss Arundel, and, as well as it could be done in a foreign tongue, she managed to make her new friend acquainted with her grievance. Was it not cruel and uncalled-for thus to dwell on her personal peculiarities? She should never like Miss Arundel—never, never; she detested her already.

Isabel was much interested in this view of the case. Shallow, idle, and frivolous, she too resented several home-thrusts she had lately received. Her younger sister Laura was in every way preferred at headquarters, and this in itself was a grievance. The atmosphere of adoration to Miss Arundel in the school was a little too monotonous; it would be agreeable if it could be varied by a touch of covert rebellion. So she fanned the flame of Honor's wrath in every possible way. Certainly it was too bad—most unkind; so soon, too! It was not as if Miss Arundel had given Honor a little time to settle down. It was evident Honor was not going to be a favourite, and for *her* part she pitied girls at "Les Églantiers" who were not favourites. Well, never mind, she—Isabel—would support her, and perhaps Honor would in return help her with her German exercises. "*Je déteste l'allemand, moi.*" Isabel was shrewd enough to discover already that Honor was in Fraülein's good graces as an apt German scholar.

Meanwhile Miss Arundel was speaking in a pitying tone to her friend the housekeeper, Miss Graham.

"Poor child! I can see how full her heart is of rebellion. The medicine was bitter, but it was the truest kindness not to delay in giving it. She will know me better in a little while."

The days flew by in busy routine. Honor had a very terrible interview ere long with the music-master, Herr Steinthal, who was horrified at her heavy touch and lack of execution, and uttered a great many impatient exclamations at her ponderous performance of one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." This too was only a continuation of the bitter experience in England. But with regard to languages Honor was quick and apt, and in so far she had a great advantage. She soon ceased to feel mystified at the French talked by everybody, and grew daily better able to express herself in that language, while on the "German days" she won Fraülein's heart by her ambitious attempts at conversation. In the evening there was always reading aloud of some interesting French or German story while the girls worked and the logs blazed brightly on the cheerful hearth. Sometimes this would be varied by a concert among themselves, or a game at charades. The long daily walks were a great delight. Miss Arundel had a horror of nervous, over-cerebrating women, and insisted on every opportunity of physical development for "her children." In wet weather they played tennis in a covered court, where Honor had to carry out her prescription of hanging by her hands from the gymnastic apparatus twice a day. The food was delicious and abundant. It was a healthy life, fitted to promote the *mens sana in corpore sano*, while the glorious surroundings and bracing air supplemented the home advantages.

The close friendship between Honor and Isabel, or rather it might be called adoration on the one hand, patronage on the other, greatly disturbed the mind of Mabel Thornycroft.

"It seems going from bad to worse," she lamented one Sunday afternoon to Laura Johnson.

"It makes me so angry to hear Honor speak of Miss Arundel—I cannot bear it!" flashed out the other, who was slight and impetuous. "We never talk in our room at all now. I will *not* hear Honor say that Miss Arundel is unkind and cruel. The other day I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, and I would not listen to her."

"Honor is frightfully afraid of Miss Arundel, and so nervous and self-constrained in her presence she does not do herself justice," sighed Mabel. "I only hope a better state of things will come about by-and-by."

Laura shook her head dubiously. While Isabel maintained her ascendancy over Honor she felt sure that matters could not improve.

Meanwhile Honor was the victim of one of those mad attachments for her elder and prettier schoolfellow which every schoolgirl has either experienced in her own person or witnessed in others. She hung upon Isabel's lightest word, followed her about with dog-like, wistful eyes, bought her flowers and chocolate, helped her with her German, and worshipped at her shrine. Isabel played the guitar and sang passably, and these accomplishments were adorable in Honor's opinion. All this incense was very satisfactory to Miss Johnson,

who accepted it graciously, bestowing only a half condescending kindness in return. It enhanced her importance among the other girls, and it was pleasant and convenient to be plied with the small offerings that schoolgirls love.

One warm spring half-holiday Isabel and Honor were sitting out in the garden in a sheltered spot, where evergreens were cut so as to form an arbour. Isabel had been delighting her votary by thrumming an air on the guitar; when she had finished Honor reluctantly remembered that she had still half an hour to practise on the piano.

"Very well," returned Isabel in French, "I shall read while you are gone, and you can come back here afterwards if you like."

Honor felt a little astonished as she retired to see Isabel deliberately pull a folded English magazine from her pocket and begin to read. The law as to never speaking or reading English save on Sunday was most strictly observed at "Les Églantiers," and compliance with it was made a point of honour. Had it been otherwise, the efficiency of the school as a medium of learning foreign languages would of course have been injured, and the matter was therefore no trifle. The girls were not spied upon, but Miss Arundel trusted in their honour, and was scarcely ever disappointed.

Honor, who laid immense stress upon the virtue she connected with her name, and who was, according to her light, the most conscientious of girls, felt sorely disturbed as she went to her practising. Perhaps Isabel had only meant to glance at some passage for an instant. So perfect a being could not mean to do a dishonourable act with deliberation. She counted the minutes till she could return and prove her own suspicions groundless.

Alas! Isabel was still reading.

"Oh! this is such an interesting story—all about a girl who went to Switzerland and a German musical professor," she observed in French as Honor approached. "Wait a minute—I shall soon have done this chapter."

"But, Isabel, it is English," Honor ventured to protest.

"*Eh bien! cela ne te regarde pas*," retorted Isabel, startled to see the devotee exhibit the tendencies of a critic, but contemptuous of any suggestion from Honor. Suddenly a step close at hand and the voice of Miss Arundel behind the shrubbery startled the girls. In an instant Isabel had leapt to her feet, slipped the paper well out of sight among the bushes, and stood with a smiling countenance ready to greet her governess. Honor looked and felt much disturbed.

"*Eh bien, mes enfants!*" exclaimed Miss Arundel as she came upon them, with a lady friend. "Be careful; this is not summer, to sit out of doors all the afternoon."

"But it *is* beautifully warm, isn't it, for March?" put in the lady, Mrs. Winstanley, the wife of the English consul in Belle-Rive. "Who would suppose that we may have snow by-and-by?"

"Mrs. Winstanley has brought me some good news; you two children shall be the first to hear of it," said Miss Arundel, who dearly loved to give pleasure. "We are all invited to Pré-Fleuri on the evening of the 25th, and I have accepted, though I tell Mrs. Winstanley we shall take her by storm."

"Nothing of the sort—nothing of the sort!" protested the hospitable matron. "Why, Mr. Winstanley always declares that our rooms would look very bare without the English flowers from 'Les Eglantiers.' Mind you *all* come, or I shall never forgive you."

The parties at the English consul's were deservedly famed throughout Belle-Rive. All the notabilities of the Swiss town were to be found in Mrs. Winstanley's spacious rooms and conservatories, listening to her good music and eating her ices on these occasions. It may easily be imagined that it was a matter of great amusement for the schoolgirls to put on their prettiest dresses and peep out at their little world from under Miss Arundel's wing.

Isabel was profuse in her thanks, while Honor sat still and uncomfortable till the ladies had passed on.

"Well, what is the matter now?" enquired Isabel sharply. "Really, Honor, I must say I don't wonder at Miss Arundel scolding you if you sit looking like an escaped convict or a deaf mute when visitors chance to see you and give you invitations."

"I cannot help it," was all Honor said, as she rose to return to the house. Isabel stared at her, but there was something in the other's face which did not encourage further conversation.

(*To be continued.*)

HEALTH FOR TROPICAL TRAVELLERS.

By "MEDICUS."

ALTHOUGH I am no advocate for invalids going far away to tropical climates, for the cure of any ailment that can possibly be benefited by a residence at one or other of our own sea-side or inland health resorts, still a great many of our readers do go or have to go, and it is on their account I am giving the hints contained in this paper.

There are indeed a large number of cases of illness that may be cured even before one reaches one's destination—cured by the rest and quiet of months of life on the ocean wave. What is called insomnia, or sleeplessness, is one of these. This insomnia is a disease brought about usually by hard work, anxiety, and worry; and although I do not mean to describe its symptoms or physiology at present, I may just say that it is all too apt to become chronic, and then it is almost, if not quite, incurable. It is usual for the sufferer to go to the seaside for a time in order to get rid of it. She needs in such a case to be very careful in the choice of a place of residence.

There is no model watering-place in this country, such as there are in some parts of, say, Germany, where bad music and street cries are vigorously interdicted.

I myself lately suffered from a kind of nerve prostration, with sleeplessness, caused by the pain of lumbago-sciatica, a complaint from which I sincerely trust none of our readers will ever suffer much. I had always liked Brighton rather—it is bracing, anyhow; and although lower in caste than Scarborough, one can find amusement in it. I am here now, and despite the dreadful noises with which the Corporation of Hove permits the streets to ring from morn till dewy eve, I must say I am better.

But, O! the first nights and days! I hardly know anything more trying to the nerves than to be racked with pain, and feeling wretchedly tired and sleepy, without the chance of getting even forty winks, owing to the yelping and yelling of quadrupeds and bipeds on the street beneath. I ought to have gone further afield—away down in Cornwall or on the Welsh coast. There is many a beautiful, dreamy, drowsy wee place that positively can woo one to sweetest slumber. But I feared the long journey. Well, here at Brighton, or rather Hove, the first week was a terrible one. Probably I had not slept two consecutive half-hours the night before, but well I knew there could be no rest till after twelve. There was nothing for it but to lie till then and read, with hot and weary eyes. A political meeting dismissed itself at ten, and the young people played games and chased each other, shrieking up and down the street for half-an-hour after. There might be a semi-lull after this, broken only by a yelping fox-terrier that made periodical rushes at anything or anybody passing. Then the people from the Alhambra came along, laughing, talking, screaming, whistling, and singing snatches of the songs they had been listening to. Then perhaps a couple of inebriate individuals would stop beneath the window to have a long and stupid argument. Perhaps they fought, and the policeman came, and of course the fox-terrier. But when twelve tolled out from the belfry there was comparative quiet, broken only by the tireless voice of that fox-terrier—comparative but certainly not complete silence. The walls of many of the houses in Brighton are hardly a brick thick. The town is to a great extent jerry-built, and the tail-end of an earthquake would be the worst thing that could happen to it. So not only does the old lady next door begin to cough, but the spoiled baby begins to cry, not from illness apparently, but from ill-nature; and his mother-in-law—no, I mean his father's mother-in-law, that would be *his* grandmother—instead of spanking him, wheedles and kisses and cuddles him (I could hear her), and that makes him worse. He keeps it up grimly till one o'clock strikes, then all is

hushed except the bronchitic old lady's cough. Some insane idea of putting on my dressing-gown and going in next door with a bottle of paregoric for her comes into my mind; and I might kill two birds with one stone, I might tackle the baby, I might knock at the bedroom door and say to the granny, "Is your rest broken by a sick child? Here is a bottle of Mother Quackinbosh's Syrup; it is 'grateful, comforting, and warranted to strike only on the box.'" I have nearly fallen asleep when a puff of wind makes the windows rattle in the frames, and I get up to stick bits of paste-board in the sashes; and as soon as my head is once more on the pillow the fox-terrier has another eruption. In despair I read again, and two o'clock strikes. It is a bright moonlight night, and the Cochin China cock in an adjoining yard thinks it is morning and begins to hullo, and starts all the other cocks within a mile of him. Three o'clock strikes. I put out my candle and lie round on my other side. I'm nearly off. A cats' concert begins just under the window, and is kept up nearly an hour. I open the window and say "Shoo!" They don't mind that. I get the water jug and commence to empty water down into the area. The thing slips out of my hand and falls down with a terrible and startling crash. There is an end to the concert. Perhaps I've killed a cat. I won't go into mourning. But a window is thrown open over the way, the fox-terrier yelps again, four o'clock strikes, and a policeman comes hurrying up the street as wide awake as any policeman ever is. It is broad daylight now, and I am going to try to sleep. The jackdaws are making a terrible row though, and I lie and toss till a quarter to five. I know it is a quarter to five because there is a cockatoo who, precisely at that time every morning, arouses the neighbourhood with his ear-splitting yells.

But "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," comes at last, and I doze. No, I cannot say "balmy sleep;" there is not much balm about it. I dream that I am once more in Africa, fighting Somali Indians, till one with a hideous yell is about to thrust a spear into me, and I awake to find it is no Indian at all, but a fiend with a milk-pail shouting "Miawk!" Wearied and worn I turn out now and have my bath. But the day has begun now in earnest, and the street cries are hideous, discordant, awful. Shouts of "milk" and "mackerel," yells of "rags and bones," German bands, nigger troupes, street pianos, hurdy-gurdies, grinning Italian children with accordions, blind men with melodeons, a wretch with a cornet, a boy with a concertina, the boot-lace man, the stay-lace man, costermongers by the dozen, a Tipperary Highlander in ragged Scotch costume and bagpipes, and the little yellow dog down the street, who gets so many thrashings from the other dogs every day that I wonder he has a single bone left unbroken.

Well, that is "twice round the clock" in Brighton or Hove. Hardly suited to a nervous invalid, is it?

But now, reader, I am going to send you a-packing over the sea and far away, and tell you what you are going to do *en voyage*, and after you reach the foreign land.

I am presuming you are an invalid. Australia is eminently suited to a large number of cases, especially those of chest weakness. India, both East and West, is so also, and even the Cape of Good Hope.

But if time is no object, and you are at all nervous, I should advise you to go in a sailing ship, for the sake of the quiet, the almost holy calm, compared to the steam-mill rattle and din of an ocean packet. If, in one of these, your cabin happens to be amidships, you shall very likely be awakened every night by the noise of the men taking up ashes and cinders. It is a terrible noise, and it is added to by the clatter of the fellows' tongues—sailors I could not call them.

There is of course nothing of this kind in a sailing vessel, and some of those that go southward and round the Cape are marvellously fast. Once they get hold of the trade winds they rip along in the most enjoyable way. You will not be sea-sick long in a sailing ship, because the motion is less jerky, and there are no vile smells. However, if you are sick for a few days, you must fight it. Go on deck every day, well or ill, and have a sea bath every morning. Clothe warmly for the first week, then bend your fine weather gear—I mean wear light dresses.

But listen—Have light flannels next the skin if you value your health.

I shall now suppose that you have reached port, and from port have travelled to the spot that is to be your home for some time to come.

Your health will have been greatly recruited by the long quiet voyage and the bracing ozonic breath of old ocean. Well, everything about and around you will be so fresh and new, that you may be pardoned for imagining you have received a new lease of life. And so you may have, only you must take care of it, or the exhilaration you feel on your first arrival may give way to depression, not to say despondency, after a few weeks.

I have myself considerable experience of life in tropical lands; but Stanley himself, the illustrious African traveller, bears me out in what I am now going to advise, as far as dress and dietary in hot countries are concerned.

Well, you are now in a tropical country, and not yet acclimatised. You must not think of living as you did in dear old England—not in any way, unless you want to get terrible bilious attacks, ailments of the liver, and probably even sunstroke.

The strength must be kept up; for what with the heat and the extraordinary activity of the skin, debility and exhaustion are very likely to ensue if not guarded against.

It is to be hoped you sleep well, and rise in the morning betimes well refreshed. Labour is cheap in tropical climes, and you may have had a wee black lass to keep the punkah in motion and fan you to sleep. Get up and have your coffee; then your bath. Even if the water be rather warm, you will find this most refreshing, especially if you soap all over with good soap. Dress leisurely.

Dress, if possible, all in woollen clothing.

This may be light enough, and it defies a chill. A chill in a hot climate is always dangerous, and nearly constantly followed by some degree of fever.

Besides, as you cannot help perspiring, it is possible you may at times *nolens volens* have to sit in a draught. There is nothing more dangerous to a weakly person. But the wearing of woollen clothing will reduce the danger to a minimum.

Disorders of the alimentary canal are easily brought on in tropical countries, as well as ailments of still more important internal organs. Therefore, I counsel all to do as I do, wear a light flannel bandage round the loins next the skin. It should be changed every day in very hot weather, and is a very great protection indeed.

It may feel cool and nice to sleep between linen or cotton sheets, but to the invalid it is highly dangerous. Be warned, therefore, and adopt the woollen system. The coverings need be but light—indeed, they must be light—but they ought to be of wool.

The mattress should be very flat. Hair is best, I think. Most spring mattresses are beds of misery, owing to their disagreeable movements, and the distressing position of body they cause one to assume. A good mattress *must* be flat to be healthy, and the pressure of the body should not interfere with its flatness. A hammock is far better than a wretched spring mattress. In India I have often been unchristian enough to wish that an elephant might lie down on top of the man who made my mattress.

I hardly know how to advise ladies as to head gear. The best form, I think, is some kind of sun hat. If a few green leaves are placed inside there will be less chance of sunstroke or distress caused by the sun.

Now as to *fruits*. I take this portion of the dietary first, because they are best eaten before breakfast; but they must be eaten sparingly even in the morning. No seed-filled fruit should be taken. Mangoes are good, so are guavas and bananas. The good old-fashioned orange is better than all; yet, I think, only the juice should be swallowed. Well, there is the pine-apple, a delightful fruit indeed, but a dangerous one. Take a slice, or even two, of a nice ripe one, but swallow only the juice.

In the cool of the morning—if there be any cool—you may take a five minutes' tour in the open air. Then have a light breakfast, with *good* tea or pure coffee and plenty of milk—goat's if possible. If meat is taken it should be tender and lean. What you must avoid at this meal and at all meals are fat and oily substances.

A very light but nutritious lunch may be taken about one o'clock—and dinner in the cooler part of the afternoon, say about six o'clock or after.

I do not advise for a moment that you should stint yourself in food—far from it; indeed, the enervation caused by heat demands the highest degree of nourishment. But it should be of a non-stimulating kind. Hence, too much meat should not be partaken of. Fish, mutton, goat flesh, fowl, eggs, and milk, with light nutritious puddings, are all good. The eggs may be cooked in a variety of ways. Then there is *milk*. You can hardly use too much milk. But if at all weakly, it is well to peptonise it. I don't know if Fairchild's peptonising powders can be obtained in India, though so much prescribed here. So it would be well to take out with you quite a large supply. Dilute one pint of good milk with a quarter of a pint of pure filtered water; add one powder, and place in hot water—as hot as the hand can bear it—for twenty minutes. Then let it cool. Ice it if you like, and use it as a drink. This is most excellent nourishment in any case where there is a tendency to laxity of the system.

As to *work*. Whether physical or mental, I do not think one can do the same amount as in a temperate climate. My own experience is that mental toil renders one sleepy and stupid if the weather be *very* warm, and that physical soon exhausts. But anyhow, the early morning and the evening are the times for labour, whether mental or bodily. For all reasons avoid the heat of the mid-day hours, when birds sit silent under the shade of the branches, and even the crows are waddling about with their mouths wide open.

If you are travelling, do it as early as possible, and if in a hurry, resume it again after or near to sunset.

Use an umbrella or sunshade if exposed to the sun, no matter how good your hat may be.

Beverages.—If you are travelling, carry with you a small portable filter. If at home, make a practice of having all the water both boiled and filtered before you drink it. The juice of half a lemon added to a tumblerful of water, with sugar to taste, makes a very wholesome beverage. But green limes are far better than lemons. If you can have neither, a little citric acid will do good.

Soda-water iced with a dash of claret is good. But sweetened effervescing waters such as lemonade are not very wholesome.

Alcoholic beverages must be avoided, with the exception of a little of the lighter wines.

Great care must be taken to reside in a healthy locality—not anywhere near a marsh, but on ground as high as possible.

Travel away to the Indian Highlands if possible. No one who does not do so can have any idea of the richness and beauty of the country, nor even of its healthfulness.

As to *medicines*.—If you live according to wise rules, never eat or drink of anything that is too heating or stimulating; get good sleep at night; take the morning tub regularly, and a reasonable amount of exercise combined with recreation; remembering also that work itself is of value from a health point of view; and if you keep up the strength by means of easily-digested food, you will have very little need to resort to the medicine chest. Indeed, I advise you so to live that you shall be independent of medicine unless in case of accident.

In my next health lecture I shall—if agreeable to His Serenity the Editor—give a brief account of the symptoms of some of the complaints most common to European residents in tropical countries.

I believe this will make a very nice and useful paper, and I will not forget to say a word or two about how to retain a good complexion even in India. For you must know that I think it is quite possible for a young lady to return home to Britain, after a good long spell in the tropics, looking as bright and bonnie as a new shilling, instead of as yellow as an Australian sovereign or a withered dock leaf.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—*Continued.*

It is a relief to find that Elizabeth did not spend the whole of the seven months which she passed at Woodstock in "systematically harassing" her unlucky guardian and victim. She practised, when she was in the humour, the art of embroidery. She was "a needle-woman, royal and renowned." There is still preserved in the Bodleian Library her black-letter copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, with the cover worked by her own hand, in delicate devices in gold, during her stay at Woodstock. On a blank leaf is written one of the allegorical conceits in which she took pleasure:—

"August.—I walked many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

Elizabeth was said also to have illustrated her theory of government by what she noticed with regard to the great trees in the park, that they overshadowed and injured the underwood by depriving it of light and air. In a similar manner the nobles obstructed the growth of the people, and in her judgment the prerogatives and privileges of the higher class ought to be diminished in order to permit the rise of their social inferiors. This was the policy which had already recommended itself to Henry VIII, and in thus advocating it there spoke the future Queen of the people, the vindicator of their rights and protector of their persons, as she said of herself, "the most English woman in her kingdom."

Elizabeth's old house of bondage, together with the Castle of Woodstock, of which it was an appendage, has long ago perished; but while it remained two relics of her survived, according to eye-witnesses. On a pane of glass in a lattice window she had written with a diamond the sarcastic commentary—

> "Much suspected, of me
> Nothing proved can be,
> Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

And she is said to have also written with a piece of charcoal on a shutter a more ambitious and elaborate protest, beginning—

> "Oh! Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state
> Hath fraught with cares my troubled lot,"

and ending with her customary vigorous denunciation of her enemies:—

> "So God send to my foes all they have brought,
> Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

The well-known episode of the milkmaid is said to have occurred at Woodstock. The Princess, sick with hope deferred, crushed by the intolerable irksomeness of her captivity, perhaps no longer caring to take refuge in proud sullenness and idle petulance, heard a milkmaid singing in rustic freedom and content as she carried her pails along a path behind the garden wall. Then the daughter of kings exclaimed in her weariness and soreness of heart, that she would she could change places with the peasant's daughter. It was well that the wish was not granted, for the woman who was destined to be a great Queen would have made, unless she had undergone another alteration than that of rank, but a sorry milkmaid!

Outer forces were compassing Elizabeth's deliverance. Mary, in her brief married happiness, was disposed to be more favourable to her sister, especially when Philip exerted himself to plead her cause. The reason of Philip's persistent friendliness to Elizabeth at this date is totally inexplicable to modern historians. It was certainly from no innate humanity or kindliness of disposition. It may have been in an ill-natured effort to thwart Renaud, who had strongly advocated Philip's detested marriage. On the other hand, there was an impression that if Philip was to find a bride in England he would have greatly preferred the handsome, high-spirited younger sister, his equal in years, to the faded, sickly, and, alas! too devoted Mary.

It has been thought that in his heartlessness he calculated on his wife's speedy death, and did not wish to prejudice his chances as Elizabeth's suitor when he should be free. Elizabeth, with her rampant personal vanity, took this view of his conduct, and upheld it in after years. But she is by no means an impartial witness, and his long-continued support of the suit of Philibbert of Savoy for the hand of Elizabeth is an argument against the idea that Philip then thought of her as a wife for himself.

Whatever its origin, Philip's maintenance of Elizabeth's claims caused her to be invited to Hampton Court for the festivals at Christmas, 1554. She was escorted to and fro by Sir Henry Bedingfield.

A very comical anecdote is preserved in the Harleian MSS. of the earlier part of their progress. "As she came to Ricot, the wind was so high that her servants had much ado to keep her clothes about her, and her hood was blown twice or thrice from her head, whereupon she desired to retire herself to a gentleman's house to dress up her head. Sir Henry would not permit this, and she was fain to alight under a hedge and trim herself as she best could." If Elizabeth had to perform her toilet "under a hedge," Sir Henry was not without his reason. Either he distrusted her motives, or he had ground for condemning the politics of the house to which she wished to repair. Unquestionably she was allowed so much of her state as a princess that sixty of her suite were suffered to rejoin her before she arrived at Court. *Apropos* of her suite, one member to whom Dr. Dee refers a little later is "Tomasine the Dwarf." The classification sounds like a pendant to that of "Jane the Fool," who figured in Mary's household.

Elizabeth's reception was still dubious enough. She was not allowed to forget that, though a guest, she continued a prisoner. She was kept under guard, and she had repeated interviews with Gardiner and other members of the Council, who urged her to confess her wrong-doing, as a justification of their treatment of her, and as a step to receiving the Queen's pardon. Elizabeth was not to be betrayed into criminating herself. Poor Wyatt's speech on the scaffold had failed to inculpate her, and she preserved an undaunted, defiant front to her assailants. She took her stand on having suffered wrong from having been unjustly kept in durance, and utterly repudiated the notion that she had done anything to deserve imprisonment. After the lapse of a week, she was conducted one night across the garden to Mary's "lodging," as has been already described. There the two sisters had the famous interview at which Philip is rumoured to have assisted behind the arras. If so, it was the first time he saw Elizabeth. A bench of judges and bishops, nay, a headsman and his axe, would not have sufficed to shake her on her high ground of injured innocence which she chose to take up. Naturally, a gloomy, unconvinced sister, simply seeking to do right in her pain and perplexity, failed to wring anything from the unconvicted offender. Elizabeth had the victory; and though Mary would not own herself satisfied, her sister was at least partially restored to her place as Princess. She shared in the royal festivities, she sat at the Queen's table, and in the royal gallery at the joustings held in honour of Philip and Mary's marriage. She heard matins in the Queen's closet. Either out of policy or bravado, she renounced the extreme simplicity of dress, for which she had been hitherto distinguished, and appeared in the dainty magnificence of white satin and pearls. It was understood that Philibbert of Savoy, who was expected on a visit to his friend, Don Philip, had been invited with the intention of promoting the union with Elizabeth to which she was wholly disinclined; but the wooer was delayed by stress of weather and sickness, and came too late for the festivities.

It is known that Elizabeth returned to Woodstock, while it could hardly have been of her free will; but the dates of her return and of her final departure are both uncertain. Her first stay was of seven months' duration; her second could not have lasted above three months. She was in a

different position latterly, when her grand-uncle, Lord William Howard, visited her, and was granted much more freedom of action; and just as there had been inevitable reports of plots for her assassination in the beginning of her captivity, there were rumours towards the close that she was practising magical arts against Queen Mary, with the assistance of no less a person than the Welsh scholar, Dr. John Dee, who was then residing at Oxford, and figuring as an astrologer. There can be no doubt that Elizabeth, in spite of her strong sense, had a great hankering after the romantic mysteries of astrology. When she was the young Queen, she had frequent confidential consultations, on the most private matters, with the fantastic dreamer and dupe of his own learning. She not only summoned him to her palaces, she visited him on more than one occasion at his house at Mortlake, an honour of which he has left minute accounts in his private diary. She was not singular in her inclination. One has only to read Dr. John Dee's Diary to marvel at some of the names simply and familiarly given as those of his clients. The owners of the names came not only to examine the rare collection of mathematical instruments he had brought from the Low Countries, but to have their horoscopes drawn out, and the favourable days selected for the gentlemen to start on important enterprises. Among these clients were the Secretary Walsingham, the future Chancellor—Sir Christopher Hatton, Raleigh's half-brother—"Sir Humphrey Gilbert," and "young Mr. Hawkins, who was then at sea with Drake."

It is a pleasure to find, in relation to Elizabeth's nobler qualities, that when she did quit Woodstock, she and Sir Henry Bedingfield parted in amity after their protracted warfare. Not only did Elizabeth bear no malice against her "gaoler," whom she had tormented with great skill and success; she recognised his trustworthiness, and showed her recognition, in the days of her power, by promoting and employing him, zealous Catholic as he was.

Elizabeth was at last permitted to go to her own house of Hatfield, and stay there, with some royal surroundings, as she had dwelt formerly. But she was not left solely to her own devices; she had to accept the presence of Sir Thomas Pope, as a kind of comptroller of her household—an office to which he was appointed by Mary, in order to prevent further political intrigues on her sister's part. In other respects, Sir Thomas discharged the duties of a courteous and well-qualified chamberlain, with whom Elizabeth was on the best of terms. She accommodated herself to his company, and he, in his turn, made it acceptable to her by ministering to her love of splendour and romance, by getting up—sometimes at his own cost—such masks and pageants as she delighted in. Now it was a mask in her hall—to contribute to which twelve minstrels were "anticly disguised," and forty-six gentlemen and ladies presented themselves "apparelled in crimson satin, garnished with borders of hanging pearls." Now it was an open-air pageant, that Elizabeth might "hunt the hart," as if in an enchanted forest. Her retinue consisted of twelve noble ladies in white satin, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback. She was met by "fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows." One of the archers presented her "with a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacocks' feathers." "At the close of the sport, her Grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat," a compliment of which she was not unlikely to avail herself, Agnes Strickland remarks drily. Yet Elizabeth was not bloodthirsty.

Elizabeth was not always indulging herself in such sports. In Mary's misery, on the departure of Philip, in 1555, her sister was with her at Greenwich, and sedulously recommended herself to the bereaved and desolate woman by emulating her fasts, confessions, and attendance at mass. Elizabeth also resumed her studies under Roger Ascham, reading with him Greek (the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes), both at Greenwich and when she returned to her own house of Hatfield. Her gifted tutor, who had known many of the accomplished women of the day, notably Elizabeth's young cousin, Lady Jane Grey, entertained an immense admiration for the Princess, not merely for her wonderful mental powers and attainments, but also for the gentle and amiable tone which it was her pleasure to adopt to him. His high-flown compliments were better warranted and more sincere than many of a similar character which were addressed to Elizabeth. Ascham was not the only old friend whom Elizabeth recalled. With her tenacious will and retentive affections, whether they were well or ill-bestowed, she summoned back others who were not desirable associates, among them Mrs. Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry, an unwise proceeding, with regard to which Mary had still enough interest in what was passing around her to testify her displeasure.

In spite of the small amount of cordiality that existed between the sisters, they continued to exchange visits at Hatfield and Greenwich. Of the principal visit which Mary paid to Elizabeth, Miss Strickland has furnished us with some details. Elizabeth had the State apartments hung with new and magnificent tapestry in the Queen's honour, while a play was acted by the choir boys of St. Paul's for her delectation. The hostess herself played on the virginals, in order to accompany the singing of a specially sweet-throated chorister.

Elizabeth was still beset at times, not only by Mary, but through Mary, by Philip, with overtures of marriage from her persevering wooer, Philibbert of Savoy. Yet the gentleman was credited with so little sincerity in his pursuit, that he was said to have been seen "making love" from his window in the palace to another princess. This interloper was Philip and Mary's beautiful twice-widowed cousin, Christina of Lorraine, who was also on a visit at the English Court.

Elizabeth's house of Hatfield was not more than twelve miles from London, to which she now went occasionally, attended by a goodly company of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and hailed with vehement expressions of regard by the citizens.

In the winter of 1558, Mary was evidently dying. In obedience to her sense of justice, and at the request of her absent husband, whom she had vainly proposed as her successor, she was ready to appoint Elizabeth her heir. But, as might have been expected, she sought first to obtain from her sister an assurance on the subject which was nearest to Mary's heart—the continuance of the Roman Catholic religion, as it had been re-established in England by her means. Very different and entirely conflicting testimony is given with respect to Elizabeth's reception of the Queen's requirement. According to one of the Princess's friends, she replied with great dignity and intrepidity. She expressed her regret for Mary's illness, but declined to owe her any obligation for the succession to the Crown, as it was hers — Elizabeth's—by right. She announced that she would hold herself as much at liberty to choose her councillors as Mary had been to choose hers. She promised not to change the religion of the country, inasmuch as it could be proved by the Word of God. She undertook to pay Mary's debts, since they were a primary claim on her successor.

There is this to be said for the authenticity of the account, that the sentences have the ring of Elizabeth's speeches.

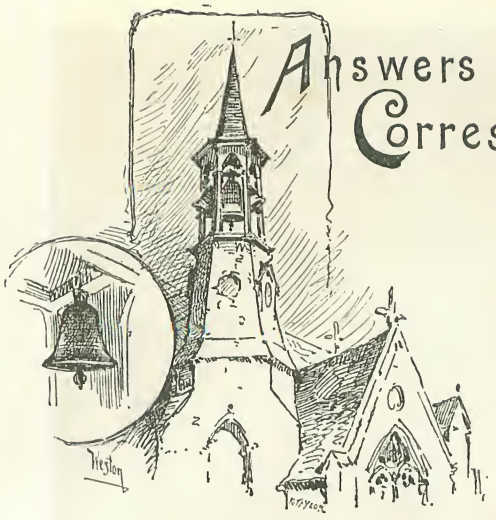
According to Elizabeth's enemies, her behaviour was very different. The chief witnesses are the De Ferias. Count de Feria was at this time Philip's ambassador. The Countess de Feria, whom he married not long afterwards, was Mistress Jane Dormer, one of Mary's ladies. She alleged that Mary sent her with the Crown jewels to Elizabeth, asking from her a pledge for the preservation of the Roman Catholic religion. Then Elizabeth, calling down upon herself a peculiarly awful punishment (that the earth might open and swallow her up), if she were not a true Roman Catholic, bound herself to comply with the Queen's wishes.

The truth probably lies between these two versions of the story. Elizabeth had so long trimmed her sails to suit the policy of the moment, that it is hardly likely that before Mary's death was *un fait accompli*, she should burst out into a declaration of independence. Neither was she by any means the person to be swayed by a dying woman's last prayers. She knew that, provided Mary died as she was expected to do, the course was clear for her successor. She had only to wait for a sign of how the wind of public opinion in the masses blew, to steer her bark on that middle course between extreme Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and extreme Protestantism on the other, which was so dear to her philosophic, temporising mind.

One thing was plain. A crowd of courtiers was flocking along the twelve miles of road to Hatfield to hail the coming Queen, while Mary lay dying among her few remaining friends at St. James's Palace. Although the sisters had been on fairly good terms for years, there is not the slightest hint that Elizabeth made any movement to see the Queen and bid her farewell. The Princess is said with her usual astuteness to have employed Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to bring her certain news of Mary's death, by asking from one of the Queen's ladies, who was friendly to Elizabeth, a particular token of the event, in the shape of a black enamelled ring, one of Philip's gifts, which poor Mary had been in the habit of wearing day and night. But before Throckmorton could do his errand, a deputation from the Council reached Hatfield. They came to announce the Queen's death, and offer Elizabeth their homage. She appeared greatly overcome. She fell upon her knees, and with the tendency which she so often showed to wrest Scripture to suit her circumstances, cried, "This is the Lord's doing! It is marvellous in our eyes."

On that November day Elizabeth had attained the age of twenty-five years and two months.





Answers to Correspondents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Discouraged Widow.—In all cases the widow would have one-third of the intestate's real or personal property, the rest of personal property to children. But your best plan is to consult an honest lawyer, as we do not at all understand your use of the word "gift," so cannot say anything further.

Eleanor.—Is not the library at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, E., near to you? We think if your sister attends to rabbits, bees, and poultry, she has enough to do without any more added to it.

Hypatia.—The period between Malachi and John the Baptist is related for us in *Josephus*, the books of the Maccabees, and in the history of the same period in other nations. You will find it admirably told in the *Bible Handbook*, by Dr. Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.; price 5s.

Em and Min might try the Isle of Man for their holiday perhaps, the fares from Liverpool being moderate. Hayling Island, Deal, Walmer, and Cromer are all pleasant places, and Swanage has plenty of attractions and excursions.

Tea.— "A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise,"
is from a poem by A. L. Waring.

E. B.—1. You can read the full particulars at the end of "Dress Article" in the "G. O. P." each month.—2. There was an answer to correspondents on p. 48, vol. x., on "Gold-Leaf Stamping on Leather."

Ivy.—1. The velvet must be strained over boiling water to take out the mark.—2. The 6th of February, 1876, was a Sunday.

Etta would have to go to New York by steamer, and from thence to San Francisco by land. Write to any of the steamship companies when you are ready to start. You will find all addresses in the daily papers; and you could buy your ticket for the whole way in London. For your passage out you would do well to have a warm dress, serge being suitable; and as the weather will be very hot on land you will find some cotton blouses comfortable; a dust-cloak also will be needful, and thinner stockings and underclothing.

One who Wants to Know will be free of all legal control only at twenty-one. Full information on "The Rights and Obligations of Children and Parents" is given at p. 514, June monthly number.

Kathleen O'Flynn.—Wash the child's head well, dry, and put on a quantity of oil or pomade. Keep the hair full of this constantly, and you will get rid of the trouble.

Pot Pourri is best made when the roses are in bloom, the leaves being gathered and dried day by day.—2. Lemon juice is used, be believe, for rheumatism, and is also thought to affect the liver.

Nell.—"Though the mills of God grind slowly" is from a poem called "Retribution," by Von Lagan, translated by Longfellow. The "Water Mill" is a poem by MacCallum. The line you quote ends each verse—"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Ambitious One.—"A lie that is half a lie" is the beginning of a line from Tennyson's "Maud."

H. M. W.—Initials on handkerchiefs are usually worked in satin stitch. The letter is first traced, then run round or outlined with embroidery cotton, and the inside filled up with loose stitches or padded. Then commence to work over and over in the stitch called satin stitch.

A German Girl.—We know of no book to help you save the *Dictionary of English Literature*, published by Cassell & Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C.; price 15s.

Lily Somerset.—The meaning of "Kyrie Eleison" is "The Lord have mercy on us."

Fannie.—Patent leather boots are best cleaned with milk; this prevents their cracking, and keeps them bright.

Halma.—1. We cannot find any such title or name in the *Peerage* or *Landed Gentry*, but in the *Army List* there is an officer of the name.—2. The name of the Secretary of the Royal Academy is Mr. Frederick A. Eaton; Burlington House, Piccadilly, W., is the address.

Philip II. of Spain (a very ambitious *nom de plume*).—If, as we are told, not a sparrow can fall to the ground without God's knowledge, we think we may take our smallest troubles and sorrows to Him, and confide in His love and sympathy.

An Anxious One's spelling and writing are both so bad that we do not see how she *could* be a teacher of any kind. There are twenty-six mistakes in spelling in your note, and numberless faults in grammar, and vulgar expressions such as "Dear Mister Editor," "I am above such like." We advise you to tell your mother at once, and give up the idea of teaching for the "milingary busness" as she wishes. At sixteen you are too young to take your own way, and far too young to think of matrimony.

Ivy and Shamrock, Margretta, Hypatia, Marguerite S., E. M. D. S., Une Petite Enfant, E. W. C., B. E. W., Emmeline D., Aged Nineteen, A Puir Lassie, Sara Reid, Jessie H., Irene, Molly Bawn, E. E. W., A Contented One, Ellie Kaye, Nil Desperandum, and Aspirator all send us their compositions, which have more or less merit, but are not suitable for our columns.

High Wycombe.—We think you mean a market day. There is no fair day at High Wycombe that we can find in the list of fairs.

A Bedridden One would not find it difficult to purchase an inexpensive musical box, or perhaps might get one second-hand by advertisement.

A Tradesman's Daughter.—You can sign yourself "With affection and respect," or "With much affection, yours respectfully."

D. M. A.—Robin Hood (according to Ritson) did not die in conflict of any kind. He was advanced in life, and feeling ill he entertained the unreasonable idea that bleeding would be of service. To this end he went to a kinswoman of his, the Prioress of Kirlees Nunnery, Yorkshire, as women were skilled in surgery in those days, and more especially the religious communities. It is said that he was about eighty-seven, and that he met with treachery, and was allowed to bleed to death. This shocking event took place on November 18th, 1247, the thirty-first year of Henry III. He was buried close to the house, but he was born at Locksley, Nottinghamshire; and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, and his descent is traced from Raff Raby, Earl of Northumberland, to Waltheof (the Great Earl), who married Judith, Countess of Huntingdon, and niece of the Conqueror. Mrs. Planché says there were two Robert FitzOdos, or Fitzooths, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the former of whom was certainly lord of the manor of Loxley, and the latter most probably so likewise.

G. E. A. Elliott.—1. The quotation, "Better die than beg" is not taken from the Old Testament, but may be in the Apocrypha.—2. We are glad you like our paper, and it is good of you to "distinguish" it to your friends, by which we suppose you mean to "recommend" it.

Edith (Isle of Man).—You should obtain advice for the supposed disease in your face from a skin doctor, or at an hospital.

"Halfpenny Map."—We think you somewhat lacking in ordinary powers of discrimination when you ask for our advice as to corresponding with the *Matrimonial News* "for a lark"! How can you enquire, "Do you advise me to do so?"

E. Bryceson.—The address of that excellent Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen is Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. We recommend you to give the extra number of "Virgin Snow" to some friend, or send it to a Home.

Leah.—You ask a question that no one could answer. Whether "the dead that die in the Lord" be within view and hearing of those they leave behind has not been revealed to us, and we must not be "wise above that which is written."

Dairymaid must be ill-taught and quite inexperienced in her business not to know that the cause of streakiness in butter is the lack of proper mixing and of cleanliness in working it.

Eppie.—1. We must refer you to the instructions given by "Medicus" on the care of both hands and feet.—2. An orange may be peeled and taken apart in the natural sections, or cut in pieces and eaten with a fork.

Mavourneen enquires whether our frontispiece, "The Soul's Awakening," be intended to represent a "man or a woman"!

Moor Queen should apply to a medical man. It is very unseemly to make such enquiries of the editor of a paper. We decline to answer questions of this kind.

Mrs. George Rogers.—We do not advertise books or any other article for sale, nor do we advertise addresses, otherwise we should have pleasure in helping you to the sale of your Latin botanical work, by Jaquin. Take it to some good dealer in old works.

Nil Desperandum.—1. As the inspired writer does not inform us respecting the nature of the windows in the Ark, how can you expect us to do so? As to your assertion that "glass was not known in prehistoric times, or at least in the days before the Flood," we should be glad to know your authority for that assertion.—2. January 13th, 1872, was a Saturday; and December 25th, 1872, was a Wednesday.

S. S.—A warm plaster might do you some good if suffering pain in the back; but without exactly knowing what you mean by the article, we do not think we should like to try the effect on our back of a "blaster"! Do you refer to an operation like "firing" a horse? It does not sound inviting.

Sympathy.—So long as you are not definitely the recognised affianced wife of your correspondent it is reasonable that your mother should wish to see the letters you receive from him. At the same time it would be only due to him to tell him that his confidences, meant for you alone, are read by her.

Guildford Partner.—All depends on the provisions of the lease. If not otherwise arranged the rule is for the tenant to pay.

Nell.—There is nothing for us to recommend nor for you to do but keep your next situation, and be thankful to get one after your unprincipled conduct in leaving those you had, "much to the sorrow of your mother," as you inform us. You ought to be ashamed to tell us that you have been causing her distress.

A Plain Girl.—Certainly, all these subjects of very natural trouble to you form part of that cross which your Divine Father lays upon you. "Let patience have her perfect work," and bear it, looking to Him for grace and strength who bore so far heavier a one for your sake.

Hope (British Columbia).—1. The verses you send are above par, as compared to those we usually receive from our readers, and may be designated "poetry." We feel pleasure in saying so. Use your gift for your Heavenly Master's glory, and the edifying of those who read your poems.—2. We are gratified by the kind things you say respecting our magazine.

M. D.—You should get a popular book on architecture. In your excursions into the country it would add to the pleasure of your visits to the churches. The term "Perpendicular" is used to denote the last style of pure Gothic, which succeeded that called the "Decorated," A.D. 1360, or thereabouts. Its window tracery and its four-centred arch are amongst its distinguishing characteristics, although the latter is not invariably present. The towers are square, and have small buttresses at the corners. The "lych-gate" is so called from the word *leich*, meaning a dead body; and as this gate is the entrance to the churchyard, the name is appropriate, as through it the funeral processions must pass.

Janey.—The name "King's evil" was given to a disease not because it was a hereditary taint in the constitutions of any of our kings, but because, on the contrary, they were believed to be endowed with the power of healing those afflicted with it from the time of Edward the Confessor. The exercise of this gift of healing was regarded as one of the sovereign's religious duties, and was accompanied by a religious service.

One in Distress will do well, we think, to try and find some farmer's family or some one to whom her 7s. a week would be a help in the household if she could furnish her own room. She will do well to remain where she is, we think, as both the climate and cheapness of living are in her favour.

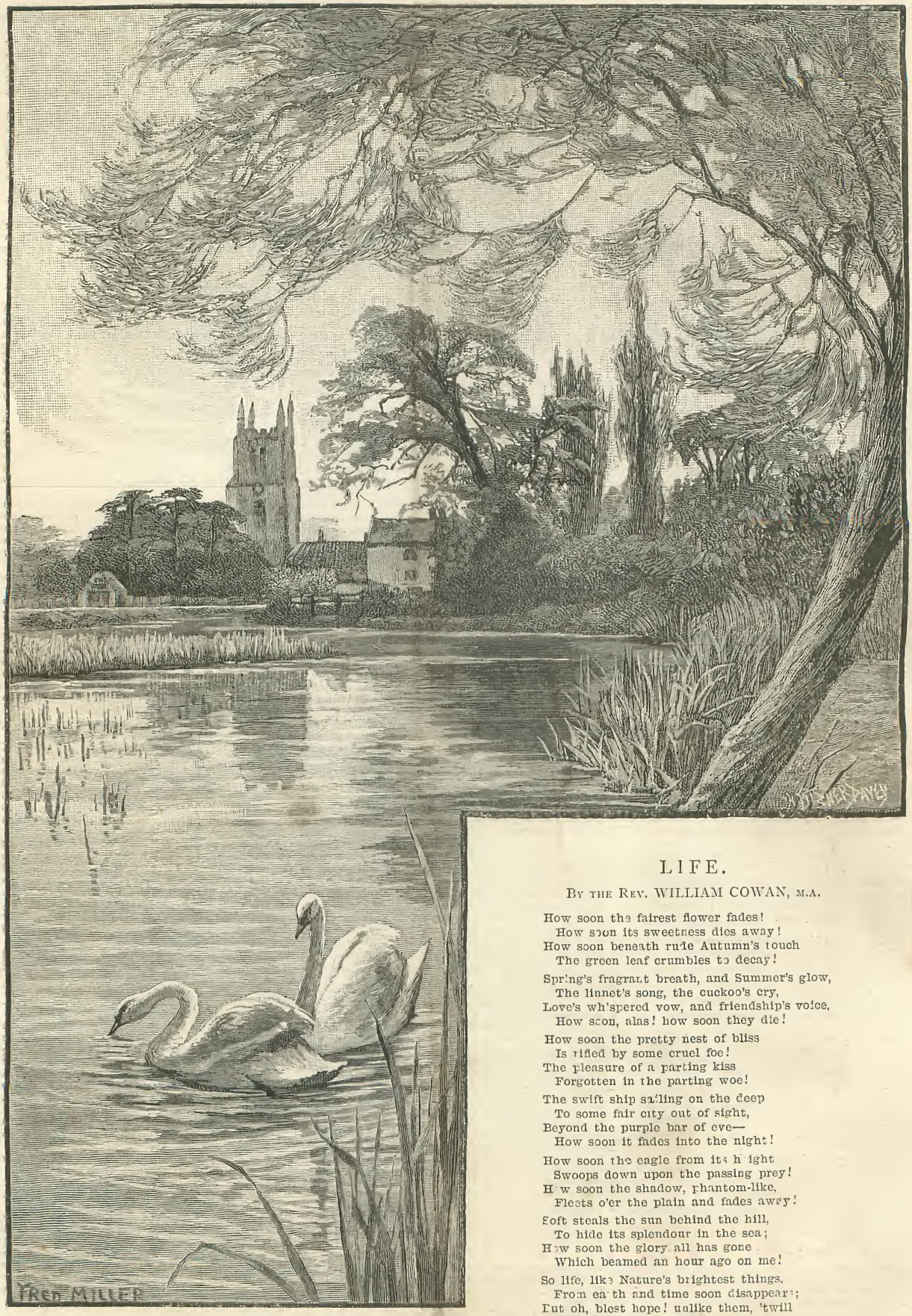
Matilda writes us a foolish letter of which, when she is older, she will feel ashamed. She is only seventeen, and seems to be idle, and consequently in mischief. She should try and find her duties in life and do them, and not proclaim her affection for a young man who appears to have given her no encouragement, and is minding his own business and working hard.

Vickey B.—The 31st of January, 1875, was a Sunday.

An Ignorant One.—Wills proved since the year 1858 are deposited in the district registry office where the testator lived, a copy being also at Somerset House, where it may be seen on payment of 1s. If you know where the different people died you can easily find out where their wills can be seen.

E. M. M.—1. The origin of the title given to Worcester—*i.e.*, "the Faithful City"—lies in the historical fact that it was the headquarters of the Royalists, and proved staunch and faithful to Charles I.—2. We could not assign any date to the invention of spectacles. It is said that they have been in use in China for some two or three thousand years.

S. S. T.—The verses show a good deal of talent in description, and are fairly correct. Try again and again, and no doubt you will do better.



SUMMER'S GLOW.

LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

How soon the fairest flower fades!
How soon its sweetness dies away!
How soon beneath rude Autumn's touch
The green leaf crumbles to decay!

Spring's fragrant breath, and Summer's glow,
The linnet's song, the cuckoo's cry,
Love's whispered vow, and friendship's voice,
How soon, alas! how soon they die!

How soon the pretty nest of bliss
Is rifled by some cruel foe!
The pleasure of a parting kiss
Forgotten in the parting woe!

The swift ship sailing on the deep
To some fair city out of sight,
Beyond the purple bar of eve—
How soon it fades into the night!

How soon the eagle from its height
Swoops down upon the passing prey!
How soon the shadow, phantom-like,
Fleets o'er the plain and fades away!

Soft steals the sun behind the hill,
To hide its splendour in the sea;
How soon the glory all has gone
Which beamed an hour ago on me!

So life, like Nature's brightest things,
From earth and time soon disappears;
But oh, blest hope! unlike them, 'twill
Revive in the eternal years.



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A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE girls were all assembled in the *classe* getting out books, paper, pens, sketching materials, etc., in readiness for the work of another day, when Miss Arundel entered. There was something in her expression which told them at once she had not come for the purpose of taking the only class she taught, that of French translation.

"Sit down, children," she said in her vibrating undertone, as she stood at the head of the long table with delicate nervous fingers pressed upon the polished surface. "I want to ask you to whom this belongs."

She drew from her pocket a folded magazine that Isabel and Honor recognised at once.

"The gardener found it yesterday concealed among the bushes in the shrubbery. It was not there in the morning, he says."

There was silence.

"Do not suppose that there is any crime in one of you owning an English magazine," continued Miss Arundel. "And if any girl has broken my rule as to reading English during the week, let her frankly say so, and the matter will be at an end."

Still no one spoke.

"You know my views about honour in the little affairs of daily life," pursued the lady, and her voice took a haughtier ring. "I could easily pardon an act of thoughtless disobedience if owned at once. But deliberate infringement of

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"HELEN WAS WAITING."

what is made a point of honour here, and hiding the evidence of it 'on the sly'—these belong to the category of mean little acts such as I hoped were not practised among my children. The only reparation that can be made is for the girl who was reading, and who, I fear, hid the magazine at the sound of my step, to say so."

"If she will not speak now," concluded Miss Arundel, as no one responded, "let her come to me privately during the day, and I shall be quite ready to hear her explanation."

It seemed to the conscious Isabel and Honor as if Miss Arundel's dark eyes rested reproachfully upon their faces before she quitted the room.

"How could I have been so ridiculous as to leave the paper there!" uttered Miss Johnson in strong irritation, as soon as she and Honor were alone together. "It was your fault, child, for walking off so suddenly, like a tragedy queen, and diverting my attention. To be sure I never could have supposed it would be found. What could that stupid old Jean Baptiste be doing? *Que cet homme est bête!*"

"What shall you do? Of course you will go to Miss Arundel?"

"It is all very well to say that," retorted Isabel. "There will be a terrific *histoire*, and as I shall have to confess I hid the paper, I shall be punished."

"How?"

"By not being allowed to go to Pré-Fleuri, to Mrs. Winstanley's party. And oh! there is some one I so long to meet, going to be there. I have told you of that delightful student, Isidore Blanchard, with the green cap—we meet him often in the town. He is going."

The attitude of Miss Arundel's girls towards the students of the Belle-Rive University, who were quite disposed to serenade them, and make themselves agreeable (at a distance) if encouraged, was that of placid unconsciousness of their existence.

A haughty vestal spirit was in favour among the inmates of "Les Églantiers," who would have looked down on any flirtation by note or glance with men unknown as vulgarity not to be tolerated for a moment in one of their number. As the girls were mostly very pretty, this austerity added to the rumoured attractions of the school among the impressionable youth of Belle-Rive. Isabel, however, who had come to Miss Arundel from a fashionable but second-rate English boarding-school, had never been able to rise to the standard of her companions in this respect, and now proceeded to favour Honor with some sentimental confidences intended to work upon her sympathy.

"What are you going to do?" was all that Honor would say.

"Oh, Honor, can't you guess? *You* don't want to go to this party. You said you didn't, yesterday. You hate society; and you haven't a dress; and really I agree with you your blue would *not* do."

"What then?"

"Why"—('oh, the stupid girl, for making me speak so plainly, and in French too,' thought Isabel)—"you always say you adore me, and all that—well, couldn't you manage, without telling a story, to let Miss Arundel continue to think it was *you* who hid the paper? She thinks so now, I am sure. She would keep you from the party, and you would be glad. Then, if you insisted on it, I could tell her afterwards, of course. Only she would have forgotten the details by that time."

"You see, you are a new girl," pleaded Isabel, waxing more eloquent as she proceeded. "It would be likely enough for *you* to do a thing of the kind, having only been here a few weeks. She would hardly be angry at all. Besides, if she were, you are in her black books already, so what does one *histoire* more or less signify?"

Disenchantment is a painful process; and it had been conducted so rapidly for poor Honor that the pain was bewildering. She could only gasp and say, like one in physical suffering, "Oh, Isabel, how *can* you!"

"Well, I suppose all the grand protestations of your affection mean nothing," said Isabel, sarcastically. "That is always the way. A girl is ready to do anything for you so long as it is only talk, but when it comes to action—oh, that is quite a different matter! I ask you to give up a pleasure for me that you don't want; and not to tell a story—only let things take their course. What is there in that to make a fuss about? But there—go and tell Miss Arundel all about it, and you will be happy. You will have disappointed me of a pleasure I have set my heart on—but what will you care?"

"I can promise you I will not tell Miss Arundel anything, but I shall promise nothing else," retorted Honor, haughtily. "I wish you would go to her and tell her the truth."

Isabel now saw fit to burst into tears, declaring that she was the most miserable girl on earth, and that nobody loved her. Such a display would have cut Honor to the heart two days earlier, and she would have been on her knees with caresses and protestations before her idol. But now she only looked on in mingled sorrow and disdain. That Isabel could be guilty of a mean little trick, refuse to own it, and wish her—Honor—to take the blame! It was *too* small and degrading!

There was a great deal of comment among the inmates of "Les Églantiers" that day. It was no part of Miss Arundel's method—

> "that every nice offence
> Should bear his comment;"

neither did she approve of the magnifying of trifles and the irritation of oversensitive consciences, which is sometimes an evil when a number of high-toned women and girls are shut up in conventual life together. But she *did* believe in the carrying of high Christian principle into the daily routine of duty, and she was always "down upon" any little deviation from the path of honour and rectitude, especially if it were not speedily confessed, with unsparing severity. Her pupils knew this, and shared her view of the disgracefulness of any lapse from an honourable standard.

Helen Percival took an opportunity that night of urging on her companions that the matter should be cleared up before any of them went to bed. "It is a little stain upon our credit," she urged; "if one of us has done it, let her go to Miss Arundel to-night, and it will be so much the easier." But no one responded.

Laura Johnson heard Honor crying herself to sleep, and drew her own conclusions—which were incorrect. Miss Arundel felt quite sure in her own mind that of the two occupants of the shrubbery seat, Honor and Isabel, one had been reading the English magazine, and had hidden it on her approach. Which was it? Honor had looked the picture of guilt, Isabel of cheerful innocence; yet Miss Arundel was loth to believe the shy, awkward, downright girl, with her odd, clumsy ways but apparent honesty, had been guilty of the subterfuge.

There was a cloud the next morning over the breakfast table, usually so merry. Miss Arundel looked graver and sterner than usual, and Honor's eyes were painfully and obviously red. "Idiot! why can't she control herself?" thought Isabel savagely. But immediately after breakfast the two girls were sent for in succession to Miss Arundel's *petit salon*.

Honor's turn came last. Had Isabel confessed? If not, she would never breathe a syllable. Tortures should not draw from her any accusation against her former idol. But surely—surely she would not tell a falsehood!

Miss Arundel's ideas of honour too nearly corresponded with the schoolboy code ever to try to make one girl criminate another. She contented herself with asking Honor if it was she who was reading English, and who hid the magazine. But Honor had reflected, and had seen that a direct denial would lay the blame on Isabel.

"I cannot tell. Please do not ask me," she breathed in tones of great distress.

"I am quite sure it was one of you," said Miss Arundel, severely. "I wish that the girl who did this would have the courage to say so."

But Honor kept silence, inwardly wondering whether Isabel had sunk so low as to tell a direct falsehood.

The fact was this. Isabel, in her wild anxiety to go to the party at Pré-Fleuri, and the reflection that Honor did not want to go and might very well bear the penalty of staying away, had hit upon a medium course. She would not tell a falsehood, but would suggest one. So, when Miss Arundel had said, "Now, Isabel, I am quite sure one of you hid the paper—was it you?" she had clasped her hands and ejaculated in agitation, "Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell you! Please do not ask me."

The inference she meant should be drawn was that she was trying to shield Honor Drayton; while Honor Drayton was in reality trying to shield Isabel Johnson. But the similarity of their replies could not fail to puzzle Miss Arundel. Each

appeared to be acting as a screen for the other. This was clearly impossible in both cases. Which girl was honest, and which was acting a part? She would have been inclined to accuse Isabel; but Honor looked so *very* wretched and shamefaced—guilt was written on her countenance. And really as yet Miss Arundel knew little of her character. She dismissed her, feeling perplexed and grieved.

The incident caused growing excitement among the girls, and on the next Sunday there was a general unloosing of tongues, while adjectives for which it had been hard to find French equivalents rained thick and fast.

"It's so *mean*," was the favourite outcry. "It's not the reading English, but the hiding it, and not telling the truth about it afterwards! I call it a stain on the school!" protested one and another. While Ruth, the poetess, was heard to murmur—

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

The moral of this quotation was of course that the culprit was casting an imputation on the good name of the band of girls, which she was in honour bound to remove.

Suspicion was generally attracted towards Honor, and it was not wonderful, as she looked profoundly wretched. Ere long she sought out Miss Arundel, and begged as a favour that she might not go to the party at Pré-Fleuri.

"Have you anything on your mind that you can tell me, my child," questioned Miss Arundel gravely.

But Honor could not respond. The request was granted, but the conclusion which could scarcely fail to be drawn was that she had a guilty conscience, and could not enjoy herself with a light heart. The law at "Les Églantiers" was that every girl should be assumed innocent of any peccadillo till proved guilty; but some of the inmates had hard work to obey it where Honor Drayton was concerned, and Isabel, in her own interest, took no pains to correct the false impression that prevailed.

Invitations were not given long beforehand in Belle-Rive society, and, fortunately for the two chief actors in this little drama, there was only a brief period of waiting until the evening of Mrs. Winstanley's party arrived. The girls, all in their prettiest dresses, drove off in a couple of omnibuses. Isabel had on a lovely new frock of white *crêpe de chine*, with an amber sash, but she felt extremely uncomfortable, and had to use all the arguments at her command to quiet her conscience. She had not told a story. Honor was much happier at home, where she was staying of her own free will. She could even yet tell the truth unless the whole matter blew over; and Isidore Blanchard would be sure to pay her great attention.

There was the usual crowd, and Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley were as hospitable as ever to their guests. Mabel Thornycroft, to whom Swiss society was new, was greatly interested, both in the people she met and the unwonted aspect of the rooms, with shining parquet floors, a great many wax candles, flowers, and shrubs in the corners, and no superabundance of heavy furniture. The proceedings were informal, and after the guests had drunk tea and coffee, and listened to a violin solo with piano accompaniment, Mrs. Winstanley proposed a game at "Thought reading," which had just arrived as a novelty at Belle-Rive. Two or three of her English friends were quite enthusiastic on the subject of "hypnotism," and eagerly inveighed on the wonderful results they had seen in this, which might be called an amateur branch of the practice. The method of playing was as follows—One of the party left the room. During his absence some act was decided upon for him to perform. He was re-admitted, his eyes were bandaged, and the hands of two people placed lightly on his shoulders. The whole audience, the two operators included, *willed* strongly that he should perform this act, and the theory was that the influence of the collective minds upon his own would guide him to obey.

The son of the host, a lad of eighteen, was the first victim. It was decided that he should go to the piano, take his seat upon the music-stool, and strike a few notes. He was re-admitted, blindfolded, and the hands of two gentlemen were laid lightly on his shoulders. After a few minutes of profound silence he began to sway backwards and forwards, then took his way unhesitatingly to the piano, and did what it was intended he should do.

"*Mais c'est incroyable!*" "Wonderful!" "How extraordinary!" were exclamations heard on all sides. Here and there the voice of a sceptic was raised. Nothing could be easier than that the operators involuntarily should guide George Winstanley to the piano, and by a little pressure show him that he was meant to sit down. It was not a fair experiment. Something more difficult must be tried; a lady should be the next victim. Would anyone volunteer? Isabel Johnson, who was out of earshot of Miss Arundel, willingly responded to a suggestion of good-natured Mr. Winstanley that she should withdraw.

"Mrs. Winstanley and Madame Blanchard shall put their hands on her shoulders and *will*," proclaimed the host. "Now what shall we find for the young lady to do? Something a little harder than the last, eh?"

"Suppose she takes up that *journal* from the table," suggested somebody.

"And what shall she do with it—bring it to Miss Arundel? No, that is too easy. Let her push it among the branches of that laurustinus in the corner," cried young Winstanley, indicating one of the shrubs that ornamented the room."

"Yes, that will do."

"No, no," interrupted Mrs. Winstanley. "Don't fix on that. Strangely enough, the last time I saw this young lady she did the very same thing, so there might be something funny and scientific—unconscious cerebration or some such process—to guide her to repeat the act."

"Are you sure she did?" asked Miss Arundel.

"Oh, yes. Why, you and I were in the garden of "Les Églantiers," and I was a little in advance. I saw Miss Johnson get up and place a paper she was reading among the bushes," responded Mrs. Winstanley, all unconscious of the catastrophe she had brought about. "The merest trifle, only, you see, it might *tell*. Every act leaves its mark on the brain, or on protoplasm, or something or other, so we had better invent something quite new."

It was decided that Isabel should hand a certain book to Helen Percival, who was waiting with a very pale face. The performance was not a success. Good Mrs. Winstanley, in her anxiety to make it triumphant, weighed more heavily than she ought to have done on the girl's shoulder. She was induced at last to take up the book, but not to give it to the right person. The experiment was pronounced a failure, and the game was abandoned in favour of more music and conversation.

Isabel, unconscious as she was of her fate, and the horror in the minds of her companions, did not enjoy the evening. Isidore was not in the least attentive to her, but devoted himself to the fair daughter of the hostess, who did not appear enchanted. One or two of her schoolfellows spoke slightingly of his evident self-conceit and foppish manners. She was disappointed with the whole affair, and, considering the price she had paid for it, this was a little hard. Poor girl! She did not know that from time immemorial the reward of wrong-doing has been apt to prove like Dead Sea fruit—pleasant to look upon, but dust and ashes between the teeth.

(To be continued.)

MIDST GRANITE HILLS.

THE STORY OF A DARTMOOR HOLIDAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER II.

TREMATON-IN-THE-MOOR.



On a bright evening in the following week, a chaise, drawn by a sturdy horse, and driven by a ruddy-faced man of Devon, was conveying a lady and gentleman along a moorland road towards the little hamlet of Trematon. It was a good new road, of which the dwellers in the neighbourhood were justly proud, and wound along the side of a heathery hill, at a height which commanded a lovely view of the deep green valley below, through which, overhung by trees, a stream made its way. Dashing through the heather, dipping under the road, and re-appearing on the lower slope, a tiny torrent made its way, by sharp zigzags, to join the larger stream far down, where the hills met and interlocked, forming a fair green valley. The sun's parting rays were on the hill-tops, and they glowed a beautiful pink.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" Grace Erith asked her brother, in delighted tones, as the chaise slowly ascended the steep road; for though they were on such high ground, the way was still up hill.

"It is grand indeed," replied her brother. "People may rave as they will about the beauties of Switzerland; but, after all, there is no mean scenery to be found in our own country. I am content with this."

"I am more than content," said Grace. "Is not this air delicious? I feel as if I wanted to shout and sing. But it is rather keen. You are not feeling cold, Stanley?" And she leaned forward to draw his wraps more closely about him.

"Not at all. This air is just what I want. It seems to give me new life already. Look at that rocky ridge, Grace. What a grand, rugged crest! We must try to get to the top of that some day."

"That's Rocksbro' Cleave," said the driver, indicating it with his whip; "the village is below, on the other side. It's not much of a place, Rocksbro', and you'd find the road to it very bad. There's just a tourist path, that's all. They tourists goes to it, but no one else as can help it."

The brother and sister exchanged amused glances.

"He evidently regards tourists as a despicable order of beings," whispered Grace. "But what are we coming to now?"

The road no longer ascended. The driver whipped up his horse, and in another minute they were in the shelter of thick woods. They looked down into depths of green shade, through which came the music of rushing water.

"There are falls below," said the man. "People 'll come a long way to see 'em; but they're not much to see at this time of year. In the winter, when there's a sight of water coming over the rocks, they're worth seeing."

A break in the trees now revealed a gateway, a lodge, and a broad carriage-drive.

"That's the way to the house—Trematon House," explained the driver.

"Ah! who lives there?" enquired Erith.

"No one, just now. It belongs to the parson; but he prefers to live at the rectory, though it is a much smaller house. He often lets this place. It will be Mr. Arthur's home when he marries, I reckon."

"Mr. Arthur?" said Grace, enquiringly.

"Aye, Mr. Arthur Seaton, the parson's nephew. His father and mother both died out in India when he was a little chap, and the parson brought him up as if he was his own child."

"Are we getting near Trematon, then?" asked Stanley Erith.

"Aye, we're getting nigh it; but Torhill lies a mile on the other side. You'll see the church when we come from under the trees."

"I am sure I shall like the 'parson,'" said Grace, in a low tone, to her brother; "I can never feel grateful enough to him for inviting me to become temporary organist. I do wonder how he heard of me, and what put it into his head to do such a thing. It seems really as if he must have known that we wanted to come to Dartmoor."

"Yes, indeed; it all fits in like a story. They say 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' but I was never convinced of it till now. Ah! there is the church!"

The tall, square tower came into view, backed by a grand mass of moorland rocks. They drove on through a winding Devonshire lane, and presently came out at the foot of the village green. Facing them, two low thatched cottages represented respectively the shop and the beerhouse of the place. The church, and a long, low, ivy-clad house, stood at the left. To the right, an open gate gave access to a large farmyard, from which a flock of ducks were slowly waddling out. Higher up, a fine old stone gateway appeared, the entrance to the rectory grounds.

"So this is Trematon," said Erith, amused. "Well, I did not expect a bustling place, but I must say I thought it was somewhat larger than this."

"Aye, Trematon's a poor place," said the driver, contemptuously. "And no wonder, so out of the way as it is—six miles from a railway station."

"I like it all the better for that," said Grace, enthusiastically. "Oh, I call it a charming place, so rural, so peaceful! And the lovely hills all around! It is a place to be happy in!"

Her raptures increased as they drove on.

"There's Torhill," said the driver, pointing out a farmhouse, which stood amidst fields on the edge of the moor. "You'll be quiet enough there, I reckon."

In a few minutes they were jolting down a rough, uneven road to the house. They drew up in the midst of the farmyard. A comely, buxom woman, with rosy cheeks and fine, dark eyes, came from the back door and advanced to welcome them.

"You'll not mind getting down here, miss," she said; "it's but a poor approach to this place; but if you'll come this way, I'll see to your luggage in a minute."

She led them through a little gate into a small flower garden, through which ran the path to the front door. They entered a stone-flagged passage, with rooms on either side. Within the room on the left the table was laid for tea, with a bowl of asters in the centre. After their long drive through the keen air, the home-made bread, the golden butter, and the Devonshire cream looked very tempting to the travellers.

"Mr. Seaton told me you'd have had a long journey, and be glad of something to eat when you arrived," said Mrs. Sparks. "Maybe you'd like me to fry ye some eggs and bacon, or would you try a bit of our home-cured ham?"

Grace decided in favour of the ham, and in a few minutes they sat down to partake of the refreshment they so much needed. Grace had the satisfaction of seeing her brother make a better meal than he had made since his illness. By the time they had finished it was almost dark; and, thoroughly weary, they soon unpacked and went to bed.

When Grace looked forth from her window the next morning a lovely prospect met her eyes. Before her stretched the moor, rising gradually towards a lofty hill, crested with strange, irregular masses of rock. A steep, winding road ran below it, and disappeared in the distance. Grace learned afterwards that the road went to Ashburton, a place in which she felt considerable interest. The scene was bathed in sunlight when Grace first looked on it; but soon dark clouds came sweeping over the hills, and by the time she was ready for breakfast a fine driving rain fell. But Mrs. Sparks assured her visitors that it was only a shower, and would soon pass.

"Please, miss," she said, "if things are not as you like them, will you be so good as to tell me so. I'll make you comfortable if I can, but people's ways is so different. What pleases one won't do for another."

"I am sure we shall be comfortable," said Grace. "You will not find us hard to please." She was indeed charmed with their situation, and the quaint old-world air of everything about the place; the spindle-legged furniture, the beautiful old china, the ancient spinnet, all seeming to belong to another century, delighted her romantic mind.

"It's a very old house, as you can see," said Mrs. Sparks. "Miss Dorothy Seaton, the rector's cousin, owned the place for over forty years. She was a character, was Miss Dorothy. She used to farm the land herself, and she knew what she was about too. She made the butter with her own hands, and she'd ride to Ashburton to sell it with the basket strapped behind her as she sat on horseback. She was Mr. Arthur's godmother, and when she died she left him Torhill. He put me and my husband here to look after the farm. Mr. Arthur did say that he'd send some gentlemen here for the shooting, but I'm glad he sent a lady."

"Oh, it was the rector who arranged about our coming," said Grace.

"I know that, miss," she replied; "and by-the-bye, the parson desired his compliments, and I was to tell you the church will be open this afternoon, if you'd like to try the organ. And he said as how he'd see you had a list of the hymns for Sunday."

Grace cast a half frightened glance at her brother.

"Oh, I do hope," she said, "that I shall be able to perform to his satisfaction. What a good thing it is that I practised the organ a

little when at Seaborough. Otherwise I dare not attempt this. I hope I shall not have a critical audience."

"The parish'ners don't know much about music, miss, if that's what you mean," said Mrs. Sparks, encouragingly. "Miss Anstey, our schoolmistress as was, used to play the organ, and I'm sure she often made mistakes. One Sunday the singing broke down altogether."

"Dear me, you do not say so!" said Grace, smiling at Stanley across the table. "Well, I hope I may be able to avoid such a catastrophe."

The shower soon passed, and was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. Grace and her brother spent the morning on the moor. In the afternoon he was obliged to rest, so she found her way alone to the church. A path through fields led her into the churchyard, which was beautified by a grand old yew, casting on one side a rich depth of shadow. The church was of venerable aspect, and on entering Grace was much impressed by the interior, though it was very simple. Two rows of granite pillars supported the whitewashed ceiling. The pews were of dark oak, and quaintly carved. A beautiful carved screen, showing signs of decay, separated the chancel from the area of the church. The organ was within the screen, to the left. Someone had opened the keyboard in readiness for her, and she saw at once that the instrument was of great age, the keys being discoloured, and some of them denuded of their ivory. Grace sat down and struck a few chords. The response was better than she expected.

Despite its age, the organ was still full-toned and sweet. Grace began to play an air of Handel's with such ease as proved there was little fear of her breaking down at the Sunday service. As the melody floated through the church, someone entered by a narrow doorway behind her. She looked up, and met the earnest, searching gaze of an elderly gentleman, of tall form and somewhat stately bearing, but with a face of such grave, calm, spiritual beauty that she knew in a moment he was one to be trusted and loved.

"Miss Erith, I believe," he said, and bowed. "Pray do not let me interrupt your playing. I hope you do not find the organ out of tune."

But Grace had risen as she returned his bow, and she did not at once resume playing.

"Oh, no, I think not," she said quickly. "I am but a poor judge of such an instrument, but I like the tone of this."

"I am glad of that—indeed, I am very glad you have come to our help. Since the departure of our late organist we have had to dispense with the instrument at our services, and trust to our chief singer, the village blacksmith, to raise the tune; but now you have come we shall get on grandly."

"You cannot know how glad I am to come," said Grace, earnestly. "My brother, who is with me, wanted such a change so badly. I feel much obliged to you for thinking of it. But I can't help wondering how you came to hear of me."

"From my nephew, Arthur Seaton," said the rector, forgetting that his nephew might not wish this fact to be mentioned. "He is at Trinity, you know."

"Is he? I have not heard his name, and I can't think how he could know about me. But perhaps Stanley can explain."

"My nephew will be here next week, so you can demand an explanation from himself," said the gentleman, observing her smilingly. "But now tell me about your brother. Do you really think he is regaining strength?"

Grace was ever ready to talk about her brother. He was her hero, her pride, the only being she had belonging to her in all the world.

She began to speak of the anxiety she had long felt concerning him, his determination to win honours, her dread lest he should overwork, the realisation of that dread, and his long, severe illness. As he listened, the looks of the old clergyman expressed so much sympathy, that she quite forgot how recent was her acquaintance with him, and went on to tell him more and more of the history of herself and brother. She had just told him that her brother hoped to enter the church, when she remembered that Stanley, whose disposition was more reserved than her own, might not be pleased that she should be so communicative concerning him. She paused abruptly, and turned to examine the music which lay close by the organ.

"Go on, my dear," said Mr. Seaton, gently. "I am interested in all you tell me."

But Grace had doubts as to the prudence of saying more.

"I think I should practise now," said she. "Can you tell me what the tunes will be?"

"This is the book Miss Anstey used. Here is the list. But I have not the least doubt of your skill, with or without practice."

Grace began to play, with the expectation that the rector would now retire; but he had no such intention. He stood by her side as she tried over the tunes. Now and then he made a remark, but for the most part he seemed absorbed in listening to her playing, and watching the changes of her bright, open face, from which the shadow Arthur had seen on it had already been charmed away.

"I think I must be going now," said Grace, at last. "My brother will be weary of his own company."

"You are a good sister, I can see. Is your name Grace?"

"It is," said the girl, colouring with surprise. "What made you guess it?"

"I had a fancy that it might be so," he replied, colouring in his turn, and looking away in a shy, embarrassed manner. After a moment he asked, "Have you ever been in this neighbourhood before, Miss Erith?"

"Never," she replied. "It is our first visit to Devonshire. It is strange that it should be so, for our mother was brought up not far from here."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; at Ashburton."

"And her name was Trevor," he said.

Grace was standing with her back towards him, gathering together the sheets of music. She turned round in astonishment as he uttered her mother's maiden name. The rector was not looking at her. His eyes were on the stone floor, on which, with his stick, he was drawing an imaginary diagram.

"Oh! is it possible that you knew my mother?" she cried.

He turned quickly at the sound of her voice.

"Yes, my child," he said, in tones that betrayed some emotion; "I knew well your mother, Grace Trevor. She and I were friends long ago. As soon as I saw you I guessed that you were her daughter. You will let me be a friend to you and your brother for her sake?"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and Grace willingly placed hers in it. The warm clasp seemed the promise of a strong, true friendship. It was welcome to Grace, who, without uncle or aunt, or any near relative save her brother, had known a life of singular isolation.

She hurried back to Torhill to tell her brother what had passed.

"It is very strange," said Stanley Erith, as he and his sister discussed the incidents that puzzled them; "it is very strange about that fellow Seaton. I fancy I know him by sight, but that is all. His set would look down on me at college. What can have led him to take such an extraordinary interest in us?"

"I cannot tell," said Grace. "It is not as if he had known our mother. And how could he tell that I was capable of officiating as organist? It is all most mysterious."

"Well, I suppose we shall know some day," said Stanley, philosophically.

(*To be continued.*)



INDOLENCE.

By the Hon. Mrs. ROBERT BUTLER.

THERE is no more melancholy object in the world than a girl who finds herself exempt, by her station and circumstances in life, from necessary, regular work, and who falls such a prey to indolence as not to form a plan of work for herself.

Nature at our birth endows us with faculties, and during the dawn of life she provides us with loving friends to guide those faculties in the right direction for us. Then, when the mists of childhood are cleared away, and the morning of life sheds its full sunny radiance upon us, she places our faculties in our own keeping, and bids us exercise and improve them as long as life lasts. "She knows no pause," as Goëthe says, "and lays a curse upon all inaction;" therefore, indolence is a violation of her primary law, and a girl who gives way to it desecrates the final cause of existence, and will suffer, as all must suffer, who attempt to rebel against nature. She will bring upon herself the awful fate of being an encumbrance in creation. Life will become a burden to her. Unhappy herself, she will spread unhappiness around her. She will brood over imaginary ills and misfortunes, and her very countenance will betray the *ennui* which perpetually haunts her. And yet she was meant to be happy. Happiness is just as much her inheritance as those riches are, which acquit her from the

obligation of working for her daily bread; but He who has given to each of us happiness as a birthright, has ordained that work and happiness shall go hand in hand, and that which He has joined together we cannot put asunder. And wealth is not meant to curse its possessor with idleness, but to bless him with the power to exert the higher part of his nature, the head and heart, in the service of others: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." I cannot but think that these words have a higher meaning in them than the mere feeding of the body. I cannot but think that we should apply them also to the intellect and affections of man, which, if they are not properly used and nurtured by him, will cause him to perish with the most fatal starvation to which his being is liable. And just as we can judge by his health and strength whether his body is receiving its proper food and exercise, so we can judge by his thoughts and actions whether his intellect and affections are receiving their proper sustenance and culture. Now it cannot be too often impressed upon girls, that the first few years which follow their release from the routine of school work constitute by far the most important period of their lives. After years will probably exercise greater changes upon their external surroundings, but those few years exercise most influence upon their inward being. The habits they then acquire, the desires they indulge in, the passions they yield to—aye, even the books they read, and the friends they make—engrave ineffaceable marks upon their minds. The pliant frailty of childhood is then mingled with the energetic enthusiasm of youth, and under the influence of this union, so fraught with dangers and snares, their character for life is being formed. And the formation chiefly lies in their own power. They have then fewer claims upon their time than they have had in the past, or are likely to have in the future; they have then, perhaps for the only period of their lives, more strength and energy than their daily occupations require; and it rests with themselves whether they will use these solemn advantages to improve their hearts and minds, and so to bless others, or whether they will use them to gratify their lower inclinations, so that it would have been better had they never possessed them.

Regard, then, my young friends, the first few years which follow your childhood as the most precious trust committed to you, and remember that no amount of worldly prosperity will release you during their continuance from the duty of struggling against indolence as against your deadliest enemy.

One of the greatest checks to this insidious failing is order in the distribution of time. Order is, like action, the law of the universe. We see it around us in the great ocean, whose ebb and flow, notwithstanding its immensity, occupies the same amount of time daily. We see it around us in all vegetable and animal life, which moves and reproduces itself at stated times and in regular courses; and when we look up from nature to nature's God, we see it above us in the calm profundity of the boundless skies, where the movements of the celestial bodies can be calculated to the minute. So, by forming a plan for our time, we are working in harmony with Almighty wisdom, and our work will prosper. This regularity may be irksome at first, but if we persevere in it, we will find ourselves more than repaid for all our efforts. We shall be free from the perpetual hurry and worry which want of regularity always produces; we shall be saved musing over what to do next, which wastes half the time people have at their disposal; we shall make certain progress in the tasks we undertake, and we shall strengthen our character with a constancy and consistency which will help us in all the doubts and difficulties which may be before us.

I know that in some cases the struggle against indolence will be hard. Some girls have many encouragements to indolence and few incentives to industry. They are led to believe that the frivolities and amusements which should be their relaxations in life are sacred duties, to be performed at any cost, and their minds become inured to indolence from being constantly occupied without being exerted. But the more difficulties we encounter in the pursuit of duty, the more strength we acquire for the battle of life. "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves. Our antagonist is our helper." Perseverance is the necessary price to be paid for all victories, physical, mental, or spiritual. The soldier needs it in the din of the battle, the scholar needs it in the quiet of his study, and, more than either of them, the frail girl needs it at all times and in all places—

"To war against her own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires."

And this perseverance is no wearisome task to cultivate. It is not merely a dream of future success, but a reality of present happiness. It blesses us with the consciousness of well-spent hours. It develops and strengthens our noblest faculties, and it enriches us with a peace which outward circumstances can neither give nor take away. Success itself is not happiness without effort, and the happiness it brings us is in exact proportion to the effort it costs us. "It is not," says the French philosopher, Helvetius, "in the having acquired a fortune, but in acquiring it; not in having no wants, but in satisfying them, that happiness essentially consists."

Let us therefore set ourselves aims worth working for; let us consecrate our energies to their attainment, and we will find that toil gives as much delight as success, and that God has ordained for our own happiness that we should work to satisfy our wants.

And it is only by regular habits of industry and self-discipline that we can gain the affections of those we live with. Outward charms may attract in their own way, but only the heart and mind can obtain a solid enduring influence over others; influence which will deepen as the calm of age takes the place of the gaiety of youth; influence which the poet had in his mind when he wrote—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;"

influence which the inspired writer had in his mind when he portrayed the virtuous woman whose price is "far above rubies."

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Why, what am I?—
An instrument unused, so out of tune."

AFTER carefully weighing the matter, Helen had decided to seek an interview with Mr. Eustace, and to try and induce him to do something in her brother's favour. She fancied the remembrance of his former friendship with her father might move him to grant her request. It was characteristic of her that she arranged the plan without asking advice from anyone. If she failed she was the only one who would be disappointed; and if she succeeded, it would be a joy and surprise for those she loved best in the world.

So one fine afternoon, two or three days after the party at Redcourt, Helen, having seen her mother and Fay off to spend a long afternoon in Redminster, started on her mission. Her heart beat quickly, half with hope, half with fear. The day was hot and sultry, the air heavy with the perfume wafted from the hedgerows, now in their fullest bloom, and filled with a rich profusion of honeysuckle, dog-roses, moon daisies, tall foxgloves, and feathery grasses.

She felt sure there was thunder in the air, there was such a deep stillness brooding everywhere; scarcely a leaf stirred. She quickened her steps, feeling hot and tired by the time she reached the lodge gates of Moorfields. It was opened to her by a pleasant, comely-looking woman, who wished her a cheery "Good afternoon."

She walked nervously up the avenue, and rang the front door bell. It was some moments before it was opened by a somewhat surly-looking butler, who looked as if this visit had disturbed his afternoon nap.

Helen handed him her card, and begged an interview with his master.

The butler shook his head. "Mr. Eustace is not at home."

Helen's face fell. She believed this was only a conventional way of saying he would not see her. "Are you sure he is not at home?" she asked, summoning up courage.

"I shouldn't say he wasn't if he was," answered the butler with a grunt.

There was nothing for it but to return, and, bitterly disappointed, she retraced her steps.

The sky had already clouded over, and rain was not far off. Helen determined to ask for shelter from the coming shower at the lodge; but Mrs. Blake, the lodge-keeper's wife, was already on the look-out for her.

"Won't you come in, miss, and rest a bit till the rain's past?" she said, kindly.

Helen accepted the offer gratefully. She was glad of a seat in the pretty little parlour. She was feeling tired and hot after her walk, and disheartened at the disappointment that had just met her.

"Have you come far, miss? It's a hot day for a long walk."

"I have walked from West Dene," said Helen.

"Really, now! Are you a Miss Warham? I've often heard tell of the Warhams. I am right glad to see you, miss."

"You are not strangers to this part, then," said Helen.

"Well, we are, and we aren't; that is, we have relations in these parts. You'll have heard tell o' Master Spence, miss, I make no doubt."

"Oh, yes," said Helen; "he is a great friend of mine. I often go down to his cottage for a chat with him or his wife."

"Well, his son Tom is married to my sister, so we're related like. They're a nice couple are Master Spence and his wife. They were real friendly to us when we come here, not knowin' a soul; an' they've helped us wonderful like, for we used to find it a bit lonesome at first. You'll have known them a long time belike, miss?"

"Yes; ever since I was a child. I daresay John Spence is among the oldest inhabitants about West Dene now. It is interesting to talk to him, he knows so much about the old customs that are so fast dying out."

"Yes, that he do. He was talking to my Joe t'other night 'bout old times, and Master Spence he was sayin' as how things were changed about here. Master Spence don't care for all them new-fangled notions about eddication and the like. Now my Joe he do; he's a bit liberal, and they two have fine argeyments together."

"You'll have a cup of tea, miss, to refresh you after your walk? It's a real pleasure, miss," she said, as Helen remonstrated.

"You didn't see the master up at the Hall, I suppose, miss?" she asked, as she busied herself in preparing the tea.

"No," said Helen. "I understood he was not at home."

"Aye, Briggs says that to all comers. The master will scarce see a soul; and he's that masterful the servants are all afeared of him. But he's at home all the same; bless you, he hardly ever stirs from his room."

"How disappointing!" exclaimed Helen. "I wanted so particularly to see him. Is there no way in which I could manage it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, miss, I really can't say. But wait—there's my Joe coming; we'll ask him. Come in, Joe; the West Dene young lady is here. She wants to see the master, and Briggs told her he was not at home. He's at home sure enough, I'll be bound!"

"Aye, sure enough! Briggs turns everybody from the door. You see, miss, it's a difficult matter to see the master, that's just what it is. But I'll tell you what I'll do. Me and Briggs is very good friends. He's a bit rough like to strangers; but I'll just step up to the house, and give him a bit of talkin' to, and he'll let you in, never fear," said Blake, with a good-natured smile.

Helen thanked him heartily, and he went off. He soon returned, telling her that all was arranged; so the rain having stopped, she set off again for the house.

The butler, as grim-looking as before, opened the door; he did not speak a word, but took her card, and went with it to his master.

Helen could hear a discussion going on between them. It seemed to last an age, and she felt intensely relieved when the butler appeared and ordered her to follow him.

She never forgot the sensations of that moment—the sickening suspense, the dazed, bewildered feeling whether it were really true or not, the nervousness which almost bereft her of speech. She followed the butler like one in a dream, conscious all the time that she must not for one instant lose her self-possession. The closing of the door roused her to the fact that she was in Mr. Eustace's presence, and that he was awaiting an explanation of her visit.

"Pray be seated," he said. "To what circumstance do I owe the honour of this visit?"

Helen looked up. He was standing in front of the fireplace, looking at her keenly from under his beetling eyebrows.

In a faltering voice she explained her errand. She did not beat about the bush, but plunged into the subject at once, and concluded by handing him the letter she had found.

He read it over in silence, gazing for a long time at the signature. Helen watched his face closely, to see what effect it had on him; but its expression never changed.

He returned the letter to her, and an embarrassed silence reigned for some minutes. He broke it at last.

"What grounds have you for making sure that this letter was written by me?"

"Perhaps you can remember if the letter is yours or not?" suggested Helen, timidly.

He smiled grimly. "Wait a moment. What plea have you for appealing to me, supposing the letter to be mine?"

"I have none, I am afraid. I was trusting to your generosity. I thought you would forgive the liberty for the sake of your old friendship with my father."

"When you have lived as long as I have you will learn what a hollow thing friendship is," he said, bitterly. "Believe me, few friendships stand the test of forty years."

Helen was silent.

"Did you ever hear your father speak of me?" he asked.

"No, not that I remember."

"Then you are not aware that we quarrelled after that letter was written—for it is mine," he added, "and that we were never reconciled again?"

Helen started, and a look of disappointment spread over her face, which did not escape his keen glance.

"That rather alters matters," he said, still looking at her fixedly.

Helen was silent; then meeting his look, she said quietly—

"Yes, in this way—that if you helped us in spite of this the act would be nobler, the generosity far greater, because it would be returning good for evil."

The grim features relaxed a little. "Upon my word, Miss Warham, you have an idea how to plead your own cause," he said, smiling. "Well, let me hear your request. Mind, I make no promise to help," he added.

"So you want me to use my influence to further your brother's interests with our firm?" he said, when Helen had finished speaking. "You jump to the same conclusion that everyone else does, namely, that because I am the head of the firm my influence is all-powerful. Besides," he continued, "why should your brother not take his chance with the rest? Every clerk works his way up by degrees."

This was a difficult question to answer, so Helen wisely remained silent. She felt it would be unwise to make any allusion to what Ted had told her about the advancement that went on in the firm through mere influence.

"What made your brother go into a business of that sort?" asked Mr. Eustace after a pause.

"He had no choice. There was no money left after our father's death to send him either to Oxford or the Bar, for which father had always intended him, and he could not remain idle."

"Was it a disappointment to him, or is he one of those people, so common nowadays, who are so eager for wealth that they do not care what they do to obtain it?"

"My brother is not like that," said Helen, with a touch of indignation in her tone. "It has been a bitter disappointment to him. I do not believe he cares about wealth, but he does care about living in debt. His present salary is so small that it is hardly any help to us. When he first entered your firm he was hopeful enough to think he would soon make sufficient money to pay off the mortgage on the house; he has given up that idea now. But the difficulty of making our income cover expenses increases yearly—that is why I have come to implore you to do something for Ted. It is not too much that I ask, surely," she said—"only that you will use the influence you undoubtedly possess to secure a speedy advancement for him. You will do it, will you not," she asked, pleadingly, "for the sake of this letter, and what it recalls?"

He made no answer. "What on earth induced your father to mortgage the Manor?" he asked at last.

"He had some very severe losses, and the money was needed badly."

"If he had wanted to get rid of the place he could hardly have taken a surer way to do it. But Richard Warham had no head for business," he added, half to himself.

Helen rose to go.

"I will think about your request," he said. "But you need not leap to the conclusion that I shall grant it."

He saw her to the door as he spoke, and Helen went home hardly knowing what to think of her interview. She was inclined to be more hopeful that she was justified in being from his last words. She could not help feeling that under the gruff exterior lay a heart not wholly hardened, and that the letter she had given him had touched chords of memory that would not vibrate in vain.

(*To be continued.*)



A RHYME OF SONGS.

"THEY all love Jack," full well I know,
And bonny "Nancy Lee,"
"Some Day" there'll be a wedding gay,
"When Jim comes home from sea;"
"The Little Hero" will be there,
"The Powder-Monkey" too,
At "Five o'clock in the morning"
He'll walk with "Mistress Prue."

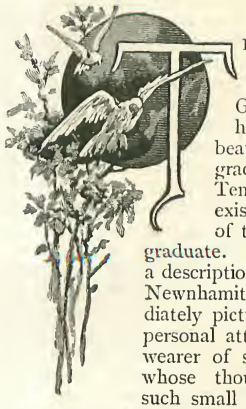
And "At the Ferry," "Waiting" still,
"The Skipper and his Boy"
Will watch, and "When the tide comes in"
There's nothing to annoy;
For "Fairly Caught" is sweet "My Queen,"
At "Turnham Toll," I know,
"The Midshipmite" is whispering
His love tales, "Sweet and low."

"Fiddle and I" will be close by
"All in a garden fair,"
"Three Sailor Boys," brimful of joys,
"Clochette" with golden hair;
With "Auntie" bringing up the rear,
And "Daddy" looking shy—
He waits to meet "Olivia" sweet,
"When comin' thro' the Rye!"

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

THOUGHTS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

By A MAN.



THERE are all sorts of legends in Cambridge about Girton and Newnham girls. The beautiful ideal girl-graduate depicted by Tennyson does not exist in the imagination of the ordinary undergraduate. If you ask him for a description of a Girtonite or Newnhamite, he will immediately picture a lady whose personal attractions are *nil*, a wearer of spectacles, a being whose thoughts soar above such small details as fashion or harmony of colour in dress. This is doubtless a libel on lady students, and if they chose to retort upon us, they might just as well take their type of the average undergraduate from the ranks of the typical smug; the gentleman who dresses worse than his gyp, who has been known at rare intervals to brush his hair and indulge in a clean collar; the man whose life consists of chapels, lectures, reading, and bed, with an interval of one hour for the Trumpington walk, and a few odd moments for meals.

It would be just as fair to judge "'Varsity men" from such specimens as these, as it would be to judge Girton or Newnham by their exceptions.

I must say personally that my only experience at Cambridge of a Girtonite was not altogether happy. I make no claim to be in any sense a learned man, only an ordinary specimen of the great majority, the οἱ πολλοὶ of Cambridge, those whose ambition is limited to obtaining in their three years an ordinary degree and as much social life as possible. One evening at an "At Home," or Perpendicular, I was introduced to a lady who hailed from Girton. The trivialities of ordinary conversation were not sufficient for her mighty intellect, however, and in a moment I was appalled with the question, "Are you mathematical?" I replied as best I could, and shortly afterwards turned the tables by introducing the subjects of music and art, of which I possess some slight smattering. Doubtless I met with one of the exceptions, and it would be wrong to form an opinion from such slight data, and so I willingly believe what others have told me—that just as our finest specimens of English manhood are to be met with at our universities, so there also are to be found our finest specimens of English girlhood.

My thoughts on woman's education, however, have nothing whatever to do with Girton or Newnham. All women cannot avail themselves of such a great privilege as a university course, and it is quite possible to fulfil the best ideals of womanhood and of education away from either Oxford or Cambridge. It is my purpose rather to send to the GIRL'S OWN PAPER what I believe are not my own thoughts and opinions alone, but the thoughts and opinions of many Englishmen upon a much-vexed question.

What is the ideal of an educated woman? Not a woman's ideal, but a man's ideal. Here I must confess myself to be old-fashioned, for the whole question depends upon what is woman's mission in this world.

I am old-fashioned because I believe that woman's true mission and man's true mission are one and the same. I am no believer in single blessedness; I believe there is no more miserable object in the world than a bachelor condemned for life to the tender mercies of a landlady; and just as in an old bachelor you see vestiges of good qualities which have withered, and perceive an incomplete man—one whose life has been to a great extent a failure, so do you see often in ladies who have never married many lovely and beautiful qualities—qualities which would have brightened and made happy any home; and seeing this, feel a sense of sadness that such lives should have been warped and arrested in their development by the force of circumstances. Yes, reproach me as you may, no argument will ever shake my conviction that the true ideal of life for man and woman alike is marriage; not society marriages of convenience, not marriage for the sake of marriage, but marriage based upon a union of souls; the old-fashioned, much abused, love-match; when all the joy and happiness of life ceases to be centred in self, but is centred instead in another, apart from whom life ceases to be worth living.

Now what is the common complaint of educated men at this present day—I mean the educated man who is in a position to marry? Is it that he cannot find girls with money, or girls possessing beauty and refinement? Is it this? I know full well we men are called mercenary, and that we are believed to look for only one great charm in woman—money. I know full well that the world is becoming every day more mercenary and less romantic; that Cupid is fast losing his bow and arrow, and is arming himself instead with bags labelled £ s. d.; I know all this, but I still say the lament of all true, manly Englishmen is that the girl of the nineteenth century is shallow and insipid; and far from wishing to see women beautiful automatons, able to preside at our tables, and to do the honours of the house and credit to their dressmakers, we, as men, desire to see them thoroughly well educated; not *bookish*—something more than that, *educated*—able to give opinions on varied subjects, well read, well travelled, well refined, our mental equals in every respect.

Do I then consider woman's intellect inferior to man's?—that is to say, the average woman inferior mentally to the average man? By no means. I do not believe that any sensible man holds that there is any real inferiority, but there is a considerable difference. As well compare the physical development of a woman with that of a man, as compare her intellect with the masculine mind. That which is masculine is essentially masculine, and that which is feminine, is feminine. We look for muscular strength, breadth of shoulder, length of limb, hardness of the facial lines, and general angularity in man; we look for that which is graceful in woman; no hard lines, no masculine biceps, but smooth undulating curves. A manly man is just as much an object of beauty in nature as a womanly woman; but it is beauty regarded from an entirely different standpoint, and that which is lovely in man is very unlovely in woman. And the same physical differences prevail in the composition of the mind—no inferiority, but an essential difference.

Now what are the characteristics of the feminine mind? This is a very difficult question for a man to answer. It requires considerable experience and knowledge of character; I must therefore ask pardon if I err in my conclusions.

It has always struck me that women are not strictly logical: they do not possess that power of advancing step by step to a conclusion which men possess; but at the same time they have a power which is in advance of logic, a power of forming a conclusion without proceeding through each stage; and the conclusion is generally an accurate one, although not arrived at by strictly logical steps. Women will form opinions, and correct opinions too, at a glance, which it takes men a long time to arrive at. I should say, therefore, that quickness in reasoning is feminine, as opposed to solidity and depth of reasoning in man. I think the Greek compared to the Roman intellect in some respects resembles the comparison between the female and male intellect. The Greek certainly was logical, and therefore I may appear to contradict myself; but his great qualities were quickness in reasoning, brilliancy rather than depth, versatility, adaptability, and, above all things, love of the beautiful. The Roman intellect was, on the other hand, practical and prosaic. It was the essentially masculine qualities of the Roman which led to Rome being the mistress of the world. It is to Greece, however, we owe all the refinement of antiquity, and a large portion of the refinement of the present.

Personally, I much prefer the Greek temperament. Vague longings after the ideal, an eye for beauty of form, a mind for beauty of thought, an ear for beauty of sound, are far to be preferred to the power of solving deep and abstruse problems. The artist is in reality a far greater man than the mere scholar; he is born, the other is made. The artistic temperament is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and is, to my mind, more often found in women than in men. We find many men without one spark of imagination or romance, but very few women. Almost every woman has some romance in her composition. Versatility is essentially part of woman's nature; concentration a part of man's nature. And here arises a strange paradox. A man who concentrates himself upon one subject, while naturally less versatile than a woman, at the same time does not lose his versatility by his concentration. Let a woman, however, once concentrate herself upon one particular thing, and she loses all her natural versatility, and becomes a creature of only one idea.

A man may be reading law, medicine, theology, mathematics, or any other subject, making one special subject the study of his life; but he will still take an interest in general matters, and be able to converse upon a score of other subjects; and oftentimes the more learned he is, the more will he delight in the most sensational of all sensational novels by way of relaxation. A learned, or rather *bookish*, lady, on the other hand, is essentially a creature who moves in a groove and is never able to get out of it. It does not matter what the subject is, the fact still remains. I have known even theological ladies, ladies whose greatest ambition would be to get up in a pulpit and preach, and my experience tells me they have only one topic, which they must literally drag in by the hair of the head on every occasion. I have one friend, for instance, whose great subject is the moral and social welfare of the London cabby. At first it is refreshing to know that the man who looks with disgust at anything less than double his legal fare is such a delightful character; but when you know him by heart he ceases to be refreshing, and when he is served up daily at every meal until your mental atmosphere reeks of him, and you begin to dream of him and to spend most of your nights in phantom growlers, he becomes, to put it mildly, a nuisance. It is the same with other subjects. The legal lady is always full of some interesting point of law, the medical lady of some interesting demonstra-

tion or operation; and if in a crowded room she can possibly button-hole you and discover you are really an M.B. Cantab., you may be sure of getting through the whole or greater part of "Quain's Anatomy" at express speed.

But I fancy I am wandering somewhat from my subject, and will, before proceeding further, sum up what I have said. Woman's ideal, I have said, is marriage; that is, the making the life of the man she loves as happy as it is possible to make it. I also hold the same ideal for a man, for all true love is unselfish and reciprocal. Woman's great natural gift is versatility; man's great complaint is that the women of the day are dull and insipid. What education, then, will serve to make women good wives and real companions for their husbands? It will be an education which develops the natural endowment, *versatility;* an education which aims rather at general culture than deep knowledge. The deeply-read specialist is not necessarily a cultured individual, for culture spreads itself over a very wide area. My ideal of an educated woman would not exclude classics, history, modern languages, music (if she be musical), art, some knowledge of mathematics, and even science. She should be, however, widely rather than deeply read.

The ladies of Girton and Newnham are only allowed to go in for an honours course, I believe. I cannot help thinking, however, that if the ordinary degree course were encouraged, and more ladies' colleges started, it would be better. The averagely well-educated Englishwoman should be at least educated up to that standard as a basis; and then, if there be any special subject which will cultivate the taste and increase the imagination, let it be studied. Harmony, counterpoint, all the higher branches of music for those who are musical; as much classics and history as you please; anything which will develop a taste for the beautiful or repeople a world long since dead; anything which will make our ancient ivy-clad ruins and stately cathedrals once more alive with the forms of those who long since have mouldered into dust; anything which will call up for us the spirit of the past; for while "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," "God repeats himself in many ways."

The subjects to be avoided, save in an elementary manner, are mathematics, and possibly science—certainly, however, the former. The subjects most to be encouraged are classics and history. These two widen and refine, while the tendency of mathematics for women is to make them narrow, and creatures of only one idea.

But what of those women who have to earn their living in the world; those who wish to be independent; to marry if they have the opportunity; but to be certain, if necessary, of earning their living? How are they to be educated? I would venture here to point out that women educated on the lines laid down are best able to educate their sisters on the same lines. It often happens that the women who would, if properly educated, make the very best of wives, by persisting in pushing the higher education craze to its limits, become creatures to be avoided by the average man; avoided not because of their culture, but because of their lack of culture; because they have become the creatures of an idea. At the same time there are exceptions. Some women are naturally masculine in their ideas, just as some men are feminine. Let such as these by all means immerse themselves in mathematics, science, or medicine; but may the day be long distant when any numbers of England's fair daughters follow in their footsteps. It does not follow that all mathematical, medical, or scientific women are to be avoided. The type is, indeed, as a type; but there are exceptions to every rule, and some very charming and delightful exceptions too. Personally, I cannot associate the tenderness of true womanhood with the torture of frogs, in order to see the action of galvanism upon the nerves, or with many other things inseparable from a deep scientific or medical education. And these are not my own thoughts alone, but the thoughts of men who have themselves been in for science. Depend upon it, ladies, the judgment of the Cambridge undergraduate represents fairly the judgment of English manhood upon your sex; and if there is anything he hates and ridicules, it is a masculine, unwomanly woman. His idea of womanhood is a lofty one. He wants to find sympathy in his pursuits—true womanly sympathy; a helpmate, not a lady who understands differential and integral calculus, who will discourse learnedly and drearily upon one everlasting subject. Nor, on the other hand, a lady who will endanger his life and spoil his sport when after the birds, by blazing away haphazard with the light gun specially made for her, and who loves to join in sports and occupations suited to men alone. No; he seeks and admires neither of these types, but those women who are still true to the best traditions of their sex; those whose mission in life is to make homes happy and cheerful with their presence; those whose influence is a holy and pure one; those who will make him what in his inmost nature he wishes to be, though perhaps far removed from that ideal now—a chivalrous, high-minded Englishman; a man who shall leave this world better than he found it.

THE OLFACTORY NERVE.

THE law of association is more closely allied to the sense of smell than to any other of the senses. Memory, imagination, old sensations and phases of thought, are more readily reached through it than through any other channel. It plays the part of middleman, connecting the present with some bygone event or state of feeling. Everyone must, at some time, have experienced how, on suddenly coming across an odour which had been encountered in previous years, everything connected with that past occasion flashes before one. The mind has been acted upon by the association and the odour at the same time, and the one cannot be recalled without the other. This may be attributed, not simply to coincidence, but to a physiological fact, for the olfactory nerve is not a mere nerve only, but a portion of the cerebrum itself, and thus intimately connected, as no other sense is, with the cerebral hemispheres—that part of the brain in which the intellectual processes are believed to be performed. This thought is brought out in a recently published American story, in which the hero, with the scent of violets, recalls a scene in his early life, with all its attendant circumstances, and even the state of mind in which he had passed through those circumstances.

Agreeable and disagreeable odours seem to be equally powerful in reviving the past, though in the majority of cases the association is with an agreeable odour. That odours affect our dreams all who have studied telepathy can attest. The presence of sea-weed will cause us to dream of ocean voyages or visits to the shore, whilst a cedar box or a sandal-wood fan will produce dreams of tropical wanderings or eastern travels. Sometimes such associations will give to dreams almost a revelatory power. The wife of General Sleeman was once sleeping in a tent on the edge of a jungle. Each night her dreams were haunted by the sight of dead men, and so vivid was the impression made upon her mind that her husband caused the ground to be opened beneath the tent. Fourteen bodies were discovered, victims of the Thugs. Doubtless, the odour of the dead suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dreams, the horrible vision.

One of the most curious facts concerning the sense of smell is that it will call up to our mind associations which have so entirely passed from our recollection that we cannot remember having experienced them; places we have no recollection of seeing, feelings we have no memory of having entertained. The somewhat nauseous scent of the poppy always brings to the mind of a certain writer a sunny afternoon in summer, and a walking through a field of standing corn on a cliff overhanging the sea—a scene he cannot connect with any memory. Lavender makes us think of old gardens with trim, straight walks, and flowers now out of date, or of old chests full of white linen and dainty naperies. Camphor "seems to open drawers and show us strange, brocaded gowns, fur boas, and flapping hats." Magnolia takes us to Southern States, shows us low, verandahed homes of planters:—

"The blinds are dropped, and softly now and then
The day flows in. . . should you enter, there will greet
Your sense, with vague allurement, effluence faint
Of a magnolia bloom."

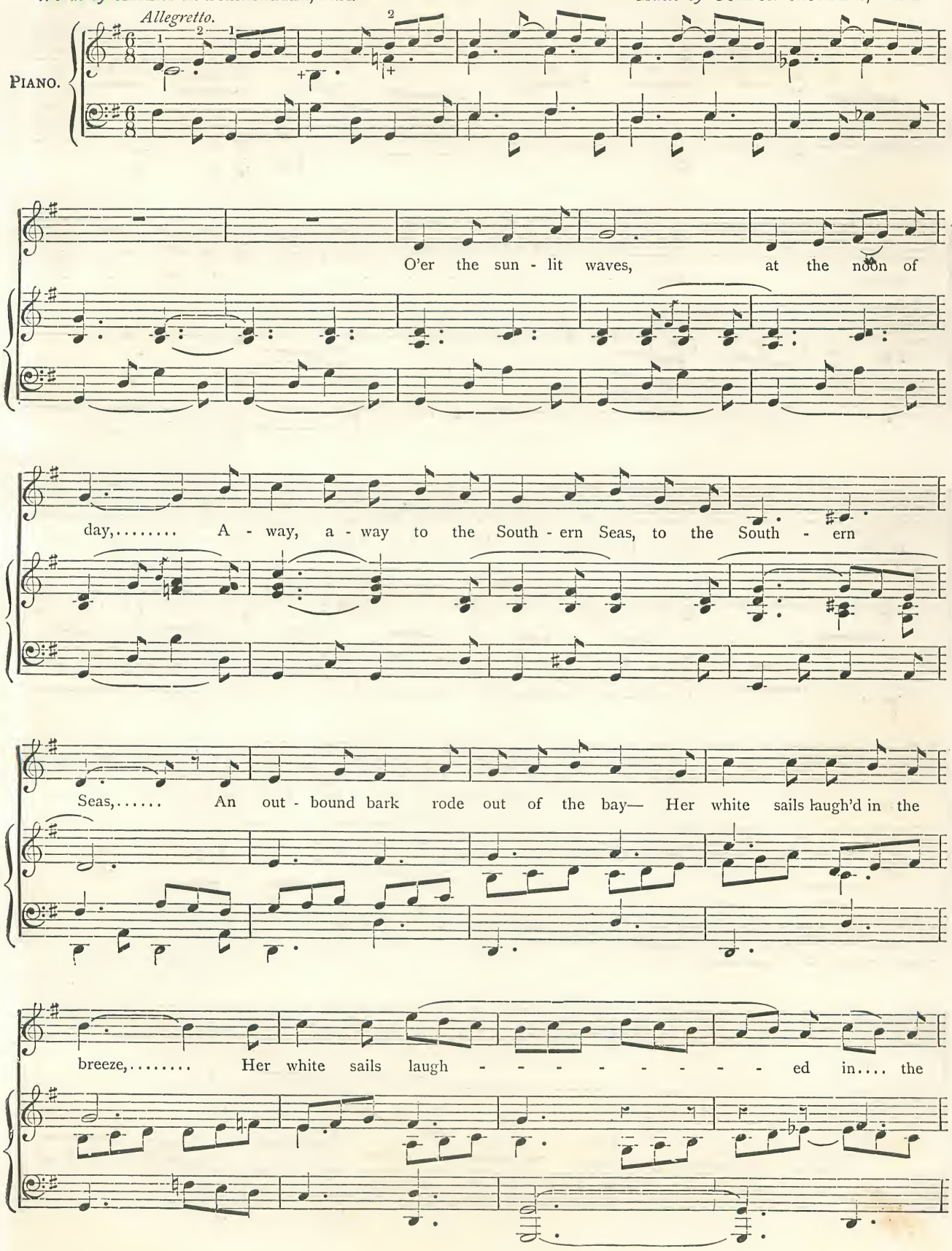
Magnolia, honeysuckle, and limes have a sensuous, intoxicating perfume, which bring back all there has been of passion and romance in our lives. Many people are strangely affected by breathing the air laden with their perfume; it has even been stigmatised as "a demoralising atmosphere." Very different is the effect produced by the scent of the mignonette or the rose. They take us back to our happiest, purest moments, recall our innocent and simple pleasures, and, in a word, "do us good." Chrysanthemums have a bracing, invigorating scent, but, like "the wholesome air of poverty," a little of it goes a long way.

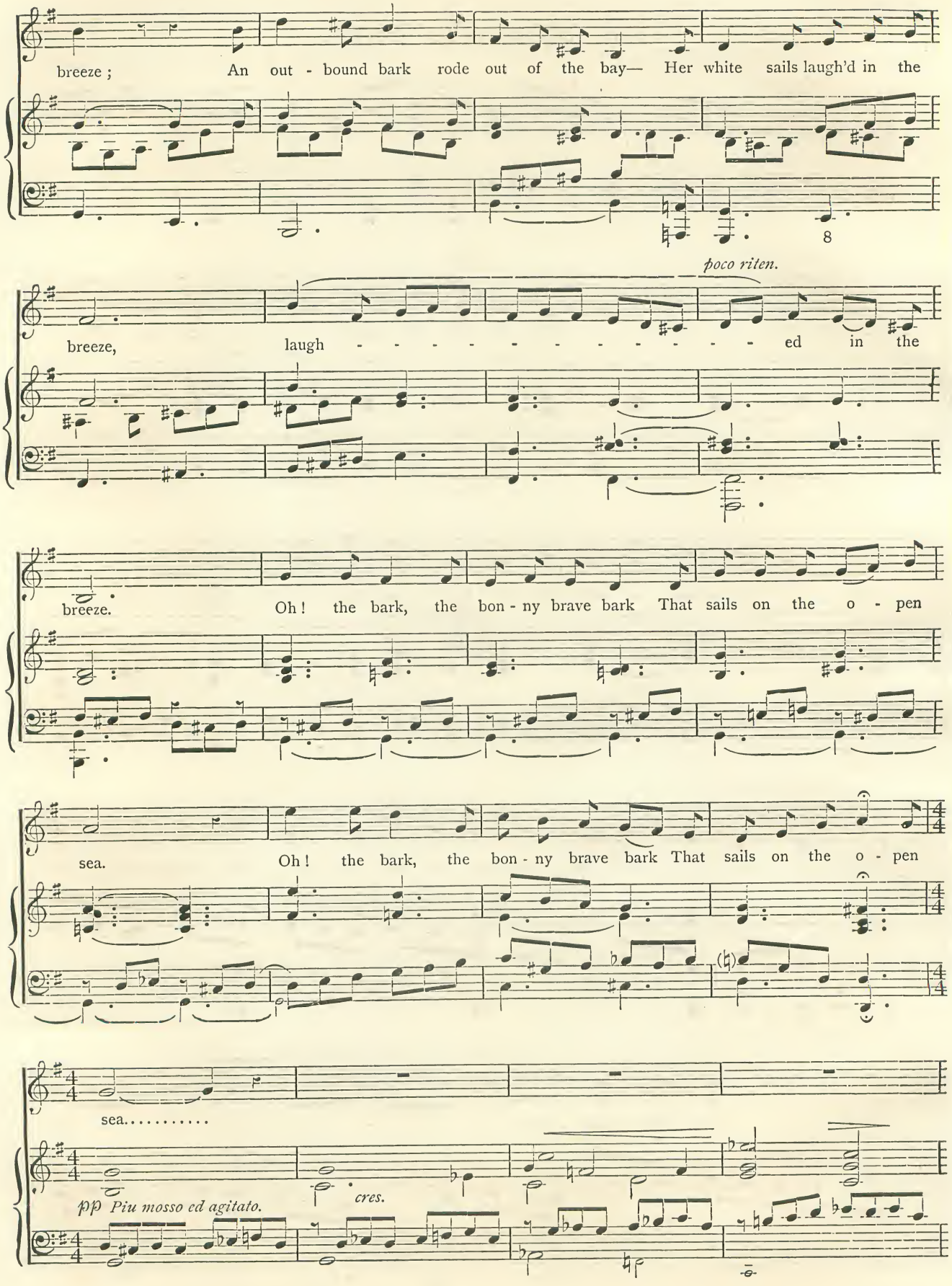
Naturally, all people are not affected similarly; one person may be susceptible to an odour which upon another has little effect. Yet this does not invalidate the fact that feelings, association, distant memories, are more easily reached through the sense of smell than through any other channel, and that with certain odours we re-live many chapters of our lives.

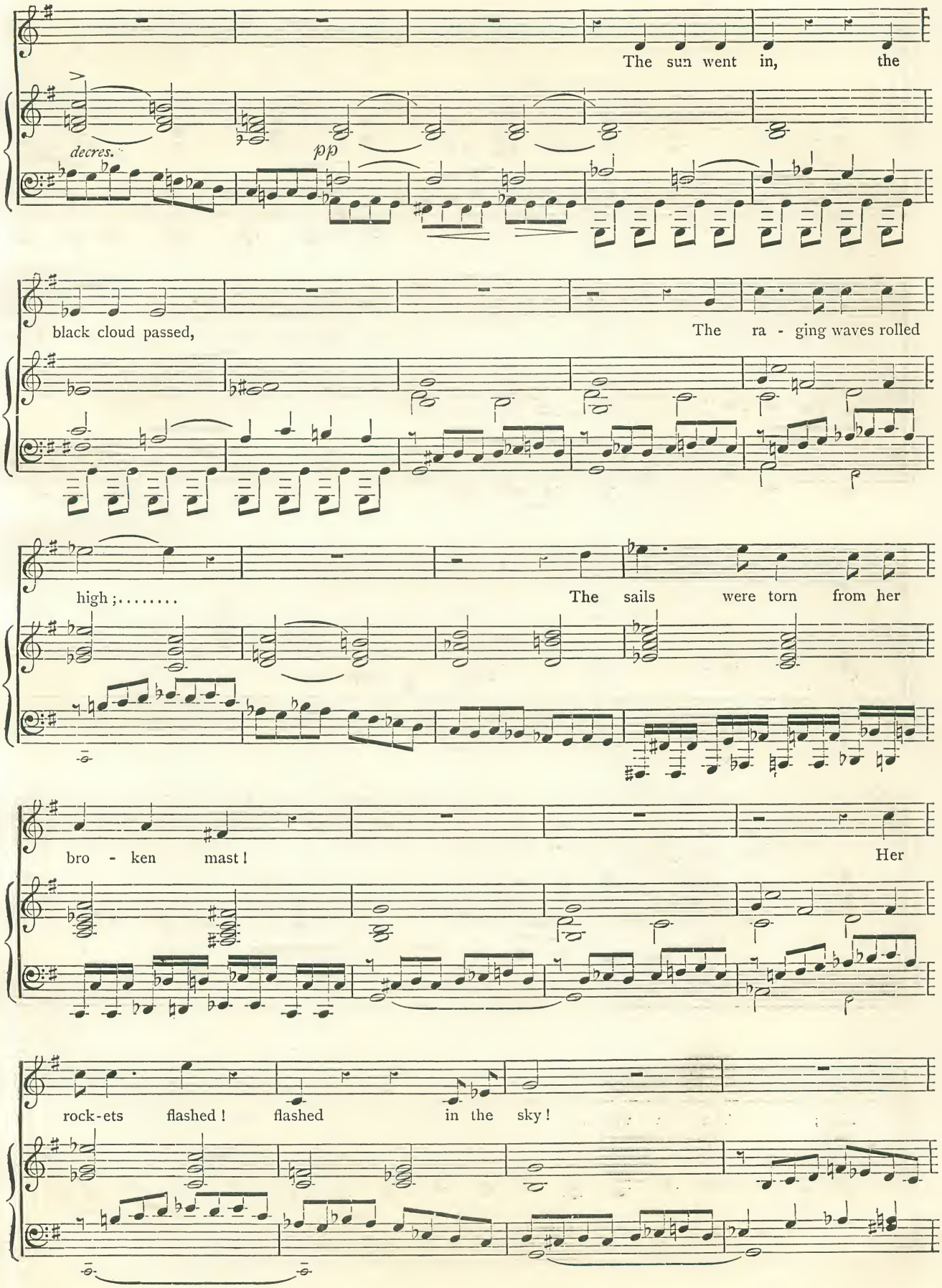
ISABEL S. ROBSON.

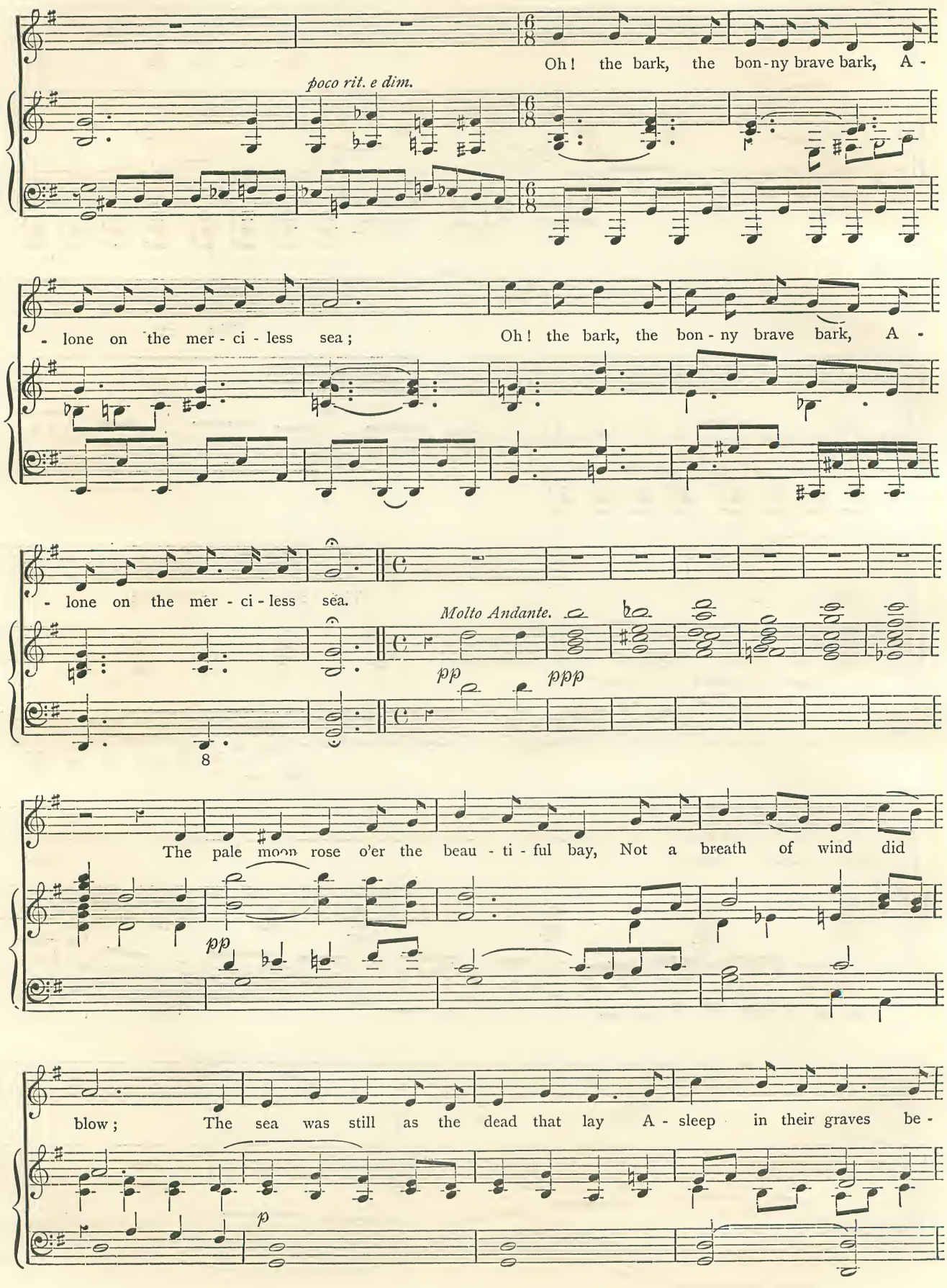
THE OUT-BOUND BARK.

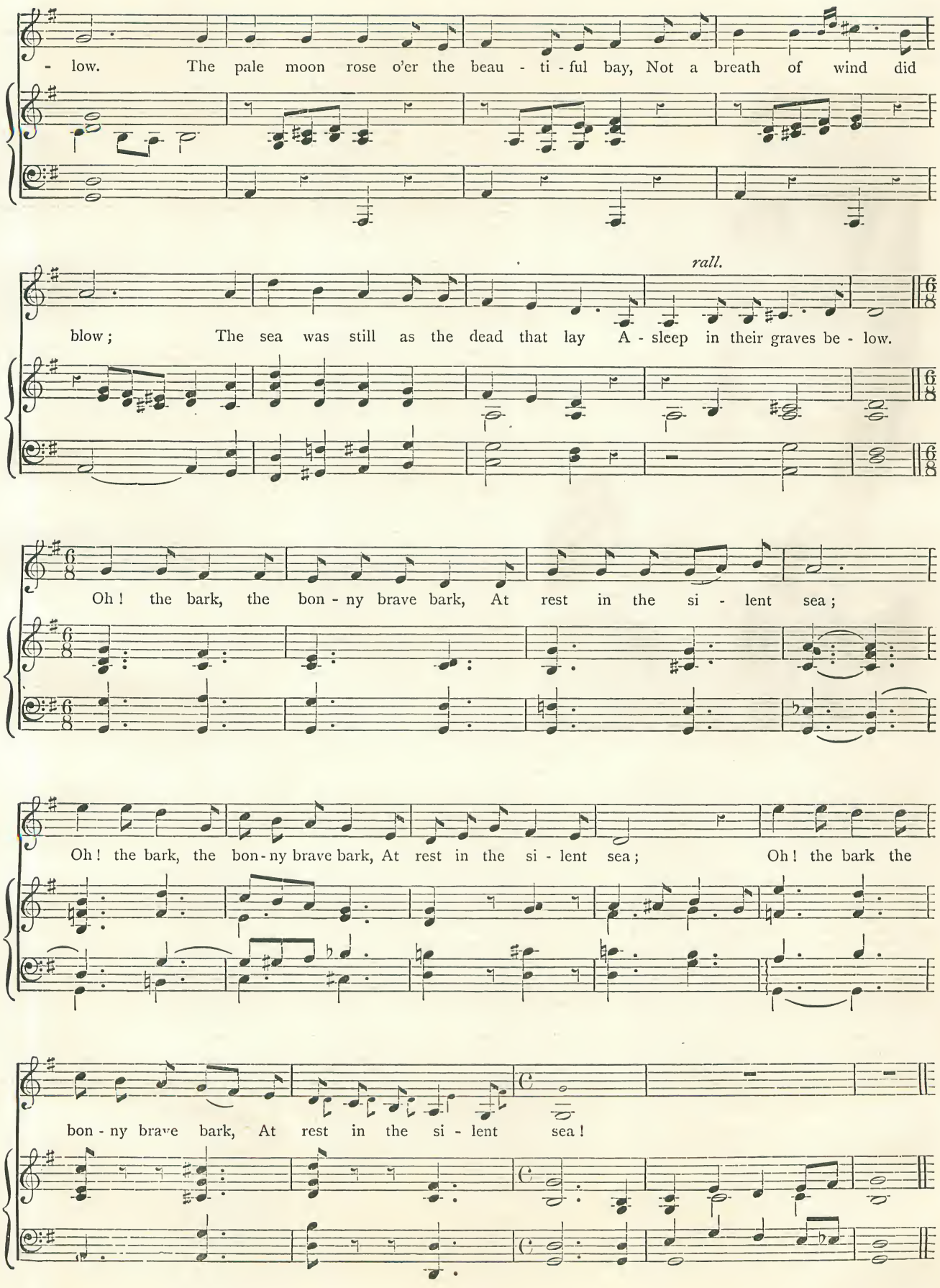
Words by ALBERT E. DRINKWATER, M.A. *Music by* GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.




breeze ; An out - bound bark rode out of the bay— Her white sails laugh'd in the
8
poco riten.
breeze, laugh - - - - - - - - - - - - ed in the
breeze. Oh! the bark, the bon - ny brave bark That sails on the o - pen
sea. Oh! the bark, the bon - ny brave bark That sails on the o - pen
sea.....
pp Piu mosso ed agitato.
cres.


The sun went in, the
decres.
pp
black cloud passed,
The ra - ging waves rolled
high ;.....
The sails were torn from her
bro - ken mast!
Her
rock-ets flashed! flashed in the sky!


Oh! the bark, the bon-ny brave bark, A-
poco rit. e dim.
- lone on the mer - ci - less sea;
Oh! the bark, the bon - ny brave bark, A -
- lone on the mer - ci - less sea.
Molto Andante.
pp
ppp
8
The pale moon rose o'er the beau - ti - ful bay, Not a breath of wind did
pp
blow; The sea was still as the dead that lay A - sleep in their graves be -
p


- low. The pale moon rose o'er the beau - ti - ful bay, Not a breath of wind did
rall.
blow; The sea was still as the dead that lay A - sleep in their graves be - low.
Oh! the bark, the bon - ny brave bark, At rest in the si - lent sea;
Oh! the bark, the bon - ny brave bark, At rest in the si - lent sea; Oh! the bark the
bon - ny brave bark, At rest in the si - lent sea!



EDUCATIONAL.

CAROLINE.—We must refer you to our many answers to others on the question you repeat. Write to the Secretary direct, or apply in person to the Matron at St. Thomas's Hospital.

"CHRISTINE."—We have given a long series of instructive articles in this paper on the subject of "Good Breeding," "Etiquette," and "Duties," connected with various positions in life, and circumstances of every description. Those of parents, children, hosts and guests, governesses and servants, etc., "Dinners in Society," and "Letters of Invitation," are also included in the very exhaustive instructions given.

LADY MACBETH.—We have looked for both the addresses you give, and can find neither, nor do you tell us to what large town you are near. So we can only advise you to write to the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., for the list of science and art classes in the kingdom. The Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland holds examinations at over twenty centres in June and July on languages, literature, and science—fee 2s. 6d. Write for information to the Assistant Commissioners, 1, Hume Street, Dublin. You could study for this examination at home. You might also get assistance in reading from the National Home-Reading Union, for encouraging and directing home study. Address the Secretary, Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

BLUEBELL and COWSLIP.—It is not essential that the nurses in hospitals should be members of the English Church. Of course no delicate woman could be regarded as eligible for the profession of a nurse. The life is far too arduous and exhausting, and delicate people are apt to receive infection too easily. Your lungs, heart, and all the great organs, would be examined by the doctor, and enquiries made as to hereditary tendencies and possible taint, and your general appearance taken into consideration, before being admitted into any hospital or home for the sick.

L'ADMIRATRICE D'UN BRAS FORT.—Certainly you should improve your writing, and take a few lessons in book-keeping.

ART.

IVY.—Why do you begin with anything so difficult as a chair? Place a box or a book on a table and try on that, or some simple jar or vase. You only discourage yourself by trying to fly too high at first.

CECIL'S DARLING.—Your drawings do not show any very great promise.

FOOLISH FIFTEEN.—We read your letter with much sympathy, and our advice is, to go on writing and studying for a time patiently. Your drawing is evidently doubtful, and you will correct this best by drawing from the objects around you. Begin with a box on a table or a cup, and draw the box or the cup in every possible position, and so go on to other simple things till you attain more correctness in sketching. This you can do without a master. In your studies you will find "The Girls' Year," published in vol. ix., will help you to a course of study. You should commit poetry to memory, and write compositions on historical and other subjects. Your spelling and composition are both wonderfully correct and good for your age. Have you no schoolmistress near you who could help or give you instruction? We can quite see you in your lonely and sad life, and can only advise you to look always on the bright side of life, and try to avoid taking to heart the snubs and unkindness of others.

MUSIC.

G. S. KNIGHTS.—The varieties of pine and maple growing in the Bavarian Alps and the Tyrol are superior in tone and fibre to those growing elsewhere, and owe their superiority to the soil, which is strongly impregnated with salts. Although several pines are common in these districts, the most valuable is the *Picea pectinata*, or common silver fir. Much experience is said to be needed to select a fitting tree for violin-making.

TRUMPETER.—As a rule it is best not to take singing lessons till after fifteen or sixteen years old.

GENERAL JACK.—We should recommend the Royal College of Music, open to both sexes, Kensington Gore, S.W. £40 per annum fee for student's tuition.

CORALIE.—Such particulars about living celebrities are not in any way needful, and many such people object to their age and present residence being known.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. R. O.—The "Great Tom" of Christ Church, Oxford, was originally one of the celebrated peal of bells of Oseney Abbey, built by Robert d'Ocilli. This bell was re-cast in 1680, when it weighed about 17,000 pounds, and is seven feet one inch in diameter, and the clapper weighed 342 pounds. The tolling 101 times every night at 9.10 P.M., when the gates of the colleges and halls are closed, denotes the number of the members, called "students," giving a toll for each. The Oseney Abbey peal used to be considered the finest in England. The Abbey was the ancient seat of the Bishopric of Oxford, and a Council was held there in 1222 under Archbishop Langton.

IRIS.—1. You have only to bow and smile in response to the thanks offered you.—2. The Jews are still suffering under the judgment prophesied for them; but woe to all those who augment their affliction. "Blessed be he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee!"

QUEEN MAB.—You make a decoction of rosemary exactly as you make tea; only it may be allowed to stand, which tea should not. A good method of using it for the restoration of falling hair is to drop about ten drops of spirit of rosemary in half a wine-glass of water, and sponge the skin with it. If too strong for you, add more water.

PATER.—We have read your letter with much interest, and will remember its suggestions. We think that a large amount of imported frozen meat is sold and consumed as English fresh meat. No doubt the prejudice will wear away.

PHILLIS COLLAROSSA.—The Moravians are Protestants of course, and their schools are excellent, especially that at Neuwied, in Germany.

CONSTANCE B. E. P.—The headquarters of the nursing, or "Grey Sisters," of the army, is at Netley, near Southampton. They must first have been trained at some good civil hospital, and be ladies by birth and education.

L. M. E. R.—Do not engage yourself at eighteen. You will change your opinion before you are twenty-five.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH writes very well, and we think may do much better in time if she persevere.

AFRIKANDER.—1. The mother of Queen Victoria was the Princess Victoria Mary Louisa of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield, born 17th of August, 1786; married, first, 21st of December, 1802, to Emich Charles, reigning Prince of Leiningen, who died 4th of July, 1814. By the Prince she had two children, viz., the late Prince of Leiningen, who died November, 1856, father of the present Prince of Leiningen in the Royal Navy of England, and a daughter, born 7th of December, 1807; married 18th of February, 1828, to the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. She died 28th of September, 1872, leaving five children, of whom Prince Victor, or Count Gleichen (as he is called) was the third. The half-sister of the Queen was twelve years older than Her Majesty.—2. Poem very pretty.

MERRY ANDREW.—We do not remember having seen your former query. In reply to the present, the origin of the name "Star Chamber" has been a disputed question. According to Caley, in the *Archæologia*, the ceiling was anciently decorated with stars, and was, it would seem, very naturally called the *Chambre des Etoilles*. Its use can be traced back to the time of Edward III., but was not mentioned as a court of justice till that of Henry VII. It was situated in the outermost quadrangle of the Palace of Westminster, next the bank of the river.

GWENDOLINE.—If you spoke unadvisedly in the excitement of the moment you should honestly pay the debt you owe for it, by making an *amende* to the person offended. It is your duty as a Christian; and by expressing regret for having given offence you will not lower yourself: on the contrary, you elevate yourself by doing what is your duty.

JENNY.—1. The soles of thick shoes are made in layers, and sometimes partly (though improperly) of brown paper instead of leather. If unevenly placed together the soles are apt to creek in walking. Also, after having been wet through they have the same defect when dried.—2. Acidity in the system is said to cause grinding of the teeth.

(NO NAME GIVEN).—On the occasion of a death you should either call to enquire and leave your card, or write a letter of sympathy. When the family are prepared to receive a visit they will send a card of thanks, and then you must call and go in. When you call at the parental home of a bride, or at her new home, you should not leave a card, but should go in and see them. You should also take an early opportunity of paying a visit after a dinner at the house, or any large evening entertainment. If not at home, then leave a card.

ŒNONE.—1. The rules for mourning dress are much less strict than they used to be. You may wear your rings and gold watch chain. A widow would have a black chain and brooch.—2. Write a rather smaller hand, and slope it a little from left to right. Your writing is too upright to be graceful.

CASSIE.—Pink, ruby, and gold, especially "old gold," are usually becoming colours to dark people; blue, green, and violet of all shades, for those who are fair or have red hair. Our "Useful Hints" given to our correspondents are not "sent by our readers." Our "Answers" are our own.

MADAMIE.—Read the articles by "Medicus" on the care of the feet and hands. We cannot add anything to them. Sometimes the trouble in the feet to which you allude is not so much due to the hardness or the ill-fitting and mis-shape of the shoe as to some gouty tendencies in the constitution, which are known to appear in this trouble in the feet, and may be hereditary.

NOBODY'S SETTLEMENT.—1. The names Ann, Anna, and Anne (with a mute final "e") are often changed by those intimate with the holder of the name into Annie, merely for the sake of less formality.—2. The word "excellent" has two "l's," and "grateful" is not spelt "greatfull," and the idea conveyed by the expression is not an agreeable one. Perhaps the suggestion will prevent your making the mistake again.

A QUAKER.—Comparatively few are capable of feeling very deep affection. The nature of the majority of people is either too selfish or else too shallow. When we are told that "Love is strong as death," and that "many waters cannot quench it," we are not instructed about a divine (and human) attribute which does not exist. Your friends should reflect a little before offering their opinions.

SUNDAY-CLASS SCHOLAR.—John Bunyan was for many years the pastor of the Baptist Congregation at Bedford. But he had not been originally trained for such a vocation, for he was by trade a tinker. He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, and was buried in Bunhill Fields burial-ground. He suffered much persecution, and was imprisoned during fifty-one days in the old gaol of Bedford—on the bridge. We are not surprised at your interest in his writings. But always remember that the privilege of reading such lays you under a great additional weight of responsibility. They are not designed as merely entertaining stories; but they are exhortations to their readers to make the most of this their spiritual school time, and to prepare, like "the wise virgins," for the solemn call, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye forth to meet Him!"

MYRTLE.—Your writing is quite sufficiently good for the work of a clerk.



VOL. XII.—No. 607.] AUGUST 15, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

Translation from the Welsh of JOHN BLACKWELL (Alun).

RESTLESS wave, calm be thy breast,
Beat not with rage yon rocky crest;
Nature around doth seek repose;
Then why not thou thine eyelids close?
Earthly sounds have ceased their roar—
Sleep thou silently on thy shore.

Rest, O Sea! for on thy wave
Sails one whose heart is ever brave;
He leads not an idle life,
Toiling daily for his wife;
Safely bear him home once more,
And be silent on thy shore.

Be not petulant, but still;
Curb thy white steeds at thy will.
Why art thou so angry *now*?
The breezes sleep on yonder brow!
Bring my husband safely home
Ere the shades of evening come.

Anxious wife her watch doth keep,
While her loved one's on the deep;
But if angry billows rise,
Who her feelings can surmise?
Oh! be gentle I implore,
Sleep in peace upon thy shore.

Deaf thou art to all my pleading,
Cruel Ocean! deep, unheeding;
I will turn to One can ride thee,
And, when most tempestuous, chide thee;
He will guard us evermore,
And *make* thee silent on thy shore. W. D.

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"THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE."

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LOVE THE COMFORTER."



IT was the morning after Helen's visit to Moorfield. She had slept little during the night, and what sleep she had, had been disturbed by vivid dreams, in which the eccentric old man, whom her father had loved so dearly in his youth, appeared continually—now with a threatening and repellent air, and again looking strangely softened and actually affectionately at her. At breakfast she ate but little. Mrs. Warham fancied she must be ill, and tried to persuade her to go back to her room; but Helen assured her that, excepting a headache owing to broken sleep, she was perfectly well.

After breakfast Mr. Dennis appeared.

"Annie Gray, that poor shop-girl who was sent down here by Lady Grahame, is dying, I fear," he said to Helen. "Can you spend an hour with her this morning?"

"I will do so gladly," she replied.

The call to a definite duty was very welcome to her in her disturbed state of mind. She was not one of those weak souls who love to hug and brood over their own sorrows or grievances. Whenever she could act, she did; and she had found an antidote to many of the griefs of her girlhood in throwing herself into the burdened lives of others.

"Can you go soon?" Mr. Dennis asked. "If you can I should like to walk so far with you; I am not very busy this morning."

"How tiresome!" thought Helen. "Oh, dear! if this good man would leave me to myself!" There are limits to the patience and complacency of the kindest hearts; and the girl's mind was full of care and suspense. Even Ernest's image, which had begun to present itself very persistently to her mind's eye of late, had faded before the all-absorbing thought of the possible results from her visit to Mr. Eustace.

Mr. Dennis noted the troubled look that clouded the face of the girl he had begun to love. "Never mind," he added; "perhaps you do not want to start so soon;" and he took up his hat reluctantly

"No," said Helen, decisively. "I will go at once if you will wait five minutes for me." "And if he says what I fear he wants to say," she thought, "it will be over."

Ernest Myddleton had not yet left Redminster. She did not expect him to call that day, nor did she wish it. West Dene, her mother and her brother's home, and all it meant to herself, was the idea that was supreme just then. Yet even this idea was inseparably associated with Ernest, or rather, he with it, although she tried not to dwell on the fact. As a Warham of West Dene, his uncle of Alderswood would look on her with more favour than if she were living in obscure and comparative poverty elsewhere. When this thought had occurred to her during the last few days, Helen had flushed uncomfortably, and driven it away as unworthy of her better self. Yet it had returned with troublesome persistence.

And now, just as she was walking along the road towards the cottage where the poor dying woman lay, with Mr. Dennis absorbed and irresolute at her side, Ernest came towards them.

His face betrayed his disappointment and the uneasiness the sight of Helen's companion gave him.

"I hoped to find you at home at this early hour," he said. "However, I will go on and see Mrs. Warham if she is able to receive me. I had a letter from Ted this morning."

"Please do," said Helen. The vexation she felt at his meeting her just then, and disappointment too—for he had no doubt come to say good-bye before returning to town—made her words few and her manner constrained. With Mr. Dennis beside her, it seemed impossible for either to speak naturally. She held out her hand to Ernest; it was cold, and he fancied her manner was cold and stiff also.

"Cold hands, warm heart," says the proverb. Certainly not because people who have habitually chilling hands are warm-hearted. Quite the reverse. A hand with a heart in it, the cordial grasp of a strong, loving nature, never chills. But when the heart is full of a love that it may not show, or when the feelings that master it are overpoweringly active, the blood cannot circulate with its usual freedom, and the hand is left cold and lifeless. Many a wrong impression has been conveyed in that way—nay, I have known of one at least who would have been true and loving until death, but who was sent away and never recalled by the cold hand and silence which were the only outward signs of an emotion the poor lover was not philosophically calm and collected enough to interpret aright.

Ernest had turned to go, and Mr. Dennis had actually given a long sigh that showed his relief, and he was turning to Helen with a smile on his usually quiet mouth, when she turned resolutely back.

"Mr. Myddleton," she said, "pray do not hurry away, if you have a few hours to spare. I must go to see a poor soul who is ill, but I shall be at home before noon."

There was a wistful look in her eyes as she spoke, but Ernest did not notice it. He was evidently annoyed that Helen did not offer to defer her visit with the clergyman, as his was a farewell call. He did not answer, but simply raised his hat. With hurt feelings she unconsciously quickened her steps towards the cottage. A fleecy summer cloud drifted over the bright face of the sun, and at the same time a shadow overclouded the face of the girl's companion. He buttoned his clerical coat more closely about his figure.

"I think we shall have a shower," he observed in a constrained voice. "The air has grown quite chilly."

A half mischievous smile flitted over Helen's face.

"It is just possible," she replied. "I will hurry on. The way over the stile will be your quickest home. Do go—I should be sorry if you got wet."

And almost before Mr. Dennis took in her meaning she had shaken hands and left him standing alone beside that opportune stile that led into a meadow opposite his own house.

* * * *

Poor Annie Gray! The sight that met Helen's eyes as she entered the living room of a little cottage by the roadside was one of the saddest that life can offer, and Helen's personal griefs were banished and forgotten in the sympathy and pity that filled her heart, and made her sensitive lips quiver, as she seated herself by the dying woman's little couch. It was perhaps the saddest case she had ever known round about West Dene. As it is a true story, my readers will allow me to digress and give them its outlines, and they will find the moral and point it for themselves.

The transition from the outside world where youth and love and beauty rejoiced together, where the joyous birds and their newly-fledged little ones were busily twittering among the scented gorse and young bracken, and the bees hummed and butterflies flitted over the flowers, to the darkened chamber of suffering, was typical of this life of ours, where love and sorrow meet, and the fine, soft clothing of the rich in its thronged thoroughfares is often brushed against the poor fluttering rags of want and misery.

Only three years ago Annie Gray had thrown up a good situation as house and parlourmaid in Redminster, carried away by the talk she heard of the pleasures of London life, and the letters she received from a friend who was in a large house of business there. It may seem strange to some of you, my readers, but what weighed most with Annie was that as a shop assistant she knew she would be called "a young lady," whereas in her present situation they talked of her as "a young woman" or "young person" in service. She was not alone in this; many in higher positions will do much simply to have a handle put before or a few letters after their names.

So she went to London, and for a

time her robust country health, and the novelty of everything about her, made the long hours of standing behind a counter easy and enjoyable to her. One day a lady she had known in Redminster entered the shop, and Annie, glad to see a face from her native town, told her how often she had seen her in the house where she had been in service. As she was a kind, good person, the lady then asked Annie if she had attached herself to any church, and how she spent her few leisure hours; if she was connected with any provident association, or knew of good recreation rooms, and so forth. The only answer to all this that Annie could make was that she needed fresh air, and usually spent all her free time in walking about the streets and park, and on Sundays she went with her friend to different places of worship, "just to see what they were all like." She might have added that she often walked about most of the day on Sunday also.

The lady, unfortunately, was only passing through on her way to the continent, and the promises Annie made to her were soon forgotten. In the course of a few months a cold she contracted through wearing thinly-soled cheap boots settled on her lungs. Her situation was lost, and her friend, who, though foolish and giddy, was kind-hearted, allowed her to share her small room in the top storey of a house not far from Regent Street. But one evening the friend went out and never returned. Then the landlord told Annie that if she did not bring the overdue rent to him on the following evening he should lock the door against her. Had she belonged to some church, or to some provident association, or union for her branch of work, she would have been helped; but the poor girl had only lived for the present, and she was alone in her need. I call her a girl, but she was in point of fact about twenty-two years of age.

She heard of a public fund for those out of work, and applied for assistance.

"No," was the reply; "being a single woman, without children to support, you are not a fit subject for our relief fund."

And the busy secretary turned to the next in the crowd of applicants that followed.

"Just a few shillings, if you please, sir, to save me from being turned on the streets," pleaded Annie.

Her prayer was hardly audible in the full room, and with a gesture she was dismissed.

Outside she asked the way to the nearest union workhouse, and wearily she walked there through a cold, foggy atmosphere.

"No," was again the response to her piteous appeal. "But you can come into the house. We give no outdoor relief to such cases as yours."

To enter at once, to leave, as she thought, all chances of freedom and independent work outside — Annie's heart, ill though she was, shrank from it. In a dull, half-dazed condition, she went out of the great door again, and having wandered a few paces down the street, she leaned, weak and faint, against a high wall. Yet weak as she was, three alternatives presented themselves clearly to her mind. The first was, death and forgetfulness in the great river; the second, starvation on the pavement of some obscure street; the third was worst of all.

To the river she found her way first. But how dark and cold the waters looked when she managed to get close enough to them for her purpose! She looked and shivered, looked again, and as hurriedly as her failing limbs permitted, got away from the sight and sound of the tide, that flowed darkly and mysteriously towards the unknown.

What followed I will not tell—it was all too terrible. A year later, Lady Grahame, who sent her afterwards to the country, met her as she came out of a refuge where she had been received at last in the extremity of her misery—a poor wasted creature, from whose life every gleam of hope seemed to have vanished.

* * * *

As Helen seated herself, Annie opened her eyes, and smiled faintly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "My father and mother died when I was little, but I have two sisters in service at Gloucester. Will you be kind enough to write them a few lines for me?"

"That I will," replied Helen. "I need only write in pencil now in my note book, and will copy it when I get home."

A few lines were all Annie had to send, but in them she begged her sisters to let none tempt them to leave the plain path that was open before them, and besought them to strive to meet her in the presence of the Saviour who had forgiven all her sins, and to whom she was about to commend her spirit.

"Now I can sleep a little," she murmured, when Helen had finished.

For a quarter of an hour she lay motionless, and the watcher sat almost as quietly, gazing alternately on the wan, dying face, and out through the half-open door at the sky, now blue and cloudless above. "As high as the heavens are above the earth"—she repeated the words to herself, with others that precede and follow these, and she felt comforted as to the poor sister who lay there.

When Annie opened her eyes again she said softly, "I have had such a happy dream. *He* came and said to me, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' and I was so strong and well. Now I will sleep again." And soon, with a sigh, her spirit fled to Him who gave and who had redeemed it.

* * * *

An hour later Helen sat under a clump of fir trees on a high part of the common. She had felt too much moved to return home quickly. Her head was in her hands, and she had been weeping. When she looked up, on hearing footsteps very near on the soft turf, she saw Ernest Myddleton. The sight of her tears quite unmanned him.

"Helen! Miss Warham! What has troubled you?" he asked abruptly, throwing himself down on the ground beside her as she sat.

I cannot tell you how it came about exactly, but soon his arm was round her, and her weeping eyes were hidden on his shoulder. After a few moments, however, Helen roused herself, and put Ernest gently but firmly from her.

"I can make no promises," she said. "You know now that I love you; but I have my mother and our home to think of first. I have pledged myself to both—to do all in my power to save my mother from changes that would break her heart, I believe."

"But Helen, dearest one, I can help you in that."

"No, Ernest; I will not let you bear so great a burden for my sake. *Listen!* I will tell you what I have done. I did not mean to tell it to anyone unless I was successful. No, not so, dear friend—I *may* call you that. Give me that hand. It must stay here in mine, or I will leave you and go home at once." He had wanted to draw her towards him again.

Then Helen told all the story of her anxieties, and she described her interview with Mr. Eustace, and the state of suspense she had been in.

"But, Helen, I can help you. I hate the idea of your trusting to that old cynic. You know I am my uncle's heir. Alderswood will be mine, if I am spared, some day, and I can——"

"You shall do nothing," said Helen. Looking quickly at her lover's face, which was becoming overclouded, she put her soft hand on his mouth.

"If you say more you will grieve me, Ernest. And now, will you walk back with me as far as our gates, if you have time? It comforts me to talk to you. I will promise to let you know the result of my visit to Moorfield."

"At once, dearest? Then you will not stop my pen as you have done my mouth," he added, as he drew her hand under his arm in a way that showed he meant ownership some day.

(To be continued.)



FROM ADEN TO SYDNEY.

IV.—Sydney.

During our last chat we were walking through the streets of the New York of Australia, Melbourne. We decided, in our journey from Adelaide to Melbourne, that, after all, if one has been on board ship for ten days, one need not fear two more, nay, that, all things considered, the movement of the ship was preferable to the jolt and commotion of the railway train. Let us therefore re-embark in one of the great ocean steamers, and pursue our way to Sydney, the metropolis of New South Wales, the London of Australia, the oldest and parent city of "Greater Britain." There is nothing of special interest to note on the way between Melbourne and Sydney, as most of the vessels keep well out to sea.

Your first impression of Sydney will of course greatly depend upon the weather and time of day at which you arrive; but whatever these conditions may be, you will not fail to be struck by the beauties before you. If you approach at night, long ere you arrive at Sydney you will see a bright gleam of light coming from the direction of that city, suddenly flashing across you and then dying down at regular intervals. This is the great Sydney light, situated on the so-called South Head. It is one of the strongest revolving lights in the world, and if you happen to be sleeping in a bedroom in Sydney anywhere within the range of this light, you will soon appreciate the unpleasant intensity of its rays, and draw down your darkest blinds and pull-to your thickest curtains to keep the intruding flash from disturbing your night's repose.

Years ago a sailing ship set forth from England to go to Sydney by way of the Cape. She was safely steered through all that long journey, until she arrived near the point where now that great light revolves. She had taken over six months to traverse the distance between England and Australia, and now all her passengers were looking forward with beating hearts to landing in that new country where they were to make their home. To get to Sydney, the harbour must be entered through a passage about a mile and a half wide, and on either side of this passage huge rocks rise up like giant sentinels; these rocks are called the North and South Heads. Just to the south of the South Head is a large bay, called "The Gap," which somewhat resembles at first sight, and especially at night time, the entrance to the harbour. The captain of this sailing ship, mistaking his position, unfortunately steered his ship into the "Gap," with the result that she was hurled against the great rocks, and crushed like a match-box. Every soul on board was drowned excepting one sailor, who was thrown up on to the dry land. He was found by the people of the place, and told the story of the ill-fated vessel. He was afterwards made keeper of the light-house. But ultimately the sea claimed her own, and he too perished by drowning. It is said that in the thick mist of the night the old lighthouse, with its oil lamps, was powerless to give a sufficient light to guide the mariner away from this dangerous gap, and so this marvellous fog-piercing light was constructed in its place.

Those two great masses of rock, the Heads, are the portals of one of the grandest scenes in the world, the pride of the children of the Southern Hemisphere, Sydney Harbour. Between the townsmen of Sydney and those of Melbourne there is a kind of good-natured rivalry, and many jokes are cracked by the jealous Melbournite at the expense of the Sydney man and "his harbour." It is said that, in conversation with a Sydney man, if you say you have been to Sydney, the next question is invariably, "Have you seen our harbour?" or "What did you think of our harbour?" The story is told of a sea captain who was so tired and annoyed with repeated reiteration of this query, that on entering port he hung a large placard over the side of the ship, on which was written, "I *have* seen your harbour!"

Before you arrive at the Heads a pilot comes from the shore to steer the vessel through the gigantic gateway which, as I have said, is about a mile and a half in width. Should you arrive by night you anchor just within the harbour in one of its numerous creeks, and when morning comes the vessel is tugged by steam-tugs into its proper moorings in the business part of the harbour, which is called the Circular Quay. The length of this harbour inland is about eighteen miles, and leading from it are three great arms, or "rivers," as they are termed, though they are not rivers in our accepted sense of the expression. The longest of these is the Parramatta River, which is fifteen miles long, and along the banks of which grow most beautiful orange-trees. Here it is that the various great matches in the art of sculling take place, an art in which our Australian relatives excel; and it was only the other day on this very river that one of our best English scullers was beaten by a young Australian. The second of these "rivers" is called Lane Cove, and is ten miles long; the third has the strange name of Middle Harbour, and is eight miles long.

This great harbour, with its three great arms, and innumerable coves and creeks, is truly a wonderful sight, and perhaps, with the exception of Rio, the finest thing of its kind in the world. On every side the vast expanse is belted with fertile land, the green vegetation coming right down to the very water's edge; and in the centre of this favoured spot lies Sydney, with its many church spires and fine buildings. The whole harbour seems full of life; innumerable little yachts flit about here—for yachting is one of the favourite and chief amusements of the Sydney folk—and from the various piers and jetties curious little steamers are seen putting off every few minutes laden with passengers, who regard this means of transit between the various parts of the city much as we in London do the Underground Railway. These little steamers are fitted with steering-gear at each end, so that they need never turn round; the engines are merely reversed, and the one helm being fixed, the other is used to guide the course of the boat. Here and there may be seen steam ferries carrying horses, carts, and men from one part of the harbour to another, seldom, if ever, without placid John Chinaman smiling under his heavy load of vegetables and fruit.

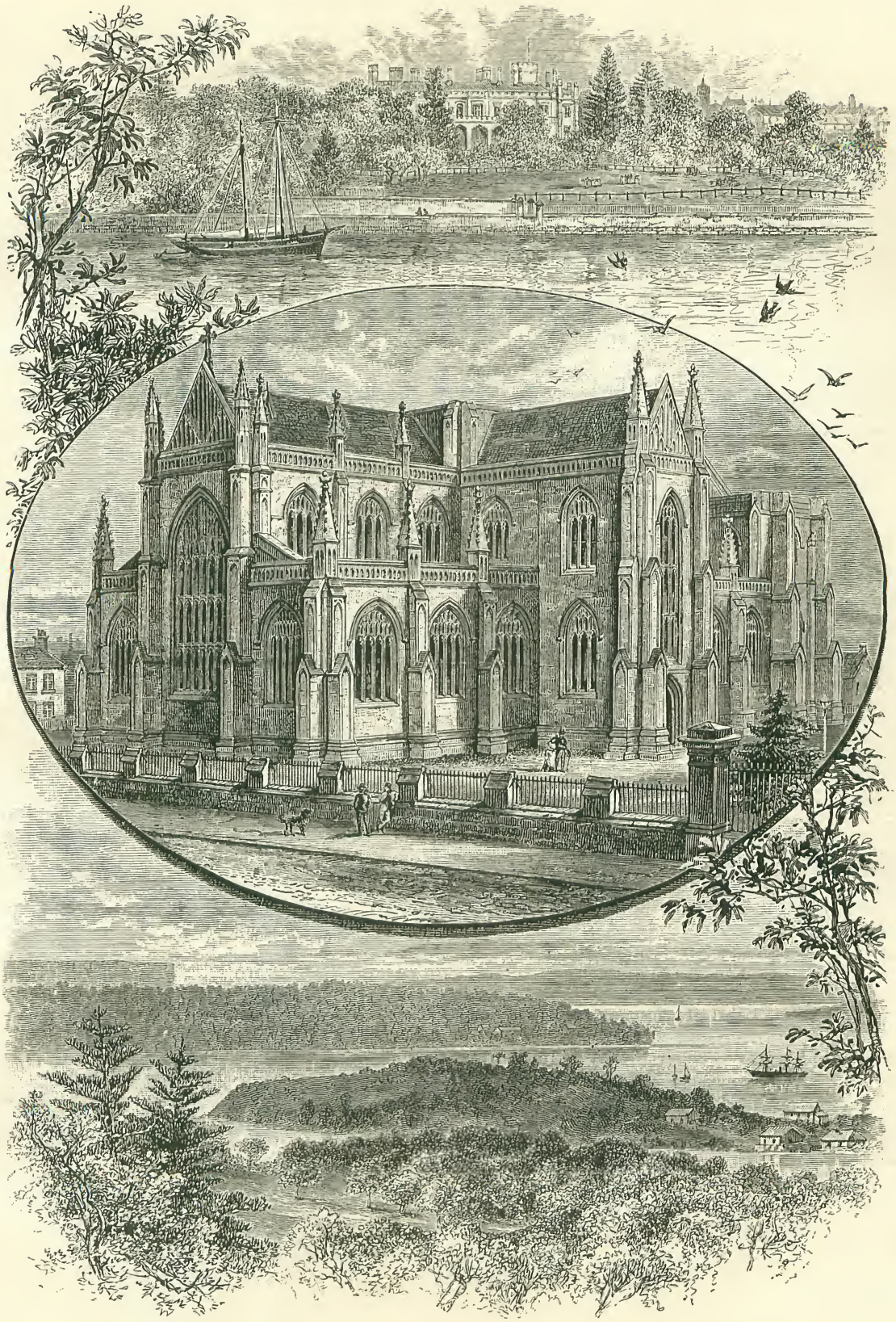
There are six islands in this great inland sea, all of which belong to the Government, and some of which are used for the construction of forts. It seems, however, that these forts are not sufficient for the requirements of modern necessities in self-defence, and their place will shortly be taken by others of improved structure. One or two British ships of war are to be seen in the harbour with their long streamers floating out to the breeze, and far away in the distance two old "two-deckers," mementoes of the far past time, now used, the one as a quarantine hospital, the other as a powder store. Some idea of the numberless little coves in the harbour may be obtained by the consideration of the fact that while Port Jackson, as it was called, after a sailor on board the *Resolution*, who first sighted it, has an area of twenty square miles, the coast line is one hundred and sixty-five miles in extent. The water is deep right up to the edge of the land, so that no artificial aid has been needed in the formation of this harbour; and in the Circular Quay the largest ships that are made may be easily and safely brought up close to the shore. Nearly all shipping work is carried on in the Circular Quay, and your ship will, in all probability, therefore, be brought up to it. Before you leave the ship, one word of warning. On its arrival a perfect host of human vultures will have assembled, offering the various passengers cards on which, for the most part, a statement is set forth that the gentleman whose name they bear is prepared to relieve you from the necessity of superintending the carrying of your luggage to your hotel *on reasonable terms*.

The idea in the minds of these people associated with this phrase is vastly different from that which our life at home has presented to ours. In this new country you must, of course, look forward to paying more than usual for labour, skilled or unskilled; but there must be a "reasonable" limit to all things, a law the existence of which our "reasonable" friends affect to ignore. You will do well, then, to treat carefully and precisely with these men before allowing them to move your goods and chattels; and if no satisfactory arrangement can be arrived at, have nothing of them, and leave your luggage on board under the care of the officer whose duty it is to control these arrangements, and then engage a man from your hotel to bring it to you.

No railway takes you from port to town here, as in Adelaide and Melbourne; and when you step ashore from your ship you are in the city of Sydney, a city of one hundred years, a new city and yet an old city, a dirty city and yet a clean city, a city which shows at one glance what great things the hand of man can achieve, and from what lowly things they sprang. Mansion and hut are not far distant each from the other; and by way of small, dirty, and crooked streets, peopled greatly by the "Celestial race," you arrive at the Regent Street of the Southern Hemisphere, George Street, with its blaze of shops, with all the newest stores of London, Paris, and Vienna.

There are many hotels in Sydney; most of them are quiet and dingy (this especially of the older ones); but two new and palatial hotels have been built on the system of the large hotels of the European continent, with lifts, *table d'hôte*, and all conveniences, and another is in course of building which will be the greatest hotel south of the Equator. In spite of the multiplicity of hotels, accommodation is not always easily obtained, and if you wish to be sure of a comfortable reception, it is advisable to telegraph for rooms to be reserved whilst you are in Melbourne. You will, in all probability, prefer to walk rather than drive to your hotel; and after your view of the ideal harbour, you may be somewhat disappointed in the dirty, narrow streets through which you must pass to reach the better parts of Sydney. But if you consider for a minute, and cast your thoughts back to our own metropolis at home, with the environs of its docks, you will, perhaps, be more tolerant of those of Sydney harbour.

The streets in this part of Sydney are, as I have already intimated, peopled by Chinese, and you will notice that the shops are uniformly shabby in appearance, and wanting in that ornate adornment of window and door with which your European salesman tempts his customers. The name of the proprietor is,



VIEWS IN SYDNEY—GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE CATHEDRAL, AND SYDNEY HEADS.

in most cases, placed over the door in Chinese and Roman characters. The windows are dirty, with nothing in them but perhaps a few old tea-chests; and the door, shelves, and counter of the shops are generally of plain deal boards roughly put together, lacking planing, paint, or varnish. The Chinaman sees no good in an expenditure on such trifles, so that he manages to sell his wares to advantage without them. If you expect anything of the picturesque in the Chinese quarter you will be doomed to complete and bitter disappointment; for the time being they discard their national dress, and assume what they consider to be European attire. It is in truth but a wretched travesty of it, but such as it is is uniform in its hideousness; and after seeing one of these people in it, you can immediately recognise any others from a distance. A shabby black tail coat, and very baggy trousers of a light grey colour, are worn by nearly all; but what is most distinctive is the hat, which is of hard felt, having a globular crown and a broad brim—much the kind of hat affected by certain High Church clergyman in our own country. All the Chinese wear this form of hat, and the mystery is, whence they obtain them, for one never sees such a hat in the shops in Sydney.

It is a curious fact, that when anyone else appears only to be able to make a bare living, the Chinaman can manage to make a fortune. Perhaps part of the explanation is to be found in the fact that the Chinese salesman finds it worth his while to rise from his meals to serve customers with goods to the value of a few pence, whilst the European merchant disdains so to demean himself. If you go into a Chinese shop, you will in general see one or two of these sallow-faced fellows standing about the shop, with pig-tails coiled up and hidden under the peculiar hat, hands in pockets, and apparently doing nothing. Yet each of them is earning more than his own living, and the very appearance of the shop immediately indicates to the visitor that it is but a brief sojourn that the Chinaman contemplates in this land; and, whenever each has made the sum of money which he thinks sufficient, away he goes, and his shop is taken by another. By nearly every mail steamer you will see one or two Chinese, now arrayed in the full glory of their native dress, sitting in the fore part of the ship amid their belongings, which are, for the most part, packed, not in trunks or portmanteaus, but in old tea-chests.

The Chinese attend to the growing of fruits and vegetables, and were it not for them, the people of Sydney would be poorly off for such things. They generally carry their wares in two baskets, which are slung from the ends of a bamboo borne on the shoulder.

The principal streets in Sydney are George Street and Pitt Street. Both of these streets, though not so broad as the chief streets in Melbourne, are very fine. The means of conveyance are omnibuses, trams drawn by horses or steam engines, hansom cabs, four wheelers, and canvas-covered buggies, these last being especially suited for the hot season. The steam trams, which are very large, dirty, and noisy, do not run through George Street or Pitt Street, but go to the more outlying parts of the town.

Although a halo of ideality has been bestowed on the climate of Sydney, you will do well to supply yourselves carefully with mackintoshes, umbrellas, &c., as the rain is sometimes very persistent and heavy, and very boisterous cold winds come from the south, bearing the not euphonious title of "Southerly Busters." The hot winds from the north, on the other hand, are called "Brickfielders," in allusion to the gusts of hot air that come from the kilns in brickfields.

You will find plenty of interest and amusement during your stay in Sydney. Places worth visiting are the old Market—one of the relics of ancient Sydney; the Mint, where those sovereigns are coined with which you are all familiar; the Cathedral, which boasts a good organ by a celebrated English firm of organ-makers, and a good choir; and the Town Hall, a handsome new building. The Post Office, which you will be certain to visit, is one of the most striking features of Sydney: it is a magnificent building, with a high tower, on which the flags of the various mail-ships are hoisted on their arrival, and on which a flag, bearing a large "D," is displayed when the letters are ready for delivery. There is a wonderful system of business letter-boxes, of each of which the proprietor has his key. The letters are put in from inside, and opened by the key from outside. On the whole, the Sydney Post Office seems to be one of the best designed and best managed institutions of its kind in the world.

The Botanical Gardens in Sydney are particularly beautiful and interesting, and are blessed with a delightful situation, bordering, as they do, the harbour. Close to these is that park which is associated with Government House, and is called "The Domain." By taking the Forest Gate steam tram the University may be visited, with its excellent Nicholsonian Museum. The Sydney Museum is very interesting also; in it you will find an unrivalled collection of brightly-plumaged birds, and a curious assortment of fossils. The compass by which Captain Cook steered for Australia is here, with many other curious and valuable things.

The Sydney Art Gallery, which is free, has a collection of pictures by no means to be despised, and one sees here the originals of many popular pictures, such as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded," and the well-known picture representing the defence of Rorke's Drift; and one is irresistibly taken back home to England by such pictures as those of Birket Foster, with his Surrey lanes and English children. Many a hardened son of toil may be seen to stand opposite these pictures in Sydney Gallery, carried back, perhaps, to those very lanes and fields whence he came, fixed as one in a trance or hypnotic sleep, drinking in the English freshness of the scene, and then, awakening, turning away with a shake of the head and a sigh, and going forth to renew the hard fight of life, cheered onward, perhaps, by the hope that some day, when the work is done and the reward has come, he may return to that old country whose semblance he has seen on the walls.

Besides the resources within Sydney itself, there are the celebrated Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves, which nearly all visitors go to see. A turn round the harbour can also be made, and a short run up the Parramatta River.

In your stay at Sydney you will find much to delight you in the place and the people. The latter are on all occasions unreservedly hospitable, kind, and good-natured. Perhaps the people of Sydney are more English than those of Melbourne; certainly their speech is more like that which we are accustomed to hear at home. But be that as it may, I should be very much surprised if any one of you had cause to regret her visit to Melbourne or Sydney. The absence of a Court and hereditary aristocracy of course modifies the social conditions considerably, but I do not know but what, after the ridiculous exclusiveness and reserve of certain classes in England, it is not refreshing to come among a people speaking English, and with social independence.

W. Lawrence Liston.

THE RECREATIONS OF EMINENT WOMEN.

In a previous paper I gave some illustrations from the lives of eminent and learned men of the mode in which they usually took their recreations; and at the close of that paper, assured that my readers would desire to know something of the way in which their learned and famous sisters unbent their mental energies, and sought relaxation and amusement, I promised to return to the subject, dealing specially with them. Now I proceed to redeem my promise. In the case of all such learned ladies, in whose life there is a hidden world of brightness, of enthusiasm, of poetry, from which spring all manner of sweet fancies and tender thoughts, mingled with unspeakable yearnings after the true and the noble and the immortal, we naturally desire to know everything about them, and especially what forms their recreation takes. That they do amuse themselves goes without saying. "The mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy and falls asleep that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits." In an interesting number of the *Spectator*, Addison says that "The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend." In accordance with this dictum, George Eliot found her happiest enjoyment in the society of congenial friends who were well known to her. No recreation was so dear to the great authoress as that which gave her the opportunity of friendly chat in the drawing-room, especially if her companions were of the opposite sex. She was also fond of music and concerts.

The vulgar prejudice which makes people expect an intellectual woman to be a slattern in her dress, and to despise such sublunary things as flowers, furniture, and a delicate table, is, to say the least, not founded on fact, although there may be an occasional instance in favour of the prejudice. We think it will be found that women who have attained any kind of eminence in literary, scientific, or artistic work, are as a rule prone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their houses, and to love flowers and animals and everything which the typical Eve should bring about her to "dress and keep" the Eden of home. Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician and astronomer, is an excellent illustration of this dictum. The "Mechanism of the Heavens" never kept her so far above the clouds as not to see and hear, taste, smell, and feel all that was around her on earth. Birds were her unfailing pets, and on the pretty Parisian caps which surmounted the wise and venerable head her guests often smiled to see her mountain sparrow perched in his glory. A story is told of a young lady who, while stopping at Mrs. Somerville's house, had the misfortune to tear some very fine old point lace. Naturally the last person in the world she would have applied to for aid was her hostess; but the Misses Somerville observed at once, "Oh, never mind; when mamma has done what she is about she will mend it for you so that you will not see where it was torn." So the visitor watched

"mamma," who happened to be solving some tremendous problem, and when that was over needed to write a letter of thanks for some honour to the Emperor of Russia. Business done, Mrs. Somerville dropped her pen and donned her thimble, and in a very short time returned the lace most delicately and perfectly repaired. At the age of ninety-two we are told she toyed with quaternions for recreation, as other old women are wont to knit antimacassars or play whist. The finding of the M.S. diary of John Evelyn at Wotton, in Surrey, at the beginning of the century, makes us aware of the manner in which a distinguished lady of the time amused herself. The arrangement of the library at Wotton was entrusted to Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, who made a complete catalogue of the literary treasures it contained. One afternoon as Lady Evelyn and a female companion were seated in one of the fine old apartments at Wotton making feather tippets, her ladyship pleasantly observed to Mr. Upcott, "You may think this featherwork a strange way of passing time; it is, however, my hobby, and I dare say you too, Mr. Upcott, have your hobby." The librarian replied that his favourite pursuit was the collection of the autographs of eminent persons. Lady Evelyn remarked that in all probability the MSS. of "Sylva" Evelyn would afford Mr. Upcott some amusement. His reply may be well imagined. The bell was rung, and a servant desired to bring the papers from a lumber room of the old mansion; and from one of the baskets so produced was brought to light the diary—one of the most finished specimens of autobiography in the whole compass of English literature.

To watch the face of Nature, to hold solitary converse with her, to enjoy her beauties, to learn the lessons which she has to teach out on the wide moors or within the shadow of the woods, or in the green lanes, these are the ways in which many eminent women sought relaxation from the weariness of toil. There they hear sweet and sacred words never uttered in libraries; and as with the great poet of Nature, the note of the cuckoo "babbling only to the vale of sunshine and of flowers," sounds in their ear like the voice of other days; an old thorn bush is buried under the mass of associations they have wound about it, and to them as to him—

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Oh! the brightness of the spring days, the fragrance of the summer dawns, the red glow of the October woods. How well have many of our grandest women learnt their delicious secrets; they have—

"Slighted Minerva's learned tongue,
But leaped with joy when on the wind the shell
of Clio rung."

Such were the sisters Brontë—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. They lived at Haworth, on the edge of the wild bleak moors of western Yorkshire. To certain spirits there is always a charm in such scenery; and it was here the gifted sisters loved to take recreation. They used to walk out over the purple-black moors, and there was not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry leaf, that they were not acquainted with. They had also for amusements their pets and the garden. Anne had a favourite spaniel, Flossy, and Emily's chief pet was a fierce bull-dog, Keeper, her constant, dear companion in her solitary rambles. At her burial we are told that the dog "walked in front of all, first in the rank of mourners; and perhaps no other creature had known the dead woman quite so well."

Miss Mitford, the author of *Our Village*, was a great lover of the country. It was her delight in the intervals of writing to watch the cherries ripen and the roses blow, to tame the robins until they answered her call, tear her gowns searching in the hedgerows for wild flowers, or crouch for a whole bright summer day on some hay carefully left for her under the shade of a willow, with a book on her knee and her hand on the head of a favourite dog. She found time not only to cultivate her flowers, but to know them, nurse them, love them individually, as she did her four-footed pets. Her great contemporary and personal friend, Mrs. Browning, was an ardent lover of nature and animal life. Her dog Flush brightened many an idle hour with his gambols and play. In a letter to Mr. Horne she says, "Flushie is my friend, my companion, and loves me better than he loves the sunshine without." And when abroad, her scrambles up the mountains at Lucca, and her holiday rambles in the chestnut forests, were amongst the happiest moments of her life. At Venice she and her husband might be found every evening in St. Mark's Place drinking coffee and reading the French papers, after which they adjourned to the opera. Harriet Martineau settled amongst the mountains and wild beauties of Westmoreland, and there, amongst the scenes that she loved, her buoyant spirit, her masculine spirit—for she was "masculine," as Bulwer says of one of his characters, "in a womanly way"—found happy rest from those severe studies in history and political economy which it was her delight to pursue. "My own idea of an innocent and happy life," she says, "was a house of my own among poor improvable neighbours, with young servants whom I might train and attach to myself, with pure air, a garden, leisure, solitude at command, and freedom to work in peace and quietness." These were the ways and works in which she sought recreation.

Everyone has heard of the Miss Berrys, so admired by Horace Walpole, so admired by Sydney Smith and Jeffrey, and Mrs. Somerville and Macaulay, whose house in Mayfair, during the first half of the present century, was what the Hôtel de Rambouillet was in the seventeenth century—the rallying-point of the *crême de la crême* of choicest literary society. Like some of the eminent women we have mentioned, their amusement consisted chiefly of gardening. In her journal, Miss Berry writes:—"I pity those who arrive at old age unprepared to make the most of all its enjoyments. It is now I figure Petersham (her country place) and the quiet garden there. I can still there indulge my passion for a garden and flowers. I can still be cheered by the contemplation of nature, and charmed by the beauties of the banks of the Thames. And I can then look up to the Great Author of this beautiful creation with unbounded gratitude." In reference to this garden, Sydney Smith humorously writes:—"Are you well? That is the great point. When do you mean to come and pay us a visit? The general rumour of the town is that you are tired to death of the country, and that nothing will ever induce you to try it again: that you bought a rake and attempted to rake the flower-beds, and did it so badly that you pulled up all the flowers." The wife of Huber, the naturalist, used to amuse herself by observing the habits of bees, and so was of much use to her husband, who in his latter years became totally blind. Her husband's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. Alluding to her low stature, he used to say, "Mens magna in corpore parvo"—*A great soul in a small body*. Mrs. Flaxman, the wife of the famous sculptor, a woman of great intelligence, whom he used jokingly to call his dictionary, on account of her sympathetic help, used to amuse herself in collecting drawings and sketches. We are told that she had amassed more than a thousand of the prints and designs of Stothard. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., had formed a collection of books of romance, as a kind of recreation, which she playfully named "The Library of the Sage Merlin." The great romance of Cervantes was alone wanting; and a nobleman, Lord Carteret, undertook to provide her with a suitable copy at his own expense. This was the origin of the celebrated edition of *Don Quixote*, published by Tonson, in London, 1738. Another sovereign, the Empress Catherine of Russia, took her recreations in a somewhat useful fashion, namely, by carving in ivory. She once sent a small ivory box, made by her own hands, to Voltaire. Queen Christina of Sweden showed an exceedingly singular temper in the way in which she amused herself. The most learned men of Europe were attracted to her court by her munificent liberality—Descartes, Grotius, Bochart, Vossius, Salmasius and others. She patronised literature and was herself devoted to the arts and sciences. Then suddenly acting under the influence of her lover, Michon Bourdelet, this mad queen grossly insulted the *savans* she had gathered round her. She would sometimes compel grave philosophers to play at ball with her, and on one occasion at least made some eminent polyglot scholars perform a Greek dance before her. She says: "My chief employments are to eat well, and sleep well; to study a little, chat, laugh, see French and Italian plays, and pass my time in an agreeable dissipation." Mrs. Hemans, the poet, had a great passion for music, not the grandeur of Handel or Haydn, but the thrill of some early long-loved melody—

"The song or the strain that we once heard at
home,"

or the peculiarly soft and sustained melody of Mendelssohn, note within note, link within link. And to this she turned aside with all the love of her heart, when the mind was jaded or the hours went sadly by. "I do not think," she said, "that I can bear the burthen of my life without music for more than two or three days." And as with other women of genius, along with the love of music we find the twin feeling of the love of Nature; and the one, like the other when at its truest and deepest, is ever found suggestive, and so we here find it. Every year the fountain and the flood, the bird and the breeze, spoke more intelligibly to her heart of Him who made them: the little flowers in the hedges and upon the hill-side became the organs of "mysterious truths." So she says: "Flowers are the alphabets of angels, wherewith they write upon hills and dales mysterious truths." One of a kindred spirit who lived in our day, and devoted her talents to the service of the Heavenly King, Frances Ridley Havergal, was, like Mrs. Hemans, an enthusiast of music. There was always music in her soul, and she loved to sing and play to relieve the mind, and to quicken to a deeper joy the already happy heart. One of her best-loved ways of gaining recreation and refreshment in the midst of hard, pressing work, was mountain travelling. She was passionately fond of Switzerland, and when she got amongst its grand Alpine scenes she would go bounding over the shining summits of the mountain, and crossing fearlessly the ice-fields, "as if," says a biographer, "she were an Alpine sprite." "A sort of airy bird-like lightness seemed to take possession of soul and body."

We might extend this paper much further, but it is time, we feel, to bring our illustrations to an end, and in doing so, we earnestly desire and hope that many of our gentle readers may, as the years go on, afford to other writers in the future conspicuous examples of the recreations of eminent women!

WILLIAM COWAN.



"HONOR STOOD STILL TO LISTEN."

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.



CHAPTER VII.

THE inner life of even the best girls' school—and it would have been hard to find a better than Miss Arundel's — is peculiarly susceptible to excitement over any variation from the daily routine. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that on the morning after Mrs. Winstanley's party the whole community was on the tip-toe of expectation. How strange, how perfectly unlooked-for, the disclosure had been; and what a stroke of irony, that the very pleasure for which Isabel Johnson had bartered truth should be the means of her undoing!

Nothing was said to the culprit herself overnight. What passed at the interview next morning in *le petit salon*, from which Isabel fled, choking with hysterical sobs and tears, to disappear from sight into her bedroom, no one ever heard. But the girls who best understood Miss Arundel could realise the force with which she would set before her offending pupil the meanness of which she had been guilty, and how incisively she would point out that, not in the transgression of a rule, not even in the momentary yielding to the impulse of concealment, lay the chief offence, but in the deliberate suppression of truth, and—worst of all—in the acted falsehood by which Isabel sought to throw the blame upon another.

All the girls had believed Honor to be in the wrong, and, girl-like, they now sought to atone for their error by the warmest praise and congratulation. Honor had been roused from sleep overnight by the kisses and entreaties for forgiveness of Laura Johnson, who had hitherto been systematically cold and disdainful to her. To behold by candlelight a fairy form in white evening dress kneeling by her bed, ejaculating "*Pardonnez-moi!*" was bewildering to the startled girl; she thought she must be dreaming.

But it was no dream. In the face of every companion at the breakfast table Honor read sympathy and approbation; her position in the school was changed. So far from being "out of it," she was the heroine of the hour. Helen Percival came up and formally congratulated her.

"We are all proud of you, Honor. You let yourself be blamed to screen another girl."

"Who ought to be ashamed ever to look any one of us in the face again!" hotly cried Maud Seymour, in generous indignation. "We are not accustomed to that sort of conduct at 'Les Églantiers.'"

A certain impulse of loyalty to her former object of homage infused the only touch of pain into this delightful turn of events. Honor was honestly sorry for Isabel; but she could not help being very glad and thankful for herself that the cloud under which she feared to walk till the end of her school life should thus have been blown away, by no breath of her own. When a girl, who has always been in the wrong, always the object of adverse criticism, always forced to think meanly of herself, becomes suddenly the recipient of applause and admiration from people whose approval she values and has never hoped to obtain, the change has in it an element of almost intoxicating delight.

Before the close of the day Miss Arundel sent for Honor. The girl had hitherto viewed her superior with a mixture of terror, resentment, and unwilling admiration, as if she had been a stern, inexorable goddess far above her and deaf to her needs. But lo! what change was this! The keen dark eyes were soft with sympathy and tenderness; the lips uttered gentle, loving words; a kiss—the first Miss Arundel had ever given her—was pressed on Honor's cheek.

"Poor child! we have all misjudged you! But I am proud of you, Honor; you would not deny the accusation lest Isabel should be blamed. That is the true chivalrous spirit, though it is shown in a little act. Always be brave and self-forgetful, as you have shown yourself in this matter, and we shall all love you; remain worthy of your name, my dear, and you will become a power for good in the school."

Then Miss Arundel gradually led Honor on to talk freely to her. The girl, at first shy and reluctant, found herself pouring out all her difficulties; her troubles about her awkwardness, her appearance; her brief adoration for Isabel, who had won her heart by that early kindness; then there came rushing out in a confused flood all the griefs of her home life and the story of Miss Courcellis. Miss Arundel wooed her on in gentlest kindness and interest, rejoiced to feel that the time had come when she held the key to this strange, shy nature. She listened with a sympathy that encouraged confidence. Honor could hardly believe it, but she found herself sitting on a low stool, with her head—that rough head which had cost her so much anguish of spirit—resting against Miss Arundel's august silken knee.

"How terrible that a mother should miss the privilege of true motherhood, as this Mrs. Drayton has done!" was the indignant thought of Miss Arundel, who had the truest maternal instinct over the girls in her charge. She caressed Honor's flushed cheek with her soft and delicate hand, but only said—

"I think, my child, you made a little mistake in that matter of the present to Miss Courcellis. *I love you for being* truthful and straightforward. But though you did not like her, nor she you, don't you think a little gratitude was owing to her for the pains she had taken with you? And your present might have been simply an expression of gratitude, nothing more."

"I didn't *feel* grateful," objected Honor.

"Perhaps not; but that would not alter the fact that a little gratitude was owing for six years of thankless work. She was very likely unwise, and did not understand you. But do you not honestly think she tried to do her best according to the light she had?"

"Yes," owned Honor; "I suppose so."

"Then it would have been more gracious not to refuse to give the poor woman a present, which must have hurt her feelings dreadfully," represented Miss Arundel, trying hard not to laugh, as a mental picture of the circumstances rose up before her.

"I see it, now you put it like that," cried Honor. "And if you think I ought, I will get her something now. I will go and buy her a carved wood present to-morrow, and send it by parcel post."

"Well, think it over," said Miss Arundel, "and do what you feel is right—that is all I wish."

Then, with her inimitable charm, she added a few tender, earnest words to Honor, pleading for the girl's confidence and love.

"You may think me a cross old woman sometimes," she said, looking dainty, young, and beautiful as she spoke, "but remember, if I scold you it is only for your good; and I want you to love and trust me, my child, and tell me *everything* while you are under my care."

Honor went out from the *petit salon* that morning treading on air, and the sworn bond-slave of Miss Arundel.

How could she ever have mistrusted her! ever have done anything but adore one so lovely, wise, queenly, and gracious beyond compare! "I am one of those stupid girls who are always making blunders," she confessed to Mabel, "but I shall never, never do anything but worship her any more."

"I should think not," returned Mabel, who had thoroughly fallen into the spirit of "Les Églantiers."

Thus Honor's life became bright all at once; and the influence on her appearance and bearing was so marked that Miss Arundel noticed it in terms of approval. The poked chin, the careless dress, the stooping shoulders, gradually changed. It was by no means an instantaneous transformation, but was none the less sure.

"She really will turn out all right if she goes on as she has begun," declared Laura, who had hitherto been rather hard on her room-mate's peculiarities.

Meanwhile, what had become of Isabel?

Many days had passed since the discovery, but she had vanished from sight as swiftly and completely as a victim of the Inquisition in olden time. Even her sister had not seen her. Isabel had a bedroom to herself, and it was known that one adjoining was empty; therefore the presumption was that she occupied the two in solitary confinement. One Sunday afternoon the whole school met in conclave to deliberate about her fate.

"It is not like Miss Arundel to be so very severe," observed Helen Percival. "She always forgives a girl, and urges her to turn over a new leaf. But this looks as if Isabel were going to be expelled. Do *you* know, Laura?"

Laura shook her boyish head and glanced out of the window, the glorious prospect without being dimmed by tears in her eyes.

"I have not seen or heard anything of her, and I do not like to ask Miss Arundel."

"Can there be anything else besides this affair?" pondered Helen.

There was silence, until at last Ruth, lifting her dreamy, dark eyes, observed—

"Perhaps Miss Arundel has found out about Isidore Blanchard."

Only a girl here and there knew what she meant, and among them was Honor. Isabel had not ventured to pour forth her silly confidences broadcast. But all had noticed M. Blanchard at the Consul's party, and few could not recall hints let drop by Isabel as to a mysterious admirer. A thrill of horror ran through the little community. If Isabel had really been flirting with this outsider! How horribly vulgar! What a blemish on the spotless reputation of "Les Églantiers!" Miss Arundel would indeed be angry at any such departure from the traditions of the house. They speculated and compared notes in vain.

What had really occurred was never known to any one of them, but we may penetrate the secret. At the interview in *le petit salon*, when the wretched Isabel knew her trickery was discovered—a piece of information which came upon her like a thunderclap—she caught at her handkerchief in the first burst of passionate weeping, and a note fell from her pocket—a note addressed to M. Isidore Blanchard, Rue du Lac 16, Belle-Rive.

Miss Arundel observed it, and recognised Isabel's writing at once.

"Open that envelope and show me the contents. I am afraid you do not confine your lack of honour to one course of action alone," were the scathing words heard by the culprit. Had the floor of the *salon* opened to swallow her up Isabel would have been thankful. But the miserable note had to be read. It was a silly schoolgirl effusion: "Dear Isidore,—Why were you so cold and distant last night? Have I offended you?" and words to that effect; ending, "Yours, Isabel."

It was the first, and it proved to be the last time, that such an act had ever been committed at "Les Églantiers." Miss Arundel's disgust knew no bounds.

"Have you then been corresponding with this M. Blanchard? But I forgot—it is useless to ask you. I cannot trust your word."

"No; oh, no!" wailed the unhappy Isabel, and, as it happened, with truth. "I never wrote to him before, and he has only sent me one—no, two—notes. I meant no harm."

"Go to your room," was the stern reply.

And in her room and the adjoining one Isabel had remained a prisoner, taking exercise in the garden when the other girls were out, weeping and forlorn. What to do with her Miss Arundel did not quite know, but it seemed as though expulsion were the only course.

"I am loth to send the girl home to that stepmother of hers," she said to her friend Miss Graham, "but what can I do? I cannot let evil get into my school, and this sort of thing spreads like wildfire."

"I don't just think there's any real harm in the lassie," pleaded the kind Scotchwoman. "She's giddy and foolish, and easily led astray; but she's but young and motherless, Constance, and she has had a sharp lesson."

"I have seen that little fop, Isidore Blanchard. He professes he meant no harm, and insinuates, most ungallantly, that the advances came from Isabel's side. I cannot find that much went on save glances, and stray words and a note or two," said Miss Arundel. Then, with a stamp of her little foot, she exclaimed, "But how mortifying that *I* should ever find one of my girls out in anything of this kind, and with such a miserable little creature as this Blanchard, who has not even the pluck to try to shield Isabel from blame!"

"She's not been 'one of your girls' so long," observed Miss Graham, philosophically. "It was that English boarding school that did it; and human nature is just human nature, Constance, all the world over."

The kindly view of the matter taken by Miss Graham predisposed Miss Arundel to listen to a deputation of her girls, who, headed by Helen Percival, came to plead that the offender might be reinstated.

"Please, *please*, do not send her away," entreated Laura. "Our stepmother is very apt to be hard, and I do not know what will happen to Isabel if she is sent home in disgrace."

"If Isabel stays with us, children, I must warn you once more against the slightest deviation from the path of honour," said Miss Arundel emphatically. "It seemed a little thing to violate the rule you are all pledged to keep, a little thing to push the English magazine out of sight; but one wrong step leads on to another, and it ended in Isabel virtually throwing her fault on a comrade, and indulging in other acts of slyness that I blush to think of. If she stays I shall trust you to guard my school from harm, for I depend on you, my children, as much as, or more than, you depend on me."

The promise was given, and Helen Percival, who was Miss Arundel's right hand, volunteered to share a room with Isabel, and "try and help her" in every way. Isabel had been placed alone because Miss Arundel distrusted her influence on the others; Helen, because she was the "head girl," and preferred solitude; but her self-denying offer was gratefully accepted. Isabel, who really saw how meanly and foolishly she had acted, and who dreaded above all things being expelled, fervently promised amendment, and was finally re-introduced, very crestfallen and humble, among her companions.

She was astonished at the change she saw in Honor.

The girl was, in truth, entering upon a new phase of life. The forgiveness of Isabel put the finishing touch to her content. She found herself beloved, praised, and encouraged, tenderly and sympathetically treated. Full occupation for every faculty lent delight to each day's routine, and the glorious scenery of Belle-Rive, the fresh and bracing air promoting physical well-being, all entered into her happiness.

One evening, when, with her companions, she had gone down to the margin of the lake, she strayed a little apart from them; the song of a thrush, loud and full, charmed her from the thicket. She stood still to listen. In the bird's carol came a message of hope. The winter was over, the summer at hand. So to Honor the winter of melancholy and misappreciation was past, and summer, bright, glorious summer, lay before her.

(*To be continued.*)



BLACKBERRIES, AND HOW TO USE THEM.



THE blackberry has been called the black sheep of the small fruit family. Yet it seems to be a favourite with mother Nature, for she has planted it liberally everywhere, and has produced many varieties of it. In England it grows so abundantly that it is little valued, and the number of individuals who will confess to liking it is very small. Because it can be had for the gathering, gardeners do not find it worth while to cultivate it, and in many a country district it perishes on the bush. If housekeepers are asked about it they say, "Blackberries are so full of seeds that we do not care about them." Yet if a little pains be bestowed upon the fruit it is most valuable. Mixed with apples it makes more delicious jam than any other, let that other be what it may (that is, in the opinion of the individual who makes this statement); and most excellent jelly, puddings, pies, and dainty dishes can be made from it. What a pity it is that it is not more respected!

A chief reason why blackberries are so little esteemed is, that they are nearly always gathered before they are ripe. Early blackberries are a delusion; they are sour, hard, and unprofitable; they consist mostly of seeds, and they yield very little juice for their weight. People who love to rail at our English climate say they cannot ripen with us, they get so little sun. But they might frequently get sun if only they could be left on the bushes longer; but when they are seized as soon as they are a little black they have no chance. Perhaps it was to protect her favourite against the peril of being picked too early that mother Nature supplied it with its terrible armour. Boys and girls who are sent to gather blackberries ought to be taught that not until the berry falls almost with a touch is it ready for use. It scratches cruelly because it is treated too familiarly and taken too soon. If we waited for it until it was in condition to give us its best, we need not be so severely wounded by it. Girls who make up their minds to try what can be done with blackberries, should make up their minds also not to touch the first fruits of this harvest. Those who go blackberrying in lanes and woods should realise that to pluck fruit that is simply red is wicked waste; such berries will have scarcely any juice, flavour, or sweetness in them. To gather berries that are simply black is a mistake; they should be ready to fall when taken if we wish to have them in perfection. Berries that have been left thus to ripen on the vines will yield much more juice than will those which are not thus mature.

A great connoisseur in blackberries, and in fruits generally, Mr. Mitchell, the author of a book called *My Farm at Edgewood*, has given some hints about the time to gather blackberries which are worth quoting. He says: "If you wish to enjoy the richness of the blackberry, you must not be hasty to pluck it. When the children say with a shout, 'The blackberries are ripe,' I know they are black only, and I can wait. When the children report, 'The birds are eating the berries,' I know I can wait. But when they say, 'The bees are on the berries,' I know they are at their ripest. Then with baskets we sally out, I taking the middle rank, and the children the outer spray of boughs. Even now we gather those only which drop at the touch; these, in a brimming saucer, with golden Alderney cream and a *soupçon* of powdered sugar, are Olympian nectar; they melt before the tongue can measure their full roundness, and seem to be mere bloated bubbles of forest honey." It would be safe to say that out of the hundreds of girls in England who live near where blackberries grow there are not many who have any conception of the excellence of blackberries in this condition.

When through inadvertence or ignorance blackberries have been gathered before they are fully ripe, when they are merely black, it is worth knowing that if they are kept for a few hours they will improve. If set in a cool dry place for half a day they will be sweeter and more juicy than if used at once. But of course they ripen best on the bush; and if kept over long they will soon become mouldy.

This is the season when blackberries are to be expected, and it is possible that there are girls who would like to make the most of them. It may be, therefore, that a few recipes for cooking them will be acceptable.

Blackberry and Apple Jam is a homely but most delicious preserve. To make it, take equal weights of blackberries and of apples, always remembering that the apples should be peeled, cored, and cut up before being weighed. It will save both time and trouble if the two fruits are stewed separately before being put together. The apples, therefore, should be prepared the day before the blackberries are. Choose good cooking apples that will fall readily; peel and core them, and cut them into quarters and put them in a jar which has a tightly-fitting cover. Place this in a pan half full of boiling water, and keep the water boiling around until the apples fall. It is impossible to say how long it will be necessary to steam the fruit. This will depend upon the quality and quantity of the apples. Some sorts would not take very long; other sorts would need to steam for some hours; and it is this uncertainty about time which makes it advisable to steam the apples the day before the jam is made. If prepared in the way described (that is, peeled, cored, and cut into thick wedges), and if a couple of tablespoonfuls of water be put into the jar with them to prevent burning, they will need no watching, only the water round the jar will have to be renewed as it boils away. If, however, the blackberries and apples were put into the preserving-pan together they would be very tiresome. The apples having fallen to pulp, stew the blackberries alone until the juice flows freely; put the two varieties of fruit together, mix thoroughly, and add the sugar (three quarters of a pound for each pound of the original weight). After the sugar is added, stir the jam until it is done.

From this point our jam will not need to boil very long. We might say about a quarter of an hour, only as a matter of fact it is not safe to say positively how long jam should boil, because there are so many details likely to cause variation. A very usual test is to put a little jam on a plate, and if it sets when cold it is done. This is a safe rule as regards the keeping of the jam; but it often leads to a loss of delicacy of flavour. A great French cook, M. Gouffé, once gave the following advice to cooks who wished to ascertain when jam is done: "Dip a copper skimmer into the jam, and take it out; when the jam on the skimmer is cool, try it with the finger, and if it feels greasy it is done. Another way of ascertaining this is by taking up some of the jam in the skimmer and pouring it off gently; if it flows in a sheet an inch or an inch and a half in width it is done." Another authority, Francatelli, says that jam should be boiled until it is so much reduced that it will hang in drops from the edge of the spoon. The last is an excellent test, and the probability is that when the blackberry jam has been boiled fifteen or twenty minutes it will answer thereto.

Blackberry Jelly.—Preferable even to blackberry and apple jam, in the opinion of folk who have tried both, is blackberry jelly. Blackberry juice is, however, so thick that it is quite safe to add a small measure of water thereto. It is most important, however, that the berries should be ripe—unless they are they will yield comparatively little juice. Take, say, twelve pounds of blackberries, put with them a pint of water, and stir over the fire for about ten minutes, or till the fruit begins to simmer; then strain off the juice through a jelly bag. Measure it, and boil it alone sharply for about fifteen minutes, beginning to count from the time that it boils equally all over. Now add three quarters of a pint of best white sugar to every pint of juice, and boil again for ten minutes. By this time the probability is, that if the skimmer be dipped into the jelly, then held up sideways out of it, the last drops which slide from it will hang in *drapes*, or wide drops from the edge. This "hanging in drapes" is a most reliable test of the condition of all fruit jelly. Sometimes girls say that they do not like it, and that "draping" is more suggestive of curtains than of jam. Nevertheless they are recommended to use it. If once they have learnt how jelly looks when it drapes on the edge of the spoon they need never again be in difficulty as to whether or not jelly of every sort is properly boiled.

Blackberry Jelly for Immediate Use is a most delicious and elegant sweet dish, and it may be employed as a substitute for pudding. Of course it should be made the day before it is wanted. Strain the juice from ripe blackberries as in the last recipe, boil it and skim it well, and dissolve in it half a pound of sugar for a pint. Stir in an ounce of gelatine which has been well soaked in a cupful of water and melted separately. Mix thoroughly, and mould in an earthenware shape, when the jelly begins to set—and not before. This blackberry jelly will be very superior if served with cream. If approved a strip of thin lemon rind can be stewed with the fruit. A little real blackberry jelly dissolved in water and boiled with gelatine makes excellent jelly for immediate use when the fruit is not in season.

Blackberry Roly-poly Pudding.—Shred four ounces of suet finely, and add a pinch of salt, three quarters of a pound of flour, and three quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with cold water to make a stiff paste, roll it out twice as long as wide, and the third of an inch thick. Spread it evenly with ripe blackberries, and leave an inch and a half without fruit at the edges. Roll up, pinch the ends and side edges securely, and wet them to make them adhere. Lay the pudding in the centre of a rinsed and floured cloth, roll it, and fasten the ends securely, then plunge into boiling water, and boil steadily for two hours. Turn out for serving, and send sweet sauce to table with it.

Blackberry Suet Dumpling; Blackberry Pasty; Blackberry Hydropathic Pudding, and

Blackberry Pie, are known to all. It is not necessary to give recipes for them. The same remark cannot probably be made about

Blackberry Cordial, which is a preparation much used in America as a cure for diarrhœa. Personally, I am not acquainted with this medicine, but I have heard it highly recommended. To make it, crush any quantity of ripe berries, and strain off the juice. With each pint put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and to every two quarts of juice add a quarter of an ounce of mace, allspice, cinnamon, and cloves, either whole or slightly pounded. Boil these ingredients to a thick syrup, and when done add as much French brandy as there is syrup. Bottle, and keep well corked.

Blackberry vinegar makes a pleasant, cooling drink for hot weather. Pour a quart of good vinegar over a quart of blackberries. Stand for twenty-four hours, drain well, and put in again as much fresh ripe fruit as the vinegar will cover. Stand twenty-four hours again, and repeat a third time, and press out the juice. Measure it, and allow a pound of sugar to every pint thereof. Stir over the fire and boil for about ten minutes; when cool, put into small bottles and cork for use.

These are a few of the ways in which blackberries may be prepared with profit and advantage. It is to be hoped that some of the girls who read this paper will try them, for it is very certain that if blackberries were treated fairly, they would be more highly appreciated than they are; if they were appreciated by the general public, perhaps gardeners and fruit-growers might be induced to bestow a little more attention upon them, and so one of the food products of the country would be improved. This would be a very great advantage to the community generally.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.

MIDST GRANITE HILLS.

THE STORY OF A DARTMOOR HOLIDAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER III.

NEW FRIENDS.

THE rector walked home slowly and thoughtfully across the village green, unconscious of the children who made their little bobs as he passed them, or of his dog, who came bounding to meet him. A wonderful thing had happened. All unexpectedly the closed pages of his past history had been thrown back, and the one romance of his life lay open before him once more. Fresh as ever, the incidents of his long buried past rose again before his memory, causing the warm heart, which time had not been able to chill, to throb with keen emotion.

Grace Trevor! The one love of his life! He had spoken truly when he said that they had been friends, for on her side there had never been any warmer feeling than that of friendship. The twelve years by which his age had exceeded her own, had seemed to render it impossible that she should regard him otherwise than as a friend and mentor.

But the squire who adopted her, the penniless orphan of an old school friend—whose short life had been one continual buffeting with fortune—and brought her up as his niece, had been anxious to ally her with the good old family of the Seatons, and had seen in St. Clair Seaton a most desirable match for her. It was the disappointment of this hope, as well as his disapproval of the man she chose for herself, which had so greatly incensed her guardian, and led him to alter his will. The rector was recalling, link by link, the course of the events in which he had played no unimportant part. He had striven to save Grace from the effects of her own folly, but without success. She had passed out of his life when she quitted Ashburton; but he had not forgotten her. There are some men—rare men they are—who cherish the memory of their early loves. Such a one was St. Clair Seaton. He knew that Grace Erith had made a hard lot for herself; he had longed to befriend her; but the way had not been opened to him ere he received the sorrowful news of her death.

But now, he told himself, as he entered his study, and sat down in utter absent-mindedness before his writing-table, now at last it was in his power to show what his friendship meant. It was surely not by chance that Grace's son and daughter had been brought to Trematon. When he read the name Erith in his nephew's letter, he had hoped that these might prove to be her children. The hand of Providence had brought it about that he might be their friend, for it was clear, from what the girl had told him, that they needed a friend. Now he might prove the strength and faithfulness of that love of long ago, by taking these, Grace's children, into his care.

"It is strange that Arthur should have found them out," he mused. "Can he have suspected——? But no, he knows nothing of all that; how should he? Yet it seems that he has but the slightest acquaintance with this girl and her brother. I wonder what led him to interest himself in them."

"She is a sweet girl," he continued, his thoughts taking another direction; "aye, and a pretty one too, though not to be compared with her mother. I should like it well if—— But there, what is the good of building such castles in the air? Young men never choose as their guardians wish them. If I let myself hope for such a thing, my experience would be similar to that of most match-making elders."

Stanley Erith was surprised that the rector of Trematon should call upon him early the next morning, but he felt the kindness that prompted the visit. He was less at ease with strangers than was his sister; but his shyness soon vanished before Mr. Seaton's friendliness. He was as pleased with the courtly, kindly gentleman as was Grace, and the two quickly became well acquainted. The brother and sister were invited to lunch at the rectory on the following day. They did so, and liked the rector even better as they saw him in his home. Though he had few visitors of his own age, Mr. Seaton was always ready to entertain Arthur's friends. He was fond of young people, and got on well with them.

The rector talked much of his nephew, who, it was plain, was very dear to his uncle. Arthur's sayings and doings were related as though they were of the utmost importance. Grace listened with a curious thrill of interest. She half longed, half dreaded to see this remarkable young man. It seemed so strange that he should have been able to furnish such accurate information concerning herself when she knew absolutely nothing of him.

After luncheon the rector drove his guests to Ashburton, and showed them the old house facing a green chase, and backed by spreading woods, which had been the home of their mother's girlhood. It was a lovely drive they took. At first the way lay across the broad, breezy moors, brilliant with heather and gorse; then through deep Devonshire lanes, winding amidst beech-woods, they descended into Ashburton, a quaint, picturesque little town, with a fine church. The road home rose sharply above the bed of a rapid moorland river, dashing through a rocky defile. Trees met overhead, wooded heights soared above; each bend of the way revealed some fresh glimpse of Nature's wildest, most romantic beauty. How Grace enjoyed it all! But perhaps the chief pleasure the day had for her was that she felt in listening as they drove along to what Mr. Seaton told her about her mother's early life. His words were few and guarded, but they had the deepest interest for Grace; and something in the way in which he spoke of her, convinced the girl that her mother had been very dear to him. At the entrance to Torhill, Grace and her brother alighted and said good-bye to Mr. Seaton.

As he drove away alone, Grace confided to Stanley that she felt as if she had known the rector all her life.

"He is a dear old man," she said, warmly.

"Not so very old, either," returned Stanley.

But to Grace anyone who had passed sixty appeared patriarchal.

One morning a few days later, Grace took her way to the village shop, leaving Stanley in the house busy with letters. The shop was the smallest place that could possibly be dignified by such a name. Considering its limited space, it was wonderful what a heterogeneous collection of articles were sold within. The window, in which samples of almost every description of goods were displayed, measured about three feet square. Not more than three customers could stand at a time between the counter and the door, and these were in constant danger of bringing down on them the canisters, loaves, cakes, etc., piled in the background. As the business of the General Post Office was also carried on at this establishment, it may be imagined that the shopkeeper, a comely, good-natured woman, led a busy life.

Grace was the only customer this morning, and Miss Nosworthy was disposed to chat as she waited on her.

"No, miss," she said, "I've none but this dandelion coffee; the people 'bout here likes it better than any other, 'cept the gentry, of course, and they orders theirs from town. Sorry I can't oblige you, but I've none other. Fruit? Ah! no, miss—that I don't sell. There's little fruit to be had here for love or money. People just grows enough for themselves, that's all."

"Then I must do without," said Grace, smiling. "I'll leave the parcel, please, Miss Nosworthy, and call for it presently."

"Very well, miss. It's a lovely morning for a walk. Mr. Arthur looked in just now and he said the same. You'll have heard, I daresay, that young Mr. Seaton came home last night."

"I knew that he was expected," replied Grace, colouring a little, she could not have told why.

"My! How pleased the parson 'll be to have him home again. He is set on him, to be sure; couldn't be more so if it were his own son. Mr. Arthur's like the apple of his eye, so to speak. And I will say there isn't a nicer, pleasanter-spoken young gentleman to be found anywhere. Always the same, see him when you will. He looked in just now, as full



"'IS YOUR BROTHER REALLY BETTER NOW, MISS ERITH?'"

of his nonsense as ever. He loves to make fun of my shop, that he do. Nothing would do but he must have some of my 'bull's eyes,' but he'd gived them all away to the school-children before he was half-way across the green."

Here the entrance of another customer interrupted Miss Nosworthy's flow of talk, and Grace made her escape. She turned towards the rugged pile of rocks that rose behind the church. The top of the tor commanded a beautiful view of the country for miles round, and Grace loved to ascend it and enjoy the prospect whilst the morning was still fresh.

But as she made her way upwards by a winding path through bracken and gorse, she perceived that someone had preceded her, and taken possession of the height. On the topmost rock sat a young man clad in grey tweed, and wearing a peaked cap. No need to ask who this individual might he. Grace was sure he was none other than Arthur Seaton. Not wishing to intrude herself upon his notice, she gave up the idea of ascending at present, and turning from the path, busied herself with gathering some clusters of the mountain ash berries, which were beginning to glow a deep crimson. She wandered on over the broken ground at the foot of the hill, carefully refraining from looking up, but aware none the less that the individual perched on the rock above was observing all her movements. Grace was wondering how long he would remain there, and was determined that she would approach no nearer to him, when an unlooked-for incident frustrated her intentions.

Like many girls who have been reared in towns, Grace had an unconquerable dread of horned animals. To pass even the mildest of cows required of her an exercise of courage and self-mastery worthy of an act of heroism. It may be imagined, therefore, what her terror was when a shout roused her to the consciousness that a whole herd of the rough moorland cattle were rushing down a slope on her right, and apparently making straight for her.

Grace gave a cry, and, turning, dashed in amongst the bracken and heather, scrambling over rocks and bushes with some wild idea of climbing straight up to the top of the tor, in spite of the bare, perpendicular sides which the rocks here presented to her. But in a minute she stumbled and fell upon her face in the heather. With that she gave herself up for lost, and lay expecting at each moment to feel the horrid hoofs trampling on her. But no such experience ensuing, she soon sprang up and looked around her, and, lo! there was no cause for alarm at all. The herd was at a distance now, near the gate of a field, attended by a boy on a pony, who had driven them down with such precipitancy from their pasture. It was clear that they had had no hostile intentions with regard to her, and as Grace began to recover from her fright, she felt much ashamed of herself.

She glanced at the top of the rocks. No one was visible there. The next minute she perceived that Arthur Seaton had found some rapid mode of descending, and was advancing towards her through the heather.

Grace felt dreadfully confused and shame-faced as she met his glance, which expressed the kindest solicitude.

"I am sorry you have had such a fright," he said. "It was very stupid of that boy to drive those creatures down on you like that. He should have known better."

"He could not see me—it was my fault," murmured Grace. "I was the stupid one to be so easily frightened."

"Not at all. Most ladies would be frightened. It is only natural when one is not used to country life. I am afraid you feel quite shaken."

"No, thank you; I shall be all right in a moment," said Grace, seating herself on a rock, and pushing back her hat that the breeze might cool her brow. The next minute she began to laugh.

"I can't help thinking," she said, "how absurd it must have looked to you to see me running away from nothing. Did you see me fall?"

"I did," he said gravely, but with an amused twinkle in his eyes; "and when you did not rise I thought you had struck your head against a rock, and were lying stunned. You did not hurt yourself in falling, I trust."

"Not in the least. I was simply too terrified to rise. I thought the creatures were upon me. Oh, how my brother will laugh at me when I tell him!"

"Your brother? Mr. Erith, I presume? I cannot be mistaken in thinking you Miss Erith."

"Nor I in taking you for Mr. Arthur Seaton?"

"No. We are indebted to the cattle for an informal introduction. Will you not come to the top, Miss Erith? There is a fine breeze, and the hills are looking lovely."

She willingly agreed, and he led the way by the easiest path.

"This is beautiful!" Grace exclaimed, as they gained the summit, and she stood looking round on the wide prospect. "What a long way one can see! Each time I come up here it seems to me more lovely than before."

"Then you are pleased with Trematon?"

"Indeed I am. It is the loveliest little place I have ever seen."

He looked gratified.

"By-the-bye," continued Grace, "I believe I owe my acquaintance with Trematon to you. Mr. Seaton says you recommended me to him; but I am puzzled to think how you knew that I could play. I cannot remember that I ever met you at Cambridge."

Her companion displayed some embarrassment.

"Oh, as to that," he said, hurriedly, "I heard about you, and about your brother's illness, you know, from a man at Cambridge."

"He must have known us very well," said Grace, innocently. "It was one of Stanley's friends, I suppose?"

"Oh, he knew you well, of course," returned Arthur Seaton, still more hurriedly. "Is your brother really better now, Miss Erith? Does the air of Trematon suit him?"

"Oh, yes; it is marvellous what it has done for him. He was good for very little when he came, but now he can walk miles; his headaches are gone, and his appetite is something quite alarming. I never saw anyone change so much in such a short time."

"I am very glad to hear that," he said, heartily. "I believe in the virtues of Trematon air." He was about to add that she looked better than when he last saw her, but happily he recollected himself in time. It was a satisfaction to him to see that the careworn look was gone from her face, and it was bright and glad, as a girl's should be, whilst the sun had given it a most becoming bloom.

"I am looking forward to making your brother's acquaintance," said Arthur Seaton. "My uncle has been speaking most highly of him. He has quite won my uncle's heart, I can assure you."

"Mr. Seaton has been most kind to us," said Grace, earnestly; "he has treated us as friends, not strangers. Indeed, my brother and I have great cause to be grateful to you for bringing us here. If you knew all, you would understand how sincerely I say this."

Arthur coloured, under the consciousness that he knew far more than she supposed.

"You are quite mistaken," he said, hastily. "The obligation is all on our side; we should be grateful to you for coming to this out of the world place. My uncle has been telling me how beautifully you play, and how well the singing went on Sunday."

"I am very glad if he was pleased," said Grace. "But now I must be getting home. I came up to the village to do some shopping, but, as you are probably aware, it is not possible to do much in that way at Trematon. It is rather startling to find yourself at a place where good coffee cannot be purchased, nor fruit had for love or money, as Miss Nosworthy assures me. Still, these are minor inconveniences, and can be got over."

"I am glad you think so. Miss Nosworthy is not very enterprising, I am afraid. She is very cautious in stocktaking. Five pounds would buy everything she has in her shop, and rather more. But, Miss Erith, I intend to ride to Ashburton this afternoon, so I hope you will let me bring you from there whatever you require. There is a good grocer's shop in the town."

"You are very kind, but indeed I could not think of it," said Grace, earnestly. "I can order the coffee by post; there is no need to trouble you."

"It would be no trouble—a pleasure," he urged. "Do let me be of service to you in this trifling way."

But Grace was resolute in declining. She could not bear to think of his riding back from Ashburton laden with parcels for her.

They ascended the hill, and Grace called at the shop for her purchases, which Arthur insisted on carrying for her to the entrance of Torhill. He excused himself from entering at that hour, but said he hoped to see her brother on the following day.

Grace soon told her brother all about her meeting with Arthur Seaton.

"And you liked him?" he said.

"Yes," was her response; "he is really almost as nice in his way as his uncle."

"Not stuck up?"

"Oh, no; he offered to bring me some coffee from Ashburton."

"Then you should have let him do so; that was wretched stuff we had this morning."

"I did not like he should have the trouble," said Grace; "and we can get it almost as soon by post."

"Did he tell you how he came to know about us?"

"No—not exactly. He said it was from a friend of yours, but he did not mention the name."

That evening, after twilight had fallen on the outer world, and Mrs. Sparks had brought into the little sitting-room the lamp which every night, to Grace's distress, attracted from the darkness outside, and lured to their destruction many moths, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard coming down the rough lane.

A few minutes later Mrs. Sparks entered with an elated air, and placed on the table a broad, shallow basket, in which some magnificent pears, and several clusters of equally fine grapes, were tastefully arranged amid vine leaves.

"Mr. Arthur's compliments, miss," she said, "and he's taken the liberty of bringing you a little fruit."

Grace and Stanley looked at each other in astonishment. She seemed at a loss what to say.

"It is very good of Mr. Seaton, I am sure," said Erith, warmly. "What splendid fruit! Is he at the door?"

"Oh, no, sir; he rode away at once."

"Then we must try to thank him to-morrow. It is really too kind of him."

"Just like Mr. Arthur, sir. He's for ever doin' kind things."

"So it seems. Well, Grace," turning to his sister as Mrs. Sparks closed the door, "you told me Miss Nosworthy said that fruit was not to be had here for love or money; but it appears you can get it for love."

Grace coloured hotly, and begged him not to be so absurd.

(*To be continued.*)



LANDSCAPE SKETCHING.

III.

In the hints offered in the previous papers, I have taken for granted, on the part of my fellow-amateurs, not simply an enjoyment in out-of-door drawing, but a genuine ambition to acquire a solid additional accomplishment. I imagine it would not be easy to name another open-air pursuit which, while it can by no possibility cause "pain to the meanest thing that feels," gives more simple, quiet pleasure, —a pleasure, moreover, of a kind which goes on increasing as you see the work grow under your hand—more honest pride when success has been achieved; and (surely no small happiness), enables us to keep a more delightful souvenir of very many places, some associated, perhaps, with extremely pleasant recollections.

There will not, therefore, it is hoped, be a charge of exaggerated language if, in this concluding paper, it is asserted that, when thoroughly and earnestly taken up, even this limited kind of art—as some may call it—exercises faculties and calls out qualities which, it might be thought, applied only to scientific pursuits or highly technical work.

The sketcher-enthusiast, then, even when not actually in pursuit of subjects, should be ever and incessantly on the alert, eyes open and note-book in hand. As far indeed as sight is concerned, observation must be almost as keen as that of an Indian on the trail. No winding of the road should be unmarked, for who can say what a few yards may be the means of disclosing. A rise or fall in the ground may reveal, or, better still, partly reveal, a bit of a village, a farmstead, a cluster of cottages, or a church tower. I had drawn an ancient windmill many times from divers points of view before I accidentally discovered, on mounting half-way up the hill, that from a certain vantage-ground the prettiest part of the village was nestled under one of the sails. No sudden change in the clouds or sunlight should be unnoticed, as it may not impossibly convert an uninteresting stretch of flat middle-distance into a useful bit of breadth.

Nearly all farm-buildings (unless of the most recent construction) are worth looking at, for, from one point or other, they will generally yield a picturesque bit. All farming operations are valuable for our purpose. There is seldom any difficulty, by shifting the position, in choosing a more suitable view when the first presented does not fit in with our subject. Ploughing, for instance—an operation always of interest to even the most prosaic mind—furnishes a great variety of figures to the sketcher who can practise a little patience, and wait for the precise moment for his purpose. I remember seeing a very successful sketch of this kind, in which, by a little dexterous watching and waiting, the same team (of four) had been made to do duty for all the figures, viz., the plough (half hid) on the crest of the hill, the plough half-way down the field, and the group of horses and men in the foreground resting at the end of the furrow.

Whenever several figures come within view at the same time—in a hayfield, for instance, or when fishermen are hauling in their boats—everything else should at once be set aside, and any material which happens to be in the hand at the moment (pencil, chalk, brush, etc.), should be made use of for a record. The way in which figures group themselves (sometimes with the variety of the kaleidoscope), should be watched with a lynx-eye, and carefully jotted down; an accidental and momentary combination of two or three may be so happy and exceptional a one as to give interest, nay, perhaps poetic feeling, to an otherwise commonplace subject. I need hardly point out that children are often of great use in these matters. They are always only too pleased to help, and will generally sit like statues wherever they are stationed.

It would be easy to expand to almost any extent interesting subjects of this kind, among them very many connected with the sea coast and the banks of our lovely rivers. But what I have already written may perhaps be of some little service in showing that even the pursuit which has been described, when followed with real ardour and zest, demands no small amount of keenness of observation (which most certainly increases by habit), fertility of resource, readiness in adopting expedients, and a reasonable stock of patience.

I must not omit one important bit of advice, viz., that at all times and in all places a small sketch-book (be it ever so tiny) should invariably be carried. It is equally useful for hasty scraps or for notes as to colour, position of the sun, figures, etc., and no amateur should ever be without one.

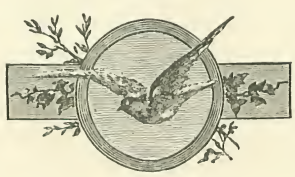
Lastly, I would say a word on the advantages of *utilising the memory*. Beyond doubt the faculty of retaining in the mind's eye, for some length of time, the details of a landscape subject is innate (in the case of Turner it can be called nothing less than "tremendous"); but I think it is equally beyond doubt that it is a faculty which admits of cultivation, and to a considerable degree of perfection. In fact, the case is no exception to the comprehensive dictum of Reynolds—"Nothing is denied to well-directed labour." I have not met with much on this subject in English writers, but in more than one foreign school of art it is considered as of no slight importance. Englishmen differ, and will always differ, in their opinions of French art generally; but there is a general impression that, in what relates to the *teaching* of drawing, the French excel us. A practical writer on art urges with much force and ability the importance of *l'education de la mémoire pittoresque;* and I venture to quote the following paragraphs:—

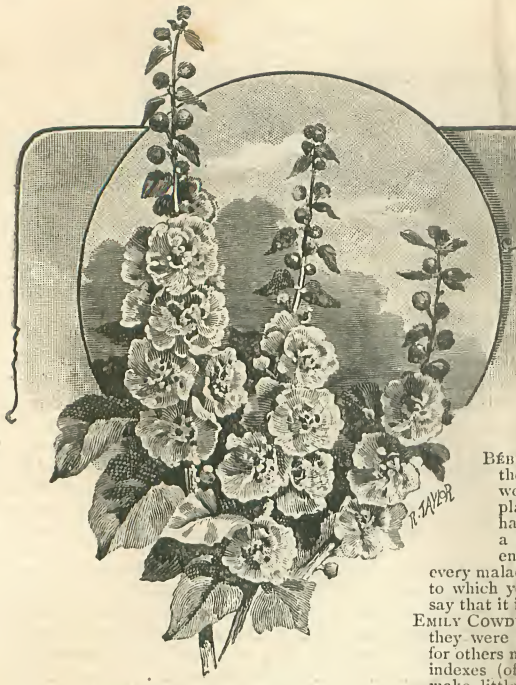
"The aim in all work of such kinds, then, is to present an absent object. Among the more direct means for attaining this end I will mention the one which has generally been found the most successful. After selecting the point from which the subject can best be viewed, dwell with the mind's eye on the principal parts; and with a view to greater concentration of the attention, trace these masses with the fingers' ends or some pointed instrument; then, shutting the eyes, or turning away, repeat these tracings in the air. Imaginary drawings of this kind, which, from their nature, present no difficulties of execution, should be done as rapidly and be repeated as frequently as may seem requisite for such an impression as will admit of an actual drawing being afterwards made from recollection. . . . A practice of this sort may possibly seem strange, if not fantastical; but the experiment is a simple one, and its advantages can be easily gauged."

Whether or not such a plan as this be tried, memory is assuredly a very important ally, and its training is well worth considerable trouble. The occasions must be very frequent in which there are no available means at hand of making even the roughest scratch or memorandum, even of outline or composition, much less notes of colour or of the distribution of light and shade, but in which a few minutes' fixed, concentrated study can be given. I venture to think that resolute and *daily* practice of this kind will, unless the instance be a very exceptional one indeed, not long be without ample reward.

It is hardly necessary to point out, that an expedient of this sort is especially valuable in regard to clouds of unusual form or colour, or other sky effects, either of remarkable beauty or such as are strikingly appropriate to the subject; and these are constantly (and generally unexpectedly) met with on journeys. The form or the hue may be so peculiar, and, moreover, so transient, that it is impossible for the most rapid and dexterous hand to record it with any approach to truth, while a few minutes' fixed attention may impress it faithfully and firmly on the memory.

H. R. P.





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

JANET FERGUSON.—Write to the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., for a complete list of science and art classes held all over the kingdom; price 4d. Are you not near the People's Palace, Mile End Road? or are you too far from the Birkbeck Institute, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C., to make use of either of them for evening classes of all kinds. You are not at all too old, and you are quite right to seek all sources of interest to beautify and brighten your life, and to help you to be a blessing and comfort to others.

MIGNON.—It is quite impossible for us to gauge your aptness in learning, and the manual dexterity which you possess. There are many who would never acquire either the art of fitting and dressmaking, or that of dressing of hair in a light and elegant manner, and to see how each change in the style is effected by merely looking at the models in the hairdressers' windows. We think that a year's instruction and practice might be sufficient in each department of a lady's maid's work for a girl of quick observation, deft fingers, and good natural taste. We cannot enter into the question of the expense that such teaching would involve.

F. P. and F. N.—The London hospitals do not receive young girls of eighteen as probationers. At the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street the rules require them to be at least twenty-one years of age, and then a doctor's certificate (as we believe) in reference to health and constitution; and the approval of parents and guardians is required.

E. H. HATHWAY (MISS) writes to request our notice of change of address in reference to her Correspondence Association for French and Italian, as well as English composition, history, and literature. It is now Church Farm, Hurst, Twyford, Berkshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRIS.—The 20th of June, 1851, was a Friday; and the 9th of August, 1854, was a Wednesday.

HARRIET.—Leave your plaques or other handiwork for sale, with the price affixed, in some shop window of your post town. If you were in London your plan (as we continually tell our readers) would be to take your work to a suitable shop for such things, and so obtain trade orders for more if approved. There is no other plan.

BÉBÉ.—See the article by "Medicus" on the hair, and all our answers on the same worn-out subject. So many are complaining, like yourself, that we suppose you had better look out for some discovery of a microbe by the host of doctors now engaged on such quests in reference to every malady afflicting mankind. The hair-restorer to which you refer is likewise a dye. We cannot say that it is a microbe destroyer.

EMILY COWDY does not repeat her queries. Probably they were such as had been sent in and answered for others more than once, and by reference to our indexes (of which our correspondents appear to make little use) E. C. might very likely have had any information required without writing to ask us to repeat ourselves. If otherwise, we regret her disappointment.

A. M.—Johann Christoph Gluck, musical dramatic composer, was born July 2nd, 1714, and died November 15th, 1787. Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, *née* Stevenson, was born in 1811, married the Rev. W. Gaskell in 1832, and died November 12th, 1863. Charlotte Brontë married the Rev. A. B. Nicholls in 1854, and died March 31st, 1855.

BRIDAL WREATH.—Your complaint—that of flushing—is very common amongst young people. There is nothing to be done for it, and at all events it is preferable to looking yellow.

O. P. N. need not feel worried at having a little down on her lip. If of a dark complexion it is very usual, and is not disfiguring, if slight, in the opinion of many; and you cannot expect *everyone* to admire you. Those who really care much for you would not wish to change any little special characteristic that marked the individuality of the face they loved.

BEALINGS.—Church bells appear to have been introduced into France about the year 550 A.D. In this country Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, brought one from Italy for his own church in the year 680 A.D. But their use dates back at least to the period of the ancient Egyptians, and reference is made to them in the Scriptures (see Exodus xxviii. v. 34; xxix. v. 25; also Zech. xxv. 20). They were employed in religious ceremonies, and by the Greeks and Romans for camp and domestic service. According to Pliny all the pinnacles of the monument to Porsenna were surmounted by a bell. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola (Campania), introduced them into Christian churches A.D. 400; and in A.D. 600 Pope Sabinian ordered that a bell should be rung every hour. The large bell of the church at Luhnde, Hildesheim, is dated 1278. The ringing of the "curfew bell" was introduced into England shortly after the Conquest.

DOROTHY.—If you wish to do good service, over and above your family and natural duties at home, we suggest that you can procure packets of nice little books, and the Holy Gospels—each in separate form—from our publishing office, and when you travel, by land or water, or even take a drive in any hired vehicle, you can leave them to be found—under a seat-cushion; for remember, that many of the lower orders feel insulted by the offer of one—a result of which you should beware, so as not to defeat your own object.

CYCLOPS.—We are not oculists, and could not exercise their vocation. Even if we were licensed to treat the eyes we should require to see a patient. Go for advice to an eye and ear hospital.

DEVOTED READER OF "G. O. P."—Your style of signature and subscription when writing to a clergyman must depend on your position in life. If socially inferior to him, you should say "Respectfully yours." The term "charwoman" is pronounced exactly as spelt, "char," certainly not as "chair."

AVERIL and IRENE.—The words "recherché" and "valet" are French. The former is pronounced as if written (in English) "ruh-shair-shai," the latter as "vah-lay." The teaching of pronunciation of a foreign language should be oral.

VIOLET RUSSELL.—An article on the subject of your letter, recommending the very step you think of taking, is about to appear in this magazine.

HOPEFUL A. M.—Your "cousin-german" is not within the prohibited degrees of marriageable kindred specified in the table in the Book of Common Prayer. The desirability of such a close connection is another question. The children of first cousins are often deaf and otherwise ailing, because (unless the family be exceptionally healthy) any hereditary taint in the blood, so far from being modified by that of a sound, robust stock, is intensified by the inheritance of delicacy and disease from both parents.

JUNIE.—The adopted French words "envelope" and "encore" are not pronounced as if commenced with an "o." They are given the correct French sound of "en," that is, a nasal sound which cannot be rendered by any English letters, but must be learnt by ear.

SOMEBODY'S QUEENIE (Jersey).—1. It is not desirable that a girl should correspond with any man to whom she is not engaged without her parents' consent; nor to present him with flowers.—2. We could not give you the signification of seventeen flower names in the *Language of Flowers*. There are little books on the subject.

MARCIA.—We should recommend the person whose father had been for some time insane, to consult an experienced medical man, giving him the result of careful enquiries as to any hereditary tendency in his family to that disease, and in his father's case the circumstances under which the aberration of intellect was induced—whether a blow, or a great mental shock, or intemperance, or the effect of a trying climate and fever. Also, whetner the brain disease was manifested subsequently to the son's birth. There are many questions to be considered.

HEAVILY LADEN.—1. Write to the Misses Harrison, 5, Grandacre Terrace, Anerley, S.E.; also to Mr. William Jackson, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. State your case fully.—2. With reference to the crippled person, consult H. L. Williams, Esq., Secretary of the Hutton Memorial Home, 9, Kinnerton Street, Belgravia, S.W.

A YOUNG BRIDE.—1. We have given an article on the rearing of silkworms—see "Silk Industry in Ireland and America," vol. x. Our girls are continually sending in questions already answered, or on subjects fully treated in entire articles. In these cases we often, though not always, decline to occupy a very limited space with needless, and to general readers uninteresting, repetitions.—2. Your writing is fairly good.

GIPSY.—1. You should bow to any man who has been introduced to you in the society in which your parents allow you to visit. You do not stop to speak out of doors.—2. Make enquiries amongst the elderly members of your family, and if you have any right to find that of either parent in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, look for any names denoting your near relatives, or the estates they own, in that work.

SAD IGNORAMUS.—1. There are very few words that commence with a mute "h." Amongst the exceptions there are "humour" and "hour." A reference to a dictionary will show you that otherwise the "h," as a first letter, is always aspirated; and the great error in cockney and provincial pronunciation consists in adding the "h" where it is not present in the word.—2. Your handwriting might be improved by writing small round-hand copies.

ELIZA COOK.—To make yourself acquainted with the value of autographs which you may possess you should enquire for duplicates at some shop where they are sold. If unable to do so in person, get some friend to do so for you. There is one in Fleet Street, E.C. We do not give trade addresses.

WHITE LILIES.—1. The abbreviation "imp." stands for "imperial," derived from the Latin *imperator*, or "emperor."—2. We only know the abbreviation "Max." as that of the name "Maximilian." But why these two should appear on a bronze ash drag, either side respectively of the figure of a man, we are unable to explain. It could scarcely have reference to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, of tragic memory. Had you seen the drag at Madame Tussaud's we could have explained the difficulty.



VOL. XII.—No. 608.] AUGUST 22, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

MURIEL Drayton was standing, one afternoon in May, at the London schoolroom window where poor Honor had sent so many unhappy thoughts out into the irresponsive air. To judge by the young lady's appearance, *her* meditations were not of the most agreeable character; she wore a slight pout, and her shoulders were shrugged, almost after the manner of her exiled sister. She was not thinking aloud—which is an exercise seldom indulged in outside the pages of fiction—but we may take the privilege of reading her thoughts.

"All alone, as usual! Life is really dreadfully dull now that Emmeline is "out." I had no idea she would leave me as much as she does. It was far nicer when we were all three together in the schoolroom."

Here the younger sister's reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Emmeline, aggressively grown-up and elegant, in a grey walking costume and bewitching pink bonnet.

"What are you wasting your time for like that, child?" she enquired sharply, as she fitted on a new pair of grey gloves. "Don't you know Fraülein will be here soon?—and I am certain you have not done your German. She was complaining about you only last week."

"I should like to know who you call child?" retorted Muriel, with ungrammatical acerbity. "It is all very well for *you* to lecture me about German when you are careering about to 'At Homes' and all sorts of fun, and I am pent up in a dull schoolroom by myself! It is a regular shame!"

"What rubbish you talk," retorted Emmeline, who, in Honor's absence, practised her "elder sister" tone of superiority more on Muriel than the young lady approved. "Pray, do you expect to 'come out' at fourteen? We shall



"'AND A VERY SENSIBLE LETTER TOO,' RESPONDED MR. DRAYTON."

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have infants in arms objecting to the nursery next."

"I think you are very selfish and unkind," responded Muriel, in a tone from which tears were not far off. "I thought it would be nice when Honor was gone, but it isn't. You are never with me at all. Even when we went to Oaklands at Easter together you were always with that wretched young man in the conservatory, and neglecting me."

This referred to a joint visit of the sisters to some country cousins, where Muriel had fumed under manifold wrongs, arising largely from the attentions of a son of the house to Emmeline.

"You are simply a spoilt child, and it is absurd of me to waste time in talking to you," said Emmeline, condescendingly. "Your turn will come, but if you are as idle as you have been ever since Miss Courcellis left, I am sure I don't know when your education will be finished."

The conversation would have degenerated into a very unseemly altercation, for Muriel's eyes were flashing, and her breast was heaving ominously, but fortunately a maid entered to announce the carriage, and Emmeline sailed triumphantly away to her "At Home."

Muriel was resolved now that no power on earth should make her attend to her German. Never should it be said that *she* was managed by an elder sister! So she wiled away half-an-hour over the pages of Miss Rhoda Broughton, and received Fraülein Müller with the consciousness of unprepared lessons. The hour that followed was not an agreeable one, varied as it was by Fraülein's praises of the absent Honor, and lamentations that she had lost her most promising, most diligent pupil. Alas! that she, the never-with-her-lessons-behind-hand, always - in - duty - conscientious Mädchen, had gone away! Muriel listened with disdain. She had always been accustomed to despise Honor, and felt sure she was in the right in doing so, yet it was not pleasant to hear this contrast drawn.

When poor Fraülein, with her rebukes and pleadings, had departed, and Muriel was beginning to expect the return of Mrs. Drayton and Emmeline, Miss Courcellis was announced. The late governess now lived with her brother at Hammersmith, and occasionally came to see her former pupils.

Muriel, glad of a relief from the unpleasant impression left by the German lesson, hastened up to the drawing-room, where Miss Courcellis sat, looking solemn and important, with a curious oblong parcel beside her.

"Your mother will soon be in, my love? That is well, for I want to see her. And how is my little singing bird?" affectionately enquired the visitor.

"Very ill—I mean, very cross," replied Muriel. "I have just had a horrible German lesson."

"Ah, that harsh tongue!" sighed Miss Courcellis. "I know how repellent it is to you, sweet one."

"Harsh, indeed," pouted Muriel. "But that is not all. You cannot think, Miss Courcellis, how wretched it is now that Emmeline is 'out.' She is away from me in a kind of new life. She is always going about with mamma, and I am left alone. At night I go to bed by myself, and have to wake up at two or three in the morning to hear about her partners. All the treats and pretty dresses are for her, and I am only a child and nobody, as she is always telling me. I thought it would be delightful when Honor went, and we two were left; but it was oh! so much nicer when we were all three in the schoolroom with you! I am sure I am wretched now!"

Miss Courcellis had always been foolishly fond of Muriel, in whom she could see no fault. She now applied herself to the task of consolation. 'It *was* hard for her pet, but the time would come when she too should have her share of the season's pleasures,' and so forth. In the midst of these condolences the wheels of the carriage were heard returning.

"Now I shall have to be told all about it, and how Emmeline was such a success," grumbled Muriel.

Mrs. Drayton and her daughter cordially welcomed Miss Courcellis, who, after the first interchange of civilities, announced that she had brought something to show them. The curious, oblong parcel was unwrapped, and proved to be a photographic album of unusual construction, for the covers were of light wood, carved in an elaborate manner.

"Dear me, that looks quite Swiss!" said Mrs. Drayton.

"Wait a minute," said Miss Courcellis, doing something mysterious with her hand. And suddenly the album burst forth into melody, startling the little group around it in no small degree. It performed the "Last Rose of Summer" all through in lugubrious fashion, while Emmeline and Muriel sat feeling inclined to laugh.

"What a dreadful—I mean, what a wonderful thing!" ejaculated Mrs. Drayton. "I suppose there is a musical box hidden somewhere inside it."

"You see, the idea is," explained Miss Courcellis, "that you wind it up, and then give it to some one to look at the photographs—say, a lady who is not in the secret. It suddenly begins to play——"

"And frightens her into a fit, or makes her drop it, and break the whole thing to pieces," observed Emmeline with levity.

"It plays a great many tunes. But who do you think sent it me? That is the point," said Miss Courcellis, proudly turning from one to another. "Why, you will never guess—Honoria!"

"Honor!"

"Just like her to choose such a mad present," murmured Emmeline into her sister's ear.

"And with a very nice letter," pursued Miss Courcellis, nodding. "A little of her brusque way of expressing herself certainly—'We had not got on together, but she knew I had had a good deal of trouble with her; she was sorry if she had hurt my feelings by refusing to give me a parting present, and would I accept this album?'"

"Really!" cried Mrs. Drayton, touched and pleased. "I am sure Miss Arundel must be doing the child good."

"My efforts, you see, are bearing fruit," said Miss Courcellis, looking at the carved grapes on the album cover as if they were specimens of the fruit in question. "I hardly dared to hope they would; but although late, the seed sown has prospered. I thought you would be gratified, so I came at once to show you. And now I will not detain you longer, for it is getting near dinner-time, and you are tired, dear Mrs. Drayton."

"I don't know as to *her* efforts bearing fruit," remarked that lady, when she was describing this little incident to her husband later in the evening. "I am beginning to doubt whether Miss Courcellis took the right way with Honor. Certainly, I have the most cheering accounts from Miss Arundel. She says the child is improving fast, and bears a high character in the school. And from what I hear, she is more qualified to judge than Miss Courcellis, being of a good family herself—the Arundels of Thorpe-Arundel—and she must see any number of girls. In fact, Mrs. Thornycroft told me yesterday there were more applications just now than could be entertained."

"I always thought your Miss Courcellis was something of a delusion, you know," observed the husband. "She has spoilt Muriel, whatever other harm or good she may have done. The child is full of whims and fancies, and is as idle as she can possibly be."

"I don't know what is to be done," sighed Mrs. Drayton. "The two sisters always got on so well; but now that Honor is gone they quarrel constantly."

"Poor Honor came in for the friction from both, which now they bestow on each other," said the father, with considerable wisdom. "The best thing you can do with Muriel, my dear, is to send her off to Miss Arundel for a year or two, and get some of this nonsense taken out of her."

"Perhaps you are right. I don't know who would have the charge of girls, I am sure," lamented the mother. "They are always taking you by surprise in *some* way or other. Oh, by-the-by, I forget to tell you, Miss Arundel wants Honor to learn singing and give up the piano. She says she will never make anything of it. I heard this morning. Here is the letter."

"And a very sensible letter too," responded Mr. Drayton, after perusal. "I agree with Haweis, as to girls without capacity learning to play. One does not know whom to pity most—the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the friends who have to listen. Let her learn singing by all means instead. *I wish it.*"

Mr. Drayton, finding his own disregarded theories about his daughters' education were now coming to the front, seized the opportunity to assert himself, and his wife, with unusual meekness, agreed.

Muriel, all unconscious of her impending fate, was also discussing the album incident with her sister upstairs. Emmeline maintained that it was "just

like Honor" to choose such a preposterous present; Muriel, on the other hand, unexpectedly declared that it was very nice indeed of her to send Miss Courcellis anything. "And I really miss her very much, though we *did* make such fun of her; she was good-natured enough when we did not tease her, and Miss Courcellis after all used to worry her frightfully. I wish she were back."

The letter that reached Belle-Rive in a few days filled Honor with joy. She was to have the desire of her heart, and learn singing! The fearful interviews with Herr Steinthal were to be exchanged for others with Signor Bianchi, which, it was to be hoped, would prove less fearful. Miss Arundel, always quick to discern latent talent, thought that Honor had a voice; touch and execution on the piano she would never have. The girl had now passed her seventeenth birthday (celebrated by a cake with seventeen candles), and it was not too early to begin.

Oh, that delightful, ever memorable day! When Honor, trembling, produced the notes which had jeeringly been said to come from the toes of her boots, the elderly little Italian professor started; he made her sing through the scale, from the lower A to the octave only, and then cried, in tones vibrating with excitement, "But you have a voice! Contralto, pure contralto! We shall make something of you!"

"I said so; I said so," murmured Fraülein, who sat in the music-room window with her knitting.

Signor Bianchi was an enthusiast. Without wife or child, the little grey man dwelt in a lonely suite of rooms overlooking the lake. Here with his piano and his manuscripts he led a charmed life, the slave of music alone. He was a composer, and had won a certain measure of renown, though his songs were too intricate and classical ever to be popular. He patiently and conscientiously went through his daily round of teaching in the Belle-Rive schools, hardly hoping to light upon voices above mediocrity among his English pupils; but when he found talent, then it was his to rejoice, to censure, to encourage, to foster the precious gift by every means in his power. He assured Honor that if she would attend to his instructions she would in time be able to *sing*—"not to pipe, to whistle, to warble, like those other signorinas, who are all very well—but to give forth noble music in a noble way. She must practise diligently," he went on excitedly to Fraülein; "there must be no playing with this voice. Time must be given her to do as I say—it must be no school-miss trifling, but the study of an artist."

Fraülein, who knew Miss Arundel, promised that all should be arranged as he wished, and Honor, in the tremulous rapture of a newly-discovered power, was only too eager to respond to the utmost demands made upon her by her enthusiastic master.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO CARVE, AND WHAT TO CARVE.

I.

THE other day I was fortunate enough to meet again a dear and gracious woman whom I had not seen since I was a boy. During the quarter of a century and more which lies between then and now changes manifold and obliterating had come to both of us, and naturally there was much of personal interest to question about and relate. After the first greetings, however, and as we sat mentally noting the alterations in each of us that time had wrought, I blurted out as my first remark, "I wonder if I ever thanked you enough for the set of carving tools you gave me long ago?"

Through all those years the most enduring recollection I had was of the pleasure given to me by her introduction to this most fascinating of all the artistic crafts, to facility in which the amateur, and especially the girl-amateur, may aspire. If I cannot go quite so far as my old friend did in my case, and present my readers with the tools necessary for their carving experiments, or guide their hands to make their first tentative gouge and chisel strokes as she did mine, I may perhaps be able to attract the interest of some of them sufficiently to lead them to embark for themselves on this most witching sea of discovery. Should this be the case, and should they not be deterred from further effort by the first adverse current of disaster or chilling wind of inaptitude, I shall not have written in vain.

I propose to briefly tell you how to carve and what to carve, confining myself, under the first head, to a brief setting forth of the methods by which a simple panel of low-relief work may be produced, thus necessitating a description of the tools and manner of using them; and under the second, to a handful of suggestions as to what lines it is desirable to follow in the choice of objects and designs on which the skill acquired by practice and application may be exerted.

It is said that a bad workman complains of his tools, but it is just as certain that bad tools offer even to a good workman just cause and opportunity for grumbling and complaint. I should therefore advise those who have made up their minds to take up the art of wood-carving, to begin by procuring a set of tools from the best maker rather than to be allured by the sounding advertisements of those who rely on cheapness, with its accompanying nastiness, to procure them customers. Better buy your tools one by one and get them good and serviceable, than waste your money and fritter away your time by trying to get something for nothing.

With this preliminary word of advice let me point out of what the tools you will need for your elementary work consist. You can begin with an assortment of from twelve to eighteen, which will cost you from eight to twelve shillings, with box handles complete. They consist of assorted sizes of the following:—

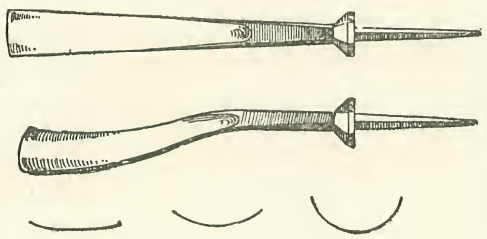


FIG. 1.—FLAT AND CURVED GOUGES.

First.—Extra flat gouges varying in width from an eighth of an inch to an inch. These are a sort of compromise between a gouge and a chisel, and are used by the carver as a carpenter uses his chisel, for cleaning off the rougher tool marks and so forth. The slight curvature given to them not only renders the task of levelling backgrounds with them easier, but by the slight unevenness it gives to the surface, produces a more artistic play than would the monotonously cutting chisel.

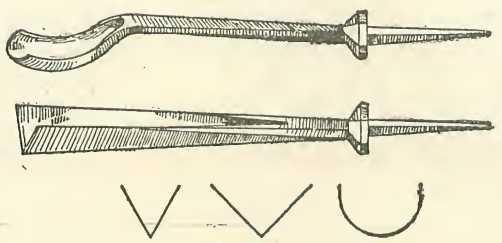


FIG. 2.—BENT GOUGE AND PARTING TOOL.

Second.—Gouges of greater curvature, some of them with the blade bent in such a fashion as to render their function of scooping out deep hollows the easier.

Third.—Veiners, which are gouges of a small size, but exceedingly sharp curvature. As the name implies, they are used for veining leaves and stems of either natural or conventional foliage.

Fourth.—Fluters, also gouges of nearly the same form as veiners, but with a larger cutting edge. Their use is sufficiently designated by the name.

Fifth.—Parting tools, or V-tools. This is one of the most useful tools in the carver's repertory; but its use can be abused, for when used, as the youthful carver is often tempted to use it, for the modelling of stems, it is apt to give a hard, angular effect to them. One of its most useful functions is for the lining out of the flat incised work common to the early English, Italian, and German schools.

Sixth.—The skew chisel, which is the nearest approach to the ordinary carpenter's tool the youthful carver ought to employ. It resembles the ordinary chisel as regards its cutting edge, but the edge is ground off at a more or less acute angle to the general direction of the blade. It is useful for bevelling edges and clearing out corners, and in some cases for smoothing backgrounds.

To keep the tools in order—and it must be remembered that for the carver no tool can be too sharp, and no trouble in keeping it so too great—there is needed, first, a small grindstone, secondly, an oilstone on which to sharpen the straight-edged tools; thirdly, a set of slips, or pieces of oilstone rubbed down until they fit the inner curves of the various gouges, and can thus be used to sharpen the inner edges; and fourthly, a strap of buckskin plentifully besmeared with a mixture of tallow and emery powder, with which to

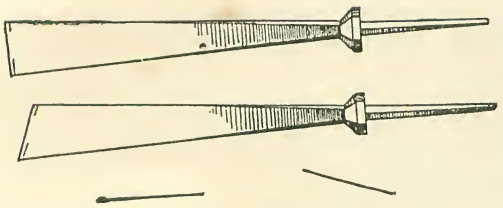


FIG. 3.—PLAIN AND SKEW CHISELS.

give the finishing touches to the razor-like edge.

A bench and stool are, if not essentials, at all events to be desired. Neither need be expensive in character. The bench may be of ordinary pine or "deal," with a top some 3 ft. long by 2 ft. wide, and about 3 ft. 1 in. or 2 in. high, and good firm legs inclining outwards slightly, and mortised or bolted into a rail some 6 in. from the floor. (See Fig. 4.) The stool may be an ordinary office stool with the legs so cut down as to bring the top some 2 ft. 3 in. from the floor, and inclined forward at a slight angle. It is better, however, to stand rather than to sit at one's work. As a matter of fact a common kitchen table with its legs clamped to the floor with iron brackets will serve every purpose of the beginner. It is necessary, however, to have a table which can be given up exclusively to the carver's purposes, for in order to fix the work firmly in position it is necessary to bore in the table top a number of holes in various positions relative to the edge thereof. The work is fastened by what is called a bench screw. (See Fig. 5.) The point is driven into the back of the wood of which the face is to be carved, and the end is then passed through one of the holes in the bench, and the thumb-piece screwed tightly up, a piece of hard wood with a hole bored through it being generally slipped on first so as to prevent the wearing away of the under-side of the bench. There are other ways of fastening the work in position, but they are not altogether satisfactory, the best perhaps being a board with two wooden cleats at the back and with a number of holes bored in it. This board is clamped to the table, and the work is fastened to it by inserting pins into such of the holes as surround it, wedges being driven in to tighten it up if necessary. A carpenter's vice is also useful for holding work of a different character. It is affixed to the edge of the table, as shown in the sketch, Fig. 4.

In addition to the tools and accessories already mentioned, there must be provided a box-wood mallet, two or three punches for background, and what is called a "router." This is a small chisel driven through a small flat piece of wood in such a fashion that it can be fixed to project any required distance. This is used for scraping sunken grounds to a true level, the wooden part resting on the upper surface and the tooth "routing" up the wood in the sunken portion to any required depth.

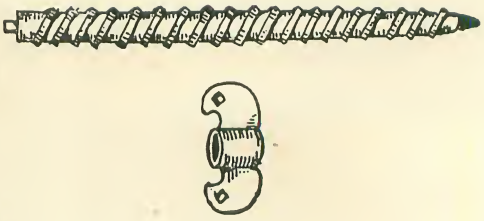


FIG. 5.

Now as to the wood and the varieties thereof best suited to the carver's purpose. All wood used should be close-grained and well seasoned, and for the beginner's purposes as soft as may be consistent with firmness and freedom from splintering. Some think that the best, as it is the cheapest, wood for the tyro is yellow pine or deal, for the very reason that it does split easily, and therefore requires extra care in its manipulation. I do not agree myself with this dictum, for I think the fewer difficulties placed in the beginner's

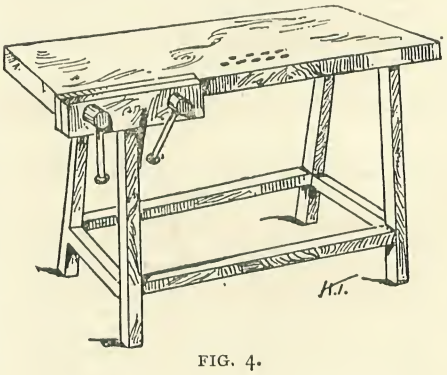


FIG. 4.

way the less chance there is of discouragement and too early an abandonment of the whole business as being "too hard to learn." Take for your first experiment some nice pieces of lime wood, which you can procure at small cost at the shop of any respectable cabinet-maker; or, if this is not procurable, a good clean piece of American "white-wood" or bass, and see that it is free from knots, or "shakes," as they are technically termed. When you get further advanced you will have plenty of choice, including walnut, both American and Italian, oak, pear, chestnut, sycamore, Australian jarreh, Californian red-wood, pear, teak, and for very delicate work box and satin-wood.

I shall now suppose that an assortment of tools has been bought, a bench of some description provided, a few pieces of wood procured, and the carver is ready for business. Before beginning, every tool must be carefully sharpened and stropped, and if they are notched or very blunt they must be ground. In grinding tools use plenty of water, and turn the grindstone *away* from the tool at a high rate of speed, moving the tool constantly from side to side, so as not to work a groove into the face of the stone. When the notch or rough edge has disappeared, take the tool in the left hand, holding it firmly, with the edge pointing upwards, and with the right hand pass the slip rapidly over it. Finish it on the strop with plenty of emery. Now take a piece of "white-wood" about 14 in. long by 6 in. wide, and from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to 1 inch in thickness. Upon the surface of this with a carpenter's square, a set square of an angle of 45°, and a pair of compasses draw Fig. 6. This gives you the main or guiding lines of your design. Now take your bench screw and firmly fix your panel, with its longer side parallel with the front of your table, having taken care beforehand to so set out the design as to have its longest dimensions running *with* and not *across* the natural grain of the wood. If for some reason you do not wish the back of your panel to be disfigured by the screw-hole of the bench screw, you may glue it to another piece of board, inserting a piece of brown paper between the two boards, and soaping the under side of your panel. Then the under board receives the point of the bench screw, and when your work is finished the two boards are easily detached from each other. Take now one of your flat gouges, letting the top of the handle rest in the palm of the right hand, so that the fingers may close round easily and naturally; but so as to give a firm

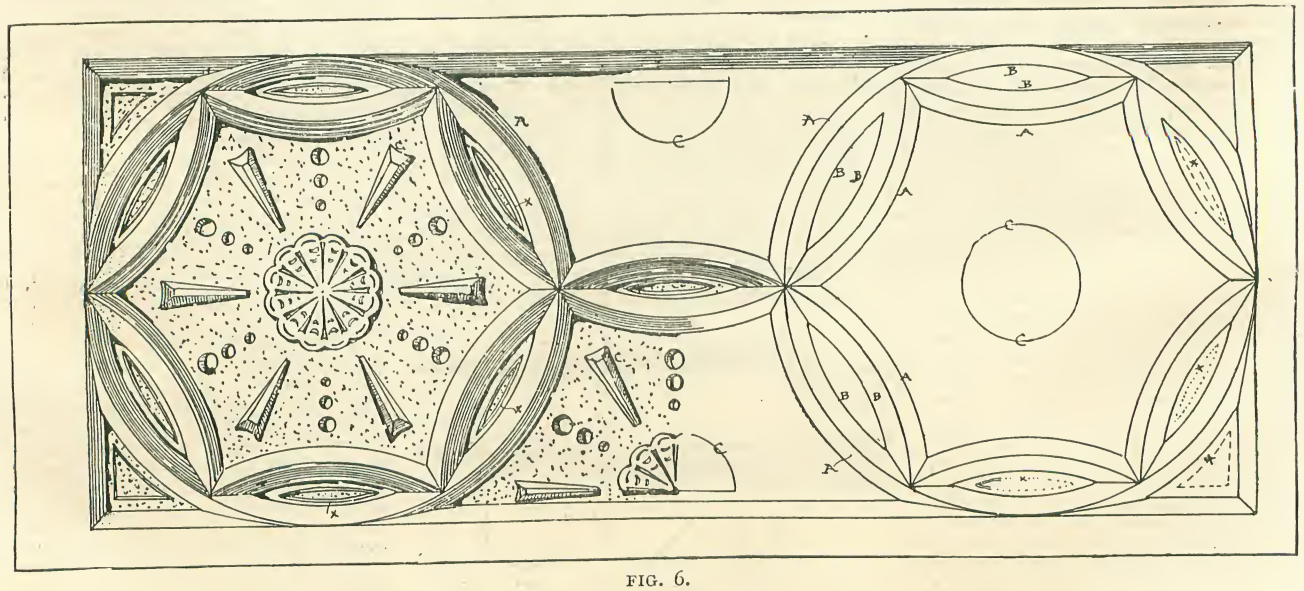


FIG. 6.

control the first three fingers of the left hand should be placed on the blade in such a fashion that they may play a considerable part in the guiding and controlling of the tool. As a rule the tool should be held in a position but slightly removed from the horizontal, but when cutting round an outline it is held perpendicularly. Should it deviate from either of these positions it has a tendency to run too far into the wood, and cause it to split in a most exasperating fashion.

Take your flat gouge, and holding it perpendicularly, cut firmly and cleanly, but not deeply, round the lines A A A A. Then, holding the tool in a slanting position, cut another line to meet this. Do the same thing with the lines B B B B and the lines C C. Now take one of your curved gouges and begin to waste away the wood in the spaces within the lines you have just cut. Level it down with a flat gouge, and if necessary use the router, but not to excess. The ground must be lowered to a depth of 3-16th of an inch all over, uniformity of depth being obtained by trying it at intervals with the router, which must first be properly set. Cut the centre button vertically with a gouge which will just fit the curve. Now with a V-tool cut the incised lines X X X X with a free sweep, and allowing full play to the wrist. The punching to the ground is done either with one of the punches sold for the purpose, or even with a blunt pointed wire nail. The beginner should not be discouraged if the first attempt meets with disaster. Failure will probably come from the splitting away of the wood about the intersecting circles, or from the failure to produce a clean knife-like edge. In this case I should advise the starting it entirely over again from the beginning. Care must be taken in finishing off to leave all the acute angles and the intersections of the circles clean and sharply cut. This can be accomplished with the aid of the skew chisel. The concentric cuts on the sunken ground may, as suggested, be cut with the V-tool, but some of them may be produced more readily by the aid of gouges of various sizes, the first cut being given with the tool held perpendicularly and driven down with a sharp tap of the mallet. The second cut is made in a slanting direction, and must just meet the bottom of the first cut, so as to bring out the minute section of wood cleanly and leaving no broken splinters behind it.

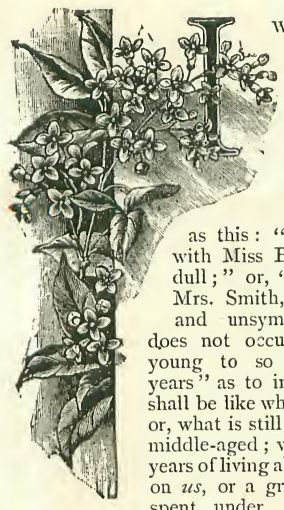
Unless your panel is to be hung up on the wall (and even in this case), you will find that as it is cut out of soft "white-wood" it will readily soil and become unpresentable. You can adopt one of two means to obviate this necessity—that is to say, you can either stain or varnish the work. If you decide on the former course, take a little of Stevens' stain—for your purpose, walnut is perhaps the best—and dilute it quite freely with water. Then, with an ordinary hogs'-hair brush, lay it on, working always with the grain of the wood. When the coat has dried give it another, and after that a third, or even a fourth if the desired depth of shade has not been attained. Now take a little boiled linseed oil, and with a soft rag rub a *very little* of it well into the wood. This will fix the stain and prevent it coming off on to the fingers when the panel is handled. You may prefer a rather higher degree of polish though in the case of the panel described. I should not advise it, as there is too little of the natural surface of the wood left. Should you wish it, however, you can take equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine and brush it over the wood, polishing afterwards with a stiff brush. Or a mixture may be made of beeswax and Burgundy pitch in the proportion of two to one, heated over the fire in a vessel placed in a pan of hot water and thinned down with turpentine. It must be used slightly warm, and brushed thinly over the work, and when dry, well polished with an ordinary nail-brush. Specially prepared lacquer for finishing "white-wood" work is also sold by the colour merchants, but I should not advise its use. Its advantages are simply that the wood can be left its natural colour, and cleansed from finger marks with a damp duster.

I have now, I think, given hints and suggestions enough for a beginner to learn at all events how to handle the tools. Common-sense must fill in the necessary blanks; and experience after all is the best teacher. In these days, too, there are few places where, with a little pains, a practical wood-carver cannot be found who, even if he does not care to directly teach the tyro, will at all events allow the latter to watch him while at work. Half an hour of this is worth pages of description.

In another paper I shall offer some remarks on design as applied to wood-carving, which I trust will be of value not only to the beginner but to those who have already attained a greater or less degree of proficiency in the art.

HORACE TOWNSEND.

UNINTERESTING PEOPLE.



I WONDER sometimes if girls know what they miss by avoiding the society of "uninteresting people." How often one hears such a remark as this: "I can't get on with Miss Brown, she is so dull;" or, "I can't endure Mrs. Smith, she is so hard and unsympathetic." It does not occur to us when young to so "forecast the years" as to imagine what we shall be like when *we* grow old, or, what is still less interesting, middle-aged; what effect a few years of living alone would have on *us*, or a great many years spent under trying circumstances. Yet if our imagination is so deficient, we bid fair to be very "uninteresting people" when we grow old. Suppose we resolve that whenever we meet a disagreeable, odd, uninteresting person, we use whatever knowledge we have of them to piece together their life's history, and then consider whether, if called on to undergo a similar experience, there would be much brightness, or sparkle, or tenderness left in the surface of our characters. We may rest assured that no novel one ever reads is half so interesting as a study in real life.

George Elliot says: "I at least hardly ever look at a bent old man or a wizened old woman but I see also with my mind's eye that past of which they are the shrunken remnant; and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance compared with the drama of hope and love, which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight."

I once knew a middle-aged lady who lived with her father, and nursed him through his long last illness with loving care. After his death she lived alone, and appeared to the world depressed, reserved, almost repellent. Suddenly this cold, hard Miss Jones took a journey, and returned, to the surprise of her neighbours, with an aged lady, a distant relative, whom she established at her fireside, and tended with the utmost devotion. The society of friends, which she had never sought on her own account, was now welcomed for the old lady's sake, and it was seen that Miss Jones, instead of being stern and unsympathetic, was love and tenderness itself. It also transpired that, having heard indirectly that her aged relative was suffering from an incurable complaint, she had fetched her to her home, determined to soothe and brighten her declining days. This act brought its own reward, for it helped to dispel the sorrow which had been her constant companion since her father's death.

Now suppose that some of those bright young girls who met Miss Jones at church or Sunday-school, and who had voted her "uninteresting," had used those lively imaginations of theirs to fill in the possible details of her life. What they saw before them was a middle-aged woman, quiet, suffering from bereavement, but claiming no sympathy. Did it never occur to any of them to picture her when young; to see in her face traces of past beauty; to imagine the time when she, perhaps the eldest of a large family, began to grow prematurely serious, and to accept more and more of the responsibility which was becoming too great a burden for a delicate mother; to fancy the determination and self-denial it required to launch the boys in life; to give the girls greater educational advantages than she herself had had; to help them to settle in happy homes, never realising that the years were fast slipping by in which the opportunity of such a settlement was likely to come to her? Can we not fancy that the younger members of her family, accustomed to her unselfish care, scarcely reckoned it at its true value; that while ready to share their troubles with her, they did not always ask her to share their joys; that they got the impression that "Mary" was such an old sobersides, she was happier at home with the old folk than joining in any gaiety or fun?

Well, as I said before, if the young folk of her acquaintance had exercised their bright wits in some such way, don't you think that by a magic touch of sympathy they would have contrived to bring a ray of sunshine to her life at a time when it was sorely needed? For the period when a lull comes in a life of great activity and overstrain, and when hands, once too full for holding, must perforce lie idle, is also the time when the brain is apt to prey upon itself, and when loving sympathy is a boon indeed.

Don't imagine we have to go far from home to find beauty, poetry, or romance. The daisy was enough for Burns, a bed of daffodils for Wordsworth, a skylark for Shelley. Surely we can find some poetry in our daily lives. What is the essential difference between the poet and the artist and the average man? Chiefly this—that the poet and artist see in ordinary things a beauty and a charm invisible to the ordinary beholder. Emerson says: "Art is nature passed through the alembic of man's genius." And Carlyle tells us that the poet has the power of making all subjects interesting.

"The ordinary poet, like the ordinary man, is for ever seeking in external circumstances the help which can be found only in himself. In what is familiar and near at hand he discerns no comeliness. Home is not poetic but prosaic. It is in some past, distant, conventional, heroic world that poetry resides." But the true poet has never far to seek. "The elements of his art are in him and around him on every hand. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives till Burns became a poet in it and a poet of it; found it a man's life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the wounded hare has not perished without its memorial. A balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies because a poet was there."

If girls are artistically inclined they need not spend their lives in search of the picturesque. The lace on their mother's cap, their pet dog lying on the hearth, the kettle on the hob, the very fender and fire-irons, may afford scope for their powers, and the same imaginative faculty may transform the most uninteresting person who crosses their path into a fellow traveller claiming sympathy and love.

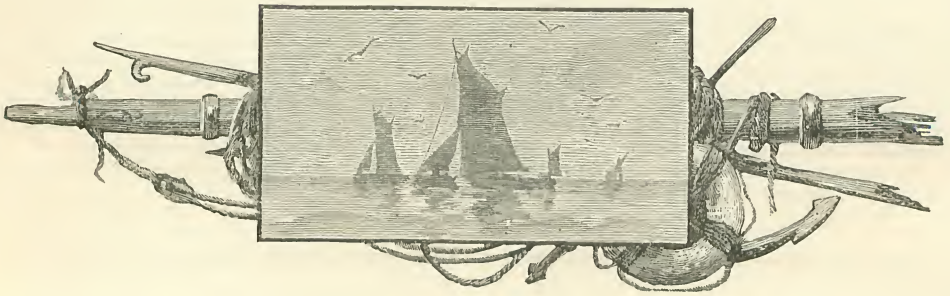
Let us try to comprehend the "interestingness" of old age, to realise the long vista of experience which has led up to the quiet evening time. Thus understood, the most garrulous old veteran must find a willing listener. Let us remember how rare our chances may be of hearing of the days of stage coaches from one who travelled in them; of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, of the Emancipation of the Slave, from one who took part in those struggles; of the Crimean War or the Indian Mutiny from one who lived in those stirring times. How often one has to exclaim, in reference to someone who is gone: "I wish I had asked him more particulars;" "I wish I could repeat that tale he told so often." But the opportunity is gone; no question and no answer can pass between us now.

Let us try, too, to realise the pathos of old age. A true poetess has expressed it:—

"Lord, I am old; and wearing to life's goal;
Closed are the issues of my captive soul;
Dim eyes, dull ears, faint touch, and failing speech,
A memory which too far outspans the reach
Of any left to listen: still and lone
I sit as in a monument of stone.

"I hear my household name, and looking round,
I see another answer to the sound.
No wealth have I wherewith I may requite
The charities which make my burden light.
What hand still loves to linger clasped in mine?
What eye my thoughts unspoken would divine?

"Lord, I am old; but soul of love and truth,
In Thee I find again my vanished youth;
For Thee I am a child—more dear maybe
Than when I lisped beside my mother's knee;
To others worn and wasted, pent and old—
To Thee a lamb returning to the fold."



WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR OLD FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE.

"Friend of mine! whose lot was cast
With me in the distant past—
Where like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
Word and work, begin to seem
Like a half-remembered dream."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

MR. EUSTACE sat in his study one evening a few days after that interview with Helen. It was past his usual hour for retiring to rest, and his servant was seriously concerned at this unwonted behaviour on the part of his master. He had ventured to remind him once or twice of the time, but so peremptory had been the command on the last occasion to be off and mind his own business, that he had hastened downstairs quaking in his shoes.

The oak writing-table was littered with old letters and papers, and two or three tin boxes from which they had been taken were scattered about the floor. Some of the letters had not seen the light for years, and many of them brought back strange memories.

At last he found out the packet for which he had been seeking, and unfastening it, began eagerly to read its contents. A softer look stole over the stern face as he read, and its gloomy austerity vanished under the influences of these blessed memories of the past.

"Ay, Warham, we were like David and Jonathan in those days," he said aloud, with a sigh. "Who would have thought how soon it would end. Forty years ago, and the quarrel was never made up. Well, Warham formed other ties. I daresay he ceased to think of it after a time; but I—I do not think I have ever really forgotten that friendship." He took up a little daguerreotype lying amongst the letters. It was a picture of Richard Warham as he had known him forty years before, when it seemed as if nothing would ever disturb the friendship they had formed.

"She is like him," he said, looking at it intently. "She has his eyes, ay, and his manner too, the manner that used to charm so in days gone by. Yes," he added, musingly, "it would be well perhaps to help his children for his sake."

Strange memories came back to him as he sat there amongst his faded letters. Helen was right in supposing his heart to be not wholly hard. Her appeal had touched a soft place in it, and these recollections of the past were helping to melt some of the ice of selfishness that encrusted it. His life stood vividly before him—the life he might have made so much of, but of which he had made so little.

Thirty to forty years before, Reginald Eustace had been a youth of brilliant promise. His father was then a man of great wealth, and had destined his only son for the Bar, where, in the opinion of many, he was sure to make his mark.

In one day all these hopes were dashed to the ground. A bank failure reduced his father to almost utter poverty. There was nothing for the son to do but to go into business. Fortunately, his father had good connections, and he was placed in an influential and wealthy firm. He rose step by step, and twenty years after entering it he became its head partner, and as wealthy a man as his father had been before he failed.

Absorbed in money making, he forgot all else, and yet he was far from accepting his success in a grateful spirit. Talented as he was in business matters, at heart he disliked the work still. He never forgot the shattered dreams of his youth. He became morbid, gloomy, cynical, shunned society, and seldom went anywhere. His former friends fought shy of him; he got the character of being a miser, which, however, was undeserved, for he gave money away largely but in his own eccentric way.

The bitterness with which he viewed life had been increased by his quarrel with Richard Warham. The two had been fast friends from the days when

they were at school together, and the affection and admiration on Eustace's part for Warham had been very deep, so that when the quarrel took place his disappointment was terribly keen, the more so, because he had already seen so many of his hopes fail.

He had vowed never to form a friendship again, and had kept his word. But the memory of those days was not quite dead.

Helen's wonderful likeness to her father awakened associations of the past. He seemed to see in her the friend of his youth, and a strange feeling—a mixture of pity, love, and a desire to do something to make up for those long years of estrangement, filled his heart.

* * * *

Two days later the coachman was electrified by an order from his master to have the carriage round at ten o'clock that morning, as he intended driving into Redminster. Such an event was unprecedented in his experience. Mr. Eustace had not been known to want the carriage as early as that for years.

The master's strange ways the last few days had not passed without comment downstairs.

"I believe he's going to get married," said the housemaid.

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Brand, the cook, with ineffable scorn. "If you've no better explanation to give of his perceedings than that, you'd best hold your tongue, Maria, and that's my opinion. And I tell you, if he should be such a fool as to take a wife at his time of life, he'll lose my services, and that's certain. The day his lady walks in here, I walk out."

"Cooks are to be had, and plenty, Mrs. Brand," said Maria, maliciously. "He wouldn't have much difficulty in finding another to take your place."

"Well," said the valet, with a timid glance at the butler, "I never knew master sit up as late as he's done the last three nights, fumbling away with letters and papers and all sorts of rubbish."

"What do you know about it?" asked the butler, sharply.

"Why, wasn't I in the room and saw him with my own eyes? I thought he'd had a fit maybe, as he didn't go to bed, so I just went in to see what he was about."

"You came out again pretty sharp, and no mistake," said the butler. "I saw you myself. You looked for all the world as if you'd seen a ghost."

This raised a laugh at the valet's expense, and he did not add materially to the conversation after that.

If the coachman had been surprised at his master's visit to Redminster, he was no less surprised when he received orders to drive to West Dene.

"The master's gone clean cracked, it's my belief," was his sage remark to the footman, as he turned the horses' heads in the direction of the Manor.

Helen was sitting working in the library when Robin and Rex, who were playing in the garden, rushed in with the news that there was an "awful grand carriage" coming up the drive.

"There's two big horses just like in my picture book, Aunty Nell," cried Rex, "and two coachmans."

Helen's heart beat quickly. "Who is in it?" she asked.

"An old gempleman," answered Rex, promptly.

"He ain't so very old," said Robin, "he hasn't got white hair yet."

"May we stay if he comes, Aunty Nell?" asked Rex.

"Oh, baby!" cried Robin. "I shall go and look at the horses, and perhaps the coachman will give me a drive."

At that moment the carriage drove up, and a few minutes later Mr. Eustace was ushered into the library.

"I have taken the liberty of asking to see you privately, Miss Warham," he said. "I did not know your family contained members as small as this," he added, catching sight of Robin and Rex.

Helen explained her relations to the children.

"Run away just now," she said, gently.

"Well, Miss Warham, have you any idea why I have come here to-day?" he asked abruptly, when they were alone. "You hope, I suppose, that I have made up my mind to do something for you," he continued, scanning her face.

"I cannot help hoping it," she said, simply.

There was a pause.

"You are strangely like your father, Miss Warham," he said—"strangely like. Do you know that, but for that likeness, I might have turned a deaf ear to you? But manner, look, tone, everything about you, recalled the friend of bygone years.

"Now, listen while I tell you what I propose doing; but remember my conditions—no expression of gratitude. What I am about to do is done solely and simply for the sake of that friendship with your father which was so dear to me. Most people would call it Quixotic. It may be so. We shall see, however.

"Your house is mortgaged," he went on. "The mortgage falls due within seven months, or thereabouts. I have given notice to-day to the mortgagee that the money will be paid up by that time. Hush!" he said, imperatively, as Helen was about to speak.

"Your brother, you say, was keenly disappointed at having to forego the career he had hoped for. I know by experience what such disappointment means, and I have often felt that it would be a real gratification—a selfish one perhaps—to help anyone who is in the same plight, and so save them from wasting their lives as I have wasted mine.

"If your brother chooses, I will enable him to go to Oxford and study for the Bar. From enquiries I have made, I find he has talents. Well," he said, "what do you think of my plan?"

"We could never consent to it, Mr. Eustace—to accept everything from you and give you nothing in return," she said.

"When your brother has a fine practice at the Bar, it will be time enough to think of repaying me," he answered.

"If we might accept your help on the condition of paying it back."

"Listen," he said. "There is one way in which you may repay me if you like. You have a happy home. I have a house but not a home, and I think I should be better sometimes if I had some young life around me. Give me the right to come here as often as I like. Let me feel that there is one place on earth where I am welcome—that is all I ask; but if you grant that, I shall feel amply repaid."

He rose as he spoke. "I must be going now."

Helen felt too bewildered to express any gratitude. She could scarcely believe that what she had just heard was not a dream.

She was roused by the entrance of her mother and Fay, both eager to hear about the visitor she had had.

"I must explain a little, mother darling," said Helen, and she gave a rapid account of the finding of the letter in her father's study, her chance meeting with Mr. Eustace at Redcourt, and the two subsequent interviews; winding up with the news that he had saved West Dene for them.

It would be vain to attempt to describe their delight, and the gratitude that filled their hearts at this unexpected event.

"Now was not I a true prophet, Nell?" cried Fay—"that night when you croaked like the raven over our misfortunes. Did I not tell you then, my sweet one, that all would come right? Who would have thought that such an old curmudgeon, though, could have been capable of such generosity."

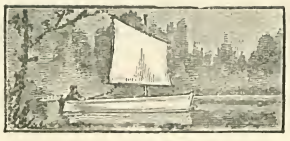
"Fay!"

"All right, Nell. I'll remember. Mr. Eustace is never to be spoken of but as our benefactor, with a big B."

"I think it is unpardonable to make fun of him after what he has done for us," she said, gravely.

"Very well, Nell darling, I daresay he is all right; but he did look so dreadfully grumpy that day at Redcourt, I should never have thought he could have done such a deed of kindness."

(*To be concluded.*)





THE BERBERS OF KABYLIA.

When I was living on the hills near Algiers, many and many a time have I awoke before the dawn, and seen the mists float away off valley and sun, and the sun break forth in all his glory from behind the mountains of Kabylia. The range of the Little Atlas stretched a long line of alp-like heights in the far distance, bounding the plain of the Metidja, their topmost peaks always crowned with snow, luring us towards them.

One day it was my happy fate to make one of a party to visit the extreme point of Kabylia in French possession; a small mountain stronghold—a very eyrie—called in old times Fort Napoléon, but now Fort National. Betimes in the early morning we were off, with four good horses to the carriage, to be changed every ten miles. Over hill, over dale, in the pale grey mist of the early morning, away we went! We passed the Arab shepherds driving their flocks of goats up the hill-side, to pasture them by shady grove or running brooks before the fierce heat of the African day came on. By-and-by we passed Arab villages—mud hovels, whitewashed of a dazzling whiteness, and fenced in with that most impregnable of all defences, a cactus hedge, each broad leaf so covered with prickly thorns that nothing could possibly penetrate past, the topmost leaves exchanging thorns for flowers, the small, brilliant yellow flower of the wild cactus, as bright in colour as our own gorse but considerably larger, and looking brighter still from the contrast with the intense blue of the sky beyond. By noon it became so hot that the sky changed to a



A KABYLE WOMAN.

sort of dusty grey, and the long road stretched on grey and dusty too, and the interminable ground palmetto, with its pointed fingers, told of the difficulties of the poor French farmers to uproot this obstinate possessor of the soil. On and on we went. Towards evening we stopped, and took out our baskets of provisions for dinner, settling ourselves beside a clear running stream overhung by high shrubs of oleander in *full bloom*, some pink, some white. A single star came out to see, and a quaint piping presently told us that Arab shepherd-boys were indulging in a slow and stately dance on the grass close by.

Presently the plain came to an end, and we began the ascent. The road was cut in a succession of zig-zags up the side of the mountain, between plantations of olive trees. The evening mists began to rise, and as our mounted guide rode on in front he appeared at each turn of the ascent to have ridden straight away into the void. The weird and gnarled old trees seemed to start into being and vanish again as we passed them, and now and again a white-robed Arab appeared and disappeared in the same ghostly manner. At last we gained the summit, and rolled into the fort under the dark gateway. Nothing was visible that night, but next morning we looked out on shining snow-peaks, apparently so near in the morning sunlight we felt we could touch them, if we only stretched out our hands, but for the valley between.

We were in Kabylia, the land of the Berbers, the Switzerland of Algeria; last conquered, and even now scarcely subdued.

The Kabyle people are in every way unlike the Arab; not only in person, character, and dress, but also in habits and laws. They profess to be Mahometans, but have only become so by conquest. Frequently one meets a woman tattooed with a cross on the forehead, a custom which they are themselves quite unable to account for. Although the women are generally black-haired and dark-eyed, it is very frequent to meet a man with red hair and sometimes blue eyes, whilst the shape of the face has a squareness about the jaw and forehead which is characteristic of the northern nations, but is never met with among the dark, long-visaged Arabs. The dress of their women consists of a large double square of home-spun wool or linen, according to the weather, brooched on each shoulder by most peculiar triangular-headed pins of an enormous size. This primitive dress is bound round the waist by a bright-coloured girdle. It is, in fact, the tunic of the ancient Romans, and hangs in the same long, straight, classical folds. The men wear a short, sleeveless shirt, with a second one of leather, and sometimes an Arab burnous over all, out of doors.

These people are believed to be a remnant of the Vandal invasion that surged over Europe, and flowed over all the Roman provinces, extending even into what was then called Numidia; they were long left in possession of their mountain fastnesses, but were conquered by the Mahometan Arabs when they, in their turn, ravaged the country, after the Roman Empire had succumbed to its conquerors. The men are frugal in their habits, and intensely fond of their wild and barren country. They leave their native mountains and go down for a while into the cities in the plain. They are to be seen in Algeria, among the bricklayers and common workmen of all kinds. But they only stay until they have saved the means to buy a cottage, a bit of ground, and a wife, and then they return home. Their houses are most primitive. Bare walls, a mud floor with a few large mats, perhaps a curtain dividing the one room in half, a huge jar as high as the room, containing the winter's supply of dried figs or dates, which, with bread, olives, and oil, is their chief food. The live stock, cows, goats, or fowls, share the one room with the human inhabitants. In some rooms an arched recess was appropriated to the four-footed, while a mat on the upper part of the recess above the arch allowed the human occupants to separate themselves luxuriously at night from the former. The women do not go veiled, and are in no way secluded like other Mahomedan women, but have the same freedom as the men. They share their labours at home and in the field. I have seen them toiling up the steep mountain paths from the fountain, with their immense heavy water-jars on their shoulders, and working in the olive harvest; they are treated in many ways with more respect and consideration than are the Arab women. Still it would be hardly reasonable to expect in a semi-barbarous people that the women should be considered as quite the equal of the men. The joy for the birth of a male child is expressed by double the number of shots fired as for that of a girl. And when a woman is the mother of a son, her husband presents her with the forehead brooch, which she wears from that time forth as a mark of honour, and as the highest and proudest distinction that a woman can have.

The Kabyle matron of our illustration was, as we see by her forehead ornament, the proud and happy mother of a boy.

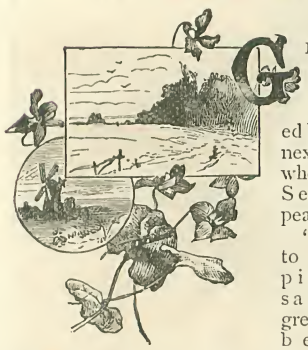
MIDST GRANITE HILLS.

THE STORY OF A DARTMOOR HOLIDAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNWARRANTABLE LIBERTY.



GRACE and her brother had not long finished breakfast the next morning, when Arthur Seaton appeared.

"I have come to propose a picnic," he said, when greetings had been exchanged. "Are you both equal to a good walk?"

"There is nothing I should like better," said Stanley, with all the pride of restored health, "and I think I can speak for Grace too. But before we say more, let us thank you for your kind present of last evening."

"Yes, indeed," said Grace, "though I really think we ought to scold you. You should not have done it. I felt ashamed of having mentioned our want."

"I hope not. I am afraid it was rather an impertinence on my part; but you will find that everyone indulges me at Trematon. I am a spoilt child, and always get my own way."

"Say, rather, a good fairy, one of your Dartmoor pixies, showering on needy mortals the gifts they crave," said Erith.

"No, no; I am nothing so good as that," said Arthur, laughing. "But now, how soon can you be ready to start? The air is so fresh; it is just the morning for a walk, and I propose to take you across country to the top of Rocksbro' Cleave, and then by moor and fell and sweet woodland paths to our own falls, the grand show of this neighbourhood, which I was surprised to learn from Miss Erith yesterday you had not yet visited."

"You think it a serious omission," said Erith. "The truth is, the man who drove us here spoke so slightingly of the falls, that we have felt in no hurry to visit them."

"Fancy suffering yourselves to be misled by the natural contempt of a native for the scenes amidst which he has been reared!" said Arthur Seaton. "But wait till you have seen the falls. If you approve of my programme, we shall reach them about mid-day, and Mrs. Brown, my uncle's housekeeper, has promised to send something in the way of luncheon to await us there."

"How good of you to arrange it all so thoroughly," said Grace. "It will be delightful! I love to spend the whole day out of doors."

"What is the time, Grace?" asked Stanley. "My watch has run down."

"I will ask Mrs. Sparks," she replied, rising hastily; but Arthur quickly supplied the information.

"Did you not bring your watch with you, Grace?" asked her brother, remembering that he had not seen her wear it since they had been at Trematon.

"No, I did not," she answered with heightened colour. "I will be ready in five minutes, Mr. Seaton"—and she hurried from the room, as though to escape further questions.

Arthur Seaton understood it all. Grace had concealed from her brother the fact that she had sacrificed her watch, the one which had been their father's, in order to increase their dwindling funds. And that very watch, so familiar to them both, was now locked within a drawer of his at the Rectory. How he might venture to return it to Miss Erith was a problem on which Arthur was constantly exercising his ingenuity, but as yet without any satisfactory result.

In a few minutes they were on their way. It was indeed a lovely walk Arthur led them: through narrow lanes with ferny, flowery banks, through deep, steep woods, they descended to a spot where the river which came down from the moors was completely hidden under huge mossy boulders, blocking its bed for many yards. The water, invisible, could be heard flowing underneath. Crossing by this romantic natural bridge, they began the ascent of the opposite slope of the deep valley. The sun shone warmly on them as they climbed upwards; but the magnificent view which they obtained from the top of the ridge more than repaid them for the fatigue of the climb. The enormous rocks which crowned the summit of the Cleave, and were piled together with the wildest irregularity,

formed a marvel of nature which astonished the Eriths. They lingered there for some time, no one feeling inclined to move away. Far below them was the river, flashing into sight here and there amid the trees; on the other side rose the wooded slopes they had descended; and above these, the broad sweep of the moor showed lovely gradations of brown and green and the purple of heather as the sunshine glorified it, or the passing clouds cast their shadows on its surface. To the right, the tall grey tower of Trematon Church and the rugged mass of rocks behind, dwarfed by distance, were discernible. Away to the left stretched mile after mile of open country, meeting at last a strip of vivid blue—the distant sea.

Grace did not rest long. She must explore the romantic spot, and from crag to crag she climbed with Arthur's aid, enjoying the excitement of every difficulty. The glorious day, the beautiful scenery, filled her with ecstacy. The mere sense of living in such a beautiful world was rapturous. Stanley wondered at her gaiety. He had never seen her in such spirits before. But her joyous mood was contagious. It was a merry party that explored Rocksbro' Cleave.

But at last the thought that luncheon awaited them far down in the green dell inclined them to turn their steps thither. They descended on the other side of the Cleave, crossed the river at a point considerably lower down than their former crossing-stones, and then followed a winding path through the woods, which brought them to the falls.

The Eriths had to acknowledge that these were indeed deserving of a visit. True, the fall of water was slight in comparison with the grand mass of boulders over which it fell. But these great granite masses, worn smooth and greened by the water, round and over and under which the stream made its way as best it could, were in themselves a beautiful sight; whilst the boughs meeting overhead, the rich depth of foliage overshadowing the stream, made the glen a delightfully cool retreat in the hot noontide.

Beautiful as the scene was, however, it was a sad, prosaic fact, that the appearance of the boy with the luncheon basket was hailed as a welcome addition to the view.

Mrs. Brown had provided in generous fashion, and Arthur, declining Grace's assistance, and displaying the skill of a master in arranging an *al fresco* repast, had soon a most appetising meal spread on a square, smooth block covered with snowy damask. How well they did justice to it we need not tell. When they had finished, Stanley, who had brought his sketch-book, began to attempt a little rough sketch of the scene, and the others wandered away, following the course of the stream as they clambered over the moss-grown rocks and searched for ferns.

"I am glad you have enjoyed the day," Arthur said to Grace, when, about sunset, they returned to Trematon.

"Oh, I have!" she said impulsively. "It has been one of the happiest days of my life."

He looked well pleased.

"Mind," said Grace, as they shook hands, "you are not to forget your promise."

"My promise?"

"You cannot have forgotten it already! You said that you would tell me ere I left Trematon the name of the friend from whom you heard of my playing."

"Did I promise that?" he asked, with an air of perplexity.

"You did, indeed! Mind, I depend upon your telling me."

"Very well, I will tell you; but not now!"

"Before I leave Trematon?"

"Very well—I shall not forget."

He moved away. Stanley helped his sister over the last stile, and they went down the field to Torhill.

After this there were few days of which Arthur Seaton did not spend some hours with the Eriths. Rapidly the weeks sped by. The brother and sister became aware that their holiday must soon end, and anxious thoughts for the future began to shadow their minds. Grace was in correspondence with a school-mistress in the north, who wanted a music governess. A cousin, the incumbent of a city church, wrote to Stanley, offering to assist him in his preparation for holy orders if he would come and work in his parish.

So the future had to be seriously considered; but though they constantly discussed them together, the Eriths instinctively avoided any reference to their plans when in the company of Mr. Seaton or his nephew.

The last Sunday was approaching. The new school-mistress, professing to be musical, was expected to arrive in the following week, and there would be no further need for Grace's services. On Saturday afternoon she went as usual to the church to practise the tunes for the morrow's services. She found the organ open, and, to her surprise, a small, square packet lay upon the key-board addressed to her. The words, "To be opened when alone," met her eye. Grace looked around her. The church was empty. Through the open door she could see a boy outside, busy shearing the grass about the graves. No one else was in sight. It was impossible to tell how the packet had come there.

She slipped it in her pocket and tried to give her attention to her music. But her curiosity to examine the mysterious thing increased every minute she delayed doing so. She contented herself with a short practice, and hurried homewards. The last field gained, she halted in a shady, secluded nook beneath a hedge, and opened the little parcel. Within the paper was a small, square box, and in the box, carefully covered with wadding, she found, to her amazement, the watch and necklet she had sold six weeks ago. A slip of paper was folded beneath, and she read the words—

"DEAR MISS ERITH,—It was from Mr. Shears that I learned of your talent for music. Will you forgive me that I was in his shop that afternoon, and, unseen by you, heard all that passed? And may I venture, without being deemed the most presuming, meddlesome fellow in the world, to return you the property with which you parted? Please do not be angry with me for doing this. I cannot rest till I am assured of your forgiveness. "Your friend,

"ARTHUR SEATON."

Grace dropped the little note as if it had stung her. Her face grew crimson. She was angry. She was both hurt and disappointed. She hardly knew what she had expected, but certainly no such explanation as this of the way in which she had been brought under Arthur Seaton's notice. And though she had been sorry to part with her valuables, it was bitter to have them thrust back on her thus.

Arthur had been mistaken if he deemed that Grace Erith was not sensitive on the score of her poverty. To a good, simple-hearted old man like Mr. Shears she could freely reveal her straitened means without any sense of shame; but it was quite another thing to know that her petty, pitiful difficulties had been exposed to the knowledge of Mr. Arthur Seaton. Not that she judged him likely to scoff at them. She was sure of his kindness of heart. But none the less the fact that he had overheard all that passed between her and the watchmaker annoyed her excessively.

"So he knew we could not afford to pay for lodgings, and it was out of charity he persuaded his uncle to ask me here. It was a mere pretence about my playing the organ. And I do call it a piece of presumption, of impertinence, a most unwarrantable liberty on his part, to send me back these things. But I will not have them. He shall know what I think. It is the insolence of wealth. Because we are poor he imagines we have no pride. But I will teach him otherwise. It is not as if he were an old friend."

She paused. She remembered that Arthur had signed himself "Your friend"; and was he not a friend? Had he not shown himself a friend to her and to her brother during the past few weeks? And words and looks and signs, noted only by herself, came to Grace's recollection, which had made her heart beat fast with a delightful consciousness that she had a special interest for Arthur Seaton.

"But I wish he had not done this," she thought, and then a few hot, passionate tears fell. A mischievous smile succeeded them as she remembered that he had written, "I cannot rest till I am assured of your forgiveness."

"I am not going to forgive you," she murmured. And she rose, put the box in her pocket, and went on with her mind in a tumult.

"You have had a short practice, surely," said her brother, who sat sketching in the garden as she came in.

"The tunes were well known to me—there was no need to practise them," she replied.

"Did you see anything of Mr. Seaton or Arthur?"

"No."

"He is off shooting, I suppose. I have been hearing shots from the moor."

"Have you?"

"Is anything the matter, Grace? You seem put out."

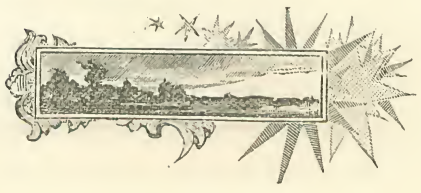
"What can make you think that, Stanley?"

"I don't know. I fancy you seem rather glum."

"Perhaps I am. I believe I am getting tired of Trematon," said Grace, with a sigh. "I am not sorry that we leave next week."

"Well, that is something quite new," said her brother, looking at her in surprise. "Only yesterday you were bemoaning the circumstance."

(*To be concluded.*)



JOE BRENNAN'S LUCK.

By RUTH LAMB.



EVERYBODY thought Joe Brennan was in luck on the bright summer morning, when Kitty Anderton and he became husband and wife, for Kitty was quite the prettiest girl for miles round, and had the prospect of having "a nice penny" of her own some day. Some day meant whenever her mother died; but Mrs. Anderton was a hale woman of forty-five, and Kitty might be an elderly one before she inherited her little fortune.

It was not the prospect of money in the future that made Joe Brennan seek Kitty for a wife. He cared for her, and for her only, and if other people thought him a lucky man on his wedding day, Joe, looking into the fair face of his bride, was equally sure that he was quite the luckiest man that the summer sun shone upon.

Like all true-hearted fellows, Joe was humble in his great happiness. He wondered how such a dainty creature could care for a clumsy fellow like him. His heart swelled within him as he thanked God for the gift of Kitty, and he vowed to love, cherish, and guard her to the very utmost of his power.

So far as outsides went, there was no doubt that Joe had won a prize. But he knew little about his wife's fitness for making home happy, turning his wages to the best account, or managing the small household so as to unite comfort and economy.

In Mrs. Anderton's home everything was always in apple-pie order. Kitty had been used to the most beautiful cleanliness all her life. She was neat in her person, and her lovely hair was the admiration of everybody. As to her hands! Joe had often laid one of them in his brown palm, and laughed at the difference in size and colour. He wondered how any person who took a share in housework, could have hands so smooth and white as Kitty's.

Joe was afraid Kitty would think his income small; but when he told her all about it, and said how much he wanted to spend, and of his wish to save a little, she declared it "was oceans," and would do everything, and to spare—Joe needn't be uneasy about her managing all right. Beside, if she did want teaching, wasn't there her mother? She could tell her what to do under all circumstances.

Joe was only too glad to be convinced, and as he went off for a fortnight's holiday before settling down in his new home, he could think of nothing but his amazing luck in having won Kitty. A capable young sister of his was to be in the house during their absence, and to have all ready for them on their return.

The days went all too quickly. At the fortnight's end, the pair came home with sunburned faces, and, Kitty especially, full of delight at the thought of beginning housekeeping on their own account.

Grace Brennan was proud to show her new sister-in-law how nicely everything was ordered for her comfort, and Kitty kissed and thanked her in the prettiest way possible. She looked almost like a child put in possession of a doll's house, as she examined one thing after another, and peeped into every nook, corner, drawer, and cupboard, scarcely having patience to sit still through the meal that was ready when they arrived.

"You have been good, Gracie," said Kitty. "The house is beautiful, and you shall see how nice I will keep it now it is in my hands to look after."

Grace was pleased at having given pleasure, and being a good-natured girl, she was willing to do still more. "If you like I will stay a night or two longer, and help you until you get used to things," she said.

But Kitty would not hear of this. She was anxious to try her 'prentice hand as mistress of a house, and felt far too full of importance to own that she could want help.

"I mustn't keep you longer now, Gracie. It is very good of you, but I'll not be selfish. Better for me to begin as I shall have to go on; and you know I've had a good fortnight's holiday with Joe. You would spoil me with kindness. I can see that plainly enough."

There was a determined ring in Kitty's voice that told Grace she was in earnest; so after saying that she would always be willing to help, and they must send for her at any time, she left the young couple to themselves.

"Now, Joe, we are housekeepers in earnest," said Kitty. "Grace is as good as gold, but still I did not want anybody here but our two selves. I've heard mother say it was best for young beginners to have their homes to themselves, and specially not to begin with relations under the roof. I'm very fond of mother, but I wouldn't ask her to come, and she knows it. More than that, she wouldn't wish to meddle."

Joe was abundantly content. He saw how useful Grace's help and presence had been whilst they were away; but of course he would rather have only Kitty, and he was delighted that she wanted no one else. He had been a little afraid that she might shrink from undertaking the household work all at once, and it was a pleasant surprise to find how willing she was to do it.

Mrs. Anderton was not near to offer a welcome to Joe and Kitty. She had taken her daughter's marriage very much to heart, though, knowing Joe's character, she had given her consent to it. Still, for a widowed mother to be deprived of the presence of her only daughter was no light trial. And Kitty's was such a bright presence. She looked such a pretty picture as she went in and out, singing in the glad way that a bird sings as it hops from bough to bough. It seemed as if sunshine came and went with Kitty, and Mrs. Anderton was terribly lonely after the wedding was over.

As Grace Brennan was preparing the house for the young couple, there was no work for her there. So when a letter came from an old friend who was going for a month to the seaside, and who wanted a companion, Mrs. Anderton arranged to go with her, and was absent when Kitty returned from her wedding trip.

That first evening did not pass without some forebodings on Joe's part. He had taken his bride's housewifely capacity for granted, and her confident words and manner had led him to think that, as he put it, she "knew all about things." But he quickly found out the secret of Kitty's white hands.

Mrs. Anderton was herself a first-rate housewife and manager. Strong and capable, it was easier for her to do than to train her daughter in similar accomplishments. What the mother did not choose to do herself, such as the washing and less cleanly housework, she was able to pay for, and a stout charwoman did it under her superintendence, and had to do it well.

Mrs. Anderton was proud of Kitty's beauty, and, having a sufficient income to cover all their modest expenses, she would neither allow the girl to learn any business nor to take any part in housework that would spoil either her clothes or the whiteness of her hands. "She has been used to see me do things, and she's sharp enough. When the time comes she'll turn to work right enough," said Mrs. Anderton, without any anxieties as to Kitty's fitness for the duties of a wife.

She too thought it was well for young married folk to feel their feet, and was resolved that Joe Brennan should not have cause to complain that his mother-in-law's foot was never off his doorstep.

Kitty was in good hands, for Joe almost worshipped the ground she trod on; and her mother, judging that two such true lovers would find each other's society enough during the early days of married life, left them to themselves with a clear conscience.

If anybody could have read Mrs. Anderton's thoughts, a little under-current of feeling would have been found there—one which she would have hesitated to put into words. It was somewhat of this kind—

"Kitty has been so taken up with Joe since I agreed to the marriage, that I am nobody. It's natural he should be first, but she might think of all I've done for her, and how she has been indulged. She will want my advice and help before long, though she gives herself a few airs now, and is very independent. I'll keep out of reach for a bit, and she'll learn the value of having her mother to run to. She has plenty to learn beside that, and so she'll find."

CHAPTER II.

SIX weeks—only six weeks since Joe and Kitty Brennan settled down to married life in their own home. What an altered home it was, and what an altered couple were the husband and wife already! From the first day that the work had to be done by Kitty's white hands, it became plain how unused they were to the task before them. It was a new experience for the girl-wife to have to think and plan for a husband as well as herself.

At first she was willing, and faced the getting up early, the fire-making and housecleaning, the cooking and clearing away, cheerfully enough, though her inexperience and want of method greatly increased her work, and left her needlessly weary when evening came.

Joe, used to excellent management at home, could see the mistakes Kitty made, the extra trouble she caused herself, the needless steps, the waste caused by ignorance and haste. He wanted to help, and was able to do it; but Kitty stood on her new dignity, and would not be interfered with, she said.

So ill-cooked food, an untidy table, a house in which everything was at sixes and sevens,

became the rule. There was a place for everything, and everything in its place, when Grace Brennan showed Kitty through the new home. Now, after only a few weeks, everything was out of place.

If Kitty could but have felt her own deficiency, she would have wished to mend it; but she found fault with all but herself. "If this house were like ours, I could manage better. If I could have a woman to come in and help, as mother used to have, I should not find the rest too much. I could do the ironing, but the washing rubs the skin off my hands. They are getting so rough and horrid to look at."

Kitty held up her hands and seemed ready to cry, because they were no longer white and smooth as they used to be.

"You know, Kitty dear, I told you just what I had to keep house on, and that till I got my next rise we must not have help in the work. You were so sure you could manage."

"I know, Joe. You needn't bring up what I said. I knew no better, and I felt certain mother would do something to help out. And now she is gone away, and does not even say when she is coming back. She said she was so grieved about me leaving her alone, and now she has left me and mightn't have a daughter. I heard that somebody wants her to marry again. It will be a shame if she does marry; but I'm glad she can't prevent me having the money after she has done with it."

"I don't believe a word of that tale," said Joe.

"Do you think I'm telling a story, then?" asked Kitty, angrily. "I tell you I heard it from Mrs. Willis!"

"My dear, I'm sure you would tell nothing but the truth. All the same, I pay little heed to Mrs. Willis and her tales, so be comforted. I'm going down home. Shall I ask Grace to come and help you straighten up?"

Kitty would have been glad of such help, but two reasons made her say, "No, thank you, Joe; I'll manage without Grace."

First, she did not like to own that her sister-in-law knew so much better than herself how to do the work of a house; second, she felt ashamed that Grace should see how different both she and her home looked after so short a time.

Joe sighed and went his way, painfully conscious that many of his friends were already doubting whether he had really been in luck when he took to wife pretty Kitty Anderton.

Joe said nothing about domestic difficulties to his own people, but when kind enquiries were made, he answered them and said, with perfect truth, that Kitty was too busy to come with him, but sent her love to them all and a special share for Grace.

At home Kitty was muddling on in much confusion, yet feeling dissatisfied with herself. Joe was so patient and kind, never speaking angrily or fault-finding, but bearing so much and always ready to praise the least thing that could be honestly praised. She thought how different his old orderly home would look. She glanced in the glass, and could hardly believe that the image she saw there was a reflection of her who was so smart and tidy as Kitty Anderton. Whilst doing her best, according to her knowledge, she also resolved that the next morning should see her up early and driving her work, instead of letting it drive her.

When Joe came home he brought pleasant messages, and was so kind and loving, and seemingly so blind to all defects, that Kitty felt more and more anxious to keep her resolutions and become a real good, clever wife to such a husband. But ignorance, disorder, and want of method are enemies not to be conquered by mere resolutions, though these must be the beginnings that lead to improvement.

Kitty stole downstairs on the following morning much earlier than was needful. If she had remembered to wind up the cuckoo clock she would have known the right time. She could not reach Joe's watch without waking him, and she meant to surprise him by what she would get done before he came down.

When nearly at the foot of the stairs, she found out that she had forgotten the match-box she meant to bring. Two of the steps would creak under her light weight, so she determined not to go back, as there was a full matchbox in the kitchen. She began to grope for this; but before she found it she knocked down a jug and broke it, beside making a great clatter.

It was something to have found the matches, and she opened the box quickly and fully without first feeling whether it was the right side up or not. It was wrong, and away went the matches all over the floor.

Kitty had got hold of that word luck, and was very fond of using it. Whenever anything went wrong, no matter how much she might have been to blame for forgetfulness or carelessness, she was sure to say, "It's just my luck. Such things don't happen to other people. I am un unlucky creature."

She was right. They only happened to people who paved the way for them by their own doing, or leaving undone what would have prevented the mishap.

On this morning Kitty had said very softly, not to wake Joe, "It's just my luck," when she found the clock stopped, when the stairs creaked, when she forget the match-box, when she broke the jug, and when she spilled the matches through holding them the wrong way up. However, amongst so many she soon found one, and obtained a light which enabled her to gather up the rest.

"It's just my luck," said Kitty once more, as she found that she had used more than double the proper allowance of firewood through being late the morning before, and had forgotten to order any more all through its not being the day on which she was used to get in a supply for the week.

She had some wood, but it needed drying, and it was a very long business to get it to burn at all. However, it burned at last, and then, Kitty feeling that it would take a long time to get the kettle boiling, determined to put it on at once.

It would not do to crush the fire altogether, so she placed the kettle very gingerly on the coals, but not touching the bar. It was pleasant to see the blaze rising higher, and Kitty thought for once her luck was on the right side, and rejoiced accordingly.

She turned to begin her work, when lo! the kettle slipped, and went over to one side, through the blaze having consumed the supporting wood. Half the water went on to the still struggling flame and extinguished it completely.

All had to be done over again. Kitty was ready to cry and to give up as she whimpered, "It's just my luck! If I make up my mind that I'll get things put straight, I'm always disappointed. If I'd only thought to prop the kettle on the bar it would have been firm."

The fire must be relighted, and this time the task would be more difficult, as the contents of the grate were all wet, and the best of the wood had been used for the first attempt. Time was flying as fast as usual, and Kitty was thinking that Joe would be down before she had begun her efforts at improving the state of the kitchen.

Once more she drew the match-box open, but only half-way. Unfortunately, in her haste she struck the match before closing it again. It was of the sort which will only light by rubbing on the box. She ought to have rubbed gently if she had carried out the directions. She struck sharply, and the head of the match flew off and into the box amongst the rest. These all exploded at once, and poor Kitty's hand was sadly burned, though she dropped the box as quickly as she could.

She was holding it over the table on which the supper cloth still lay, and of course the burning matches set it on fire.

Fully alive to the danger, she managed to put it out; but the cloth was ruined, and she was conscious that if it had been shaken and put away the night before the loss would have been prevented.

Poor Kitty! her hand was terribly painful; but help was at hand. She had given a sharp cry when the matches exploded. For once her forgetfulness in leaving the staircase door open was lucky, for Joe heard the cry, smelled the burning cloth, and rushed down to find out what was the matter, and to remedy the mischief as far as possible.

Fortunately he knew what to do and had materials at hand, and very soon the burn was attended to, and giving her much less pain.

There was nothing for it but to fetch Grace to the rescue, and very thankful was Kitty when she saw her sister-in-law's kind face. Through the day she watched Grace's thorough work and the orderly manner in which it was done. She realised her kindness in coming, and the further kindness of her silence with regard to all that she found so different from what she left it.

Kitty was enabled to see herself also, and to contrast her doings with those of Grace, her wifely deficiencies with her husband's tender patience. She sobbed out her confession on his breast as his strong arm held her there. She owned her pride, her self-satisfaction, her ignorance, even her jealousy of Grace's superior domestic abilities, and begged that she might be allowed to learn from her sister-in-law how to make Joe's house a real home. More than all, she asked God to strengthen, guide, and help her for the future, and to forgive, for Christ's sake, all that had been wrong in the past.

That chapter of accidents proved a bit of real good luck after all, and brighter days began from that time. Grace proved the gentlest, most patient of teachers; Kitty as ready and humble a learner. Each day made them truer friends, until at last Kitty said that one of the best presents Joe ever gave her was dear kind Gracie for a sister. There was no talk of sisters-in-law after that time, and in place of feeling jealous of Grace's superior knowledge, Kitty was humbly anxious to become more like her.

In due time Mrs. Anderton returned, and met with the most loving of welcomes from her daughter. She was looking much better for her long holiday, and seemed to have brought back for her child an extra share of affection. Her face fairly beamed with gladness as she clasped the girl-wife to her motherly breast and kissed her with more than the old tenderness.

"Mother, I have so wanted you," said Kitty. "Joe is the best husband in the world, but nobody can ever take mother's place. There's one sort of love for him, and plenty of it, and another sort for you, and plenty of it too; there can be no clashing between them. I hope I shall be a better daughter for having found out what an ignorant creature I am as a wife. I thought I knew everything, and now I know that I have nearly everything to learn. But I'm willing to be taught now, and that is a step in the right direction, isn't it?"

As to Mrs. Anderton, it seemed as though her affection for her child had so accumulated in her absence that Kitty felt doubly enriched in being the object of so much tenderness. There was nothing in her mother's manner that suggested the probability of a second marriage, and Kitty shrank from asking her

if there was any truth in the report which had reached her.

However, the gossip who had made her uneasy by her tattle had told the tale to others, and Mrs. Anderton soon received congratulations from her friends and neighbours. She promptly assured them that their congratulations were misplaced, and hastened to speak to Kitty on the subject, lest she too should have been misled and rendered anxious by the idle gossip of Mrs. Willis.

"Joe said he was certain there was no truth in it or you would have told me, mother dear. I am so glad, for I want to keep you to myself," said Kitty.

"Then you did believe it, Kitty, and Joe did not? Thank you, Joe," said Mrs. Anderton. "You had more faith in me than my own girl had."

The speaker did not think less of her son-in-law for, as she said, giving her credit for common sense.

"I did not quite believe it, mother; but when people are so positive you hardly know what to think."

"Well, child, you have got a lesson in this as well as in other things, and I hope you won't make yourself miserable again by listening to gossip about your mother—or indeed about anybody for that matter," said Mrs. Anderton. And Kitty acted on her advice.

The young wife is nursing her first baby now, and makes an excellent mother. Her hands are not so white as they were in her maiden days, but they are useful, capable hands, and therefore worthy of all admiration.

Joe feels certain that Kitty is prettier than ever. She makes his life very happy, and he reaps the fruit of his patience with her early deficiencies in her tender anxiety for his comfort in their well-ordered home. No one who sees the pair together nowadays can have the smallest doubt about the reality of Joe Brennan's luck.

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

THE MARRIAGE OF LADY ANNE CARR.



VANDYKE painted an exquisite portrait of this lady after she became Countess of Bedford, and I believe that this portrait is among the most valued treasures of the great collection of family pictures which together form the gallery of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. But the lady herself is even more interesting than her portrait, for the way in which she became Countess of Bedford is almost a romance in itself; and I feel sure that it will not be void of interest in the eyes of the readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER when I add, that she was the mother of the unfortunate William, Lord Russell, who died, a victim to arbitrary power, on the block in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a little over two centuries ago.

Every reader of English history knows the story of Robert Carr, the wicked Earl of Somerset, King James's minion, and the husband of a still more wicked Countess, who together plotted and carried out the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of refinement and intelligence, who had stood in the way of their wicked schemes. The Earl and his wife were tried for the murder, which took the form of poisoning, and were found guilty; but though sentenced to death, they were favourites of a corrupt Court, and so they had their lives spared to them, though they were scorned and scouted by all respectable people, and their very name became a by-word and a proverb.

To this wicked pair, as it happened, was born just before the trial above mentioned, a daughter, who was known as the Lady Anne. While still quite a child, she was placed under the charge of some relations of the Carr family, who were grieved to think that the world would severely visit on the child the sins of her parents, and who were anxious that she should not be contaminated by any intercourse with them. Still further, they resolved to bring her up in the country, without allowing her to learn the disgrace of her father and mother, and keeping her almost in ignorance of their names.

As she grew up to womanhood, however, it was not so easy to satisfy her curiosity, and to quiet her suspicion that some evil mystery was hanging over her birth. In her seventeenth or eighteenth year she made the acquaintance of William, Lord Russell, the eldest son of the Earl of Bedford; but although Lord Russell made love to her and proposed to her, and she was most willing to take him for a husband, yet naturally enough the worthy Earl and Countess of Bedford were not very anxious to encourage the match, and to see the noble arms of Russell quartered on the family shield with those of people so disgraced as the Carrs. Finding that she was not acceptable to the noble peer and his wife, and that she could scarcely hope, though she knew not why, to be welcomed as their daughter-in-law, and unwilling to bring discredit on her lover, she resolved, at whatever cost to herself, to break off the engagement, and to renounce all hopes of becoming Russell's wife. Just at this time a chance word, spoken by a fair cousin, brought to her an inkling of the reason of the stain which blotted the shield of the Carrs, and the shock made her seriously ill; but if the step were to be taken at all, it were well to be done quickly. So she summoned up her resolution and all her strength, and, doubtless with a trembling hand, folded the letter in which she resigned all her cherished hopes of a happy life in the future.

She despatched her missive by the hands of a trusty messenger, who placed it in the hands of Lord Russell, and then returned to her chamber in order to relieve her overstrung feelings by a flood of tears.

She had not been many hours in her chamber when she was roused by the tidings that a messenger had arrived with a letter from her own father, and terror-struck she went downstairs to the hall door to meet him.

"Oh! why is this, and what does it all mean?" were her first exclamations on finding herself face to face with Lord Russell. She was indeed astounded; her face became ashy pale, and then it turned red with crimson blushes, and at last she almost fell to the ground in a swoon. "You have surely received my letter, my lord," she said, "and therefore might I not have been spared this trial? My cup was already bitter enough, God knows, but I had tasted it and drank it to the dregs, as I thought. No," she continued, gently withdrawing her hand, which Lord Russell had taken, "don't make me falter, or despise myself. Farewell. I seek a messenger from my father, for such was the announcement that drew me down from my retreat."

"I am the messenger whom you seek," replied Lord Russell. "I have seen the Earl of Somerset in person, and I bring from him this letter to his daughter."

She looked at the seal with a sort of half suspicion that her eyes and ears deceived her, and that she was under a delusion. But she recognised the arms and crest of the Carrs, and then sat down, studying to compose herself. There could be no mistake about the letter or its meaning. Her father, without entering into long reasons, simply told her that he had been admitted to an interview with the head of the noble house of Russell, and that he had contrived to get him to put aside all objections and all obstacles to her union with the heir of that house; and that, on account of his being unpopular at Court and in society, he was about to leave England for ever, or for many years, and that, as her father, he sent her his blessing and all good wishes for her future happiness, in which his own happiness would be henceforth centred.

"Does not your father, dearest Lady Anne," asked Lord Russell, "write that in this marriage his own happiness is at stake, as well as your own and mine? And if so, will you not fall in with your parent's wishes?" And he gently pressed her hand, while she hung down her head and wept.

"Are you still silent?" he asked. And then, receiving no reply, he added, "Then I will summon another advocate to plead my cause."

He quitted the apartment for a few minutes, but speedily returned with his mother, the Countess of Bedford, who had accompanied him in order to settle the affair with dignity and good sense, and to tell her that her husband the Earl, and herself, were both happy in taking and accepting her as their daughter-in-law. Lady Anne had made sundry resolutions but a day or two ago to cancel the engagement between herself and her noble lover; but these melted away, as they hardly could have failed to do, before the sweet and kindly entreaties of the Countess, urging her to do what in her secret heart we may be sure she was all along most wishful to do.

In the end, as it scarcely needs to be added, Lord Russell and the Lady Anne were married, and "lived happily ever after." His wife turned out to be indeed a prize, in spite of her parentage, and showed herself a loving and tender mother.

It was not till some years after her marriage had passed by that she discovered how the consent of her father-in-law had been obtained. She then found out that this consent had been withheld until her father could afford to settle on his daughter a marriage portion worthy of her rank, and this the Earl thought that he would never be able to do. But he reckoned without his host. He did not know that even in the worst and most degraded natures there is a soft part, if it can only be found out. He had not, therefore, calculated on the devotion of the wretched father's love for his innocent child, and he was astounded when he found that in the question of money the disgraced Earl was able to meet all his demands. Bad as he was, or rather as he had been, he had sold all his landed and other possessions, and had reduced himself to beggary in order to give his daughter the husband of her choice.

The execution of her son, mentioned above, broke the Countess's brave heart. E. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MUSIC.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., holds examinations in the "Theory of Music and Counterpoint" in London for first, second, and third class certificates; fee 2s. 6d. The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music hold examinations also in London and locally; fee £1 1s. for preliminary and £1 1s. for each subject afterwards. Secretary, George Watson, Esq., 52, New Bond Street, London, W. Examinations held February and March.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"HARD-UP."—The bridegroom provides his own carriage only to and from the church. The bride's father provides those for himself, the mother, and the bride, and another for the bridesmaids. The relatives of bride and bridegroom respectively and the friends usually provide their own, and mutually accommodate each other as to seats, the householders amongst them giving seats to young people. There is no fixed and arbitrary rule in these matters. Numbers in the two families, and means to do all in a more or less costly style, must regulate the arrangements as to carriages and everything else.

SEA PEARL.—Perhaps you suffer from indigestion, or from hanging your head (in reading or work) too soon after your meals. It is really dismal to read so many letters urgently beseeching us to cure their woebegone writers of red noses and spotty faces!

CAMILLA and CHLOE.—Simply take no notice whatever of the intrusive action of the young men who "smile at you." If you did not look in their faces you would not know they did so. We fear you have brought the annoyance on yourselves, or at least its continuance. You should never appear to see them.

CARRADALE.—Your girl-friend's verses are superior to the majority of specimens that we receive from our readers. Our space for "amateur" compositions is very small, and no permanent column is allotted to them. The age of the writer is a limited one, and the verses must be certified as the original work of the girl who sends them by a parent, or some reliable person. In any case, what you send is much too long.

A. B. C.—The "Noyades" were a series of drownings by order of Carrier, Deputy of the Convention, at Nantes, during the French Revolution. This most infamous massacre of men, women, and children, was effected by packing them into flat-bottomed boats, which were scuttled in the middle of the Loire.

H. J.—We regret to say that not only is the metrical composition incorrect, but the grammar likewise, and the spelling needs correction.

E. and F.—We recommend you to join Miss Viney's society, above-named.

GOLDEN HORN.—1. There is a Cripples' Home at 17A, Marylebone Road, where girls are received at twelve years old, for a period of three years, at a charge of £10 per annum. There is also a Home for Crippled Children of the Poor at Harney Villas, Church Road, Willesden. Lady Sandhurst's Home for Crippled Children is at 148, Marylebone Road, N.W.; and there is the Hutton Memorial Home, which has a town and a country house, 9, Kinnerton Street, Belgravia, S.W.; and Oak Villa, Sunbury; Hon. Secretary, H. L. Williams, Esq., 9, Kinnerton Street, S.W. There is a Home for Crippled Children at Clifton, at a charge of £12 per annum; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Bridger, 13, Lansdown Place, Clifton, Bristol. What amount of instruction the children receive of a religious or secular character we cannot say.—2. There is a small book entitled *Modern Window Gardening*, by Samuel Wood (Houlston & Sons, Paternoster Square, E.C.).

WOODBANK.—Yes, call after all entertainments, dinners included. Men need only to leave cards to enquire after the hostess and family. When a man pays a visit he should leave his overcoat in the hall, and his umbrella or stick with it if he please; but he must take his hat with him, and hold it during his visit, which should not exceed about ten minutes. Should he take afternoon tea, he may put his hat under his chair.

DAISY (2ND).—We believe that the question of the existence of the quadruped that serves as a supporter for the heraldic shield of England on the sinister side is a moot point. M. Ruepell has described an animal which he saw in Ethiopia of the size of a small horse of a reddish colour, and as slender and delicate in form as a gazelle. The male has a long and slender horn, perfectly straight, which the female does not possess. There is a fish of the whale kind, called the "sea unicorn," provided with a horn growing necessarily out of the snout, instead (as in the quadruped) of the forehead, which no fish of course possess. There are other examples in natural history of unicorns—amongst birds and insects; and fossil horns have been found which have been much used in medicine, supposed to have belonged to the unicorn horse, as described by M. Ruepell, and referred to in the Old Testament.

E. MARWELL.—Yes, there is an institution that undertakes the care of convalescents, who are poor and friendless, on their first leaving an asylum for the insane. It is called "The After-care Association," and the Hon. Secretary is H. Thornhill Roxby, Esq., Arden Lee, The Drive, Walthamstow, Essex. We do not know the terms and regulations on which they are received.

VIOLA.—There are many Permanent Homes for ladies with very small incomes; apply to Miss B. Robertson, 11, Stanley Crescent, Notting Hill, W. The Home is in West Kensington. Or apply to Miss Drummond, West Lodge, Putney Common, S.W. The Home is in Bayswater, W. Also, there is a Ladies' Home in St. John's Wood; apply to Miss E. D. Simpson, 44, Porchester Square, Hyde Park, W.; and Miss Sheppard's Annuitants' Homes, supplying lodgings free; address by letter, Hon. Lady Secretary, 27, Ossington Street, Bayswater, W. There is the Ladies' Dwellings Co., Limited, Sloane Gardens House, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.; address the Lady Superintendent.

DUN JOHN.—1. The term "scot" means a tribute or tax; and "lot," the allotted portion. To pay "scot and lot" means to pay the ordinary tributes and the personal tax allotted to you. "Scot-free" therefore means "tax free."—2. The quotation you give is not familiar to us, and we think you have assigned it to the wrong authorship.

E. M. VINEY, Hon. Secretary of Early Rising Society, 74, Manor Road, Stamford Hill, N. We are happy to mention your society. Members must be upwards of fifteen years old; annual subscription 1s., payable in advance; 1s. entrance fee. Prizes given, and fines exacted.

PIAGNONE.—There is a Life of Savonarola by Madden in English, 1854. The most recent work, however, is Professor Pasquale Villari's *Storia de Savonarola*, published in Florence in 1859 in two vols., translated into English by Horner in 1863. His writings do not appear to have been translated into English, though they have been into French by M. Perren in two vols. in 1853.

SAFFRON WALDEN.—We have not seen the name in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, but you have written it badly, so we may not have deciphered it correctly. All families entitled to bear arms are not invariably supplied with a motto.

DAISY.—There is much mystery connected with comets. Their light is derived in part from the reflection of the sun's rays, and likewise from solid or gaseous matter rendered incandescent by solar heat—a fact ascertained by means of the spectroscope and polariscope; and that some of them consist of carbon, or a compound of that substance, has been demonstrated by the spectroscope.

AVERIL.—Certainly you should bow to your master, at whose house you receive lessons from him. You should bow politely and pass on.

SOPHONISBA (Jamaica).—Agassiz was a naturalist, a very distinguished man, a native of Switzerland, born May 28th, 1807. He was a Professor of Cambridge University, U.S.A. He published *Poissons Fossiles, Pisces, Système Glaciaire, Lake Superior*, and *Journey in Brazil*. He died December, 1873.

THISTLE.—We cannot give you a recommendation of which we could say that it was "a *certain* cure" for any complaint. The general health and hereditary predisposition, or taint in the blood, together with the surrounding circumstances of the sufferer—some of an aggravating character it might be—all render the best palliative or curative measures a matter of uncertainty. Elastic stockings are desirable for varicose veins, and much lying-up. So the business entailing standing about would neutralise any active measures taken for a possible cure. You should obtain surgical advice.

WORK and PLAY.—I think you might find Caen as nearly what you want as any place on the continent not very far distant. It is very picturesque, not far from the coast, has a university, academy of arts, public library, a rich museum, a number of high-class schools, and a great variety of manufactories. Many English families reside there. It is twenty-seven miles south-west of Havre, and is situated in a beautiful valley at the junction of the rivers Odon and Orne. The town dates back to the eleventh century.

HAPPY.—The word translated "peacocks" is thought by some to mean parrots. In any case, when you remember what a distinguished naturalist as well as botanist King Solomon was, divinely and supernaturally gifted with wisdom to write on all subjects of these kinds, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he desired to obtain specimens of curious or beautiful types of animal life such as were not natives of his own country. In the case of the ape—the strange and horribly uncouth resemblance to a man—and in the parrot, the aptness to speak in man's language would make their importation a matter of special interest. Were the birds called "peacocks" really such? Their acquisition on account of their stateliness and beauty was desirable as adding to the decoration of the royal gardens.

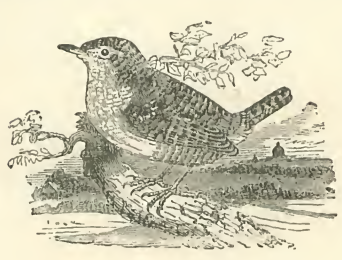
DOTTIE.—The game called *Bouts-Rimés* is of French origin, and means (translated into English) "ends rhymed." Pieces of paper inscribed with single words, having as little connection one with the other as possible, with the exception that they rhyme in pairs, are drawn four at a time, and lines have to be composed to make sense of their association together in a single verse. An example is given by Horace Walpole, on drawing the words crook, brook, I, and why, and he connected them thus:—

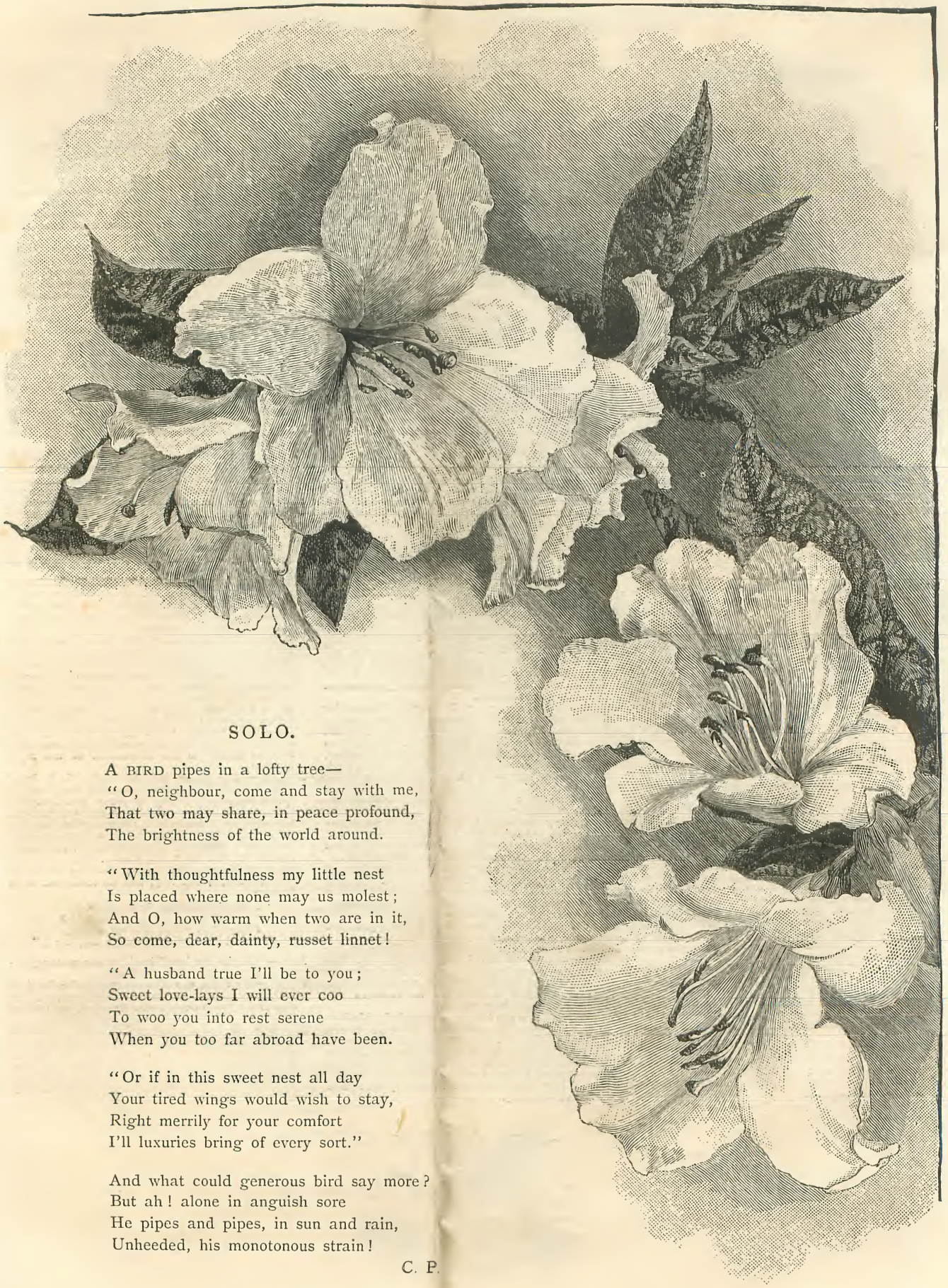
"I sit with my toes in a brook,
And if anyone ask me, for why?
I gives 'em a tap with my crook,
And 'tis sentiment makes me, say I."

AMY.—"Playing for love" in all games means playing without stakes, or for nothing.

HILDA.—We think you should apply to the Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C., or else to the Royal Orthopædic Hospital, 297, Oxford Street, W. Secretary, Mr. Benjamin Maskell.

BAT AND BALL.—The principal cricket grounds of London are Lord's (which seems to have been the name of the original owner) and the Oval. Lord's is the headquarters of the Marylebone Club, who are the owners at present; and the Oval, Kennington, S.E., the headquarters of the Surrey County Cricket Club.





SOLO.

A BIRD pipes in a lofty tree—
"O, neighbour, come and stay with me,
That two may share, in peace profound,
The brightness of the world around.

"With thoughtfulness my little nest
Is placed where none may us molest;
And O, how warm when two are in it,
So come, dear, dainty, russet linnet!

"A husband true I'll be to you;
Sweet love-lays I will ever coo
To woo you into rest serene
When you too far abroad have been.

"Or if in this sweet nest all day
Your tired wings would wish to stay,
Right merrily for your comfort
I'll luxuries bring of every sort."

And what could generous bird say more?
But ah! alone in anguish sore
He pipes and pipes, in sun and rain,
Unheeded, his monotonous strain!

C. P.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XII.—No. 609.] AUGUST 29, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IRISH LACES.

BY MRS. ERNEST HART.

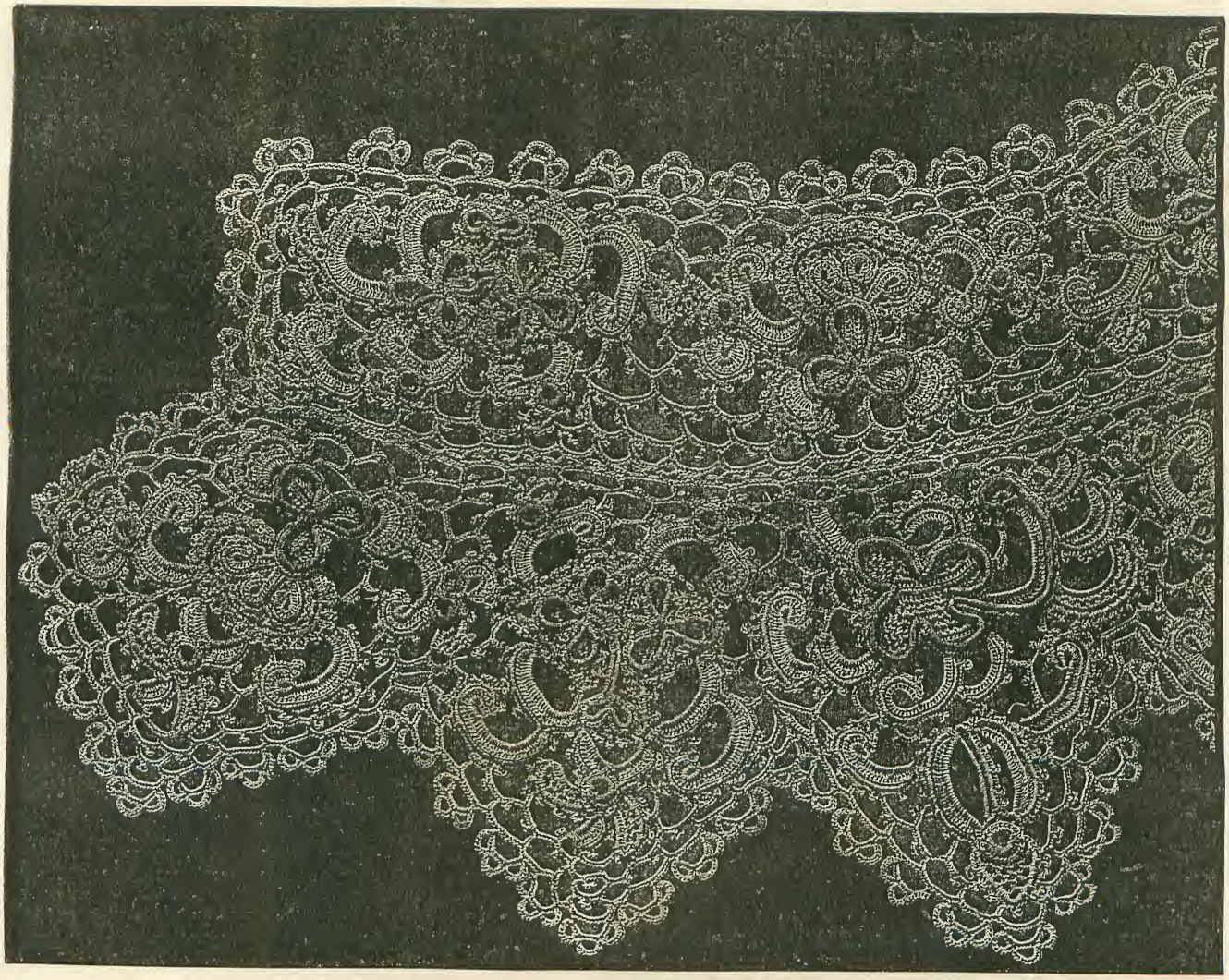


FIG. 5.—CLONES CROCHET LACE COLLAR.

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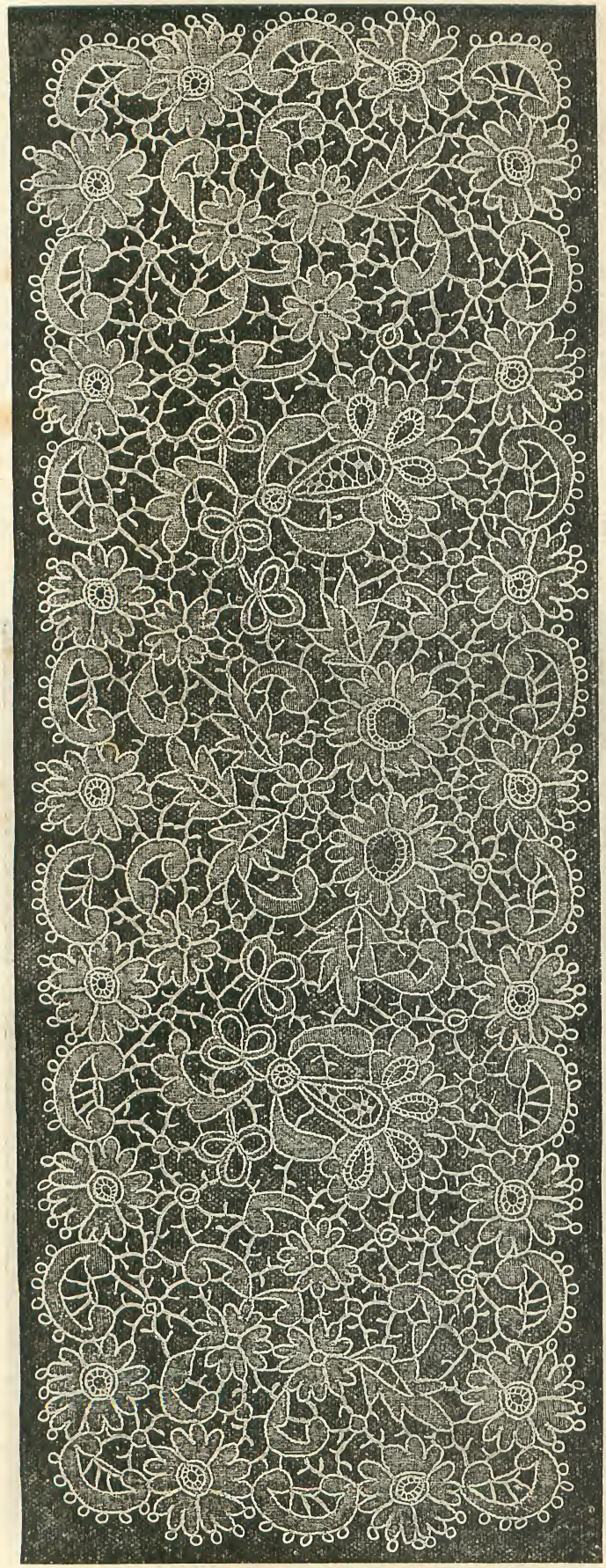


FIG. 1.—CARRICKMACROSS GUIPURE LACE.

LACE-MAKING in Ireland has had a variable history. The industry has from time to time flourished under the patronage of the great and fashionable, or from the impetus given by the poverty and distress of the poor; but it has declined again when incentives to work have been removed.

We have no records by which to fix the period when lace was first made in Ireland; but we read that great encouragement was given the industry towards the middle of the eighteenth century by a club of Irish patriots, called the Dublin Society. Acting under the advice of Lady Arabella Denny, money prizes were given by this Society for the best reproductions of Brussels lace, Dresden Point, and bone lace, as pillow lace was then called. At this time there was a strong national feeling in Ireland, and patriotism was extended even to lace; and we are told that enthusiastic young Irishmen, anxious to stimulate home manufactures, refused to toast any lady or to consider her beautiful if she wore French laces or foreign fopperies. Ladies, on their part, exerted themselves to found schools, and to have children taught the art of making lace. Gold and silver lace was at this time so well made in Ireland, that in 1778 the Irish Parliament passed an Act prohibiting the importation of such manufactures from England or any foreign port. But troublous times came upon Ireland. The Dublin Society ceased to exist. Lady Arabella Denny died in 1792 at the age of eighty-five, and the lace industry of Ireland languished and expired for the lack of support and encouragement. It was not till the third decade of the present century that the severe distress of repeated potato famines, and the terrible suffering, the starvation, and death caused by the great famine of 1846-7, induced many ladies, whose hearts were deeply stirred by the misery around them, to make serious efforts to revive the Irish lace industry, and to try and find in it the means of support for a starving people. How they succeeded will be told in the following pages.

Irish laces may be divided into Carrickmacross, Limerick, Youghal Point, Innishmacsaint Point, and Crochet.

1. *Carrickmacross.*—This lace is of two kinds—appliqué and guipure. In appliqué the pattern is made of the finest muslin or cambric, which is applied to net by point-lace stitches. In guipure the flowers are attached by brides, into which are worked characteristic little loops or projecting spurs (Fig. 1). When well made, appliqué Carrickmacross resembles Brussels lace. Carrickmacross lace originated in 1820, in the efforts made by Mrs. Grey Porter to teach her servant, Ann Steadman, to copy a piece of Italian lace. Miss Reid, of Rahans, near Carrickmacross, taught herself and her sister the new art, and subsequently established a school, in which poor children were taught lace-making as a means of supplementing the earnings the family obtained from working the little farm. The town of Carrickmacross is in the Bath and Shirley Estates. When, in 1846, Mr. Tristram Kennedy became manager of the Bath Estate, he was so much impressed by the benefit conferred on the neighbourhood by Miss Reid's lace school, that he raised a public fund and built seven lace schools in and around Carrickmacross. He subsequently secured a grant of £100 from Parliament to teach drawing and designing in his schools. Mr. Kennedy's schools, and the lace industry which sprang from them, were of the greatest help to the poor during the famine years. Many of them were subsequently closed; but the central school at Carrickmacross is still in existence, and does good work, owing to the annual grant still paid it by Government.

Limerick Lace is one of the best known of Irish laces. It is of two kinds—Tambour and Run lace. In the former, a hooked or crochet needle loops a fine linen floss or silk thread in a chain stitch through net stretched on a frame. It is truly embroidery, and the same stitch and method are adopted in Oriental embroideries, especially in those made at Damascus. When, however, the net is fine and the design good, Tambour lace is very effective and "lacey," and has the merit of being inexpensive, strong, and of washing well. In Run lace, the design and filling are formed by darning in the net in threads of different thicknesses. An appliqué net, resembling Carrickmacross, and called "Curragh," was also at one time made at Limerick.

The Limerick lace industry owed its origin to an Englishman, Mr. Charles Walker, who, on marrying the daughter of a lace manufacturer, determined to try and make a commercial success of an industry which had at that time a most feeble existence. He brought over twenty-four girls from England as teachers, and in a short time a large amount of good lace was being made in Ireland. During the famine, lace-making was one of the great resources of the district; and through an association of ladies, who worked hard to help the poor in their distress, a considerable sale was obtained for Limerick lace. This was the time when lace fichus, berthas, ruffles, and frills were much worn by ladies, both young and old. The lace made at this period was very fine, good in design, and delicate in execution.

After the famine, when death and emigration had greatly diminished the population of Ireland, and the desperate need

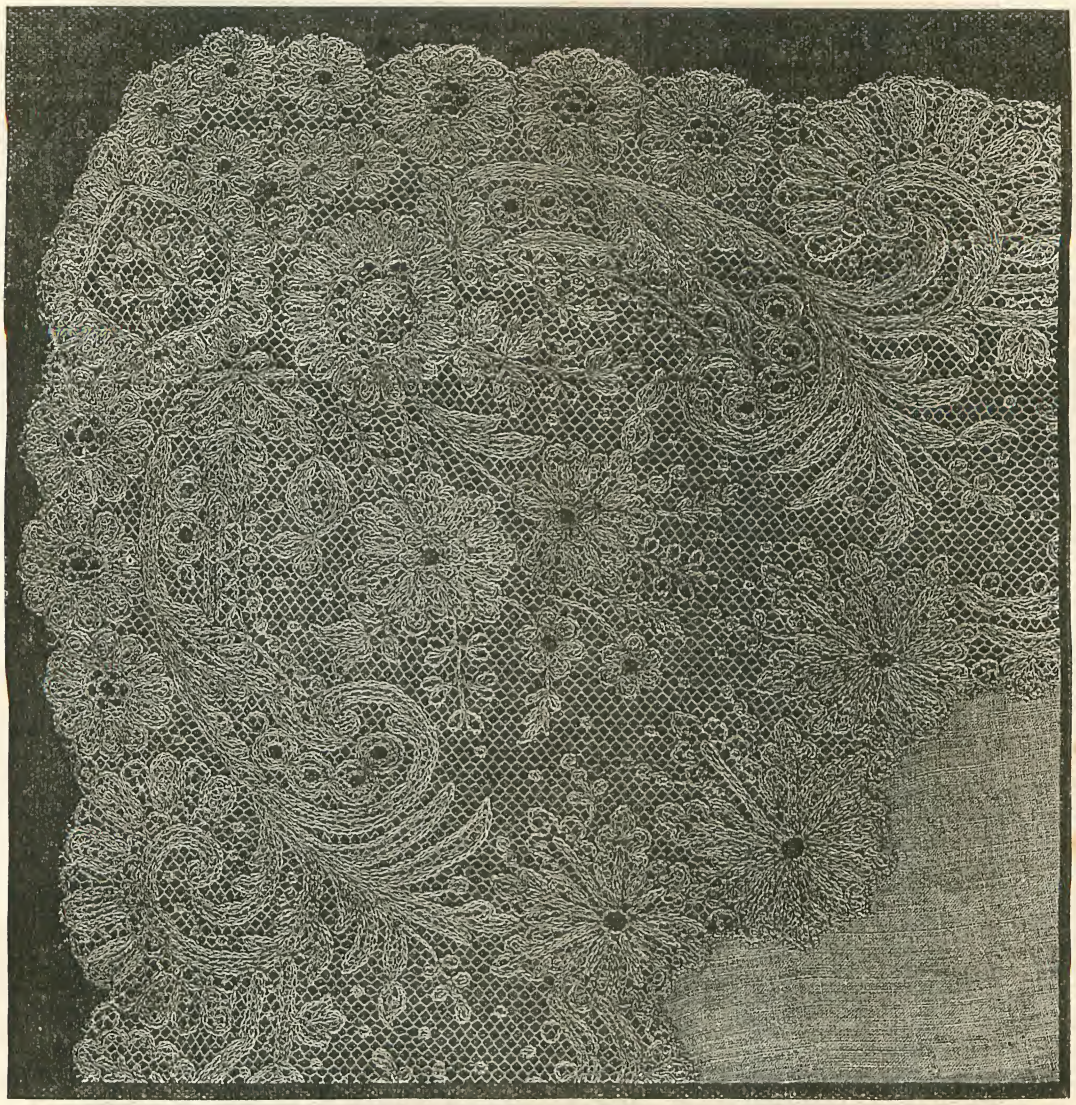


FIG. 2.—LIMERICK TAMBOUR LACE.

of an agricultural population to make some extra earnings, however small, had passed away, the Limerick lace industry declined. Public interest in it was lost, good designs were no longer furnished the workers, Limerick lace fell out of fashion, and till a few years ago only the coarsest kinds of the poorest design were made, and sold at very low prices. This pretty old lace was in this degraded condition when it was taken in hand, five or six years ago, by Mrs. Vere O'Brien, the adopted daughter of the late W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who, on marrying an Irish gentleman, and settling near Limerick, opened a school, at which to teach again the making of the charming old lace of the district. Under this kind and wise influence the industy has revived, and at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's school are now produced the most beautiful Run and Tambour laces, which are both fine in execution and artistic in design.

Youghal Point is essentially the Irish Point lace. It has a distinctive character of its own, which makes it easily recognised. (Fig. 3.) The stitches, it will be noted, are very varied. Most Youghal lace fails, however, in point of design. The rose and the shamrock, particularly the latter, appear *ad nauseum*. In some Irish Point, however, which has been recently made from designs furnished by the South Kensington Museum Lace Committee, Italian motives prevail, and under this influence the lace has greatly improved.

Irish Point owes its origin to the earnestness and ingenuity of a nun in the convent at Youghal, who was anxious—as all good nuns of Ireland always have been, and still are—to find industrial employment for the children of her schools. Chancing to come across an old piece of Italian Point, she unpicked it, studied the stitches of which it was composed, and reproduced them with success. She then determined to teach some of the poor children who were in need of bread to learn and make point lace as a means of livelihood. She succeeded so well that the first specimens of Irish Point were sold at a high price. New point stitches were invented and designs were improved, and in a short time Irish Point became, owing to the devotion of this kindly nun to her poor children, an established success. It is now made in many convent schools; but that made at Kenmare, Kinsale, and Youghal is the best. American ladies greatly admire this lace, and when passing through Ireland, on their way to Europe, they frequently give large orders for it at the convents.

Youghal Point also fell into a low condition owing to the poor designs and coarse thread used; but of late years the Lace Committee at South Kensington, and the School of Design at Cork, have done excellent work in stimulating the production of good lace designs, and in aiding the workers and teachers to obtain them; and Youghal Point has again taken its position as one of the finest laces made.

Innishmacsaint Point Lace.—Away in that wild and desolate county, Donegal, in the midst of Lough Erne, there is a holy island called Innishmacsaint, to which the poor peasants of the district often come on pilgrimage, or to perform penance. Extremely poor the peasants of Donegal always are, but in 1846 their condition was desperate. An old piece of Italian Point lace excited the attention of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of the rector of the parish of Tynan, exactly as a similar relic had attracted the nun at the convent of Youghal. The old piece of lace awoke in each lady similar trains of thought, and induced each to make the same effort to help the starving children about her. This old piece of point was unpicked, and the stitches of which it was composed discovered, and Mrs. Maclean began to teach the making of Rose Point to the girls of her parish. Private orders sustained the school, and the earnings made were a great boon to the people. Innishmacsaint Point is heavy, and has not the delicacy and richness of the Venice and Spanish Points. Lace of the same kind

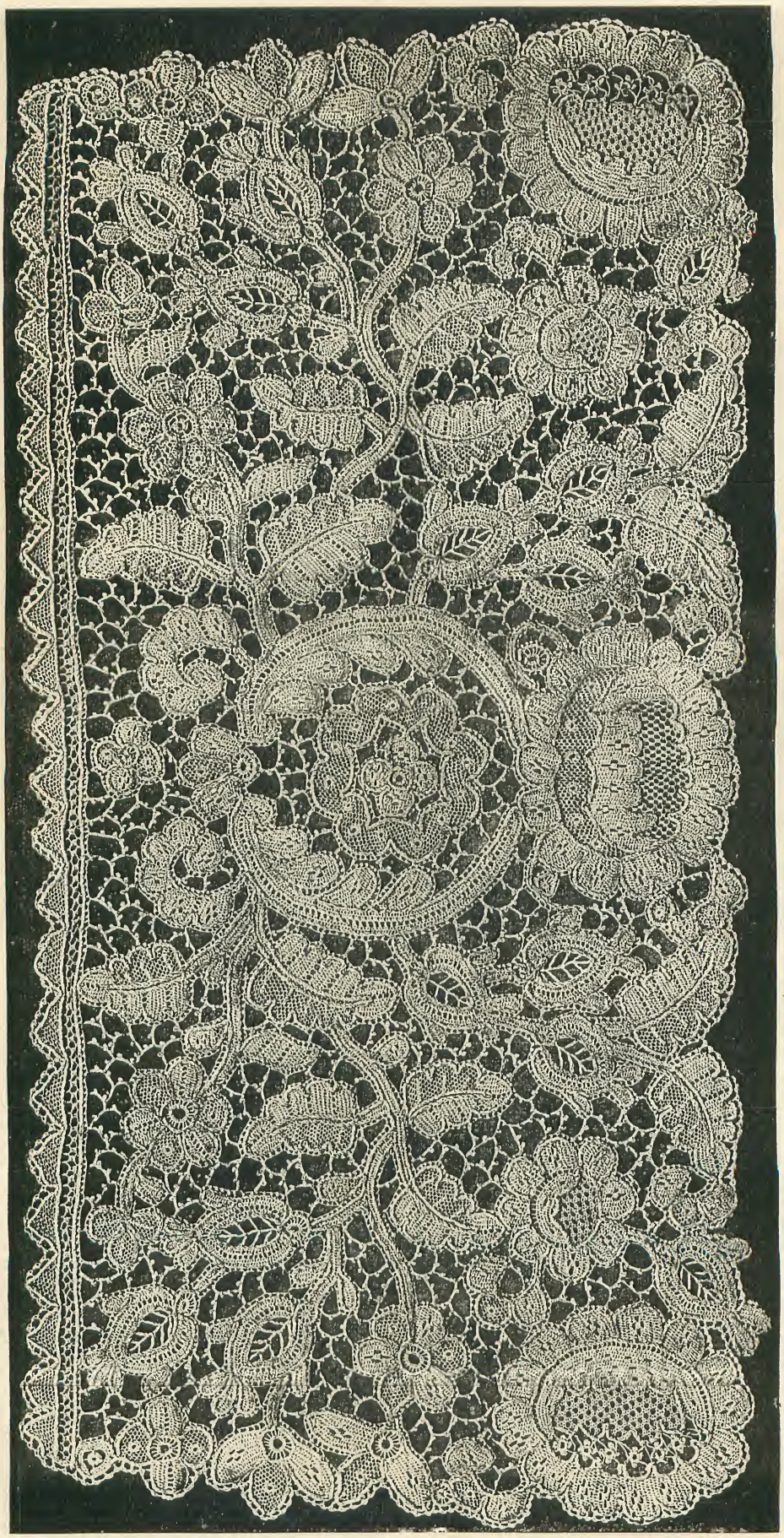


FIG. 3.—YOUGHAL POINT LACE.

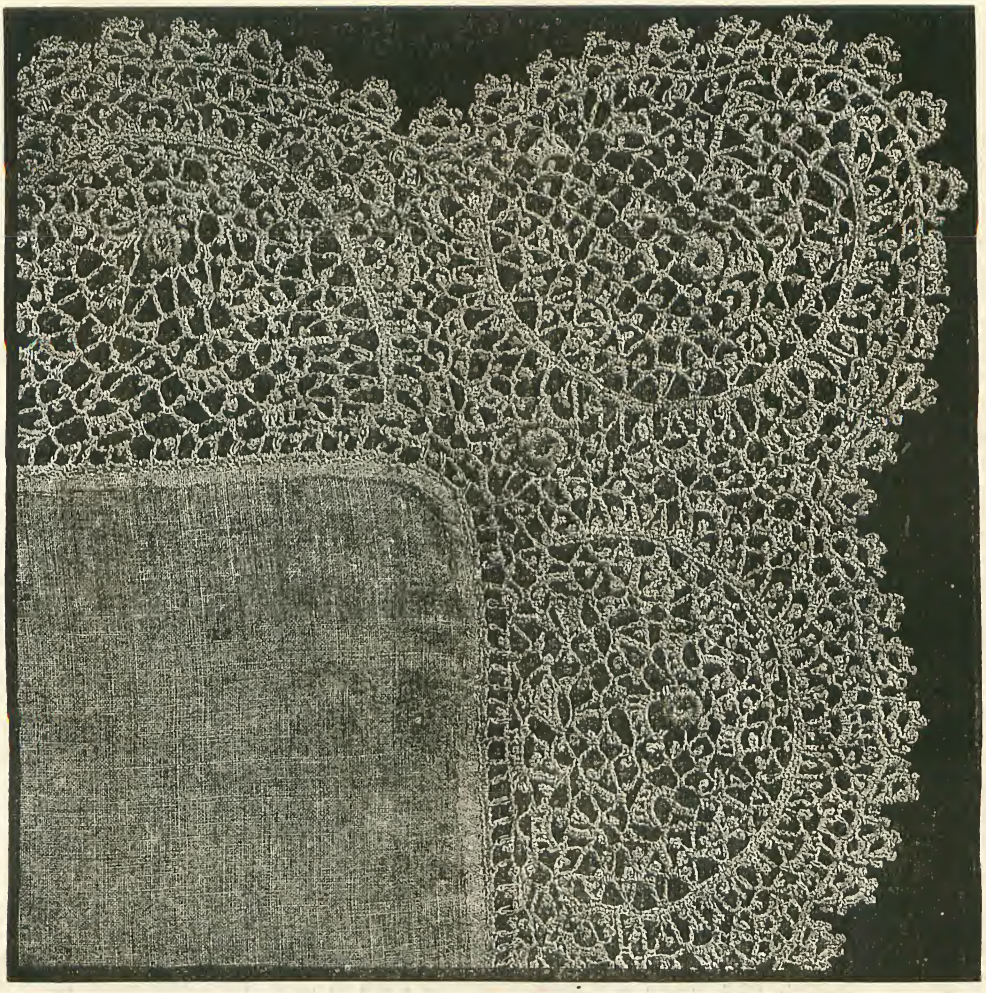


FIG. 4.—CORK CROCHET LIFTED AND KNOTTED LACE.

but of a higher quality is made at Miss Keane's school in Cappoquin, Co. Waterford.

Irish Reticella.—A school at which reproductions of Greek and Italian reticella lace are made has been established by Mrs. Hall Dare, at Newtonbury. The lace produced is admirable, and nothing finer was made in Italy in the sixteenth century than the reticella turned out from Mrs. Hall Dare's school in Ireland.

Crochet.—Irish Crochet is known all over the world. When the hooked needle—which was probably introduced from the East to produce Tambour lace—was first used independently to make looped stitches *in aria* is not known. Crochet is probably an old art, and was known and practised on the Continent, chiefly in convents, as long ago as in the sixteenth century. About the year 1836 it became fashionable in England owing chiefly to the pattern books published by Madame del Riego, a lady who was always deeply interested in promoting the crochet industry in Ireland, and who, when she died, two or three years ago, left her fortune to be devoted to the encouragement of lace schools in the south of Ireland. It was, however, the great famine of 1846 which stimulated the crochet industry, when, owing to Government grants, the energetic action of benevolent ladies, and the intelligent industry of convent schools, crochet lace became the chief hope of the people in Co. Cork, and gave an immense amount of employment during a period of dire distress.

The nuns of the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, Co. Cork, had already begun to teach their scholars to make crochet lace before the famine, and it is recorded that in 1845 their pupils had earned £90. When the unhappy country lay prostrated by the scourge, the crochet industry springing from this industrial centre became the main support of the people. The little hooked needle was turned indeed into a very wand of hope. Crochet was taught in almost every convent, and ladies exerted themselves to form classes, to introduce and invent new designs, and to keep up and improve the standard and quality of the work. The names of two ladies are particularly associated with this effort to save a starving people by creating a new industry—namely, those of Mrs. Roberts, of Thornton, Co. Kildare, and Mrs. Hand, the wife of the Vicar of Clones, Co. Monaghan. These ladies took as their models of design fine old Italian guipures and Venice Points, and adapted them to crochet; and it is due to their intelligent direction that much of Irish crochet is so rich and Venetian in appearance. Every girl taught was obliged to teach three more, and she could not get employment till she gave evidence that three girls had been taught by her to do good work. In this way the spirit of Christian helpfulness spread, and thousands of girls were soon employed earning money to support their families, and to save them from starvation.

The principal Irish crochet laces are the Cork and the Clones. The Cork is divided into the lifted and the knotted. The pattern is small and dainty, and the work fine and intricate. (Fig. 4.) It is difficult to make. In Clones crochet the sprigs, leaves, and flowers are made independently, and are joined together by brides, which vary much in fancy. In Clones crochet, Venetian and Spanish Points and Greek laces are reproduced with extraordinary skill. (Fig. 5.) Irish crochet laces, for which sympathy with suffering created so great a demand, fell, unfortunately, out of fashion, and a ruining trade competition, and the demand for cheapness, so degenerated the once beautiful work, and lowered wages, that the industry almost died out. Mr. Biddle has of late years done much to revive it, and has supplied the Irish workers with beautiful designs. He has also introduced a splendid crochet lace in lustrous silk, both black and white. These new Irish laces, as well as the Limerick and Carrickmacross, excited the greatest admiration, even from the connoisseurs and lacemakers of Belgium and France at the great Exhibition at Paris last year, and were awarded the silver medal. The Queen, in order to patronise Irish lace, recently wore a quantity of black silk Irish crochet guipure at one of the Drawing Rooms, since when this lace has been called Royal.

Before concluding, I must mention an effort now being made to introduce the pillow, and the making of Torchon or plaited laces, into Ireland. Mrs. Dawson, of Headford, Co. Mayo, has been for many years engaged in this work, and has taught numbers of girls to make good Torchon lace. I have also, in Gweedore, Co. Donegal, made an effort to establish pillow lace as one of the industries of the place, and have opened a lace school, where girls are taught Torchon and Kells laces. In carrying out this work, I was aided by the vote made

me in Parliament in 1887, for the purpose of village technical teaching in Donegal. The industry is still small, though a number of girls now make excellent lace.

The story of the lace industries of Ireland illustrates in a striking manner what valuable services women can render who care for the poor, and who are anxious to serve others. Women have been in Ireland the very mothers of industry. What has been begun by them out of Christian love for a suffering people, has been taken up by traders, and has been made by them a great commercial success. A competition, which was as unwise as it was cruel, has too often subsequently degraded and ruined an industrial art which had both life and beauty. But the lace industries of Ireland have now passed through their period of decadence, and in the convent schools, and in the classes of Mrs. Vere O'Brien, Mrs. Hall Dare, and Miss Keane, it is being demonstrated again that the human sympathy and quick intelligence of women can give new life to an old art.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



"I FEEL quite happy about Honor Drayton now," declared Miss Arundel to her friend and *confidante*, Miss Grahame, one evening, as the two were strolling in the lovely garden. Merry voices and the noise of balls resounded from the asphalt court where tennis was in full progress.

"Do you ever cease thinking of your bairns, Constance, I wonder?" enquired the other half affectionately, half playfully.

"What else should I think of? Whom else have I to live for?" replied the other with a touch of melancholy in her voice. "I am a mother by deputy, you know, and I tremble to think what would become of me if I had to give up my school. I hope I should not survive it."

The shrewd, kindly little Scotchwoman was thinking, "That is hardly a common feeling among schoolmistresses; but this love for her work is just what gives Constance Arundel her power." She did not express her thought, but merely said, "As to Honor? You were saying——"

"That I feel satisfied about the child. She was a weight on my mind at first. So clumsy and awkward; but worst of all, so self-conscious and distrustful of everybody! Such characters sometimes develop into morose, unhappy women—like fruit soured and spoiled for lack of sunshine, that nothing can sweeten. Oh! if people only realised, in using that word *spoil*," declared Miss Arundel with animation, "that far more children are spoiled by too little tenderness than by too much! I should like to preach some of these 'parents and guardians' a sermon. *I* would tell them some home truths.

"But I think Mrs. Drayton is getting to feel differently about this poor 'ugly duckling' in her brood. She wrote quite kindly as to Honor's singing lessons, and actually speaks of the youngest daughter coming to me in September."

"I am sure if she could only see the child she need not be ashamed of her," indignantly cried Miss Grahame, with whom Honor was a favourite.

"No; she really is wonderfully improved already—in bearing and appearance. And what a sweet expression she is getting in those big wistful eyes of hers! She makes me feel inclined to cry sometimes when she watches me about. And her voice! Oh! if you only knew how glad and proud I am of that voice! It will be such a resource to the girl. And to have stopped that wearisome strumming on the piano! The time wasted by girls over that instrument when they have no taste or capacity!—there is another text, now, for a lecture on education!" declared Miss Arundel with vehemence.

"You are quite eloquent to-night, Constance."

"Because I love my subject. Honor's improvement is a favourite theme. Was it not sweet of her to buy that absurd album—very expensive too—for that cross old *duenna* at home?" enquired Miss Arundel with irreverence. "She responded most readily to my view of the case; and when I touched on the point that even if she deemed Miss Courcellis her enemy, it was the part of a Christian girl to return good for evil, her eyes filled with tears. She is susceptible to every right motive, and has, I am sure, come to think seriously of late in many ways. In fact, her influence in the house is all for good, and I hope her mother will leave her to me for many a long day."

In this wish Honor would ardently have concurred. It is not to be supposed that our heroine suddenly shed all her faults like autumn leaves; that in a week or two she became blameless in temper, devoid of self-consciousness, straight as a poplar, elegant as a swan, an ornament to society, and a pattern to her sex. But she was improving so fast that Miss Arundel could—

"Reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest"

of her efforts day by day. And the knowledge of her delightful new power was a wonderful help to Honor. *I can*—no words impart such dignity and happiness as these.

On the next Saturday a long-talked-of expedition was to take place; an excursion that every May gladdened the heart of the schoolgirls, to a mountain hamlet far above the lake, where "*la floraison des narcisses*" offered a vision of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. It was exquisite weather when they started off in high spirits, rendered additionally high by a most unusual permission. They might speak English on this excursion if they would promise not to chatter too loud.

There was a brief railway journey along the margin of the lake, and then the happy party climbed a wooded hill and proceeded inland among the mountains. The path led through a forest, delicately green with the young foliage, and musical with the rush of a torrent down in the depths. The girls were walking two and two, and many were the confidences stirred and fostered by the entrancing influence of the spring. There was scarcely one of Miss Arundel's girls who had not her ambition as to her future life.

Honor and Maud Seymour were walking together, and their talk was all of music. Each was an enthusiast, and each, it proved on discussion, had an exalted view of the claims of her art. Neither meant to fritter away her powers in ephemeral, frivolous music for voice and piano; the silly, sentimental drawing-room ditty, the after-dinner piece intended to promote conversation, were to be rigorously eschewed. Beauty and artistic value were to enter into all they sang or played. If the two girls rhapsodised a little they may be forgiven, for they were young and ardent, and Honor was still aglow with the delight of her new-found treasure. She could not echo the veneration of Maud the disciple for her gifted master, Herr Steinthal, whom Honor remembered with dismay; neither could Maud express unbounded admiration for Signor Bianchi's genius and benevolence; but each was willing to listen to the other, and in this way they harmonised very well.

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried Honor, when at length they emerged from the forest upon the mountain basin which was their goal. It was a world of flowers! Far and near the meadows stood thick with narcissi, and the perfume was intoxicating. Many other visitors, young and old, Swiss and English, were there before them, gathering—gathering, and yet the number was appreciably no less. To the slopes of the mountains that overlooked this Eden, spread the glimmering sheen. With exclamations of delight the girls dispersed at once, and each began to gather for herself. It was a realisation of the lines in Tennyson's *Two Voices*—

"I wondered at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers."

Honor could not have imagined such lavish wealth of blossoms, and sighed for sheer delight as she waded among them, feeling half-remorseful to tear them from their home, yet finding them too tempting to be resisted.

Fraülein and Mademoiselle, to whom the spectacle was not new, retired amiably to rest on the terrace of a mountain hotel that nestled here, where Fraülein produced her never-failing knitting, and Mademoiselle criticised the motley crowd of narcissus-gatherers. The girls were allowed to wander at their own sweet will for an hour, till they met for tea, coffee, and rolls. They scattered themselves up beyond the hotel, where the narcissi grew in meadows divided by a swift torrent. On either side of the rustic bridge they roamed about gathering, ever gathering. At last Mabel, drawing near Honor, murmured in a scared voice—

"Look at that student with the green cap, smoking a cigarette! Is not that Isidore Blanchard?"

"Yes; and he is looking at Isabel. Does she see him?"

"Not yet; her back is turned. I wonder if he is going to speak to her. Surely he will not be so impertinent——!"

Isabel was apart from the others, out of sight of Fraülein and Mademoiselle, and unwatched save by her companions, not one of whom would ever have breathed a word to Miss Arundel about her proceedings. M. Isidore was evidently aware of this; evidently, also, inclined to improve the shining hour with a renewed flirtation with the English Mees, who was looking very fresh and pretty in a white dress and large hat. Let bygones be bygones! He removed the cigarette from his mouth, arranged his bouquet of narcissus with great care, and, approaching the unconscious Isabel with velvet steps, suddenly introduced himself, cap in hand. "Might he be allowed to offer a tribute of flowers to one who was herself a flower, as fair, as fresh, as virginal as the *narcisse*?" He bowed low as he tendered his enormous nosegay.

But the day of his success with the English Mees was for ever fled. He was smiling with fatuous self-conceit. Isabel, startled for a moment, turned, looked at him straight in the face, and uttered—"*Je vous remercie, Monsieur,*" in the most freezing accent that ever fell from girlish lips. She then turned on her heel and rejoined her companions, leaving the luckless M. Isidore *planté là* with his bouquet, the object of covert smiles from several of his fellow-students.

"Did you see that detestable man?" she cried, her cheeks blazing with anger.

"Oh, I am so glad you crushed him, Isabel!" exclaimed her sister Laura.

"How dare he speak to me again!" cried the incensed damsel. Her wrath much delighted her schoolfellows, who knew—what perhaps Isabel herself had guessed—the story of his having insinuated to Miss Arundel that the fault in their former flirtation was not all on his side. This might be true; but how unmanly, how contemptible, to say it! Had Isabel taken his flowers, the banner of "Les Églantiers" would, so to speak, have been hauled down and trailed in the dust; not a girl but would have felt it a personal humiliation. Now they all applauded and congratulated her, and saw with pleasure that she was for ever cured of her silly fancy.

Miss Arundel, it may here be explained, was no stiff and starched old maid, viewing the other sex with abhorrence. She looked upon love and a happy marriage as things greatly to be desired for her girls, who were always sure of her sympathy when, after their school life was over, they had their own secrets to tell her. But in proportion as she held the woman's happiest lot in high and sacred esteem, she detested the vulgar counterfeit of flirtation. Light and foolish talking on such subjects died a natural death in the atmosphere of "Les Églantiers." When the girls met young men, as they did on festive occasions, their manners were frank, unembarrassed, and "well-bred," which adjective hits a happy medium between ridiculous stiffness on the one hand and giggling imbecility on the other. Poor Isabel had been the only exception to the rule of sensible and maidenly behaviour, but she was an exception no longer.

Isidore Blanchard had purposely devoted his Saturday afternoon to this excursion, to prove to a few choice friends how completely the English Mees was at his beck and call. His foolish purpose was frustrated, and his mortification was great; but it was certainly well deserved. For though he had contemplated nothing worse than a silly conversation garnished with various languishing allusions to the past, it will be agreed that he had much better have been rowing on the lake or playing tennis at his club in manly fashion than attempting to turn a schoolgirl's head with his *fadaises*.

After tea the girls sat in a group among the narcissi—each with her huge bouquet—looking down the glen, by which they had ascended, to the distant lake. It was an hour for confidential talk, and with one consent they fell to speaking of their future life. The spirit of "Les Églantiers" fostered ambition apart from that of marriage. Although Miss Arundel privately believed wedlock to be the happiest lot for most women, she knew that, if once made an aim, it defeats its own purpose; she also knew that every girl cannot marry happily, but that every girl can make something of her life if she tries. So many and various were the projects uttered that May evening.

Helen Percival was going to Newnham when she left Belle-Rive. That was settled; and it was her great ambition in time to win a lectureship there, and to devote herself to an intellectual life.

Maud Seymour and Honor Drayton could imagine nothing more delightful than to make music a profession.

Mabel Thornycroft was going to help her mother at home, till some day she had a home of her own. She loved domestic duties and housekeeping. Miss Arundel perceiving this, sometimes allowed her to order the dinner at "Les Églantiers," and to be initiated into the mysteries of foreign cookery.

Laura Johnson intended to study at a school of art when she returned to London, and to devote herself to painting.

No one needed to enquire concerning Ruth's aim in life. She was to become an authoress, whose poems and romances were to inaugurate a new literary era.

But the ambition that perhaps excited most interest was expounded by one Beatrice Rivers, an heiress of vaguely magnificent fortune. She knew Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* almost by heart. Her dream was to be a second Angela Messenger, and to live among the poor of London, devoting herself to their welfare. With bright eye and glowing cheek she expounded her scheme, listened to with sympathy by all. "The still, sad music of humanity" had its echo even in these far-off happy regions.

"You shall all help me!" she cried. "Ruth, Laura, Maud, Honor—you must all throw your talents into my work. I shall want helpers of every kind—promise that you will?"

And they promised. Fair and bright were the cloud-palaces built under the shadow of the mountains; happy was the talk that—more grave than gay—accompanied their footsteps as they returned from their excursion of pleasure. There are some days in youth which stand out clearly in memory all one's life. Such a day for Miss Arundel's girls was that of the expedition to behold "*la floraison des narcisses.*"

(*To be continued.*)



DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THERE have been two or three distinct changes since the early days of spring in the style of skirts worn, and there seems no chance of their becoming at all fuller—indeed, so far the changes are in favour of increased tightness. There are two kinds—the new gored skirt, which is gored completely round, including one at the centre of the back; and the plain, straight skirt, in which the fitting is produced by gores at the waist. The complaint against these last-named has been that they produce a barrel-like effect on the figure unless the person be very slender indeed. They are tied back in the centre of the back breadth, in order to make the sides and half the back as tight as possible, and the whole of the fulness is compressed into a space of about four inches, immediately at the back of the waist. The front and sides have no seams at all. The new gored skirts have sometimes six gores, which may be piped down the whole length or not, just as may be preferred. As a rule these skirts have no trimming at all, but are stylish in appearance when well cut and carefully rounded at the back. It is not a suitable style for many people, especially for the very thin nor the very stout, nor those either whose hips are very large. Woollens, brocades, and thick silks can be made up in this manner. The pleats at the back are folded one over the other, with a box-pleat in the centre, and thus they spread out fan-like at the feet, and form a slight train. This gored method of making skirts will bring about a slightly trained appearance. Indeed, our skirts of the late summer show signs that we have already begun to produce that effect which was originally caused by the long basqued jackets, which looked very ungraceful over a distinctly short skirt. The latter, made without seams, and shaped only at the waist, has brought in the use of double-width materials, as the width of the stuff must be at least three inches more than that of the skirt in the front. There are several ways of trimming the edge of these skirts, and gathered bias flounces seem the prettiest; while the draperied flounces of lace are most unsuitable—unless, indeed, they be put on by a skilled dressmaker. Probably, as the autumn advances, and thin materials are discarded in favour of thicker and warmer dresses, the flounce will be less worn.



IN SERGE AND CASHMERE.

Bodices continue to have the greatest part of the trimming lavished upon them. Diagonal trimmings are most popular. The draped and folded side of the bodice crosses over the other, which is quite plain. Corselet bodices are now made with a deep basque if they be of silk or of velvet, and are cut in a low rounded shape, or else quite square across. Some are only corselets in front; others are cut also at the back. The under-bodice is plain if of embroidery, but if of lace or thin material it is made plain. There is no doubt but that this corselet fashion is an excellent one for making-over old gowns of any sort, and especially if they happen to be low evening dresses, when the under-bodice may be made complete, sleeves and all; or indeed one of the ever-useful blouses may be made available for use. Dresses of thin material may be made with a plain tight silk foundation for the sleeve, and over it the transparent sleeve may be full, and gathered at the top and also lower edge over a plain cuff.

Both capes and jackets made of the material of the dress will be used this autumn. They are made in the many varieties of woollens—stripes, plaided, or with hairy spots, as well as in the homespuns, serges, and tweeds, which are more popular than ever they were. The general method of making them all seems to be that of a plain skirt, and a jacket opened in front to show a blouse, waistcoat, or fancy front of some kind. Of course as the weather grows colder the waistcoats will grow warmer and more suitable for the season. Homespuns and tweeds seem to be generally plaided in broken checks of light colours, mixed with white and grey.

The Princess Aribert of Anhalt's dresses seem to have given fresh starts on several subjects to our dressmakers, and the number of cashmere gowns in it have given rise to the prophecy that this beautiful material, that has been somewhat eclipsed of late, will come back into fashion for the autumn. But I do not think it will, though we may see more of it next spring. It seems to me that it is not warm enough for those who find tweeds, serges, and homespuns wearable at nearly all seasons; and in our changeable English climate, cashmere, save for best gowns, does not appear to be so suitable for the ordinary wear of the day. Rougher fabrics are more liked. Cashmere lends itself more readily to drapery, and more trimmings on the skirt.

One of the most changed of our articles of daily wear is the much-abused corset. We have corsets now for all kinds of occasions; and for this summer many were being manufactured of open-work material over coloured silks and satins; and some dresses of great beauty have the corsets made of the same material. Broché silks are the fashionable material, lined with silk or linen, and this season we seem more inclined to wear a petticoat-bodice than we have been for some time past, the petticoat-bodice being now made of jersey-elastic material; and all the good out-

fitters and drapers keep them, some of them beautifully trimmed and decorated, and not very expensive. They are said to preserve the stays, and make them wear longer; and they also make the dress-bodice sit more smoothly, for the bones do not show through them. The tendency, however, is not towards adding to, but towards taking from, the number of our articles of clothing; and many people have escaped from the extra expense and trouble of petticoat-bodices, and will not be pleased to hear that they are being recommended again. Our scientific men and women already complain of the heat induced by the use of stays, and the addition of a petticoat-bodice will certainly be an increase of heat, and that too in a part of the body where the cold is not felt.

"Princess" dresses have appeared in serge and thick materials already in the summer, and dressmakers seem to believe that we shall see many of them during the winter. They are decidedly both pretty and becoming, but they require such good cutting and making that they very often prove failures, especially when a thin material is used to make them. In the illustration, "Three New Gowns," I have represented a very pretty form of "princess" dress made of "delaine" and embroidery, the front of which wraps over, and has folds in front of the skirt. The other two gowns show the larger flowers which came in with the end of the season, widely "powdered" or scattered over the material. Lace is profusely used in the trimming, and the front of the skirt shows one of the sloped flounces of lace, which recall ancient pictures of two centuries ago. The third figure wears a cashmere trimmed with a flat embroidery-galloon, or ribbon put on in a novel fashion, and opening in front to show the underskirt, which is of a darker hue than the rest of the dress.

"In Serge and Cashmere" shows dresses of rather more severe style, and more suitable to the fast coming autumnal days. The centre figure represents a new way of treating the waistcoat-front—rather in the "blazer" style so much liked by our brothers on the river. The trimming may be of ribbon, galloon, gold or silver braid, black velvet or coloured, or indeed anything which suits our pocket and our fancy. The young lady with the parasol shows the most recent fancy in a corselet bodice, with a gathered yoke, and the pretty full sleeves and long cuff. The nearest figure to us gives the new *bretelles*, which are so extremely becoming to slight and thin figures, and which seem likely to form one of the winter features in dress. We may expect, also, to see a few more panniers made up in the thicker materials. The hats in these last two sketches are all of them types of the present styles, and are ladylike, pretty, and becoming. We are very fortunate in having got back to ostrich feathers, and the use of trimmings of velvet and thick silk. While on this subject I must mention that a lady has invented, or rather applied, a very simple but excellent little plan to help us to hold our hats on our heads. It is called the "patent hat protector," and is a tiny cork pad to be inserted between the side of the hat and the lining, to receive the point of the pin, and steady it. This it does in a very marvellous manner. Its use also protects the hat and the trimmings from those ugly holes which we have disliked to see; and one pin will hold the hat better than several used without the pad. It is known as the "King's Hat Protector."

In "By the Sea" we may notice several ideas that may be utilised for making-over dresses. The gown trimmed with a spotted material is one of them, which shows how an old dress could be metamorphosed into a modern one; and the same may be said of that in the opposite corner, trimmed with lace, which would be pretty if used in other ways and with other materials as well. It will be seen that the young lady in the dress trimmed with a wide galloon has it rather much cut down at the neck. This style is one that seems to be coming in; and many of the thinner dresses of summer have been cut low, with no collar, and trimmed with a lace fall.

The paper pattern selected for this month is a different pattern of a combination garment, which will be found suitable for wearing *over* the underwoven one, and which fits tightly to the skin. This would be enough for our autumn and winter clothing, and may be made in any material, and lined, or unlined, as we may fancy. Flannelette, flannel wincey, nuns' veiling, or stockingette, would be



BY THE SEA.

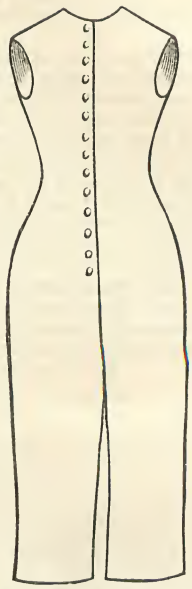


THREE NEW GOWNS.

good for it, and it may be made with or without sleeves. But if our under-combination have sleeves, the over-dress is better without any. There are three pieces in it—a front and two back pieces. This pattern will take four yards of thirty-inch material, and will require to be bound with a flat flannel binding. It buttons up the front, and should fit closely, and may be worn over the stays if preferred, taking the place of flannel petticoats.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat,



CHEMELLETTE COMBINATION.
(*Paper Pattern.*)

princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, new skirt, gymnastic suit, yoked blouse, summer out-of-door jacket, and new combination.

VARIETIES.

THE following is written on the walls of St. Stephen's Church by Saltash:—

"C. R.

"To the inhabitants of the County of Cornwal, A Letter of thanks from King Charles the first of ever Blessed Memory.

"WE are so highly sensible of the Extraordinary Merits of our County of Cornwal, of their Zeal for the defence of our Person, and the just rights of our Crown in a time when we could contribute so little to our own defence or to their assistance in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and propable dangers were threatned to obedience. And Loyalty of their great and eminent Courage and Patience in their Indefatigable Prossecution of their great work against so Potent an enemy, back[d] with so Strong, rich, and Popolous Cityes, and so Plentifully furnish[d] with men, arms, Money, and Amunitions and Provisions of all kinds, And of the wonderful success With which it hath pleased Almighty God to give [tho with the loss of some Eminent Persons, who shall never be forgotten by us to reward their Loyalty and Patience] by many strange Victories over their and our Enemies, in despite of all Humane Propabilities and all Imaginable Disadvantages that, as we cannot but desire to Publish to all the World, and perpetuate to all times, the memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of the same, and to that end we do hereby render our Royall thanks to that our County in the most Publick and lasting manner we can devise, Commanding Copies here of to be Printed and Published, and one of them to be read in every Church and Chappel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record in the same, that as long as the History of those times and of this Nation shall continue, the memory of how much that County hath merited from us and our crown may be derived with it to Posterity.

"Given at our Camp at Sudley Castle, the 10th of September, 1643."

MIDST GRANITE HILLS.

THE STORY OF A DARTMOOR HOLIDAY.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER V.

FORGIVEN.

No sooner had Arthur Seaton left his little packet where Grace would be sure to find it, than dreadful misgivings seized him. He climbed the rocks at the back of the church and waited there, restless and unhappy, till he saw Grace hurrying away through the fields. Then he was sure that he had been too hasty. He had made a great mistake. She was offended with him. She would never forgive him. He had committed a great impertinence. And his conduct now presented itself to him in the darkest aspects.

Far from enjoying himself on the moor, as Stanley imagined, Arthur wandered about till dusk fell, in a very unhappy frame of mind. He dared not present himself at Torhill, but he kept moving about in its vicinity. If only he could meet her! But of course he did not.

On the following day it seemed as if his worst fears were realised. Grace had passed a restless night. The thought of the watch and necklet had haunted her like a nightmare. As she dressed, she lashed her mind into fresh indignation with him.

Arthur had a good tenor voice, and it pleased him to sit in the choir. On most Sundays he had busied himself in finding the places for Grace ere the service began. But to-day she entered with such a dignified, unapproachable air, that he felt constrained to keep his distance. After church he got on no better. She spoke to him, indeed, but her manner was absolutely stern. She meant him to understand that she was offended, and he understood it but too well. He was miserable as he went back to the rectory, and could not find harsh enough terms in which to reproach himself for his folly.

Nor was Grace, although she deported herself with such dignity, much happier. Her pride was satisfied, but her heart was not at ease. And she was at a loss as to what she should do next. Now she resolved that she would send the things back to him with a few cold, cutting lines. Then she remembered all his kindness, and accused herself of ingratitude. She did not want to hurt his feelings; she did not want to behave ungratefully; but she did wish him to know that he had done an unwarrantable thing. And then soft relentings would move her, and she would remember how good and kind he was, and how it was his delight to do everything in his power to make others happy.

During the summer there was an evening service in Trematon church, but in September, there being no means of lighting the church, this had to be given up, and the second service began at three o'clock. At its close, Grace managed to slip away without exchanging a word with Arthur. She thought she had made up her mind to write to him that evening and inform him that she could not accept the watch and necklet as his gifts.

Grace waited for her brother at the field gate. He was speaking to the Seatons.

"Why were you in such a hurry, Grace?" he said, as he joined her. "Mr. Seaton was asking what had become of you."

"Have you forgotten that I ordered tea early, that we might walk to Widdecombe this evening?" she said.

"Arthur says he is almost sure they have discontinued the evening services there."

"Does he? Well, almost is not quite sure; and at least we shall have a lovely walk."

It was still bright daylight when they set out. The way lay across a high, open moor, where the breeze blew keen, and then down by a charming wooded lane into a fair green valley, whence rose the lofty granite tower of a fine old church, far larger than the size of the little hamlet seemed to warrant. The services of the church were over for the day; they found the door closed, and, after lingering for a while in the churchyard, admiring its beautiful situation, they turned back again.

Stanley thought his sister unusually quiet this evening. Once he asked her if she were tired, but she scouted the idea of fatigue. The road was up hill nearly all the way to the moor. The sun had disappeared below the hills, and soon it grew dark in the lanes. But they came out into light again at the top of the hill, and the first thing Grace saw was a dark figure leaning over the gate which barred the way. She knew, ere he spoke, that it was Arthur Seaton.

"Good evening," he said, lifting his cap; "you have had your walk, I see, but no service. I came up here with uncle; he has gone into that cottage, to visit a sick man. Ah! here he comes!" And the rector was seen approaching.

To Stanley's ear Arthur spoke as usual, but Grace detected a nervous constraint in his manner, which told her he was not at ease. She fancied he dared not address her directly, and her spirits rose. Such a power is pride, even in sweet-looking young girls.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Erith," said the rector, shaking hands with her warmly. "I missed you this morning. Since you talk of leaving us so soon, you must let us see as much as possible of you whilst you remain, though I trust this is not your last visit to Trematon. I hope you will come here very often in the future."

"You are very kind; indeed, I hope I may," replied Grace. To her vexation, her voice faltered as she spoke. She hoped no one had observed it. She walked on by the side of the rector, determined that he should be her companion all the way back. But it so happened that the rector wished to have a confidential talk with her brother; Stanley was equally desirous of a quiet talk with him; whilst Arthur was determined "to have it out" with Grace. Three wills being thus opposed to hers, it was little wonder that her purpose was frustrated, and she presently found Arthur Seaton by her side, and saw, to her vexation, that the other two, absorbed in their conversation, were striding on ahead. Her companion showed no desire to overtake them. For some minutes he walked by her side in a silence which Grace felt unable to break. At last he said, "So you cannot forgive me. You look upon me as a mean spy and busybody. You feel insulted by my daring to return those things to you."

"No, no, not insulted," faltered Grace. "I know you meant to be kind—but I wish you had not done it."

"Of course I meant to be kind—people always mean to be kind when they do insufferable things. What a blundering idiot I have been."

"Don't speak so," said Grace, relenting. "You make too much of it, indeed. I ought to thank you."

"Why should you? Thank me for wounding your pride; for giving myself a pleasure to which I had no right. No, indeed. Of course you cannot forgive me."

Grace was silent; but it was not because she could not forgive him. In truth, her annoyance had already melted away.

"You cannot forgive me," repeated Arthur. "I have no right to expect it. I might have known that you cannot look on me as such a friend. If my uncle had done so it would be different. My uncle takes the warmest interest in you and your brother. Shall I tell you what they are talking about now? Uncle wants to induce Mr. Erith to return to Trematon before long. He would like his help in the parish. I know that already he regards your brother as the future rector of Trematon."

"What can you mean?"

"Simply that the living of Trematon belongs to my uncle. He has long known that I have no inclination to enter the Church, and that being so, I believe he sees in your brother a man after his own heart, whom he would like to succeed him in the care of the parish."

"But he knows so little of Stanley."

"He knows him to be a good, true man, a Christian, and a gentleman. And there is a reason why my uncle feels drawn to you both. Do you know it?"

"I think so," faltered Grace, her heart full. "It is because he knew our mother that Mr. Seaton is so very, very kind to us."

"Because he knew her—because, I believe, he loved her," said Arthur, in a very low tone. "Love explains everything, does it not?"

Grace could not speak. She walked on in silence. The yellow glow of sunset still lingered in the sky. A lofty hill on the right shone with the reflected glory; a tiny pink cloud floated above it; here and there stars began to appear, gleaming like diamonds on the breast of night. The hills, the fields, the steel-blue distance showing beneath the strip of pale, clear sky, all wore the indescribable aspect of peace which marks the close of a lovely summer day. But Grace was scarce conscious of the calm beauty of the scene. She saw only that the others had passed out of sight, and felt nervously anxious to overtake them. Arthur had something to say first, however.

"I wonder," he began, his tones a little unsteady—"I wonder if love might be held to justify what I have done? Dare I ask you to forgive me on that plea? Perhaps you do not believe in love at first sight. I used to laugh at the idea; but now—now I know that I loved you that day when I saw you in Shears' shop. I loved you then, I have loved you ever since, and I shall always love you. Oh, do speak? Do say if you can forgive me?"

It was very hard for Grace to speak.

"Don't ask it," she said at last. "It is for you to forgive me. I have behaved very badly."

"Indeed you have not. But do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes."

"Is it because you love me or because I love you?" he asked, his voice full of gladness now.

"For both reasons, I believe," she whispered.

"How pleased my uncle will be," said Arthur, some minutes later.

[THE END.]

WEST DENE MANOR.

By J. A. OWEN, Author of "Candelaria," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A YEAR LATER.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of her hea
She opens to the day."



IT was midsummer again, and West Dene and the country round it were aglow with beauty.

Honest John Spence stood at his cottage door one evening, with a look of peace and content on his fine rugged face, while his wife sat under the porch knitting.

Presently voices were heard approaching, and down the well-known path through the wood came Helen and Ernest Myddleton.

The old woman's eyes brightened as she caught sight of them.

"I never told ye, John, as how I'd heard Miss Helen was engaged to be married. I wasn't sure as it were true; but this looks like it, don't it?"

"Ay, that it do," said John; "an' he looks a fine, likely gentleman too. That thought passed through my mind in church last Sunday, when I saw him standin' up aside of her."

"An' may I be so bold as to ask if this is the gentleman as there's bin a little talk about lately?" said old Spence, after he and his wife had exchanged the usual greetings with Helen and her companion.

Helen blushed, and before she could frame a fitting answer, he added, with a twinkle in his eye—"Ah! I can see that it's all right, Miss Helen—we don't need to say nothin' 'bout it. An' I'm sure, sir," he went on, turning to Ernest, "those as has known Miss Helen from her childhood may congratulate you most heartily."

"I feel I am a most fortunate fellow," said Ernest, in reply, as he shook the old woodman's hand warmly.

"An' when is the weddin' to be?" asked the old couple.

"Ah! there's the difficulty!" said Ernest, laughing. "Miss Warham is so beloved in West Dene that I am afraid it will be hard work to get her away from it."

"Ay, to be sure!" sighed the old lady. "Ye must come over often an' see the old place, Miss Helen; an' don't forget, when ye are in the neighbourhood, to pay us a visit. Ye'll be always right welcome."

"You may be sure we shall not forget you, Mrs. Spence," said Helen, with a loving smile.

"An' we've some good news of our own to give you, that ye'll be glad to hear, Miss Helen," continued the old woman, eagerly. "Father, show the young lady the letter as we've jest had from John."

"Ay, ay, mother. We've got good news of John at last, miss. He's doin' fine out at Leadville, in Colorado. He sez as how he has had 'a streak of luck' in a mine as he has a share in—he calls it 'a real Bonanzer,' whatever that may be. I reckon it's somethin' good."

"Is that letter an answer to the one I addressed for you to him about a year ago?" asked Helen.

"Yes. Ye see, he sez as how he couldn't write often, an' we're not to fret if we doesn't hear from him for a spell or so. John was never very handy wi' his pen; leastways, he had no fancy for that sort o' thing."

"On'y to think it's a whole year since we wrote him that letter," put in Mrs. Spence.

"Well, there's been many changes since then, an' most on 'em changes for the better—ain't they, Miss Helen?" said the old man.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with a beaming smile of gratitude on her sweet face, as her thoughts dwelt on all that had happened in those twelve short months.

Helen and Ernest wandered back through the wood. There were numberless paths leading from it to West Dene. They chose one of the longest, and, leaving the wood behind, came out upon a grassy hill thick with bracken, fern, gorse, and heather. The evening sun was casting a golden glory over everything, tingeing the dark firs behind, and illumining the landscape with an almost unearthly glow.

"Let us sit down for a little, Nell," said Ernest; "this is glorious. What a magnificent sky!"

They sat silent for some minutes; then Helen spoke—

"Ernest, do you know it is exactly a year to-day since we met each other for the first time?"

He smiled. "Did you think I had forgotten the circumstance?" he asked.

"I don't know. It only struck me while we were talking to old Spence; I had not thought of it before."

"But I had," said Ernest. "Do you think I could forget anything so important?" he added, with a mischievous smile. "Though, by the way," he went on, "our first meeting must have taken place before that."

"Oh, yes, I know," she answered. "What I mean is, that that meeting was a special one."

"Yet you rushed off the moment you had said 'How do ye do.' Do you remember?"

"Rather!" she said, laughing. "If I had not done so you would have had no supper. It seems so strange," she added, meditatively, "to think how we lived in those days—such pinching and scraping; and everything is so changed now."

"Yes, indeed," Ernest said, playfully; "you have had care and anxiety enough; it shall not be my fault if you do not have a freer and brighter life now. You believe I shall be able to make you happy, don't you, darling?" he asked, bending over her lovingly.

"Believe it?" she said, smiling; "I *know* it, Ernest!"

"After all," she went on, thoughtfully, "it is as well, perhaps, that I have known some of the cares and anxieties that press so heavily on many. Why should I expect to be all my life free from trouble, when there is so much sorrow in the world? We will try, will we not, Ernest, to help some of those who are less fortunate than ourselves?" —and there was an earnest look in her sweet clear eyes that moved the young man much.

He did not answer, but the clasp of his hand told her that their thoughts on that point were one.

"Nell," he said, suddenly, "has it ever struck you that there is more than a cousinly love between Ted and Fay?"

"No," said Helen. "You surely don't think that!"

"I am quite sure of it on Ted's side; and you know there is nothing against it, the cousinship is so distant."

"Yes," said Helen, thoughtfully. "You see, it never struck me, for we have been brought up so much together. How do you think they would suit?" she asked, wistfully.

"Down to the ground," was his decisive answer. "Have I ever told you," he went on, "how Ted once described her to me before I had seen her?"

"No."

"Well, he came out pat with a quotation from Sir John Suckling—he said it was most appropriate—

'She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.'"

"Yes, that is a good description of Fay," said Helen, smiling.

"Do you think your mother would like the match, Nell?"

"I believe she would be delighted. I have often thought," she added, a little sadly, "that Fay, with her bright, merry-hearted ways, suited poor little mother better than myself. She often tells me I take things too seriously."

"I only know she wouldn't have pulled through her troubles as well as she has done if it hadn't been for you, little woman," said Ernest, with a tender clasp of her hand. "Miss Fay is all very well, but you know tastes differ—this grave little person suits me best."

"Well," she said, smiling, "if the person I love best in the world is satisfied with me, I ought to be content."

"By Jove, it is getting late!" cried Ernest, starting up. "Fay will pitch into us when we reach home." He wrapped Helen carefully in her little

Shetland shawl, and, linking her arm in his, walked briskly homewards.

They were at West Dene in about a quarter of an hour. The sun had set by the time they reached the gates; but twilight had hardly begun, and a soft rose colour, fading into pale amber, still lingered in the western sky.

"Oh, Ernest!" said Helen, pausing for a moment to watch the light through the trees, "to think how different things might have been! How wonderfully good has come out of evil for us."

They were silent for some minutes, saying nothing, conscious only of each other's presence in that sweet dreamy condition in which lovers spend so much of their time together, while the uninitiated vainly wonder what they are finding to say to each other.

Their reverie was interrupted by a figure which came rushing at full speed down the avenue.

It was Fay.

"Where on earth have you two been all this time?" she asked, unceremoniously linking her arm in Helen's. "There is quite a *levée* on the lawn," she continued—"Dr. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. Eustace, Mr. Dennis, and Rex. Aunty has asked them all to stay to supper. We were just thinking of going in—it is beginning to get rather chilly."

"Surely mother is not out still," said Helen, a little anxiously; "it is not good for her."

"Aunty is so proud of being so much better, that she forgets at times to be prudent," rejoined Fay.

"Ah! here are the truants," cried the rector's cheery voice, as the three came in sight.

"Aunty Nell, you are always going walks with Mr. Myddleton now. Every time I've come here you've been out with him."

It was Rex who spoke, in rather an aggrieved tone. A year had made a considerable difference in his appearance. He was growing a fine manly little fellow, and talked and looked less like a baby than before. Robin had gone to a boarding-school, so Rex was advanced to the dignity of being his father's chief companion, of which honour he was very proud. He was almost as much at West Dene as ever, though he saw very little of Helen now. He did not quite understand why Ernest Myddleton monopolised so much of her time, and privately thought him very selfish.

Mr. Dennis had become convinced some time ago that it was better to give up the idea of marrying again. He resumed his friendship with Helen on the old footing, and no congratulations were more sincere and hearty than those offered to her by him on her engagement to young Myddleton.

"I think, little mother, it is hardly wise for you to be out so late," said Helen, touching Mrs. Warham's arm.

"I daresay you are right, Nell. I quite forgot the time." She rose as she spoke, and Ernest stepped forward to give her his arm.

"Really you must leave off treating me as an invalid," she said, laughing.

"You must call it chivalry on my part," said Ernest, with a smile. As Helen watched her mother's bright expression of face and her quick, light step, her heart was filled with gratitude, which found expression in a silent heart-felt prayer of thanksgiving.

As she turned, her face radiant with happiness, she encountered Mr. Eustace.

"What is this *unusually* bright sunshine for?" he asked.

She laughed. "I think it is joy at seeing mother so much better; but in fact it is impossible not to feel bright when I think of the contrast between to-day and this time last year. Mr. Eustace, I feel we can never be grateful enough to you for the share you have had in making us all so happy," she added, quickly.

"I have not done much. I think, if the truth be told, the whole of us are greatly indebted to you, child," he said, laying his hand on Helen's shoulder. "You, especially, I should say"—turning to young Myddleton, who had just joined them. "You have a treasure here, Myddleton—mind you value her properly," he added.

Ernest smiled, and taking her arm, led her off to the house.

"Nell, Nell!" cried Fay.

"Well, sprite, what now?" asked her cousin, laughing.

"I heard some of your conversation with Mr. Eustace, and the praise you bestowed on certain persons for their virtues; and it struck me I might put in a word for poor old Uncle Beauchamp. It certainly was good of him to leave us his money, not to speak of the further consideration he showed in departing this life just at the very moment when his wealth could be of service in saving West Dene."

It is, perhaps, necessary to explain that Mr. Beauchamp, whose death had occurred some months before, had left the bulk of his fortune to the Warhams. This enabled them to pay off the mortgage money without having recourse to Mr. Eustace's generosity, though the old gentleman still insisted on bearing the expense of Ted's education for his future career. Uncle Beauchamp's money did more than pay off the mortgage; it placed the Warhams completely beyond the reach of poverty for the future.

"Fay, you are incorrigible," was Helen's reply to her cousin's remark. "But," she added, gravely, "we ought indeed to be very grateful to him."

"And," said Fay, mimicking her tone, "very grateful to Providence for summoning him to his reward at such a convenient season."

"Ah!" she went on, as they entered the library, "I take credit to myself for having been a true prophet all through. I always felt we should never lose West Dene. I knew something would turn up to keep us in the dear old place."

Fay's voice softened, and something very like tears stood in her eyes. She turned abruptly to the window and looked out on the now fast gathering twilight. One bright star was twinkling in the sky.

Suddenly Ted was at her side. "Fay," he said, "you have been like that star to me, shining when darkness was gathering round our home. Stay with me always?"

She started. "Oh, Ted!" she exclaimed, turning her eyes, that shone like twin stars, upon him. But she saw in his what made her eyelids droop, and Ted knew that his request was granted.



CHEESE AND BUTTER SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

By FANNY L. GREEN.



Now that the world is beginning to adopt Talleyrand's dictum, that every girl should be trained to exercise the talents useful in the government of a family, and that facilities for learning trades suitable to the sex should be granted those of their number who have to earn an independent livelihood, a special interest attaches to the cheese and butter schools which within the last two or three years have been successfully established in the West of England.

Every year more arable land in England is being laid down to grass, and dairy-farming is increasing in importance. In many dairies the old-fashioned method of butter and cheese-making by rule of thumb is still practised, but all over the country the press of foreign competition is creating the desire to use the scientific methods to which the success of foreign cheese and butter is due.

Here, then, is a fresh field of employment for girls. The stress of competition is at present unfelt in it, while it offers healthy work for mind and body, and very fair remuneration. In the south-west of Scotland, where an association of farmers was desirous of improving their system of dairying, they had to send to Denmark—a country which has ten State-aided dairy schools, and exports to us nearly three million pounds' worth of butter a year—for a teacher; and when he came to the district the enterprise was not altogether successful, owing to the fact that the Dane was unable to speak the language of his employers. To get skilled teachers of cheese-making the association had to send to the United States of America and to Canada. Nor is this an isolated instance. The managers of the Cheshire Dairy School, established in 1886, could find no efficient teacher of butter-making in Great Britain, and had to engage the services of a skilled dairymaid who had been carefully instructed at the Munster Dairy School, near Cork.

A great step in advance was taken by the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society in the autumn of 1888, when it established a travelling butter school. This school has been held in town halls, corn exchanges, malt-houses, disused factories, skating rinks, market-halls, a hotel ball-room, and a metropolitan dairy, and during the three years of its existence has given practical instruction to four hundred and fifty students. Two medals and a host of money prizes have been gained by the students of the school at agricultural shows and butter-making competitions, and nearly ten thousand spectators have at different times witnessed the instruction given.

A complete course of instruction in butter-making lasts ten days, and the fee charged is a guinea. In the morning, explanations, practically illustrated, of the various processes and appliances are given by two teachers, and in the afternoon the students, under their supervision, have each a gallon of cream served out to them to make into butter.

Milk comes from the cow at a temperature of about 95°, and should be cooled at once, whether it is going to be used for making butter or cheese or not. If milk is put straight into tea the beverage loses all its delicate aroma. Some people neither cool nor aërate their milk, but even the most slovenly dairymaid strains it, if only through a cloth.

The Laval Separator is used in the Bath Travelling School directly the milk is cooled. It revolves about five thousand times a minute, and separates thirty to forty-five gallons an hour, leaving the milk perfectly sweet. As the vessel containing the milk rapidly revolves the light cream is gathered to the centre and the heavier milk to the outside, while the fresh milk poured into the separator through a funnel forces the cream into a receiver through one pipe and the skimmed milk into another receiver through a second pipe. This labour-saving appliance is only applicable to large dairies; and other methods of raising cream are therefore shown to the students, most of whom are farmers' wives and daughters actually engaged, or about to engage, in the business of dairying.

The old-fashioned system of cream-raising is that of shallow setting in broad fleet pans, but the foreign fashion of deep setting is now increasing in popularity. The three best-known systems are the Suartz system, to which the high reputation of Danish and Swedish butter is due; the Cooley system, and the Hardin system. In the Suartz system deep oval tins are set in a tank of ice-water; in the Cooley system the deep round tins are submerged in a tank of cold water; and in the Hardin system the milk is placed in a cupboard or chamber, the air of which is cooled by ice. The cream raised by these methods of deep setting is thinner, heavier, more consistent, and produced in larger quantities than that set in shallow pans. It rises rapidly, yields a large proportion of butter and perfectly sweet skim milk, and claims to economise time, space, material, and labour.

The temperature at which cream goes into the churn is not an indifferent matter. If it be too low, the butter will be long in coming; if too high, the butter will be soft and spongy. The end-over-end churns are used in the school. They have no dashers or beaters, and are easily cleaned and manipulated.

When the butter is thoroughly separated the butter-milk is filtered through hair sieves to collect the particles of butter left in it. While it is quite fresh if it be strained through a cloth and suspended for a short time to drip, the thick portion may be sweetened, flavoured, and whisked like fresh cream, thus making a palatable syllabub; and when the butter-milk is a few days old, if it be mixed with dry flour to which a little carbonate of soda has been added, the dough will make delicious bread, rolls, and scones. Butter-milk is a simple and wholesome remedy for sunburn and freckles, and when made hot and sweetened a good glassful taken at night will assist in throwing off a bad cold.

Butter, when formed, has to be worked to get out the butter-milk, get in the salt, and make the butter as compact as possible. Advocates of butter-workers claim that all these objects are best served by their use, while their opponents say that it is impossible to retain the natural crisp, waxy texture which is one of the best features of good butter when wooden apparatus is used to work it. When worked by hand, coolness and perfect cleanliness are most essential, and a plan often recommended is for the dairymaid to well wash her hands in fine oatmeal and water as hot as can be borne and then plunge them in water till they are quite cold.

The Bath Society pays its travelling teachers a guinea a week each and their travelling expenses, and provides them with board and lodging, but of course no payment is made to them during the vacations.

Cheese-making is a longer and more expensive undertaking than butter-making, and it was not till last year that the Society found itself justified in establishing a cheese school. The experiment proved very successful, and is being repeated this year at Vallis Farm, Frome. The complete course consists of four weeks' instruction, for which the fee is eight guineas, a charge which includes board and lodging. Last year ninety-two students availed themselves of the instruction given, but the larger number stayed for only part of the time.

Cheddar cheese, which is the cheese made at the Society's school, was famous as far back as Queen Elizabeth's reign. The milk of several farms was then made into one cheese, which was generally so large as to require two men to set it on the table.

Cheese-making begins at the school as early as seven o'clock in the morning. The milk, previously strained and cooled, is heated in cheese tubs to a temperature of 80° to 82°. Rennet and sour whey are then added to it, and the mass is carefully stirred, thus producing a grain in the curd.

When the curd is ready to cut, the curd-knife, a single blade as long as the depth of the tub in which it is to be used, is passed through the mass in opposite directions, cutting it into blocks of six or eight inches square. The skimming-dish then comes into requisition. It is a round, thin, perforated plate with a handle, and is used to split the curd into lumps four or five inches thick. These lumps having been reduced with a breaker to the size of peas, the curd is scalded, after which it is stirred with the breaker till it feels "shotty," or is hard enough to rub between the fingers without adhering to them. The curd then sinks to the bottom of the tub and remains under the whey for half an hour, when the whey is drawn off.

A compact heap is then made of the curd, and in half an hour's time it is cut into two or three pieces and re-piled, those parts that were most exposed before being now turned inwards. The mass is at last cut into pieces, spread out, and dried. Directly it begins to turn brown it is ready to grind.

When the curd comes from the curd mill it is gathered into a cheese-cloth and pressed in a frame. The grinding causes the curd to pack evenly, assists the remaining whey to escape, and uniformly distributes the salt throughout the cheese. But the cheese is still a tough, curdy-like mass, as unfit for food as unbaked dough. It has yet to go through the process of ripening in the cheese room, where it is turned over every day for a month, and every other day for two months more.

There is much scope for judgment in cheese-making. First, the milk must not be set to coagulate at a varying temperature, as is often the case where the maid trusts her hand, whose heat must vary, rather than the thermometer. If the temperature be too low the curd will remain soft, and if it be too high the curd will be hard and dry, and the cheese will

be deficient in moisture. Then the rennet needs careful preparation or the cheese will have a nasty flavour.

The curd, too, has to be cut very slowly and gently, care being taken not to bruise it. If it be cut irregularly the texture of the cheese will not be uniform. The results of not getting the whey properly out are even more disastrous. The cheese will be sweet and a bad colour, and will bulge and crack and decay without ripening. It is also important to add just the right quantity of salt to check fermentation. If too much be put the cheese never ripens, and if too little it decays quickly. The richer the cheese the less is the quantity of salt required to keep it.

The Departmental Commission on Agricultural Schools, among its recommendations, has included the foundation of a central training college for teachers of dairy work; and seven district dairy schools, and the University College of North Wales at Bangor, is prepared to spend £1000 a year in carrying on agricultural instruction by means of dairy schools and by peripatetic teachers in villages and towns. Soon the primitive dairy appliances existing in remote country districts will give place to newer and more scientific methods, and England will draw less and less dairy produce from abroad. Already the dairymaid has ceased to break up her curd with a wooden bowl, and press out the whey from it by kneeling on a flat piece of wood placed over the cheese vat. That Englishwomen are not merely mechanical followers of systems already in use is proved by the fact that the Stiltons, which have made England famous as a cheese country, are the invention of a woman. They were first made by a Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham.

A COLLEGIATE "AT HOME."

By ANNE BEALE.

THE Council of Westfield College requests the honour of your company on Saturday, the 20th of June, 1891, at an 'At Home,' to celebrate the removal of the College from the temporary premises in Maresfield Gardens to the new college buildings in Kidderpore Avenue, Finchley Road, N.W. The whole of the college premises will be open for inspection."

Such was the invitation sent to some eight hundred friends interested in the education of women, and to judge from the flow of guests during the whole afternoon, most, if not all, must have accepted it. It was computed that at least seven hundred visitors were present. It was a gay and festive scene. Carriages innumerable brought their freight of visitors; and the servants and horses rejoiced in the shade of such umbrageous trees as the spoilers have still left to "Happy Hampstead." Omnibuses were driven to and from the neighbouring stations, filled with gay people, and it was apparent that what is called "the higher education of women" is now very much to the front. What is remarkable is that not only feminine but masculine prejudice is melting away; for gentlemen were as numerous as ladies in this gathering, and were nothing loth to be waited upon by "sweet girl-graduates" in the magnificent dining-hall, in which a feast of very good things indeed was spread.

But we have not yet reached that portion of the entertainment, which takes place in the newly-built wing of the large building. The reception-rooms are in the old, ancestral mansion, once known as Kidderpore Hall, and which stands out grey and imposing from its added wing of red brick. A flight of steps and a handsome portico lead to these, in the chief of which Miss Maynard, the mistress, received her guests. She has been principal of the college, and we might almost say its motive power, ever since it was founded in 1882. Everyone who knows her will congratulate her and her numerous *aides-de-camp* on the completion of this difficult work. She came to it from Girton College, Cambridge, and is a certificated student in honours of that college. She lives in this central portion of Westfield, where two resident lecturers and a few of the students also have their rooms. The library, council-room, common room, and two lecture-rooms are also situated in this old Hall, which has doubtless undergone many changes, but none so strange and important as the last. Every room is adorned with flowers, which have been strewn lavishly on mantelshelf and table till Kidderpore Hall seems a garden. A handsome conservatory is at one side, also containing rich floral treasures; so that between the grounds without, and the ornamentation within, we may imagine ourselves in a vast *parterre*.

The new wing, like the original structure, is open for inspection, and the visitors wander in and out of the apartments dedicated to the students. Each of these has a bedroom and sitting-room communicating with one another; and when we understand that forty students and two lecturers can be accommodated in this wing, its length and height may be imagined. It contains, moreover, a large laboratory and the dining-hall aforementioned. Taste and female handiwork are everywhere apparent in the students' homes, for they must be very much "at home" in the artistically decorated rooms they call their own while at the college. Walls and tables are all covered with pretty knick-knacks, and the afternoon tea-service is *de rigueur*, showing that hospitality reigns at Westfield.

There are certainly grand symptoms of it in the big dining-hall. A constant influx of guests must try the patience of the ready and expert waitresses, but does not exhaust it or the good cheer provided. The room is so large, lofty, and airy, that one feels inclined to linger in it, and to take more than one's share of the excellent feast. But good manners suggest the necessity of making room for others; so we explore the gardens, where again hospitality displays itself. "Under the greenwood tree" is a table whence white-robed students carry ices to hot and thirsty souls, and round about which, on the lawn, innumerable seats are placed. A good band adds harmony to the entertainment, and drowns the choirs of such feathered minstrels as still linger amongst the trees.

As yet the building mania has not quite banished the birds, and so long as the destroyers leave us a tree here and there, so long will those benefactors of mankind remain. But where are the nightingales, larks, cuckoos, of old Hampstead? Echo answers—where? On the Heath, perhaps; and our college is not far from that delightful spot.

"Our College!" We remember it when first established in Maresfield Gardens in 1882, and have in our possession a card of membership of The Christian Women's Education Union, bearing date 1883, and containing, amongst other subjects for prayer, "The Christian College at Hampstead." The motto on this card is, "That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." This was the end sought, and we hope achieved, in the foundation of Westfield College. One lady alone, Miss Dudin Brown, made over to the trustees the sum of £10,000, avowedly for "The establishment of a college for the higher education of women on Christian principles." Other colleges have doubtless similar views, but this is, and must be, essentially Christian. The mistress herself conducts the morning and evening worship of "the Giver of all good gifts," and holds a weekly Bible-class for all the pupils. "The religious teaching is in accordance with the Church of England, but all the students need not necessarily be members of that Church." The age of admission is eighteen, and the course of study similar to that of other colleges. But the students are not urged, we are thankful to say, to overtask energy and strength by pressing forwards towards degrees, though many take them at University College, and all are encouraged to try one or more examinations when their health, abilities, and time at their disposal make it desirable.

It is very interesting to learn that of the nine students who have passed their examinations for the Bachelor of Arts degree from Westfield College, two are now missionary teachers, one as principal of the Bishop Poole Memorial School, Asaka, Japan; the other as head-mistress, Blœmhof, Stellenbosch, South Africa. Amongst the twelve others who have passed the matriculation examination two are also working in the "Dark Continent," one in connection with the Church Missionary Society in the River Niger Mission, West Africa; the other as assistant-mistress, Blœmhof, Stellenbosch, South Africa. Space fails to enumerate those who are resident lecturers or mistresses at Westfield and elsewhere. In these our so-called "advanced" days, when not only many men, but many women, openly declare themselves sceptics, and embrace the most confusing theories, Christian parents must rejoice to know that there is a college in which they can place their daughters without fear of their being led astray from the religion of the Bible. To judge from the quiet and unpretentious manners of the students, that religion tends to make young women modest and pleasing, and does not encourage the strong-mindedness said to have come in with the forced culture of the period. Classics, mathematics, and the sciences are therefore no barriers to feminine graces; and even that much-ridiculed B.A. can be borne with becoming humility by women who are Christians not only in name but in deed and in truth.

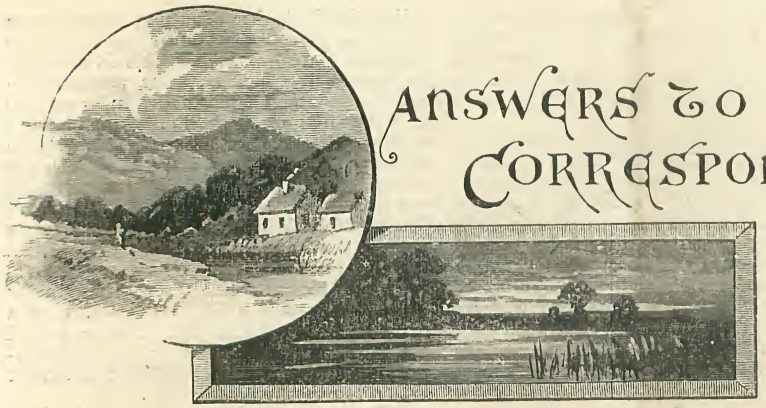
People are constantly wondering what our grandmothers and great-grandmothers would say to this and that, and we cannot help wondering at what the previous generation of possessors of Kidderpore Hall would think of "the higher education of women" as exemplified by the present owners of the property. They would look on the world as turned topsy-turvy, and women as usurping men's place. Some people of our time look on it much in

that light now; therefore it behoves both teachers and learners to "use moderation in all things." Certainly the refinement and grace of womanhood are as visible in this "At Home" of to-day as they could have been a hundred years ago when Hampstead was genuine country and Kidderpore Avenue had not been imagined. May English girls ever strive to preserve the character for female virtue handed down to them by past generations, and, whether the standard of their education be high or not, let the standard of their conduct be regulated by the teaching of God's Holy Word.

These moral reflections are interrupted by a lady who suddenly enquires for a "Report of the College." A student, with ready civility, instantly procures one. We glance over it and find it concise and comprehensive. The Secretary will gladly forward one on application, and the recipient will be pleased to read the names of many of the excellent of the earth among the list of vice-presidents, trustees, and council, as well as the names of those students who have passed through the college. We quote the following paragraph:—"The Council desire to draw attention to the need that exists for the establishment and endowment of scholarships to assist those to whom higher education, as a preparation for earning their own livelihood, is a necessity and not a luxury, and who are too often unable to meet the cost of education. Several have been already given from time to time by members of the council and other friends of the college."

This is encouraging to young aspirants, and we hope the hint may be taken.

The afternoon passes quickly. Carriages and their fortunate occupants depart. Omnibuses pick up parties and individual guests, and the college and grounds grow less crowded. But it takes a long time to disperse seven hundred people, and Miss Maynard and the members of the council must be tired of their somewhat laborious day. Still they have every reason to rejoice at the establishment of Westfield College, and the delightful celebration they have afforded its friends. We are sure that all the guests will give a vote of thanks, and bid the work God-speed.



Answers to Correspondents.

EDUCATIONAL.

JENNIE.—Your education has not been such, apparently, or you have not profited by it, to qualify you for a situation as a nursery governess. Your spelling and style of writing are so bad. For example, you say, "We are respected so much *down home* that I could n't *bare* to be treated like an inferior;" also, you write "controle," "greatful," and "grate desire," and speak of your "pa and ma." We do not point these out to you in any unkindness, but to show you that unless you can qualify yourself much better for the vocation of a teacher, you had better do so for some other path in life.

S. M. C.—There is the Popular Book Club from which you can obtain books, from seven volumes (at 10s. per annum) to seventy-five volumes. They can be exchanged quarterly or half-yearly; address the Secretary or Libarian, 25C, The Pavement, Clapham, S.W. There is also the lending library of the Association of Assistant Mistresses at 22, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., to which the annual subscription is only 6s.; address the Librarian, Miss King. Should you wish to have access to the library of the British Museum you will have to obtain recommendations from two householders, and you must be upwards of twenty-one years old. Forms of application can be had from the principal librarian.

MUSIC.

FOND OF MUSIC.—1. The bar which you send should be in common 4-time.—2. Lady Brassey, who died at sea, wrote *A Voyage in the Sunbeam*, and other books—*Sunshine and Storm in the East*, the letterpress to Col. Stuart Wortley's series of photographs entitled *Tahiti, A Voyage in the Eothen, In the Trades, The Tropics, and the Roaring Forties*, and *The Last Voyage*.

ROSALINDE.—Certainly over fatigue would be bad for the voice; but moderate exercise being conducive to health, would benefit rather than deteriorate it.

TWINKLING STAR.—The Amateur Musical Club, Secretary, Miss E. Rees, Stafford House, Finchley Road, N.W., might suit you. Half-an-hour or an hour's practice required daily—vocal or instrumental. Prizes of books or music can be chosen to the value of 3s.

ALICE.—We do not know of any hospital-home in Southampton where servants are trained to be hospital nurses. In the provinces you will find training schools for this purpose, as, for instance, at Cambridge (13, Fitzwilliam Street), and at Birmingham; and at Nottingham women are trained free of charge.

ART.

MAY.—It is against our rule to give our correspondents the addresses of professional persons or of tradesmen. You had better look for the shops of picture dealers and offer your paintings for sale, paying a commission upon them and for standing room.

SALUNE (Tasmania).—It gives us pleasure to learn that our illustrations are appreciated, and, in your case, those representing Royal Academy pictures, "A Hopeless Dawn" being specially noted.

GEORGIE (Montreal).—We read your nice and beautifully-written letter with interest. You might make a screen by stretching some thin calico cloth over a common kitchen clothes-horse, and paste thin cartridge paper (of an unbleached white colour), and upon this arrange coloured pictures—advertisements, with the letterpress covered by other little pictures, and engravings out of illustrated papers. This will brighten the room and prove a comfort likewise. A few hanging bookshelves are desirable, the edges draped with bright fringe nailed on with brass-headed tacks. Brackets of plain deal covered with coloured cloth likewise tacked on, and a draping for mantel-shelf. If badly off for a cupboard, get a carpenter to make you a few three-sided shelves to be put up in a corner against two walls, and make some coloured calico or *crétonne* gathered flounces to nail on each, so as to hide what you lay on them.

SPIDER.—1. You will find instructions for "Lustra Painting" in vol. iv. p. 373 (March 17th, 1883). We do not think that anyone perfectly a novice at any kind of painting, and who cannot even draw, could teach herself the art of lustra painting.—2. November 2nd, 1869, was a Tuesday.

DAISY B.—You had better get some artist to see the picture. It is impossible to say by whom the work was executed, and only an expert and experienced connoisseur could decide whether the signature be genuine or not.

COOKERY.

RUBY RUSSELL.—To make Tartar Sauce, take a bowl of moderate size, beat up the yolk of an egg for two or three minutes, drop salad oil into it gradually, beating well between every drop till the sauce be thick and dark. Then add Tarragon vinegar in the same gradual way, stirring the while, and a little salt, sugar, and pepper. One or two spoonfuls of chopped pickles should then be stirred in, and of chopped chevril, but if not at hand substitute chopped parsley, adding a little more Tarragon at the last.

DOLLY.—*The Girl's Own Cookery Book*, to be had from our Publisher.

LITTLE ENQUIRER.—To make "girdle cakes," two eggs are allowed to a pint of meal; the milk should be rather warm, and the mixture should be well beaten up with a spoon; add to it one spoonful of wheat flour and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. There must be milk enough to enable the mixture to be poured on the griddle, which should be greased while warm.

BERTHA.—A nice little breakfast dish may be made of the dry remains of a ham. It is called "ham toast." Mince the lean very finely, beat up the yolks of two eggs and mix all well together, adding as much cream or stock as will make it soft. Warm it well in a saucepan (you may almost allow it to boil), stirring all the time. Get ready some slices of buttered toast and lay the mixture upon it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNSHINE.—A man cannot always walk at the right-hand side of his lady companion, inasmuch as he must always take the outside of the walk or pavement.

ANXIOUS ONE has only to give a list of the numbers she requires to her stationer or newspaper agent, and order them through him; or else obtain them direct from our Publisher at this address.

VERA.—We think you would do better to look for a situation as mother's help than a nursery governess, for which latter vocation you are too young.

QUERIST.—A bride, in removing to a new home and locality, must wait to be called upon by her neighbours in her own sphere of life, as it rests with the older residents to make the acquaintance or not, as they please. Of course she may visit the poor of the parish. When the resident neighbours call on her she should lose little time in returning their visits. These will probably be followed up by invitations, which she and her husband may accept with or without making a return of the same nature. If possessing only limited means she need only to give an afternoon tea reception or garden-party, inviting all from whom she has received hospitality. A curate's wife might not be expected to do even this much.

A. RUNCIMAN.—1. Our readers do not answer our correspondents.—2. St. Swithin was a confessor, bishop, and patron of Winchester, A.D. 862. There is a tradition respecting this good man immortalised in a verse:—

> "St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain;
> St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
> For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

According to Brand (in his *Popular Antiquities*) the Bishop was noted for his uprightness and humility. As an act of self-abasement he requested to be buried outside the church, under the dropping of the rain-washed eaves, and trodden under the feet of the worshippers. But about a hundred years afterwards the clergy of that time were scandalised at the indignity offered to such a man's remains, and proposed to transfer them with great pomp to the cathedral. But downpours of rain came on and put a stop to the arrangements, and it continued to rain during forty days without intermission, which fact was construed by the superstitious people into an indication of Divine displeasure at the attempted frustration of the good saint's wishes. The result was that the remains were left where they were, but a chapel was erected over the grave instead.

MOONSHINE.—When you ask pardon of anyone, they should smile and bow slightly, and reply, "Don't mention it," or "Not at all;" "Thank you—you did not hurt me," etc., as the case might be; and if anything were knocked down, they might say, "Pray do not trouble about it," etc. When an apology is made, nothing could be more vulgar than to reply, "Granted."



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MADAME DOLFINI.

TESSA AND TONINE.

A STORY FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

BY AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.

CHAPTER I.

"WILL you give me some of those nice grapes—only a few—for my brother Tonine, if I play you my prettiest tunes?"

"What! give you my fruit for that ugly scraping noise you call music! I should think not, indeed! Haven't you got any money?"

"No," replied the child. "I've not taken a *sou* to-day, and Tonine, my twin brother, ah! he is so ver' sick"—and the dark, melancholy eyes filled with tears.

"And who is Tonine, that I should give him my grapes? He is nothing to me."

"Ah! sir, but as I told to you, he is my brother—my very own—all I have in the world; and he is so ill; he is never so well as I, and he could not eat the bread which was all I had to give him. Ah, me! what shall I do! The grapes cure illness in my Italy."



"'THERE—DON'T CRY!' SAID THE FRUIT-SELLER."

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"There—don't cry!" said the fruit-seller, who was touched by the child's grief, and by her love for her brother also. "Here—take these"—giving the child a small bunch of grapes—"and mind—don't come here again!"

Tessa was so pleased, and such a bright flush of pleasure came over her pale face. She was running off as fast as she could when a policeman, who just then saw her, looked so sternly at the child that she was struck with fear. He thought, no doubt, that she was running off with the grapes from the shop door. Stopping short, she said, "The fruit-seller gave them to me, sir; you can ask him."

"All right, little one. It's like him—he's good to the poor, and a kind man." So Tessa ran gladly, carrying the grapes and the little violin, which she knew how to play with no mean power for a child of ten.

Tessa Dolfini and her twin brother Tonine had become orphans in Paris, where, before their mother died of a broken heart for the loss of her soldier husband, they had lived.

The husband fell at the gates of Rome, when the city was taken at the time of the French occupation.

Through the kindness of a Neapolitan, who was a small tradesman in Paris, they were drafted to London, where a brother of their late mother had work with a statuary. It was Tessa's mother's last expressed wish that the orphans should try to get to London, where she trusted her brother would help and protect the orphan children. She had carefully written down their uncle's address, and enclosed it with a small sum of money. She had given also her Bible, which had belonged to her husband, the gift of the good Christians who distributed these holy books to the Italian soldiers. Whilst still able to speak, she had given many charges to Tessa, whose thoughtfulness and care of her had been the mother's great reward for never-failing love to her fatherless babes.

Jacopo Modena, the friend who had received Madame Dolfini's last wishes, sent them, under a servant's care, to see them across the Channel, and place them in their uncle's charge. But alas! their relative had emigrated to Australia with his family. It was fortunate for the orphan children that in case of any delay Jacopo Modena had asked the person into whose charge he had put them to take them to a respectable woman, with whom he had himself lodged the only time he visited London, and to pay a month in advance; and he having done so, the poor little ones were left in the midst of strangers, desolate and alone in London.

The great kindness of Signor Jacopo Modena was caused in this way. He pitied the children of the poor Italian woman, as a compatriot would do. But there was trouble in his own house, and for a time he did not attend to the mother's wishes as to sending them to London. Going one day to the cemetery of Montmartre, to visit the graves of two dear little ones whom he had shortly before laid there in solemn rest, he heard the sound of that strong but subdued sobbing by which children make known their sorrow.

"Oh! *madre, mia cara*, do come back to us—we are so lonely without you! Oh! Tonine, what shall we do?"—and, pressing her tear-stained cheek against her twin brother's, they bowed their heads over the newly-made grave.

Signor Modena was deeply affected at the grief of these lonely orphans, and infinitely more so when they sobbed out the fact that the landlady had told them she required the poor room *au quatriéme* that they had occupied since their mother's death until that morning. Then they remembered that dear mother's words—that although she was going away from them, the good God would let her watch over them; and, children like, they had gone to her grave to tell her their trouble, in all innocent faith, believing that, when nearer where she lay, her spirit would see and hear them.

The kindly voice of Jacopo Modena calmed the grief-stricken little ones, and he told them not to cry, saying that he would see the landlady, and get her to allow them to stay until he arranged for sending them to their uncle in London.

CHAPTER II.

When little Tessa arrived at the attic chamber near Hatton Garden, where her brother lay in all the unrest of a feverish cold, and saw the grapes that his sister held up before him, he seemed to revive at their very sight, and said that he should soon be well when he had eaten them.

Tessa fed him with them to the last grape, never putting one into her own mouth. No; it was her joy to see Tonine revive with each one he ate, and then fall back on his poor bed, saying, "I am almost quite better now, Tessa, and to-morrow we will go out and get some *sous*, and then pay that good fruit man for the grapes"—for his sister had told him how she procured them.

And indeed the grapes had done wonders in removing the feverish symptoms; and the woman of the house having brought a cup of hot soup soon afterwards, both of these remedies proved so useful, that two days afterwards the twins sat practising their harp and violin, ready for the morrow's journeyings.

Little Tessa had not been idle those two intervening days. She had been so unlucky round about the poor neighbourhood where they lived, so she thought she would try another locality.

She took her way to where there was a park, and many children of her own age playing here and there on the soft green turf, and began to tune her little violin at one of the gates near which the smart children were playing.

Tessa struck the chords of a lively Italian tune, and in a few minutes many pairs of little pattering, merry feet were dancing joyously. She was not a selfish child, but when one little child and then another put a penny into her hand, guided by the mother or nurse who was with them, and bid her play again, Tessa thought of Tonine, sick and wearying for her in their tiny room, and thanked them so heartily with her "*Grazie, belli signorini*," that one lady, who had three children with her, enjoying the really clever playing, and the soft summer morning, asked if she was alone in London.

"No, *signora bella*;* my twin brother is here with me; but he is sick—ah, so sick! He was ill after mother went to heaven."

"Poor little girl! And so you have no parents? But you have friends with you?"

And then Tessa, in her pretty Italian manner, told the young lady her story.

"Here, my child!" said Miss Power; "take this, and if the grapes do your brother good, go to the kind fruit-seller and buy some more"—giving her a shilling.

Tessa played on for some time until the children were called to go home, and then, on counting her gains, she found to her joy that they amounted to one shilling and eightpence.

Poor little child! No thought of anything for herself entered her mind—'twas all for Tonine, her dearly-loved brother; and tying the money safely in a corner of a piece of cloth which served her for a purse, she put her little instrument in its case, and with a glad heart Tessa took her way to the stall of the fruit-seller.

The man looked up from the newspaper he was reading at his shop-door, and seeing it was the child to whom he had given the grapes, said roughly—

"I thought I told you not to come again. Go away! I have no more grapes to give to you."

"I don't want you to *give* me any. See! I have the money for some"—holding out the shilling Miss Power had given to her. "I came a long way on purpose to buy them of you because you were so good to give me some."

"Well, now, that's brave—and you a furriner too. There—there's a fine little bunch! You shall have it for tuppence! Did the others do your brother—I can't say the name, but he that was ill—did they do him good?"

"Good! So good that he tell to me that if I ever came to see the good fruit-seller to tell him that the good God would—would bless him for making him better."

Tessa always spoke broken English when excited, and the bluff Englishman was interested in her pretty speaking.

"And who told him that God would bless me for giving him a few grapes?" looking over his spectacles at the bright, expressive face.

"My mother, who is up there," pointing above.

"Ah, well! now I think, although you are not English, that you are a good little girl and an honest one; and tell your brother to come and see me when he is well. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, sir, and thank you!" with a curtsey as she spoke.

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* A true Italian way of addressing those kind to them.

CHAPTER III.

FROM that time the twins got on better. Many persons stopped to hear the children play; and they played well, for all Neapolitans do. Music seems bound up in their very nature; mere children of eight or nine years of age will place their small violins against their chest and bring forth such sounds from the queen instrument as make one wonder at the power in their small brown fingers. And with their small native harps it is the same.

They were one day in the late summer drawing sweet music from their instruments, surrounded as usual by many people, when a gentleman, who had been talking to some listening ladies, declared that, although an Italian, he had never before heard such youthful performers play with such power.

When they were finished and were about to depart, the gentleman, Signor Monti, stepped up to them to give some money, and by the manner in which the two children received the gift he was quite sure that they had been respectably brought up.

He soon learnt their short history. They were not yet ten years old, and had that singular sympathy for each other, beyond their natural affection, that is often — nay, almost general — between twins.

When Signor Monti told them that some ladies and gentlemen were going to give a number of Italians a day's outing in the country, and asked them if they would like to go too, their pleased smiles and dancing eyes told their pleasure in the anticipation of seeing the country.

"You will take your instruments with you; and as there are many going who love Italy and the Italians, particularly children, I hope you will be able to make some friends; for many of these ladies and gentlemen are anxious to teach you how good God is to all His creatures, and always to little children."

"*La madre* taught us that if we were good children God would take care of us when she went to heaven. But oh! *caro signore*, we want *la madre* so badly when we go home; we want to hear her say, '*Eccovi miei fanciulli, vieni a tua madre*'—'Here you are, my children! Come to your mother.' And then she would kiss us so, and tell us always to love each other, and God would love us. And then she told us something about Jesus Christ, calling us—what was it, Tonine? Tell the *signor*."

"*La madre* she told to us that Christ said little chil'en like Tessa and me were not to be 'fraid, but to go and tell to Him what made the tears to come to us—He would be good to make us feel happy;" and speaking with a kind of awe, "Don't you seem to remember, Tessa, that *la cara madre* said He took some little boys and girls in His arms. Oh! *madre mia!* why did you leave and go 'way all de time, and never, no, never come back to poor Tonine?"

"And Tessa too," said the now weeping child. "Oh! Tonine, p'r'aps if we asked very hard God would let us go to *la madre*."

Signor Monti was much moved by the grief of the children. He saw that the mother they had lost had, in her simple way, taught her children their dependence on God, and determined the seed so sown should not be lost.

After comforting the twins to the best of his power, he bade them go home, and he would come to them on the next evening but one, and tell them when to be ready. Upon Signor Monti's recommendation they were invited to the *fête*, for the landlady of the poor room they occupied spoke kindly of their good behaviour, their affection for each other, and how pleased and content they were with some old picture-books she had lent them.

Their pleasure was enhanced the next evening when coming home. They found that the lady to whom Signor Monti was talking when he first saw the children had sent Tessa a nice dark dress and white bodice, also a bright-coloured kerchief for her head. To Tonine also was sent a dress to wear instead of the patched one he had been wearing.

"Oh! Tonine, if *la cara madre* could but see how kind these dear people are to us! Think, *caro*, to ride in a big carriage and see the fields and flowers, and hear the dear little birds singing—singing so pretty, and holding up their little heads as if they were so happy, and thanked God for all they enjoyed. Oh! 'twill be so beautiful! Ah! if *la madre* could be with us!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning that so many Italian children were looking forward to so anxiously rose warm and sunny, which made these sun-loving people say to each other, that England was not so bad after all.

The thought of giving the Italians, in and about a certain part of London where they "most did congregate," a treat into the country, emanated from a few ladies and gentlemen who had seen, during a hard winter and inclement spring, the spirit of despondency among them; and thinking to do them good, had organised this treat for them; for not only were there children, but men and women, who looked forward to the visit.

A lady who was a devoted friend to these poor strangers in a strange land had offered to let their headquarters be in a large field beyond the garden of her summer residence in a suburb of London. Here dinner was to be laid on the grass at mid-day, and at eleven o'clock a party of ladies and gentlemen arrived to welcome their guests. Never were assembled a happier or, truth to say, a more grateful party.

"*Questi signore*, how good and generous they are," said a dark-bearded man, who carried a tiny baby as dark as himself, his very small wife walking by his side. His words but expressed the general feeling of the guests. As to Tessa and Tonine, they seemed to dream.



"'AH! IF LA MADRE COULD BE WITH US!'"

"'Tis like one of the fairy stories *la madre* used to tell us," and Tonine smiled his assent, too pleased to speak.

Never was there such a dinner as that dinner. The grateful southern natures warmed to the givers of such a treat, and many of the Italians declared, in the fulness of their content, that England was after all a lovely country (for it happened to be a most charming day, sunny, and very warm), and the people, ah! so good.

After dinner Tessa and Tonine were asked to play. At one side of the large field there was a sort of colonnade, where some plants were sheltered in bad weather: these having been cleared away, chairs and stools were brought from the house, and the *signori*, as Tessa said, came to listen to their performance.

One gentleman, a clergyman, had observed with much pleasure that the children had bowed their heads for a minute or two before they began their dinner, and also when he returned thanks for all they were the first to rise. He therefore determined to watch these lonely little ones, and while the servants were placing chairs, etc., ready for the guests, he went up to them and spoke to them.

Seeing the protecting air Tessa had for her brother, he asked her how much older she was than he.

"We are twins, *signor*, but *la madre*, before she went to heaven, told me, as I was the stronger of the two, I was always to take the care of Tonine. Ah! *signor*, *il misfratel*—merging into half Italian and half English—"he so weak, for he cannot to eat what is possible to buy. He was—ah! the words will not come."

"Speak in Italian, my child—I can understand you, for I have been in your beautiful country."

Tessa clapped her small brown hands with pleasure, and then in voluble language told the Rev. Mr. Jones their history. He was much moved at hearing of the struggles two such young children had had to go through.

(To be continued.)

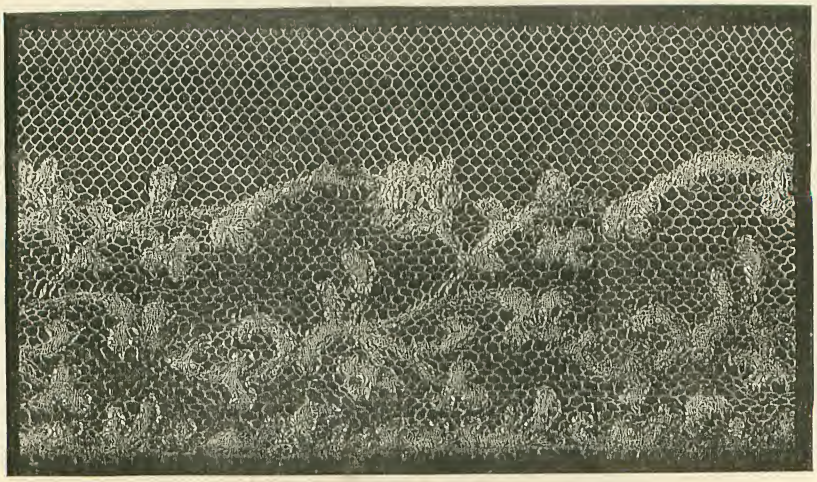


FIG. I.—ENGLISH "LILLE" LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

ENGLISH LACES.

By Mrs. ERNEST HART.

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their threads with bone," of Shakespeare's day were not the first who made lace in "merrie England." Cut work and fancy trimmings had been already made in imitation of Italian wares, and were worn by royal and noble persons; but lace, characteristically English, was not made till the sixteenth century. To an unfortunate Queen, who loved her adopted country and her unfaithful husband only too well and loyally, English pillow lace probably owes its origin. When Catherine of Aragon was obliged to renounce her home and throne, and bow to the will of her fickle husband, she retired to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, to spend her time mostly in weeping and praying. In her wretchedness she did not, however, forget the poor, who felt deeply for the deserted Queen, and became greatly attached to her; and she taught them some of the arts of needlework and lace-making of her own country. "Cattern's Day," in memory of good Queen Catherine, was kept as a holiday by the Bedfordshire lace-makers for three hundred years after her death. Queen Elizabeth was a great patron of lace, and in the inventories of her wonderful wardrobes all kinds of laces are described; but they are mostly foreign—Italian, Flemish, and Spanish. English cut work and pillow lace were not, however, disdained by great ladies, and Queen Anne, the consort of James I., provided herself largely with English "nidell worke" and "bone lace" on coming to the throne.

The greatest impetus to English lace-making was not given, however, by royal or great persons, but by the immigration into England of Flemish refugees, who taught the English workers good designs and better methods. Bitter complaints were notwithstanding made that these foreigners "do keepe their misteries to themselves."

In the time of Charles I., lace of the finest description was used not only for collars and ruffles, but to trim every article of the toilet. The English lace-makers had so greatly improved in their art, that we read of Henrietta Maria sending presents of English lace to her sister, Anne of Austria. In a letter still in existence dated February 7th, 1636, from the Countess of Leicester, who had been requested by her husband to procure for him some bone lace of English make, she writes: "The present for the Queen of France I will be careful to provide, but it cannot be handsome for that proportion of money which you do mention, for these bone laces, if they be good, are dear; but I will send the best, for the honour of my nation and my own credit."

During the Commonwealth the lace industry did not thrive; but on the Restoration it revived, though Flemish laces were certainly more in fashion than English. It was under the royal patronage of William III., who spent thousands of pounds yearly in lace for his own wardrobe, that English lace prospered; and later, owing to the influence of French refugees, it improved immensely in character. Defoe speaks of Blandford point selling at £20 a yard. Laws were passed protecting English lace, but with little effect in keeping out foreign importations. To try and overcome the taste for French lace and fineries, a society, called the "Anti-Gallicans," was established in the reign of George II. They held quarterly meetings, and gave prizes for pillow and point lace of English make, and they succeeded in a great measure in making English laces fashionable. The attempt, however, to prevent foreign laces being imported, only led to smuggling. All were engaged in the contraband trade, and ladies of title, wives of judges, and gentlemen of position, were not ashamed to recite their successful ventures, and to describe the clever way they had eluded the vigilance of the Custom House officers.

Many and strange are the stories told of the steps taken to try and compel fashionable ladies and gentlemen to wear clothes of English manufacture. George III. was a determined promoter of English manufactures, and at the marriage of his sister, the Princess Augusta, to the Duke of Brunswick, he issued a royal command that all the stuffs and laces worn

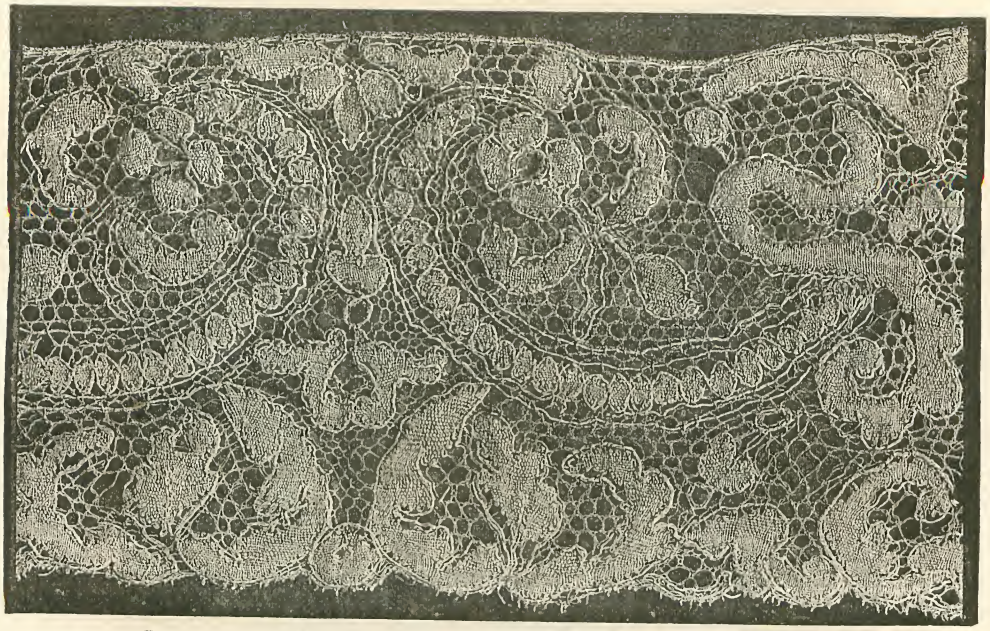


FIG. 2.—BEDFORDSHIRE "REGENCY POINT." (*From Author's Collection.*)

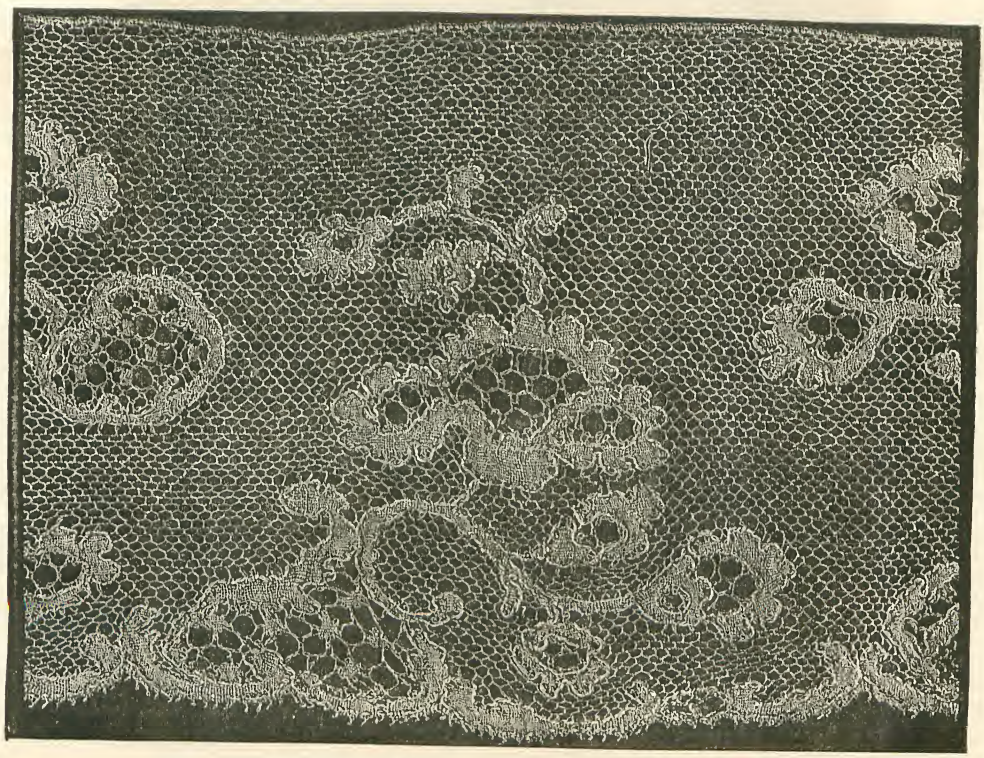


FIG. 3.—OLD BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

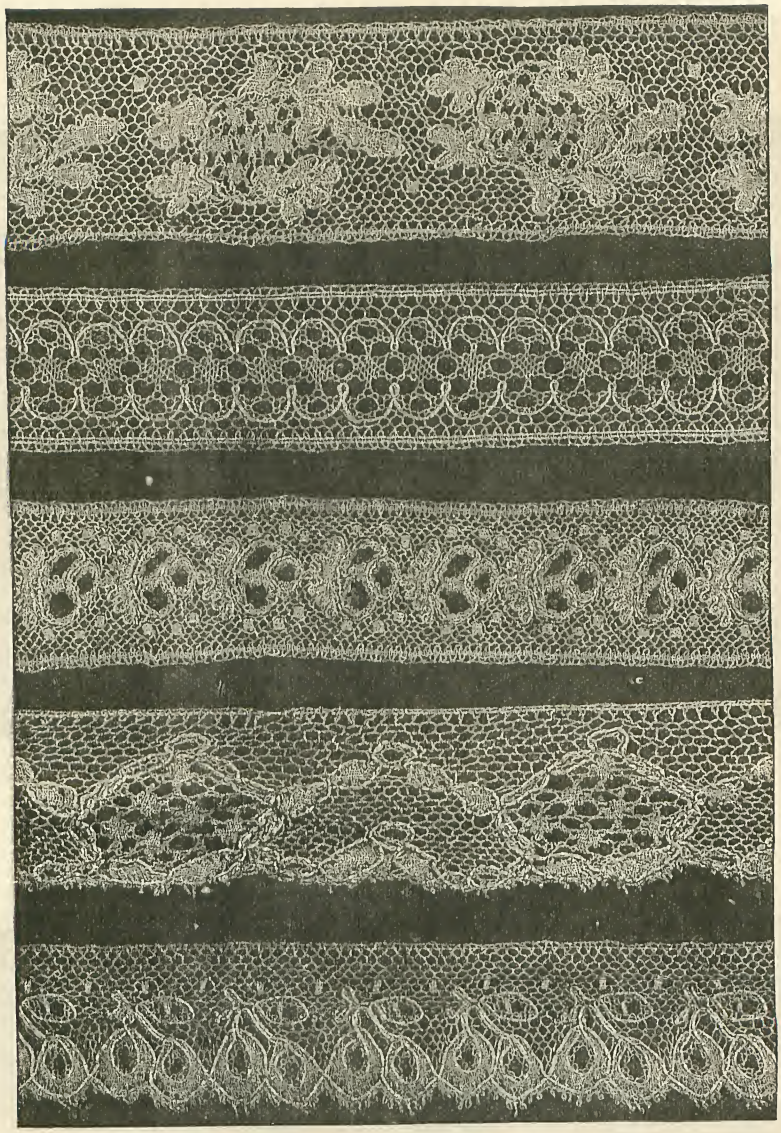


FIG. 4.—OLD NORTHAMPIONSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE "BABY LACES."
(*From Author's Collection.*)

at the wedding should be of English make. Little heed was paid to this decree; but three days before the wedding the officers of the Customs paid a visit to the fashionable French *modiste* of the day, and on finding that nearly all the clothes in preparation for the wedding were of foreign manufacture, they were seized and confiscated, to the great dismay of the ladies, who thus lost their laces and damasks.

Valuable French laces were frequently seized and publicly burnt, and ladies wearing lace mittens of foreign make were stopped in the streets, and had them cut from their hands. These drastic regulations resulted for a time in compelling ladies and courtiers to appear at Court in laces and silks of English manufacture. The workers themselves took care to see that this was done; and in 1765 we read of the lace-workers and the silk-weavers of Spitalfields going in procession to Westminster and demanding of the lords the total exclusion of foreign goods. They were told that it was too late, and that they must wait till next session. They assembled again before St. James's at the next *levée*; when finding that all the gentlemen were dressed in English-made stuffs, they retired without further clamour.

But in spite of all these efforts to protect English fabrics, the *beaux* of the period persisted in preferring Mechlin and Brussels ruffles to the pillow laces of Nottingham and Buckinghamshire.

The classical style of dress introduced at the end of the last century was the greatest blow to the lace industries of Europe, from which they have never recovered. Fine soft muslins were then sought after, and old points were thrown aside as no longer wearable. After many years the points became again the fashion, and were hunted up, and found often in the most unlikely places. The Exhibition of 1851 did a great deal to stimulate the demand for English laces; but the introduction of the bobbin net machine and Nottingham machine-made laces finally overwhelmed them with ruin, and the lace-workers of England can now be counted by the hundred.

The principal counties in which lace was made were Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, and the laces were called after them.

Bedfordshire Lace.—It has already been told how tradition ascribes the origin of this lace to Catherine of Aragon. The Flemish refugees, however, who arrived in England in 1568, did much, doubtless, to create this industry; and thus all the old Bedfordshire laces are of patterns of Flemish character. The ground is net, through which runs a wavy design. This lace so much resembled Lille, that it was called English Lille, and a mark was put on it when exported to foreign countries, to distinguish it from true Lille. (Fig. 1.) The lace was very popular, and immense quantities of it were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for home and foreign consumption.

"Regency Point" was much made at the beginning of the present century. It is a pillow lace, but handsome and effective. Fig. 2 is a good example of this lace.

The Bedfordshire lace industries flourished up to within forty years ago. There were lace schools in every village, and thousands of people were employed. By the caprice of fortune the demand for these light and dainty pillow laces ceased, the Bedfordshire workers forsook their old designs and traditions, and took to making plaited and Maltese laces, and this coarser work has destroyed their hands for the finer productions of their mothers. Torchon laces are still made in small quantities in Bedfordshire and Oxfordshire.

Buckinghamshire Lace.—This was considered superior to Bedfordshire, though of the same character. The chief seats of the industry

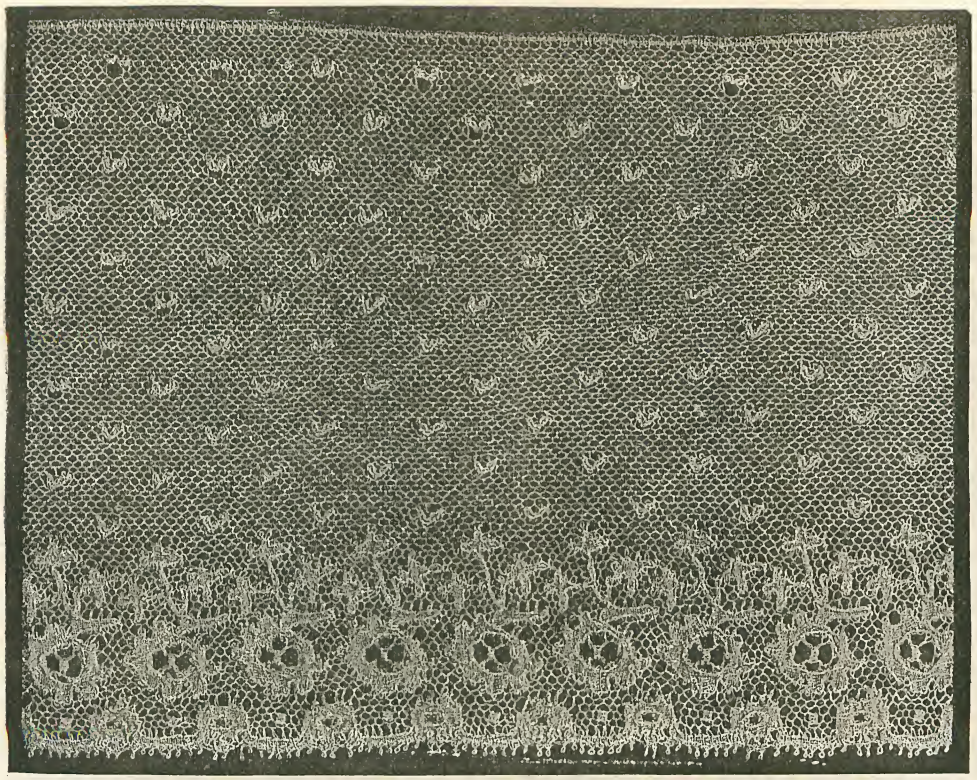


FIG. 5.—OLD NOTTINGHAM LACE, IN IMITATION OF MECHLIN. (*From Author's Collection.*)

were Great Marlow, Olney, Aylesbury, and Newport Pagnell. All writers speak of this industry as a very large one, employing thousands of people, and producing lace not much inferior to Flemish; though in matter of design the English were always behind their neighbours. (Fig. 3.)

The late Duke of Buckingham did much to revive the almost extinct lace industries of Buckinghamshire, and at the Health Exhibition in London in 1884, of which he was President, a Buckinghamshire lace dress manufactured for the Queen was exhibited, and girls were to be seen at work on their pillows. Being frequently appealed to by ladies interested in the Buckinghamshire lace industries to help the workers, I am trying to introduce these lace edgings and insertions as trimmings for underlinen. I have supplied the workers with fine linen thread and good old designs, and Buckingham lace edgings are now being produced to trim the underlinen made under the direction of the Donegal Industrial Fund in Ireland. There is no reason, in my opinion, why this old industry should not again become a living means of assistance to the agricultural poor of our villages, if ladies would be patriotic enough to ask for and obtain lace trimmings of home manufacture.

Northamptonshire Laces were all imitations of foreign pillow laces. That known as English Lille was the most popular. The ground was a fine net, through which ran a dainty flower or leaf pattern. In narrow widths it was also called "baby lace" (Fig. 4), as it was used greatly for trimming babies' caps, which were at one time an indispensable part of a new-born infant's layette. Some of the patterns were run with a needle on a net ground. Laces in imitation of Valenciennes were made in large quantities in Northampton, on the closing of our ports against the French in the war. They were also cleverly made in imitation of Mechlin lace (Fig. 5). Raised plaited laces have more recently employed the Northamptonshire workers.

Dorsetshire Lace.—Blandford and Lyme Regis were celebrated in the last century for their fine pillow laces, which were of so high a quality that they fetched long prices. The fire which destroyed the town of Blandford, in 1751, seems to have killed its lace trade, and the low earnings made by the lace workers of Lyme Regis gradually brought about the extinction of the industry.

Devonshire Laces.—The art is here an old one, but it was the refugee Flemings who taught the Devonshire workers the use of fine thread, good designs, and how to make various lace stitches. Honiton has always been the principal centre of the trade, and here, in the seventeenth century, lace was made in very large quantities, and of a high quality. The making of sprigs has always been the chief art of the Honiton workers. They were made separately, and either sewn on to net or attached together by brides of point lace stitches. The net on which the sprigs were sewn was a most lucrative object of manufacture before the bobbin-net machine was invented, and a maker of fine net was highly paid. The custom was for her to spread the lace ground on the counter, and to cover it with shillings, and as many coins as could find place on the net she earned for her work.

In the middle of the last century, lace as fine as Flemish was made in Honiton; but the lace workers unfortunately forsook their old traditions, and began to make coarse and meaningless designs, and the lace fell out of repute and the workers into distress. Queen Adelaide, who was appealed to on behalf of the Honiton lace workers, gave orders for a splendid dress to be made, but commanded that every design in it should be copied from nature, which order was obeyed. Royalty has done its utmost to stimulate the old industry, and the bridal dresses of the Queen, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess of Wales, were all made of Honiton lace.

Honiton sprigs are still made in considerable quantities in the Devonshire villages. The same worker makes the same sprig over and over again for years, till great exactness and proficiency are obtained. The sprigs are collected and attached by button-hole brides, and made into handkerchiefs, edgings, flounces, etc. The lace is delicate in execution, extremely pure and white in colour, and it rivals, and in many ways excels, Brussels Point Gaze. It is to be regretted that this lace, because it is "only English," should not be more sought after by English ladies. Figs. 6 and 7 are admirable examples of fine modern Honiton lace, excellent in design and refined in execution.

My task is done, and I have told the story of lace making in all the countries of Europe. It is a story strangely human, full of lights and shadows. On one side we see folly and extravagance driving both worker and wearer to ruin; and on the other, splendid examples of pity ministering to the needs of the poor and despairing, and lace, airy, fairy lace, which none need wear, and which is yet so universally worn, the object of efforts great, noble, and base. As we cast our eyes over the half thousand years during which lace has been made in Europe, we see emerging from the dim past the figures of nuns patiently plying the needle for altar or priest; the "Great Monarch," with his minister Colbert, resplendent in collars and "canons" of Point de France; Barbara Uttmann in the mountains of Saxony, earnest to help the poor, laboriously inventing the mysteries of knotting threads with bobbins; Queen Elizabeth, greedy to obtain still another present of new lace; and Irish ladies, with the cry of famine daily in their ears, unravelling the stitches of Italian points and brides. These, and many more, pass before us, and also memories of the millions of toilers; and the thought rises unbidden, *Cui bono?* Well, to live we must work, and the lace worker earns enough in the long winter evenings to keep poverty from the door; but the wearer should temper her sense of satisfaction at dainty ruffle or sumptuous flounce, with the recollection of the cost of time and patience and eyesight with which the thing of beauty has been wrought.

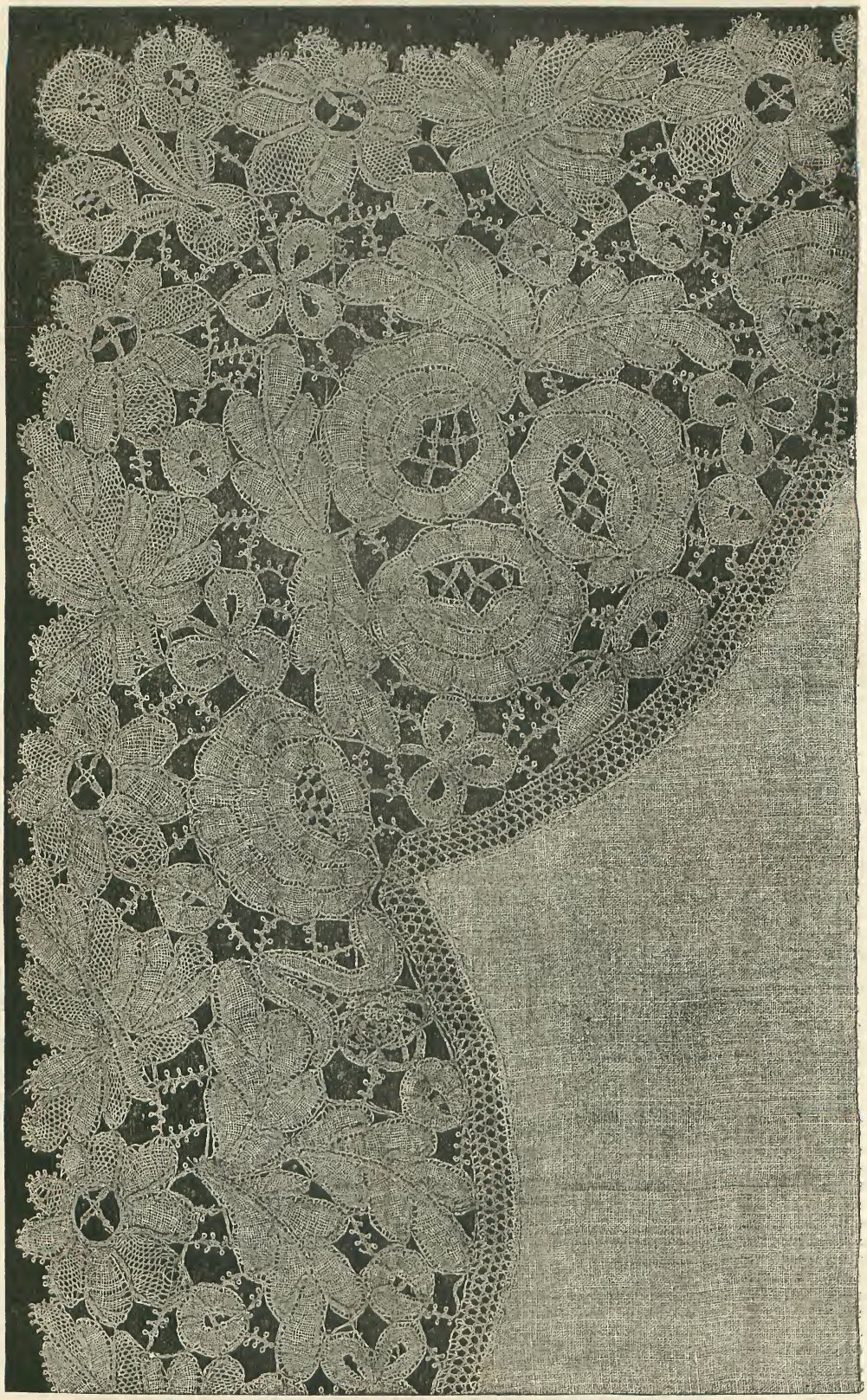


FIG. 6.—MODERN HONITON LACE. (*From Mr. Biddle's Collection.*)

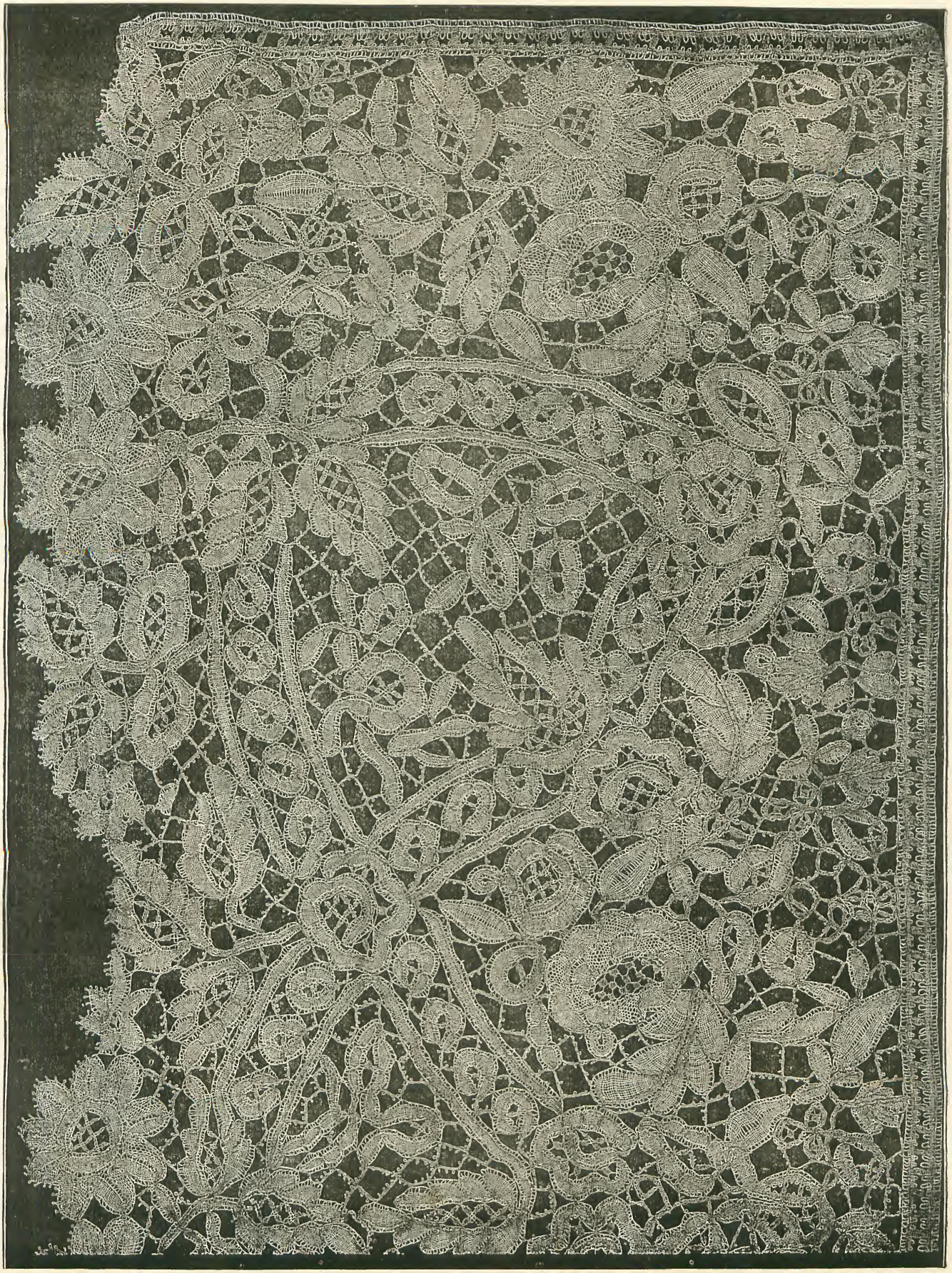


FIG. 7.—MODERN HONITON LACE. (*From Mr. Biddle's Collection.*)

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARGARET BIRON.

PART I.

His Majesty's Tower, London,
January, 1612.

HERE I am at last, after much jolting and shaking; for though, as the crow flies, it is not more than ten miles from Ditchley to Tower Hill, and though father had the pillion new stuffed and covered for my comfort, yet I could not but be much jolted, because Ben, my brother, would often choose bye-roads, which were rugged and rutty, and every now and then would tickle up poor Barbara, our mare, and make her start off at a gallop, which was sadly destructive of my comfort, and even from time to time almost dangerous, so that I was glad to grip him round the waist and hold on, lest I should be tossed into the mire. But spirited boys will be tricksy when they have to do with their own sisters, though I am well assured that if Lilian Cope had been seated on the pillion, Ben would have been very sure not to have risked her displeasure by playing tricks on Barbara.

But here we are at last, and no harm done. My cousin, Sir Allen Apsley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, came down himself to lift me off the pillion, and took me on his arm all through the guard-room, with the warders, with their halberts, standing on either side, just as if I had been some great lady. These warders are the tallest and handsomest men I ever saw, being attired in crimson doublets and trunk hose, and wearing on their heads velvet caps, with chaplets of many-coloured ribbons, while they bear in their hands halberts, which add much to the dignity of their appearance. Truly they are a very comely sort of men, and a fair sample of well grown, well-drilled Englishmen, the greater part being over six feet high. Yet they seemed mere ordinary men beside Sir Allen Apsley, who trod with the assured step of one born to govern, and with a bearing so noble that I could not but admire him, albeit I scarce dared lift my eyes to him, and trod as though I were walking on egg-shells.

Glad enough was I when we had passed through the courtyard and entered a low passage, which seemed dark to me, coming out of the open air, and I saw no more the flash of the halberts, which seemed, to my girlish fancy, to shadow forth the axe, that terrible instrument which determines the quarrels of the great, not always, I have heard my father say, with justice. We walked swiftly down the passage till we came to a door, which Sir Allen opened, and drawing aside the tapestry with which it was covered, disclosed to my eyes one of the sweetest scenes that they ever lighted on; for there, among her children, sat Lady Apsley, reading to them from a book which I afterwards found to be the new version of the Holy Bible, her three sons grouped about her, and her dear little daughter and namesake fast asleep on her lap. Nevertheless, when the door opened, and she saw me, she rose swiftly, and, placing the infant in the cot which stood beside the hearth, she came forward with the most loving tenderness to greet me, and brought me to a low settle beside the fire; for although the sun is warm at midday, it is often chilly in these stone walls. And of a truth the logs blazing on the hearth had a bright and cheery look, for the windows are but narrow, and the sun does not easily make his way into the chamber, even the daylight being but scanty.

Then she sent Allen, the eldest of her sons, to bid her maid bring me some slight refection, and I was well content to sit there by the hearth and answer questions about mother and home, and about the long ride. But the warmth, coming after the fresh air, and the strangeness of all about me, wrought so on my senses, that I seemed, as it were, in a dream, and I had much ado to answer fittingly, which Lady Apsley perceiving, left me at peace until her woman came to show me to my chamber, which is close to Lady Apsley's own, being a closet some seven feet square, hollowed out of the thickness of the wall, with an arrow-slit for a window, which, fortunately for me, has been newly fitted with a glazed lattice, which I can open and shut at my pleasure; and thence, if I stand on a stool, I can see the river, the dear old Thames, broad and brown, not bright and silvery, as he looks when he washes our fields at Ditchley, but burdened with the weight of endless boats and barges going up and down, as on a beautiful highway, though Lady Apsley says it is nothing now to what it used to be in the Queen's days.

I am not a little pleased that I can command this view of the river, for even at home it is a sight of which one never groweth weary; how much more here, where people of all degrees, and almost of all nations, are constantly plying backwards and forwards, from my Lord Gondomar, with his stately Spanish cavalieros, to the flat-capped apprentices, rowing their masters, the wealthy merchants of Fleet Street, on their business; or sometimes their wives and daughters, gay with ribbons, to some junketing.

I had hardly time to don my green kerseymere kirtle and smooth my hair, when little Allen tapped at my door, and said his mother had bid him come to guide me to the dining-hall; and it was well he came, for I am well assured that I could never have found my way through those labyrinthine passages alone, and if I had taken a wrong turn, who knows into what strange and terrible place I might have come? For not only is there a fair and beautiful church in this ancient fortalice, not only a presence chamber and royal apartments, guard-rooms, and vast stores of warlike weapons, but prisons hollowed out of the thickness of the wall, whence no sound of sorrow, no cry for mercy, can pierce to the outer world. Aye, and terrible places deep down in the very bowels of the earth, below the bed of the river, to which no eye but God's can pierce, and where man can work his cruel will on the lone prisoner without let or hindrance.

Ah! woe is me! I can almost find it in my heart to wish myself at home again. But father and mother both say that it is not well to grow up altogether without experience of any place but one's own home; and of a surety dear old Ditchley was dull sometimes, for one knew just what was going to happen from Sunday morning until Saturday night, and there was never any change unless Master James Carew chanced to drop in to chat with father, or play a game at bowls in summer time, or Mistress Lilian Cope came to show off a new top-knot.

Truly Lilian hath many more new head tires and kirtles than there is any need for in a quiet place like Richmond; but then, Sir Charles taketh delight in seeing her well attired, and, sooth to say, whatever she putteth on ever seemeth to become her best. I am sure I do not wonder that Ben hath no thought for anyone else when she is by, though the poor boy might as well fix his eyes on the moon and dream of luring it down to earth; but my dear brother will be none the less worthy a gentleman because he hath learnt betimes to love so sweet a damsel, and I know my mother thinketh so herself, albeit she is sad, ever and anon, to think of the pain her son must needs suffer.

But if I begin to set down my thoughts about Lilian and poor Ben, I shall never have done, and I could have written them down without ever quitting Ditchley. I must just put a check upon my wandering fancy, and only set down in this book matters that have reference to this wonderful place, and to the people gathered in it.

Besides that it is a great centre and treasure-house of arms, it is, unhappily, a great prison for such persons as have given offence to the Government. Of these, the most exalted in rank is the Lady Arabella Stewart, the king's own cousin-german, being the daughter of his uncle, whose crime it is that some persons, being enamoured of a female rule, on account of the glorious reign of the Lady Elizabeth, would foolishly have placed her on the throne, preferring her to the reigning king; but she, poor lady, had no genius for sovereignty, and would have become a festive hall or a merry revel in the greenwood rather than a council chamber or a court. But of her more anon.

There is one thing that likes me not at all in the life I lead here. Sir Allen is of such a hospitable and generous a temper, that he keepeth almost an open table. Truly it is a sight to see the table served by the yeomen of the guard, and the servers carving the rounds of beef at the side table, and the huge venison pasties, in which it would be easy to bury little Allen, curls and all, though he is a big boy for his age. It almost takes my breath away to see the prodigious store of food set forth at one meal—enough to keep the larder at Ditchley going for a se'nnight; but Sir Allen has a kindly word for everyone; and Lady Apsley, in spite of her four children, has thought and care for all.

In years she is not so much older than myself, having married Sir Allen in her seventeenth year; and I shall be eighteen at Martinmas. To look at her you would be perplexed to guess her age, for in face and figure she is fair and young, but in behaviour and conversation she imitateth the wisdom of a ripe matron; and in her dress she follows the fashion of elder women, and those of the graver sort, doubtless to make the difference in age between her husband and herself less noticeable, he being already past his fortieth year; and because, having abode some time in Geneva, she contracted an affection for the practices of the Reformed Church, and as dearly loveth to hear sermons as other women of her age to see plays or go to bear-baitings. She saith also that living here in these gray walls, where there are so many questions of life and death daily exercising men's thoughts, light and trivial matters seem so out of place that they cannot occupy her thoughts.

For my part, I scarce think that I should be content to live here all my life, though the air is fresh and sweet, coming ever from the great North Sea, which stretches away to the regions of perpetual ice; aye, and the banks of the river are fresh and bright with flowers in summer. Lady Apsley saith that the little boys come home laden with daisy chains and king-cups.

February 10th.

I have now been three weeks living here, and the days, which at first lagged and seemed so burdened with events that they could not get themselves away, begin to hurry past, so that I hardly know what day it is in the calendar. Lady Apsley is ever kinder and kinder, and will have me tell her all that is in my silly heart; such a winning, simple way she hath, that she seems as it were to draw one's thoughts out of one's bosom, and to make one know oneself better in opening one's inmost heart to her; and yet she rarely asketh a question, and never seemeth the least curious. Of a truth it is a great gift to have such a winning nature, and to be able to be so much to all about her.

As I sat with her this forenoon, sewing at some point lace which she was teaching me to work, there came a knocking at the chamber door, and when Lady Apsley bade the visitor to enter, there came in a lady very fair and sumptuously apparelled, at sight of whom Lady Apsley rose in haste, and going to meet her, led her with much care and kindness to her own chair, where the lady sat her down. Then I arose and would have gone away, but she bade me stay, and called to me to bring her my work; and she looked at it and praised the stitch, but wondered how anyone could have the heart to work in that weary prison.

"Nay, this chamber is no prison," said Lady Apsley, gently; "and methinks my young kinswoman doth well to make the hours bear some enduring fruit of her industry."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the fair lady, impatiently; "and my husband doth so employ his time, what with the composing of his history and studying the secrets of nature, that, by my troth, dame, I truly believe he hath no leisure to remember his great wrongs, or the dangers by which he is beset."

"But surely, madam," said Lady Apsley, "surely it is a sign of the greatness of his mind and of the innocency of his conscience, that he is able so to turn his thoughts from his own troubles and fill them with the works of God and with the great drama of history which He has caused to be enacted."

But the fair lady shook her head angrily.

"Walter forgets me and his sons no less than himself," she said. "It is my belief that if he could make his cordial an antidote to poison as well as to quicken and revive exhausted strength, the poor fool would never heed it, though all our lands and living were taken from us, and I and the boys were driven penniless into the wide world."

"Nay, Lady Ralegh, wrong not thy noble husband," said Lady Apsley, sadly; and then I knew who it was that sat there by the hearth. "Surely truth is more than life, and he who can exercise free thought in a prison, is as worthy of honour as the king who sways the sceptre."

"Aye, dame," replied the lady, and lines of care and discontent marred the beauty of her fair face, "it is fine to say that when thou hast thine own husband free and in a place of honour; but let me tell thee if thou hadst the noblest man in England for thy husband, and didst see him cabined and watched as I see mine, of a surety thy heart would be nigh to burst, and thou would'st shed rivers of tears, even as I do. Oh! madam, if I could weep tears enough to float an argosy it would be nothing, nothing to what I am bound to do. Listen, dame; the Queen is well disposed to help me if, poor soul, she had any power, and yesterday she procured me to wait in the gallery through which the King must pass to go to his hunting. I waited two hours, and at last he came, the King leaning on the shoulder of the man Carr, his minion, whom he hath made an earl, and tricked out in our spoils; and I turned so sick at the sight of him, that I well nigh broke down. Ah, me! madam, it is a weary world, a weary world!"

"I fear me you got little comfort from the King," said Lady Apsley.

"Comfort! no, madam, no comfort. He slobbered out something in his northern jargon about being pressed for time, and when I fell at his feet and clasped his knees, he shivered, and turned pale, and broke from me; and what with the weariness of the long waiting, and the disappointment, I must needs make matters worse by fainting; and when I came to myself I was in the guard chamber, and the only tirewoman they had found for me was the wife of one of the warders. Ah, me! Ah, me!"

This and much more did the fair lady say as she wept and bewailed herself, and my kinswoman strove to comfort her, but to little purpose, so that we were glad when at last she rose up as suddenly as she had come in, and went her way. Then Lady Apsley told me how she fretted poor Sir Walter, sometimes bursting in upon him when he was beguiling his captivity with study, and overwhelming him with reproaches, as though he were insensible to his own wrongs and the interests of his sons; so that he grows sick at heart, and would be well content to lay aside his weary life and pass into the unseen to join his Queen and that company of soldiers and statesmen among whom he was so bright a star.

Ah, me! to see so fair a lady, so high in place, so cast down and worn with trouble, makes one content with a lowly lot, and Ditchley, with its meadows and river banks, seemeth a haven of peace and safety. Well did my mother warn me not to be too impatient for change, for that in this world changes more often mean loss and sorrow than joy and gain. But it is hard for a young damsel to understand that, especially when the days seem wearisomely long, when one knows at dawn all that is to happen before nightfall, whether it be baking or churning, or brewing or washing, and the spinning and weaving for ever to be superintended. Now methinks that lovely Lady Ralegh would be thankful to be in her own house at Sherborne again, even if it were twice as dull as Ditchley itself, so that her husband were out of peril.

But Lady Apsley does not think so; on the contrary, she saith that restlessness is a fundamental defect on the poor lady's character; that, in the Queen's time, splendid as Sir Walter's honours were, she was always eager for more. Rest and peace, she says, dwell in the heart, and the poor lady hath never acquired the dominion over her spirit, or learnt to confide herself and her children to Him who alone can shield them; and of a surety this is the blessed gift that maketh my kinswoman so wise and strong. Surely she is a tower of strength, and an abundant blessing to all who come near her. And in spite of her care for her young children, and for Sir Allen—who is but in weak health, and often sorely grieved for the sake of his poor prisoners—she always seemeth to have leisure to comfort all who are in trouble, from Lady Ralegh to the little son of the Warder Geoffrey, who fell today from the wall into the moat trying to fish for gudgeon, and was well-nigh killed.

April 5.

There was quite a stir this forenoon in the Tower. There are always men coming and going, chiefly to visit Sir Walter Ralegh, albeit he is a prisoner lying under sentence of death—the terrible sentence passed twelve years ago at Winchester and never remitted. Yet it seemeth that there is no man in England so thought of and so looked up to, and that not only by learned clerks, with whom he taketh counsel about his history, or alchemists like Master Ruthin, with whom he worketh at his experiments, but by the townsfolk, who flock to gaze on him as he taketh his daily exercise on the wall, and the mariners going down the river to take ship at Gravesend. Yea, even the Queen's Majesty herself putteth wondrous faith in him; and the Prince of Wales loveth nothing better than to discourse with him of the art of war, the building and the management of ships, though methinks it must be sad for himself, cabined and prisoned as he is, to discourse on matters of life and action.

Of a truth it makes my heart sick to see him pacing up and down the narrow space of his allotted walk; yet he showeth no sign of impatience: mayhap he takes the wall for the deck of his ship, and is carried in fancy to that golden Guiana beyond the Atlantic billows, which he hath taken possession of for the King, and the wealth of which, he fondly believes, will make England a match for the Spaniard. Even now he hath one dwelling with him here in the Tower, a native of that country, with whom he converseth much and often, and who confirmeth him fully in the belief that in that region there is gold and silver enough to countervail the wealth of Spain; and Sir Allen saith, that if he were once at liberty, he would never rest until he could carry out his enterprise, which is the chief reason why the Spanish ambassador is always working the King to carry into effect the sentence of the Court at Winchester, persuading him that he really was well affected to the Lady Arabella, for that, having attained all his honour and glory under a Queen, he would naturally look for a continuance of the same under a woman rather than under a man. But Sir Allen saith that Sir Walter is too wise a man ever to have entertained an idea of resting the burden of the State on the weak shoulders of the Lady Arabella.

It was just ten of the clock, Sir Allen had been his rounds, and was disporting himself with his little daughter Lucy, when a warder came in hot haste to tell him that the Prince of Wales begged permission to converse with Sir Walter Ralegh. Sir Allen went with all speed, and Lady Apsley carried me to a casement, whence I could see the Prince, as he sat on horseback beneath the barbican. And indeed I was mightily content, for he is a goodly youth, well-grown and fair to look; and though only seventeen years old, he seemeth to have the bearing and the look of a man—much more so than young Master Walter Ralegh, who is scarce a year younger, and who is wonderfully strong and martial for his age. But this Prince, perhaps because he is a prince, and feeleth premonitions of the burden of the State, hath a wise and careful look, though his cheek is bright, and his eye seemeth to take in every thing, while his voice is clear and loud, as that of a clarion. Strange that, though the King is by his natural constitution peaceful—yea, almost, be it said without offence, of a feminine timorousness—his son is by temperament martial, delighteth in warlike exercises, and in the study of military defence, or the construction of warships, which is the reason that he loveth to discourse with our great captain, and to draw instruction from his ripe knowledge. In good sooth, when this Prince shall come to the throne, there will be rattling work in the Southern Americas, for it is there that we can best counteract the Spaniard, and by establishing free colonies in that land of measureless wealth, countervail his argosies from Mexico and Peru. But of a truth I wander, like a ship without a pilot; and in this wonderful Tower there are so many tides and currents of thought that it is no wonder though a simple girl be carried hither and thither by them.

The Prince abode over two hours with Sir Walter, and Lady Apsley prepared a slight collation of dried fruits with a dish of junket, at the composition of which she is specially skilful, and Master Walter Ralegh carried it in, his little brother, pretty Master Carew, aiding him; whereat the Prince was mightily pleased, and sent to ask my kinswoman where she got the secret of her composition, and whether it were indeed ambrosia. The gentleman who rode with the Prince told Sir Allen that it is now accepted at Court that the Princess Elizabeth is not to espouse the Duke of Savoy, but that she is to wed Prince Frederick, the Elector Palatine—intelligence very grateful to my kinsfolk, seeing that the Prince is well known to be heart and soul with the Protestant cause; and they say that the visit of the King of Denmark, who is now with the King and Queen at Windsor, has chiefly relation to this matter.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR TIMES.

"My times are in Thy hand."—Ps. xxxi.

THERE are times when the heart in its sadness
Is closed to the vision of God;
When we sigh to remember the gladness
That once lit the pathway we trod.

There are times when, the after-life shrouded,
We journey through narrowing vales;
When, the sun of assurance beclouded,
The courage of constancy fails.

There are times when the voice seems to tremble
In lifting its plea to the Throne;
And we fear that in part we dissemble,
Nor feel all the needs that we own.

There are times when a burden seems pressing
Too heavily for us to feel;
When we crave for a tear as a blessing,
And fancy to weep were to heal.

There are times when the vistas before us
Are peopled with phantoms of fear,
And our chill hearts refuse to assure us
Through all our Father is near.

Yet no times of the pilgrim unheeded
Pass over him into the past,
But are fraught with the discipline needed
To perfect his peace at the last.

ALPEN.



A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE summer drew on apace, and the days at Belle-Rive became long and sultry. The shady garden, the French windows open to catch a breath of coolness from the lake, brought relief even in the hottest weather; but the thoughts of the girls began to turn with rapture to the approaching holiday change to higher regions.

Where were they going? The question was debated on many a resplendent June day, when lessons were laid aside and the pupils met to talk. Would it be to one of the pastoral valleys high above the lake? or even to the glories of the Bernese Oberland? All was alike new to Honor. At first she was reluctant to think of leaving her cherished singing lessons even for a brief time, but gradually the longing for change of scene grew upon her as on the rest. The very pavements of Belle-Rive were white and blazing, and seemed to scorch pedestrians as they struggled along under umbrellas. But for the lucky inmates of "Les Églantiers" there was little walking save in the cool of the evening. They sat about in the garden, and at meals appreciated the delicious Swiss confections with which Miss Arundel sought to beguile the heat of the season—notably *vacherin*, a wonderful compound of whipped cream; also *méringues*, and such light and dainty food, beloved by schoolgirls.

One great trial had to be surmounted before the holidays—a *Soirée Musicale*, to which Miss Arundel's friends were invited, and at which the girls had to appear, prettily dressed, to make themselves agreeable and to sing and play. The Consul and his wife were among the guests; also the English clergyman, Miss Wilson (who had long since redeemed her promise of "having Honor and Mabel to tea"), the various school professors, and many other Swiss and English intermingled.

Tea, iced coffee, and fruit were served in the garden, and afterwards an adjournment took place to the large drawing-room, where a daintily printed programme was handed to every guest.

"What *shall* I do?" murmured Mabel Thornycroft to Honor, as the piano duet, in which she was to perform the bass, drew near. "I shall never get through it. And there is Herr Steinthal looking as though he would eat anyone who made a mistake."

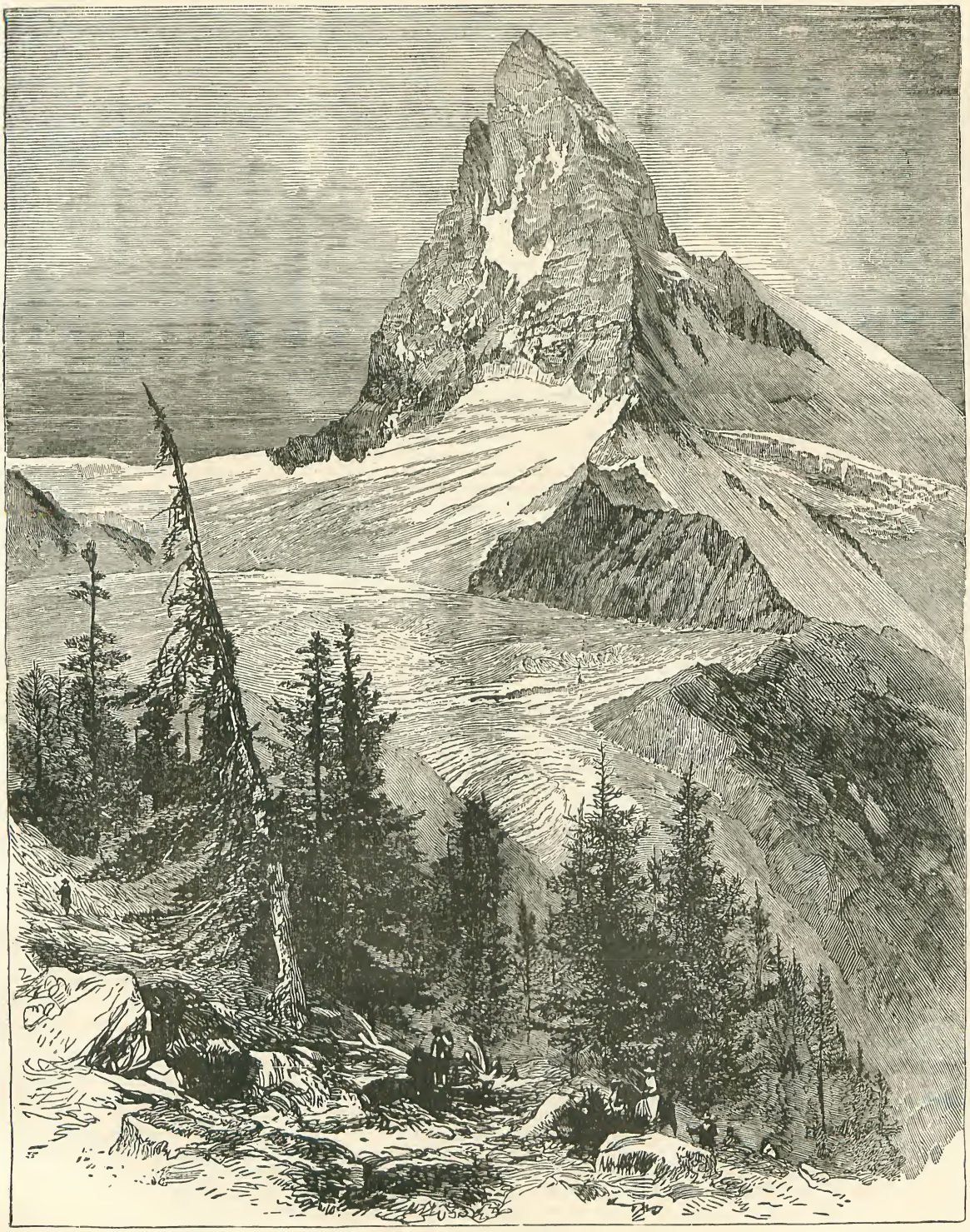
Honor comforted her friend, who indeed had no special vocation for music, by representing that the bass was not a conspicuous part, and that nobody would observe it if she went wrong, "which you are not at all likely to do."

"But *he* will observe it," lamented Mabel. Miss Arundel gave her an encouraging smile as she rose with an expression of terror and anguish to do her part. Laura Johnson played the treble; and as she was a far better performer than Mabel, there was no open catastrophe, though Herr Steinthal's quick ear detected several slight blunders in time and emphasis. However, his best pupil, Maud Seymour, came next, and he could afford to be forgiving with her predecessor.

Maud had the making of an artist in her. She delighted the audience by a masterly rendering of the Gavotte from Bach's second violin sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns, attacking the chords with spirit, and giving the triumphant melody in perfect rhythm. Every hearer felt cheered and invigorated at the close of the brief well-accentuated performance, and there was an enthusiastic demand for an *encore*. This Maud met by a Mélodie of Rubenstein's, whose dreaming sweetness formed a wonderful contrast to the vigorous strains of Bach.

The applause was such as to satisfy even Herr Steinthal, who glared around with spectacled eyes under *bushy eye*-brows and rubbed his hands. But Maud did not rise, and it became evident that she was about to accompany Honor.

Very simple was the contralto "Volkslied" chosen for the schoolgirl's



THE MATTERHORN, FROM THE GÖRNER-GRAT.

first social performance—a pathetic air within small compass, but sweet and winning. Honor, strange to say, was not nervous; she loved singing so much that she forgot to consider what others were thinking about her. She gave forth the German music in her deep tones with passionate pathos that caused the audience to look at one another in surprise. Perhaps the most surprised individual of all was Herr Steinthal, who had set Honor down as unmusical all through because she could not play the piano. Signor Bianchi sighed with pleasure. He had never doubted that his pupil would succeed. This was but the beginning; she must have many years of training; yet even now it was evident that she would become an artist of no mean order.

"You have a *very* great deal of talent in your school, my dear Miss Arundel," Mrs. Winstanley was saying in tones of congratulation. "The last two performers would have done credit to *any* concert."

And, whether this was quite true or not, the applause received by Honor was enough to turn her head. Signor Bianchi would not allow her to accept an encore, and Isabel followed with her guitar. The performance was not long enough to weary the good-natured visitors, and supper, which was a masterpiece of art, concluded the evening. The girls waited on Miss Arundel's guests in high spirits. No one had broken down; no one had openly disgraced herself or the school, and it was felt that the *soirée* had been a success, in which Maud and Honor had the chief share.

And now nothing remained to cast a shadow on the anticipation of the coming holidays.

Miss Arundel, in looking back upon the term's work, as a whole, was able to feel satisfied that it had been thorough and successful. And, above all, she was able to rejoice in many an instance of character improved, faults vanquished, aspirations stirred after a higher ideal of life. She sought above all things, while delighting in a spirit of innocent brightness and mirth among "her children," to make them in earnest. Our record of the life at "Les Églantiers" lies chiefly on the surface, or much might be said of the religious tone of the school. Sentimentality and excitement were not encouraged; but love to God, and devotion to the Saviour of mankind, were made of the first importance in all Miss Arundel's private and sacred teaching to her girls.

Though they were taught to be loyal and thorough in their work, they were also taught to feel that time was wasted in which no progress had been made towards the Christian ideal of womanhood.

The beautiful words of Charles Kingsley might well be taken as summing up the spirit of Miss Arundel's influence—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
So making life, death, and that vast For Ever
One grand, sweet song."

Sundays were days never to be forgotten, and the girls carried away with them into their after-life many a hallowed memory of evening hours spent in the singing of their loved English hymns, or in converse with one another—all the more precious because it contrasted with the usual spirit of reserve upon the most sacred of all topics. Where many girls congregate there is always a little danger of mere sentimental excitement being mistaken for devotion. This danger was successfully avoided at "Les Églantiers," and the work of schooldays had not therefore to be undone in after life; but few girls indeed, who passed through the training of the school, had not cause to be thankful for its influence in every way.

The term was waning, and the disclosure of the summer goal was eagerly awaited. At length it came; and no less a word than "Zermatt" greeted the ears of the delighted schoolgirls.

Zermatt! The very word called up a vision of snows, glaciers, magnificence of scenery, and in a fortnight's time dreams were to be changed for reality.

The preparation for the holiday now began in real earnest. All the school bought cotton blouses of one and the same pattern, and the shops of Belle-Rive were ransacked for shady hats that should be both ornamental and cheap. The trimming of the said hats in spare hours, and the discussion of all the little details so delightful to the heart of girlhood, fascinated even Honor—hitherto careless as to all toilet decorations. She found herself unwilling to be behind the others, and laboured away at her hat with painstaking zeal.

"You take far too much pains," observed Laura Johnson, as for the twentieth time poor Honor re-made and arranged her large Indian muslin bow. "Millinery should never look as if it were toiled over with stupendous effort. Bows should not be too much fingered. Anyone can see that you have, so to speak, burnt the midnight oil over that muslin bow. Look here!"

And with deft fingers Laura caught up a large fold of fresh Indian muslin, pinned it here and pinned it there, and laid it against the straw.

"That looks quite different," sighed Honor, "and yet you have not taken a hundredth part of the trouble I have!"

"Genius, my dear—genius!" replied Laura. "Milliners are born, not made. Give me the hat, and read my German poetry to me while I do it. I shall learn it in that way, and the division of labour will be complete."

Nothing loth, Honor complied. The result was a brief poem of Freiligrath's firmly fixed in the mind of Laura, and a dainty muslin bow gracefully fixed on the hat of Honor.

That fortnight, although beguiled by many a pleasant task of this kind, seemed terribly long. But it passed, as other fortnights do, and the joyful day at length arrived when "Les Églantiers" yielded up its troop of inmates. In the summer dawn—that Swiss dawn which is like no other, with its crisp freshness, its still radiance over a beauty that seems new from the hands of the Creator, its suggestion of ineffable possibilities in the day to come—the happy band of girls left Belle-Rive for the mountain land. The railway carried them along the shores of the lake, past many a scene chronicled in song or story, into the valley where huge buttresses of mountain rose on either hand, and a swollen river flowed from far-off snows. It was all grand and wonderful; yet as the morning advanced there was a lurid glare in the valley, the vineyards with their ripening store looked dusty and drooping, and Honor pitied the inhabitants who must dwell under the burning gloom of those hills, in the hot and marshy precincts of the Rhône.

It was a relief to leave the train at Visp, where a wild glen opened between the hills. Numbers of mules were in waiting at the station, and Honor was intensely amused to see a party of gaily-dressed American ladies mount and start away in single file, one solitary gentleman in a white helmet and white linen jacket bringing up the rear. The distinguishing feature of this bevy was the hoisting of parasols of varied hue—yellow, blue, green, white, and pink—as soon as each rider was safely established in the saddle. The white gentleman held up a flaming red umbrella, and from the loud and shrill laughter that prevailed it was evident that the startling parasols had been carefully chosen with a view to effect. When the white and red cavalier took to blowing a shrill discordant horn, Miss Arundel indignantly declared that the American procession should go well on in front. But all the way to Zermatt that horn woke the mountain echoes with its irreverent notes.

At a safe distance the Belle-Rive cavalcade followed. The path led high above a torrent, and soon entered scenes of surpassing grandeur. Snowy peaks towered behind the nearer heights, cataracts foamed down through forest; at every moment some fresh beauty claimed attention, and Honor felt as though she were utterly unable to express one-tenth of her delight. At St. Niklaus, where the road widened, the mules were exchanged for carriages; the scenery grew grander as they advanced nearer towards the head of the vale, and soon the Matterhorn itself, in lonely sternness, reared its pyramid against the sky. Zermatt was revealed in its green and beautiful vale, with glaciers coming down from the mountains, torrents foaming in wild fury among knolls crowned by pines, snows on every side glittering above the forests; but the Matterhorn stood supreme, and the girls had no eyes for anything but that incomparable peak—pricked with one incredible pinnacle into Heaven—to adapt a simile of Tennyson's.

Constant admiration and ecstacy are very wearying emotions, and it was a relief when the journey, delightful as it had been, came to an end. The girls were lodged on the top floor of one of the huge hotels in the village. Honor and Mabel were placed together, and were lucky in having a view of the Matterhorn from their window.

Honor immediately stationed herself in front of it, to gaze and worship. Mabel,

more practical, began to unpack and collect her little properties in order about her. A summons to afternoon tea below was welcome; then came rest, then an amusing and delightful *table d'hôte* in a vast *salle-à-manger*. The Belle-Rive party occupied a separate table, but they found much entertainment in watching the polyglot assemblage that filled the hall. The countenance of the head waiter, on whom the marshalling of an immense body of subordinates depended, was a study to behold. Care and anguish could no further go in facial expression, as he seemed to say in helpless dumb-show, "Oh, what an army of dolts have I here!"

The dinner, long and *recherché*, was over at last. The girls were told they might wrap up and ramble through the village under Miss Grahame's escort; but Miss Arundel, turning to Honor, said—

"My child, I want you for a few minutes in my room. I have something to say to you."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Now is the Time.

Time *was* is past; thou canst not it recall;
Time *is* thou hast; employ the portion small;
Time *future* is not, and may never be;
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

Useful Labour.—Love labour. If you do not want it for food you may for physic.

Showing her Teeth.

Dr. Saunderson, the blind professor of mathematics at the University of Cambridge in the beginning of the eighteenth century, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, and whom he had never before met, nor even heard of, that she had very fine teeth.

They asked how he had discovered this, for it happened to be true.

"I have no reason," said the professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly as she did for a whole hour together."

Faithful in Well-doing.—Those who are faithful in well-doing need not fear those who are spiteful in evil-doing; for they have a God to trust to who has well-doers under the hand of His protection and evil-doers under the hand of His restraint.

Wisdom and Foolishness.—A very wise girl will always have sense enough to see that she is a great deal of a fool; but a fool always looks upon herself as a very wise girl.

Cheerfulness and Good Humour.—Persons who are always cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

The Red Parasol.

Fair Maiden (a Summer Visitor): "How savagely that cow looks at me."

Farmer: "It's your red parasol, mum."

Fair Maiden: "Dear me! I knew it was a little out of the fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."

A Famous Anagram.—When the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., died in 1817, it was pointed out that her name, "Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales," could be transformed into the following anagram:—"P. C. her august race is lost. O fatal news!"

A Cure for Self-Conceit.—It might be a drawback for the self-conceit of most of us if we were to call in mind how the course of our lives has been determined by the veriest trifles and how little forethought or choice we have exercised, grasping chiefly at those things which happened to float by us.

The Meaning of Scripture.—Those have best learned the meaning of Scripture that have learned how to apply it as a reproof to their own faults and a rule to their own practice.

A Plain-looking Girl.

An odd story used to be told by O'Connell, the famous Irish leader, about a Miss Hussey. "Her father," said he, "had made a will disposing of the bulk of his property to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed his housekeeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary. He replied that he had left her a thousand pounds, which would do for her very well, as she would probably soon pick up a husband."

"'Bless your honour!' cried the housekeeper, 'what sort of a man would ever take her with the nose she has got?'

"'Why, that is really very true,' said the dying father; 'I never thought of her nose': and he lost no time in adding a codicil that gave Miss Mary an addition of a hundred and fifty pounds a year as a set-off against her ugliness."

Domestic Economy.

"I think I'm improving every day, George," said the young wife.

"I'm glad of that. What's your latest economy?"

"Why, I scolded the cook this morning when she took the eggs out of the pan, for throwing the egg-soup that was left in the sink."

Cause and Effect.

An old lady who was apt to be troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious besides, informed the rector of the parish that on the previous night she had dreamed she saw her grandfather, who had been dead for ten years.

The clergyman asked what she had been eating.

"Oh! only half a mince pie."

"Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half you might have seen your grandmother into the bargain."

Looking for Happiness.—We must look for happiness in this world, not in the things of the world, but within ourselves, in our tempers, and in our hearts.

Counting a Billion.—As everyone knows, a billion is a million millions. Allowing that so many as 200, which is an outside number, could be counted in a minute, it would, excluding the 366th day in leap years, take one person upwards of 9,512 years before the task of counting a billion would be completed.

Woman's Sphere.

Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home;
To this her efforts ever tend,
'Tis her great object and her end.

Words and Manners.—To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.

In Sympathy.—It used to be a superstition that coral became pale when those who wore it were ill.

Every one to his Business.

When Magabizus, a Persian general, one day was conducted to the studio of Apelles, he began talking about light and shade and other things peculiar to the painter's art. Apelles stood this for some time, but at last went up to him and said—

"Sir, my pupils here, who are grinding colours, gazed at you when you entered, admiring your splendid dress and the gold that glitters on it, so long as you held your tongue; but now I cannot promise that they will not smile at you, and perhaps even laugh outright, if you go on discoursing on a subject so much out of your sphere."

In Service.

The "good" old method of correcting a domestic may be seen in the following entry in the famous diary of Samuel Pepys, the Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.:—

"December 1st, 1660.—This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely."

A Fatal Blemish.—Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature, yet if boldness is to be read in her face it blots out all the lines of beauty.

The Advantages of Stooping.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin once received a very useful lesson from Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates:—"When I was taking my leave of Dr. Mather, he showed me a shorter way out of the house by a narrow passage which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not understand him till I found my head hit against the beam.

"He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, 'You are young and have the world before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'

"This advice thus beat into my head has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

The Philosopher's Wife.

Whilst James Ferguson, the self-taught experimental philosopher, was delivering a lecture in London in 1770, his wife entered and maliciously overturned several pieces of his apparatus. Ferguson, who lived rather unhappily with his wife, on observing the catastrophe, turned to the audience and mildly said—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

Looking Before.—The girl who does not look before will generally be found behind.



EDUCATIONAL.

GIPSEY.—The matriculation examinations for the University of London are held in January and June; age, sixteen years complete; fee, £2. Apply to the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W.

MINNIE HOPE, INEZ DE CARINO, LADY NELL, and OTHERS, cannot do better than get the small, cheap manuals for studying German, French, and Italian; price 6d., for sale at any bookseller's. They are issued, we think, by the Society for Studying Foreign Languages. A teacher for pronunciation would be needful.

NOT A BLUE STOCKING.—1. Why not try the examination of the St. Andrew's University? which grants the higher woman's certificate (2 guineas) and the title of "LL.A." Examinations in June at several English centres—London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc. The Secretary is Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B.—2. For a Correspondence Class for your home study we should recommend the St. George's Classes in Edinburgh. Apply to Miss C. W. Haig, Secretary, 3, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

H. M. H.—For admission to the Holloway College at Egham apply to the Secretary, J. L. Clifford Smith, Esq., Holloway College, Mount Lee, Egham, Surrey. The terms for board, lodging, and tuition are £90 per annum.

ROSIE.—You will find many answers to similar queries to yours under the above heading, besides articles dealing with it. There is a training hospital for nurses at 21, Hyde Terrace, Leeds, and at 37, Monkgate, York.

MUSIC.

MARIAN.—Our ancient music was derived from two sources. We had that of the time of the Druids—Celtic—which was wild and sad. The "fithale," "harp," and "pipe" are found in our primitive language; and in the time of King Alfred—himself a distinguished musician—those who devoted themselves to this art held patents and licences. We read that an "Eisteddvod"—a festival observed by the Welsh at the present time—was held in the seventh century. The invasion of the Saxons introduced a description of national music of a brighter and more cheerful character into Britain than the ancient Celtic; but, failing to take possession of Wales, the original music of these islands remained as it was, and is known in the melodies of Ireland and Scotland as well as in the west of England. A third description of minstrelsy was introduced at the invasion of the Normans, and more brightness in style with it, hailing, as the minstrels did, from the sunny lands of the south. The name of Taillefer may be familiar to some of our readers as one of the Conqueror's most favoured minstrels. Odington of Evesham, in the early part of the thirteenth century, was our first distinguished writer on the theory of music; followed by Dunstable in the first half of the fifteenth century; and John Hambois is credited with having been our first "Doctor of Music" in the same century. We cannot give more space to such information.

JESSICA.—Possibly the song for which you enquire is American. You had better suggest this to the musicsellers, who seem unacquainted with it. Your writing is good.

JACK.—1. A contralto and a mezzo-soprano may certainly both of them sing alto if able so to do, and it be required.—2. You should enquire at a hair-dresser's about the combings.

IRIS.—The meaning of the word *arco*, in violin music, is that the bow is to be used; and the abbreviation *pizz.*, that the strings should be plucked with the fingers.

WORK.

GRATEFUL.—We should think such an undertaking as a large piece of woolwork six feet square a very foolish idea and a waste of time. Miss Linwood's pieces of work are valuable to a certain degree; but the fashion for such laborious works is passed, and we advise you to find something more useful to do.

COWSLIP and SNOWBALL.—1. You could probably find some institution that would be glad of the baskets.—2. We do not know of anything to suit you unless it be a situation as a nursery governess within your powers.

ANNIE D. H.—Fine crochet cotton and steel needles are used to knit or crochet lace for underclothing. In Weldon's series of needlework books, price 2d., you will find one on crochet and one on knitted edgings.

WANTS TO BE WELL.—1. We should advise you to mix the material you have with something else, either blue velveteen or cashmere, so as to have the bodice as well. Put in a panel on either side of the skirt if you can, and sleeves and plastron on the bodice. This will give you a plain bodice.—2. We should think that you had better consult a doctor.

FORTESCUE E.—We know of nothing else but needlework of various kinds, especially knitting, for your leisure hours at your desk. The Mission for the Deep Sea Fishermen is always glad of articles. Write for a copy of *Toilers of the Deep*, price 3d., to Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A. J. M. and BICHETTE.—The secret of washing flannels, and all woollens, seems to consist in making the lather first, and not rubbing the soap on them, and also in keeping the lather and the rinsing waters at exactly the same temperature. Iron with a cool iron while damp, or pass through a mangle.

E. M.—A small piece of flannel dipped into a little alcohol and water and rubbed on the water stain on the pongee silk dress will remove it. Then turn the silk on the wrong side and iron it, with a dampened cloth to protect it. This process must be quickly performed.

A. W.—The duties of a needlewoman are often combined with the care of children, or an invalid, or old person; or else with a little light dusting in the house, the care of the flower-vases, the house linen, getting of the clothes ready for the wash, etc. But arrangements differ respectively in every family, and you will do well to think out your own. The wages vary from £18 to £24.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KATE H.—Ask your employer kindly to let you have back the references she retains of yours, saying that it is not because you contemplate a removal, as you hope you may give her satisfaction for a long time to come. But the letters are valuable to you and to you alone, and they might be lost—which would be a disadvantage to you perhaps at some future time. She might return them to you as a friendly act, courteously solicited; but might claim their retention if asked for as a right, or in a manner otherwise than conciliatory.

RIENZI.—Perhaps your canary would venture into his bath if a shallow one, and you tempted him by dropping a few hemp seeds into it. Be careful not to frighten him, as he seems to be a timid bird.

OCEANA will probably find the information she requires in one of the advertisement pamphlets of the steamship companies whose boats ply between the two respectively remote localities that she names.

H. M. S.—The duration of mourning dress is greatly reduced from what it was some years ago, and besides this, people are, by common consent, allowed to be less strict in following old usages. Personal feeling, pecuniary convenience, the near neighbourhood of the family in whose circle the bereavement has taken place, or the more complete your isolation or separation from them of the intending mourner—all these circumstances may reasonably limit or extend the period of the external demonstration of sorrow or of respect. You may wear mourning for an uncle during six months, or three only, according to circumstances—your own, or your near relatives' feelings considered.

LITTLE MOTHER.—At Eastbourne there is (or recently was) a Home of Rest for distinctively religious persons or families of a "private" character. It is specially suitable for persons of small means, girls whose mothers cannot accompany them, governesses, and teachers. More than one of our readers has written to us in warm terms of this Home from personal experience; address, Mrs. Parsons, Shaftesbury House, Seaside Road, Eastbourne, Sussex (Christian Seaside Rest).

BIRD-FANCIER.—Siskins rarely breed in this country; they come from the far north. Goldfinches, like woodlarks, breed chiefly in South Wales; linnets and skylarks for the most part in Scotland, Sweden, and Norway. Give your linnet hazel-nuts, acorns, and beech-mast, which is its natural food when wild, but not to the exclusion of the seed you are now giving. The skylark feeds in the same way, but we should advise you not to keep the latter in a cage; it seems to us that it would be a special cruelty, still more so to treat them as game for the table—to which no singing bird should ever be condemned. But we fancy this observation is scarcely needed by you.

JUANITA.—1. You are too young to undertake the teaching of children. You should go through a course of training to render you competent. Much insight into character, tact, and great patience are essential, and an agreeable method of teaching, so that the children should look forward with pleasure to their lessons.—2. If your father really have a dislike to music, you have no right to inflict it on him in his own house. Besides, it would be a breach of filial duty in his daughter.

DARKIE'S letter was far from uninteresting to us. To hear that our work for our readers is appreciated must always be encouraging, and helpful to our writers also. Certainly you may write to us whenever so inclined.

ONLY A SLAVEY.—We do not see why your mistress should object to your taking in our paper on account of her being a subscriber herself. Perhaps you have spoken impertinently. If you managed to please her generally, and give her satisfaction in your work, we do not think she would be likely to interfere in any little matter concerning yourself only, that is, if it did not make you neglect your work. "Duty comes before pleasure."

A READER requiring a paper pattern of any description of dress, such as advertised in our monthly numbers under the title, "Dress: In Season and in Reason," should write to "The Lady Dressmaker," care of W. H. Davis, 78, Ludgate Hill, E.C., enclosing 1s. 6d.; and if to be tacked in position, an extra 6d., and the order will be attended to without fail.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—1. Turpentine is employed for cleaning linoleum; but we should warn you that it makes the linoleum exceedingly slippery to walk upon.—2. We do not tell our readers' characters by their writing. We thank you for your kind acknowledgments of the benefit you have derived from this paper.



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A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.



MONTE ROSA, FROM THE GÖRNER-GRAT.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS ARUNDEL'S room, with its vision of the Matterhorn, spectral in the moonlight without, its dainty appointments and perfect order within, seemed an attractive haven on that July evening; but Honor entered it with much sinking and perturbation of heart. What could she have been doing now?

"Don't look so terrified, my dear child. I am not going to begin your holiday by scolding you. What a dreadful ogre I must be!" kindly observed Miss Arundel, as she put Honor into a comfortable wicker chair beside her.

"I think I have some news to give you. Have you heard anything from home lately of special interest?"

"No. I have only had one short letter within the last fortnight," said Honor, her breath coming short and quick.

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"Then you do not know perhaps that your sister Muriel is coming to me as a pupil next term?"

"Muriel! Oh, Miss Arundel!"

Miss Arundel, watching the effect of her announcement upon Honor, saw what she had expected to see, and yet what in most instances would have been impossible after such news—an expression of astonishment merging into one of dismay.

The thought of Muriel's companionship brought as in a flash the memory of Honor's position at home—the awkward, stupid member of the family, always criticised, rallied, "chaffed" without mercy by the two others. Then came the contrast of her position at "Les Églantiers" — trusted, loved, never scoffed at, gently encouraged to overcome her faults, respected, and tenderly cared for. It seemed in a moment to the troubled girl as if to have her pretty, pert, clever little sister by her side would be to bring back the old order of things, doubly intolerable after the delightful change of the last few months. She could say nothing in reply. And yet, strange though the paradox may seem, Honor loved Muriel, and would have cherished her dearly if that supercilious young lady would have allowed it.

Miss Arundel understood it all as clearly as if it had been stated word for word.

"You are not pleased, my child, I see. But——"

"Oh, it is *horrid* of me!" impetuously broke forth Honor. "I know I have a dreadful disposition. My own sister, and not to be glad to have her with me! What *must* you think of me? Any other girl would be delighted, I know."

Her face and attitude of distress were so piteous that Miss Arundel made haste to console her.

"I understand it all perfectly, Honor; do not blame yourself for what is inevitable. You had not the ideal sisterly relation with either of these two; and though I am sure you love Muriel, the thought of having her with you on the old footing again is not pleasant. But you need not look at it in that light. You will find your former relation with Muriel gone for ever."

Miss Arundel spoke with such tranquil certainty of expression that Honor felt hope revive.

"To begin with, both you and I ought to be gratified because your parents believe you to be so much improved that they are willing to trust me with another child. Muriel is much younger than the girls I am accustomed to receive, but just because she is your sister I have consented to take her, and have put aside many other applications in her favour. Now this I have done partly for your sake, Honor. I hope we may do Muriel some good, and if you and she can become sympathetic, you will find your home-life much more easy and pleasant than if you went home to a half stranger—somebody alien, with no interest in common with you. Emmeline will probably marry early, and you and Muriel may be dependent on each other's society. Muriel is so young that she can be easily influenced, and you must try and do your share."

"*I* influence *Muriel?*"

Poor Honor thought of all the lively sallies of wit, the remarks as to her voice—"notes fetched up from the toes of her boots"—strictures upon her dress and elephantine tread, and so forth, for which Muriel was famous. The idea of influencing such a precocious infant seemed preposterous.

"Oh, if she is pertly disposed I shall soon be able to put a stop to *that*," Miss Arundel calmly continued, as if Honor had been thinking aloud. "But I want to point out to you that you must work with me to make the change a happy and useful one for the child. I do not think, from what Mrs. Drayton says, that Muriel is at all pleased at the prospect. There seems, however, to have been a good deal of friction of late between her and your elder sister, who goes much into society, and this, of course, cannot be allowed for Muriel, who grows jealous and dissatisfied, and is lonely besides."

"Poor little Muriel!"

Honor could easily picture it all. Her mother and sisters were not good letter writers, and she gathered little of what went on from their occasional epistles. Mrs. Drayton wrote a large and fashionable hand, sprawling over thick note-paper, and one sheet of this, usually vague though affectionate, did not go far to satisfy the hunger for home news. Emmeline scarcely ever wrote, and Muriel very rarely, though when she did seize a pen she gave a more graphic account of events than either of the other two.

"I know you will be good to her," Miss Arundel said, kissing Honor; "and remember that I trust you to do your best for her."

This was putting quite a different complexion on the matter. Honor felt wonderfully cheered, and quite rejoiced at the prospect. It was in a bright tone that she asked when Muriel was expected.

"That is not settled, but I suppose she will come out at the beginning of the term in September, when I shall have one or two other new girls from London. Good-night, my child."

Honor unfolded the great news next day to Laura Johnson, with whom she was toiling up through a pine forest. The girls and Miss Grahame were on their way, alpenstocks in hand, to the Görner-Grat—though what this might be nobody seemed very clear. It was a glorious day, and the spirits of the party were extremely high. Zermatt looked even more magnificent in the morning light than on the evening of their arrival; little clouds were floating about the Matterhorn, nestling lovingly against the bare obelisk of rock.

Laura listened attentively to Honor's exposition of the situation, then delivered her judgment.

"I think it will be a good thing for both you and her. As for her being precocious, and all that sort of thing, you need not concern yourself. If she is pert, Miss Arundel will simply send her to bed."

"Send her to bed!"

The vision of Muriel, the wise and accomplished in her own esteem, despatched to bed like a naughty child, was such a shock to Honor's sense of the fitness of things she could only gaze in stupefaction.

"Oh, of course," said Laura easily. "That is always the way when little girls think a great deal of themselves and are saucy. Much the best thing too!"

"Muriel does not think she is a little girl."

"Well, she *is* one, whether she thinks so or not. Oh, don't alarm yourself; we do not stand in awe of children of that stamp at 'Les Églantiers,'" declared Laura, with a toss of her boyish head.

Honor began in alarm to describe Muriel's many attractions, of which the poor girl had the highest possible opinion; but Laura lent an unbelieving ear, and did not seem in the least impressed.

The growing splendour of the scenery soon diverted attention from all other topics. When the wood was traversed, slopes of moorland had to be ascended to a wild upland region, where stood a bare and desolate inn—the "Riffel." Bronzed mountaineers, who were staying here and enjoying a day's rest, lounged about the door; the air blew with reviving keenness; a world of mountains rose around. Willingly would the girls have lingered here for hours, but the goal of their destination was further away. A huge white summit loomed across the moorland, apparently quite close at hand, and in the direction of this they toiled. Patches of unmelted snow lay all around them, and by and by the path began to traverse deep beds of it.

"This is *really* being in the mountains!" cried Laura, in great delight, as she marched along the wet and narrow track. Isabel, her sister, was less charmed with the experience. For vanity's sake she wore narrow high-heeled boots, and was beginning to suffer greatly, and to wish she had condescended to the square-toed, low-heeled, thick-soled "monstrosities" worn by the others.

At length they came out upon the rocky ridge which bears the name of Görner-Grat. Pages might be filled with ecstasies at the view; some of the girls exclaimed, others stood in silent rapture. Far down below them swept the mighty Görner glacier, with dazzling snowfields at its head, and the Cima di Jazzi far away beyond. Next came Monte Rosa, seen in virgin majesty from base to summit. Then came the Lyskamm, Castor and Pollux, and the Breithorn. All these snowy heights were rising actually from the glacier, sending down to its mighty ice-river other tributary glaciers, ten in number. Beyond the Breithorn, the upper Théodule glacier curved round to the sublime Matterhorn, monarch of the scene. The Dent Blanche, and many other summits, then appeared, making in all what seemed a complete circle of mountains around the spectator, scarcely broken by the narrow opening of the Zermatt valley. It was a world of snow

and rock, towering against the blue of a cloudless sky.

One or two of the girls shed a few tears in silence; even Isabel Johnson did not exclaim, as she was wont to do, "How pretty!" or "How perfectly sweet!" All were awed by the magnificence of a prospect which has scarcely its equal in the world; which the eye cannot take in, nor the mind grasp, till after long and quiet watching; which should bow the intellect and heart in mute adoration at the feet of the Creator.

The way back to Zermatt lay down another and a steeper path. The view into one corner of the Zermatt valley, with its floor of fertile corn and hay fields radiant in the evening sunlight, the dark walls of rock and mountain shutting it in and contrasting with the serene and golden expanse below, was a picture for remembrance. In describing scenes such as these one runs the risk of being blamed for dwelling on a hackneyed theme, because the Alps are now so easily accessible to all. But why should it be more "hackneyed" to describe Swiss than English or Scotch scenery? In these regions story writers may expatiate at will without ever being bidden to depart to less familiar ground; it seems hard to understand why Switzerland should not be treated in the same way.

That expedition to the Görner-Grat was the first of many delightful and never-to-be-forgotten experiences of the same kind, though not of equal majesty and wonder.

Zermatt itself, with its broken and picturesque knolls, its pine forests, its four foaming torrents, making the air ever musical with the sound of their cataracts, was thoroughly explored. The girls climbed to the Schwarz-See, a tarn high up on a spur of the Matterhorn, with a lonely chapel beside it, visited the Görner glacier, scrambled about on the rocky pastures to find edelweiss, and penetrated up the Zmutt-Thal under the very shadow of the dread mountain. They studied its outline till they knew just where the fatal "slip" took place that saddened its first ascent, and felt a thrill of terror as they realised the tragedy. No wonder the Matterhorn was thought in ancient days to be haunted by demons: there is something weird and terrible about it that characterises no other peak.

After a week of fine weather came days of rain. The girls were content to sit in the smaller *salon* or music-room with their books or work, apart from the motley crowd of visitors, and found the change from constant climbing not altogether tedious. One evening when the downpour had been incessant, an English lady, the wife of a clergyman, approached Miss Arundel and asked whether any of her girls would enliven the party by "a little music" in this small *salon*.

There seemed no objection; the majority of the visitors were in the large *salon*, the men were for the most part in the billiard or smoking-room. So there was a display of the talent of "Les Églantiers," which seemed highly appreciated. While Honor was singing a German Volkslied, a lady of somewhat distinguished appearance came to the door and looked in. She was of middle age, tall and finely developed, with very dark hair and eyes, and a face denoting strength of character. She wore her plain gown of black velvet "with an air." There was an impression among the girls of having seen her before.

She listened till Honor had finished her song, then quietly withdrew.

"Do you know who was listening to you?" enquired the clergyman's wife of Honor, good-naturedly. "That was no less a person than Madame Heloïse Cunningham, the great English contralto."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Mercenary Beauty.

Tom cries, enchanted with her face,
"Dear creature, what a bird of grace!"
"True, Tom," says Charles, "and I can say,
Dear creature, she's a bird of *prey!*"

A Hint for Travellers.—One of the most desirable qualities in travelling is punctuality or readiness. Without it there is but small satisfaction, either to yourself or those with you. "In all my journeys," says a well-known traveller, "I was always ready in time, but often with a good deal of bustling and hurry, till one morning in Switzerland I looked out of the window as I was dressing, and saw a gentleman who had just joined the party pacing backwards and forwards before the inn with a degree of composure which made me determine to imitate what he told me was his constant rule—to be ready at least a quarter of an hour before the time. I adopted the practice thenceforward, and found the greatest advantage from it."

Definitions.—A scandalmonger is a person who talks to our neighbour about us. An entertaining talker is one who tells us mean stories about our neighbours.

Truth and Kindness.—In the minds of the best of men there is, always has been, and always will be, some difference of opinion as to what is true; but everybody knows and feels what is kind.

A Naturalist's Mistake.—When Lord Lyndhurst was Lord High Chancellor for the third time, in 1841, his secretary tells us that a zealous naturalist, having heard of the Lord Chancellor's Great *Seal*, applied to his lordship for permission to publish a description and figure of the *animal*.

A Guide for Talking.

Two ears and but a single tongue,
By Nature's laws to man belong;
The lesson she would teach is clear—
Repeat but half of what you hear.

Double Acrostic II.

The champion of freedom and national right,
True patriots still honour and cherish his name;
He withstood the invaders in many a fight,
But, betrayed to his foes in the dead of the night,
He was cruelly doomed to a scaffold of shame.

1. A capital city a cent'ry ago,
Whose turbulent people brooked little control;
But, conquered and crushed, their unmerited woe
Has made thoughts of pity and sympathy flow
From every tender, compassionate soul.

2. A Danish princess with a French king was mated,
And divorced for the sake of a lovelier dame;
But the Pope interfered, strict commands he dictated,
The king his meek wife in her rights reinstated,
Yet his conduct was nevertheless much to blame.

3. The flags of all nations appear on my waters,
And in my magnificent docks they are furled;
Here cotton and corn rich America barters
For goods of all kinds that flow in from all quarters,
The industrial wealth of the civilised world.

4. A famous geologist; many a note
He published to guide future students aright.
Those who follow his footsteps and read what he wrote
Will be all the more wise the more freely they quote
From his books, wherein science and thought shed their light.

5. The innocent victim of ignorant faith
Which demanded a sacrifice blameless and pure,
For the sake of her country she yielded her breath,
And bowed her fair head to a violent death,
In the hope 'twould her father's successes ensure.

6. "Our mail from the down of a seed we contrived,
Our laws and our hist'ry by pictures were shown;
But my tribe as a nation has never survived
Since the strangers with thunder and lightning arrived,
And by force made our beautiful island their own."

7. In the depths of the ocean strange architects dwell,
Where no ray of sunshine the darkness can gild;
In their wonderful mansions each separate cell
Is formed for one inmate, and shaped like a bell:
How name you the submarine structures they build?

Ximena.

WOOD-CARVING: How to Carve, and What to Carve.

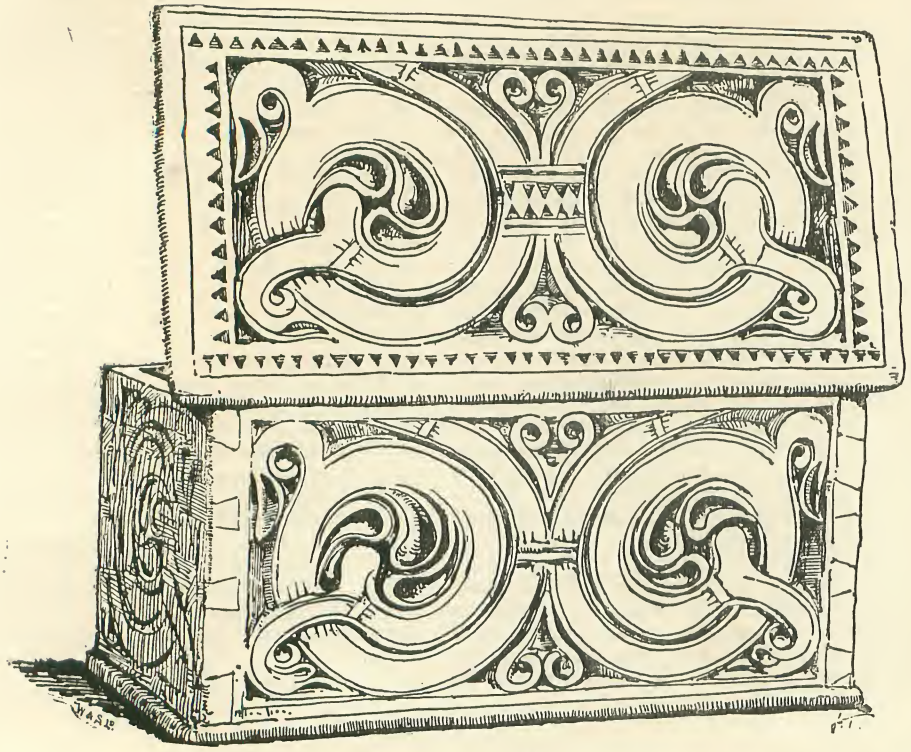


FIG. 1.

II.

In my former paper on wood-carving, I endeavoured to give enough information as to the practical and technical aspects of the subject to enable those who felt inclined to pursue the matter further to put themselves upon the right track and reach some satisfactory conclusion. No craft, especially one which lends itself so freely to artistic development as does carving, is child's play; and I would warn those who desire to take it up that the chief virtue which they must bring to the pursuit is that of patience. But when the tedious apprenticeship is passed, when the keen-edged tools have ceased to be whimsical, erratic, and tricksy masters, and have become the humble and obedient slaves of the nervous fingers and supple wrist; when assurance has taken the place of hesitation, and the wood, be it hard or soft, falls away in clean clear-cut shavings from the outline within it, hidden from all eyes save those of the craftsman, then indeed the end crowns the long, laborious, often heart-sickening, work, and the joy, beside which all other joys are naught, the joy of artistic creation, is the reward of the patient labourer.

But it will not do to have mechanical skill alone to be able to cut with a steady hand and follow a curve with scrupulous fidelity. These, essential as they are, are yet only means to an end, and that end is the production of beautiful things. It is no use to be able to carve well and correctly if the object carved, as regards its design, is not worthy of the pains bestowed upon it. The artist wood-carver will, of course, design his work himself, and will thus be a creator as well as a craftsman; but it is not given to everyone to have original talent of this nature. It is possible, however, for everyone to so study the principles of design as to know, in the first place, what is fitting and beautiful, and in the second, to so adapt the original conceptions of others as to stamp them with a certain amount of individuality which makes them more truly artistic than a mere slavish copy would be.

The first essential of good design is that it should be suitable to the object which it is intended to beautify. Thus, the intelligent carver will not enrich a table-top with elaborately under-cut ornament in high and rounded relief, for, by doing this, the chief purpose of the table would be lost sight of, and it would not fulfil the purpose for which it is primarily intended. On the other hand, the sensible designer will not expend his time uselessly in covering a frieze with delicate, incised ornament which cannot be properly appreciated unless it is brought close to the eye. These are, of course, extreme instances; but exaggeration often brings a moral home to one better than restrained statement will. The design, again, should be dependent to a certain extent upon the material. Ebony cannot be carved with the same freedom and dash as lime-wood, and, therefore, the celebrated English carver, Grinling Gibbons, who flourished in Sir Christopher Wren's time, chose the latter wood in place of the former for his luxuriantly rich festoons of flowers and fruit, carved with a sweep and freedom which, had he worked in a harder material, would have been attained only with an infinity of toil. With a similar regard to their material, the Hindoo carvers, and the Japanese also, when working in their hard teak, employ only

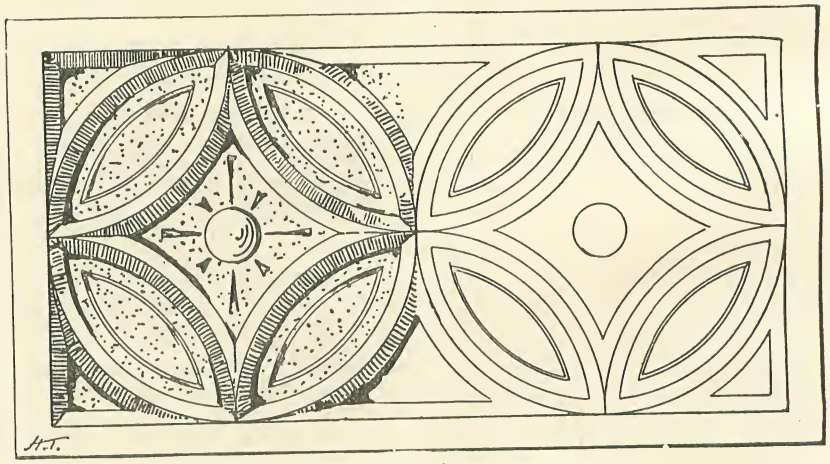
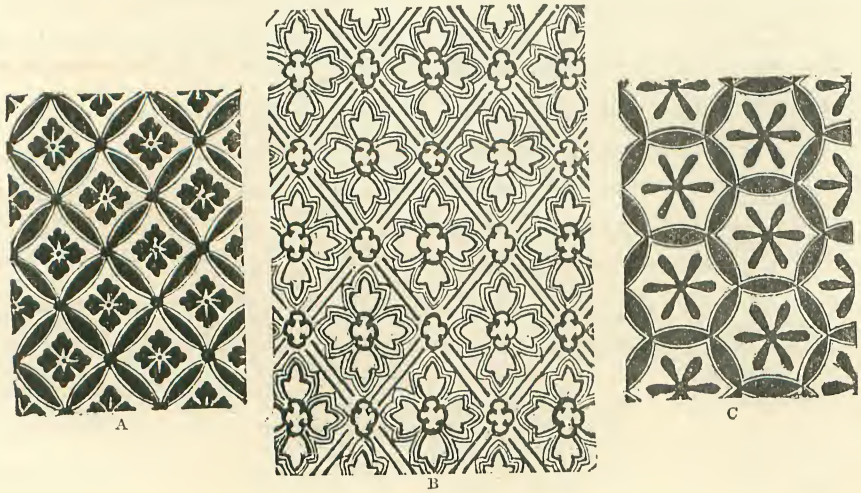


FIG. 3.



A B C

FIG. 2.

delicately incised ornament and conventional designs in low relief, which would soon be worn away were a soft wood used.

Again, the design should conform to the degree of skill possessed by the executant. Beauty can be produced by simple as well as by elaborate means; while to attempt something far beyond the reach of one's powers, results inevitably in failure and disaster. Nothing is so pitiful as to see a good design rendered ridiculous by the inability of the carver to carry it out fittingly. But the simplest ornament, when carved with complete control, assumes a beauty of its own, and gives pleasure to those who view it.

Begin then by limiting yourself to what you can do; and with each performance you will find the scope of endeavour enlarged, until in time nothing will be too difficult for you to attempt with fair prospects of success.

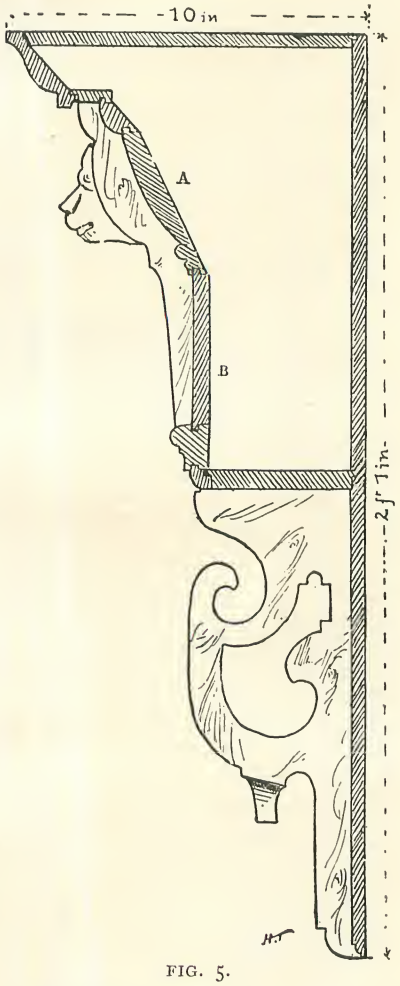


FIG. 5.

With all the advantages of modern tools and of that modern education in art which, moan as we may over the degeneracy of the age, is yet unconsciously imbibed by each one of us, the tyro in wood-carving is on a level with the most advanced craftsman of some earlier civilizations. Thus, in seeking for models and suggestions for the beginner, it is sometimes well to study some of these early examples, which are usually called archaic by writers on art. Wood is so perishable a material that not many of these examples have come down to us through the ages, but, thanks to the energy of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, I am enabled to give you a sketch of a box carved by some Icelandic carver, which is almost precisely similar to the works (of which we have only casts) of the early

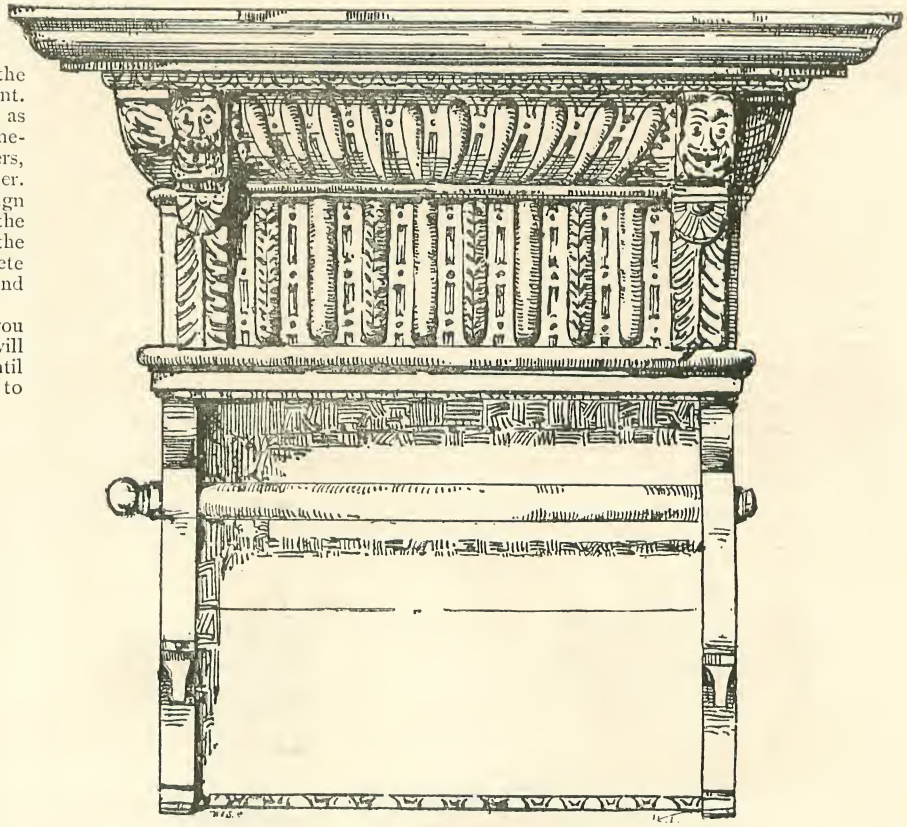


FIG. 4.

Norwegian and Scandinavian craftsmen of a thousand years ago. (Fig. 1.) Note the simplicity with which all the effects are produced, a parting or V-tool, a veiner, and a gouge being the only tools necessary to produce this sample of artistic ingenuity. Without directly copying it, I am sure your own taste and predilection, joined to your sense of what you can naturally and easily do with your tools, will enable you to execute a most satisfactory variation upon this. You can get some friendly joiner or cabinet-maker to put the box together for you in such a fashion that it may be easily taken apart for the purposes of carving, and then permanently joined together. The original is painted green; but I should advise you either to simply varnish it or, if you want a colour effect, to stain it with some of Judson's dyes thinned down with water. You might even try an effect in two colours, treating all the flat surface in one tint and all the sunken portions in another.

But one need not, when searching for motives for simple designs, confine oneself to actual carved work for suggestions. They lie around us everywhere, in every hedge-row, and in every example of artistic handicraft, for both in Nature and Art are to be found countless hints for those who care to take them. Here, for example, are some Japanese diapers, any one of which with a little ingenuity can be turned into a carving pattern. (Fig. 2.) As I have shown them, they are essentially flat in their treatment and feeling, for they are taken from china decorations, and in some cases have formed, as it were, a frame which by its very flatness has served to throw the panel decoration into greater relief by the force of its contrast. Now it is of course possible to treat these motives in carving so as to preserve this flat effect, for the wood surrounding the pattern may be lowered by an eighth of an inch or less, leaving the pattern itself at the natural level of the wood. The general effect of this, however, would be excessively monotonous, and I think we could do a great deal better with our material. First, we should get at its first principles, as it were, by dissecting it, and finding out the geometrical lines on which it was based. Then we should construct our own design upon this basis, trying to so work it as to bring out all the capacity there is in the material in which we are working, to give, in the case of wood, as much play of surface, as much light and shade, as accords with the tools at our disposal, and with our

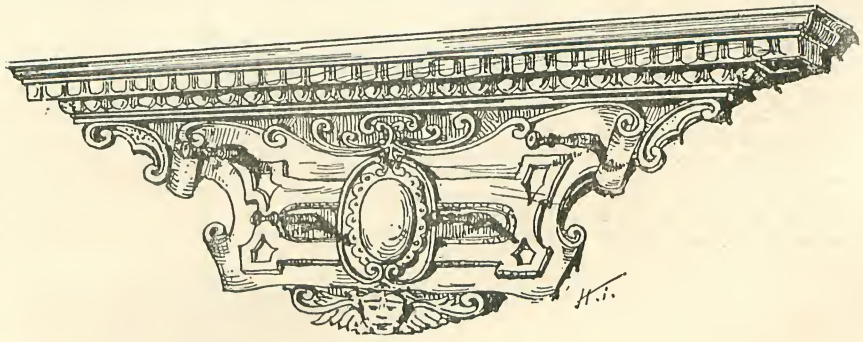


FIG. 6.

degree of expertness in their use. Take Fig. 2 C for example. This, as will be seen at a glance, is based upon the intersection of circles, and was indeed the pattern which gave the suggestion for the panel which I offered as a model in my first paper on this subject. I take it up again, so that the student may see how the same motive may give rise to more than one variation upon it. In the first case I aimed at simplicity. Now I give a suggestion which, while adhering more strictly to the original source of the design, gives us something richer and more intricate, as well as something which requires a higher degree of technical skill to work out satisfactorily. (Fig. 3.)

The wood-carver in the Middle Ages and during the period of the Renaissance of the Arts, as well here as in Italy, has always been one of the most valuable assistants to the architect. To the wood-carver indeed not a little of the surpassing beauty of the interiors of our English cathedrals is due. It is therefore not to be wondered at if the carvers of those periods found themselves applying their ornament in architectural fashion, and on the lines of architectural mouldings, even when the article they were decorating was not strictly of an architectural character. Nor were they wrong in so doing, and I think that one of the most regrettable features of the present very apparent revival of the art is that instructors and others who have been the guiding spirits therein have lost sight of these traditions, and have made use of the principles, either of flat decoration or of naturalistic forms, in their work of education. Take, for instance, this towel roller (Fig. 4) which is to be found in South Kensington Museum. It is English, of the seventeenth century, and is about 2 feet 1 inch high by 2 feet 3 inches wide. A student of to-day, if asked to design a similar object, would produce something pretty enough in its way no doubt, and with much ingenious ornamentation about it. But I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten that ornament would be misapplied, and that there would be a want of harmony between the various parts. See, on the contrary, what our carver of two hundred odd years has done. He has taken a few simple architectural mouldings, put them together with a touch of true architectural instinct, and has then set to work to ornament the different members in accordance with architectural precedent. He has not wasted himself on unimportant details—indeed, his craftsmanship is open to censure, for the carving is rough and almost archaic in character. But he gets a thoroughly harmonious effect, and no fault can be found either with the proportions or the general outline of this little piece of ordinary household furniture. It is, I think, a model of what such things should be.

Should you wish to follow out the ideas so cleverly expressed by this dead and gone wielder of the gouge and chisel, you can easily do so, no matter what degree of skill you have attained. You can, on the one hand, simplify the thing still further, bearing in mind, however, that you can do no better than adhere to the original proportions and the general outlines of the mouldings. (Fig. 5.) In place, however, of the raised ornament to the first deep member of the cornice (marked A in the outline section taken through the centre which I give you), you can simply enrich it with an incised figure, following the same lines which radiate towards the centre. The same thing can be done with the frieze B, while the grotesque heads can be omitted, and simple mouldings with a few cuts of the V-tool on the surface be put in their place. The form of the acanthus leaf on the angles can also be merely suggested with some curved V-tool cuts.

On the other hand, you can improve on the model if you feel equal to it. The grotesque heads may be more carefully modelled, the frieze treated more delicately, and still further enriched, and the acanthus leaves where they occur can be modelled with a closer fidelity to the classic original. I may remark here that the acanthus leaf takes so leading a place in the scheme of all Renaissance ornament that no time need be considered lost which is spent in a study of its form or in mastering its lovely curves and involutions. A simple acanthus leaf should be the first lesson in foliage taken by the student, and it should be worked at again and again until its modelling and radiations are thoroughly understood. An old carver once said to me: "The fellow what can carve a hacanthus leaf as it ought to be carved can carve anythink," and he was not far wrong.

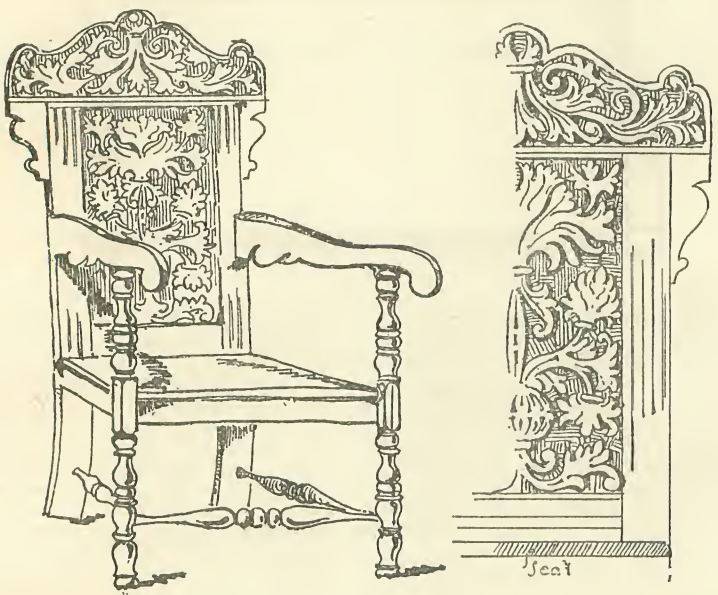


FIG. 7.

Here (Fig. 6) is a thumb-nail sketch of another article of furniture, which is as suggestive as the last. This is Italian, however, and a century or so earlier in date than the towel roller. It is a hat-rack, and, like all bits of good design, is not only beautiful in itself but thoroughly adapted to its purpose. Its execution is exquisite, so that the modern student may not, as in the last instance, find anything to better. On the contrary, something will probably need simplifying, and I should suggest that the cherub's head might be omitted, and the scroll which forms the groundwork brought down in a somewhat similar fashion to the sides, so as to follow roughly the same outline. In this example, as in the former, it will be found that all the mouldings will be found in stock at any carpenter's or cabinet-maker's shop, and I should advise their being roughed out and put together by professional hands, as in the case of the little box described at the beginning of this paper. One of the most useful, as it is perhaps the most widely employed, of decorated mouldings, is the "egg and tongue," or "egg and dart." This, as you see, is based on a plain ovolo moulding, and can be reduced to the extreme of simplicity as regards the cutting necessary to produce it, while at the same time it affords a maximum of light and shade effect.

Finally, let me suggest the advisability of employing your talent on worthy objects alone, by which I mean, that you should not fritter away such talent and knowledge as you may possess in useless prettinesses, but try to execute works which may be both beautiful and useful at the same time. Here (Fig. 7), for instance, is an old chair from a church in Surrey, which dates from the latter part of the seventeenth century. Any carpenter could easily get you out a copy of this either in oak or "white-wood" at a trifling cost, for there are practically no mouldings, and absolutely no "shaped work," as it is called. The turning is simple enough too, the real beauty the chair possesses coming entirely from the carving, which, from a technical point of view, presents no difficulty even to a beginner. Notice, too, that the pattern bears out what I have said above as to the ease with which forms of decoration other than carving may be pressed into the wood-carver's service. This incised pattern is quite evidently taken almost bodily from a piece of brocade, and yet it is eminently suited to the purpose to which it is put. I give a sketch of one-half of the chair-back to a rather larger scale, from which, if you are clever with your pencil—and the first duty of a carver is to learn how to draw—you can without much trouble work out a full-sized drawing.

I could go on for a long time giving you examples similar to those to which I have called your attention, but that would not aid me in my purpose, which has been simply to try and suggest to you the lines on which you should proceed in order to design your own patterns intelligently and with meaning. No one can teach you originality, but there is a knack of assimilating what is fitting for one's purpose, which comes with the habit of keeping one's eyes open and bearing constantly in mind one's artistic aim. If I have helped you to understand this I am satisfied.

HORACE TOWNSEND.



LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARGARET BIRON.

PART II.

A.D. 1612.—June 17.

Lady Ralegh, discoursing with my kinswoman this forenoon, was in the greatest spirits. The King of Denmark, she saith, spareth not to urge upon his brother-in-law, our King, the *necessity*, as he puts it, of yielding to Sir Walter's entreaty, of publicly pardoning and setting him free, declaring that, if the King would only give him leave to go with him, he would willingly employ him in building defences for his country, or as admiral of his fleet, or use his knowledge of the New World to secure for his people, who inhabit a poor and rugged country, some of its superabundant wealth; though Master Walter saith his father is a true Englishman, and would rather serve his own sovereign as a poor captain than be admiral to the Republic of Venice. But Lady Ralegh thinks that it cannot fail but that her husband will be set at liberty with such powerful friends on his side, and the Prince of Wales never losing an occasion to speak for him. But when Lady Apsley spoke of it afterwards to Sir Allen, he shook his head and sighed, "Ah, Dame, Master Secretary is bent on his ruin!" and it is his belief that he will never let the King "uncage this eagle," for so the Prince calleth Sir Walter; and Master Walter himself told me last evening, as we came home from hearing a sermon by godly Master Everard, that it is his belief, and his father's also, that no good will come to him which Master Secretary can turn aside, for that he is building his fine house at Hatfield with Spanish gold, and that he loves Sir Walter's fine house opposite, which men call Durham House, and will cling to it as earnestly as the Earl of Somerset to Sherborne.

Ah, me! it seemeth that the knowledge of evil crowdeth on me since first I abode here in this Tower. It is six whole months since I left Ditchley—what an age it seemeth! It is true that the river banks were bright with May buds, and that we could get bunches of daffodils, but not a single violet did I see all the year but those that mother sent me when Master James Carew rode up to London, and called here to see how I fared. He wanted sadly to take back word that I was pining for home, and whetted my desire to go home by giving me but a poor account of my mother's health. But somehow I feel as though I could bear the monotony of Ditchley less than formerly; nothing to do but to see to the churning of the butter, or that Marjory doth not burn the bread, to prepare father's posset when he cometh home from his justice work, and in the afternoon to sit beside my mother's chair and sew upon my sampler. Then, for pastime, to ride on the grey pony to see the folk going to Court at Hampton, if the King be there, or to walk beside the river in summer to see the gallants and the ladies floating by in their gay barges!

Lilian Cope hath a fair barge all of her own, with four watermen in sea-green liveries, with rose-coloured caps, and a lily for her device sewn on each; and they row in time, like music. But our boat is old and shabby, and I marvel not that Ben careth so seldom to pull away at the oars with no one but old Geoffrey to help him. Alas for Ben! if Sir Walter were only free, I would entreat him to take him to that wondrous land where the gold lies waiting to be picked up; and Ben is a likely lad, and could not fail to win the favour of the admiral.

Poor Sir Walter! penned in this cruel fortress; no wonder Lady Ralegh is often sick at heart. As to him, he occupieth not himself with thoughts of his own critical condition more than it becometh a good Christian to do, who knoweth that the hearts of kings are in God's governance, and that unless it be God's will no harm can befall him; that any day he may die of a fever, or his bones be shattered by a slip of the foot, so that he might have to linger out his life in a slow agony. The axe, he is wont to say, is a sharp remedy for human ills, but a sure one. This reasoning bringeth no comfort to his Lady, but rather incenseth her the more; and she seeth not that she breaks his heart with her tears and lamentations, and with deploring the evil fate of her two sons, especially of Master Walter, who is now of an age to be advanced, and almost as old as his father when he caught the eye of the royal Elizabeth. No wonder though she be ambitious for him, for he is the very image of his father, albeit he hath too much, perhaps, of the yeasty temper of my lady.

"Why will she wear out my father's heart with her lamentations for me?" he said the other evening, as we waited in the chapel for the service. "In good sooth, Mistress Margaret, I would rather be son to the prisoner Ralegh than to the King himself!" And I believe he would. He is confident, too, that time will mend his father's fate. Master Secretary is old, and weak in health, and the King of Denmark, the Queen's Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and all his powerful friends, must avail to counteract the Spanish influence, and to set him at liberty. What a glad day that will be for the Raleghs! Methinks the Tower will seem a thousand times more like a dungeon when they are gone. How shall we be able to support the horror of it!

July 14th.

This day who should come but Master James Carew. He professed to have business at Westminster; but Sir Allen whispered to his wife that he thought his business was rather at the Tower. I heard him as I read an epistle which Master James had brought from my dear mother, but I know not what he meant. Truly it was sweet to read the lines that her dear hands had traced, and to know that she is able to sit out under the lime tree on the lawn. But Master James saith she looketh but poorly. Father is much better of his aches, and able to look after the harvest, and he and Ben are over head and ears in business. Mother's cousin, Mistress Millicent Draper, is come to stay at Ditchley to help mother during the harvesting: she is a notable housewife, and understandeth all about the ordering of a household; but Master James does not much relish her being there.

July 17th.

The summer is now at its height, and here, in the valley of the Thames, the air is often very hot, though the fresh wind from the sea tempers the heat so that it is never close and stifling, as it is sometimes at Ditchley. The heat hath much affected the Lady Arabella Stewart, and my kinswoman is sorely troubled about her. It is indeed sad to think that she who might so easily have been Queen of England, should be condemned to pine away her innocent life in a prison, tortured with longing and care for her unworthy husband, who, they say, is enjoying his life beyond the seas, heedless of her sufferings. She is, in good sooth, a sweet and charming lady, and touches the lute with infinite skill and tenderness. It is the custom of the royal lady to spend as much time as is allowed her in the garden which is called the Queen's garden, and while she is there, yeomen are stationed at every gate, as though the poor lady could take to herself wings and flee away—as no doubt she would gladly do. And to-day Lady Apsley bade me take the little Lucy there instead of for her wonted walk by the river, thinking that haply the sweet smiles of the innocent child might distract the poor lady from her sad thoughts. And indeed the little maid daily shows fresh charms. No wonder her parents set such store by her; she can just begin to walk; and when we came near to the Princess, pacing slowly with her eyes sadly fixed on the ground, the pretty child broke from my arms and, tottering to the Princess, held to her a bunch of daisies which I had gathered for her, as though she were filled with an intuition of divine compassion.

Tears came to the sweet eyes of the poor lady, and, catching up the child, she held her to her bosom.

"Sweet innocent!" she exclaimed, "who hath sent thee to comfort a desolate prisoner?" Then, as the child, affrighted, turned to me, "Who art thou, damsel?" she said, "and who hath sent thee hither to enliven the hour of my sad exercise?"

"An' it please thee, madam, I am only Margaret Biron, daughter of Master Hugh Biron, of Ditchley, near Richmond."

"Alas! damsel, and how camest thou into this unhappy place of durance—for what evil done by thee, or imputed to thee? Thou art not so unhappy as to be a scion of royalty?"

"No, madam; only a poor gentlewoman, and, thank God, no prisoner, but a kinswoman and a guest of the wife of Sir Allen Apsley. She bade me come hither with this her little daughter, hoping that perhaps the sight of the child might be some slight comfort and distraction to thee."

"It was kindly imagined," said the poor lady, looking tenderly at the child. "She is ever full of sweet and generous thoughts. Take her my thanks, and come to the garden, Mistress Margaret Biron, with or without the child, whenever thine own convenience and the hard laws of this place permit thee."

Then she went into a bower, which was sheltered from the wind, and took the baby on her lap and fondled it, till the little one's heart was won, and she put her arms about the neck and pressed her rosy cheek to the pale cheek of the Princess, so that the long fair curls of the lady mingled with the short glossy ones of the infant. At length the Princess motioned to me to take her; but she kept the daisies, and, looking at them with sad, wistful eyes—

"Thou dost well," she said, "to put into the hands of the little maid the fairest flower in all the earth, which brightens the lowliest village green, but does not forsake the king's pleasaunce. Thou knowest, doubtless, that it was chosen by the minstrels in the old time to be the type of the perfect wife, the golden centre figuring the true heart, and the white petals the pure life which becomes a wedded woman." Then the poor lady sighed, and sang so softly and so sadly, that it almost broke my heart to hearken to her, some such lines as these:—

The little bird upon the spray
Sings to his nesting mate all day,
And fondly hearkens she;
Alas for her who sits alone
And hears no mate, but makes her moan—
Alas! and woe is me!

Each weary day drags on to night,
In vain she sickens for his sight,
The heavy-hearted wife!
Ah, me! could she but hear his voice,
Even yet her worn heart might rejoice,
And find some use in life.

A princess mocked with idle state,
A prisoned wife without her mate,
Can she her wrongs forgive?
In pity teach her to forget,
Or still the feeble life-pulse beat,
And let her cease to live.

Hardly had the strain died away when a warder came, and, bowing before the Princess with show of much deference, informed her that her dinner was served. Then she, meek as a lamb, rose, and, followed by her attendant, left the garden; and when I told my kinswoman of what had happened, and of the poor lady's sad song, she sighed, and seemed very sorrowful.

And it seemeth to me, also, that the poor lady is more to be pitied than Sir Walter himself, for he findeth constant diversion in the studies wherewith he occupieth himself, and is, moreover, comforted by the daily presence of his wife and children, to whom he is as the sun and moon and all the stars in the firmament of heaven. But this poor lady hath no one to love but Seymour, and she cannot fill her mind with the light and unsubstantial works in which she hath been wont to delight. It is lamentable to see such a gentle lady kept in durance, as though she were some dangerous creature; and methinks the King would run no risk if he should dismiss her to some lovely wilderness, where she might have sunshine and freedom, for she is no more fitted to frame conspiracies or head plots than our little Lucy; and besides, she is his only near kinswoman. But for that drop of Tudor blood in her veins the poor lady might have been a happy wife and mother; now she is old before her time, and little likely to disturb the King long, poor soul! My kinswoman thinks that if he could only see her, he would take pity on her, and send for her husband, or let her go to spend the remainder of her days with him at the Hague, or wherever he may be.

Master Walter Ralegh saith that this Lord Henry Seymour, of whom she maketh such account, is little worthy of her love; that he would never have wedded her, but that he hoped through her to advance himself—a pretty popinjay, forsooth! He might have taken warning by the fate of Guilford Dudley and the sweet nine days' queen. It is no easy or pleasant seat that a queen's consort has in this land of England. Master Walter saith that if Seymour had had any pith in him he would have contrived the escape better; or, failing that, that he should have returned to share his lady's fate. But if rumour say true, he is so far from having such thoughts that he is disporting himself in France, and never casts a thought on his wife, unless he can use her name to make money with.

It is fine to see Master Walter's eyes flash when he speaketh of any meanness. When time hath somewhat tempered his spirit, he will be a noble gentleman, worthy of the great name he bears. He is well skilled in all martial exercises, and plays divinely on the viol. Ah, me! if only the Queen had lived, how she would have delighted to advance his fortunes. But then his eyes would never have lighted on me, and I could only have beheld him from a distance, like some bright particular star that moveth in an orbit of its own, far, far away. Now ever and anon, as occasion offers, he seemeth to take pleasure in conversing with me; mayhap because, being accustomed to consort with Benjamin, I am not altogether unfamiliar with the thoughts and fancies of young gentlemen; and Master Walter seemeth to find it pleasant to open his thoughts to one who is ready to listen and to feel interest in what he saith.

(*To be continued.*)

LONELINESS.



WHEN I am all alone
My steps I tread in strangesome land,
Where Spirits of the Just demand
That I for sin atone.

When I am all alone
With aching heart the past I view,
And vow my life to live anew,
And worldly gods dethrone.

When I am all alone,
Abased in self-contempt austere,
Sweet ministers from Heaven appear
To draw me near the Throne.

To loneliness I own
Is due dear glimpse of yonder shore,
Where, by His mercy, nevermore
Shall I be left alone! C. P.

O'ER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

By "MEDICUS."

"And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

I LOVE the sea, and have loved it ever since I could lisp the name. A love like this is perhaps not to be wondered at in one who is sensitive and impressionable, with perhaps a slight leaning to poetry and romance. Besides, my mother was a soldier's daughter, and had herself been much to sea in the days of her childhood. And many was the story of old Ocean I used to listen to, and many the song as I sat by that mother's knee in the long forenights of our northern winter. I might recall those songs, one was:—

"The sangs my faither lov'd to hear,
The sangs my mither sang,
As she rock'd me in my craidle,
Or crooned me on her knee;
And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet,
The dear auld sangs to me."

Yes, and in the summer nights, when all was still, we were near enough to the beach to hear the boom of the breaking waves, and to be lulled to sleep by the soothing sound.

Nor was this all; wasn't there Uncle Sandie, my sister's uncle, and *mine par excellence*, so I thought. Captain of a merchantman was Sandie, though once he had served in the Royal Navy. And how eagerly we looked forward to his periodical home-comings from far-off ports beyond the sea, and how joyously we used to rush to meet him and tow him into harbour, as he himself used to call it, I need not describe to any girl who happens to be blessed in the possession of a sailor uncle.

Bracing, breezy, racy, and rosy was Uncle Sandie, and redolent of the brine and ozone of the ocean tracks his ship had ploughed. He too used to spin us strange yarns—mostly true, I suppose—and sing us songs. Ah! yes, and Sandie's voice had the ring of the sea in it too! Listening to him, you might imagine you heard the winds making glad music through rigging and cordage, or, still listening, you had but to close your eyes to see his barque far away on the waves, rising and falling, dipping and curtseying to every advancing billow.



"'WHEN I AM ALL ALONE.'"

Is it any wonder I love the sea? any wonder I spent so many years on it? or any wonder that, whenever I feel weary and sleepless, I long to go afloat once more?

Well, at sea you *can* sleep. The sleep of the mariner and that of a child are very similar. Both are rocked to sleep, one might say; the sailor certainly is rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Now I envy those people who own large yachts of their own; indeed, they are the only people on earth I do plead guilty to envying. But just fancy having a beautiful yacht all your own, heeling over to the touch of the lightest wind, or running before it on an even keel, like a bird of the ocean; her decks like ivory, her sails like the wings of a gull; every rope taut and trim, polished wood-work with a sheen like glass, and brass-work glancing like gold in the sun's glad rays.

And day following day on the silver seas of the tropics, bringing neither care nor sorrow any more than it does to the glad fish that leap from the blue sides of those sun-kissed waves. Green islands to visit, that with their coralline strands seem, at a few miles' distance, to hang in the clouds as if veritable fairy-lands.

Under such circumstances, who would not sing with the poet?:—

"I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below
And silence wheresoe'er I go!"

But there, I must pull myself up with a round turn, as seamen say. I must not permit my imagination to run riot; I must return once more to the purely practical.

However, next thing to having a yacht of one's own is to secure a passage to some far-off land in a well-found and comfortable trading ship. I hinted this much in my last paper. Perhaps your ship should have to make the voyage to Australia, touching at many ports on her way out, and being upon the whole in no particular hurry. Fancy the delights of landing in Spain! I do not say that some of its maritime towns may not look better from the sea than on closer inspection; but there is much that is beautiful in Spanish towns, much that is strange and new. The suburbs too are often delightful; the people are quaintly, almost *stagily*, dressed—if I dare coin a word—and Spain, with all its faults, is really a land of music and romance.

But there are many far more lovely countries or islands you might have a chance of visiting *en route*. There is Madeira, for instance—a land of mountain and flood, wild wooded glens and roaring torrents. There is the Canary group of islands, and the mighty mountain, Teneriffe; there is St. Helena, and the Azores, and, last of all, the Cape itself, its hills all ablaze with gorgeous heaths and geraniums.

If you needed rest after so much sight-seeing, you would soon have it, for betwixt the Cape and Australia stretches the widest, most lonesome ocean I have ever been on. Six thousand miles, and mayhap you will not meet a ship all the voyage, and hardly pass an island within sight or hail! With the wild birds of the ocean and the denizens of the deep long ere you reached a haven you would become perfectly friendly and familiar. And so accustomed to the sea and everything connected therewith would you soon become, that when at last the green waving shores of the new land hove in sight, you would sigh to think you must leave your ship.

But then the pleasures in store for you in that new country! I must not descant on these. Rather let me give you some hints how to live in tropical countries so as to retain your health, and return home not looking yellow and withered, but as fresh and pure as the daisy that grows on the hill-side, with eyes as bright as diamonds, and lips like roses wet with dew. Ahem! I really begin to think nature meant me for a poet, and not for a medico.

No one going abroad to reside for any length of time in a hot country, should omit previously possessing herself of a little medicine-chest. The medicines contained therein should be simple and efficacious, and your own doctor would be the best man to consult as to what you should take and what you should leave.

In nearly all foreign countries you will find resident British doctors. Well, if these are men of some experience, men who have been for some considerable time in the country, you had better put yourself under the care of one of these if taken suddenly ill; but in countries not under British dominion, but probably Spanish, you will usually find that the foreign doctor knows quite as much as the British.

Chronic Indigestion.—This is a most troublesome ailment of tropical countries. And I think it is nearly always brought on by want of care in eating and drinking, or by living a badly-regulated life. The complaint is characterised by a want of tone in the whole system, so that there is not a sufficient amount of food digested to supply the extraordinary waste occasioned by the climate. The nerves become weak and a bit shaken, as it is called. The tongue is generally furred, the face drawn, and eyes far from clear,. and there is a disagreeable taste in the mouth in the morning.

As the sufferer from this complaint is nervous, she naturally fancies she is going to be seriously ill, and that her trouble means the beginning of a general break-up. The spirits are depressed; but it is just as wrong to give way to this depression as it would be to take wine or any other vinous stimulant under the mistaken notion that the strength could thereby be kept up. Stimulants never fail to heat the blood in tropical countries, and render the body uncomfortable; but in spite of this people too often fly to them whenever they feel a little languid and low. Ice is freely used under the utterly mistaken notion that this will counteract the fevering effects of wine, and render it simply tonic and invigorating. In this chronic kind of dyspepsia the diet must be simplified and studied; hardly any meat used for a time, but soups, eggs cooked in a variety of ways, fish, puddings, bread, toast, etc. Rest must be enjoined, and sleep in the afternoon. A first attack is soon got over; but it ought to be a warning. A salt-water bath in the morning—especially the shower bath—does much good. Wear light clothing, but of a woollen texture. Pepsin may be taken, and if much irritability of the stomach, about five grains of bismuth twice a day, half an hour before meals. The new table salt, Pepsalia, is invaluable in such cases. A mixture of infusion of gentian, with ten drops of nitro-muriatic acid, may be taken immediately before meals three times a day.

Aperient medicine should be used with discretion. Perhaps the best thing of any to keep the system free, without causing debility, is the compound powder of liquorice. It contains a little senna among other things, and is very gentle in its action.

Milk may be taken to any reasonable extent, but it is better to be peptonised.

Well, there is such a thing as the system becoming too open, and attacks of diarrhœa being the result. This is a state of matters that requires instant supervision, else it may lead on to that scourge of hot countries medical men call dysentery.

Absolute rest must be enjoined while an illness of this kind takes place. A milk diet will do good, with eggs and arrowroot; but fruit and vegetables, and meat itself, must be abjured for a time, and the advice of the best physician in the place obtained. I never meant to say a word about either cholera or dysentery in this paper, and will not. I have no desire to frighten my tropical readers. But this I must say—these diseases attack the weakly in preference to those who are better fortified. Therefore, prevention is better than cure. If sustained by good food, and all the incalculable benefits that accrue from regularity in living, you may walk scot-free in the midst of plague and pestilence.

Well, now you have all heard of *ague* and remittent fever, and it is what are called little touches of these occurring again and again that tend so much to age young ladies who reside in tropical countries, so that, when they return home at last, they look more like the ghosts of their own grandmothers than the fresh, clear-complexioned girls they ought to appear.

To avoid these fevers, you must study at all risks not to reside anywhere near marshes, or if you must, try to be on that side which sailors call windward. In India, for example, for a great part of the year the wind may blow in the same direction. But it is best to dwell on high, dry ground, and the lower floor should be raised above it, so that a current of air shall sweep right through underneath.

It is a good plan to endeavour to secure a holiday at the most malarious season, to get away to the hills or down by the sea, or to take a short sea trip itself even.

Coffee is said to be a preventive; so is quinine; but I hardly know a worse habit than that of taking quinine constantly. The system gets inured to it at last, and so, when it would really be useful, it is of no avail.

I ought to warn my Indian readers to put but scant faith in the many quack tinctures, powders, etc., that are sold for the relief or cure of ague. They are at the very best but palliative, and often do more harm than good, many containing mercury in somewhat dangerous doses.

Remittent Fever is a kind of ague, in which the symptoms never distinctly intermit, though they decrease. This terrible trouble is more likely to attack those new to the country than others. The exacerbations usually come on every day about mid-day for many days running, there being a slight cold stage, and very feverishly hot stage. The tongue becomes furred and dry; there is very severe itching with great headache, and finally sweating.

The spirits are greatly depressed, and bilious symptoms often run very high, amounting even to a condition of jaundice.

During the sweating stage of this, and even ague, relief may be found in sponging the body, one part at a time, with a little water, to which a good toilet vinegar has been added.

The after-effects of these fevers are usually distressing. There may be neuralgia in different parts of the body, great prostration of strength, with pallor or even sallowness of countenance and even loss of flesh and general debility.

Then, too, enlargement of the liver may occur. Dropsy may also take place. Such cases of course can only be treated by a properly qualified medical man, and the only advice I can give, in a paper like the present, is that we must, by obedience to all the laws of health, and attention to everything that tends to strengthen and tone the body without heating it, endeavour to avoid them. But do not forget that even the strongest constitution will succumb to the constant breathing of a malaria-laden atmosphere.

Barley-water or toast-water, to which a squeeze of lime fruit has been added, is a cooling and demulcent drink. But all water must first be boiled, then allowed to cool, and afterwards filtered. I feel sure, if people would only attend to this rule there would be far less malarial fever about.

Exercise in moderation, plenty of fresh air, avoidance of heat, dew, and fogs, with the morning tub every day, will help to keep fever at bay.

Sunstroke, as it is called, is an ailment of tropical countries which, happily, can usually be avoided except by soldiers, or those that are *nolentes volentes* exposed to great heat coupled with fatigue. I need not say that such an accident, if accident it may be called, is replete with danger.

There are various degrees of sunstroke. What is called heat exhaustion depends upon a weak and enfeebled condition of heart and brain, brought on by exposure to great heat—especially if the individual be weakly, or has been fasting for any length of time. There is a considerable degree of faintness, with some nausea or sickness, or the sufferer may faint dead away, lying insensible for a time with pale face, clammy skin, and interrupted breathing.

The individual should be taken at once into the shade, but not out of the air. She ought to be laid in a horizontal position, with the head slightly raised, and wine or diluted brandy administered. But *not* cold to the head—ice to head and spine might be fatal in a case of heat exhaustion.

But heat *apoplexy* is a different thing, and depends not on an exhausted but a congested condition of brain. The face, in a case of this kind, is flushed, the eyes bloodshot, and the pulse strong, while the skin is dry and hot. Get medical assistance as speedily as possible. Meanwhile remove the patient to the coolest place there is, and apply ice, if it can be had, to both the head and the upper part of the spine.

There is a kind of rheumatism, or rather *myalgia*, a name given to muscular pains not uncommon among those exposed to wet in warm countries. I believe it is more akin to true rheumatism than most people are aware. At all events those whose blood is sweet and pure instead of being acid are less prone to it.

Advice should be sought as soon as the very first symptoms appear, for the case may end seriously.

Well, now, from all I have said in this short paper, it may be gathered that the only way to insure good health in tropical countries is to make one's self well acquainted with the laws of hygiene, and to obey them to the letter: to carefully avoid exposure to damp, dew, wet, heat, and, above all, malaria; never to over-fatigue or over-heat the body; to wear light woollen material next the skin, and to live within bounds in the matter of eating and drinking. Easily digested foods are the best. Indeed, some officers that I have been messmate with out in India ascribed the wonderful health they enjoyed to the fact that to a great measure they lived on somewhat similar diet to that of the natives. Well, this is chiefly vegetarian. But although curry is excellent, too many fiery sauces should be sedulously avoided.

The tonic I spoke about, namely, dilute nitro-muriatic acid in the infusion of gentian, is a very simple one, but should be taken for three weeks at a time whenever the liver is a bit out of order, and the system weak or low. This is the best tonic you can take for clearing the complexion.

If the gums and the face be pale, a little course of quinine and iron may be indicated, or simply ten drops of the dialysed iron thrice a day for two or three weeks. Take this in water after the meals.

Iced water is certainly very pleasant, but it should be used with caution, while all kinds of iced cups are best avoided.

Use only rain water for ablution, or soft water when rain water is not to be had; but this should be boiled, filtered, and cooled first. If for the face, the addition of a little toilet vinegar and a morsel or two of ice will be found very agreeable.

Great care should be taken of the teeth in India, or assuredly the digestion will suffer. Not only should they be carefully brushed every morning and night, but after every meal.

In conclusion, let me once more impress upon you the fact that more harm than good is usually done by eating too much or too often with the idea that the system must be supported.

TESSA AND TONINE.

A STORY FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

By AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.

CHAPTER V.

TESSA looked on with all the pleasure she felt reflected in her happy little face. Only once had she known such pleasure, when some friends in Paris took the children to Passy for a day's frolic in the woods; but somehow it was not like this. It was when *la madre* lay ill, and she was so sad all the day because she was not there.

But she must not think heavy thoughts any more—it would not be grateful to these kind *signori;* and as they had now taken their seats under the colonnade, Tessa and her brother were called by Signor Monti to help to amuse their kind friends.

Tonine had a quantity of rich brown hair, of which his poor mother was very proud, and had trained it to fall back from his wide low forehead in curls; and now he advanced in the midst of these grand *signori*, harp in hand, and shook his curls back.

Tessa had chosen the sweet, tender air of "Home, Sweet Home," for beginning with—the dear old English melody so much thought of by all loving hearts; and she played it with a grace and feeling, accompanied by Tonine on his harp, as astonished all those who listened.

Italian airs followed, and then some one asked Tessa if she could sing; for the child's playing was so wonderful for her age, as was also Tonine's, that all saw it. Tessa replied with a blush of pleasure at the praises given to herself and brother—"*Un pocotino*"—("A very little").

"Well, what will you sing?" asked the Rev. Mr. Jones.

Tessa's voice was a good one. Her mother had possessed that sweet grace of womanhood, a pathetic, musical voice; and her child inherited her gift of song, and her sensitive southern nature was brought out by the sights and sounds around her.

The child waited a moment, and said something about *la madre* having taught her a hymn; she would sing that if the *signori* permitted; and then, in a sweet, childlike manner, and in soft soprano tones, accompanied by Tonine's harp, the lovely Notturno, "*Oh, Notte Stellata!*" ("Oh, Starry Night!").

The rendering of this almost sacred song delighted the assembled guests, more especially the reverent gravity in the words, "*Oh, Dio di bonta, Dio d'amore,*" which impressed more truly both Signor Monti and the Rev. Mr. Jones of the careful training given to them by their poor mother.

Indeed, Tessa was herself greatly touched by the scene and the sights around her. From the woods near by the birds sang their farewell to the departing day; the soft murmurings of the insects as they wandered here and there from flower to flower, as though selecting the daintiest couch for their rest. From the distant fields came the lowing of the kine; and the soft baa-ing of the lambs trotting by their mothers to their beds varied the pleasant sounds of the happy children at their play, and the laughter of their parents, who rejoiced in their happiness.

And then the eventide came on; the sky became flecked with a soft primrose and rosy light, the dew began to fall, and thus all things seemed to catch the loving light of God's great mystery of beauty shed over this lower world, giving to all the sabbath of rest.

The drive home in the still evening seemed to these children, with their evidently bright imagination, like a glimpse of Eden.

They were very quiet the rest of the drive, and when the wagonette stopped at their poor lodgings—for Miss Power took them home—their thanks were warmly given, and their farewell an Italian one—a respectful kiss on her hand, with "*Felicissima notte, cara signora,*" and "*Mille grazie!*"

The next morning the children slept later than usual, the unusual pleasure of yesterday having fatigued their minds with the sights and pastimes in which they had played their parts. Tonine still slept, and Tessa's willing hands were preparing a basin of bread and milk for him.

"Poor Tonine!" said the child softly. "*La madre* told me to be kind to him and love him, because he was not so strong as I. But he is better and a great deal stronger now, although he is still so much less than I am. I wonder if *la madre* knows how I try to do all she bade me do? Ah! if we had her now—if she had been with us yesterday, and seen that lovely place on that hill! What a deal she would have told us about this beautiful world, and the stars, and all that God gave us to make



"HE HURRIED THEM TO WHERE A CAB WAS WAITING."

us happy! Happy!—ah! not without her! Oh! *madre mia*, why did you leave us?" and the tears, long repressed, burst forth.

"What's the matter, *carina?* Why do you cry?" said Tonine.

"Nothing, dear!" But Tonine could not bear his sister's tears, and so cried for company, until their landlady coming in diverted their attention.

"Heyday! little ones! What! tears after such a grand day as yesterday! I declare I did not know you, coming out so spick-and-span! Why, I suppose you got a heap of money for your pretty playing—eh, dears?"

"Ah! I had forgotten about the money. I was thinking about—about ——" But Tessa swallowed the lump in her throat which her tears had left there, and taking her new dress down, she took from the pocket the coins which had been given to them and proceeded to count them.

"One—two—three—four! Dearie me! why, you are rich!"—and indeed, when all was counted they had fifteen shillings in silver, besides coppers.

Tonine clapped his hands. "Ah! now we can go back to Paris! I like Paris best; and I shall see *petit* Charles, and Pierron, and *le gras* Boitou. Oh! how splendid!"

"No, Tonine dear, we cannot go and leave those kind *signori* who have promised to be kind to us. Besides, there is not enough money for that; and we must pay this kind lady (these were all *signor* and *signora* with Tessa) the two weeks' rent we owe her."

"That's right, little girlie! Not that I care so much about the money, but I love to see one so very young——. But there, bless the child! she has the sense and discretion of a woman."

The good woman took the money, for she was poor, but resolved that the little strangers within her gates should not want food while she had any to share with them.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG those who went with the Italians to the country were two men, one an Italian and the other a Spaniard, who offered their services to help amuse the company. Their stock-in-trade was a clever camel, a bear, three monkeys, various boxes of puppets, and also some dogs. They performed after the tea was over, and very cleverly all their tricks were done.

On the second day after the children had been to the country, the Italian, whose name was Bernardino, came to see them late in the evening to ask them if they would like another trip into the country.

"*Si, signor, si, si!*" said little Tonine, clapping his hands, for he was much more of a child than Tessa. His sister looked at Bernardino while he told her of the delight of this day of pleasure to come on the morrow, and then said that they would go if the lady, Miss Power, did not object.

If the child had seen the angry frown which for a moment disfigured the features of Signor Bernardino, which he turned into a smile when he saw Tessa looking at him, she would at once, with her natural shrewdness, have declined his invitation; but seeing that he would himself go and tell her they were going, and ask her to go also, so they need not lose their day, Tessa was then satisfied, and promised to be ready at eight o'clock the next morning.

Tonine was joyful. "Think, *cara sorellina mia*, think how nice to go in one of those large carriages instead of walking. I am so tired when I walk far, and I seem to want to sit down and go to sleep. Do you feel so, dear?"

Tessa sometimes had a dreadful fear come over her that Tonine, her dear little companion and friend, would fade away and die like that dear mother; for the boy, when weak and tired, would lay his head down on his sister's shoulder, and say he wanted *la madre*, and how he wished he could go to her, because she told him that heaven was a beautiful place, and this—looking round their bare room—was not pretty, but cold and ugly. And Tessa would comfort him with loving words and kisses, and ask him not to want to leave her alone.

* * * *

When Signor Bernardino and his partner, the Spaniard, saw the twin Italian children, and heard their clever playing, a bold scheme entered their heads, and that night, as they went home, their plan of action was arranged. If they could get these children into their hands they saw before them a rich harvest of gain to themselves. As to the children, they did not give one thought to their likes or dislikes. The men had no wish to treat them ill, which would be against their own interest.

Accordingly, the next morning the *signor* came to take the twins to pass the day in the beautiful English fields. "*Oh! che bella verdura!*"—"Oh! the beautiful verdure!" had been Tessa's exclamation on first seeing the daisy-covered grass in its green loveliness; and now the thought of passing such another happy day with that dear Miss Power and the other ladies and gentlemen filled their innocent hearts with delight.

She thought it would be a repetition of that day of delight. She would try to play so well to please such good friends, and Tonine should too.

When the landlady, Mrs. Martin, opened the door to Signor Bernardino she did not at all like the look of him. He had, she thought, a sinister face, and she resented the hasty eagerness which he showed to get in the house. Looking gravely up at him, she asked if the other ladies and gentlemen were also coming to take the children.

"Oh, ah! madam, they are at what you do call it—the rendezvous, because it is a little late."

"Well, then, I will just put on my bonnet and shawl and take them to Miss Power; she is such a dear young lady that I should like to do that which would please her. Please to step into my little room, sir. I will not be a minute." But it did not please the *signor*, so the moment Mrs. Martin's back was turned he stepped lightly upstairs, and telling the children that the *signori* would not wait longer, for it was so very late, he took Tonine up, lightly swinging him on to his shoulder, and then, taking Tessa's hand, he hurried them to where a cab was waiting, and in a minute or two they were rolling swiftly away towards the London and Dover Railway.

"This is not the way to the green fields, is it, *signor?*" said simple little Tonine, "and to that *cara signora* so beautiful, so kind?"

"*Si, si, caro;* you will so soon see her, also the fields so lovely!"

Tessa in her pretty new Italian dress, and with her large, wistful eyes looking here and there for Miss Power, attracted much attention. Somehow she was not satisfied with Signor Bernardino's looks. Why had he hurried them off so quickly without saying good-bye to Mrs. Martin? And Tessa's bright little face clouded over with fear of she knew not what.

"When shall we be there?" asked Tonine, for the way was long, and he was hungry.

"Very soon now," replied the *signor*, and in a few more minutes the train drew up at the station. The Boulogne boat was at the pier—for the train was a tidal one—and the children, dazed and frightened, were hurried on board by the friend of Signor Bernardino, who had met them, and the whole four descended to the steerage cabin, out of the way of enquiring eyes; and before they had recovered from their wonder the word for those who were not going to return to the shore was given, and then they were off.

Tessa had risen, followed by Tonine, to leave the steamboat with the rest; but they were told roughly to sit down and they should have something to eat. This pleased Tonine, who was really hungry; but Tessa, less childish by far than her brother, told Signor Bernardino that she wanted Miss Power—that she would go and look for her.

"Indeed, do you; then she is not here, and you will nevare see her 'gain if you be not ver' still and ver' good. There, now eat, and den go sleep. Dere now, lie down, *va riposarvi sta tranquille!*"

Tonine slept long and heavily; but Tessa—faithful little Tessa!—sat with wide-open eyes, fearing her brother might awake ill. And then the lonely little girl lifted her tear-stained face to heaven, and with the sweet confidence of early youth she prayed God for Christ's sake to look down on them, and guide and protect them in the strange life around them.

She felt more tranquil after the prayer. Still, there was in her heart a great fear, she knew not why.

It was a lovely day, and the trip across the Channel was very enjoyable.

At length Boulogne was reached, and after a hasty refreshment, they stepped into the train for Paris, and at midnight they arrived.

The twins were taken to a not too respectable house in the Rue des Temple, in the large room to which Bernardino conducted his *protégées*, and introduced them to some men and women who were evidently in the same calling as himself and his Spanish friend, for there were performing birds, dogs, and monkeys, with their respective owners—women and men.

Tessa found by their conversation that they were *en route* for a town in the south of France, where a large fair would be held in something less than a fortnight; and then there was a whispering conversation held, after which the children were told by Signor Bernardino to play their best tunes.

They obeyed, for they were frightened by the noise and turmoil around them.

But tired as they were they could not help laughing, for at the first notes of Tessa's violin, the dogs, of which there were six, began to dance on their hind legs in the most comical fashion; two of the monkeys jumped on the backs of the biggest dogs, and the grotesque antics of these animals made such a laughable and thoroughly strange scene of merriment that frightened Tessa, and made Tonine cry and laugh alternately, until at last he cried that he was tired, and wanted to go to bed.

Tessa put down her violin when she saw the state her brother was in; she feared that, what with excitement and fatigue, he would be ill. But Signor Bernardino ordered them to play. At the same time she saw the Spaniard lead into the room by a chain the bear which, seen at a distance in the paddock on the day of the Italian *fête*, was very different from having the huge animal in the small room in which they sat.

"Play, *signori*, play!" But Tessa would not move from her brother's side, for his fear was terrific.

The wicked man seemed about to strike her, when a young Italian woman held fast his unlifted arm, saying, "Look at that child!—how deadly is his fear. She shall not leave her brother! Come here, *cara;* what is your name? Tessa will come with me. I will take your brother."

Tessa looked into the Italian girl's eyes and was satisfied, for she was true and good, although obliged to belong to Signor Bernardino's troupe.

"You may take the boy, poor little stupid! but the girl must stop here, or else you sha'n't take him to bed!"

And dear little Tessa, faithful to her promise made to the mother, submissively did what Bernardino required, although trembling in every nerve, which was to sit on the back of the bear and play her violin, whilst he marched solemnly round and round. Poor child! She kept saying to herself: "'Tis for my dear Tonine."

(*To be concluded.*)

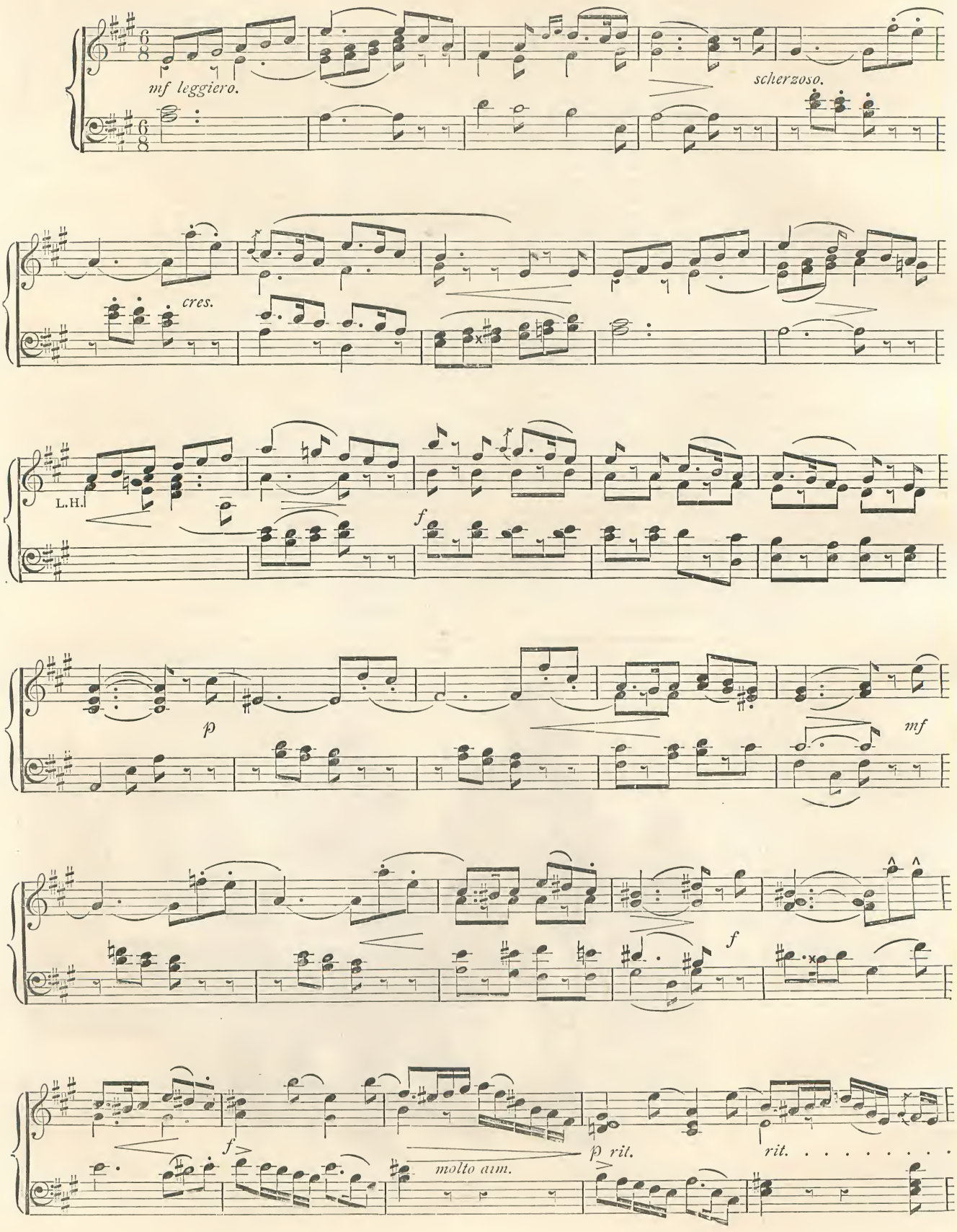


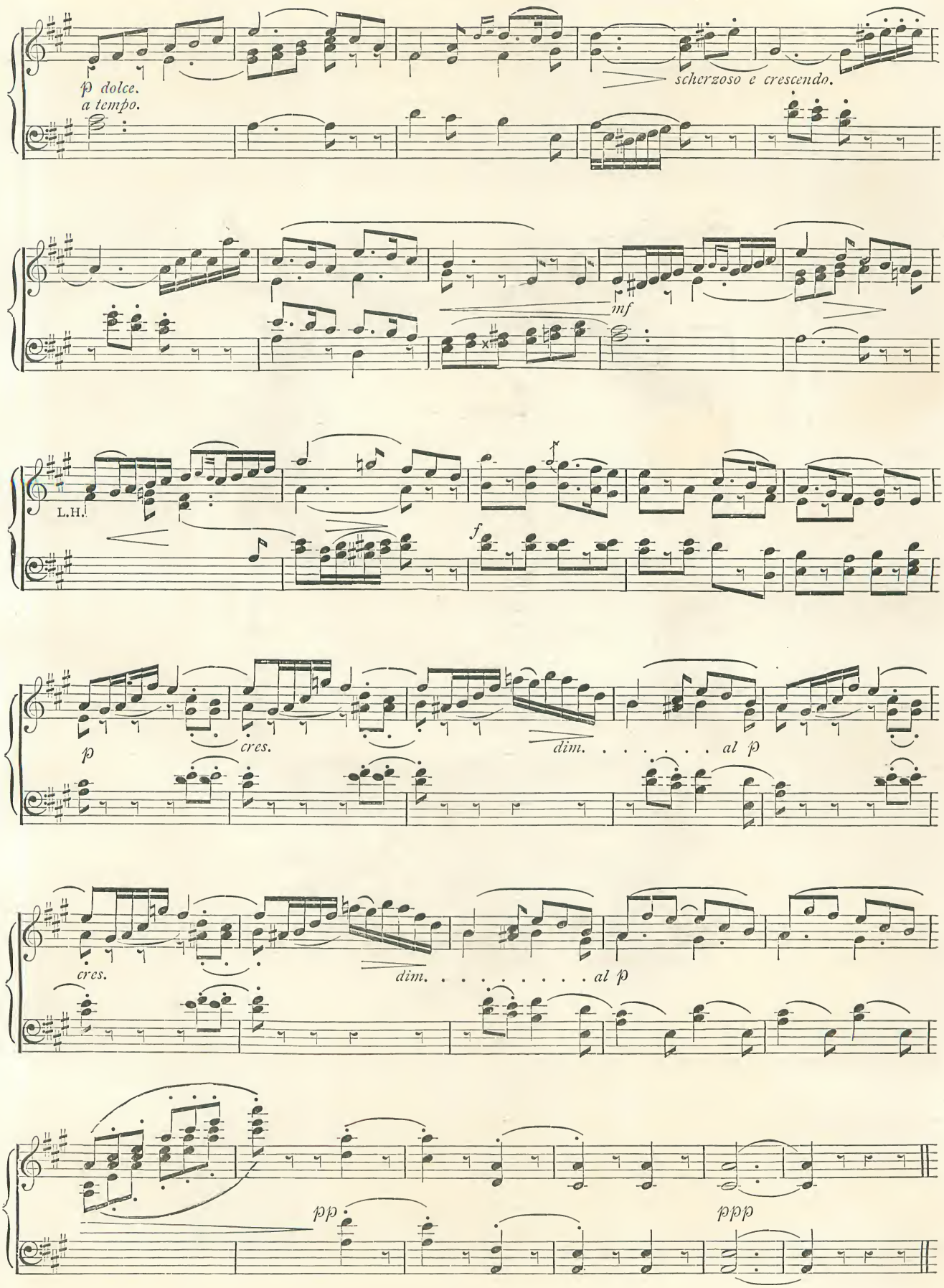
"WHILST HE MARCHED SOLEMNLY ROUND AND ROUND."

ALLEGRETTO GIOJOSO.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

By MYLES B. FOSTER.




p dolce.
a tempo.
scherzoso e crescendo.
mf
L.H.
f
p
cres.
dim. . . . . al p
cres.
dim. . . . . al p
pp
ppp

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

FAIRY LILIAN.—1. When the movement of a piece of music is written in the key of D flat major, and A is marked double flat several times during the movement, it should be played double flat counted from a natural.—2. Your writing is scarcely yet formed, but is legible, and of a good size—neither too large nor too small.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—1. If you cannot stretch an octave you must strike the eighth note with a jump, or as nearly simultaneously with the rest of the chord as you can.—2. The term you name is commonly applied to an accompaniment of a commonplace character, or a few chords only, to accompany the voice or another instrument.

CEDAR TREE.—1. Niccolo Paganini, the great violinist, was born in 1784 and died in 1840. You can form an idea of the possible age of his violin by the fact that the "Straduarius" violins of Cremona came into existence between the years 1700 and 1722. We do not know who is now the possessor of his violin.—2. There are two theories as to the origin of the term "Whit-Sunday." In the Primitive Church the newly baptised used to wear white dresses from Easter to Pentecost, and were spoken of as the "white robed." The other theory is that the name was originally written "Wit-Sonday," or "Wise Sunday," *i.e.*, "Wisdom Sunday," or the day when the Apostles were filled with wisdom by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them, and distinguished by so remarkable a visible manifestation of His Divine presence.

BEGINNER.—A *scherzo* is a quick, gay movement in music; a *rondo* is a description of piece that rambles round again with the phrase with which it commenced. But there are five separate forms of this kind of piece, for which you must refer to Dr. Marx's *Theory of Music*, vol. iii., a German edition.

ART.

BELLE.—The picture of "Andromache," by Sir Frederick Leighton, which is in the art gallery at Manchester, represents the daughter of the King of Thebes (in Cilicia) who married Hector, the son of Priam, King of Troy. Her attachment to her husband was remarkable; and the description of her parting with him, when he left for the war in which he was killed, is considered the most touching and best conceived of any passage of the kind in the *Iliad*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALCESTÉ AND LÉONIE.—1. Take the steel beads of the elastic and steep them for several hours in oil; then wipe and rub with wash-leather. Should that prove ineffectual, get a jeweller to clean them for you. Should they have bright facets, to use emery paper would remove the high polish.—2. The 20th of May, 1878, was a Monday; the 18th of September, 1876, a Monday. There is a school for boys where a trade is taught at Sandwell Hall, near Birmingham. Address the Superintendent.

SANDRINGHAM.—1. Vol. i. "G. O. P." is out of print, and has been so for a long time; but perhaps you might procure it by advertising.—2. "Practical Hints about the Hair," by "Medicus," is in vol. vi., p. 631; or the weekly number for July 4th, 1885.

ESTELLE.—Introduce the gentleman to the lady, of course.

MAYBL.—What is called "India gauze" is used in hot countries for under-wear, also thin muslins or lawns for "combinations" and petticoats. "Ventilating stays," made of netting, can be obtained everywhere, which are very cool, and have the bones only covered in thick material. Well made and slightly-boned bodices can also be worn, and the bones so arranged that they can be taken out for washing the bodice.

FORWARD should have some agreement in writing with the person to whom her picture is given for sale as to the percentage he is to have and the amount fixed as the limit of price. Of course "Forward" should enquire into the character of the person whom she entrusts with it.

CARRIE might obtain advice as to what might improve the condition of her unsatisfactory waterproof cloak at a shop where india-rubber articles of wear are sold. We should think that hanging it in the air in a damp condition would certainly be preferable to placing it in the sunshine.

KITTEN.—The quotation seems like the style of Browning or else Swinburne. We do not know it.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

UM KOLONI (South Africa).—It would be forward in any young girl to ask a man for his photograph. All advances towards greater intimacy should come from him—not from her. Natural modesty and self-respect should make her most scrupulous to avoid saying or doing anything that might be construed into an attempt to win his regard, as she should be the party sought and won, not the seeker who asks for acceptance, and ought to sue earnestly for it. Forward, undignified girls lay themselves open to very slighting remarks even for trifling indiscretions. Your appreciative remarks on our paper have much gratified us. We take great interest in "Our Girls" in the Colonies.

"LOVE IN A MIST."—You should take cod-liver oil, beginning with small doses. If difficult to take it, perhaps you might do so with sardines. You may have to leave it off for a time, and then you should take as much milk, cream, and butter as you can digest.

KITTY.—Canaries often eat their feathers from *ennui* and dulness. Give an empty reel to pick at, and take more interest in the bird by talking to it constantly, and changing the place of its cage.

"TRUE LOVER."—We are glad to hear such sentiments as those you have expressed to us, and hope that your affianced wife will prove a help to you in your Christian course. The ring that you suggest as a token of your affection would be very suitable for a birthday gift, and we could not propose a better one.

A YORKSHIRE LASSIE.—A mixture of Eau de Cologne and myrrh is constantly used with water to wash the mouth and teeth, and is considered excellent.

LORRAINE.—If you belong to the Church of England you ought to be confirmed, and should attend the classes for instruction preparatory to being admitted to Holy Communion. Confide in your clergyman, and he will lend you some useful books and explain all you do not yet understand. If you belong to any Nonconformist congregation you should apply to your minister in the same way. Our space is too limited to teach you much in an answer. One thing we are glad to see, that you are troubled about your ignorance of your religion. But at least you know that you are a sinner, and need a Divine Saviour to pay your debt and make an atonement for you; and the Holy Spirit to incline you and teach and help you to please and serve your Heavenly Father, who will hear the prayers offered in your Saviour's name, for His perfect merits and atonement's sake. You have to strive to conquer all your bad inclinations, your bad temper, your idleness, and your disinclination for prayer, and study and strive as earnestly as if you had to earn your own salvation, but trust entirely to your Saviour's merits and death for your sake, and not on any supposed good works of yours. Reflect much on the love and forbearance of your God and Saviour, and approach Him with loving reverence.

F. T.—If a physician with a doctor's degree, address him as "William Smith, Esq., M.D."; and a clergyman as "The Rev. William Smith." If he be a Doctor of Divinity, add the letters D.D.

M. A. N.—Certainly you should not say, "Did you know it was *her?*" If "everybody you hear" employing the phrase says "her" instead of "she," it is because they are only half educated.

TENNIS.—You had better take your tennis racquet to the makers. You seem to have been neglectful of it, and perhaps have not a case for it. If this be not so, the wood has warped.

MONA. — Crape should be steamed, and then brushed lightly with a soft brush; and velvet cleaned with a piece of bacon rind.

E. OAKES.—Your writing is excellent, and your sentiments quite as much so; but we regret that your verses are not sufficiently original and correct in composition for publication. "Blank verse" does not consist in the absence of rhymes; and your lines, "An Evening's Thought," are quite incorrect.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—You should ask your own clergyman to recommend you such a book as he will employ in his parish to prepare you.

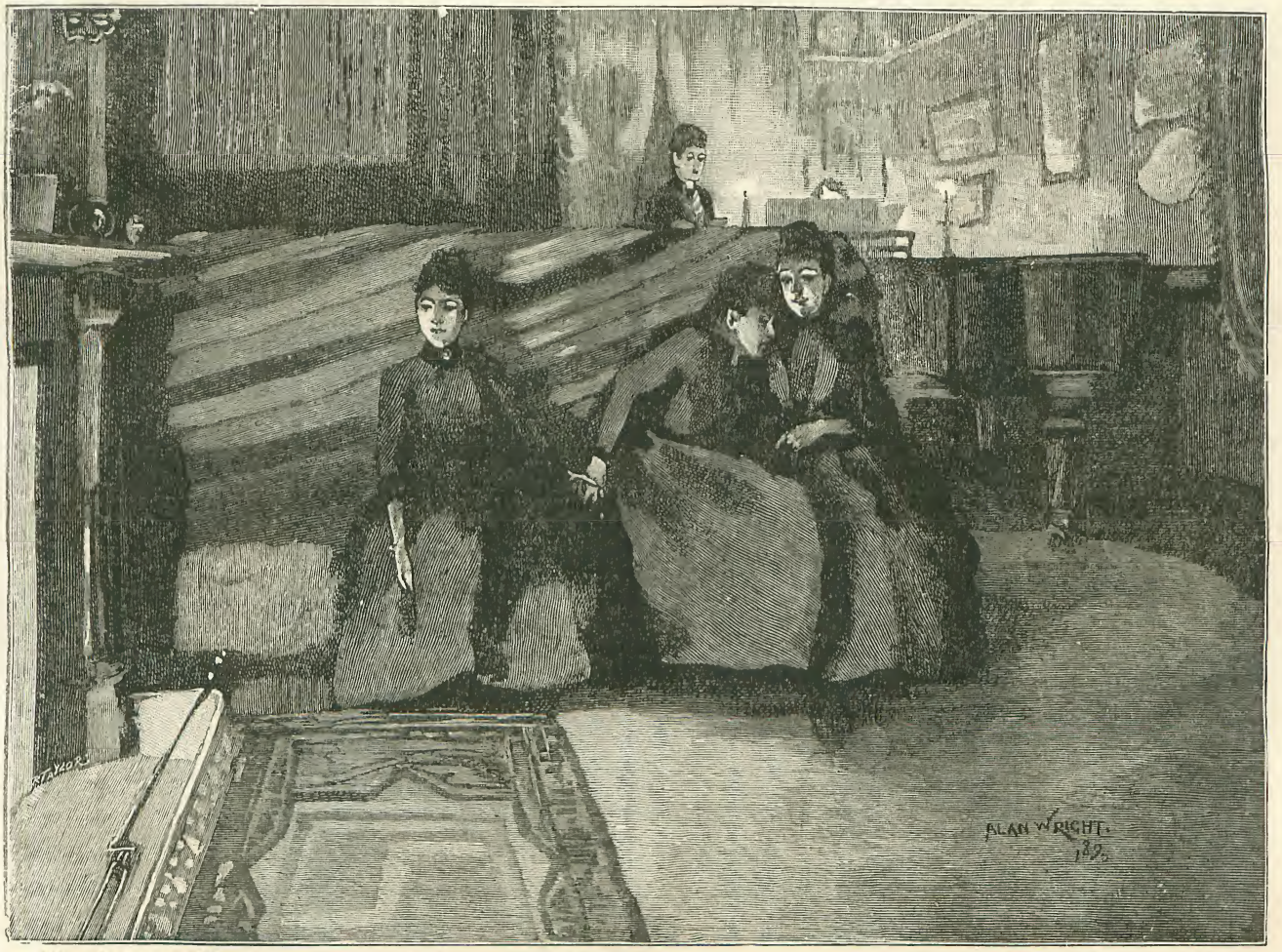
GRATEFUL JACK OF ALL TRADES.—It is very strange that the duty of daily rest for a few minutes should be so neglected by everyone, and we feel so glad you found our ideas concerning its value true when you tried it. This half hour of quiet healing is for benefit, both mental and bodily, and if practised properly should be the carrying out of the command to "Enter into thy closet and shut the door," and to "Commune with thine own heart and be still," and in that blessed stillness nerves are healed and quieted, and the ruffled temper calmed; and so we really "enter into rest" in a limited degree.



VOL. XII.—NO. 612.] SEPTEMBER 19, 1891. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN EVENING RECITAL.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.



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PRELUDE.

THE Master struck a chord of power and might:
I, all intent on beauty, failed to see—
For yet mine ear had not been tuned aright—
The perfect glory of its harmony;
Through realms of sound, and subtle melodies
All crude and aimless, so it seemed to me,
With bated breath and wonder-waiting eyes
I followed where he led, unwillingly.
"No beauty here," I cried, "No peace, no light!
All stern perplexities in one seem met;
A tangled web, like Sorrow's blackest night,
A minor wail of discord drear." And yet
The Master smiled—a smile with joy innate—
And to my longing soul he whispered, "Wait!"

SYMPHONY.

Wide through the vast expanse of Heaven's height,
Far as the limits of the boundless sea,
Deep as the fathomless abyss of night,
And measureless as the Infinity,
Swept through the awe-struck air an anthem grand
Of crashing chords, and melodies sublime,
All glowing from the Master's heart and hand,
Perfect with revelations of all time.
And all the stars upon their stately way,
Astonied, paused to listen, and the day,
Clad in the golden vesture of the sun,
And all the angels harping round the Throne,
And all the ages in the dim Unknown
Joined with one glad accord a great—"Well done!"

OCTOBER.

BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

THIS is the month of berries. The two most familiar, known amongst children as hips and haws, decorate every hedgerow. Hips are the fruit of the wild rose, and vary slightly in shape and size; but the colour remains much about the same wherever they grow, every shade of orange and scarlet being found. When quite ripe the fleshy part of the hip softens, and has not an unpleasant taste; and I have read somewhere that a *conserve* can be made of these ripe hips. If one could get the flavour without the seeds, I can well imagine that such a *conserve* would be pleasant. Haws, the fruit of the hawthorn, or May, are much deeper in colour, and in some cases are quite a purplish-black. Last year hips and haws were very plentiful, and O! how beautifully decorative they look! But they are of little use for vases, as the berries soon shrivel and lose all their charm. I have found asparagus seed, on the other hand, keeps very well when dried; and no more beautiful object in the garden or house in October is there than a tall, branching, feathery spray of asparagus, with its numerous scarlet berries gemmed over the delicate branches. A spray in the midst of a bouquet gives grace and elegance—a point a skilful arranger of flowers is always careful to attend to. The idea that because a thing is common it should be discarded betrays a certain vulgarity of mind. I could wish for no more beautiful natural decoration in a room than sprays of wild foliage such as bramble, with its leaves in every tone



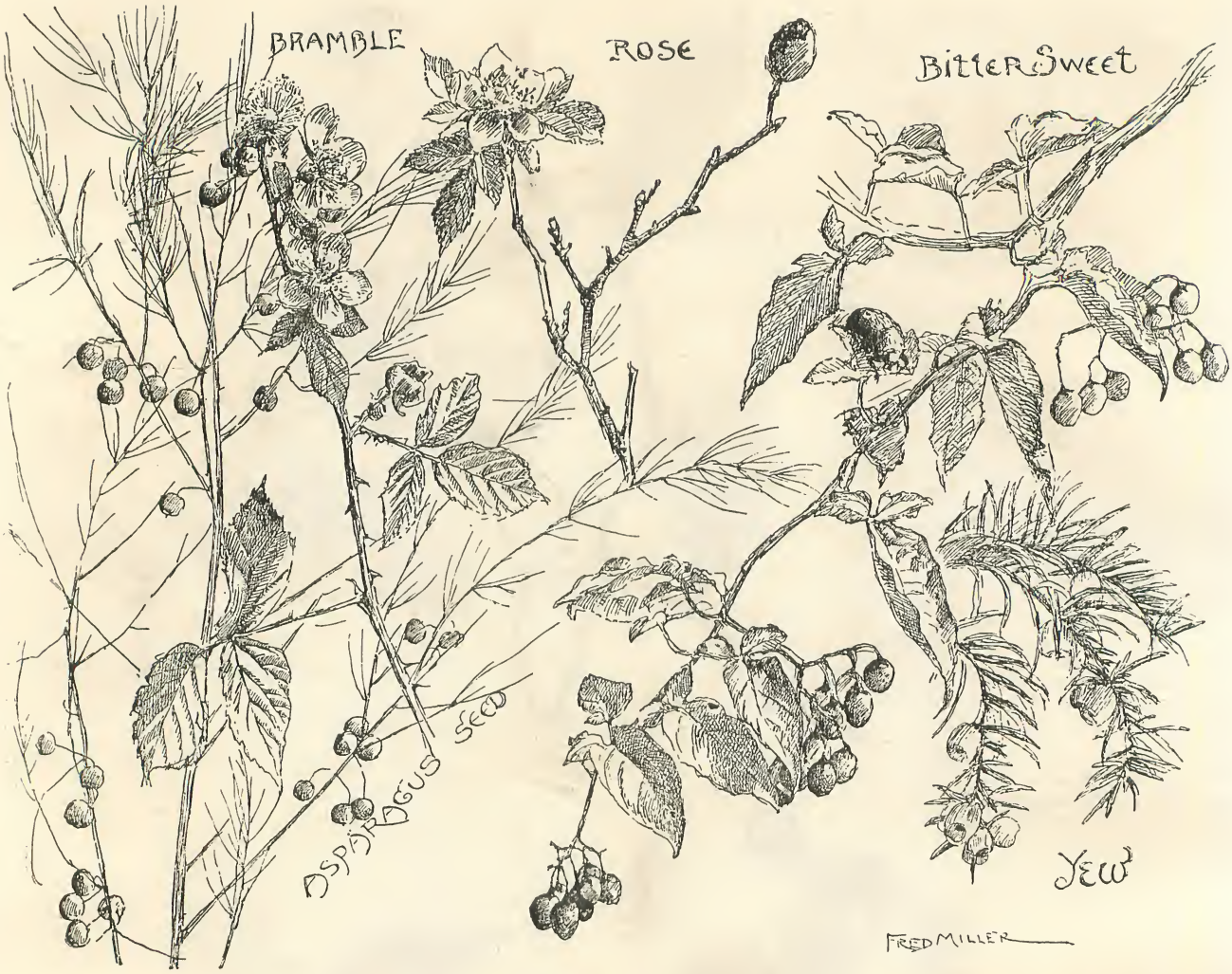
of red, yellow, and green; and maple, with its bunches of seeds like keys, and leaves of the most exquisite shades of yellow—to mention only two of the most familiar that come to hand. Girls with time on their hands, and who wish to display their taste in decoration, should fill the vases entirely with objects gathered in their walks. The margins of streams yield a wealth of suitable subjects. Take the seeds of the meadow-sweet, with the yellows and greens playing one into the other. The figwort again, with its dark purplish stems, would find a place in my bouquet.

I have been much struck this autumn, as I have walked along the bank of the river, at the exquisite beauty of the river-side foliage when seen against the purplish-blue water. The rich bright colours of the meadow-sweet and loosestrife (often with quite scarlet leaves); dock, with its reddish-purple seeds, side by side with the warm greys of the thistles; willow herb, whose seed vessels split open, curling backwards, and showing the silver lining of the pods; and countless grasses and seeding plants coming against this background of purplish-blue water (for water, when you look down upon it as you do from the bank, is a deep rich blue going into purple), make the most exquisite harmony. Girls who paint might produce something very uncommon and striking in the way of screens if they would literally copy what was before them. The foliage should be treated the natural size, so that nothing would be lost in the painting.

The great feature of some of our hedgerows here was the wild hop, which clambers all over them where it grows, twining itself round the thorns and wild roses, and hanging its pendulous flowers in great profusion over the hedgerow. The







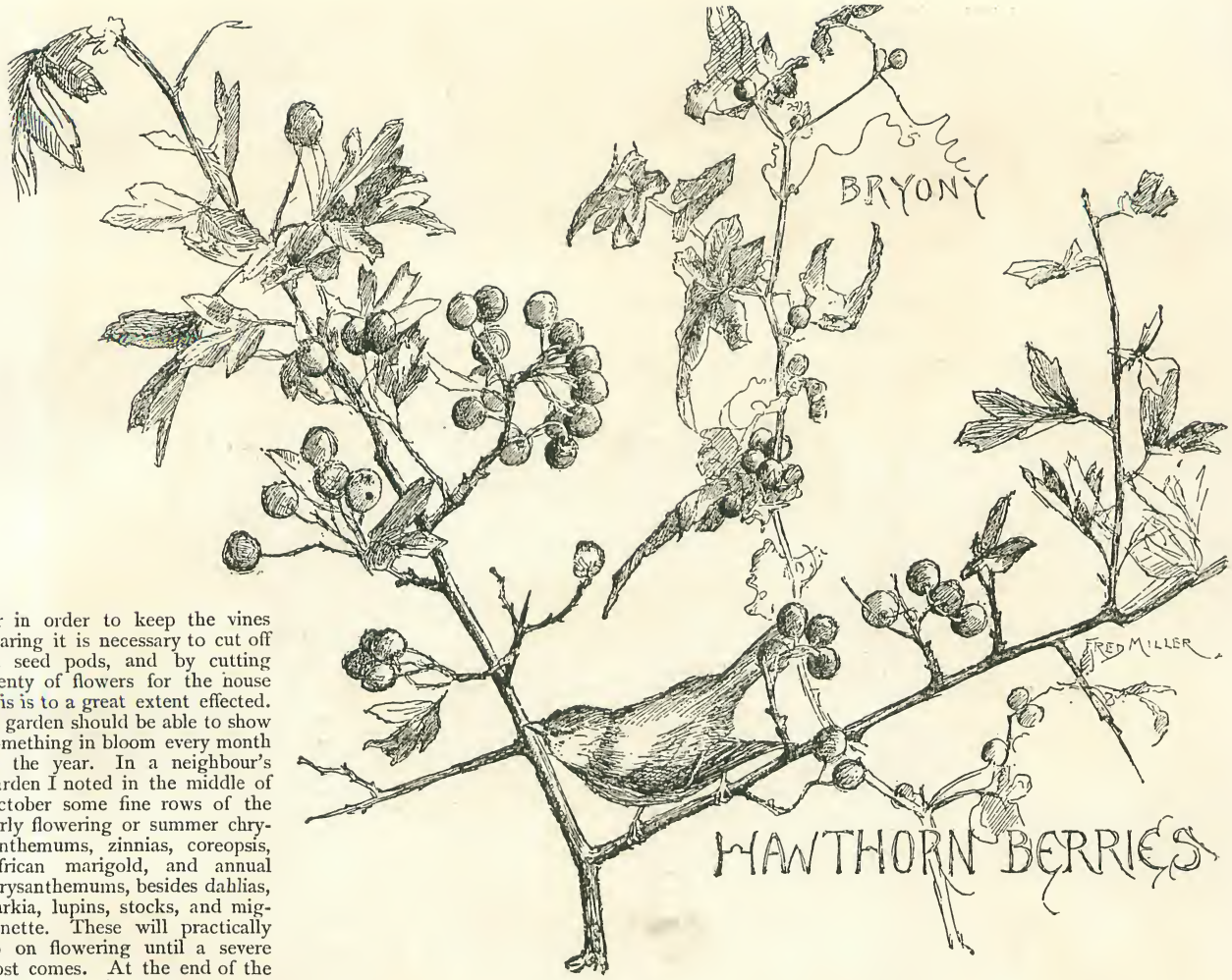
leaves, in shape resembling a vine, are yellowish and even golden in colour, while the flowers are a warm russet. I dried some sprays of it, and I find it looks very well hanging over a picture-frame. For any decorative purpose, either embroidery or painting, the wild hop would be a most useful *motif*.

The small deep-red berries of the black bryony, that will at times climb into the branches of a tree, festooning them when the leaves of its supporter have fallen, and the larger pink berries of the white bryony, are two of our familiar plants that decorate the hedgerow. I saw the latter in bloom early last October. It bears clusters of greenish flowers. The vivid crimson berries of the bitter-sweet, or woody nightshade, is another plant familiar to everyone. This plant is one of the *Solanums*, to which the potato and tomato belong. The deadly nightshade, or belladonna, a much less common plant than the bitter-sweet, having large purplish-black berries, is the most poisonous member of this large family. Blackberries have been very plentiful this year, and the long spell of sunny weather this autumn made them large and rich in flavour. The fact that flowers and fruit are found growing on the same stem has made the bramble a favourite subject with decorative artists. Sloes, on the other hand, were so scarce that I looked over several large bushes without finding more than one. Plums in our gardens were equally scarce. Crab apples again were not plentiful, and I only saw one tree that had any quantity on it. Apples, too, are by no means abundant, and evidently the same climatic conditions that interfered with the setting of plums and apples affected in a like manner their less sophisticated relations.

Painters are all agreed that October and November are the two most paintable months of the twelve, and, so far as weather goes, these two months are as fine as any. I was able to work outside without a coat until the middle of October, so hot was it; and from some years' observation I should say that we neither get much frost nor wet in October. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a sunny day at this time of the year. We often get heavy white mists in the early morning when we enjoy a spell of fine weather; and as this slowly clears away, and the sun shines forth, the river is a perfect dream, for there is a slight veil over everything, and even the reeds close to the eye melt into the further objects, so that nothing has a hard, materialistic look, as it often has in midsummer. The elms showed little signs of colouring at the beginning of the month. They still retained their full rich tints, which form a grand background for the willows, which with October begin to mingle the gold with the grey of their leaves. The orchards are now very rich in tone, the pear trees, which are more architectural looking than the dwarfed apple trees, being very conspicuous with their orange-coloured leaves. The apples show up too now that they have absorbed the year's sun, which is reflected on their cheeks; but by the middle of the month very little fruit is left ungathered. My two Blenheim orange trees only gave me a few apples this year, but what there were, were fine, and turned a mellow yellow colour before I gathered them to put by till Christmas, when they are most toothsome. I had them placed on straw, so that they did not touch each other—an important point to observe in keeping apples.

It was not until the 28th that we had a frost that made itself a reputation, and then we had a very sharp one. On going out before breakfast everything was covered with hoar frost, that sparkled in the bright morning sun. Gossamer festooned the hedges, each web like frosted silver, and it was not until eleven o'clock that the sun effaced all traces of the frost. My walnut tree was the first object to show what the cold had accomplished, for as soon as the sun shone upon its leaves they began falling, simply of their own weight. The noise of the dropping leaves attracted my attention, and by the afternoon more than three-fourths of the leaves had carpeted the lawn and border. I gathered up some four or five large wheelbarrowfuls of leaves, and by the next day the tree was bare.

The effect of one severe frost is very conspicuous among flowers and vegetables. I have seen a frost in the first week in September kill in one night all the runner beans, vegetable marrows, and cauliflowers, besides devastating the flower garden. The frost this October quite finished the zinnias, nasturtiums, balsams, and sweet peas that were in flower. I do not know a more melancholy sight than to walk in a garden that still had plenty to gladden the eye after the first severe frost. Plants that nobly reared their heads lie prostrate on the borders, a rotting, shapeless mass. My row of sweet peas yielded me an enormous quantity of blooms,



for in order to keep the vines bearing it is necessary to cut off all seed pods, and by cutting plenty of flowers for the house this is to a great extent effected. A garden should be able to show something in bloom every month in the year. In a neighbour's garden I noted in the middle of October some fine rows of the early flowering or summer chrysanthemums, zinnias, coreopsis, African marigold, and annual chrysanthemums, besides dahlias, clarkia, lupins, stocks, and mignonette. These will practically go on flowering until a severe frost comes. At the end of the month I could gather some mignonette, annual phlox (this annual is hardier than many others), large oxeye daisies, and a few pansies, besides chrysanthemums, which are now the chief feature of our gardens.

It is interesting, in going round a garden late in the year, to notice plants that you have allowed to cumber the ground only because you have overlooked them, throwing out what one might call good-bye flowers. Several of my stocks flowered again in this way. Pinks and carnations, too, have thrown up a second lot of blooms, and in one garden I was shown some apples, the produce of the second flowering. Cutting off stems that have flowered, and, in fact, cutting back plants as they cease flowering, will often cause them to throw up again, and in a mild autumn they will continue to flower until the frost finally cuts them down. Great changes are seen in nature between the entrance and exit of October. As I write this the elms are a golden brown, while the beeches are scarlet, and the oaks are getting their rich brown foliage that often hangs on until the young buds shoot in the spring. Chestnuts and walnuts are leafless, and the poplars and willows have only a few solitary leaves on the topmost



twigs. Yet how beautiful a row of leafless willows is when the sun shines on them, bringing out that warm russet inclining to purple of the twigs. When trees are leafless it not only reveals their anatomy, but also the birds that frequent them and the nests that were built in the spring—nests that one never dreamt existed when the tree was in leaf. I saw some long-tailed tits in a willow to-day—a bird that one rarely seems to see in the summer. Speaking of tits reminds one that a good many visit a yew growing just in front of the house to get the scarlet berries that now are clinging underneath the branchlets. I watched an oxeye tit the other morning fly on to the twigs, seize a berry, and then go with it to a bay tree and eat it by holding it in its feet and pecking it to pieces. Thrushes too appear to be very fond of these berries, as I generally see them among the branches of the yew straining their necks to pick the berries off the branches above them. Robins are, of course, our most intimate birds, and they frequently fly into the rooms; and I caught one pecking at some biscuits lying on a dish the side of the room farthest from the window. Wrens too occasionally come inside, but nothing seems to disturb a robin's fearless equanimity. I never dig but what one or two will come down to your feet to pick up the grubs. The grey wagtail seems a sociable bird, judging by the way he will just fly up along a road and alight a few yards ahead, repeating it at short intervals during your walk.

FRED MILLER.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARGARET BIRON.

PART III.

October 12th, 1612.—Ditchley.

HERE I am once more in the dear old home, with Richmond Hill looking down on us, and the river flowing on—flowing ever past the lawn. It is now near a month that I have been home. I had been out one morning with Lady Apsley's children, gathering a posy of field flowers, when, as we came home, whom should I see entering the portal but my dear brother on old Barbara, with the pillion on her back, just as when I came hither first. My heart seemed to stop beating, and I could scarce gather courage to speak, for I knew that there was some ill tidings.

"Why, Margery," said Ben, dismounting and kissing me tenderly on the forehead, "how fares it with thee, after all this long time that thou hast sojourned with our good kinswoman, the Lady Apsley?"

"Nay, Ben; but rather tell me how it fareth with all at home. Is father well, and how fareth it with mother?"

"Father is bright and well, and concerneth himself as much as he is wont to do about his trees and his kine; but mother is but sadly; she hath been ailing these six weeks, but she would not let thee know it, for she said she should soon be well again; but this morning she looked so wan and weak that I just clapped the pillion on Barbara and came over to fetch thee; and I think, Madge dear, thou must just come back with me; the sight of thee will do mother more good than all Mistress Millicent's nostrums. I know it will."

I seemed to faint at his words, and a foreboding of evil came over me. It was altogether a new thing for mother to lay up, she who was always working and caring for others. But just then Lady Apsley came by, returning from a visit to the Lady Arabella Stewart, who is but sickly; and when she heard Ben's news she was very sorrowful, and bade Ben dismount and give Barbara to the groom that she might have a feed and a rest while I got ready; and as dinner would be served at noon there would be no time lost, and we could start at three of the clock and reach Ditchley before dark.

I had but little time to gather my garments together, but I found time to run to the quarters of the Lady Arabella to bid her farewell; and the warder, knowing I came from Lady Apsley, made no difficulty about letting me in. The poor lady looked sadly wan and wildered, and did not at first comprehend what I was saying to her; but when she understood that I was going to leave the Tower she burst into a passion of tears.

"Ah, me!" she cried, "thou art going where Lord Henry is! Give him my wifely duty, damsel, and tell him to be of good cheer; that I shall soon be a free woman, for I have had a dream; yes, tell him that I have had a dream, and in my dream the body of Arbel Stewart lay like a broken husk from which the germ had sprouted, pale and empty on the bed; but the spirit, the true Arbel, I beheld flying royally like a silver-winged dove to the blue sky, where there are no prison walls to sunder husband and wife."

Then the poor lady burst into song—a song so sad that it made the tears course down my cheeks, for her wailing notes seemed to waken in me the memory of all the sorrowful things I had ever heard of, and specially the thought of my dear mother, who was wont to be so brisk and rosy, lying faint and pale upon her bed, so that I stood there as one tranced. But my kinswoman sent to summon me, and at her message the poor lady controlled herself, and laid her hand on my head as I knelt at her feet, and bade me go with her blessing; then, taking from her neck a small chain, she bade me keep it for her sake.

The chain was a sweet fancy of hearts linked together with pretty blue forget-me-nots. I have often seen her wear it, and I shall ever keep it for her dear sake.

I had spent so long with the Lady Arabella that we were late in setting off, and I could hardly kiss little Lucy, who held out her arms and would fain have come with me. The ride seemed long, and in the latter part damp and cold, and what I heard from Benjamin on the way did not tend to lighten the trouble of my mind. I wish mother had sent for me sooner, or that Ben had seen the necessity of acting in the matter himself. No doubt mother thought she would be better, seeing that she hath no formed disease, but only a great weakness, and if that crafty Mistress Millicent Draper had only gone home; but I know how much she taketh on herself, and how she flatters and cockers up my father till he thinketh there is no one like her. Surely it is a weary thing to see an honest gentleman beguiled by a cunning woman; and Ben told me so much of her subtlety and craft, half the times recounting the matters to her praise, that by the time the chimneys of Ditchley came in sight I was clean heart-sick and weary.

Father stood at the door as we rode up; he lifted me off Barbara and gave me a hearty kiss, seeming right glad to see me, declaring that I was grown out of knowledge, and wondering what Dame Apsley had been doing to turn his little Meg into a grand lady. But as we stood talking in the hall, who should come out of the still-room but Mistress Millicent, with her nasty, palavering ways, beating up an egg with a tablespoonful of canary for mother; and she so cosseted me with kisses and caresses that I felt nigh sick unto death, and cried—

"Mistress Millicent, I pray thee let me go to mother."

"Nay, sweetest," said the creature, and her green eyes looked as sour as her words were sweet, "I will break it to Mistress Biron that thou art come. She is but weakly, dear, and Dr. Marplot, who saw her this forenoon, specially warned us against excitement."

"Nay, Mistress Millicent," cried I; "surely a mother may bear the excitement of seeing her own child! No doubt, too, she hath guessed that Ben had ridden in to fetch me."

"Nay, Margery, thou art over saucy to good Mistress Millicent," said my father, and he turned into the dining-hall, where there was a big fire of blazing logs.

But as I stood there abashed, while Mistress Millicent regarded me with an evil light in her eye, there was a sound on the staircase, and lo! my dear mother was coming down, supporting herself by the banister, and wrapped in shawls. Ah, me! was that wan and wasted woman, with hollow cheeks and glittering eyes, in very sooth my mother?

I dashed past Mistress Millicent, upsetting the mess she was concocting in my haste, and had my arms about my mother before I knew what I was doing.

"Margery! is it indeed you, pretty one?" she exclaimed, and the voice was hers, but weak and thin, like the ghost of her old voice. She put the hair from my forehead, and gazed into my face with a fond, hungry look. "Ah, me!" Then I helped, almost carried her, to her chamber, where there was no fire kindled, and I chafed her cold hands and fondled her.

"I am glad thou art come, darling," she said; "I wanted thee."

"Oh, mother! and why didst thou not send for me?"

"Nay, child, it was only a sick woman's fancy, for there is no real illness, Millicent says. She is very good, and looks after me and everything in the house; but I pined for thee, my daughter—I pined for thee."

It was some time before I could slip away from her to lay aside my hood and cloak; but when I at last did get away, I ran down to old Dorothy and bade her kindle a fire in my mother's chamber; and the good soul was right willing, and bustled about, and by the time I came back there was a fine blaze on the hearth, and the dear mother sat in her bechive chair close to it, and held out her hands to the flame—such thin hands, it made my heart sick to see the flame through them.

As I lay upon my bed at night, I suddenly bethought me of the precious cordial which Sir Walter delighteth to compound, of all precious and invigorating simples, which I have seen Lady Apsley administer to the poor Lady Arabella, and but for which she declareth it to be her belief that the poor Princess would have been dead long ago; and the Queen herself, when she was ailing in the spring, sent to beg some of it from Sir Walter. So in the morning I lay in wait for father as he came from the stables—which it is his habit to visit before he breaketh his own fast, that he may see that the cattle are properly tended—and I begged him to spare me a horse and a messenger, to ride to London and entreat of my kinswoman that she would procure from Sir Walter some of his precious cordial.

"I fear me, sweetheart," said my father,

"that no cordial will do thy mother much good; nevertheless, my little one shall have her way. Write thou thine epistle to Dame Apsley, and I will send it by Jonas, who is a careful body, and will not spill the stuff by the way. And hark thee, child, thou needest say nothing of the matter to Mistress Draper. She is a good soul, and hath taken on her the care of thy mother, and, like all physicians, she will not care that another should intermeddle with the treatment of her patient. When thou hast indited thy letter, bring it to me in the paddock, and I will see it sent."

You may be sure I lost no time. My mother was very faint and poorly in the morning, but I made her a basin of thin oatmeal gruel, as I had seen Lady Apsley make it for an invalid, and she ate quite a quantity of it, with a slice of toasted bread, though she could not look upon the slice of beef and the tankard of ale that my father would have had her break her fast on, or even the scrambled eggs and burnt canary with which Mistress Millicent strove to tempt her.

Then I sorted her chamber, swept the floor, and rekindled the fire on the hearth; and, having found a bunch of late-growing roses, I put them in the jar that father brought her from Paris before they were married, which she sets such store by, and placed them just in her sight. Then her dear wan face grew calm, and a faint smile flickered over it from time to time as I sat beside her bed (for she is too weak to rise before noon) and chatted to her of all I had seen and done in that wonderful Tower, and of our dear kinswoman and her little children. But, alas! I saw that from time to time a deadly pallor came over her face, and all her strength seemed to go.

Mistress Millicent is very good; she hath taken over all the housekeeping, and father saith mother herself never made sweeter butter, and as to her venison pasty, it is as good as he ever tasted at the palace. But I do not think she quite comprehendeth how weak mother's stomach is, for she would have her taste of all her cookeries, which are more suited to the palate of a strong man, whose stomach is sharpened by air and exercise, than to a woman whose strength is well-nigh spent, and who ever and again is faint as if to death.

October 27th.

Josiah arrived at midday, carrying a large flask of the precious cordial. There is such a demand for it that if Sir Walter were to spend all his time in compounding it he could not prepare sufficient. This flask my dear kinswoman made under his direction, but so many ingredients go to the composition of it, that she had to keep Josiah for three days while she was getting them together. Besides the flask, she sends me a dear letter comforting me, with messages to her dear cousin Elizabeth, as she calleth my mother, and many instructions as to the dietary she ought to follow.

November 1st.

The cordial has worked wonders, though mother says that having me at home hath helped her much; but that is her fond delusion. The weather keepeth warm for the season, and bright at midday, though the fog is heavy at morning and evening. There are still roses on the southern wall.

Master James Carew is very constant in his visits, and whatever he thinks can be of use to mother he brings her; sometimes a fat capon, which would feast all the family, sometimes grapes from his hothouse, and sometimes flowers. Of a truth his nag must know the way from Fairlawn to Ditchley; and the other day, because I said that the fogs down here were bad for mother, he must needs press us to go to Fairlawn, pretending, forsooth, that he was going away to stay with his cousin Martin, in Surrey, which I don't believe was ever in his thoughts before that moment, for many times he hath called his cousin Martin an old churmudgeon, and laughed at the idea of visiting him.

Mistress Lilian Cope is also very good to mother, and often rows down from the Manor, though I am sure the river cannot be a pleasant highway this damp time of year; and one day, when she persuaded me to go back with her, I had sore throat for two days. But Ben says it is nonsense to suppose that it was the river—that I must have sat in a draught, or perchance got my feet wet walking through the grass to church last Sunday.

November 3rd.

Wonders will never cease! Ditchley is not so far from Tower Hill after all, for who should come strolling up the avenue this afternoon but Master Walter Ralegh. I was just going into Richmond on a message for mother, when whom should I see halfway between the gate and the house but Master Walter, in his handsome maroon riding dress, looking more like his father than ever.

It quite took away my breath to see him at Ditchley, and I could not find words to speak to him. But he told me that he had come with a message from his mother to her cousin, Lady Mary Throgmorton, who hath rooms in the palace, and he had obtained Lady Apsley's permission to come on to Ditchley, to bring her true tidings of my mother.

Of course I could do nothing but ask him to come up to the house and see my mother for himself, and how much she was benefitted by the precious cordial; for what with the cordial and what with my kinswoman's dietary, mother is so much mended that she is able to spend some hours of every day in the dining-hall, which is always a cosy room, where there is a cheery fire always burning, and she hath a pretty view of the river and of the avenue.

Mother was mightily pleased with Master Walter, and saith that he is the very image of his father when he first came to Court; and they discoursed much and pleasantly together, for Master Walter, fiery as he is with men, is marvellously tender to women, having been accustomed to the care of his mother and of his little brother Carew, the dear child who was born in the Tower, and who, being eight years younger, has ever been a charge to him. I was not a little pleased to hear tidings of them all. If my mother could but have so wise and loving a friend as Lady Apsley, I do believe it would do almost as much as the cordial to cheer and comfort her. Sir Walter is working hard at his History. Master Walter saith that his mind is always busy with matters not affecting himself, what with his deep study about his book, and the interest he ever taketh in alchemy—to say nothing of his neverceasing desire to secure for England that mine of wealth in the New World, so that her hands may be strengthened to wrestle with her arch enemy the Spaniard. With all these matters continually pressing on his thoughts, it is no wonder, Master Walter saith, though he have scarce leisure to think of his own hard fate; only when he taketh his daily exercise, his eyes look longingly to the rolling river; and when the mariners sailing seaward catch sight of his stately form, and fling up their caps and cheer him, the colour is wont to mount in his cheek, his eye flasheth, and his hand involuntarily wandereth to where the hilt of his sword should be. The Prince of Wales, Master Walter saith, hath an ever growing love for his father, and is never weary of striving to help him. He hath obtained from the King a grant of the estate of Sherborne, which is thus wrested from the greedy hands of Lord Somerset; and Lady Ralegh is much comforted to know that the place, which was so long her home, is no longer in the hands of the favourite and his wife; so I do think that Sir Walter's troubles must be nearly at an end. His great work, which he hath composed chiefly with the hope of helping to form the mind of the Prince of Wales to be a wise and understanding King, worthy of the great Queen who trained men to be heroes—this book, or at least a portion of it, is ready to be sent abroad, and is already in the printer's hands. It can hardly be but that the King, who is himself so good a scholar, will set a just value on so great and so laborious an undertaking.

Master Walter stayed some time. He praised Ditchley, and the view of the river and the avenue. Then father came in, and would have him stay to supper, whereat Mistress Millicent was very sorely offended, for she could not bear that a stranger should sit down to the fare prepared for the family. But Master Walter, who knew nothing of her displeasure, made a very fair meal off the cold sirloin and stewed apples. No doubt he would have done justice to a venison pasty and junket, had those been the dishes set before him, but "Fames optimum condimentum," as father saith—a saying which bringeth no comfort to Mistress Millicent, who knoweth no Latin, and thinketh it sad waste of time for girls to learn Latin, when there is so much to do in a household.

Now mother is getting about again, father doth not seem to set such value on Mistress Millicent. As to Ben, he saith the sight of her turns his porridge sour.

November 4th.

Father rode into Richmond to sit as justice, and while he was in court there came a messenger from London, who brought the news that the Prince of Wales lieth very sick—heavy news for England, for he is a brave and kindly prince; and for poor Sir Walter, lying a prisoner in the Tower, the blackest eclipse of hoped-for deliverance.

November 6th.

What was my delight this morning to receive a letter from my dear kinswoman by the hands of worthy Master Sylvanus Wittich, who is come to sojourn for awhile with Mistress Bridget Onslow, who maketh the woollen hose for the Queen. He is much foredone with his efforts to preach the Word. Lady Apsley loveth to hear him above all things, and with her wonted forethought persuaded him to come hither, thinking that his sweet teaching would comfort my dear mother, as of a certainty it will. He had much to tell us of the poor prisoners in the Tower. The Lady Arabella is fairly well in health, but her poor wits are sadly wildered. No message from Lord Henry to cheer her, though Master Sylvanus saith it is credibly reported that he is living in ease and comfort abroad on money obtained from the sale of her effects. The Raleghs are well, but sorely troubled about the Prince of Wales, who is very sick. The Queen sent to Sir Walter for some of his precious cordial, which she hath used herself to her great benefit. Sir Walter took the greatest care to compound it with his own hands of the freshest simples which Lady Apsley procured for him; and so confident is he in its virtue, that he sent a message with it to the Queen that it would avail against anything but poison.

November 7th.

Yesterday was an evil day for England, for, alas! even while I wrote of the efficacy of Sir Walter's cordial, the Prince was lying dead, past mortal help. A weary day for England, and how sorrowful for Sir Walter none can tell, for he had built his hopes upon him, and was never weary of devising how he might



"'SHE LEARNS HER TASK.'"

guide and mature a mind which seemed fit to pilot the country through the shoals and quicksands of hostile powers, and to be worthy of the great kings who have worn her crown.

November 8th.

Sorrow hath spread into every household; you would think that there was death everywhere. The love men entertained for the Prince, and the hope with which they looked forward to him, are shown in the grief and dejection into which the country is thrown by his death. My mother, too, is sadly out of sorts again. Master Sylvanus thinketh that the damps from the river try her, and father would have her take Master James Carew's kind offer, and go for awhile to Fairlawn, or to a cottage which he hath in Buckinghamshire on the side of the Chiltern Hills. But mother shrinketh from the idea of moving; she saith that November is no time for visiting, and that if she cannot be well in her own house and among her own people she can be well nowhere. Master Sylvanus shaketh his head; but as he is learned in simples, he bade me prepare her a strengthening drink from certain roots which he dug out of the fields and soaked in a flask of canary, and also to give her fasting a drink of milk diluted with warm spring water. Father saith if mother would take the canary with a little warm water and honey it would do her a vast deal more good. He tasted the drink that Master Sylvanus had prepared, and went out of the chamber stamping and sputtering to get rid of the bitter taste; but mother careth not for the taste if only it will give her back her strength, and methinks she doth seem somewhat benefited by it.

* * * *

Christmas Day.

Once more Christmas is come round, and this year, 1612, is nearly run out. It has been a sad time for all at Ditchley, and specially for me and Benjamin. Hardly was the ink dry on the last words written in my diary, when my poor mother was seized with an ague, and being so weak before, she sank into such a prostrate condition that we could by no means rouse her; and though Ben rode to London for more of the precious cordial, it came too late, for the sweet soul had sunk into a syncope, and nothing, not even father's voice, could rouse her. Only, when Mistress Millicent, with her harsh voice, pressed food on her, the poor eyelids lifted themselves, and she looked at her for one moment with such a look of fear and entreaty as I trust no dying woman may ever fix on me. But Mistress Millicent made great capital of it, affecting to be much comforted by the remembrance that her dear cousin, Madam Biron—so she always calleth my mother—looked on her last, and pressed her hand. As to the pressure of the hand, no one can say one way or another; she certainly took one of poor mother's cold hands under pretence of chafing it, and it is my belief that my mother had no more power at that moment to press Mistress Millicent's hand than she had to withdraw her own, which it is my belief she would much rather have done.

(*To be concluded.*)

GRANNIE'S BAIRN.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

When oor wee Elspeth's in the hoose
I scarce hae *use* for hauns or feet—
An' after a', why *should* I fash
When *she's* sae nimble an' sae fleet?

"I wonner whaur I laid my specs?"
The words hae haurdly left ma mooth
Afore I fin', across my nose,
She has them set astride forsooth.

She threeds ma needle, winds ma woo',
Picks up the steeks that whiles *will* drap—
She slips aboot like some wee moose
For fear she'll wauke me frae ma nap.

Her wee three-legged stool ye'll aye
Fin' drawn up close tae granny's chair;
She learns her task an' sews her seam,
An' sups her cog o' parritch there.

An' mony's the lang crack we twa hae;
But whiles, sic puzzlin' things she'll spier,
The verra *Meenister* himsel'
Waud be dumbfounded could he hear.

She *has* her bit camsterie turns,
But just eneuch tae show that she
Is no a being that is made
O' diff'rent *cly* tae you an' me.

But that she's *nae* by *ord'nar* wean
The neeboors roon aboot agree,
And sae yé ken it is na just
Ma *ain* opeenion that I gie.

A NEW CAREER FOR LADIES.

The value of hygiene—personal and domestic—to ladies has frequently been insisted on in these pages, and I am rejoiced to see an object for which I have been working for years is already showing signs of its fulfilment. Amid the many studies eagerly pursued by ladies, it is curious how the science of hygiene has been neglected. It may be because, in these days when the ordinary routine of domestic life is looked on as considerably below the highest aims and ideal of womanhood, this science is of greatest service in that humble sphere. In proportion, however, as nobler, sounder conceptions of the true sphere of woman have displaced alike the old idea of her as a mere household drudge, and the modern idea of her as a professor or learned doctor, with an expansive forehead, blue stockings, and thick shoes, shall we find this invaluable study eagerly pursued. No intelligent woman who desires rightly to fulfil her duties as a woman, as a wife, as a mother, as a daughter, as a mistress, as a friend, can deem herself fully equipped without a practical knowledge of personal and domestic hygiene. We would urge all our readers to acquire a sound grasp of this interesting subject in early life, resting assured that they will find it of even more general use and wide application than the knowledge of how to set a broken leg or put on a reversed spiral bandage.

The special value of this study to women in every relation of life is the subject of one of the papers in the forthcoming International Hygienic Congress, and it is to be hoped that it will help us on another step to that time when the great subjects of chemistry, botany, ancient history, physical geography, etc., and even (with reverence be it said), the study of the piano, will be considered of minor importance to that of hygiene. One thing is certain. It is impossible for anyone to learn the laws of health and the truths connected with them, without very probably lengthening their own days and certainly being able at different times to save others from needless sick beds and needless graves; for half of those who die before seventy still die from causes that can be prevented by a knowledge of the laws of hygiene.

It is not, however, to urge this point that I

now write, but rather to call attention to a new career open for ladies. John Bull is beginning at last to stir himself in this matter, and on enquiry he finds, to his surprise, that instead of leading the way in these matters, that he is tottering far in the rear. Only across the Channel, in the little country of Belgium, he has discovered that the girls there of all grades do not consider their education complete until they have gone through schools of domestic science, including everything relating to health, nursing, cooking, etc., that a woman should know; so that when they set up house they have something better to fall back on than physical geography and the use of the globes. He finds that what feeds 1,000,000 John Bulls in the way of meal, fish, fowl, cheese, eggs, etc., will feed 3,000,000 Frenchmen. He is told, moreover, that four out of every five of his babies who die, die from improper food, and that there are still nearly 6,000,000 needless sick beds in his small kingdom every year. So he has called his great councils together and come to the decision that it is about time his people shall be taught the value of pure air, of good food and clothing, of the general laws of health, of nursing, and of good economical cookery.

John Bull's latest movement began in Devonshire, but is, we believe, destined to spread throughout England almost as rapidly as the influenza. To Mr. Acland, M.D., of the County Council of Devonshire, the honour is due of inaugurating the new departure. He has determined that the Devonians shall have healthy homes and healthy bodies, and by his wish the National Health Society have already sent a large staff to lecture all over Devon. The laws that have been inculcated throughout the county have been summarised in a decalogue by the *Woman's Herald*:—

1. You shall love, honour, and cherish the body, and keep it healthy, clean, and comfortable.

2. You shall not live a willing victim to preventible diseases.

3. You shall not endure or spread infectious diseases.

4. You shall neither eat nor drink that which is unwholesome for the body.

5. Remember that foul air poisons the blood, causes headache, and other maladies, and bad water breeds disease.

6. You shall fight a good fight against dirt, disease, and bad smells.

7. The body and everything belonging to it that needs daily washing shall be thoroughly cleansed at least once a day with water, and when desirable with good soap too.

8. You shall wear clean, suitable clothing, and never allow it to grow ragged or untidy for want of a stitch in time.

9. You shall make the best of yourself, of your neighbours, and of every gift of Nature around you.

10. You shall earnestly covet, and diligently labour to promote, personal and national health.

These laws teach us, at any rate, a large part of our duty towards ourselves, our neighbours, and the world we live in. The lectures given are termed "Homely Talks"—a title that disarms criticism, and encourages young beginners in the art of public speaking.

The National Health Society have been selected by John Bull to carry out this noble idea, and hence require large numbers of trained teachers, who are prepared to throw themselves into this interesting work. For what can strike a greater blow at drunkenness, at neglected and miserable homes, at want and poverty (the twin sisters), at preventible disease, than the light of true knowledge brought home to every household throughout this country? And ladies are those who can do this best.

Hence there is a large demand for educated ladies (or, as the Society wisely calls them, gentlewomen—and there is a distinction between the two) who will devote themselves to the work; and this is the new career open to ladies for the first time. The conditions the Society imposes are by no means too onerous. The fair candidate must have seen at least twenty-five summers. Then she must undergo three months' nursing training at some hospital or infirmary; and this is not difficult to obtain when we find that the smaller and county hospitals are accepted, and the infirmaries included. Next, the candidate must have attended a good course of practical lessons on artisan cookery. These may be taken almost anywhere that is wished, preference, however, being given to those lessons which are "approved of" by the Society. The third and last requirement is that the ladies should undergo the Society's course of hygienic teaching, consisting of lectures and practical work, at the Society's rooms. This can, in many cases, be carried on at the same time as the nursing, so that the whole training can easily be completed in six months. Then of course comes the inevitable examination in hygiene, nursing, and cookery, which includes satisfactory evidence that the candidate has not only learnt these subjects, but is able to teach them.

And what is the reward for all this? Well, in the first place, the knowledge thus acquired is of more practical use (we do *not* say of more mental value) than anything else learnt during the period of education; and if nothing further came of it, it would prove to be the best six months' work ever done. But there is more. The Society will select from the successful candidates lady lecturers to give country lectures on hygiene, nursing, and cookery, in obedience to the wishes of John Bull, to whom the Society promises the very fair salary of from three to five guineas a week. Considering the interest and intrinsic value of the work, and the ease with which the course of study can be pursued, also the comparatively slight expense attaching to it, and the considerable demand there is likely to be for lecturers, we think that the "new career" is not unlikely to be embraced by many readers of these pages.

It is certainly a more practical way of solving how to provide work for our large surplus population of women—at any rate the educated part—than that gravely propounded by a contemporary, that every hundredth man should marry six wives, as it was found that by this means every woman would be provided with a husband, which is impossible at present. However highly, moreover, we rank domestic life, we must ever recognise that a certain proportion of the sex will ever be more apt to teach than to obey, and for them there can be no more agreeable sphere than this "new career for ladies." Surely such an effort as this enlists our best sympathies, and we trust that, having called attention to it through the medium of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, we shall find some of our subscribers shortly enrolled on the Society's staff. Any of our readers desiring further information have only to apply to the courteous secretary at the offices of the Society, 53, Berners Street, W. The courses of lectures begin in the middle of October.

A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels,"

CHAPTER XII.

To account for the startling impression produced on Honor by the information of Mrs. Elliott, the clergyman's wife, it must be explained that Madame Heloïse Cunningham was a singer known by name at least to every Englishman or Englishwoman. She was deservedly admired and respected for her private character, and the unfailing kindness with which she used her voice in the service of those who were distressed. She was ever ready to sing for any "charity" that commended itself to her sympathy, or to appear at the "benefit" of any brother or sister in her art, particularly of such as had not been as successful as herself. Added to this, she was never known to speak ill of any rival, and she always tried to find something to praise in every aspirant. If she could say nothing kind, she held her tongue.

Honor's experience of concerts had been small; but her father, at her earnest entreaty, had good-naturedly taken her to the Albert Hall on two or three occasions. On the last of these, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" were performed, she was deeply impressed by Madame Cunningham's voice and appearance. These were enhanced by the contrast she presented to the soprano, an Italian prima-donna, rouged, powdered, arrayed in diamonds and evening full dress of the most radiant hue, and attempting to captivate her audience by winning smiles and graces. Madame Heloïse Cunningham was simply clad in black velvet; her manner was quiet, simple, and grave, as befitted the music she had to sing.

"When the two stood up together to sing 'Quis est homo,' you cannot imagine how different they looked," cried Honor, in describing the scene with animation to Maud Seymour. "Madame Buonarotti was like a painted popinjay; her voice was wonderful, but she did not seem to *feel* what she sang. Madame Cunningham beside her seemed like the spirit of sacred music—so calm and unconscious of herself, all absorbed in the theme. Her dress, too, was as severe as possible, all in harmony; while Madame Buonarotti looked as if she were going to a Court ball instead of singing religious music."

Maud was to the full as interested as Honor, and thought the apparition of so

famous a lady a most delightful and interesting circumstance.

"We shall see her at *table d'hôte* to-morrow evening."

This proved a correct supposition. Madame Heloïse Cunningham did not apparently want to shut herself up in her own rooms, and mingled cordially with her fellow guests on occasion.

The next night there was more music in the little *salon*, and Honor sang again, an air from St. Paul, "But the Lord is mindful of His own." Could it be a dream, or was the noted singer once more looking in at the door? Before, Honor was sure it had been chance; now, could it be chance again?

"Ought I to sing? Does it seem presumptuous when anyone so great is within hearing?" she begged Miss Arundel to tell her when she went to say good-night.

"Sing when you are asked to a few people in the little *salon* by all means," answered Miss Arundel, patting Honor's flushed cheek. "I should not like you to make a display yet before any large audience; but if these few like to hear you sing, and Maud play, why should you not please them? And if Madame Cunningham likes to come and listen at the door to our little attempts, what then? We do not court notice, and you recollect the German maxim—

'Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen.'

It is always safer to do anything in art before those who know and understand all about it, and can sympathise with our attempts."

"I think I believe that now," owned Honor; "but I did not until I came to you."

"No, you poor, nervous, self-conscious child," smiled Miss Arundel. "But the ideal artist is never self-conscious, Honor."

The little school concerts in the small *salon* became a kind of institution in the hotel on these wet evenings. No girl was forced to perform; there was no constraint, and therefore no agony of nervousness, painful alike to listener and musician. But the audience, headed by Mrs. Elliott, were most kind and indulgent. There was another grand piano in the large *salon* where more pretentious performances to the majority of the guests might be given if desired, and there was a privacy about the whole affair which prevented it from being formidable. Once again Madame Cunningham appeared, and that when Honor was singing Handel's sublime air—"Lascia ch'io pianga."

Was it, could it be sober fact, or was it a delusion of the senses, that the great contralto softly struck her palms together at the close and nodded applause? Honor felt her head swim as she thought she beheld this phenomenon. And was that Madame Cunningham actually leaning over Miss Arundel's chair and speaking to her?

This is what she said.

"Your little friend has a voice of very great promise."

"Do you really think so?" cried Miss Arundel, brightening up to hear her child praised by such lips. "It is most kind of you to come and listen to her."

"I come for my own pleasure. I love to find talent in the young. Of course this child has much—everything—to learn; but the possibility is there. She has a fine voice, and true musical feeling."

"She has only learnt singing for a few months, but she has always loved it."

"And she is being well taught," said Madame Heloïse, with decision and an accent of sincerity that showed she would have stated the contrary just as readily had she believed it to be true.

Miss Arundel's delicate complexion glowed with pleasure.

"It is a pity to waste time," the singer went on. "I have a piano in my room; let her come and practise there—not in my presence, I do not suggest that—but when, as happens for hours together, the room is empty. Even half an hour regularly of scales and *solfeggi* is better than nothing for a beginner; and the public rooms are impossible, I know. We must arrange it." And with a pleasant smile and a "Good-night" the artiste moved away.

Miss Arundel was almost frightened at the intensity of feeling shown by Honor that night when she told her the great news. Madame Heloïse Cunningham take notice of *her*? Why, it was inconceivable—too wonderful to be true! Had the Queen sent for Honor to come and stay at Windsor Castle she would have been no more—nay, not so much—surprised, and certainly not half so much overjoyed.

Madame Cunningham was as good as her word. She sent daily to Miss Arundel to let her know when her room would be vacant; and as in fine weather this was for nearly the whole of the day, Honor easily found opportunity of practising for a short time without curtailing the outdoor enjoyment on which Miss Arundel insisted. The first time she entered the great singer's apartment she trembled from head to foot, feeling as though she were some sacrilegious person intruding into a sanctuary. She hardly dared lay a finger on the piano which had thrilled to so wonderful a voice. Could Madame Heloïse be listening in secret, ready to pounce forth and drive her ignominiously away at the first note?

Time removed a little of this awe and terror. Honor never spoke to the object of her veneration, though she fancied she caught a kind glance from her eyes now and again, but she went daily to her piano. What could she do to show her gratitude? She consulted with her companions, who were fully sympathetic in her pleasure.

"Ask Miss Arundel to let us go edelweiss gathering; pluck her a bouquet and leave it in her room," advised Beatrice Rivers, who was universally admitted to be wise as to "nice ways of doing things."

This suggestion was applauded, and permission was given. Nobody was jealous of Honor. She was so kind, so retiring, and had withal so wretched an opinion of herself and her own abilities, that no schoolfellow could grudge her the elevation, especially as she never sought to boast of the notice she had received, but seemed overcome with gratitude and astonishment.

"Zermatt edelweiss" is proverbially easy to find. It is not necessary to endanger your neck or take a day's excursion to capture the precious plant, which grows on the craggy pastures high above the village. People have even been known to go on mules in quest of it; this is not to be recommended, and will probably end in disaster and confusion, but any sure-footed scrambler can get plenty of it in two or three hours. Honor threw such zeal and energy into her quest that she was successful in finding a large number of fine specimens, which she carefully made into a bouquet. Much thought was devoted to the inscription which was to be attached to the flowers, but at length Honor satisfied herself and her friends. It chanced that her practising time fell late that afternoon. She left the edelweiss in water in the room, but, almost to her relief, Madame Cunningham did not appear at *table d'hôte*, and it was the general impression that she was away.

The next morning Honor went, as usual, to her precious half-hour's practice before lunch. The edelweiss had been removed! Possibly the chambermaid had carried the bouquet into the adjoining bedroom, for there had been no news of Madame Cunningham's return.

Honor diligently went through her scales and *solfeggi*, and then in her last five minutes ventured to delight herself by singing the pathetic German Volkslied, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath." Mendelssohn's well-known music, simple and touching, seems to embody the very spirit of the refrain, Parting—yea, parting and sorrow; that is the law of human life. Yet, if rightly understood, God's decree has within it the germ of ineffable hope, for parting shall one day be forgotten in the joy of re-union.

Honor sang away, with all her heart in the music and the words, for the pure joy of singing. When she struck the last chord, a slight rustle behind the music-stool startled her. She looked up, and—there stood Madame Heloïse Cunningham!

"*Oh!*" gasped Honor, turning scarlet. She caught at the piano for support. Had she actually been lifting up her voice in the great contralto's presence? What arrogance! what impertinence! What should she say or do! Madame Cunningham, instead of annihilating her on the spot, as might have been expected, simply smiled.

"Very good! I came in softly, so as not to interrupt you. You have been singing with your heart as well as your voice, child."

"I did not hear—I did not know ——" stammered Honor. She felt overwhelmed by the consciousness that she ought to do or say something graceful in return for the favours she had received, but she felt incapable of anything save imbecility.

"Thank you very much for your pretty

gift of edelweiss, which I shall value greatly, and for the inscription too," continued the lady. "I have been drying and mounting the edelweiss to preserve it. And so you are very fond of singing?"

"I love it—better than anything else—and I am—oh, so grateful——"

"Do not say a word; it is a pleasure to me to think my piano is of some use while I am away, especially as I am ordered by my doctor to give my poor elderly overworked voice a rest, and breathe a great deal of fresh mountain air just now," observed Madame Cunningham. "Are those your master's *solfeggi*—Bianchi—oh, yes, I know his name. Sit down and tell me a little about him and his method."

Nothing loth, Honor complied, and soon forgot herself in dilating on her theme.

"Tell him I say he must take great pains with his pupil," said the singer. "Now mind you work hard. You know of what immense importance study is in art. You do not believe in those silly statements one meets with in young ladies' novels: 'She sang as nature prompted her. Her fresh pure voice had never been spoiled by artificial training,' and so forth?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Honor.

"That is right. Child, do you inherit a singing throat from any of your ancestors?"

"I have heard my father speak of some one—a great way back—who had a fine contralto voice," hesitated Honor.

"Well, here it is, reappearing in you. Have you ever thought of making singing your profession?"

"Oh, I am afraid my father and mother would never hear of it," cried Honor. "But I would give anything if I might."

"Don't misunderstand me," continued Madame Cunningham; "I am not saying you would leap into the front rank of vocalists at once—or ever. You would have to undergo many long years of training in any case, for you have everything to learn; but the voice, the musical feeling, the love for your art, the spirit of perseverance, are *there*. I know I am not mistaken."

Honor had often been called plain and awkward. If the domestic critics who used those adjectives could have seen her now, with her great eyes limpid, her cheeks flushed, her face radiant with enthusiasm, they might have altered their verdict. The eminent singer felt her kindly interest stirred by the ardent child, and sitting beside her, she spoke words of counsel that Honor never forgot: words that seemed to lift her art upon a higher level still. She bade Honor never use her voice for trifling or unworthy ends, but always set it to good music and noble words, realising that it was a talent entrusted to her from the Highest Source of all. Madame Heloïse Cunningham's own example lent force and feeling to her words.

Suddenly, when the emotion on Honor's part was strung to its highest tension, there came a knock at the door.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said Miss Arundel's voice, in agitated tones, "but I could not help it. Something very unexpected—and pleasant—has happened, Honor my dear. Your mother, father, and sisters have arrived from England, and are asking for you in the hall below!"

(To be concluded.)

TESSA AND TONINE.

A STORY FOR YOUNGER GIRLS.

By AN ITALIAN COUNTESS.

CHAPTER VII.



THE practice over, Tessa was permitted to go to her brother, who was in a small room no cleaner than the one they had left.

The moment Tonine saw her he jumped up, and laying his small thin arms round his sister's neck, begged her not to leave him, but to take him back to that *cara* English Mees. "Do, Tessa *carina;* I don't like this bad place. Oh! *madre mia*, why did you leave your poor Tonine? Come back and take me with you! I cry—cry always!"

"Don't, dear! you will make die poor Tessa, and then what will you do? Oh! dear, I wish *la madre* had taken us with her!"

At last, to Tessa's great delight, Tonine fell asleep on her shoulder, and thus she sat the remainder of the short night; and then Mirtilla came to tell them they must get ready quickly, as the train for Lyons would leave the station in an hour.

She took them into a low roofed place which seemed like a kitchen, as there were many persons cooking various messes, and placing two chairs before a little table, gave to each of them a large basin of bread and milk, telling them to eat it all up, as it would be some hours before they would have their dinner.

This Italian girl of not more than seventeen years old was Signor Bernardino's sister. He had written to her at Boulogne the very night of the day when he first saw the twins, for, seeing how good-looking they were, and above all, how they were gifted with musical talent, he made up his mind to get them at any cost into his power. They would make such a show with their playing; he would have Tessa's voice cultivated by old Signor Locatelli, his friend.

His sister was to proceed to Paris directly on the receipt of his letter, and put everything *en train*, and Mirtilla made up her mind the moment she saw them to protect the lonely orphan children.

It was quite evident to her that this Tessa was a child whose talent was born with her—not an acquired one. She was almost too pale and grave to be what people call pretty; but there was a look in her large thoughtful eyes which told of inward communing with herself of right and wrong.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGNOR BERNARDINO'S people, with their performing dogs, bear, camel, and monkeys, arrived at a charming little hill-side village, amidst the most fertile district upon which the eyes ever rested, for sweet dells and flowery sunlit valleys, dotted with tiny high-peaked dwellings, where the pretty pink-feeted pigeons cooed and fluttered, made it appear like the Happy Valley.

The pretty picturesque village was gay with tents and banners, for many of the country folk arrived from near and far, as well as the *signori*, to purchase articles which could only be bought at fair-time; and this was the first day.

Like all bright loving children, Tessa had a craze for a garden. "It makes me love God so, because he is so good to give us the cool green grass to walk on, and the flowers to make us glad," said Tessa one day when Mirtilla smiled at her delight on seeing the garden at the side of the ancient *albergo* where they were lodged. This garden seemed to be older than the house. Under an archway, which was beautiful in its picturesque decay, and where a white moss-rose tree threw a veil of protecting blossoms, which filled the air with delicate perfume, could be seen cool green alleys leading to an old pleasaunce, gay with a border of flowers; and beyond that a woody dell, where the bright-eyed squirrels leaped from tree to tree. There she would sit and think over their present life, and wonder what it would lead to.

Tonine's weak health had made him appear the younger of the two, and his consequent dependence on his sister, when they were left alone, caused her to be called the *piccolo madre*, which pleased her very much.

But a trying time was at hand for our dear little girlie. At this fair time there was always some sort of representation of old-fashioned stories which pleased the simple mountain folk, and Tessa and Tonine were to be the foremost in the scene because of their music.

They were to represent the beasts of

the forest becoming tame and amenable to the power of music in the shape of Tessa with her violin and Tonine's harp; and secondly, the story of the "Babes in the Wood," who were not to die in reality, but to become alive again by the same sweet power of music.

When the evening came, and the camel and the bear were going through their tricks, and Tonine was sitting, harp in hand, ready for the bear to dance, the animal went too near to the boy in his awkward, shuffling movement.

Whether the bear was really attracted by the music, or if it was that he was taken with a desire to seize Tonine and go into the mimic wood behind with him, is doubtful, but the huge creature put out his forelegs like arms, and had nearly begun to hug Tonine, when a sharp hit from Signor Bernardino's iron-pointed pole turned bruin's fury on himself.

Tessa's screams brought Mirtilla and others to know what was going on, but all the rest was as nothing to her when, going up to her brother, he lay like one dead. Poor Tonine had fainted!

"Tonine! Tonine! wake, dear! 'tis I! your poor Tessa!" and looking up, and seeing Mirtilla, she whispered—for she had almost lost power to speak—"Take him to the bed! Oh! my brother! my own poor Tonine! What will I do! Oh, *madre mia*, forgive your poor Tessa—she did not know! Oh! Mirtilla!"

The poor child's grief was piteous to see, and good kind Mirtilla took her in her arms and soothed her with loving words, assuring her that her brother had only fainted. And in fact the little boy opened his eyes with a dazed look; and seeing Tessa, he put out his arms to her, saying, "Oh! Tess dear, I thought I was dead, I did. I thought the bear had killed me."

The sister's delight was as great as had been her grief. She hugged her brother almost as closely as the bear would have liked to do, calling him in broken English and pretty poetic Italian all the dear pet names her mother had used when she loved them most, and they both lay in her arms, cradled on her loving breast.

Mirtilla undressed Tonine and bathed his pale face, placing him in bed with kind care; and then she bade Tessa with a kiss to go into her favourite place in the old garden and get calmer, and she would sit by her brother until he slept.

Tonine was rather selfish. His sister had always given way to his wishes on account of her seeming older than he; but when Mirtilla told him that dear sister Tess would be ill if she did not have the air in the garden, his lips quivered with sorrow at being left without her. Though after a few seconds he became quieter, saying, "Go, dear, but — but come again soon!"

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE many days were over it was quite evident that if the children stopped in the present life with Signor Bernardino Tonine's life would pay the forfeit.

Ever since the night the bear had done his best to get at the boy a constant terror seemed always with him; he dreamed of the animal, waking more than once screaming to his sister and Mirtilla to take the bear away.

All this, as might be expected, worked its influence on poor Tonine's frail body, and at last brought on so serious a time, that for some days his life was despaired of.

To see Tessa's devotion to her sick brother was very delightful. Nothing would induce her to leave him night nor day. Signor Bernardino might storm and threaten, she would not play her violin to make that fearful bear dance, who had well-nigh killed the brother she loved. And so when he stormed, and talked about starving her into obedience, and as that had no fear for the stout-hearted child, he threatened that Tonine should not have the milk the doctor had ordered him, then it was that Tessa spoke up.

"*Mi scusa, signor*, but if you do so cruel a thing, I shall tell the Signor Monti how you took a poor orphan child and her brother away from her good friends, and ask him to write to Miss Power—that dear young lady that had a good heart for us poor children—and ask her to come and take us away."

The child had scarcely said the last word when the little whip with which Bernardino kept his dogs and monkeys in order came down sharply on the little girl's shoulders, and the bad man cried, "You will, will you, *signora troppo buona*."

Tessa's scream brought Mirtilla to the room, and fixing her eyes on her brother, she simply cried, "Shame! shame! to strike such a good little thing!"—and taking Tessa's hand, Mirtilla led her away.

Mirtilla sat up later that night with the child Tonine, for Tessa was worn out with nursing her brother.

"Take me away, for I am so 'fraid of de bear! You are cruel sister to keep me here, and I shall tell *la madre* when I go to heaven. Ah! Tonine don't love you! Go 'way!"

Tessa's tears would flow at her brother's irritability, but not even one hasty word came from her lips. "He was so ill," she told Mirtilla when she corrected the child. "He loves me, I know—'tis only his suffering, poor child!"

But Mirtilla's mind had been made up ever since she had heard of her brother's guilt in stealing the twins. She would be doing wrong, she felt, if she did not try to restore them to their friends. Mirtilla had been much moved by Tessa's simple trust in God, never doubting that what she asked would be given if it was good for her to have it.

All this had inspired Mirtilla with an involuntary respect for the child, who had made her wish for the same sweet belief, for she had observed the quiet, pretty way she had borne her brother's sharp words when the *signor* found fault with her, and the love and tenderness she showed Tonine even when he was irritable.

The fair week was almost over, and Signor Bernardino was much vexed at



"'AND SO WILL I MINE,' SAID A STRANGE VOICE."

his scanty returns, for he had counted on a rich harvest from his stolen goods. But God is just, for stolen property turns to ashes in the thief's hands.

One evening Tessa was sitting in her favourite recess in the old garden when she suddenly heard her name mentioned, and then that of Signor Monti and Miss Power. She knew that some persons were speaking, but she was too much taken up with the beauty around her to take much notice of those strange, whispering voices.

It seemed to the spirit-awakened child that the stars were lighting her to a new and brighter life. The slender, fringed branches of the perfumed lime trees appeared like arms waving her forward, and when the moon showed her sweet, pale face, the whole landscape took that brighter, serener glory which made the child's thoughts turn to that other Light which hath no shadow, from within whose radiance perhaps *la madre* looked down upon her; and the sensitive girl, whose nerves were so greatly tried, clasped her thin hands and wept.

Whilst she sat with the tears silently coursing down her face, Mirtilla came quietly up with her finger on her lip, and sitting down by Tessa, whispered, "Do you hear?" Tessa shook her head, for she had only heard her name.

CHAPTER X.

THE Signor Bernardino and his partner, the Spaniard, talked long and earnestly, and Mirtilla held her breath to listen, for from the few words her brother had said she felt it was no breach of good faith to listen to that which concerned the orphan twins she had promised to protect.

What she heard was, that the Spaniard had seen the lady and Signor Monti—whom he knew by sight—making purchases at one of the stalls in the fair. The people of the *albergo* had told him that they were newly married, and were enjoying their honeymoon in travelling about Italy. He told the *signor* that they were going to pass the night at the next town, which was only a mile distant, and he believed that they had a suspicion about the children, because after the station master had been told by the landlady the affair of the bear, the lady had whispered to the gentleman, and he had answered, "*Cospetto, si, si!*"

They then laid their heads together, those wicked men, and said that they would take the children away in the night to an old *cassetta* high up among the mountains, as Signor Monti might come in the morning to claim them.

Kind-hearted Mirtilla held Tessa in her arms to quiet her as she heard of her *cara* Signora Power's—as she still called her—presence in the *albergo*. She called her pet names—her own dear girlie, her darling; for Tessa's trembling frightened Mirtilla, for the child had borne so much of fear and other suffering. But Tessa trusted God, and believed it was His loving Providence had sent their friends to rescue them.

Mirtilla at last determined to take the children into her own bed, which was a large one, and so prevent them being taken away without her knowledge.

"Don't tell Tonine, dear *signora*," said Tessa; "he would be so frightened. But what shall we do?" twisting and untwisting her nervous fingers.

"Leave all to me, *carina*. No one shall take you from me—not even my own brother. But 'tis that Signor Zametti, his partner, who makes him do wicked things; he is not bad when left alone with me."

Thus the good-hearted sister defended her weak brother.

But other ears had overheard Signor Bernardino's plans.

* * * *

When Mrs. Martin came downstairs ready to go to the station, and make sure that Miss Power was going with the children, and found that they had already gone, the poor woman was like one demented. What did it mean? Was there anything to fear, or was it really late, as Bernardino had called out? Well, perhaps it was all right. At any rate, she would go round to Miss Power by-and-by—it would not do to frighten her for nothing. And so the day wore on, and five o'clock was near.

"A double knock! Now who can it be? Ah! perhaps it is the children come back with Miss Power," said Mrs. Martin to herself, as she went to open the door.

"Oh! ma'am, bless-e! I'm main glad 'tis you!"

"Why, what is amiss? Where are the little Italians?" asked Miss Power.

Mrs. Martin dropped into a chair. "Ah! ma'am, where indeed!" and then the facts of the morning were related to Miss Power, whose fright and consternation were very great.

"That which I came for has nearly passed from my mind, but I had better say it. You will be pleased to hear that Signor Monti and I are to be married next Monday, and that we go to Italy, or rather to Paris *en route*, the same day. And I was going to ask you to take care of those poor little waifs until we come back, and see what we can do for them. But I wanted them taken away from playing in the streets. Perhaps we may trace them—who knows. But I shall go at once and tell Signor Monti. But first I must finish my errand, which is, to ask you if you will come and help on Monday?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am, and wishing you every happiness, with my humble duty."

The result of Miss Power's visit was, that Signor Monti provided himself with the requisite formula for recovering the children who had been stolen from their home with Mrs. Martin; and they had in their wedding journey heard of a little boy having been attacked by a showman's bear, and they went cautiously to work.

* * * *

"What do you want with the children at this time in the morning? 'Tis not yet five o'clock!" said Mirtilla, who saw her brother lifting Tonine from her side.

"How came you here? And please to mind your own affairs, and I will attend to mine," said Bernardino. "Come, Tessa—get up!"

"They shall not be moved!" said Mirtilla. "Would you kill that poor little sick boy? Shame on you!"

"Mind your own affairs, I tell you again, and I will mind mine."

"And so will I mine," said a strange voice, which made the bold bad man tremble, as the Signor Monti, with the landlord and lady of the *albergo*, came into the room and took possession of Tessa and Tonine.

And the cowardly fellow made his escape with the partner of his guilty schemes, their belongings, monkeys and all, having been sent on to the old house in the mountains so that the twins could be taken quietly away.

To see the joy of the children was indeed a sight. Tessa wept and laughed by turns, for she was weak from her long vigils by her brother's bed.

"I could not persuade her to let me help her much, or I would have saved her all fatigue," said Mirtilla to the late Miss Power, now Signora Monti.

"I knew you were so good, *cara*," said Tessa, lifting her head from the Signora Monti's breast. "But *la madre*—ah! I promised her I would take care of him, for I was always stronger than he."

"Ah! *signora bella*, you take poor Tonine to your house, and give him nice to eat, and Tonine never play—play harp all day 'gain."

Poor little boy! he was ill and hungry.

Tonine could not speak English as well as Tessa, but he made them see his weakness in his words. Unlike his sister, he was fond of doing nothing; but he loved Tessa, and thought there was no one like her—not even the English lady.

The one most to be pitied was Mirtilla. She had mortally offended her brother, and now, at twenty years of age, was without a home.

But the kindly part she had taken in letting the Signora Monti know of the presence in the old *albergo* of those whom they sought, because she would have felt herself guilty in doing otherwise, made them feel a wish to do something for her. The *signora* was in want of a lady's maid, and she offered the pretty Mirtilla the situation, which she gladly accepted. As Signor Monti did not wish to return to England, preparatory to settling in Milan with his wife, in the middle of their honeymoon, Mirtilla was sent with the twins to good old Mrs. Martin's house, bearing a letter, asking her to receive them for her until her return, when other arrangements would be made.

Mirtilla was delighted at the trust reposed in her, kissing the *signora's* hand in her pretty Italian way as a seal to her promise, "I will nevare go 'way from de child'en till you tell to me, *cara signora padrona*."

How Tessa thanked her *cara signora*, with smiles and tears, telling Tonine that she knew her *cara signora bella* would find them; that he must be a good boy always, because God had been so kind to take them away from the bad man and the bear!

The pleasure of Mrs. Martin at receiving her dear Signora Monti's commands was very great, and soon Mirtilla and her charges were so happy that the past appeared only as a bad dream.

* * * *

IN MILAN.

There is a concert at the Conservatorio, given by the pupils, and the *élite* of society—Italian, English, and American—are there.

Many among these young aspirants for musical fame have rendered the compositions of Chopin, Beethoven, Bach, and others, when a whisper goes the round of the visitors that the next performer is to be a young lady violinist, who bids fair to rival, and perhaps outshine, older performers.

And now the audience compose themselves to listen, for, led on by her master, comes a young girl of fifteen years, dressed completely in simple white, holding in her hand a small violin.

The large dark eyes, so full of modest grace, single out among the front row of the audience a lady and gentleman, whom she greets with a smile, which they return, recognising her dearest benefactor and friend, Signor Monti, who, under the guiding providence of a merciful God, has made the Tessa of the poor London lodging to be the young and respected violinist of the Conservatorio.

By the dear girl's side is a feeble-looking youth, with long curling hair, who seems as though he waited on her every look. 'Tis Tonine, who waits, with his fingers among the strings of his harp, the signal of the *maestro*.

Our Tessa has reaped the reward of her sweet forgetfulness of self, for Signor Monti, seeing and hearing the great talent his little favourite—as he called her—possessed, and in a certain degree her brother also—took them to Italy, and placed them under *maestri* of repute; and both Tessa and Tonine had satisfied their professors.

And so good-bye, dear little girlie—sweet Tessa! Your unselfish love for your brother; the reverent, never-failing regard to the promise made to a dying mother; and your faith in God's mercy, guided you to a pleasant, useful life, for over you in all your wanderings was the shield of Divine protection.

[THE END.]

A CUP OF CHOCOLATE.

IT is very agreeable to associate with persons who have made it their business, as occasion offered, to learn something of the origin and the use of our ordinary surroundings. From the humblest weed to the grandest tree, and from the tiniest insect to the hugest elephant, all have a use, and all an interesting history. Yet there are but comparatively few who could give you much information of such a character. The discovery, the nature, and the value of most common articles of every-day use are to the majority of persons as a "sealed book," while they buy, or sell, and constantly employ them. Thus, much of the smaller interests of our lives, and many pleasant channels of useful thought, agreeably lightening to daily labour, is lost to them thereby.

Chocolate, like its sister beverage cocoa, is of Mexican origin, and both are made from the bean of the cacao tree, improperly spelt "cacoa," and thus sometimes confounded with the palm-tree that yields the milky fluid and white, pulpy, edible substance with which we are all familiar.

The difference between cocoa and chocolate is simply this, that the former is coarsely ground, and when the water and milk are boiled with it there is a considerable sediment, which must be allowed to subside; and the decoction, when cleared, is comparatively poor and thin in quality, whereas, when chocolate is made from the beans, the latter are deprived of their skins and perfectly levigated, so that the paste should mix readily with the milk and water boiled with it, and thus the whole of the inner substance of the bean is utilised.

If you wish to make a cup of chocolate quickly, take one of the ordinary flat sticks of Cadbury's chocolate, sold in packets of six, one penny a stick. Scrape down one of these with a sharp knife into a breakfast-cup. Pour a very little boiling water on it, working the chocolate into a thick paste with a spoon. When of an even consistency throughout, add as much milk, or milk and water, as may suit the taste of the person for whom it is prepared; then put the cupful into a saucepan, and boil all together. Van Houten's also is good.

Some people prefer Fry's chocolate, which is sold in powder in small tin canisters. A large teaspoonful of this must be made into a paste, as before described, and boiling milk, or milk and water, added. "Chocolate paste" can also be had, by the same maker, and prepared at the breakfast table with still greater facility.

The cacao tree was cultivated by the aborigines of Southern America, especially in Mexico, and was said by Humboldt to have been reared by Montezuma. It was transplanted, in 1528, in various other dependencies of the Spanish dominions; and so highly did the great naturalist, Linnæus, esteem it, that he gave it the Greek name *Theobroma*, or "Food of the Gods." The tree, which grows from seed, rises to a height of twenty feet, and looks like a young cherry tree, which, at six or seven years old, bears flowers and fruit all the year round. The flowers are of a beautiful saffron colour; the leaves contrast well with them, being of a dull green, long and pointed, and about four inches in length. The pods are about five inches long, shaped like a roundish cucumber, and furrowed or scored from end to end. From twenty to fifty beans, about the size of almonds, are contained in each pod, which are imbedded in a reddish-white, pithy substance. The trees grow in morassy districts.

We have plantations of our own in Jamaica and the Mauritius. The Creoles are very fond of the beverage. The Mexican bean is the best, but it rarely comes to Europe. From five to six ounces of butter, of a kind not apt to turn rancid, may be obtained from one pound of cocoa. In some parts candles are made of it, and in France it is employed for making soap.

There is also the Brazilian cocoa. When the seeds are only crushed, they are sold as "cocoa nibs," which are boiled in water for some hours to produce the drink of the name. Both cocoa and chocolate contain far more nourishment than tea or coffee.

It is curious to observe how public and individual opinion used in old times, even as now, to fluctuate between approval and disapproval of all the three non-intoxicating drinks which superseded the perpetual use of beer. One would suppose that chocolate was a sufficiently inoffensive beverage to have escaped reproach, but in the year 1624, when it was known in Germany, Johan Franz Ranch wrote a treatise against it; and, later still, the famous Madame de Sévigné, while strongly recommending it at one time in her letters to her daughter, denounces its use in equally vehement terms at another. The cocoa tree used to constitute the sign of many a chocolate house on its first introduction to this country. In the reign of Queen Anne there was a famous one, frequented by those of the Tory party, in St. James's Street; and there was another, in the same street, patronised by the Whigs. One of these "cocoa tree" chocolate houses became a club, which is still in existence. It is celebrated as having been patronised by Lord Byron, and is, I believe, the oldest in London. Unfortunately, these chocolate houses became the resort of gamblers, and this was probably the reason why the use of the decoction became so stigmatised as leading into those resorts of bad, pernicious amusements, with which it had, unfortunately, become associated.

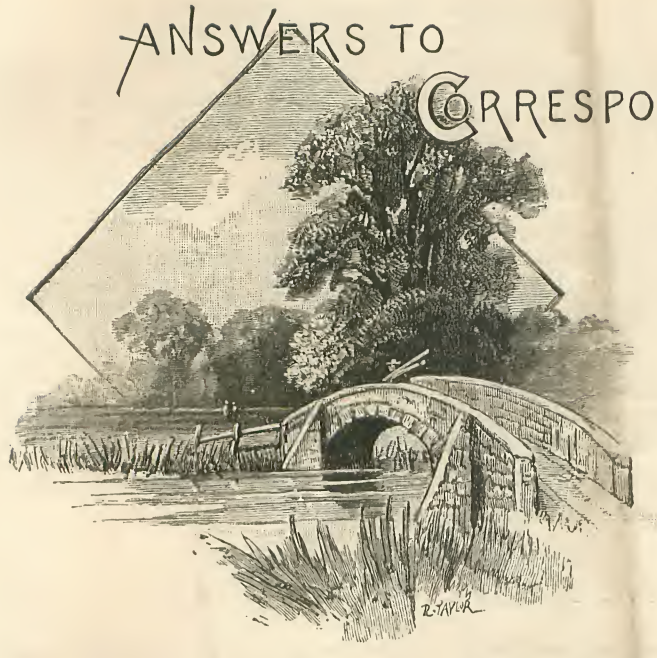
A patent was, some time since, under consideration by a company, for the production of a substitute for coffee out of the fruit and the seeds of that tree. Perhaps if the resemblance to coffee prove so great in this new decoction, we may be favoured with a less amount of adulteration. Some effort will be made to retain its popularity by an improvement in its quality. This would be no small advantage to those who find it preferable to tea. And as so much misapprehension exists as to the harmlessness of the chicory mixed too often, and even by request of the purchaser, with it, I must add the following note, copied from an unquestionable authority, to put my young housekeepers on their guard.

"The coffee dealer (who) adulterates his coffee with chicory (does so) to increase his profits. The chicory maker adulterates his chicory with Venetian red, to please the eye of the coffee dealer. The Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his colour with brickdust, that by his greater cheapness, and the variety of his shades, he may 'secure the patronage of the traders in chicory.'"

So take a timely warning, and endeavour to buy coffee without any admixture of chicory. A story is told of some well-known notability who, on arriving at an hotel, enquired whether he could have some chicory, with which he was at once supplied. "Have you no more?" he enquired; and being answered in the affirmative, he requested them to bring him all they had. It was forthwith brought and paid for. "Now make me some coffee," said the apparently eccentric traveller—who, the somewhat mystified waiter now perceived, was only "too clever by half!" That the coffee was good and thoroughly appreciated may be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



EDUCATIONAL.

FANNY, MARGARET, and ARTHUR.—Special probationers are received at the Charing Cross Hospital for not less than one year at one guinea a week. At St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., they are received for periods of three months at £13 13s. Write in all cases to the Matron, making an appointment first.

RIPON.—1. The expenses of education at Girton are £105 per annum; at Newnham, fees, 75 guineas; at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, the same; at St. Hugh's, £60 per annum; and at Somerville Hall, the same.—2. We think there would be no difference worth speaking of.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not know what your anxiety is about. If you be learning millinery you had better put your whole strength of will and thought into it, so as to be able to profit by what you learn. We never heard that a girl with red hair "could not possibly be a milliner." Perhaps you are "poking fun" at our simplicity!

BOOBY.—The meaning of the phrase, "squaring the circle," is to illustrate what it is to attempt an impossibility. It is an allusion to a mathematical problem as to whether a circle can be made which contains exactly the same area as a square; and the difficulty consists in discovering the precise ratio between the diameter and the circumference of the circle. We think "Booby" may give it up.

JINNEY.—Do not give up your teaching in the Sunday school, but be careful to say nothing out of your own head. Obtain some simple guide as to questions and answers suitable for children from your clergyman or minister under whom you work. Your ignorance is a fault that can be repaired by careful and prayerful study. Your "lack of peace" in your newly-commenced Christian life is one which should neither discourage you nor lead you to relinquish one iota of the work for Christ amongst His little ones, nor in any other that He has placed in your way. See Isaiah cl. 10, and look ever, as you now do, "to Him only for help."

GUINEVERE.—We should be glad to help you out of your difficulties, but that seems a perplexing question, as your time is filled up with teaching some twenty-three pupils at home all the morning, and at a private house all the afternoon till six. But you should endeavour to attend an art class on the free day, and sometimes in the evenings, for there are such at Oxford. At the same time it would not be right to let your employer imagine that you are already qualified to teach "freehand"; only tell her you are studying it.

MAUD.—The requirements for a kindergarten certificate from the Home and Colonial School Society are four in number. You must attend not less than twenty lectures, must produce artistic specimens of work, exhibit skill both in drawing up notes of lessons and in the art of teaching, and lastly, you must pass a written examination in the theory and the practical application of "Fröbel's Method." Address George H. Sawtell, Esq., 23, Red Lion Square, W.C.

B. L. and LEAH.—You could not do better than write to, or obtain an interview with, Miss Mondy, Secretary of the National Home Reading Union, established for the encouragement and direction of home study. The central office is Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

MUSIC.

LETTY S. SMITH.—Wherever you go without a *chaperon* we should advise you to write to the resident English chaplain, and ask him to do you the favour of giving you the address of some thoroughly respectable place suitable for unprotected girls, and to give you a little local information. You might be received into some German pastor's house. The fee for the Royal Conservatoire of Music at Leipsic (Dr. Otto Günther) is 300 marks per annum paid in advance (*i.e.*, 100 at Michaelmas, 100 at Christmas, and 100 at Easter), a fee of nine marks on entrance, and three marks per annum for the servant of the institution.

GIPSY JUGGINS.—Miss Allen, 77, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight, is named in the *Dictionary of Girls' Clubs* as Hon. Secretary of a Practising Society, to which the subscription is 2s. 6d. annually, and by which prizes are given. Also, Miss Castle, Richmond House, Redland Green, Bristol; annual subscription, 1s. 6d.; entrance fee, 6d. Prizes given. Also, Miss E. Rees, Stafford House, Finchley Road, N.W.; entrance fee, 1s. Prizes given. These are all for vocal as well as instrumental music. We name three lest any one of them should have changed hands or address.

LIGHTFOOT.—1. We could not advertise musical agents.—2. See our Indexes for answers in reference to the complexion; also articles by "Medicus."

COOKERY.

A. S.—We do not think a French cook could prepare a Scotch "haggis," which is a national dish entirely. You must consult a cookery book for the four dishes you require; they are too lengthy recipes to give.

GLADYS.—We suppose you mean American short-cakes or baking powder biscuits. Sift the flour before measuring it, and put one pint of it into the bowl; stir in a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; then rub in a tablespoonful of butter, and with your finger tips rub till the paste be made as fine as sand. Lard may be used, but it will be an improvement to use butter. The first-named is the most economical, but not so agreeable in flavour. The latter will give a yellower hue to the biscuits.

IRENE.—Buy a tin of desiccated cocoanut (Maltby's), and of it take a teacupful; two eggs, half a cup of milk, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix all well together and bake it in the ordinary way, and this will make a cake, or biscuits if preferred, in which latter case add a little more flour. Cut them out with a shape or a glass.

HOUSEKEEPING.

M. H. I.—The idea of teaching housework, etc., by correspondence classes is a novel one. In practice it would be difficult, however, for seeing is the best teacher in such matters, and practice the only teacher. There is already a school for the domestic arts, called the Forsyth Technical College Company, 19, Queensberry Place, South Kensington; address, Lady Principal.

LAMPIANA.—The use of a little spirit or some ammonia will restore the brightness to glass or lamp glasses.

COLLIE.—Until you obtain more experience and know London better we should advise your remaining in rooms, as you can be as economical as possible, and you know exactly what your expenses are.

MONTPELIER.—A good old-fashioned recipe for a furniture polish is composed of beeswax and turpentine dissolved and mixed to a consistency like butter. Apply it with a wad of old cloth, rubbing it until quite dry, and then polishing with an old silk rag. Of course the wood should be thoroughly cleaned in the first place, and to effect this a little vinegar and oil may be employed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEETLES may take the stains from boiled oil out of a cotton dress by the use of benzine colas. Your writing is very legible, though not pretty. Our readers do not write our "Answers."

CONNIE.—You cannot write properly, so could not teach children; and we have no means of judging for what else you have any capabilities.

MIGNONETTE wishes for a prescription that will prevent the hair from turning grey, having discovered several white hairs, her age being thirty-two. If we could only devise one we should speedily make our fortune. Headaches and loss of nervous power throughout the whole system are the chief causes of the drying up of the colouring fluid under the scalp.—2. We are all suffering from moths, and using pepper and turpentine. Shaking of pepper over their hunting grounds is very useful.

ANXIOUS ANNIE.—We have no law, sacred or secular, prohibiting marriage with any cousin, including your first cousin once removed. So if you have done so you may feel quite relieved of any anxiety about your children's social position.

GUSSIE BAX.—Lake Ladoga (not "Ladogan"), in the north-west of Russia, covers an area nearly equal to that of the whole Principality of Wales.

L. L., SNOW QUEEN, VIOLET and MIGNONETTE, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, FIVE AND TWENTY, and others, all ask questions about the hair. The state of the hair is intimately connected with the health, and it suffers with it. So when the general health is improved the hair will be in a better condition. Brushing it daily for at least ten minutes is the best tonic, the brush not very hard; for greasy, moist hair great cleanliness is needed, and some wash containing spirit should be used, with a little soda in it also. No grease should, as a rule, be used; when well brushed the hair is greasy enough.

ELIRA H.—The headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association is at Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C. There you would get all the information you need on the subject of boarding houses for young men in town

MUNGOOSE.—We think your husband's lines excellent, but they are more suitable for a Sunday magazine than for us, as they are so very distinctly religious in language and feeling.

JUDAX.—We should think sponging with vinegar occasionally would be likely to be of service, and with sea-salt and water might be more strengthening still.

NIX-NAUGHT-NOTHING and PHYLLIS.—These girls are a queer pair, and are much to be commiserated, as they neither of them know their own minds. The former complains that she "loves three men at once." One is handsome, one clever, and one has good connections. All enjoy equal pecuniary advantages. We have heard of "a donkey between two bundles of hay." Alas! poor donkey, if perplexed by a third! "Phyllis" appears to have spread her young affections over several in succession—"one at a time, of course," she explains, and in so far she rises superior to Miss "Nix." But her difficulty lies in her inability to determine whether she be "really in love or not," and enquires how to act for the best if the good man have "given no proof of love" in return. With reference to the former difficulty we must, on our part, enquire, "Is it a riddle?" for we do not answer riddles in the "G. O. P." With reference to the latter, we can only say, "Banish all regretful thoughts of the unloving one, nor let

> ". . . disappointment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on your damask cheek."

A. C.—It might strengthen your wrists to have them pumped upon, or douched with cold water. Bathing with Tidman's sea-salt is also of service. Your writing is fairly good.

OCTAVIUS.—The best method to employ for getting rid of the green fly which infest the rose-trees is to fumigate them with sulphur or with tobacco one day, and the next morning to syringe them well with water. Chrysanthemums can be multiplied by cuttings made in March and all through the summer; also, by rooted off-sets and layers during the summer. If you have planted your cuttings in pots sufficiently large why disturb them till they need more room? If you wish to plant them out choose sheltered spots in the garden.

LAMP-POST.—"How to get fat?" The old adage suggests that you should "laugh," and cheerfulness must tend that way, since fretting tends to wasting and emaciation. Cultivate "a contented mind," which is said to "enjoy a continual feast." Bread, vegetables, cereals, and meal made of them, good soups, butter, cheese, milk and cream, all have a fattening tendency, but take moderate out-door exercise daily.

IDA MAY can obtain all such information by reference to the printed advertisements hung in every post-office, which give lists of the days when all the mail steamships sail for foreign ports, and the hours when letters should be despatched, together with the rates of postage.

THYRA.—A ladies' companion is a *rara avis* in these days. Those who both need and have the means to keep one have nieces, and cousins, and friends in want of assistance, and very naturally prefer them to strangers. A mother's help is more likely to find a place in some family.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF MISTRESS MARGARET BIRON.

PART IV.

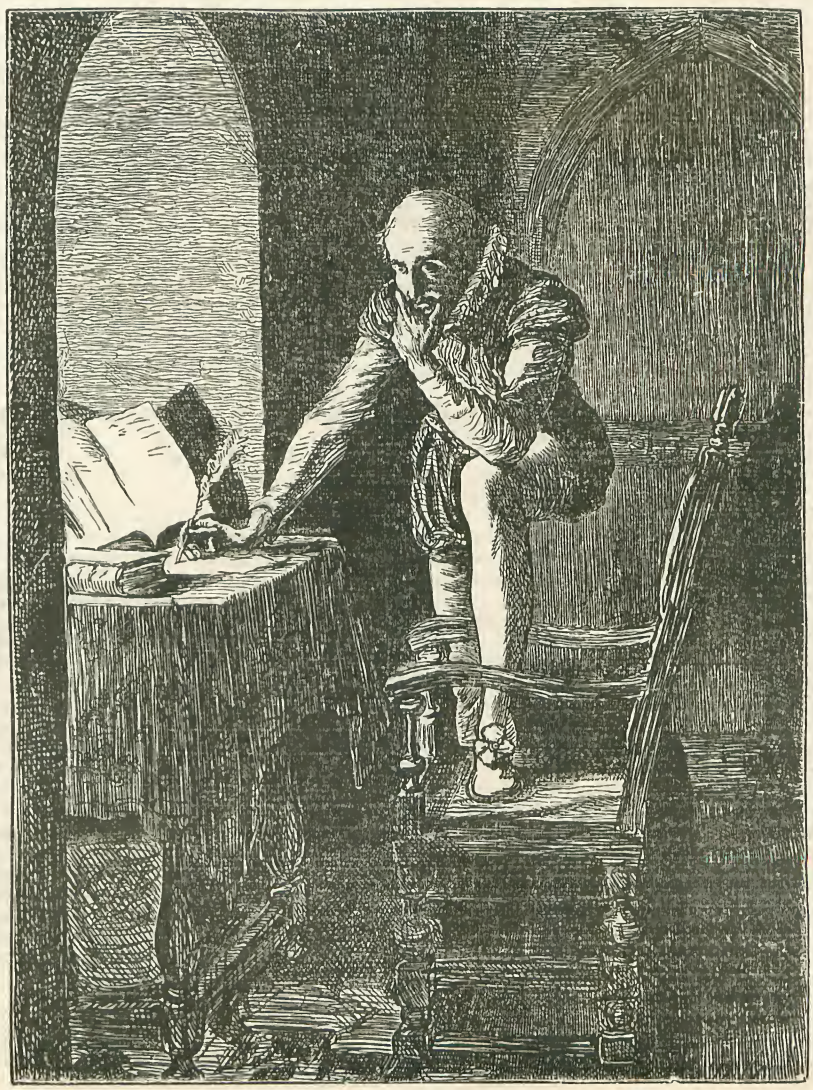
March 17th, 1613.

My poor mother being dead, Mistress Millicent seemed, as a matter of course, to resume her empire over my father. She affected to be overcome with grief at the loss of her friend and kinswoman, and made a pretence of packing up her things to take her departure to her brother's house in Buckinghamshire—not that I believe it was ever her purpose to go; and my father, who was the most hospitable of men, and who was thoroughly persuaded of her devotion to my mother, could not but entreat her to stay. After this Ben and I soon began to feel ourselves worse than strangers in our father's house. About this time, Sir Allen Apsley having occasion to come to Sheen concerning the purchase of a horse, kindly rode on to Ditchley on a visit of condolence to my father; and, being there, he took more note of Ben than he had ever done before, and commended him for a strong, well-grown youth, who should now be carving his way to fortune if he had any ambition to make himself a name.

Benjamin was too modest to speak, though the colour in his cheek and the sparkle in his eye answered well enough for him. Then Sir Allen asked my father if he would in charity spare me to his wife for awhile, as she with her four youngsters to look after, and the care of the sick and heart-weary prisoners—which she must needs take on herself—was sometimes almost at her wits' end, and would be right glad of a young kinswoman abiding with her, who might be a second right hand to her—so he was pleased to put it. Father turned pale, methought, and looked sorrowful, and made as though he would refuse; but Mistress Millicent put in her word about the great advantage it would be to a damsel like me to be under the guidance of Sir Allen and Lady Apsley, with whom she could not fail to see many worthy and noble people instead of being buried in a country place like Ditchley. And so it came about that I am once again in the Lieutenant's lodging in the Tower; and were it not for sorrow for my dear mother so newly dead, and anxious thoughts about my father, alone, and at the mercy of Mistress Millicent, I could be well content to be here, for though there is sorrow and heart-burning enough on all sides, yet the Lieutenant's lodging is an ark where there is the continual sunshine of charity and goodwill to all men.

St. Valentine's Day.

At length the land hath laid aside her mourning for the Prince of Wales, and every man, woman,



SIR WALTER RALEGH.

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and child hath put on holiday garments, for our dear Princess is to be married to-day—married to the County Palatine, a prince worthy to be her husband. The Queen, it is said, was rather sore that her only daughter should marry a prince who could never be a king; and one day in bitterness of spirit called her "Goody Palatine," whereat my young Lord Craven could not hold his peace, but exclaimed—

"Nay, madam, but the Lady Elizabeth enjoyeth a true royalty—she is sovereign lady of our hearts"—then, turning to the other gentlemen who were present, "Is it not so, gentlemen?" he exclaimed. "Will you not all cry with me, 'God save the Queen of Hearts?'"

Tears came into the eyes of the Princess, and, taking a rose-coloured knot of ribbon from her breast, she gave it to Lord Craven, which he receiving on his knee as though it had been an order of knighthood, kissed and placed in his bonnet, declaring that no other colour or carcanet should ever take its place as long as the Princess permitted him to wear it; whereat all present applauded, as well they might, for our sweet Princess hath the heroic courage of her brother, tempered with a feminine sensibility that is very loveable. The Prince that is dead set great store by her, and he who is now Prince of Wales, albeit he is of a reserved temper—which may be accounted for, perhaps, by the weakness of his health—payeth her much honour, as well he may.

Lady Apsley, who is tender as a mother to me now that my dear mother has passed to her rest, took me with her to a balcony whence we could see the bridal procession pass; and Lady Ralegh sat beside us with her two sons, for Sir Walter would needs have them come to bid the bride "God speed," as he said. And the Lady Elizabeth stopped beneath our balcony while one might count fifty, and looked up to Lady Ralegh and her boys, and methought I heard her say—"Commend me to Sir Walter!" But Lady Apsley thinketh it is doubtful whether she said anything; but certain it is that she looked very earnestly at the two boys; and she spoke to Prince Frederick, and he looked up also—and no wonder, for they are both handsome boys, and it is hard to tell which is the likest to Sir Walter.

May, 1613.

There seemeth to be but little profit now in inditing in this poor book, seeing that all things go on with a persistent dulness that is scarcely imaginable; and my time is so constantly occupied with the children that I seem to have no leisure for aught else, the rather that there is now a fifth infant to take up their mother's thoughts. Yet men come and go. Poor Lady Arbel still pines in her widowhood—for it seemeth to me that she is worse than a widow—and the King will show her no favour. Master Ruthin—he who was wont to help Sir Walter in his experiments—is no more. Sir Walter keepeth a good heart, though his thirteen years' imprisonment begins to tell upon him. Master Walter telleth me that he confesseth that the labour of compiling his History is almost beyond his strength, and that therefore he hath determined to give to the world the portion which he hath completed. Methinks if Prince Henry had lived—for whose sake chiefly he undertook the work—he would never have remembered him of the weariness.

Lady Ralegh is for ever moving heaven and earth to get her husband free, suggesting to the needy courtiers how absurd it is for them to be straitened for means while the treasures of golden Guiana are waiting to be gathered in. The King, they say, is drawn two ways: it is the passion of his heart to maintain the Spanish alliance, and yet the chink of a golden Jacobus hath as great a charm for him as for the neediest Scot of them all; and it is my belief that he would welcome a shower of them as heartily as ever did pining Danae in her brazen tower.

My kinswoman saith that Lady Ralegh's persistence is marvellous: she knoweth no fear, and spareth herself no trouble. As to Master Walter, he would gladly have been to the wars in Ireland or in France; but his mother insisteth that he must wait to be ready to bear his father company when he is set at liberty. And he too is convinced that it cannot be long, for if once Master Secretary Cecil were removed—and he is in very failing health—the great obstacle to Sir Walter's deliverance would be removed also. But Sir Allen saith that so long as Sarmiento di Alana* is ambassador here from Spain, and while he hath the ear of the King, there is little hope of fair treatment for Sir Walter or any of the Queen's men.

November 17th, 1613.

My brother Ben hath taken Sir Allen's advice, and hath gone to Ireland to serve the King. Sir Allen often tells us how he was the youngest of ten children when his father died, being still at school; but he lacked the patience to carry on his studies, feeling no special aptitude in himself for them, but rather an impulse to a life of action; wherefore he sold to his elder brother his share of the patrimony, and with the money in his pocket, came to London, where he furnished himself with good clothes and came to court. There he soon further advanced himself by a marriage with a wealthy widow, and on her death he joined Lord Essex in Ireland, and deserved so well of him, that he was recommended for the honour of knighthood, which was the commencement of his present good fortune. And surely no man in the kingdom dischargeth his duty with a more noble sufficiency, tempering justice with mercy, so that he is loved by all who are unfortunate, while he exerciseth a wholesome severity on the idle and the evil.

From what Ben told me, I have little doubt that by the New Year Mistress Millicent will have persuaded my father to take her for his second wife; and should that come to pass, methinks I care not ever to see Ditchley again. Master Walter Ralegh, who hath often occasion to ride to Richmond for his mother, is careful to bring me news of father and of the old place, which is wonderfully good of him. But he saith that it giveth him pleasure to be in my home, and to converse with father. Lady Ralegh, with her customary inconsistency, now is always saying that Master Walter should be in active service; and it is no fault of his that he did not go with Ben to Ireland; but in very sooth she cannot bear him out of her sight. She pretendeth, indeed, that Mr. Secretary Cecil is in such a languishing state that he cannot last long, and that the hour of Sir Walter's deliverance is near at hand, and that when he is free he will want Master Walter for his right hand man, to bear him company on his voyage to Guiana. Poor lady! To her all the years of his captivity seem as nothing. She will not have it that they have worn and weakened him, or that he is no longer fit to encounter the worries of a perilous enterprise, or to bear the vicissitudes of a tropical climate. To her he is the hero of 1588, as fit to lead men and to found a colony as when he gave to his colony in the New World the fair name of Virginia in honour of his Queen.

January 1st, 1614.

Another New Year's Day! How the months slip along! I can remember when a year seemed to me such a vast portion of time that I thought it would never wear itself away. The time even from sunrise to sundown used to seem well-nigh an age; but now week followeth week and month month, and I am at the end of my teens and into my twenties. Mistress Millicent is of opinion that it is a great pity that I gave so little encouragement to Master James Carew, who did indeed speak to father about me; and even my kinswoman, Lady Apsley, looketh grave at the matter, for she was married at eighteen, and to a husband vastly older than herself. But I know not how it is; I do esteem Master James most highly as a friend, but more I cannot say. Nor does Mistress Millicent's suggestion, that Fairlawn is a home fit for a peeress, add one jot to the warmth of my friendship for him. Ah, me! Methinks there are women who have no desire for matrimony, even as there are men, and to whom the dignity of directing Joan and Richard, of making the best butter in the county, or scoring the most eggs, is entirely without a charm. Master James is perfect as a friend, and I shall be ever grateful to him for all his goodness to mother and his more than brotherly kindness to Ben. Why will he want anything else?

February 14th.

Lady Apsley is in great spirits to-day, for Sir Walter would fain celebrate the anniversary of the Princess Elizabeth's wedding; and early in the forenoon came Master Walter and little Carew carrying two vast folios handsomely bound in pigskin, with my kinswoman's monogram in gold, and inside an inscription—"From Walter Ralegh to his good friend and comforter, the Lady Apsley." The volumes contain that portion of the "History of the World" which Sir Walter hath completed. My kinswoman was almost beside herself with pleasure and surprise. Master Walter saith her copy is bound exactly like that which his father is sending to the Electress. Methinks the children and Sir Allen himself will have little reason to rejoice at the honour paid her, for she is so lost in the study of the book that she heareth not those that call on her. Of a surety it is hardly expedient that the mistress of a household should be a great scholar, seeing that her eyes and ears should be at the service of all. Assuredly, this is my kinswoman's one fault, if fault it be; but if she chance to open the volume of Master Spenser's "Faery Queene," she is like one caught in a net, and cannot hear though one call upon her again and again.

Great news in the Tower! Lord Somerset, Sir Walter's arch enemy, lieth in prison in far worse case than he, for he is charged with the foul murder of that worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Overbury, whom his wicked wife, with his connivance, took off with poison. I saw the fair and evil woman, as she was taken to her quarters, sobbing and wailing like a stricken child. She is indeed marvellously fair; but surely my Lord of Essex had a great escape of her. And they say she is ever accusing and reviling this husband, of whom a while ago she was so wickedly enamoured. I wonder what the King thinks of his pupil now!

Lady Ralegh cannot hide her exultation, and even Sir Walter himself, when he met my Lord Somerset on his way to his lodging, could not control his sharp wit, beholding the man who had usurped his house and lands brought hither in such a terrible plight, and accompanied with the deserved curses of all honest men.

March 7th.

Events seem to come thick one upon another. Mr. Secretary Cecil is at last gone to his account, and except the Spaniard, there remaineth no other bitter enemy to Sir Walter. It is rumoured that Sir Ralph Winwood is to be the new secretary—a man, Master Walter saith, very well disposed to his father; so if a great effort be made, it can hardly fail but that

* Better known as Gondomar.

he shall be set at liberty. Lady Ralegh is more busy than ever, and will scarce allow herself time to eat or sleep. Ah, me! When they once turn their backs upon the Garden House, it is but little likely that we shall ever see them again—prisoners enough and to spare we are like to have, but a family so noble and so love-compelling, hardly. Little Carew, who is of a quiet, self-contained nature, as becometh a prison child, will, methinks, miss his sombre birthplace, the pigeons, and the warders, on whose broad shoulders he hath been wont to ride from his babyhood. But Master Walter, who remembers the beauty and the freedom of Sherborne, and who is impatient to prove himself worthy of his father—what likelihood is there that he will ever cast a thought upon us?

March 8th.

Though the wind bloweth shrewdly the sun is bright, and one's thoughts, in spite of oneself, wander to the lanes and hollows about Ditchley, where the large pale primroses grow, and tears come into my eyes as I remember the years long ago when mother and I went out to gather the first posies, and Ben, a sturdy boy, carried the basket. Poor primroses! I doubt no one will gather them now, for Mistress Millicent loveth not flowers in the chambers—she calleth them litter; and except to make them into a salve—for which they have doubtless excellent properties—never gathereth one. I wonder how father fareth, and whether he remembereth himself of mother and me, and of poor Ben away in Ireland. Methinks I will ask Master Walter, if he be going to ride to Richmond, to take the kerchief I have broidered for father, and to carry my duty to him and bring me back word of his health.

March 9th.

Methinks my kinswoman hath some sort of divine power of knowing what is in one's thoughts. Yester even, while I sat in the window looking somewhat sadly on the river, she came and sat beside me. She said that she and Sir Allen had been thinking that it would be good for their little Lucy to be saved from the bleak winds which blow from the north at this time of year, and that they were purposed to avail themselves of my father's invitation for the child and her nurse, the Huguenot woman, Emilie, if I will go with them, so that they may give as little trouble as possible in the household. It is quite true that Ditchley is famous for its sweet, soft air, and the winds never seem to roar there as they do about this ancient fortress, which methinks they take a malignant delight in assailing. I could scarcely believe my ears; and my kinswoman wrote to father herself, and sent the letter by a special messenger. And now I marvel whether Mistress Millicent will let us go, or whether she will find some subtle device to keep us away.

Ditchley, March 10th.

Only to think of it! Here I am once more in the old house in which I was born, and yonder is dear little Lucy toddling on the grass to pick the daisies, which are already in blossom, though there is no sign of them yet in London. By the greatest good fortune Mistress Millicent is gone home to look after her brother's house at Spedewell while his wife is laid aside; and father never so much as asked her, but sent word to Lady Apsley to use his poor house for her convenience, and that it would please him much to have his Margery once again for a housekeeper; so we have the dear old house to ourselves.

March 14th.

Father bade me come with him this morning to see mother's grave, and he showed me the design of a monument which he purposeth to set up to her in the church. It is to be just a plain slab of white marble, with her effigies on it in bold relief, kneeling with folded hands, and the two little sons who died in infancy kneeling beside her—a sweet conceit, for though the poor babies lacked the power to kneel in this world, doubtless they are joined to the vast choir of sinless ones who make the body-guard of the Eternal. Father is much interested in what I can tell him of the "History of the World;" he is wont to read his "Plutarch," and is much devoted to the histories of Titus Livius, which he readeth in the original. He is of opinion that much good will come of making the story of the Old World familiar to the people of this age, and that Sir Walter is doing more good by instructing men in the events of the past, than if he had really found that golden Guiana and strewed the streets of London with Jacobuses for George Buchanan* to gather up. It is only by the knowledge of what hath been, father says, that men can attain wisdom in treating of what is. In the eye of the Eternal there can be neither past, present, nor future, but all is one; nevertheless He hath placed us here, as in a school, to be trained for a higher, fuller life, and we best do His will when we use the means of knowledge He hath given us, looking to Him as the sole ultimate object of our love and adoration.

It is very sweet to hear father when he discourseth thus; but one is apt to wonder how he can be content to potter about Ditchley, letting the world and its energies flow by him even as the river flows by his garden. Can it be, as he himself explains it, that he hath a weak will, and that the troubles of his father's life frighted him, and made him more than content to abide in peace on the land which my mother inherited from her father? Ignatius Biron, my grandfather, became involved in the troubles which beset the reign of Mary, and having escaped narrowly with his life, retired to Geneva, where he found congenial spirits, and espoused a kinswoman of Zuinglius, a woman of a sweet and saintly temper, only returning to England after her death, bringing with him their only child—my father—then a youth of seventeen.

Methinks father is not at all displeased to have Mistress Millicent absent, though he never fails laboriously to extol her virtues; and doubtless she is a thrifty housewife, and does her best to take care of him. Methinks if she will only be content without quite taking mother's name and place, I could come to be thankful to her for her care of father and of the household.

March 18th.

I am still at Ditchley. Lucy is grown quite rosy and strong, and we must soon be going home again. Yesterday dear Lilian Cope—whom I had not seen for eighteen months—came with Sir Charles to see me. They have been at Morville, Sir Charles's house in Northumberland, where it was so cold, that they dared not attempt the journey southwards earlier. Lilian says it was a wearisome distance to travel in a huge family coach, and she hopes they may not have to go again. But, oh! she is sweeter than ever! If Ben could only have seen her, she would have ravished the soul out of his body; and the soft bright blush in her cheek when she asked for "my brother," and would hear all about him! Truly I had much ado to keep from throwing my arms about her and hugging her where she stood.

March 20th.

This evening great news is come from London. Master Walter Ralegh came mounted on his bay nag, El Dorado, and as soon as I saw him riding down the avenue, he set spurs to El Dorado, flung his cap into the air, and shouted—

"Joy! joy! Mistress Margaret! The happy day is come at last! The Garden House knoweth my father no more!"

Then I stood still, and the blood rushed back to my heart for very joy; and Master Walter leapt from his horse, and took my hands in his, and looked so sorrowful in the midst of his triumph, that for the life of me I could not help bursting into laughter, and tears like an April shower started into my eyes. And then he told me how it all came about, and how the King has given permission for Sir Walter to make the voyage to his golden Guiana, though coupled with conditions which may make success difficult. But in the first great joy of his deliverance it is hardly to be expected that Sir Walter or his family should have room for anything but happiness.

Poor Master Walter! He was almost beside himself with delight. All the visions of his youth are about to be realised. Sir Walter hath the plan of the ship in which he is to sail already drawn; he will call it the "Destiny," because on that cast he will risk his fate, and Master Walter is to act as captain under him.

As he poured out all the eager details of his father's plan, his eye sparkling and his cheek flushing, a black cloud, which had been gathering in the west, suddenly broke, and sent such a deluge of rain, that ere we could get shelter we were both drenched, and Master Walter's white feather hung over his face; and just for one moment—I know not how—there seemed to come before my eyes a vision of him as though he were lying on a sea-shore, and the waves coming in and lifting his black curls and his nerveless hand. Ah, me! it was an evil vision!—no doubt the fruit of my overwrought fancy; for what is unmixed joy to men, is seldom free from trouble to women, who must sit at home and wait, eating their hearts with anxious longing, and finding no help but in prayer.

It is a shame to darken this bright day with such foreboding! Sir Walter is free, the eagle is uncaged, and will bring down his quarry in spite of Gondomar and all the Court of Spain, and Master Walter will prove himself a son worthy of his father!

* * * *

Here Mistress Margaret Biron's diary ends somewhat abruptly; nor are we in a position to furnish many particulars of her subsequent history. In all probability she returned to help Lady Apsley in the care of her large young family, and may have been with her through her sorrows at the loss of four children—three sons and a daughter; and even as late as 1619, when, on the 29th of January, a second Lucy was born, who, as biographer of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, was to take rank among English classics. If this were the case, it is much to be regretted that she did not continue her diary, for she could probably have supplied many interesting details of Sir Walter Ralegh's last expedition to the New World. For a full account of the gentlemen who risked their lives and fortunes with him in this expedition, we would refer the curious reader to the *Life of Sir Walter Ralegh*, by Mr. Oldys, prefixed to the eleventh edition of the *History of the World*, London, 1736; they were, according to the practice of the times, for the most part free adventurers, over whom Sir Walter, whose health had been much injured by his thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, was unable to exercise such control as in his former enterprises. This, added to the vexatious restraints laid upon him by

* The famous scholar, and tutor of James I., who is said to have affected to dig up gold in the streets when he came to London.

the King, and the information of his movements and intentions treacherously sent to Madrid, was quite enough to account for his failure.

Of all the most painful events connected with that his last attempt to benefit his country, none could have been so distressing to its noble captain as the loss of his elder son and namesake, who, being allowed to proceed up the Oronoco, to the gold mine which Ralegh, to the last day of his life, asserted to be really there,* with four of the ships, fell into an ambuscade, and, rushing forward against overwhelming numbers, was slain in his twenty-third year.

What grief the death of this gallant youth must have caused to Mistress Margaret Biron anyone who reads her diary can imagine. No doubt the singular vision which had come to her at a moment of supreme emotion—of him lying dead on a sea-shore—must have seemed to her a sad premonition of his fate. But sorrow, which is the offspring of calamity, and of circumstances extraneous to oneself, cannot but be susceptible to consolation. In all probability no formal contract had been made between the young people, and though Mistress Margaret was a gentlewoman well born and well connected, it is doubtful whether she would have been regarded by the ambitious Lady Ralegh as a suitable wife for her son.

Things being so, it is satisfactory to find an entry in the Ditchley parish register:—

"On the twenty-first day of January, 1620, James Carew, of Fairlawn House, was married to Margaret, daughter of Master Gervase Biron, of the Manor House, Ditchley, in presence of us.

Witness our hands:
GERVASE BIRON.
CHARLES COPE, Bart.
ALLEN APSLEY, Knt.
MILLICENT DRAPER.
LUCY APSLEY.

[THE END.]

* In his speech on the scaffold, he says: "It was my full intent to go there (to Guiana) for gold for the benefit of His Majesty, myself, and those who went with me, with the rest of my countrymen," etc.

GOD'S RAINBOWS TOUCH THE EARTH.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

GOD'S rainbows touch the earth!
As if they would shut in the throne of God
Unto our needy world, that as we trod
We might be sure that He, with tender care,
Regarded us and would our sorrows share.

I know God's bows are high!
As high as Heaven, yet their encircling hands
Reach down and touch our low unworthy lands,
Dropping upon the very trees and hills
The lovely charm that from their touch distils.

But yesterday I saw
A rainbow in the sky, and lo! it seemed
To rest upon the highway, till it gleamed
With Heavenly hues of a celestial birth:
'Twas then I said, "God's rainbows touch our earth."

God's rainbows touch our earth!
My precious Lord is God's best rainbow now:
Reaching to Heav'n the summit of His bow;
Yet bending o'er the weeping road I tread,
Until on earth a Heavenly light is shed.

God's rainbows touch the earth!
His promises are high—high as the clouds
That scud across the sky in threatening crowds:
But they bend low, until they touch our needs,
The common things of common daily deeds.

God's rainbows touch the earth!
They are His arms outreaching from His throne,
As if to make a weeping world His own:
Seeking it seems to lift it to the sky,
Ere in its tears and sorrows it shall die.

God's rainbows touch the earth!
I am so glad, for hope is needed here,
Amid so much to cause us anxious fear:
They even rest upon the churchyard yew:
God's rainbows touch the earth! How sweetly true!

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE effect of one great surprise is to partly neutralise that of a second following close upon it. For a lady of European fame to give her kindly help and personal notice was so wonderful a thing to Honor, that the appearance of her relatives at Zermatt, when she supposed them to be safe at Notting Hill, lost something of its startling force through the sequence of the two events. She flew down the broad staircase like one in a dream, and when she reached the familiar group standing in the hall, she failed to observe the look of surprise that preceded her mother's embrace. All four—father, mother, Emmeline, Muriel—were there, with Miss Arundel and the landlord. When the first greetings were over—and not till then—Honor discovered that her friends looked very tired, very dusty, and, if the truth must be told, very cross! The landlord was polite, but inexorable as Fate, as he resumed the colloquy that had been interrupted by Honor's appearance. The burden of his tale was, that in the very middle of a crowded August it was impossible for him to allot good rooms at a moment's notice to the new arrivals, and the accommodation at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton and their daughters was very small, very high up, and without any view of the Matterhorn.

"I *said* it was absurd not to telegraph, at any rate from Visp," said Emmeline with a pout, and the irritating "I told you so" expression which is specially trying in the exigencies of foreign travel.

The landlord was polite, but still immovable. Would any of the young ladies be pleased to view the rooms? An adjournment of the junior members of the party to a higher story then took place, from which Emmeline returned in a worse temper than before.

"The second room is wretched, and only fit for one. Perhaps you and papa could manage in the larger of the two, Muriel in the little one, and I must contrive to make myself comfortable in one of the front rooms among the girls on the top floor."

Miss Arundel, not approving the tone of this observation, civilly regretted that she could not arrange for Miss Drayton to be lodged among her girls on the top floor.

"What shall we do? It would be too ridiculous for me to be separated from my child and go to another hotel," fretted Mrs. Drayton. The landlord lamented that all the other hotels, also under his



"GOD'S RAINBOWS TOUCH THE EARTH."

direction, were equally full. At length a compromise was arranged, and the accommodation was accepted till better rooms should be vacant. Miss Arundel, who had a spare bed in the quarters allotted to her school, offered it to Muriel, and it was finally settled that she and Honor should be together for the present, Mabel Thornycroft good-naturedly vacating her place. At last the two sisters were *tête-à-tête* in the bedroom, and Muriel was free to rattle on.

"Were you not astonished? Now sit down, and I'll tell you all about it. Mamma has not been at all well lately, and we could not think where to go for change of air. We talked of Eastbourne, but you know I *had* to be brought abroad to school next month by somebody, and all at once it occurred to papa—'Why not kill two birds with one stone and all go to Switzerland for our holiday?' The doctor said it would be the very best thing for mamma, so we came off in the most tremendous hurry, and of course we came straight to Zermatt. Then papa would not write or telegraph. He said we should have a far better chance of judging exactly how you were and how the school suited you, and what Miss Arundel was like, if we took you by surprise. So we have travelled just as quickly as ever we could. We slept at St. Niklaus last night, and Emmeline has been *so* cross! Do you know I think we have left England partly because there is something going on with Cousin Bertie at Oaklands, and papa says they are too young to be engaged. But we have had a most troublesome journey, and I am very glad we have come to the end of it. I couldn't talk one scrap of German, and papa got dreadfully put out. Emmeline was very little better. You know how we always hated it."

"Were you not delighted with the scenery?" asked Honor, when she could get in a word edgeways.

"Scenery? Oh, yes," observed Muriel, giving a patronising glance out of the window. (Honor thought with surprise and amusement that not even the Matterhorn could overawe her pert little sister!) "Very wonderful, and all that. Only we have been so smothered with dust and flies, I have hardly had

time to look at it. Now just begin and tell me all about the school. I like the look of Miss Arundel. And I like you with your hair up. I don't really think I should have known you if I had met you out of doors."

Thus flattered, Honor obediently began a full, true, and particular account of the life at "Les Églantiers," and assured Muriel that she would be very happy. The two chattered on till the luncheon bell summoned them, when Honor observed with concern how pale and tired her mother looked, and how she scarcely ate anything.

"Why—is not that Madame Heloïse Cunningham? I heard her at a concert only two or three weeks ago," questioned Emmeline. The family party sat, on this first day, at a small table specially arranged for five, so that there was opportunity of making personal remarks unheard by the majority of the guests.

"Yes," said Honor; then blushing very much she added, "I was sitting with her in her room this morning when you came."

If Honor had remarked that she had been taking a drive with the Princess of Wales, or was being consulted by the Prime Minister on secrets of State, it would have seemed scarcely less preposterous to her four relatives. *She*, the despised member of the family, to be closeted with so eminent a personage! Impossible!

"What on earth do you mean, child?" enquired Emmeline, snappishly.

"What I say," returned Honor, boldly. "She is kindness itself. She has heard me sing, and lets me go every day to her room to practise, and to-day she came in and talked to me in the sweetest way."

Here was a wonderful turn of events! It seemed as though association with Honor were likely to confer distinction on her relatives in the circle of the Swiss hotel guests. Emmeline and Muriel stared at one another in mute amazement, but Mr. Drayton drew Honor kindly on to acknowledge what Madame Cunningham had said, while Mrs. Drayton listened in pleased and wondering interest. Honor's whole appearance had at first sight delighted and astonished her; she seemed transformed from an awkward, clumsy child into a girl with sundry charms, and the possibility of more. And now that she had been actually singled out by the famous contralto for notice, the mother's estimate underwent a complete change, and she felt, for the first time in her life, proud of her second daughter.

She could scarcely realise what was happening when, that afternoon, she found herself tenderly urged to lie down, waited upon, and caressed by Honor. Mrs. Drayton's evident pleasure in her ministrations led the child on to lavish every care upon her. It was an utterly new relation for mother and daughter. In the old days at home the consciousness of treading heavily, and the dread of smashing a scent-bottle or "doing something stupid," was quite enough to exile Honor rigidly from Mrs. Drayton's room whenever a headache was in force. Now she had learnt self-confidence, and had in a degree conquered her old enemy of shyness; besides, she felt stirred with a new pity for her mother, weary, exhausted with travel, treated with an offended acerbity by Emmeline and ignored by the vivacious Muriel, who was busily introducing herself to her future schoolfellows out of doors.

For some following days Mrs. Drayton was too unwell to leave her room, and all the while Honor was her attentive, loving nurse. Sometimes when she was left alone the mother would turn her face to the pillow and shed bitter tears. She was learning to know her daughter at last; but was she not greatly to blame that they had been so long severed in heart? Was it not the duty of *her* love and care to find the clue to the child's nature; to foster what was good by the sunshine of affection and sympathy; to charm away the failings by wise and tender treatment, instead of leaving the task to a stranger? Keen remorse mingled with her pleasure at Honor's transformation, for she knew that *she* had had no part nor lot in the work.

Miss Arundel did not attempt to dissipate this feeling, which Mrs. Drayton could not help showing when the two women met.

"I am afraid I did not take the right way with Honor, and certainly her governess did not understand her," said the convalescent, who was lying on a sofa in a better room than had at first been allotted to her. "You have certainly done wonders for her in a few months. We are most indebted to you. I only wish——"

She did not finish the sentence; but Miss Arundel guessed that her sigh was one of self-reproach.

"Honor's nature needs study, but she is one of the best of girls, and will, if she has loving care, grow up into a noble, self-forgetful woman. She will be a very great stay and comfort to you."

"I believe it," murmured Mrs. Drayton, and Miss Arundel fancied she caught the words, "More than I deserve."

The effect of the changed relation between parent and child was to inspire Honor with protecting tenderness for the mother, who seemed now to depend upon her with pathetic eagerness. Mrs. Drayton at last opened her heart to her.

"My dear, I have had a most worrying time at home. It is really no wonder that I have broken down a little. There was the constant rush of engagements on bringing Emmeline 'out'; and then Muriel has been so very tiresome. She has been idle and most jealous of her sister, which, you know, is ridiculous. We felt it was the only thing to be done, to place her with Miss Arundel, though she cried and sulked for a whole week about it. I am afraid Miss Courcellis really did spoil her dreadfully.

"Then Emmeline and her cousin Bertie have been so very foolish. She insists on calling herself engaged to him; but he is very young, and has no profession yet, and your father will not hear of it. We let the girls unfortunately stay at Oaklands at Easter, and Emmeline has been most troublesome ever since about this affair. They are resolved to marry, and want your father and uncle to make them an allowance. I believe that will have to be the end of it, much as we object. We thought if we brought her away it would divert her mind. But it is all very wearing!" and the poor lady closed her eyelids with a sigh.

Honor felt the same pity one feels over a troubled child, as she marked the worn, white cheeks, and kissed the thin hand. How *could* she ever have been afraid of her mother? She tried her best to console her about Emmeline, and added that she felt quite certain Miss Arundel would do all that could be wished for Muriel.

Already that lively young lady appeared to have met her match. She was reconciled to the prospect of "Les Églantiers," and delighted in going excursions with the schoolgirls; but Miss Arundel made her understand that if she chose to ally herself with them she must behave also as one under authority, and not rove in and out as a Free Lance among them. She was much astonished and aggrieved at one or two instances of this—notably at not being allowed to proceed on mountain excursions in a new costume suitable for Bond Street, and much too "old" and fashionable for a girl of fourteen under any circumstances. Mrs. Drayton, shut up in her room, had not been consulted. Miss Arundel was inexorable. "If you go with us, my dear, you must fall in with our way of doing things. I don't *wish* to usurp any authority over you before the time, but if you prefer to associate yourself with us I cannot help it. And make haste, or we shall be obliged to leave you behind."

The end of this little colloquy was the reappearance of Muriel, abashed, in a suitable print frock—her father, who strongly approved of Miss Arundel, and who had overheard some of the dialogue, loudly applauding at the hotel door. It was freely stated by one and another of the girls to Honor, after this, that she need not be afraid of Muriel's being too pert or forward when she was once at "Les Églantiers."

Emmeline spent the first few days of the stay at Zermatt in roaming alone about the village and the surrounding paths in what was intended to be an interesting and love-lorn character, but which produced simply the effect of extreme sulkiness. She was more astounded than anyone by the alteration in Honor, and by the fact that Madame Heloïse Cunningham had "taken her up." She was by no means pleased at this turn of events, and tried to believe that Honor had exaggerated the eminent contralto's interest in her. But when Madame Cunningham, on the eve of quitting Zermatt, sought out Mrs. Drayton and congratulated her upon her daughter's voice, no further scepticism was possible.

"You will, of course, allow her every possible advantage. I assure you she deserves it. Would you be at all inclined to think of her adopting singing as a profession in after years? If she repays training, as I feel sure she will,

she might with fair hope of success enter the ranks of English artistes."

This was so very astounding that Mrs. Drayton could only thank Madame Cunningham and say "they would think of it." One thing was certain, that Honor should have the best of teaching. To Honor herself the great singer bade an affectionate farewell, and her last words were, "When your school days are over, child, come and see me in London."

When school days are over! The expression had in it no foretaste of joyous release to Honor. Yet, when the holidays in the mountain village were ended, when her parents and Emmeline bade her farewell — the latter mysteriously whispering, "Do not be surprised if you hear I am going to be married"—she felt, in her mother's tearful embrace, that life was changed for her, and that a new and strange sweetness, never to be taken away, had come into old relationships.

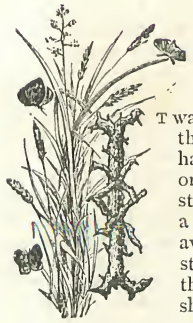
Had she been able to pierce the veil of the future she would have seen in addition herself and Muriel united in close and happy friendship at home, while to the pleasure of daughterly and sisterly intercourse was added the delight of an artistic life, the full development of every faculty, and the knowledge that she was her mother's greatest comfort, pride, and stay. All this Honor Drayton owed to Miss Arundel and her life at "Les Églantiers"; and she would sometimes say, in after days, that no banishment was ever so happy in its results as this to Belle-Rive, on the shore of the beautiful lake—a banishment terrible to contemplate, but which in reality was only feebly described by the words, "A Fortunate Exile."

[THE END.]

THE LAST RIDE.

FOUNDED ON A GERMAN LEGEND.

By the Author of "Lost Dorothy," "I Will be There," etc.



It was a deep sunk furrow, and the wheat on either side had grown to more than ordinary height. It now stood full in ear, and formed a deep green, fairy-like avenue for a person of small stature; an avenue set thick with wonders in the shape of scarlet poppies, purple corn cockle, blue cornflowers, clean capped bindweed, red pimpernel, rough thistles, and a hundred lesser things.

Along this wonderful pathway came a lady, beautiful exceedingly, and seemingly conscious that, though from this straight furrow there was no escape to right hand or to left, yet, being less rather than more than common tall, she ran no risk whatever of discovery from any but those who tread the same narrow way.

So she trod her way in leisurely fashion, taking complacent note of the infrequent field mice, and the rare song of a lark in the air overhead.

It was Leonora Fairleigh on the way to meet her lover. They had chosen this fanciful trysting place since the wheat had grown tall enough to hide them. Here at least they were sure that none could overhear them, and here they ran little risk indeed of being disturbed. It is true that he overtopped the waving corn, but none was likely to watch his progress across the whole broad field or notice when his head disappeared from view.

And what a place it was wherein to sit and talk of love! The whole world was out of sight, nothing was to be seen but the upright multitudinous corn stems, and the strip of blue heaven above. Who could believe in spite, or malice, or ambition, or in arbitrary parents?

Not Maurice nor Leonora. They sat amongst the corn and the field flowers, and said that the world's ways were harsh, but all that they really believed in was their love.

The field mice and the beetles and the great field spiders grew used to their coming and their murmuring voices, and the corn ears above them listened and murmured too, as it were in sympathy, and it was summer in their hearts and in all the land.

But the time came when the corn must fall, when the creatures that housed among it must be scattered homeless, when the winds must pipe with an altered music, and the small birds flutter about the land with troubled thoughts that ran no more on love and nesting.

So in ripe October, when all the corn was carried, when the days were not yet dark, and only at night time was it chilly cold, the lovers kept tryst in the woods and not the cornfields; and there, under the browning leaves, and with underfoot the dew that lay all day undried, an altered music crept into their souls as into the voice of the wind.

Old Sir Gilbert came too often to the Manor, and Leonora's father held, too, many a conference with him. Maurice must speak, and if what they looked for befell—then must come the time for rebellion, open or secret.

Maurice must speak, but he could not speak, like Sir Gilbert, of broad lands and well-filled coffers. The wind wailed through the corridors of his ruinous home, and the rats and owls held jubilee in its garrets, the pleasance lay desolate, and the few acres that remained to him were but half-tilled, for father and grandfather had been born with hands ill-fitted for holding money. What he had to offer, and what Sir Gilbert had not, were youth and courage and honesty and love, and under these dim autumn skies it seemed to him and to Leonora that this would count for little in her father's eyes. The power of hope had bloomed more freely in that wheat furrow in gladsome June.

Yet when Maurice came to the Manor to urge his petition, none could have seen fear or doubt under his gallant bearing. Even the Squire told himself it was a pity the youth was penniless. Penniless he was compared with the wealthy knight, and all that he could plead did but tell against him. It was not pleading to deaf ears, for the Squire heard, and what he heard condemned himself. He knew that he weighed worth against wealth, and gave his judgment wrongly. Therefore he was the more wroth with the rejected suitor and the fiercer in his speeches, and therefore he set stricter watch upon his daughter.

She, poor Leonora, wept and besought him; for she truly loved her lover so far as in her lay, and she truly shrank from the bridegroom proposed to her. Yet from something else she shrank still more, and that was her father's anger. She feigned complaisance and obedience, but was withal aware that day by day she was more closely watched.

An ancient cousin had been summoned to the Manor, and let Leonora go abroad or abide at home, the cousin did the same. Not even in church or garden was she free from jealous eyes, and old Sir Gilbert came as often as he would.

At last, when dusky November hung her veil over field and woodland, when birds were mute, and the leaves, though loth, were dropping slowly through the heavy air; when lovers lingered more willingly in the parlour than in the lane—at last came to Leonora the long awaited command to prepare herself for the unwelcome bridal.

Desperation finds means that exist at desperate moments only. It had been impossible hitherto to get word to or from her lover; but now, with Sir Gilbert so very near at hand, the thing grew possible. She must be saved, and none but Maurice would save her. In the dead of a November night—the Squire was safe away and the cousin slept sound that night—in the dead of a November night, with chill winds moaning in the far off thin-leaved trees and misty stars blinking down upon the world, the lovers met in the garden and took counsel.

To fly to-night was useless. Where could Maurice hide her till the marriage rites could be performed? He must have all in readiness before he took her away. The time was short. In a fortnight she was to be led forth, willing or unwilling, as Sir Gilbert's bride. In that short time another chance such as this might not arise; her father was little likely to quit his home again until this marriage was accomplished. A chance then must be made.

"She will not leave me," said Leonora bitterly. "She sleeps to-night, but that I could ill secure if my father were at hand. Yet that I must secure if I am to escape. A double portion of her supper draught, and she may leave me then at peace. For the rest, we have a ghost."

"A ghost! And what of that?"

"Oh! I have played the ghost before. She died ages ago. She too was Leonora, and she too had two suitors, one like yourself, and one, it may be, like him. At least she loathed him, and had to wed with him. They met; the lover swore to wait her at the orchard-gate with a strong and fiery horse on the eve of the bridal, and at the appointed hour she slipped out to keep her tryst. The lover was there with a red wound in his side, and a sword grasped in his strong fist; and for all she stanched the blood with the kerchief from her neck, there came neither breath nor words from his lips again. They tore her away from the corpse and wedded her on the morrow to the other lover, but she died within the year. She still walks the house at times with the red kerchief in her hand, and in that guise I must come to you, if I come at all."

"Not to the orchard gate!" quoth Maurice shuddering. [*Continued on p.* 827.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

NEVER, I hear on all sides, have there been so many moths seen about as within the last two or three months. It is difficult to make many people believe that the work of the destructive creature is over, and the injury they do is complete, when they float about us, and disappear in that peculiarly aggravating manner when we try to catch them. But it is really so, and the true enemies to look for are the white specks of eggs, or the white worm which is hatched from them. The moth, above all things, seeks darkness and seclusion, and dark unvisited closets, boxes, and rooms are the very places in which they rejoice. In the well-aired, sunny apartments, with the aired and often-opened wardrobes, or chests of drawers, you will never find the moth, and this is an all-sufficient hint to those who choose to take it of how best to guard against them. Do not have any dark unvisited trunks, boxes, or closets, in the house. Have a turn-out and airing of all their contents when the room itself is cleaned and turned out, and then you will never be disappointed in your visits to your store of clothes by finding them eaten by moths, and rendered unfit for wear. Dirty and dusty clothes too are rare hunting-grounds for the enemy, and greasy coat-collars and spotted and soiled dresses are tasty morsels to them. The ordinary remedies—camphor, pepper, and the like—are quite useless, apparently, for the moth proceeds to lay its eggs however little it likes the atmosphere in which it is shut up, and no strong odours seem to exercise the least effect in destroying the eggs or killing the worm, which is the real destroyer. From America we find that the use of benzine is the only real preventive as being a moth killer. It is used in an ordinary india-rubber "spray producer," which we may find at any chemist's, and the benzine is found at an oil shop. It should be used to spray over closet shelves and corners, and anywhere, in fact, where the moth has been. It can be used to destroy moth in carpets and other woollens also, or to prevent their settlement, with excellent effect. But the great objection is to the inflammable nature of the benzine, and this is the chief, and indeed a worse, danger to be guarded against. No candle nor other light should be taken into a room in which the benzine spray has been used until the room has been thoroughly ventilated, the windows opened, and a current of fresh air let in for some hours.



A COUNCIL OF THREE.

The chief topic of the moment, of course, is the out-of-door dress for the sea-side, and the cooler days of the "mild September," as the song calls it. Here we still find serges, black and blue, predominating, and the taste of the public for a skirt and jacket to wear over a blouse or waistcoat-front has been so fully recognised by the best shops, that they have begun this season to supply them ready-made, lined with a brightly-hued silk or satin, and cut to fit three sizes of figures. The prices at some shops are very moderate for a really good article well finished and accurately cut. Then, in the sales, there was a general search for pieces of pretty brocades to make into waistcoats, cuffs, pockets, or revers for the long basqued jackets, and quite a sale of remnants took place, the length varying from a yard to a yard and a half, as the purchaser might think she required.

In French dresses we see large plaids very much used for this kind of thing; but here in England they are a little too "loud," and the flowery patterns seem more suited in every way to large "Rupert" or "Chevalier" cuffs. A great deal of gold braiding has likewise been employed, and will probably be used in the winter. Some old lace over coloured silk has been applied with good effect to these waistcoats, and also handsome jet and gold *passementerie*. Very large revers are to be seen on some of the newest basqued coats—the fronts being double-breasted and the pockets very large, with the coat-basques set on fuller than we have worn them in the summer. These are named "Jacobite coats," but seem to be more like the "Louis XIV.," and those of a far later date.

Many of the newest skirts are found with the basque put on them instead of on the bodice; and this is said to make them set better. Certainly, where the basques are shaped it may have that effect to inexperienced eyes. Very large hats with long plumes, neckties of wide chiffon of many colours, and huge bows, together with gauntlet-gloves, are also worn to give the full effect.

Bodices, laced or buttoned down the back, are "coming to the fore" very speedily; and some of them have only one centre dart in the front instead of four, as usual—a style which requires a very perfect figure indeed. The newest skirts are quite fitted to the figure, and as much pains are taken with them as with fitting a bodice. They are quite plain, and the gathers at the back are made some inches below the waist and sewn on to a kind of belt or yoke. The skirts of best gowns are slightly trained on the ground—a dreadful introduction; but for our ordinary walking gowns we are allowed to have them cut to clear the ground all round. This is a comfort for the muddy winter days.

Flounced gowns are constantly seen, three deep flounces being the most usual; but a skirt covered with flounces is perhaps the very newest. I hear that one deep flounce is to be

one of the winter's styles, this one flounce being put on to a shaped basque, or yoke, fitted to the figure, and about eight or nine inches deep. Over this, of course, the deep basqued bodices will fit which we are still to wear.

In "A Council of Three," as well as throughout our other illustrations, I have shown the newest kinds of hats and the latest thing in bonnets. But while I write this I see in a fashionable ladies' paper an appeal to the wearers and purchasers of new bonnets not to get them either long or oblong in shape, because with the present style of hair-dressing a bonnet of this hangs either behind or in front over the forehead. The best shape appears to be more of a horseshoe form, or one which would be nearly a square, worn cornerwise. The trimmings show a tendency to be equally high in front as at the back; but there is plenty of room for choice and taste as well, to be exemplified in our bonnets of this year.

The present Greek style of hair-dressing seems so universally becoming that there is no likelihood of its being changed to any noteworthy extent; and one reason for its retention would seem most probably to be that it does not require much hair to do it up, and hardly any hair in addition to what grows on one's own head, pre-supposing that we are not really bald! The finger-puffs are very pretty for grey hair; and as they take but little hair to make them, they are suitable to quite old ladies.

In "A Council of Three" I show the only mantle shape that looks at all like those we were accustomed to see. The mantles of this year are the most gossamer of creations in lace and jet, and generally quite transparent. The jetted cape is also one of the convenient shapes that we are used to wearing, and which are still sufficiently in vogue to be fashionably worn. But mantles of any kind have been few and far between during this fine summer, and the light jackets of cloth and serge when heat was needed were the favourite wear for women of all ages.

In "A Rocky Cove" we have three very pretty gowns. The first is of striped homespun or light woollen material, made with the striped part to match on the different seams and breadths of the skirt. This is a French fashion, and needs good cutting and fitting to make it successful. The basque-jacket is open in front, over a white shirt and necktie, and is cut with hip-seams, which are very pretty for a slight figure. The centre girl wears one of the pretty flowered "delaines," which is made up with a white flounce of the same material, also under the tabbed front of the skirt. The bodice is one of those that the shirt-front can be put on to outside the front of the dress, or the revers of the front can be buttoned back. The seated figure wears a dress of white serge with gold bands, and a dark blue jacket of serge over it; the whole forming an entire costume suitable for the sea-side in the autumn. The veil is worn as at present, *i.e.*, long enough to cover the chin completely. The newest veils show a return to fashion of the patterned veils of our grandmothers, tied over the hat and worn long and flowing. They are in white at present, but perhaps will be seen in black when winter comes; and probably they will have no better success than the "mask veils" of two years before. The women of to-day do not seem to fancy covering up their faces, and the semi-suffocation of wearing thick veils.

We hear of the fact that the day of foundations to skirts is past and gone, and that we shall revert to the old days of no foundations; the silk or material skirt being one that will answer for use under many gowns, being trimmed with frills of itself, and not with frills and flounces of the material of the dress, as at present. This will be a great saving in some ways, but not in others, as we shall have to make new arrangements about many of our gowns, and get under-skirts far more trimmed than those to which we have been accustomed. But then, we must remember they will answer, as I said, for several dresses, and not for one only. I hope to go into the subject of skirts in my next article, and tell you all about it in time for winter arrangements.

The pattern selected for the month is that of the newest blouse with full back and full front as well. There are six pieces—collar, cuff, front, back (both full at waist), side piece, and sleeve. The frill down the front is simply a piece of the material hemmed at the edge with a narrow hem, and then gathered



A ROCKY COVE.



THREE HATS AND A BONNET.

on. It may be extended to the waist or left off above it, narrowing slightly before it finishes. It will require 4¾ yards of 24-inch material. The band for the waist and the cuff are both of the material, and should be mounted on a foundation of buckram to make them firm.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home, and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under-bodice and petticoat), divided skirt, under-bodice instead of stays, pyjama (night-dress combination). Also housemaid's or plain skirt, polonaise with waterfall back, Bernhardt mantle, dressing jacket, Princess of Wales jacket and waistcoat (for tailor-made gown), mantelette with stole ends, Norfolk blouse with pleats, ditto with yoke; blouse polonaise, princess dress (or dressing-gown), Louis XI. bodice with long fronts, Bernhardt mantle with pleated front, plain dress-bodice suitable for cotton or woollen materials; Garibaldi blouse with loose front, skirt pattern with rounded back, bathing dress, new polonaise, winter bodice with full sleeves, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, blanket dressing-gown, emancipation suit, dress drawers, corselet bodice with full front, spring mantle, polonaise with pointed fronts, Directoire jacket-bodice, striped tight-fitting tennis or walking-jacket, honeycombed Garibaldi skirt, American bodice instead of stays, Corday skirt with pleats, jacket-bodice with waistcoat, princess dress, jacket and waistcoat, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" suit, braided bodice and revers, Directoire jacket with folded front, Empire bodice, men's pyjama, a mantle without sleeves, a plain gored princess chemise, Breton jacket and waistcoat, four-in-hand cape, jacket for out or in-door wear, skirt with two breadths, Senorita jacket, walking gaiter, tailor-made bodice, new cape, seamless bodice or polonaise, bodice gathered in front and fastened under the arm, lace and silk mantle, sailor blouse, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, cape mantle, yoked cloak, Tudor cape, new skirt, gymnastic suit, yoked blouse, summer out-of-door jacket, and new combination.



PAPER PATTERN.

VARIETIES.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Deference is the most complicated, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments—*Shenstone.*

JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.—Hasty conclusions are the mark of a fool. A wise man doubts; a fool rages, and is confident. The novice says, "I am sure that it is so"; the better learned answers, "Peradventure it may be so, but I pray thee enquire." It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

READING CHARACTER.—The most contemptible people are generally the most contemptuous.—*Fielding.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC II. (p. 787).

1. W a r s a W (*a*)
2. I ngeborg A (*b*)
3. L iverpoo L
4. L y e l L
5. I phigeni A (*c*)
6. A z t e C (*d*)
7. M adrepor E

William Wallace.]

(*a.*) The final partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria took place in 1795.

(*b.*) The despised wife of Philip Augustus. When, in 1200, the Pope, Innocent III., commanded him to take her back, the king rode to the convent where she had taken refuge, mounted her on a pillion behind him, and so conveyed her to his palace again.

A DEVONSHIRE BILL.

To a os arfaday, 10s. 6d.
To agittenovim omeagin, 5s.

(*c.*) When the Greek fleet, bound for Troy, was detained at Aulis by contrary winds, the soothsayer, Calchas, announced that in order to appease the anger of Diana, the Greek chieftains must sacrifice on her altar the daughter of Agamemnon, their leader.

(*d.*) The Aztecs, or Mexicans, kept the record of their laws and traditions in hieroglyphic paintings, of which Hernan Cortez took possession during his occupation of Mexico, 1519–21; but, unhappily, these paintings were lost or destroyed in the "terrible night" when the Mexicans forcibly expelled the Spaniards from the city. The Aztec warriors wore a thick-quilted vest of cotton, so thick as to be impenetrable by the light missiles of Indian warfare.

"Nay, you must meet me at the door. Leave your horse where you will, and be in waiting to open for me when I come. The door is heavy, and we must be both quick and silent."

"I will not fail you. At an hour before moonrise I will be there. I will bear you off in your ghostly garb, and by daybreak we shall be in safety. My good tutor shall await us at his parish church, and before you have well been missed you shall be mine for ever, Leonora; safe for ever from Sir Gilbert."

The wild scream of an owl disturbed the lovers, and the rush of great wings through the darkness overhead startled Leonora from the young man's arms.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed in alarm. "I must be back or they may miss me now, and that would be fatal to us."

So back from the dark alley they went into the starlit paths, and a thousand wild and threatening steps and voices seemed to rustle and whisper through the bushes as they went.

One last embrace, and with his love's lingering kisses warm upon his lips Maurice went to make clear the way for the stolen bridal.

They were dark days that followed. Heavy clouds rolled up and were swept away again by the rush of angry winds. Leonora working at her wedding-clothes felt the storms close over her heart and her hope; her cheek grew wan and her step uncertain, and the hand that old Sir Gilbert pressed and fondled lay cold and nerveless in his clasp. Her father watched her with close suspicious eyes, and the cousin dogged her every footstep.

All day the storm and darkness hung over the land, and by night there were strange sounds within the house; sounds as of trailing garments, creeping steps and muttering voices, of falling bolts and closing doors. Leonora, lying wakeful on her bed, heard these, and her cheek grew deadlier in its pallor, and her eye burnt with a wilder lustre as she heard them. Only the storms of winter, she told herself, only the wind creeping in at nook and cranny, stirring old tapestries and shaking creaking doors; but courage died out of her heart, and she saw in her fancy the hapless spectre of her ancestress stepping ghastly through the wind-swept galleries, with blood-stains on her kerchief and her garments.

With the dear name of Maurice on her lips she pressed the coverlet about her ears to dull the ill-omened noises, and strove to sleep. Then when the morning came she must rise to face the doubting glances of those around her, and to spend her day in preparing fitting robes for Sir Gilbert's bride. And the name of Maurice fell never upon her ears; he might have perished out of the earth for aught she heard of him.

Nevertheless the weary days passed by and the appointed night arrived. With trembling and uncertain hands Leonora mixed the cousin's evening potion, and while the wind shrieked wildly round gable and mullion, the household retired to rest.

Outside the world was wrapt in darkness. The storm waxed wilder and wilder; it whistled over the open lands and tore with savage fury through the woods. It was no night for men to be abroad; how then for women? How for a pair of lovers?

Struggling against the gale Maurice reached the Manor garden; struggling against the gale he made his way to the house. No lights burnt in the windows: yet, stay—a faintest flickering glimmer passed the windows of the long corridor one by one, flashed out from the landing, and then was lost. A faint sound at the door made his heart leap wildly. Weak hands were carefully loosening lock and bars; the handle turned with gentle force from within and without, the heavy door was opened; for a moment the light flashed on Maurice's deathly countenance and then went out; the door was closed, and the lover sped away before the wind with one whose garments bore the marks of blood, and who carried a blood-stained kerchief in her hand.

He wrapt a heavy cloak about her and set her on his horse, and the creature neighed and whinnied uneasily as he received the burden. He swung himself into the saddle and gave his horse the rein; they sped wildly on, still before the wind.

"You are cold, Leonora," he said, as he clasped his arm about the form before him, and felt the cold strike through the cloak he had put around her.

"Ay," she made answer. "I have been long waiting, and it was cold—was bitter cold."

"It is no night for you to be abroad, but there was no other way. Do you fear to ride with me through the storm?"

"No—I fear nothing. Let us ride—ride faster—let us ride!"

Her voice was strange, her manner of speech was strange, but no stranger than the scene through which they rode. The wind grew wilder and stronger, and drove them ever onward before its blast. Now and again the wild moon looked out from a rift in the hurrying clouds. Twigs and branches broke off under the lashing of the gale, and swept along in the same course as the steed and its mad riders. Wild animals, startled from the thickets, joined in the chase. The air was rent with the fierce screams of terrified night-birds. All nature was in uproar.

Overhead rushed something with harsh and terrible din, with hurtling of heavy bodies, with mingled howling, and yelping, and bellowing, with a confusion of all strange and awful noises. It joined the chase, or rather it pursued a chase of its own in the mirk air overhead, and Maurice shuddered as it tore on in its dreadful course.

"The death hounds," he muttered; and then he spoke aloud. "It is only night birds driven before the gale, Leonora. Do not heed them, dearest love. Do you fear to ride with me?"

And again she made answer—

"I fear nothing. Let us ride. Ride faster; we must be beyond pursuit by morning."

Colder yet and colder her form grew in the lover's arms; she chilled him to the bone. What wonder with these terrors all about them, with this wild November wind to shake and buffet them, with the sharp rain drops that cut them like lashes?

The horse tore on in mad career. He needed no spur beyond the fierce lashing of the storm and the terror that possessed him. He snorted with fear and distress, and the white foam flew to right and left as they tore furiously on.

And tore on whither? Before the wind; Maurice knew no more. The wild weather had so deformed the face of all things that he knew not where they were. Park and forest were left far behind, and now and again as they hurried by, the fitful moon gave him glimpses of an unknown landscape. Surely this new sound mingling in the ghastly uproar was the angry moaning of the sea.

They swept now over a level plain; the bride waxed colder and colder; the horse laboured in his breathing, the race was telling on him at last. Still, with panting sides he pressed on and on, and on with them sped the strange and noisy crew.

On a sudden the death hounds turned with a wild shriek, and a sound as of hurry and struggle. The horse snorted and swerved—a false step and a scream of terror, and he and riders rolled downward and downward into the darkness.

Wild waves beat on a wild beach, and at the foot of the cliffs Maurice opened his eyes once more. The bride's cold lips were pressed to his, but she fell back as he moved, and, wounded to the death, let his eyes glance on the gallant steed that should never draw breath more, and the stiff white form in blood-stained garments—stained now with fresh, moist blood.

With a heavy groan he raised himself, and lifted the hood that shaded the dead bride's face. The moon shone clear and cold upon her features.

* * * *

They wedded Leonora to old Sir Gilbert, and she lived to see the ripe wheat ears wave twice in the summer air, but she shuddered when she looked upon them, and the name of Maurice never crossed her lips.

It was all long and long ago. The descendants of Leonora reign still at the Manor and in Sir Gilbert's lordly mansion; in Maurice's old halls move a race of strangers, who lower their voices as they re-tell the ancient legend.

But who or what rode forth with him on that wild and fearsome night?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. S.—None of the autographs would be of great value that you mention, except the book, which might be worth a little.

Beatrice.—Enquire of a good artists' colourman, who will tell you about the colours. You must state that your picture is a copy only.

H. L. Mayhew.—Evidently the age of sixteen is "too young" for you to leave school, as your writing is unformed, and you cannot spell. Look out the words which you write, "campanian" and "ambitan," and do not drop the second "o" in the word "too" as used before "young." Certainly you are far too young and inexperienced and insufficiently educated to offer your services as a companion to a lady.

Teresa.—We know of no way to obtain money, but you could be an agent to some one, and so perhaps make more money, and have a larger scope for your work.

G. E. S.—1. Honolulu is said to be a healthy and charming climate. You should ask your doctor.—2. The most recent treatment for gout and rheumatism, we hear, is to drink milk only, and stick to it till you overcome the tendency to make acid.

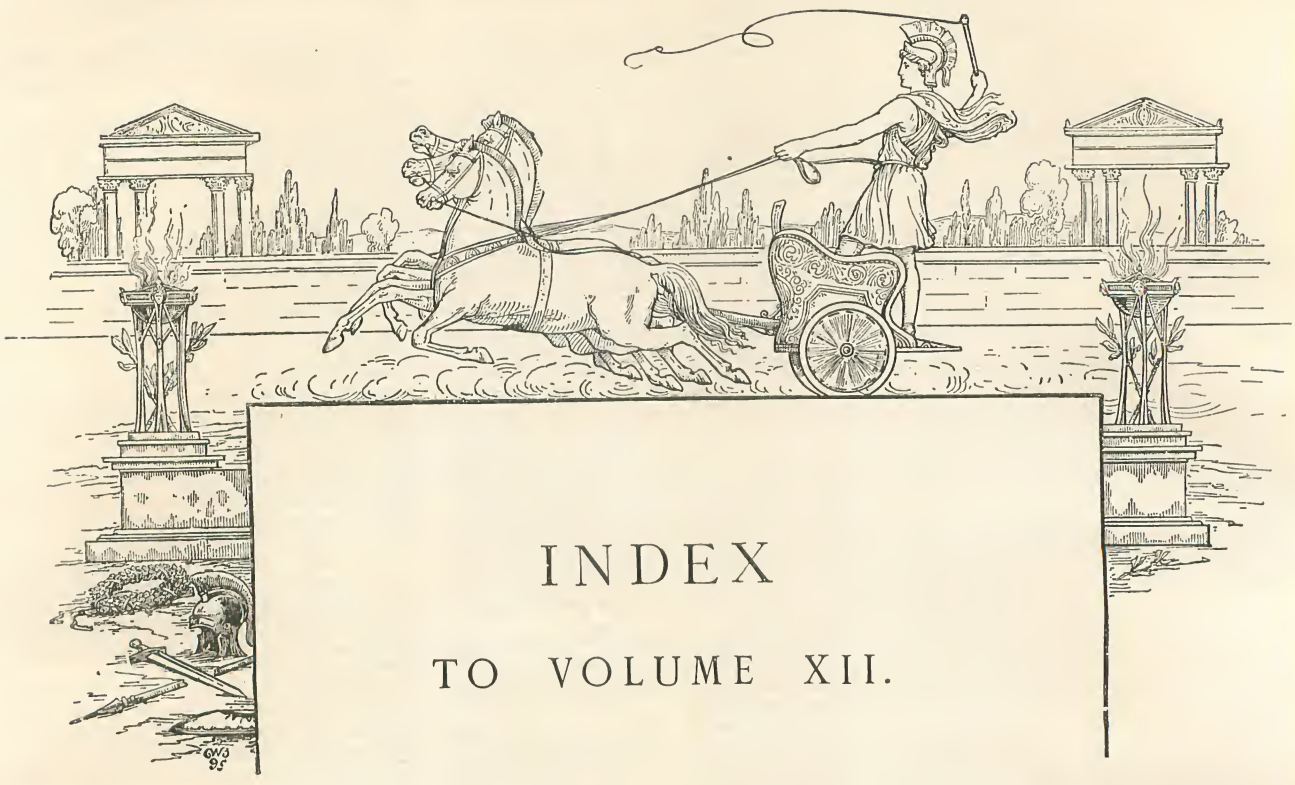
M. H.—Try a glass of very hot water an hour before breakfast. This may prevent the sickness of which your sister complains.

Daisy H., Madge, Julie, Cuckoo, Dame Trot, Helen, Sammie, and Cacoëthes Scribendi, have all sent us poetry, in which there is very little originality or freshness, though the sentiments are excellent and trite.

L. and Frank.—We do not think that there is much, if any, opening for dressmakers in large firms in Canada, nor free passages for them. See our answer to "Nan."

Une Française.—If only fifteen years of age, and nearly six feet in height, we recommend you not to take "eighteen-mile walks." They would do serious harm in the end, even to a little wiry woman with a back three feet long. As to giving you a prescription for stopping your further growth, it would be unnecessary, we fancy, even had we a good one. There are not many female "Changs" in the world, so you need not fret about it.

Amelia H.—Your liver or stomach is out of order. Attend to the state of both, and be more careful about your diet. Perhaps you need a little medical advice.



INDEX

TO VOLUME XII.

A.

A Cup of Chocolate, 815
"A Fellow-Feeling makes us Wondrous Kind," 406
A New Career for Ladies, 809
Abolition Crusade, Stories from the, 6, 70, 172, 260, 326, 388
About a Husband, 15
Absent Man, The, 227
Abuse of Power, The, 255
Acquiring Knowledge, 359
Acrostic II., Double, 787
Active Life, An, 227
Aden to Sydney, From, 529, 572, 635, 724
Adversity, Prosperity and, 282
Afternoon Tea-Cakes, 375
Aiding the Poor, 149
Allegretto Giojoso, 798
Almond Balls, 75
Almond Croquettes, 375
Almond Pudding, 75
Always Industrious, 227
Amateur Criticism, 15
America, Thanksgiving Day in, 208
American Girls, English Girls and, 371
Amusements, Invalid, 461
An Evening Recital, 801
Anagram, A Famous, 783
Animals, Bits about, 41, 316
Annie: Memories of a Life, 128
Announcement of the Christmas Number, 144
Answer to Charade I., 149
Answer to Charade II., 255
Answer to Charade III., 571
Answer to Disappointment, 359
Answer to Enigma II., 307
Answers to Historical Arithmorems, 255
Answers to Correspondents, 16, 31, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 127, 143, 160, 175, 192, 208, 224, 239, 256, 272, 288, 304, 319, 336, 352, 368, 384, 398, 416, 432, 447, 464, 479, 496, 511, 527, 544, 559, 576, 591, 608, 623, 640, 656, 672, 688, 703, 720, 736, 751, 768, 784, 800, 816, 827
Answers to Impertinent Questions, Polite, 191
"Apocalypse," The Word, 143
"Apostle Stones," Origin of, 288
Apple Soufflé, 555
Apples in Cream, 75
Apples, To Preserve, 479
Apricot Compote, 555
April, 402
Ark, How Constructed, 127
Art and Literature, The Spirit of Fun in, 46, 180, 308, 426, 644
Art in the Fifth Century, Christian, 164
Art of Friendship, The, 579
Art Needlework, 84
Arithmorems, Historical, 167
Artificial Hatching, 387
Artists, Sobriquets of, 234
At All Times, 568
"Aulauf" of Jelly, 202
Authors, A Word to, 15
Autograph Collecting for Girls, 111, 347
Autumn Leaves, 72
Averil, 1, 28, 42, 62, 65, 82, 102, 120, 132, 145, 162, 182, 204, 222, 225, 254, 270, 285, 290, 305, 334, 350, 354, 369

B.

Baby's Mission, 198
Backgammon, The Game of, 491
Bands of Goodwill, 586
Barometer, A Home-Made, 107
Beautiful Soul, The, 107
Beauty of Evenness, The, 471
Beauty, The Village, 217
Be Humble, 446
"Being Dead yet Speaketh," 448
Being Wise, 255
Bellmen in the Olden Time, 255
Bells, 736
Be Self-Denying, 227
Berbers of Kabylia, The, 744
Besieged Princess, The, 359
Bessy's Reward, 633, 647, 662
Bible Reading and Bible Study, The Difference Between, 36, 130, 212
Birds, Homing, 489
Birthday Present, A, 648
Bishop's Choice, The, 595
Bits about Animals, 41, 316
Black and White Heroism, 6, 70, 172, 260, 326, 388
Blackberries, and How to Use Them, 731
Blemish, A Fatal, 783
Blest as the Immortal Gods, 492
"Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," The, 688
Bluecap; The Children's Guide and Guardian, 41
Books were Dead in Those Days, 227
"Bouts-Rimés," The Game of, 751
Bow Bells, 127
Brandon, A Romance in the Noble House of, 405
Brass, To Draw a Pattern on, 64
Brazen Statue, The, 149
Bread, Home-made, 218
Bric-à-Brac School, Poems of the, 22, 99
Bridegroom, The Word, 352
Brittany, The Carved Woodwork of, 532
"Brobdingnag," The Word, 672
Brook's Story, The, 88
Brought to the Test, 167
Bruce, The Sham Invalid, 42
Butterfly, The First, 551

C.

Cakes—Lemon, Cocoa-nut, Drop, Oswego, Queen, Invalid, Génoise, 375; Italian, 525
Caledonia Cream, 31
Camphor, 352
Candies and Sweeties Made at Home, 214
Calvary Clover, 331
Carved Woodwork of Brittany, The, 532
Carve, How to Carve, and What to, 739, 788
Cause and Effect, 783
Certificates, How to Obtain Kindergarten, 283

Charade III., 503
Charade III., Answer to, 571
Charades, 107, 149
Charades, Our, 150
Charade II., Answer to, 255
Charity, 256
Charles X., 525
Charms, Music Hath, 156, 168, 187
Cheap and Pretty Sweets, 648
Cheerfulness and Good Humour, 783
Cheese and Butter Schools for Girls, 766
Chestnuts, 352
Children's Aid Association, The Invalid, 470
Chocolate, A Cup of, 815
Chocolate Pudding, 555
Chocolate, Solid, 555
Christian Art in the Fifth Century, 164
Christianity, 446
Christmas in Norway, 161
Christmas Number, Announcement of the, 144
Christmas, Reminiscences of, 190
Church Bells, 545
Church Emigration Society, 363
Churches in Europe, The Largest, 299
Circumstantial Evidence, 491
Civil Words, 503
Claret Shape, 202
Cleopatra, 527
Cocoa Cones, 375
Cocoa Nibs, 48
Coffee Mousse, 555
Collegiate "At Home," A, 767
Colonies, Life in the, 487
Company, Flowers for, 167
Competition, Our Next, 468
Competition, Our Painting, 623
"Consider Your Ways": A Word to the Wise, 499
Constant Enemy, 551
Contented Mind, 446
Cool Carver, The, 15
Cornflour Méringue, 555
Correspondents, Answers to, 16, 31, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 127, 143, 160, 175, 192, 208, 224, 239, 256, 272, 288, 304, 319, 336, 352, 368, 384, 398, 416, 432, 447, 464, 479, 496, 511, 527, 544, 559, 576, 591, 608, 623, 640, 656, 672, 688, 703, 720, 736, 751, 768, 784, 800, 816, 827
Counting a Billion, 783
Country, October in the, 802
Cowslip Time, In, 364, 372
Cream and Sponge Cake, 75
Cream-Cheese, Italian, 202
Criticism, Amateur, 15
Culture, The Highest, 227
Cure for Self-Conceit, A, 783
Curfew Bell, 304
Cycling, The Most Comfortable Dress for, 96

D.

Danger in Prosperity, 634
Danish Embroidery, 613
Dartmoor Holiday, The Story of a, 694, 708, 732, 746, 763
Daughter of the House of Tregaron, A, 430, 440, 460, 476
Dawn, 528
Dawning, A Grey, 392, 412, 424, 434, 462, 469, 489, 504
Days of Old, Needlework in, 15
Dear Paint, 586
Definitions, 787
Deportment: Some Considerations on the Subject, 508
Descent, Of Noble, 282
Devonshire Junket, 555
Dew, A Little, 282
Dew, 496
Diligence and Delight, 586
Diary of Mistress Margaret Biron, Leaves from the, 778, 791, 806, 817
Dinner-Party, Madge Vaughan's First, 439
Disappointment, 307
Disappointment, Answer to, 359
Distance lends Enchantment, 595
Dives, The Name, 640
Divine Philosophy, 255
Doctor, The Good, 655
Dog Story, A, 167
Domestic Economy, 783
Dorothy Osborne, 502
Double Acrostic I., 595
Double Acrostic II., 787
Doubt, Dwelling in, 167
Drawing-Room for Eighteen Guineas, How to furnish a, 228
Dream, A Remarkable, 675
Dress: In Season and in Reason, 56, 136, 201, 280, 344, 409, 473, 553, 616, 681, 760, 824
Dress Reform, Recent Ideas on, 34, 68
Drive, How to, 360
Drop Cakes, 375
Dwelling in Doubt, 167

E.

Early Rising, 586
Eating a Hundred Guineas' Worth, 652
Edelweiss, 356
Editor of the "GIRL'S OWN PAPER," To the, 61
Education of Women, Thoughts on the Higher, 713
Elizabeth Tudor, 542, 563, 684, 701
Emancipation of Seamstresses, The, 199, 410, 622
Embarrassed Circumstances, In, 94
Embroidery, Danish, 613
Embroidery Stitches, Some, 252
Empty Grate and What to put in it, The, 446
End of Man, The, 227
English Laces, 772
English Girls and American Girls, 371
Enigma II., 263
Enigma II., Answer to, 307
Europe, The Largest Churches in, 299
Evening Thought, An, 595
Evenness, The Beauty of, 471
Eventide, 81
Every One to his Business, 783
Exile, A Fortunate, 625, 641, 657, 673, 696, 705, 729, 737, 758, 780, 785, 810, 820
Expectations, Modest, 359

F.

Faithful in Well Doing, 783
Families, Tales of Great, 583, 679, 750
Famous Natives and Residents of our Great Cities, 141
Father Time on "Killing Time," 371
Felicitas, Perpetua and, 449
Fifth Century, Christian Art in the, 164
Fig Compote, 555
Fitting of Harness, 646
Flannels, The Secret of Washing, 80
Float Kuchli, 75
Flowers for Company, 167
Flowers' Message, The, 33
Foreign Sweet Dishes, and How to Make Them, Some, 75, 202
Fortunate Exile, A, 625, 641, 657, 673, 696, 705, 729, 737, 758, 780, 785, 810, 820
Fortune, How to make a, 634
French Girls and their Mothers, 535
Fricasse of Veal with Celery, 525
Fried Rice, 202
Friendship and Love, 491
Friendship, The Art of, 579
Frost, 399
Fun in Literature and Art, The Spirit of, 46, 180, 308, 421, 644
Furnish a Drawing-Room for Eighteen Guineas, How to, 228
"Fusihama," The Name, 16

G.

Game of Backgammon, The, 491
Gâteau, 555
Génoise Cakes, 375
German Biscuits, 375
German Recipes, 525
"Girdle Cake," 768
Girl, A Proud, 167
Girls at Hockey, 184
Girls and their Mothers, French, 535
Girls' Guild, How we Managed Our, 599
"GIRL'S OWN PAPER," To the Editor of the, 652
Girlhood, Some Types of, 4, 196, 244
Girls who Wear Well, 510
"Give us this Day our Daily Bread," 263
Glass is Rising, The, 26
God is Present, 491
God's Rainbows Touch the Earth, 820
Good and Bad Tempers, 263
Good at Need, 276
Good Doctor, The, 655
Good Looks, Plain Looks and, 374
Good Nature, Wit and, 359
Gospel of Kindness, The, 307
Governess Difficulty, The, 621
Grannie's Bairn, 809
Grate, and What to put in it, The Empty, 446
Grease, How to Remove it from Carpets, 80
Greatest Man, The, 149
Great Men and Little Folks, 107
"Great Tom," 720
Greek Lace, 427
Grey Dawning, A, 392, 412, 424, 434, 462, 469, 489, 504
Greyfriars, 17, 37, 49, 72, 86, 104, 113, 139, 157, 170, 177, 193, 210, 231, 242, 257, 273, 301, 317, 321, 337, 366, 380, 385
Gyp and the Lions, 550

H.

Handsome Legacy, A, 167
Happiness, 94
Hatching, Artificial, 387
Hay Fever, 464
Hard to Believe, 586
Harness, Fitting of, 646
Haycocks, 555
Health, A Secret of, 227
Health, A Voyage for, 125, 203, 267
Health and the Toilet, 11
Health for Tropical Travellers, 699
He Forgot the Name, 503
Heligoland, 160
Her Home-Made Bread, 307
Her Gifts, 264
Heroine, An Old Scottish, 539
Highest Culture, The, 227
High Failure, 118
Highland Holiday, Our, 12, 91, 188, 332, 396
Hints on an Inexpensive Trousseau, 30
Hints on Pianoforte Teaching, 693
Hints, Useful, 218
Historical Arithmorems, 167
Historical Arithmorems, Answers to, 255
Hockey, Girls at, 184
Holiday Work, 675
Holiday, Our Highland, 12, 91, 188, 332, 396
Home-Made Bread, 218
Home-Made Ices, 293
Homing Birds, 489
Hopeful Love Letter, A, 371
Hostess and Guest, 61
How are the Lilies Growing? 9
How to be Useful, 515
How to Carve, and What to Carve, 739
How to Drive, 360
How to Furnish a Drawing-Room for Eighteen Guineas, 228
How to Make a Fortune, 634
How We Managed Our Girls' Guild, 599
Hundred Famous Cities, A, 468
Hunting Nuts, 375
Husband, About A, 15
Hyacinths, 127

I.

"I Will Not Leave You Comfortless," 240
I Wonder! 209
Idyl, A Knitting, 353
Idyl, An, 452
Icebergs, 48
Ices, Home-Made, 293
In Cowslip Time, 364, 372
Independents, The, 31
India with Medical Missionaries, In, 686
Indolence, 709
Industry for Gentlewomen, A New, 129
Inexpensive Trousseau, Hints on an, 30
Inexpensive Trousseau, An, 315
In Good Humour, 515
In Service, 783
In Southern Lands, 572
In Sympathy, 783
In Trouble, 24
In the Nordland, 436
Invalid Amusements, 461
Invalid Cakes, 375
Invalid Children's Aid Association, The, 470
Irish Laces, 753
Italian Cream, 555
Italian Cream Cheese, 202

J.

Jerusalem Chamber, The, 656
Joan of Arc, 656
Joe Brennan's Luck, 748
John Bunyan, 720
Journalists, Young Women as, 395
Just Judge, A, 551
Juvenile Spinsters, Our, 4, 196

K.

Kabylia, The Berbers of, 744
Kate Marsden, and Her Mission to Russia and Siberia, 60, 134, 206, 284, 414
Keep the Passions in Check, 15
Kendal Pudding, 555
Kindergarten Certificates, How to Obtain, 283
Kindness, The Gospel of, 307
Kiss, An Inspiring, 634
Knitted Border, 527
Knitting Idyl, A, 353
Knowledge, Acquiring, 359

L.

Laces, English, 772
Laces, Irish, 752
Laces, Spanish, Greek, Maltese, Russian, and Polish, 427
Ladies, A New Career for, 809
Lady, A Right Noble, 519
Ladies, My Two Old, 24, 35, 59
Ladies' Studio, Paris, A, 420
Lady Jane Grey, 432
Lady's Slipper, The, 595
Lady? Who is a, 227
Lavender and Roses: A Village Industry, 556
Lampiana: An Idyll of Lamps and Shades, 483
Landscape Sketching, 501, 676, 735
Language for Poetry, The, 586
Last Ride, The, 823
Lasting Fame, 675
Law Students Examined, 515
Learned, The Recreations of the, 395
Learning by Laughter, 15
Leaves from the Diary of Mistress Margaret Biron, 778, 791, 806, 817
Leaves of Grass, 548
Lemon Cream, 75
Lemon Cakes, 375
Lemon Mould, 555
Lemon Pudding, 555
Lend a Hand, 634
Life, 704
Life, An Active, 227
Life in the Colonies, 487
Lilies, 665
Literature and Art, The Spirit of Fun in, 46, 180, 308, 421, 644
Little Dew, A, 282
Little Margery, 9
Lively and Interesting, 94
Living and Dying, 586
Loneliness, 792
Looking Back, 263
Looking Before, 783
Looking for Happiness, 783
Love Divine is Love Eternal, 400
Love, Friendship and, 491
Love's Captive, 537
Love Letter, A Hopeful, 371
Love, Works of, 282

M.

Mademoiselle Janotha's Pianoforte Piece, Note on, 359
Madge Vaughan's First Dinner-Party, 439
Maidenhood, A Type of, 689
Maltese Lace, 427
Malvolia, 601, 614
Man, The Absent, 227
Man, The End of, 227
Margery, Little, 9
Married Women's Property Acts, The, 78
Marseillaise, The, 591
Mary Tudor, 376, 457, 475
Mary Woolstonecroft Godwin, 192
Medical Missionaries, In India with, 686
Memories of a Life: Annie, 128
Memory, The Short, 359
Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words" in G, Op. 62, No. 4, 443
Méringues, 368
Mercenary Beauty, A, 787
Message, The Flowers', 33
Messenger Pugs, 41
Middle Ages, In the, 359
Midst Granite Hills, 694, 708, 732, 746, 763
Mille Amitiés, 44
Mind, An Easy, 359
Minuet and Musette, 596
Mission Life in South Africa, A Tale of, 550
Modest Expectations, 359
Moist Hands, Treatment of, 304
Monica, Saint, 272
Months, The Procession of the, 241
Moonshine, 555
More Wit Wanted, 675
Mrs. Grey's Strange Silence, 348
Music, 44, 108, 167, 278, 356, 452, 492, 596, 628, 715, 798
Music, Ancient, 784
Music Hath Charms, 156, 168, 187
Music, Notices of New, 55, 411, 653
Music of a Cheerful Heart, The, 634
Musical Degree for Handel, A, 94
Musical Progress, 107
Myosotis, 544
My Garden, 120
My Petition, 168
My Song, 376
My Two Old Ladies, 24, 35, 59
My Work Basket, 116

N.

Naturalist's Mistake, A, 787
Need, Good at, 276
Needlework, Art, 84
Needlework in Days of Old, 15
New Music, Notices of, 55, 411, 513
New Industry for Gentlewomen, A, 129
New Year, To the, 207
Niccolo Paganini, 800
Nightingale, The, 80
No Need for Fear, 371
Nordland, In the, 436
Norway, Christmas in, 161
Notes by an Artist Naturalist, 548, 668
Notices of New Music, 55, 411, 653
"Not Unequally," 633, 647, 662
Novelties, Tinned, 95
Now is the Time, 783
Nursery, Needlework, 659

O.

Obligations of Parents and Children, Rights and, 514
Ocean, There are Ripples on the, 312
October in the Country, 802
Odd-Looking Tiles, 446
O'er the Seas and Far Away, 792
Offering too Little, 491
Olfactory Nerve, The, 714
On being a "Visiting Lady," 147, 264, 329, 362
On the Technique of the Pianoforte, 52
Only in Imagination, 15
Opportunity, 512
Orange Blossoms, 304
Orange Fool, 555
Oswego Cakes, 375
Our Charades, 150
Our Highland Holiday, 12, 91, 188, 332, 396
Our Life, 94
Our Times, 780
Our Tractarian Movement, 582
Outside the Gate, 584

P.

Pain: A Friend and not a Foe, 584
Painting and Photography, 149
Painting Competition, Notice of, 208
Painting Competition, Our, 623
Palatine, The Word, 672
Parkin, 656
Partisans, Vehement, 227
"Passing Rich with Forty Pounds a Year," 101
Pearls, 464
Pears, To Keep, 224
Pence, Halfpence, and Farthings, 515
People of Small Incomes, "Wedding 'At Homes'" for, 124
Perpetua and Felicitas, 449
Persian Sketches, 590
Petition, My, 168
Philosophy, Divine, 255
Photography, Painting and, 149
Pianoforte Playing, Some Remarks on Modern Professional, 589
Pianoforte Pieces, 44, 167, 278, 356, 596, 628, 715, 798
Pianoforte, On the Technique of the, 52
Pianoforte Teaching, Hints on, 693
Picture of the Old Home, A, 592
Pineapple Sponge, 555
Piping Hot, 446
Pistache Pudding, 75
Plain-Looking Girl, A, 783
Plain Looks and Good Looks, 374
Playing at Shuttlecock, 586
Poems of the Bric-à-Brac School, 22, 99
Poetry, 9, 24, 33, 41, 72, 81, 88, 120, 128, 152, 168, 176, 207, 209, 217, 240, 241, 248, 264, 287, 289, 312, 320, 329, 353, 376, 400, 424, 448, 457, 489, 504, 512, 523, 528, 537, 545, 568, 584, 592, 603, 633, 648, 655, 665, 690, 704, 712, 721, 752, 780, 792
Poetry, A Test for, 652
Poker Work, 527
Polish Lace, 427
Polite Answers to Impertinent Questions, 191
Poor, Aiding the, 149
Post, A Pious Direction, 371
Potato Pudding, 336
Potatoes, 390
Poverty, The Privileges of, 653
Primrose, A Talk with the First, 320
Princesses, Tudor Queens and, 152, 219, 250, 340

Processions of the Months, 241
Prosperity and Adversity, 282
Proud Girl, A, 167
Proverbs of Montenegro, 107
Prudent Counsel, 307
"Psaltery," A, 175
Puddings, Summer, 555
Pugs, Messenger, 41

Q.

Quaking Custard, 555
Queen Cakes, 375
Queen Pudding, 555
Queens and Princesses, Tudor, 152, 219, 250, 340
Quests, The Three, 481, 497, 516, 540
Quiet and Repose, 149
"Quillaia," 640

R.

Ragoût of Calf's Brains, 525
Railway Signals, 371
Raspberry Gâteau, 555
Reading the Rules, 149
Reason, Dress: In Season and in, 56, 136, 201, 280, 344, 409, 473, 553, 616, 681, 760, 826
Real Good, The, 675
Real Names of Italian Painters, The,
Recent Ideas on Dress Reform, 68
Recipes, German, 525
Recital, An Evening, 801
Recreations of the Learned, The, 395
Recreations of Eminent Women, The, 726
Red Herrings, 675
Red Parasol, The, 783
Reminiscences of Christmas, 190
Reminiscences, School-Day, 692
Repose, Quiet and, 149
Residents of our Great Cities, Famous Natives and, 141
Results of the Competition, 141
Return, The Wanderer's, 287
Rheumatism, Diet for, 127
Rhubarb Cheesecake, 555
Rhyme of Songs, A, 712
Rights and Obligations of Parents and Children, The, 514
Right Way of Looking at Things, The, 61
Rising, The Glass is, 26
Rival Singers, 503
Robin Hood, 703
Roland for His Oliver, A, 677
Romance in the Noble House of Brandon, 405
Rose Dudley's Venture, 217, 236, 246, 262
Rose, Under the, 307
Rougemont, The Secret of, 417, 444, 455, 465, 486, 509, 520, 533, 557, 569, 580, 593, 620
Russia and Siberia, Kate Marsden, and Her Mission to, 60, 134, 206, 284, 414
Russian Girl, The Adventures of a, 76, 92
Russian Lace, 427
Russian Pudding, 555

S.

Sauce, Dutch, 336
Saving Turn, Of a, 149
Savonarola, 751
School-Day Reminiscences, 692
School Life, A Story of Swiss, 625, 641, 657, 673, 696, 705, 729, 737, 758, 780, 785, 810, 820
Summer Song, 628
Schools for Girls, Cheese and Butter, 766
School-Girl Troubles, and How to Cope with Them, 53, 166, 248, 574
Scones, 336
Scottish Heroine, An Old, 539
"Scot," The Word, 751
Scripture, The Meaning of, 783
Seamstresses, The Emancipation of, 199, 410, 622
Season and in Reason, Dress: In, 56, 136, 201, 280, 344, 409, 473, 553, 616, 681, 760, 824
Secret of Health, A, 227
Secret of Rougemont, The, 417, 444, 455, 465, 486, 509, 520, 533, 557, 569, 580, 593, 620
Secret of Success, The, 515
Secret Out, The, 94
Security, 90
Self-Criticism, 503
Self-Deception, 167
Semolina Cream, 556
Sensible Fiddler, The, 586
Servant's Wedding Outfit, A, 506
Shades, Lampiana: An Idyll of Lamps and, 483
Shady Nook, A, 504
"Shekinah," 591
Shock, A Painful, 15
Shop Assistants, 551
Shopping as a Fine Art, 595
Shortbread, Scotch, 352
Short Memory, The, 359
Showing Her Teeth, 783
Siberia, Kate Marsden, and Her Mission to Russia and, 60, 134, 206, 284, 414
Silence, Speech and, 227
Singer, On a Bad, 15
Singing Swans, 32
Sketching, Landscape, 501, 676, 735
Sloane Gardens House, 526
Sloyd," 127
Small Things, 503
Snake Women, A Study, 603
Snowballs, 555
Sobriquets of Artists, 234
Society, and Going into the World, 54
Society, Church Emigration, 363
Sofa-Gardening, 461
Solo, 752
Some Foreign Sweet Dishes and How to Make Them, 75, 202
Some Remarks on Modern Professional Pianoforte Playing, 589
Some Time to Wait, 15
Something Short, 255
Song, My, 376
Song of the Fisherman's Wife, 721
Song of the Workers, 603
Songs, 108, 452, 492, 715
Sons and Daughters, 149
Spanish Laces, 427
Speech and Silence, 227
Sponge Fingers, 375
Spirit of Fun in Literature and Art, The, 46, 180, 308, 421, 644
Squinting, 144
Spring o' the Year, The, 424
Starch, 688
Star Chamber, 720
Statue, The Brazen, 149
Stitches, Some Embroidery, 252
Stool Ball, and How to Play It, 609
Stooping, The Advantages of, 783
Story of a Sunbeam, The, 523
Story, The Brook's, 88
Strange Silence, Mrs. Grey's, 348
St. Paul's, London, 447
"St. Swithin," 768
Study and Conversation, 446
Studio, Paris, A Ladies', 420
Sugar Nuts, 75
Summer Puddings, 555
Superstition, The Effects of, 551
Sweet Dishes, and How to Make Them, Some Foreign, 75, 202
Sweeties Made at Home, Candies and, 214
Sweet Revenge, 61
Sweet Sympathy, 457
Sweets, Cheap and Pretty, 648
Sydney, From Aden To, 529, 572, 635
Sympathy, 503
Sympathy, On a Visit of, 167

T.

Take Courage, 571
Tale of Kindness and Courtesy, A, 571
Tales of Great Families, 583, 679, 750
Talking, A Guide for, 787
Talk with the First Primrose, A, 320
Tartar Sauce, 768
Technique of the Pianoforte, On the, 52
Tempers, Good and Bad, 263
Tessa and Tonine, 769, 795, 812
Test of Friendship, A, 595
Thanksgiving Day in America, 208
The Last Ride, 823
There are Ripples on the Ocean, 312
Thimble, Derivation of the Name, 112
"Think upon Me," 108
Thoughts on the Higher Education of Women, 713
Thoughts and Words, 149
"Thou Sing'st to Her," 433
Those who Sneer, 586
Three Quests, The, 481, 497, 516, 540
Throwing Rice at Weddings, 675
Tinned Novelties, 95
Toilet, Health and the, 11
To-day Only is Ours, 503
Too-Ready Consent, A, 515
Tongues, On, 515
To the New Year, 207
Tractarian Movement, Our, 582
Travellers, A Hint for, 787
Travellers, Health for Tropical, 699
Tregaron, A Daughter of the House of, 430, 440, 460, 476
Tricycle, The, 608
Tried, 41
Troubles, and How to Cope with Them, Schoolgirl, 53, 166, 248, 574
Trousseau, Hints on an Inexpensive, 30
Trousseau, An Inexpensive, 315
Truth and Kindness, 787
Truth, In Pursuit of, 94, 503
Truth, On the Side of the, 571
Try to Please Others, 227
Tudor, Mary, 376, 457, 475
Tudor Queens and Princess, 152, 219, 250, 340
'Twill not be Always Winter, 289
Twin-Sisters, 248
Two Girls on a Tandem Tricycle, 619
Type of Maidenhood, A, 689
Types of Girlhood, Some, 4, 196, 244

U.

Under the Rose, 307
Unfortunate Name, An, 571
Uninteresting People, 741
Unromantic Story, An, 561, 577, 604
Useful Hints, 218
Useful Labour, 783
Useful Music, 551

V.

Valentine and Orson, 527
Valérie, 76, 92, 97
Varieties, 15, 61, 94, 107, 149, 167, 227, 255, 263, 282, 359, 371, 391, 446, 491, 503, 515, 551, 571, 586, 595, 634, 652, 675, 762, 783, 787, 826
Vehement Partisans, 227
Venture, Rose Dudley's, 217, 236, 246, 262
"Vers de Société," 22, 99
Village Beauty, The, 217
Village Industry, A, 556
Violin: Its Pains and Pleasures, The, 292, 382
"Viol" of the Middle Ages, 64
"Visiting Lady," On Being a, 147, 264, 329, 362
Visit of Sympathy, On a, 167
Visitors, 631
Voyage for Health, A, 125, 203, 267

W.

Wanderer's Return, The, 287
Warning to Chinese "Mashers," A, 595

"Wedding 'At Homes'" for People of Small Incomes, 124
Wedding Outfit, A Servant's, 506
Weddings, Throwing Rice at, 675
West Dene Manor, 524, 537, 546, 567, 587, 606, 610, 637, 651, 665, 683, 690, 710, 722, 742, 764
What to Do when June Comes, 518
What Imagination Does for Us, 391
"Where There's a Will There's a Way," 310
"Whene'er You Feel Lazy You're Ill," 237
Which is to Have Her? 391
"Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth," 152
Wife, The Philosopher's, 783
Winnie's Waiting, 296, 312, 324, 342
Winning the Prize, 107
Wisdom and Foolishness, 783
Wise Forgetfulness, 15
Wit and Good Nature, 350
Witch's Charm, The, 515
"With the Best Intentions in the World," 89
Wives, About, 571
Women, The Recreations of Eminent, 726
Women, Thoughts on the Higher Education of, 713
Wolf, The Dying, 391
Woman's Sphere, 783
Wood-Carving: How to Carve, and What to Carve, 739, 788
Woodwork of Brittany, The Carved, 532
Word to the Wise, A, 499
Words and Manners, 783
Words, Thoughts and, 149
Work Basket, My, 116
Works of Love, 282
Works of Those Who Have Made the World Laugh, The, 46, 180, 308, 421, 644
World, In the, 571
World, Society and Going into the, 54

Y.

Yew Tree, 496
Young and Old, 167
Younger Girls, A Story for, 769, 795
Young Women as Journalists, 395
Your Money or Your Life, 283
Youth, 633



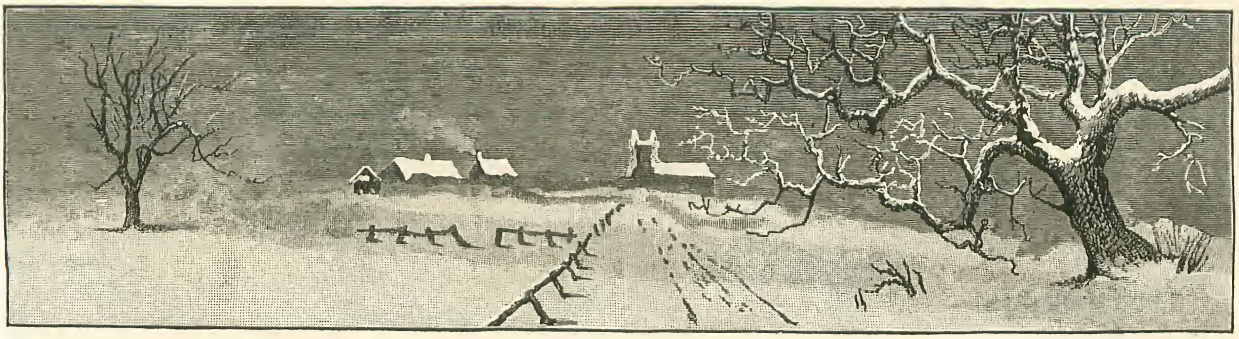
LIST OF PLATES.

GARLAND DAY . . . . . Frontispiece
COLOURED TITLE-PAGE . . . . To face Frontispiece
"YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME TO LIFE AGAIN" To face page 11
THE WANDERER'S RETURN . . . . . ,, 287
COMPARATIVE SIZES OF THE LARGEST CHURCHES IN EUROPE . . ,, 299
FAIR DAFFODILS . . . . . To face page 353
SILVER AND GOLD . . . . . ,, 417
AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN VENICE . . ,, 481
A DAISY CHAIN . . . . . ,, 561
LAKE AND MOUNTAIN . . . . ,, 657
ALL ALONE AS USUAL . . . . ,, 737

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A MILD CHRISTMAS IN CORNWALL.



"VIRGIN SNOW:"

BEING THE

Extra Christmas Number

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."



1890.

LEISURE HOUR OFFICE: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

"VIRGIN SNOW."

How fair the crown
With which the snow you daring mountain screens,
As if it straight from Heaven had fallen down
To show what whiteness means;
Or how our fallen earth can wear,
In spite of sin's omnipotence,
Some lingering tokens here and there
Of the lost garb of innocence.
Yet tell me, is there naught below
Unsullied as the virgin snow?
One thing should just as spotless grow.

A girl's young life;
And all her tender shy imaginings;
Her thoughts; thus prompting to a generous strife
For high and noble things;
Her very looks, now sweetly grave,
Now brimming o'er with honest glee;
Her simple faith in Him Who gave
Existence, with its grand may-be.
Oh! girls, if youth be ordered so,
Earth has a goodly sight to show,
Fairer than even VIRGIN SNOW.

MADELINE'S TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

CHAPTER I.



"On the 5th of April, at Heathercote Rectory, ——shire, the Rev. Geoffrey Randal Wetherby, for 25 years rector of the parish, in his 54th year."

This short announcement in the obituary column of the daily papers created little general interest or sympathy in the outside world. The old College friends and contemporaries of the deceased who saw it passed it over with the remark, "Poor Wetherby gone! Ah, a lost man! With his powers he might have held a distinguished position in the Church; but he has rusted out, I suppose, in some miserable little country village!"

Near neighbours and clerical acquaintances had a somewhat different verdict to pronounce: "Ah, poor Wetherby! What will they do without him at Heathercote? He has been a father to that place!" But with the exception of his parishioners there were few to mourn Geoffrey Wetherby, or to feel compassion for his fatherless children. Since the death of his wife, ten years before, he had lived almost as a recluse, dividing his days between his study and parochial visiting, and had become almost dead to the outer world, when a cold, caught in the keen March winds, developed into inflammation of the lungs, which cut short his career in middle age. He left two children, Madeline, a girl of nineteen, and Randal, her brother, about a year younger. Madeline had been brought up under an excellent governess, and had learned, almost from childhood, to act as the head of her father's household. She had also been his cherished companion, and his indefatigable aide-de-camp in all parochial matters. But in many respects her experience of life had been limited when compared with that of young ladies of the present day. For in the middle of this 19th century life in the homes of the rural clergy flowed with a very slow and tranquil current.

Madeline's acquaintance with the "world" consisted of an occasional expedition to the county town for shopping purposes, together with such little visiting as the society of a country neighbourhood could afford. So narrow a life ensured the preservation of innocence and simplicity (qualities now, alas! not so common amongst the young); but, on the other hand, it tended to develop a spirit of egotism and self-satisfaction. It was so with Madeline Wetherby. Heathercote was her world; she was the pivot on which its parochial machinery turned; consequently she was, in her own eyes, a person of considerable importance.

Her brother Randal was a bright, clever lad, who had been educated at a public school with the intention of proceeding to the University. But his father's sudden death cut off all hope of this project being carried out. Geoffrey Wetherby had always been proverbially careless about his pecuniary affairs. Heathercote (a college living), was a good one, but his private means were small. Dreamy and pre-occupied, he had never insured his life, nor thought of making any provision for the future of his children so long as the income from the living sufficed for their present needs. It was found at his death that, when all claims were settled, his two children would have but a small pittance to divide between them. Neither were there any sympathising relatives ready to step forward with kindly aid.

Mr. Wetherby's sole surviving relation was a first cousin some ten years older than himself, by name Peter Graves, a widower, who had long been located as a banker at Quillington, a country town in a distant shire, and was reputed well-to-do in the world. "Cousin Peter," as their father called him, had been the bugbear of Randal's and Madeline's childish days, when he had paid an occasional visit to Heathercote as their father's guest. Then they had to sit still, and must never speak unless spoken to, for Cousin Peter hated children and was a firm believer in the maxim that "they should be seen and not heard." Madeline sometimes thought that he sheltered himself under this axiom because he did not understand how to talk to children—and she was not far wrong. Certainly most children would have been repelled by his stiff precise ways and by the peculiar abruptness of his manner. Even Mr. Wetherby seemed relieved when his cousin's visit was over, though he would say to his children, "Well, well, my dears, there is something good about poor Cousin Peter though he is eccentric and his manners are abrupt. But what can we expect, my children, from a man who leads a loveless life, his whole heart absorbed, I fear, in getting and saving money." Whilst Mr. Graves, on his journey home, would say, "Poor Wetherby! Wasting his time and substance on a parcel of ignorant rustics! It annoys me to see how they all take advantage of him! A man needs to take care of himself and his affairs first; but he is at everyone's beck and call, and they all prey upon him like so many leeches!"

But now Mr. Graves came to attend his cousin's funeral, and walked with the doctor, behind the two weeping children, to the grave. He saw the procession of surpliced clergy assembled to do honour to the memory of their departed brother; he heard the lamentations of the Heathercote villagers for their pastor; and warped though he was by a lonely life of perpetual money-getting, the thought struck him that after all poor, careless, unbusinesslike Geoffrey Wetherby had not lived in vain. But he crushed the thought, checked the glow of kindlier feeling which was aroused in his heart by the sight of that sad assemblage round the open grave, and returned to the Vicarage to talk over business matters with Mr. Golightly, the family lawyer, and arrange for the future of the two poor orphans.

CHAPTER II.

Ah! who does not know the desolation of a house to which the funeral party returns when all is over—when the blinds are drawn up again, and our shrouded sorrow exposed, as it were, to the glare of everyday life! The well-known rooms, the familiar furniture, around each and all are intertwined some association of the lost dear one.

"Life is a blank to me now. It is impossible for me ever to be happy again," thought Madeline Wetherby, as she laid aside her outer garments of deep mourning. And she was conscious of no exaggeration in the thought, for at nineteen one has little idea of what the human heart can endure without breaking. But her sorrow was pure unselfish grief for the loss of a beloved father. No real anxiety as to their future or their worldly prospects had hitherto crossed her mind. Money difficulties were, as yet, a thing unknown to her. They had always lived

simply but in comfort; why should they not continue to do so? She had a vague idea that they must leave the Rectory; and this knowledge alone caused many a sorrowful reflection to arise in her mind. She opened her bedroom window, and looked out upon the Rectory lawn and garden. Spring was young and fresh. A soft balmy air stirred the yet leafless branches; primroses and violets peeped here and there amidst the shrubs; a blackbird trilled his sweetest song close by her window—all spoke of renewed hope and of budding life. To Madeline the contrast between the brightness of external nature and the realities of death and separation, now present to her, was very bitter. She bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and a thought of comfort stole into her saddened heart, for she remembered that out of death springs life and that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn. She was disturbed by Randal's voice at the door. "Madeline, will you come down? Cousin Graves and Mr. Golightly are waiting for us in the study."

Hitherto Madeline had looked upon Randal as being decidedly younger than herself; now she began o lean on him.

The brother and sister went down together to the study. It cost them a pang to enter that room, so especially sacred in its associations with him who was gone, and to see Mr. Graves sitting in their father's favourite armchair. His manner was even more abrupt and jerky than usual, as he said, "Sit down, sit down, my good children. I want to speak to you before I go. My train—ahem!—is due—ahem! (clearing his throat twice)—at 4.45, I think, Mr. Golightly?"

"4.45, sir, precisely," repeated the lawyer.

"Well, well, Mr. Golightly and I have been investigating your deceased father's affairs, and I regret to say that they are in a very unsatisfactory condition. He has made no provision for your future—in fact, he is involved, considerably involved; and when all claims are settled only a small balance will be left for you when you come of age. What there is I shall invest for your benefit; but the interest per annum will be trifling—not enough to keep you—so you'll have to do something for your living. Now, I don't approve of young people being idle. The lad—what's your name? Randal—must work. What can you do, young man?"

Randal blushed crimson at this abrupt interrogation, and seemed upon the point of making an angry retort. But Madeline interposed.

"Randal left Rugby only last Christmas, and he has been reading with papa in the hope of obtaining a scholarship at Cambridge next June. It was always dear papa's intention that he should go there."

"Well, well, there is no money left to carry out the intention, so it must be given up now," returned Mr. Graves testily, adding, "and a good thing too. University life ruins a young fellow—is the cause of all the spendthrifts and idle dogs who are the curse of the present generation."

"Well, my dear sir," interposed the lawyer soothingly, "there are other walks of life open to Mr. Randal, surely, after the excellent education he has had."

"Education," snarled Mr. Graves; "why, I'll be bound he can't write his own name legibly, nor add up a row of double figures without making a mistake."

"This is too much," exclaimed Randal, starting up angrily, despite a warning look from his sister. "It is too bad to haul a fellow over the coals, and to say he can't do this and that before he's even been tried. Why, I'm willing to do anything that is respectable to support myself and my sister."

"No, not to support me," interrupted Madeline, rising and coming to his side. "If you work I work too. I will do my share. Only don't let us be separated, please, Cousin Graves. Randal is all I have in the world"—and the tears rose unbidden to her eyes as she linked her arm in her brother's.

Mr. Graves was softened. He was not utterly adamant, and a kindlier feeling was aroused in his heart by the sight of those two slight young things, scarcely more than children, prepared to face the world and to defy fortune if only they might do so together.

"Very good, very good then," he said. "If you are both prepared to work, there only remains to find something for you to do. Now I can offer Master Randal a clerkship in my bank at Quillington, and give him £50 a year to start with till I see what he's made of. He can get decent lodgings in the town. If you could obtain employment there also, Miss Madeline, you might live with your brother. But that, I fear, would be a difficulty." Mr. Graves paused; he ran over in his mind the various employments then open to women for earning a living—far less numerous than now—and he mentally decided that Madeline did not look adapted to any one of them.

"Is there a ladies' school at Quillington, Mr. Graves?" asked Madeline timidly. "I thought perhaps I might be able to earn something as a teacher there?"

"Oh, yes, we've an excellent ladies' school in the place—Miss Primwright, the Principal, is a client of mine. But people expect experience, recommendations, testimonials, all that sort of thing in a governess. Never done any teaching, have you, eh?"

"No," replied the girl, "but dear father thought that Miss Elton had given me an excellent education, and I am fond of music. I think I could teach that!"

"Well, well," interjected Mr. Graves, anxious to cut short the discussion; "this I can do. I'll ask Miss Primwright if she has any vacancy for you in her establishment, and let you know. In the meantime your brother can be thinking over the offer I've made him: he's not bound to accept it unless he likes. You'd better talk over your plans together."

"Of course, Miss Wetherby," interposed Mr. Golightly, "you are aware that you and your brother can remain in this house for two months? There is therefore no need for an immediate decision."

"Well, well," said the banker, "the sooner matters are settled up and they set to work the better. No good moping away time in a place like this. Now, my young friends, I need detain you no longer. I have said all that is necessary, and time presses. Mr. Golightly"—to the lawyer—"I leave these papers in your charge, and I rely on you to lose no time in settling up affairs."

CHAPTER III.

When Madeline and Randal emerged from the conclave in the study, Mrs. Crosbie, who had been cook-housekeeper at the Rectory for the last ten years, was awaiting them in the hall. Mrs. Crosbie's eyes were red, and with reason, for she had lost a good master; yet she derived a melancholy consolation from wearing an unexceptionable suit of new mourning.

"The best black as could be bought," she said, "and no more than should be for the best master as ever was."

The servants of the house had guessed more than the children as to the state of affairs which had just been disclosed in the study, and Mrs. Crosbie's mournful mien was not wholly devoid of suppressed curiosity.

"Miss Madeline, dear," she said, "I'm sure it isn't good for you to be in them dismal sitting-rooms to-night, so I've had a fire lighted in the schoolroom, and told Eliza to get you some tea there. I thought you and Master Randal would sit there to-night; and I do hope you'll be able to take some tea. You've neither of you had a proper meal to-day, and you must take care of yourselves, for it's what your poor dear pa would have wished if he'd been here," and Mrs. Crosbie sniffed audibly.

"Thank you, Crosbie, you're a good old thing," said Randal. "Yes, we'll come to the schoolroom now, and get away from that obnoxious old ogre in there," pointing to the study.

"Randal," whispered Madeline, "shall we tell Crosbie the state of our affairs; she must learn it very soon, and I would rather she heard it from us."

"Yes, let's tell her now," was his rejoinder; "it'll be a relief to get it over. Come with us, Crosbie, now; we want to speak to you."

The schoolroom at Heathercote Rectory had little now in character with its name, whatever it might have had in years gone by. Since Madeline's school-days it had been used as a private sanctum by the brother and sister. It was a long, low, old-fashioned room, with two French windows opening upon the lawn. A large well-filled book-case occupied nearly one whole side of the room, and in one corner stood Madeline's old schoolroom piano. The furniture, though old-fashioned and somewhat shabby, bore an air of comfort and refinement, and this evening the room seemed the only cheerful spot in the house. Its windows faced west, and from them the sun might then be seen setting in glory behind the Chewton Woods. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and a tempting meal had been arranged upon the table by Mrs. Crosbie's order. Madeline sank wearily down in an arm-chair by the fire; Randal walked to the window and looked aimlessly out. Then, turning round, he faced the housekeeper, who stood "all attention" by the table, and said nervously—

"We've something to tell you, Crosbie, we know you'll be very sorry to hear. The fact is, it's a bad look-out for us all round now dear father's gone. Cousin Graves and the lawyer have been looking into his affairs, and they tell us he died very badly off, and when things are all squared up there'll be very little left for us to live on; so Madeline and I have quite decided to do—to take—to do something or other to earn our own living. You see, Crosbie, anyhow there'll have to be a regular break-up here soon, and I don't know which of us will feel it the most, you leaving us, or we parting from you, I'm sure."

Randal finished his boyish speech with a choking sob in his voice, and turned round to the window again.

"Yes, Crosbie dear," continued Madeline, "it is just as Randal says—we shall all have to leave this dear old place soon, and be scattered abroad. I'm not sure yet where our new home will be; perhaps at Quillington, where Cousin Graves lives, because he has offered to take Randal into his bank, and if I could get some teaching to do we might live together. Oh, if you could only come and live with us, Crosbie, there would still be a little bit of home left even in a strange place!"

"Dear heart alive, Miss Madeline, I only wish I could. Eh, but it's bad news you've been telling me—it is indeed. To think of you two poor children going all them miles away right amongst strangers who never even knew your poor father, and no one to look after you. Excuse me, Miss Madeline, if I make bold, but have you no relations at all, neither on your papa's side nor your mamma's, who would offer you a home?"

"No one, I'm afraid," said the girl sadly. "I never remember seeing or hearing of any relations. Father was an only child, and he has told me that both my mother's brothers died young."

"Well, miss," persisted the housekeeper,



"'I MET EWALD LEYTON IN THE VILLAGE.'"

"this Mr. Graves then. If he's going to take Master Randal into business couldn't he give you both a home in his house?"

"Home, Crosbie?" interrupted Randal. "A pretty sort of home it would be with an old curmudgeon like that! No, I don't know that I can ever bring myself to accept the means of livelihood from him, let alone a home."

"Besides," said Madeline, "Cousin Graves never even suggested such a thing, and I would rather starve than ask him a favour. It does seem hard, when we have only one relative, that he should be such a morose, disagreeable specimen."

"Father always said there was some good in him too," replied her brother, "otherwise I don't think he'd have made him our guardian. Mr. Golightly says in father's will, which was made years ago, when we were children, a Mr. Baldwin is mentioned as joint guardian with him, but he died abroad. I wish he was 'to the fore' now; I don't fancy being left so entirely in old Graves's clutches. But never mind. In three years' time I shall be of age, and I can then constitute myself your sole protector, and we will snap our fingers at him," laughed the boy.

Mrs. Crosbie, who had been ruminating in silence, now returned again to the charge.

"Well, pardon me, Master Randal, you know best, but I don't see how an indoor life is going to suit you as have always been used to outdoor sports; and as for Miss Madeline, why there's nothing she've been used to as she can do. You'll excuse me, but what I say is this—stay among them as has known you from childhood, and who loved your poor dear pa, and some way of a living will be found. I'll stay with you as long as you bide in this house, and when I do have to leave you it'll break my heart"—and Mrs. Crosbie burst into tears. Randal, who hated a "scene," hastened to cut short the interview.

"Well, Crosbie, don't fret; we can talk the matter over better when we've had a night's rest. And now I think Madeline ought to have some tea. As you say, we shall both feel the better for a meal."

The housekeeper withdrew, furtively wiping her eyes, and the brother and sister, left to themselves, spent the evening in discussing plans and possibilities for the future. It was well for them, perhaps, that their minds should thus be diverted from sad recollections of the past. With the hopefulness of youth they built castles in the air of wealth and independence to be attained by their own exertions, and Randal's last words to his sister that night were—

"Good night, dear; after all Cousin Graves's bark may be worse than his bite, and his offer may be my stepping-stone to fortune."

CHAPTER IV.

BUT these bright visions were dispelled by the cold grey light of the next morning, and of the days which followed it. Neighbours and acquaintances called at the Rectory with kindly expressions of sympathy and offers of temporary assistance, but for a week nothing was heard from Mr. Graves. Randal, however, received another offer of help from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Leyton, the owner of a large paper-mill in the village, his father's churchwarden, and one of their principal parishioners, called one morning, and with some diffidence offered Randal a clerkship in his business, "having heard," as he said, "that the young gentleman was thinking of accepting a similar engagement in a distant county." The offer was in itself an unintentional rebuff to Randal's pride. He and Madeline had always rather looked down upon the Leytons, and had patronised them as worthy people, but as quite inferior to themselves in the social scale. Randal had often laughed at the *gaucherie* of the young Leytons, and secretly prided himself on his superior breeding and manners. The idea now of being indebted to their father for his daily bread was to him unendurable. And yet there was something in the words with which the old man concluded his offer that took away the sting of the proposal from Randal's mind. "And we should like to keep you with us, sir, we should indeed, for we all loved and honoured your poor father."

Many were the discussions held between brother and sister as to which offer Randal should close with; but a letter from Mr. Graves the next morning decided them. He informed them "That although Miss Primwright had no vacancy on her staff of teachers, yet she could offer Miss Wetherby a supernumerary post to assist with the English and elementary French of the junior classes, for which services she was to receive £30 per annum, with permission to join in the midday meal of Miss Primwright's establishment at one o'clock."

"Of course I shall accept that," said Madeline very decidedly, laying down the letter. "Now, dear, we will go to Quillington, and live there together like Darby and Joan. After all, Randal, though it is a dreadful wrench leaving dear Heathercote, yet I believe we shall do better in a fresh place."

"Perhaps so," said the boy, less hopefully than his sister. "Thirty pounds a year isn't much, Madeline."

"Well, dear, as much as I can expect, I dare say, on account of my inexperience. Then there's the midday dinner. Don't forget the dinner, Randal. Mr. Graves will

give you £50, so we shall have £80 a year to live on, and I have often heard dear father say that when he was first a curate he had only £80 a year."

"Yes," objected Randal, "but then he was the only one to live on the income—now there are two of us. Just think. £80 per annum represents scarcely more than 30s. a week. Well, we shall not get rooms under 15s. per week, leaving only 15s. to feed and clothe us and find fires and lights. Madeline, I don't believe it ever can be done. Why, my last year at Rugby I had 10s. a week 'to my own cheek,' as we used to say, and it did not seem much either."

"Your notions are too extravagant, Randal. How is it, if we can't live on 15s. per week, that many a Heathercote labourer has to keep a wife and six or seven children on only 10s. a week? How can they do it?" asked Madeline, triumphantly.

"Do it!" Oh, I don't know," said Randal snappishly. "I couldn't do it. You don't expect me to eat flour dumplings and wear corduroys, do you? Of course, as Mr. Graves's cousin I must keep up a respectable appearance at Quillington."

"Well," persisted his sister, "leaving labourers out of the question, do you remember that book we were reading to dear father last holidays, where a family of twelve children were left orphans, and they all lived on £150 a year? A clergyman's family, too."

"Oh, Lina, you are really too silly," said Randal, laughing. "Why, in books people always do those kinds of impossibilities. And now I come to think of it, that most economical family lived on rice-milk, didn't they? If there is one article of food I detest more than another it is rice-milk. If you mean to condemn me to that I shall back out of Quillington yet. Seriously, though," continued the boy, "I don't know but what I should do better in old Leyton's mill once the first plunge was over. He is a more liberal man than Cousin Graves, and I fancy he had some arrangement in the background to propose if I had seemed inclined to accept his offer."

"Oh, Randal!" said his sister, her face falling. "What shall I do then? I don't like the notion of your being mixed up with those commonplace Leytons. No; let us stick to the Quillington plan. There is something inspiriting in the idea of a new life amidst fresh people."

"Well, Lina," said her brother, anxious to avoid the responsibility of a decision, "I will go over to Pendlebury this afternoon and consult Golightly about it, and we will abide by his opinion."

A few more hours and Randal was in close consultation with the lawyer, who threw the weight of his influence into the Quillington side of the scale.

"Mr. Graves is an eccentric man, no doubt," he said, "but I think he means you well. If you cross him in this matter perhaps he may take offence altogether. Doubtless he will soon increase your salary. Besides, when your poor father's affairs are settled there will be a trifle of interest to be added to your joint annual income, making it, perhaps, a little over £100 a year. Mr. Leyton is a liberal man, and is actuated by the kindest motives, but he would be the first to see that you mustn't fly in the face of a relative like Mr. Graves by refusing his offer of assistance."

Randal returned to Heathercote with the lawyer's opinion, and was met by Madeline in the hall.

"Oh, Randal, what a time you've been. I've had such an infliction! I met Ewald Leyton in the village, and he strongly urges your going to the paper-mill; and Mrs. Leyton has been condoling and advising by the hour together. She spoke as if she took it for granted you were going into the paper-mill, and she said, if I had no better plan for myself, that a friend of hers at Bath, who is blind, requires a musical, well-educated girl as companion, to read and play for her. She offers £40 a year, with board and laundress. Just fancy me at Bath, Randal, dancing attendance on an old maid!"

"Well, it strikes me," said her brother, "that Mrs. Leyton's offer is a much better one than Miss Primwright's."

"What did you say?"

"It would be a comfortable home for you at any rate."

"Home! How can you talk so?" said Madeline, now almost in tears. "It will be long enough before any place seems home after this, but to me it will be home if we are only together. You don't seem to think so."

"Yes, I do. But you see, Madeline, having been at school, I know more of the world than you do, and I have to think what's best for you. It seems to me that you would be really better off living with a lady than knocking about in lodgings with me, and I think Cousin Graves would agree with me if he knew."

"Well, Randal, you may spare yourself the trouble of letting Mr. Graves know, for I assure you that nothing will ever induce me to adopt the Bath scheme. If for no other reason, the very fact that it was suggested by Mrs. Leyton decides me against it."

"Really, Lina, you are unjust," said Randal. "Mrs. Leyton is a superior, cultivated woman, with plenty of common sense—dear father always said so; and it strikes me that the family have come forward in our trouble with far more real help than many of our more intimate acquaintances. But what did you say to Mrs. Leyton, Madeline?"

"I tried to be as dignified as possible, and told her that I believed our arrangements were matured, but that I would let her know for certain when you returned. I thought we might concoct a polite refusal and send it. What does Mr. Golightly advise, Randal?"

"Oh, he is all in favour of our going to Quillington lest Cousin Graves should take offence; and as you seem so set upon it too, I had better write and decline Mr. Leyton's offer, whilst you write and accept Miss Primwright's. That will settle the matter, and we must hope all will turn out for the best." And the letters were sent off that night.

CHAPTER V.



RS. LEYTON was busy knitting stockings in the fast gathering twilight when her husband entered the room with a letter in his hand.

"I've just heard from young Wetherby—he declines my offer."

"Ah! I feared he would," was her reply. "It is no more than I expected after what his sister said to me this afternoon. But what reason does he give?"

"He says Golightly advises him to accept his cousin's offer instead, and thinks he mustn't run counter to the only relation he has in the world. I dare say he's right."

"Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Leyton; "I can quite see why it may be best for Randal Wetherby to go to Quillington and be in his cousin's bank, but it cannot be well for Madeline to accompany him. If they were to live in Mr. Graves's house it would be quite different; but it seems to me such a mad scheme—a boy and girl like that, with no friends and no money, going off to a strange place to set up for themselves, as they think it. It ought to be prevented. What would our dear Rector have said?"

"Well, don't worry about it, my dear," said her husband soothingly; "we can do no more. You must recollect that this Mr. Graves is their guardian after all, and it will not do for us to oppose any of his arrangements on their behalf. If this plan doesn't answer we can then try another."

"Answer!" repeated his wife; "how can it? Why, Madeline Wetherby is a perfect child! Yes, womanly enough in some ways, I know," she added, in answer to a gesture of dissent from her husband, "but her knowledge of the world is entirely derived from the few novels she has read, and those of a carefully selected type. Her existence at Heathercote has been so quiet and unvaried that she delights in the idea of a new life, with its opportunities of self-sacrifice and hard work, and devotion to her brother. She has grand qualities, I know; difficulties that would prove a deterrent to most girls would only act as a stimulus to her. But she little knows what she has undertaken. Here she has always been encompassed with an atmosphere of love and protection, and she does not realise how different her circumstances will be when these are withdrawn."

Mr. Leyton smiled a little at his wife's vehemence. "Leave matters to take their course, Maria, and be satisfied that you've done your best. You were quite unable to persuade her to try the Bath plan, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. There were no attractions for her in the idea of an easy sheltered life with Miss Frisby, I could see. Besides, Madeline was 'upon her high horse' to-day, as the boys say, and quite amused me by her dignified airs. But I have known her from infancy, and I love her for her father's sake."

"Ah, well, let the matter rest now," said Mr. Leyton. "I'm afraid Miss Wetherby has some hard lessons to learn. But she will one day see who are her true friends. Meanwhile, we must never lose sight of them, and, if they need it, I shall always be ready to give them a helping hand."

* * * *

The morning after this conversation Madeline Wetherby, enveloped in a kitchen apron, was mounted on the top of a step-ladder in the study, to select some of her favourite volumes from the top shelves of the book-case preparatory to the sale, when the parlour-maid threw open the door and announced, "Mr. Leyton to see Mr. Randal," and a tall, high-shouldered youth of perhaps two-and-twenty entered the room. He looked confused when he discovered the only occupant of it in such an exalted position, and stammered forth his apologies.

"Miss Wetherby, I'm very sorry. I must apologise for disturbing you, but the servant told me I should find Mr. Randal here."

"Randal has been here, but he went out about an hour ago, Mr. Leyton. He is gone to Pendlebury, I think," said Madeline, stiffly, preparing to descend.

"Can I help you?" asked the young man, "or take any books for you?"

"No, never mind now, thanks; I can manage," and Madeline came quickly down the steps to *terra firma*. "Please excuse my shaking hands, Mr. Leyton, I am so abominably dusty. Did you want to see Randal, or can I give him any message from you?"

"Oh, thank you, Miss Wetherby. I wanted to tell him—but"—hesitating—"if you don't mind, I can tell you just as well, and perhaps you would explain it to him."

"Certainly, I will do my best," said Madeline frigidly, and Ewald Leyton went on—

"Your brother has written to decline my father's offer, I believe—the letter came last night. Well, I know it's no business of mine, but I thought I would just ask him if it is too

late to reconsider his decision. I believe my father would make it worth Mr. Randal's while to accept the post he offers, and now I have learnt to understand the business I could help him in the work."

"Thanks, Mr. Leyton; you are very kind, but I know my brother's mind is made up," said Madeline, with all the dignity she could muster, "and, personally, I don't think he would be at all adapted for such a sphere after the public school education he has received."

"Well, perhaps not, Miss Wetherby. You know him best, but for his sake I wish you could have persuaded him to try. You know he is not the first man who has had to buckle down to an uncongenial task, and yet made a good thing of it after all," said the young man.

"But perhaps you can hardly understand how uncongenial it would be to Randal. Having always been brought up to the business it is different with you," was Madeline's reply.

"And you think that I like the mill—that I am in it from choice and inclination! Oh, Miss Wetherby, you little know," exclaimed the lad warmly. Then, checking himself, he continued, "But I am getting used to it now, though it has been a pill, and I thought I should like to give another fellow a helping hand if I could."

"It is very praiseworthy of you, I'm sure," murmured Madeline, in rather a patronising tone.

"Besides," Ewald went on, "your brother's society would have been a pleasure and an advantage to me, for I thought we might have studied together. I work hard in my leisure hours, and am reading now for my final examination in the University of London, when I hope to take my B.A. degree. Study is much pleasanter when two can work together than when one is grinding on all alone. However, of course if your brother's mind is made up I will not add any more. I know you are busy"—as Madeline glanced towards the book-case. He rose to take leave, then asked shyly, "Then is it true that you are also going with Mr. Randal to Quillington? I hope you will be happy there."

"Oh, I have little doubt of it. Our cousin, Mr. Graves, has made most comfortable arrangements for us there," said Madeline, airily. "Good morning, Mr. Leyton. I will tell Randal about your call. Many thanks for all your trouble."

"Good-bye," said Ewald slowly. "We all wish we could have kept you and Mr. Randal amongst us." He left the room, but returned almost immediately, and added—

"My father doesn't know of my call here this morning, so I would rather it were not mentioned. Of course he does not wish the matter pressed. I came solely on my own responsibility."

"Oh, never fear, Mr. Leyton; nothing shall be said about it," called out Madeline, now half-way up the step-ladder again, and she laughed to herself.

"Poor fellow! What with his good intentions and his nervous way of expressing them he is very boring. But I am sure he means well."

Scarcely had the hall door closed upon the visitor than Randal came in. "Hallo, Lina, what a joke! You closeted with a young Leyton! Which was it? Ewald or Norris? I suppose he wanted me?"

"Why, Randal, you don't mean to say that you were in the house all the time. I thought you were gone to Pendlebury."

"Well, I did start, but it looked so showery that I came back, and opening the hall door saw a blue pilot overcoat hanging up, which I guessed must belong to a Leyton. I took the hint and sped upstairs, and I have been there ever since."

"Randal, it was too bad of you. He came with the kindest intentions, unknown to his people, to try again to persuade you to reconsider his father's offer. He said it would have been a good thing for you, and he could have helped you with the work."

"Very kind of him, I'm sure," was the rejoinder.

"And he added," said Madeline, "that he should derive much advantage from your society."

"I expect he was about right there," murmured Randal complacently, stroking an imaginary moustache. "Still, even for his sake I don't see why I should bury my talents in a paper-mill."

"Well, I was rather surprised in Ewald Leyton, I must say," remarked his sister. "He seemed to have no great love for the mill, and spends all his leisure time in study."

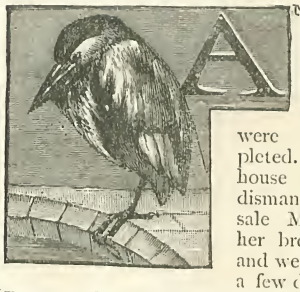
"Yes, I know," returned Randal carelessly. "Miles, Dr. Bunsen's curate, whom I met at a cricket match last summer, told me Ewald Leyton had been reading with him for the London University Examinations for a couple of years. Miles seemed rather 'nuts' on him, I thought, as being rather a superior specimen of the *genus homo;* but I don't think he'd be in my line at all. But I hope, Madeline, you made it perfectly clear to him that I am now pledged to Mr. Graves, and could not accept his father's offer if I would."

"Yes, I think perfectly so," replied Madeline. "I told him that Cousin Graves had made all arrangements; but of course I promised to tell you what he had called on you for."

"Ah, well, poor fellow, he means kindly. I must call and thank him before we leave. The family must have had a great respect for our dear father, for I don't think either you or I have deserved that they should interest themselves so much on our behalf, eh, Madeline?"

"Perhaps not," returned his sister thoughtfully. "But now you are here, Randal, do help me with these books. I have had so many interruptions this morning, and there are only ten days left before the sale."

CHAPTER VI.



AND so the melancholy preparations for leaving the old home went on, and were finally completed. After the house was entirely dismantled for the sale Madeline and her brother left it, and went to stay for a few days with Dr. Bunsen, the Vicar of Pendlebury, who had been a friend of their father's. From thence they were to proceed direct to Quillington. Their last fortnight at Heathercote had been a trying time to them both. The farewells to the villagers and servants were a constant strain upon their fortitude: as Randal remarked, "it seemed like perpetually rubbing a sore place." Worst of all was the parting from the faithful Crosbie, who grieved deeply at their going so far away, and maintained on every occasion her opinion that "they should have stayed where they was known and beloved." She herself was to remain at the Rectory until the sale was over. A good situation had been obtained for her, but she dreaded the change, and felt keenly the loss of her happy home at Heathercote.

It so happened that when the young Wetherbys paid their farewell visit at the Mill House neither Mr. nor Mrs. Leyton were at home, but on the last evening before the departure for Quillington a ring was heard at Dr. Bunsen's door-bell, and the servant announced "that a young gentleman wished to speak to Mr. Wetherby for a moment." Randal went out, and returned after a few minutes' absence, saying, "It was Ewald Leyton, with a note from his father. He asked me to say good-bye to you for him. He begged me to look on him as a friend if ever I should need one. Poor fellow! He really seemed quite 'down in the mouth' about our leaving Heathercote. *I'd no idea* he had so much feeling."

"What is in the letter?" asked Madeline; "just to say good-bye, I suppose."

Randal opened the envelope and read a few kind words expressive of regret for their departure, and hope that they might be happy in their new life. The writer added, "that he ventured to enclose a cheque for £20 as a little nest-egg, as he knew that setting up house was an expensive business."

"How really generous! How truly kind!" said Randal. "It will be a help indeed, Madeline. I was wondering how we were to meet expenses until our quarterly payments come. I must thank Mr. Leyton by to-night's post. He has been a friend indeed!"

Madeline assented, but she was far from comfortable. She felt as if coals of fire were being heaped on her head by this family, whom she had slighted and despised. In her inmost heart she was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself—an unusual feeling with Miss Madeline Wetherby, and one which much disturbed her peace of mind. She looked at her brother. He had thrown Mr. Leyton's note upon the table for her to read, and was looking moodily out of the window, a cloud upon his brow.

"Cheer up, Randal, "she said. "I think Ewald Leyton has infected you with his depression of spirits."

"Well, it is depressing work, and no mistake, leaving all one's friends behind one," said the boy.

"Oh, we shall find plenty more where we are going, never fear!" said Madeline, more cheerfully.

Though her words were brave her heart often sank within her, and yet it is doubtful if she at all realised the new and untried future which lay before her. She often told herself that it could never be as full of love and tenderness and peaceful happiness as the past; yet (as Mrs. Leyton had said), there was to her something inspiriting in the idea of the possibilities of the new life. She was young, and in youth novelty itself is a charm.

With Randal it was rather different. Though a year or so younger than his sister, he knew more of the world through the medium of a large public school; and his hopes for the future were less sanguine than hers. The idea of his new work was distasteful to him; and he shrank from the responsibility of keeping house with his sister on very narrow means. Dearly as he loved her he realised that he was too young and inexperienced to act as her protector. Had he been alone he would have faced the future more hopefully; but with his sister in charge he shrank at the last from leaving the old home surroundings, and their childhood's friends. Boy-like he would have been ashamed to own his fears and scruples, but they weighed on his spirits, and made him fretful and distrait, a phase of character so unusual with him that it aroused Madeline's wonder and surprise.

Poor things! They were like two children putting out to sea in a frail bark over a wide unfathomable ocean, little knowing whither to direct their course. It had been a consolation to them to feel that all their farewells were over; but when, on the morning of their departure, they had parted with kind Dr. and

Mrs. Bunsen, and were driven to Pendlebury Station, *en route* for their new home, they were not a little dismayed to find several of their old parishioners awaiting their arrival on the platform.

"We felt as how we must come," they said, "to wish you good-bye, and see the very last of you and Mr. Randal."

Our travellers tried to show their appreciation of the kind feeling, but it was a great effort. Randal bit his lip with suppressed irritation as the dreary monotone of "last words" had to be gone through over again. And when at last the train steamed out of the station he threw himself back in the carriage, and said, with an air of relief—

"We have done with good-byes now I hope for a long time. I am tired of the very word."

It was a lovely morning early in May. Our travellers took the cross-country route to Quillington, which necessitated several changes; but this, to them, was an advantage, especially as it gave them the opportunity of inspecting two Cathedrals which they had often wished to see. All was new and delightful in their inexperienced eyes. They found inexhaustible interest in the country they passed through, the stations they stopped at, the passengers they travelled with. Their depression of the morning had disappeared, and their spirits rose with every mile of their journey, until they felt prepared to face all drawbacks and difficulties with a light heart.

CHAPTER VII.

RANDAL and Madeline Wetherby reached Quillington Junction soon after four o'clock. Here no warm welcome awaited them, for there was no one to meet them at the station. A small one-horse 'bus from the Rose and Crown was in waiting outside the station, and our travellers rode up in it to their lodgings in Eyre Street.

Quillington was an old-fashioned market-town of seven or eight thousand people. It possessed the usual features of such towns—a Market Place, a Town Hall, a High Street, a Parish Church, and so on, but had no characteristics of any special interest. On market days, when the people from the surrounding neighbourhood flocked in, its aspect was a little enlivened; at other times dulness reigned supreme. The country round was flat and uninteresting, and very different from the wooded beauty of Heathercote.

"What a shabby-looking little place!" said Randal, gazing out of the window as they were jolted over the uneven stones. "I was prepared for something on a larger scale, I must say."

"Ah, well," replied Madeline, "it is all strange now! We shall soon learn to know and love it, I hope."

Their lodgings were in a side street, clean and respectable, but very dull, overlooking the blank wall of a brewery. There was something, too, very unhomelike in the hard horse-hair chairs and sofa of their sitting-room, all adorned with spotless antimacassars, in the prim little grate, and the mantelpiece with its row of china ornaments, after the comfortable appointments of Heathercote Rectory; but, as Madeline said, "one must try to forget such trifles."

Mrs. Cornwallis, their landlady, seemed pleasant and obliging, and Madeline was relieved to learn from her that Mr. Graves had taken the rooms for them, and had paid the first six months in advance. He had left a note with her to say that he should expect Randal to begin work the next morning, but that Madeline's duties at Miss Primwright's would not commence until the following Monday at nine o'clock. And so the brother and sister began their new life with brave and hopeful hearts, and found the regular occupation a great help to them. Randal liked his work better than he had anticipated, and Mr. Graves (never the most gracious of employers) expressed himself as quite satisfied with him.

Miss Primwright was, as Madeline said, worthy of her name—prim, stiff, and unapproachable; but the girl soon became interested in her little pupils, and threw all her natural energy into her work of teaching. For a time all went well, and she and Randal enjoyed the long summer evenings together, taking long rambles into the country, and finding out lanes and leafy nooks that reminded them of Heathercote. They did not see very much of Mr. Graves. He invited them to tea on the first Sunday in every month; but he seemed uncomfortable in their society, and after some spasmodic attempts to talk to them he generally left them to be entertained by his housekeeper, Mrs. Grimbald. This periodical festivity was regarded as a great infliction by both the young people, more especially, perhaps, by Madeline; for Mr. Bedford, the bank-manager, was a frequent guest on such occasions, and for him she had conceived a great aversion. This feeling was apparently not reciprocated, for the manager was always markedly polite, and Randal could not understand his sister's dislike. "Bedford isn't handsome, certainly," he would say; "but you're too hard on him. He's really a very good sort of fellow." But Mr. Graves, who never went into society, had given them no introductions to anyone in the town, and the brother and sister were thus thrown entirely on each other for company. Madeline began at last to realise that this state of things was not quite satisfactory. For herself she did not mind—she was naturally reserved, and did not easily make friends; but she could not help seeing that Randal craved for the society of his own age and sex, and she felt almost relieved when Mr. Bedford introduced him to one or two young men in the town, who, he said, would prove pleasant companions for him. At first Madeline was glad to have more time to herself of an evening, for work, reading, and the preparation for her lessons; but as time went on she was left almost too much alone. When the summer had waned, and the lengthening evenings of autumn had set in, she became conscious of a change that was creeping over Randal, and which gave her cause for anxiety. When with her he would seem bright and affectionate as ever, but he never cared now to remain long in her society, and as the winter nights drew on he was less and less at home. He would go out soon after tea and not return until quite late, and he always resented Madeline's questions as to his whereabouts.

"I've only been with some other fellows," he would say; or, "There's been extra work on at the bank this evening."

Madeline tried to feel satisfied with these explanations, but in vain; and there was another indication that Randal was getting into undesirable company which distressed her much. It had been arranged between them that she should hold the purse-strings and manage the expenditure, and up to this time they had got on very well; but now Randal kept constantly coming to her for small sums, so that there seemed a danger of her little savings melting away just when an extra expenditure was necessary for winter clothing. At last she ventured to remonstrate. "Randal, dear, you really mustn't ask me for any more till Christmas, or we shall never hold on. Miss Primwright will pay me before Christmas for this term!"

"Yes, a paltry £10 note!" exclaimed the boy bitterly. "Does it never strike you, Madeline, how hard it is that we should have to slave so for a bare pittance, when fortunes, and large ones, too may be made by a single stroke of luck."

Madeline was surprised at his tone. "I think, dear Randal," she said quietly, "if you stayed at home more in the evening, instead of going out, you wouldn't be led into so much expense."

"Oh, hang it, Madeline!" was his reply, "you mustn't draw the bow too tightly! You can't expect a fellow to be tied to his sister's apron-strings all the evening, and shut up in a hole like this when he's been working hard all day!"

Madeline was silent. Both tone and words were so unlike Randal; but they wounded her far more deeply than he had intended, and she never ventured to remonstrate with him again. Nevertheless, her anxiety about him increased, and she began to look pale and haggard under the constant strain. Christmas drew on, and with it came Madeline's vacation, and the prospect of a holiday for Randal. They had planned to spend Boxing Day in an excursion to ——cester, to hear a beautiful concert which was to take place there. Christmas Eve was cold, foggy, and cheerless, with a grey sky which threatened snow. In the evening Madeline Wetherby sat alone in her lodgings, waiting for Randal to come in. He had gone out as usual after tea, but had returned for a moment to say cheerily, "I shall be sure to be in to supper to-night, Lina, as it's Christmas Eve."

So she had arranged an extra nicety for supper—one of his favourite dishes—and she had prepared a Christmas present for him—a pair of slippers which she had worked herself, and which she now placed before the fire to be ready when he came in. The little sitting-room was made neat and the hearth swept and the table laid. A bright fire burned in the tiny grate, and sprays of berried holly, in honour of the season, were stuck over the tawdry pictures that disfigured the walls. But poor Madeline's heart was very sore. As she sat there alone listening to the sweet, sad sound of the Christmas bells, her thoughts went back to the happy Christmas days at Heathercote, which seemed now so long, long ago. What cherished duties the season had always brought with it for her—the church decorating, the training of the choir for their carol-singing, the Christmas village festivities. How warmly she had entered into them all. Then came the thought of her father's tenderness, of the Christmas gifts he never failed to prepare for them, of their happy meetings when Randal came home bright and merry from school. She realised now how they had both been loved and shielded in that happy Christian home, and contrasted it with their present lonely, friendless position. It would have been easy to bear even this had Randal been like himself; but to Madeline the change in him became more apparent every day: yet she felt powerless to stem or control the evil, because he had ceased to confide in her. He was very reticent as to his associates, and of late had been evasive about the letters he had received; but his work in the bank continued satisfactory, and Mr. Graves appeared pleased with him. Madeline now began to doubt whether she had been wise to insist on their settling at Quillington; regrets for the past and fears for the future swept across her mind like a torrent; her brave spirit gave way, and burying her face in her hands she shed bitter tears of sorrow and remorse. Suddenly there was a ring at the door-bell—not Randal surely, he never rang. Madeline raised her head, and tried to obliterate the traces of her tears. The landlady's step came to the door, ushering in a visitor. "A gentleman for Mr. Randal, but he would like to see Miss Wetherby."

Madeline was surprised at the entrance of Mr. Bedford, the bank manager.

"Excuse my intrusion, Miss Wetherby," he



THE LAST PASSENGER TRAIN.

began, "but may I beg the favour of a few words with you. I called to see your brother, but as usual he is not at home. I fear you do not know where he is, though you must have observed that he spends his evenings away from you."

"It has been so lately," assented Madeline, in a low tone.

"Yes," continued the manager, "and he is too often to be found playing billiards at the Rose and Crown. I have reason to know that he plays cards also with a fast set. There are plenty of such even in a town like this, and your brother has been unfortunate in his choice of associates."

"Randal told me that you yourself had introduced him to the young men whom he knows here," replied Madeline. But the manager ignored her remark, and went on—

"I thought it better to inform you of this, Miss Wetherby, much as I regret to be the means of distressing you; but should your brother's present conduct continue, he is not likely to be retained in his position at the bank. Mr. Graves would have already dismissed him, but he knows nothing of all this. I have kept silence about it, Miss Wetherby, and for your sake."

"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr. Bedford," said Madeline haughtily, and colouring with vexation; "but it would not be my wish that Randal should continue in any position where he has proved himself unworthy of confidence, so do not consider my feelings in the matter. But something must be done. Randal must be spoken to. Will you do so, Mr. Bedford? A remonstrance from you would have the weight of authority."

"True; but may I suggest that you try your powers of persuasion first, Miss Wetherby. If a sister's influence fails—and such a sister—what can be hoped for from my poor words?"

Madeline shrank more than ever from this man, yet, for Randal's sake, she dare not exasperate him. "You will excuse me if I say good-night now, Mr. Bedford; I am so much engaged this evening. I will speak to my brother as you suggest, and if my words prove ineffectual we must then apply to my cousin, Mr. Graves."

"And why to Mr. Graves?" asked the manager. "Rely on me, whatever happens. Good-night, Miss Wetherby"—and he added, in a lower tone—"the time may be not far off when you will be glad to have a 'friend at court.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was long past ten o'clock on that Christmas Eve when Randal Wetherby came home, and then he seemed strangely nervous and excited. His sister's loving attentions were unnoticed, his favourite dish was left untasted, and poor Madeline pushed the new slippers quietly out of sight. She saw that this was no time to offer them, nor to speak to him on the subject of Mr. Bedford's visit.

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," she thought; "we shall be quiet and alone—then I shall have a better opportunity. To-night my great desire is to get him safely off to bed."

"No bank to-morrow nor the day after," said the boy, as they parted for the night. "On Boxing Day we'll go to ——cester and hear the concert, and have a regular outing, just like old times. Good-night, Lina," and he kissed her in his old affectionate way; "you are the best and dearest sister a good-for-nothing fellow was ever blessed with." When half-way up the stairs he came back to say, "Look here, I feel tired out, and

I believe I could sleep all day to-morrow. I suppose you're going out to the early service? Well, if I don't turn up at breakfast just let me alone to have my nap out. I hate being badgered with tea and toast in bed. I'll get up by midday in time to go to afternoon church with you."

Early next morning Madeline stole out in the frosty air and joined the little congregation of worshippers in the parish church. Here indeed could she find rest and refreshment for her weary, heavy-laden heart, and she returned home cheered and comforted, for in spite of all anxiety and trouble the true Christmas peace had entered into her soul. All was quiet in Randal's room as she sat down to her solitary breakfast. Some Christmas remembrances arrived from Heathercote to show her that she was not forgotten there. Amongst them was a little water-colour sketch of the dear old Rectory—with the initials "E. L." in one corner—which pleased her especially, though it brought the tears into her eyes. At eleven o'clock she went out to the morning service, and as Randal appeared to be still sleeping, she warned Mrs. Cornwallis not to disturb him until her return. When she came back from church about midday she was surprised not to find her brother in their sitting-room, and going up stairs she knocked at his door. There being no answer, she repeated the knock twice, then, thoroughly frightened, she opened the door and went in. Randal was not there, but the bed had evidently been slept in and the room occupied as usual. His clothes were scattered about in an untidy fashion, but of Randal himself there was no sign. Madeline, however, soon recovered from her first feeling of alarm, and laughed at her own fears.

"My brother must have dressed and gone out for a walk whilst I was at church," she said to the landlady.

"Well, miss, I never heard no one moving about," was the rejoinder. "It do seem strange, too, that he shouldn't have asked me for some breakfast. But there, young gentlemen they've no thought. He'll be in presently, no doubt."

Madeline tried to think so too, as she sat down with a sinking heart to another solitary meal. This was a strange Christmas Day indeed. Afternoon came and went. The church bells chimed for the three o'clock service, then the sky darkened over, great white clouds gathered in the north, and flakes of snow slowly floated down. Still Randal did not return. At six o'clock Mrs. Cornwallis brought in the roast chicken and plum pudding intended as an unusually festive meal in honour of the day. But poor Madeline could not eat. She pushed aside the untasted food, and her hot tears fell upon the empty plate.

"Don't fret, miss," said the landlady, all her kindlier feelings aroused. "You'll be ill if you don't eat something. The young gentleman is only gone out with some of his friends. He'll be home before bed-time, I'll be bound."

But the words gave Madeline little comfort. "If things were all right," she said to herself, "Randal would never have left me alone on Christmas Day of all days in the year."

The long evening drew to an end at last, but still no Randal. Madeline was at last persuaded to go to bed, and, worn out with anxiety, she forgot her sorrow for a few hours in sleep. The next morning she arose to see a wintry world, snow everywhere – not the pure white covering of the landscape she had been accustomed to at Heathercote, but masses of whitey-brown stuff, a compound of snow and mud, swept into great heaps here and there off the dirty slippery pavement. The town was unusually quiet, for, being Boxing Day, no business was going on, and the Quillington folk for the most part took their holiday elsewhere. Madeline felt that some inquiry ought to be made for Randal—but how, and by whom? She would have gone to see Mr. Graves herself but she knew that he was gone out for the Christmas—it had been his excuse for not inviting them to eat their Christmas dinner with him—and above all things she dreaded a possible collision with the obnoxious manager. So on reflection she thought it safer to remain quiet.

"Mr. Randal's safe to be at home to-night, because the bank opens again to-morrow morning," said the landlady. "It's my belief he's gone to see your old home, miss, just as a little surprise to you."

Madeline was consoled by this suggestion.

"Possibly," she thought. "Randal feels he is not doing well here, and he has gone to see if the post at Heathercote Mill is still open to him."

As this second weary day drew towards its close, Madeline, exhausted with the constant strain of watching, lay down on the horse-hair sofa and fell into a doze. In her dreams, as it seemed, she heard a ring at the bell, and was aroused by Mrs. Cornwallis's voice repeating the well-known formula—

"A gentleman, miss, to see Mr. Randal. I said he wasn't at home, and he wishes to know if he could speak to you."

"Oh, I cannot see him!" exclaimed Madeline, her mind full of Mr. Bedford. "Please tell him I cannot see anyone to-night, Mrs. Cornwallis."

"Well, miss," said the woman, returning, "the gentleman seems much disappointed. He's come a very long way, he says—from Heathercote, I think."

"Oh, ask him up then," said Madeline, much relieved.

A clumsy tread ascended the stairs, and by the dusky firelight she recognised the high shoulders and frank honest face of Ewald Leyton. A breath of the old Heathercote air seemed to enter the stuffy little apartment with him—a sense of friendliness and protection.

"It is too bad to rush in upon you so suddenly without any notice, Miss Wetherby," he said rather nervously; "but this is my holiday, and my father wished to know how you and Mr. Randal were getting on here, so he sent me to see. I've only just come in by the train. I left my traps at the hotel and walked up here. I'm sorry to find your brother out, but I shall see him before I go, I've no doubt."

Madeline shook his hand warmly.

"It was good of you to come, Mr. Leyton; I am so glad to see you," she said; then there came a choking in her throat, and for a moment or two she could add no more.

The familiar face, the friendly tone, after these weeks of anxiety, added to the strain of the last two days, was too much for her self-command. The young man, who knew nothing of all this, was surprised at her emotion.

"You are ill?" he inquired anxiously. "I see you are much changed. Why were we not told?"

"No, no, it is not that, indeed," said Madeline; "but I am in trouble about Randal. Let me tell you all about it, and you will know how to advise me to act."

And sitting there in the fire-light, with the snow-flakes drifting down upon the darkening window-pane, she told Ewald all the history of poor Randal's deterioration, and of his mysterious disappearance. She did not attempt to extenuate her brother's failings, but confessed that she feared the worst.

When the recital was over Madeline felt a strange sense of relief—she was no longer alone. As for Ewald, he had no word of blame for poor Randal, but was full of pity and sympathy, neither could he bring himself to believe that things were so dark as Madeline feared.

"You are depressed," he said, "from physical causes, and so you take a needlessly gloomy view of the subject. I daresay you have eaten little or nothing to-day. Will you not give me some tea now? I shall be glad of it after my long cold journey. I daresay Randal will come in before we have finished, and then we can have a long evening together, and talk over old times."

Madeline was cheered by the proposal, and they sat over tea for nearly two hours. Ewald, whose shyness seemed to have vanished, had so much to say about Heathercote and its affairs that Madeline's thoughts were diverted for the time from her pressing anxiety. But Randal did not come, and Ewald felt that he had no excuse for remaining there any longer.

"I must go now," he said, rising, "and I will try and see if I can hear anything of Randal privately in the town. I don't see any use in making a public fuss about it when your brother will probably return to-night, and be found in his place at the bank to-morrow morning. If he does not turn up then it will be time to institute inquiries. Good night, Miss Wetherby; try to think it will all come right, and remember that I shall be here to-morrow to carry out your wishes in every respect."

And Ewald Leyton went downstairs, where he held a conference with Mrs. Cornwallis in her private sanctum, the result of which was, that he walked direct to the post office and telegraphed to his mother at Heathercote—"Come here to-morrow for a day or two, if possible." Then he went to the station, and waited until the last passenger train had come in, but there was no sign of Randal Wetherby.

CHAPTER IX.



EWALD rose at an unusually late hour the next morning, and he was just sallying forth into the town after his breakfast when the waiter, who came forward to help him on with his overcoat, said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but there's quite a stir here this morning. A robbery at Graves's Bank, so I hear. Fifty pounds gone, and one of the clerks absconded. The bank's been shut up two days, you know, but one of the clerks was in there with the manager doing work overtime on Christmas Eve, and he's the very one who is missing. So it looks more than suspicious, as you may say, sir."

"What's his name?" asked Ewald briefly.

"Wetherby, sir," replied the man. "Not a native of these parts. A young man who came here in the spring—some relation of Mr. Graves, I believe. His sister is a teacher in Miss Primwright's school."

"Humph," said Ewald, as he went out of the hotel door, "it sounds a bad business, especially as I expect the man has got clean away by this time. And I heartily hope he has, for Madeline's sake," he added to himself in an undertone.

His inquiries proved that the waiter's story was true. Fifty pounds had been abstracted from the bank since closing time on the Christmas Eve, and Randal Wetherby had been missing for two days. The facts spoke for themselves. And another complication had arisen. Mr. Graves, upon being informed of the loss, had been seized with a kind of fit,

and had not spoken since. The doctor seemed to think it was a stroke of paralysis; but all were agreed that no steps must be taken to recover the money until the old man's wishes could be known.

Now Ewald Leyton had heard Madeline say that she intended to consult Mr. Graves about Randal the first thing in the morning. At all hazards this step must be prevented. As he went along the street he pondered how best to break the evil tidings to her, for he felt that when once in her presence it would be impossible for him to conceal them. But when he reached Eyre Street he found that he had been forestalled. Mrs. Cornwallis, delighted (like most of her class) to be the bearer of ill tidings, had told Madeline all. "And she do seem that upset, she quite frightens me," said the woman.

Ewald felt very perplexed. Here was this poor girl, alone and friendless, utterly dependent upon him for the time being, and he—well, he was young, and his heart was very much in this matter. He must try to take her brother's place as well as he could.

"Look here, Mrs. Cornwallis," he said, "I was a friend of this young lady's brother, so I want to do the best I can for her. But it's rather awkward for me being here alone. I've telegraphed for my mother, and if she comes I'll bring her here this afternoon; but until then you must help me. Now I want you to persuade Miss Wetherby to go to bed. She needs rest and quiet after the shock. But not only this, there will be people backwards and forwards here wanting to see her, and to make inquiries of her about her brother and his movements. For every reason it will be best for her to be out of the way. Try and manage this for me."

The piece of gold which glittered in Ewald's hand had a persuasive power over the landlady, and she promised to fulfil his commission.

"But, please sir, do you have a word with her first—she seems so dazed-like, it quite upsets me."

Ewald found Madeline sitting, white and tearless, gazing vacantly into the fire. There were dark shadows under her eyes as if she had not slept, and he would hardly have recognised her as the bright imperious girl who had looked down upon him from the step-ladder in the study at Heathercote Rectory only a few months ago.

"You have heard all, Mr. Leyton," she said, scarcely looking up. "It is worse even than I feared. Oh, my poor Randal!"

The young man sat down beside her, and tried to give her what cheer and comfort he could. Not much, it is true, but he saw that the fact of his sympathy helped her, and that, in spite of herself, she leaned upon his advice.

"I must go at once to Cousin Graves," she exclaimed, and was only deterred by Ewald's account of the banker's sudden seizure.

"Now please take my advice, Miss Wetherby," he continued; "keep perfectly quiet, and see no one. If I hear anything definite about Randal or Mr. Graves I will let you know at once. You are ill and shaken, and ought to have a lady with you. I have telegraphed for my mother, and I hope to bring her here this afternoon. She will manage things ever so much better than I could. In the meantime you must promise to do whatever Mrs. Cornwallis advises. I shall send her to you now."

"Must you go?" asked Madeline wearily. "Thank you so much for all your trouble. You have been very kind, Ewald."

The name slipped out unconsciously, for Madeline's thoughts were far away; but it thrilled through the young man's pulses with a strange pleasure, and made him blush like a girl. He ran downstairs and, finding Mrs. Cornwallis in the passage, sent her up to Madeline.

It was not difficult to persuade the poor child to retire to her room, for her head ached, and she was shivering with the chilly feeling which often accompanies the reaction after a great mental strain. It all seemed to her a dreary maze of misery and bewilderment, with these unanswerable questions ever arising in her mind—"Where was Randal? Why had he taken the money? Would he ever return?" Then she tormented herself with vain self-accusations. "How could she have been so blind, so stupid? Why had she not inquired more closely as to her brother's amusements and associates?" Her common sense told her that of late, at least, any such inquiry or interference would have been worse than useless.

But Madeline had a deeper and truer cause of self-reproach, which arose clearly before her mind as she lay, silent and alone, watching the white snow-flakes drift down from the leaden sky. Alas! why had she so obstinately urged Randal's removal from his early home even against the boy's own judgment? At Heathercote he would have been under Mr. Leyton's close supervision, and, as a member of his own family circle, would have been shielded from temptation. And it was her pride and wilfulness which had brought them to Quillington, and led to this disgrace and bitter sorrow.

To-day poor Madeline could not bear to face the future; but her thoughts strayed back sadly into the past. They recalled Randal and his last happy Christmas at home, only twelve short months ago, when he came back bright and fresh from his football triumphs at Rugby. She remembered how tender her father had been with his boy, how carefully any little cold had been nursed, because Randal had been considered delicate in childhood. And she thought of him now, homeless, shelterless, exposed to the wintry weather, and her tears fell fast. They were the first she had been able to shed, and they were tears of love and penitence. She saw her faults now, the pride and self-sufficiency which had marred her brave efforts, and led her to slight her best friends. How haughty and ungracious she had been to Mrs. Leyton only the last time she had seen her! The very remembrance made Madeline hide her face beneath the coverlet with shame and mortification. How could she face Mrs. Leyton again?

As the day went on another incident occurred which did not tend to tranquilise her mind. About noon she heard a man's voice in the hall, and soon afterwards Mrs. Cornwallis came up with a note. "Mr. Bedford's been to see you, Miss. He seemed quite 'put about' to hear you were upstairs, and he asked me to give you this letter."

Madeline opened it with trembling fingers, and read:—

"DEAR MISS WETHERBY,—I fear you will be distressed at this unfortunate business, though perhaps not surprised, after what I so recently told you about your misguided brother. You may, however, rely upon my assistance in the matter. For your sake I will use my influence with Mr. Graves in his favour.

"Ever, dear Miss Wetherby,

"Yours most truly,

"THOS. BEDFORD."

For a moment Madeline's mind was turned from anxiety about Randal to annoyance on her own account. This odious man! Did he really intend to intrude himself on her trouble, and found some claim on her gratitude? and she now so helpless, and without an adviser in the world; for on this subject her lips must be sealed to Ewald Leyton. What should she do?

The short winter day waned, and darkness had settled down again upon the snowy world when poor, weary, heart-sick Madeline forgot for a short time her sorrow in sleep.

She was aroused from a dream of Heathercote by what sounded like a well-known Heathercote voice just outside her door, asking, "Is this the room—to the left?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mind the step," was the reply, in Mrs. Cornwallis's loudest whisper.

Madeline had been anticipating the meeting with Mrs. Leyton with dread, but no time was allowed her to realise her fears. Scarcely was she fully awake than she found herself clasped by kind motherly arms, and a kiss was imprinted on her forehead.

"My poor child, I am so sorry for you. Ewald has told me all," was Mrs. Leyton's greeting.

The kind words and the familiar voice, full of all the old home associations, broke down the last barriers of Madeline's pride and reserve, and she found relief in tears as she had not been able to do through all these days of miserable suspense. "How good it is of you to come to me," she exclaimed, when her sobs had somewhat subsided. "But are you sure that you can stay? This is holiday time, and I know how busy you always are then."

"Well, just now, fortunately, I am better able to be away than usual, for Mr. Leyton's sister is spending Christmas with us, and she will look after the household whilst I am away. How fortunate it is that Ewald happened to come here for his Christmas outing."

"Fortunate for me, indeed," said Madeline; "he has been very kind and thoughtful."

"He is much distressed about you," continued Mrs. Leyton. "He thought this morning you were ill, and wished me to call in a doctor; but I hope that will not be necessary. I am sure you need food and sleep more than anything. Have you had a proper meal to-day?"

Madeline shook her head.

"Nor yesterday either, perhaps?"

"No, I could not eat."

"Well, now I am going to take you in hand, and I shall try my powers before a doctor is called in. You must have some tea now. I want it too after my journey, and we will have it together. I think you might get up now. This room is so cold and comfortless"—looking round at the one guttering candle and the fireless grate—"and we will have a cosy tea in the sitting-room. I have brought a hamper with me containing a few little comforts, amongst them some of the Heathercote eggs. You'll be able to eat an egg laid by one of the old Rectory hens, Madeline—one of your pet Houdans, which Ewald bought at the sale."

Madeline willingly entered into the suggestion, for she was tired of her lonely room, and before long she was seated comfortably at tea downstairs with Mrs. Leyton, listening with interest to all the tidings of Heathercote and its people notwithstanding her troubled heart. Gradually, too, she was led on to speak of her own experience, of their life at Quillington, and of poor Randal's gradual deterioration.

"He must have got into debt at cards or billiards, I'm afraid, and then, perhaps, some unprincipled person suggested to him the idea of appropriating money from the bank; though I scarcely see how the opportunity was found. Of course his flight proves his guilt unless he returns and accounts for his absence, which seems scarcely likely now," said Mrs. Leyton. "But do not look so hopeless, Madeline. A lad like Randal may have yielded to a sudden temptation, but I do not think he will go irrevocably wrong."

"Oh, Mrs. Leyton, I feel now that it has been all my fault!" said the girl. "I see that I should have gone to Miss Frisby, at Bath, as you suggested, and Randal should have stayed, under Mr. Leyton's supervision, at Heathercote. But I fancied myself so indispensable to him! I thought I had more influence for

good with him than any one," said Madeline; "and see how it has ended?"

"And so you have," replied her friend. "You must not underrate your power over Randal. But young men need different kinds of influence, you know, and a sister cannot take the place of a father or male guardian to them. You would have been safer, too, doubtless, with Joanna Frisby; but do not fret over it, Madeline. Remember that it is through our mistakes we may learn, not only worldly experience, but the best and highest wisdom. But see, here comes Ewald, with tidings for us, I hope."

The young man, however, had little to relate. No trace of Randal's movements had been discovered, and as yet it had been impossible to consult Mr. Graves, as the doctors dreaded any excitement for him.

The old man had recovered consciousness, and his faculties appeared unimpared, but his left side was completely paralysed, and his speech affected. He had asked, however, for Mr. Bedford, and the latter had been with him for some time that evening.

This was the sum total of the intelligence Ewald had been able to glean, but he sat long chatting with his mother and Madeline, and tried his utmost to put a cheerful aspect upon the state of affairs.

At last he rose to return to his hotel for the night.

"Must not you go too with him," asked the girl wistfully of Mrs. Leyton.

"No, certainly not," was her decided reply. "I shall stay with you here for a day or two, and keep Randal's room aired until he comes back."

And Madeline felt that she was no longer alone.

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning at eleven o'clock Mr. Graves, propped up by pillows in an arm-chair in his bedroom, held a consultation with the bank manager.

The old man was shaken and altered by his stroke, and his speech was so much affected that the principal part in the conversation was sustained by Mr. Bedford.

"Have you been thinking over the suggestions I made last night, sir," asked the latter, "and what have you decided."

Mr. Graves replied by another question. "Nothing been heard of the lad, eh?"

The manager shook his head.

"Well, let him go! Make no inquiries. Only let him keep away. That's settled," were the banker's directions, delivered in a feeble tone, and in short, jerky sentences.

"And how about the young lady? Have you thought over my proposal? She cannot remain where she is, alone," said Mr. Bedford."

"Well, let it be as you said. Send the girl to live here. She can help Grimbald," for so Mr. Graves curtly designated the housekeeper who had presided over his establishment for the last twenty years. "You go and settle it all," he jerked out at the conclusion of the matter, and Mr. Bedford, thus invested with supreme power, left the room to carry out his orders.

On his way out he knocked at the dining-room door, anxious by a little diplomacy to prevent possible opposition from that quarter.

Mrs. Grimbald was comfortably installed in Mr. Graves's favourite arm-chair, which she had drawn close to the fire, and, spectacles on nose, and knitting on her lap, was scanning through the morning's edition of *The Daily News*.

She was the widow of a farmer, a client of Mr. Graves, who had died insolvent, since which time she had found a home as superintendent of domestic matters in the Bank House.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bedford," she said, looking up, "and how do you find the master?"

"Better than last night, but very feeble, and his speech is a good deal affected. You'll have a heavy handful with him, ma'am, before you've done, I can see," said the manager.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder; leastways, if he keeps helpless, I never can stand the stairs up and down. He'll have to get a regular nurse, Mr. Bedford."

"No, no, Mrs. Grimbald; as long as you're here, and old Ann Foster in the kitchen, you'd never persuade him to have a nurse. I know him better than that."

"Well, Mr. Bedford," said the housekeeper, bridling, "I'm not tied to him, like a wife, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, so I can go, thank goodness, when I like."



"MADELINE FELT THAT SHE WAS NO LONGER ALONE."

The manager could scarcely suppress a smile. He knew how long the widow had entertained vain hopes of becoming a second Mrs. Graves. "And yet," he added, "it would be a pity, would it not, to leave so comfortable a situation as this? If you have some one to help you, some young person, who could run up and down the stairs for you?"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Grimbald, vigorously poking the fire, "I can't bear those young servants. More trouble than they're worth."

"Ah, but I didn't mean a servant, exactly," was the reply. "What if I tell you, Mrs. Grimbald, that Mr. Graves, in his thoughtfulness, has already suggested some one to help you. He wishes his niece, Miss Madeline Wetherby, to come and live here, in order to assist you."

"I don't like her," retorted Mrs. Grimbald. "I call her a stuck-up piece of goods. She's been in here to tea with her brother sometimes, and I could see that she's been bowed down to and worshipped in her father's little parish until she fancies herself a queen. There's not much work to be got out of her, I'm sure, and when one of the pair has turned out so badly I can't understand Mr. Graves wanting to saddle himself with the other."

"Well, well, Mrs. Grimbald, we mustn't brand Miss Wetherby for her brother's fault; and for the rest, she, like many other young ladies, will know how to adapt herself to circumstances. She is an educated person, you see, and could read aloud to Mr. Graves, or write letters for him, and thus would save you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, sir," returned Mrs. Grimbald, anxious to make a virtue of necessity, "if Mr. Graves has so determined I can't say him nay. He has a right to ask his cousin's daughter to his own house, I suppose, and if I can't get on with her, why, I shall tell him so. When is she to come?"

"As soon as it can be arranged," replied the manager. "Mr. Graves has left it to me to settle, and I am going to see Miss Wetherby on the subject now."

Mr. Bedford found Ewald and his mother together in Madeline's sitting-room. The latter had had a night of sound, refreshing sleep, but Mrs. Leyton would not allow her to rise until midday, as she considered the poor girl was still in need of rest and quiet.

Mr. Bedford looked a little embarrassed at the sight of the strangers. "I trust Miss Wetherby is not seriously indisposed," he began. "I am the bearer of a message to her from Mr. Graves."

"We were friends of Miss Wetherby's father's, and are much interested in her. I did not like her to be alone in such trouble, so I have come to stay with her for a few days. She is not ill, but her nerves have been shaken, and she needs quiet. I will undertake to give her any message you may leave with me."

Mr. Bedford bowed. "I am the bearer of pleasant news, I trust. If you are a friend of Miss Wetherby you will rejoice to hear that Mr. Graves has no intention of tracing his unfortunate nephew. Provided the young man keeps away, and holds no communication with Quillington, no inquiries will be made respecting him, and Mr. Graves will make

good the loss to the bank out of his own private purse. I may add that this decision on his part has been mainly caused by my own intercession on behalf of the misguided youth."

"Well, as far as it goes," said Mrs. Leyton, "I am glad to hear what you say, but Miss Wetherby herself is most anxious to ascertain news of her brother."

"No doubt, madam," was the reply. "Nevertheless, it would be a very unfortunate thing for her were her brother ever to return here. Mr. Graves has commissioned me to say that it is his wish Miss Wetherby should leave these apartments as soon as her health will permit, and take up her residence in his house. He is incapacitated just now, and the young lady would be able to assist his housekeeper, Mrs. Grimbald, in various ways."

Ewald, who had been fuming in silence, here interrupted.

"Mother, it is impossible! Fancy a young girl shut up with an old mummy like that!"

The manager gave the young man a curious sidelong look from under his sandy eyelashes, but did not deign to answer his remark.

"You will know best, madam," he said, "whether it will be wise for Miss Wetherby to refuse such a suggestion when made by the only living relative she has."

"Well, Mr. Bedford," said Mrs. Leyton, cheerfully, "we are much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken. I will give Miss Wetherby Mr. Graves's message, and we will talk the matter over when she comes down presently. Good morning," and Mr. Bedford bowed himself out of the room.

"Ewald, you were positively rude just now," said his mother, as the hall-door closed behind the manager.

"I can't help it, mother," said the young man, impatiently. "I can't bear that fellow's soft-soapy manner, and his suggestion about Miss Wetherby is simply out of the question. Could we not take her back with us to Heathercote, mother, until something is heard of Randal?"

"I don't know, Ewald. It is a matter which will require some very serious consideration. Go out now for a long walk, and leave me to talk it over with Madeline."

It would have been difficult for any girl to have had a better and wiser counsellor than Mrs. Leyton. Her sound common sense and clear judgment were especially valuable when a decision was to be arrived at.

Madeline's relief at hearing that Mr. Graves did not intend to prosecute her brother was mingled with a dread lest such leniency might be really due to Mr. Bedford's promised intercession on Randal's behalf. She was surprised and much perplexed at Mr. Graves's invitation to herself.

"I don't know what to think," she said to Mrs. Leyton. "Candidly, I don't like the idea of going to live at the Bank House. Mr. Graves is so taciturn and morose it is impossible to feel even a liking to him, and Mrs. Grimbald, the housekeeper, is an ill-bred woman with whom it would be very trying to associate. Yet what can I do? It will be impossible for me to remain here alone. Besides, I now so dislike Quillington and its associations that it would be a relief to me to get away."

"Had you formed any plan in your mind before this offer came?" asked her friend.

"Yes; I have managed the juveniles at Miss Primwright's very well, and I thought I might perhaps get an engagement in a family to teach young children if she would give me a recommendation."

"Well, Madeline," replied Mrs. Leyton, "at the risk of giving unpalatable advice I must say that I think you should accept your cousin's offer. He is your only relative, he has considerable means, his life will now be a precarious one, and you and your brother are his next heirs, I suppose? This is the worldly-



MR. GRAVES HELD A CONSULTATION WITH THE BANK MANAGER.

wise way of looking at it. Then, from a higher point of view, you insisted on coming here, wilfully as you allow, and now I think it is your duty to remain here, for a time at any rate. Besides, Randal has made Mr. Graves a bad return for the assistance he bestowed on him—now it is in your power to partly atone for this by doing your duty to the poor old man. He may be very unlovable I daresay, but he is lonely and infirm now, and has these two claims on your consideration."

Madeline thought for a little, and then replied—

"I believe you are right, Mrs. Leyton. I will do as you advise."

"I think you should try it, my child. Try it for a time at least, until we hear something of poor Randal. You will be safe under your cousin's roof, and free from that wearing anxiety about daily needs and expenses which is so trying to a young and inexperienced person. In a year's time you will be of age, and entitled to your share of the remnant of your poor father's property. Although the interest would be too small to live on, yet if you realise the capital it would secure you in independence whilst you are looking out for a fresh sphere of work. But that is in the future. You are not strong enough yet to begin life at Mr. Graves's. I can manage to stay with you in these rooms for another week. I shall send Ewald home to-morrow. At the end of a week he can come again to fetch me, and you shall begin your new life with the New Year."

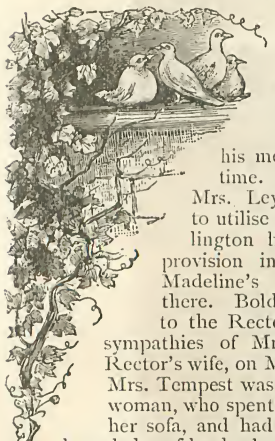
"Can you really stay so long, and lose so much of the boys' holidays away from them? You are good to me, Mrs. Leyton," said Madeline gratefully.

"I like to be with you, dearest, and Osmond and Dick will be all the better for learning to do without me," was the mother's reply, though not given without an inward pang, for her two rough schoolboys were very near her heart.

"And now, Madeline," she continued, "you should write to Mr. Graves yourself and accept his offer. It would be better than communicating with him through that manager, whom I don't much fancy."

But Madeline did not take the hint. She said no word of the repulsion she felt towards Mr. Bedford, nor of her dread that a residence in Mr. Graves's household would bring her into close proximity with him; in which reserve she was certainly mistaken.

CHAPTER XI.



NEXT morning Ewald Leyton went back to his work at Heathercote, promising to come and fetch his mother in a week's time.

Mrs. Leyton determined to utilise her stay at Quillington by making every provision in her power for Madeline's future comfort there. Boldly she ventured to the Rectory to enlist the sympathies of Mrs. Tempest, the Rector's wife, on Madeline's behalf. Mrs. Tempest was a gentle, fragile woman, who spent half her life upon her sofa, and had not a very wide knowledge of her husband's parishioners. They both thought, however, that "the Miss Wetherby who attended church so regularly" was a resident governess at Miss Primwright's, and they had never heard of Randal at all until the little town rang with the news of his defection and of the bank robbery. But the Rector's wife, despite a certain affectation of manner, was a kind-hearted woman, and entered more warmly than was her wont into poor Madeline's trouble.

"But how dreadful it is for her, poor thing, having to go and live at the Bank House! That Mr. Graves is a close-screwing old man; we find it most difficult to get a subscription from him for any parochial purpose, and he scarcely ever enters the church. So, you see, we don't find him at all a satisfactory parishioner, and to me that dry jerky manner he has is especially disagreeable. I could never go to his house, not even to call on Miss Wetherby, but tell her she must come and see me instead. I shall quite expect her, and thank you so much for telling me about her."

So Mrs. Leyton came home to tell Madeline she had secured one friend for her, and in the course of the week Dr. Tempest called on them in Eyre Street. He was a quiet, scholarly man, of studious habits and deeply religious tone, not especially happy in his parochial work, for he was scarcely "in touch" with the people at Quillington, being intellectually and spiritually far "over their heads." But Madeline had learnt to value his teaching, and she was cheered and encouraged by his visit, more especially when he spoke kindly and hopefully of poor Randal.

Another day, and Mrs. Leyton went off to the Bank House to open negotiations on Madeline's behalf. Mr. Graves was still upstairs and unable to see strangers, so she asked an audience of Mrs. Grimbald. The latter had not overcome her dislike to the idea of Madeline's becoming an inmate of the household, and this she allowed Mrs. Leyton to perceive. But after an hour's conversation Mrs. Grimbald appeared mollified, and when Mrs. Leyton left her she hoped that she had smoothed matters for Madeline. But deeply did she feel for the girl, brought up amidst culture and refinement, who would have to associate constantly with a woman of such narrow mind and inferior breeding. She said nothing of this, however, to Madeline, for she knew that it might be the very discipline her character most needed.

And so the days sped on till the New Year was rung in at Quillington.

Madeline and her friend knelt side by side at the solemn midnight service in the parish church with which the Old Year was concluded. Together they prayed for help for Madeline in the new life that looked so dreary, and for poor wandering Randal, that he might be brought back into the right path.

The appointed week came to an end, and with it returned Ewald to fetch his mother. Coming in by the afternoon train, he found Madeline alone in the sitting-room in Eyre Street. Mrs. Leyton was in the town settling up some accounts before her departure.

"I have something to tell you this time, Miss Wetherby," was his greeting. "I have heard of Randal, nay, I have heard from him. I mustn't tell you how, nor where he is. I can only say that he is safe and well. He is not in England, but I have good hope that a way will be opened to him at once of beginning a new life and retrieving the past. He seems very penitent, and grieved above all for the trouble he has brought upon you. He says that he mustn't write to you, 'but tell Madeline to trust me for one year and I will be sure to come back, make restitution, and wipe off the stain on my name.' This will be a comfort to you, won't it?" asked Ewald.

"Yes, indeed," said Madeline. "Does he say why he took the money?"

"He says he cannot give full details now, but, broadly speaking, he had got into debt at billiards, and had betted on some horse and lost; then came a sudden temptation to take this money, thinking that he could repay it when he received his share of his poor father's fortune. This is all I know. You mustn't write to him, but, as he says, you must trust him for a year. And you will hope for the best won't you, Miss Wetherby? Mother tells me you have quite made up your mind to go and live at your cousin's. I don't like the plan for you, and I told her so."

"Your mother thinks it is my duty," said Madeline, "and at present I can see no other plan, for a time at least."

"Well," returned the young man, "I hope it won't be for long. You mustn't expect to hear from Randal, but you shall hear of him whenever I do, I'll take care of that. And, Madeline—you won't mind my calling you so this once?—trust me too. Trust me altogether. Look upon me as a friend, as one who would do anything to serve you. For a year at least you will have no brother. Let me take his place. I ask no more now," said Ewald earnestly; "there may come a time when——"

"Oh, stop, Ewald," Madeline interrupted nervously, "you have been so kind, both you and your mother—I never can thank you enough, and I feel that——"

"Well," exclaimed the cheery voice of Mrs. Leyton, as she opened the door, and brought in with her a whiff of the cold outer air. "What are you two young people conspiring about? You here, Ewald? You must have had a cold journey. How did you leave papa, and Aunt Martha, and the chicks?"

"Oh, they can't get on any longer without you, mother, they say. Osmond is refractory with Aunt Martha, and he and Dick squabble a bit. Otherwise things are all right."

"Ah," replied his mother, "Osmond is the baby, and spoilt, I'm afraid. He never was in such good order as the rest of you, but he always minds you, Ewald."

"Oh, yes; always when I'm present; but I've had lots of business this week, and haven't been in the house as much as usual."

And so, chatting cheerfully over home affairs, the trio sat down to tea for the last time in Madeline's lodgings; but Ewald did not again speak of Randal, and reserved all further mention of him for his mother's private ear.

The Leytons were obliged to start early the next morning for Heathercote, having first made every arrangement for Madeline's comfort. A fly was ordered to convey her, with her luggage, to the Bank House at twelve o'clock; and as they parted, Mrs. Leyton pressed into her hand an envelope containing a ten-pound note, saying, "Take it in case you need it, and look upon it only as a loan, which you can repay me next year."

When they were safely ensconced in their railway carriage, and speeding swiftly over the wintry land, mother and son talked with loving confidence of Madeline and her affairs.

"It's no use my trying to keep my secret from you any longer, mother," said the young man. "I love Madeline Wetherby; I've loved her ever since I can remember. When I was a little boy I worshipped the very ground she trod on, and I've never changed."

"I don't think it has been a secret from me, my dear boy," said his mother fondly, taking his hand. "I've suspected it for a very long time. But now, Ewald, you must be patient for a year. Say nothing to Madeline until she is of age. You must not take advantage of her lonely position to press your suit, nor must you unsettle her in her new life."

"Not even write to her?" asked Ewald.

"No, certainly not! Don't ever make me regret that I have sanctioned your visit to Quillington this time. Surely Madeline is worth waiting a year for?"

"Ah, but think of the possibility of some one else coming forward during that time and carrying off my prize?" objected the young man. "Mother, I don't like the idea of

Madeline being at the Bank House with that weasely-looking manager always in and out."

"That idea never crossed my mind," said his mother. "I merely looked upon him as the bank manager, and did not connect him in any way with Mr. Graves's private household."

"I fancy he goes there a good deal now Mr. Graves is ill; and he is a man whom I dislike," said Ewald.

"Surely, my dear boy, you're unreasonable," said his mother, "for you know nothing of him, and I don't think Madeline has any special feeling about him. She never made any comment on Mr. Bedford, though I gave her the opportunity more than once. However, she has promised to write to me constantly, and with this you must rest satisfied, Ewald, for the present."

CHAPTER XII.



THUS it was that early in the year Madeline Wetherby began a new life, which seemed a strange and uncongenial one for a girl of her age.

Mr. Graves's residence was a substantial red-brick house adjoining the bank, and fronting the High Street of Quillington. It was not, however, in the centre of the town, but towards one end of it. Beyond were several other brick-built houses of the same description; then rows of smaller houses extending some little distance, until one emerged upon a straight country road, with a raised gravel path on either side of it.

The situation of the Bank House was open and cheerful when compared with the Eyre Street lodgings, and in this respect Madeline had benefited by her move. The High Street on market days was full of carts and vehicles and busy country people, and Madeline, accustomed only to the isolation of village life, found a pleasure and interest in watching the busy scene from her window.

As time went on she became gradually more reconciled to her fresh circumstances.

Mr. Graves forbade her to resume her duties at Miss Primwright's, and intimated to her in his odd, jerky manner that she would be expected to assist Mrs. Grimbald. Now the word "assistance" covered a good deal of ground, and the comprehensiveness of the term was the cause of some trouble to Madeline. At first the servants tried to shift their duties upon her shoulders, until she asserted herself boldly, and declined once for all to perform any service of a menial nature. Then Mrs. Grimbald tried to employ her as her own personal attendant; but this honour Madeline also resolutely declined. A battle royal ensued, which was only terminated by Madeline's decision to appeal to Mr. Graves, when the housekeeper, for reasons best known to herself, elected to yield the point.

Having thus once "shown her colours" and asserted her position, Madeline's life ran on in a smoother current, and she gradually even began to attain a sort of prestige in the household. When Mrs. Grimbald ceased to exact services from her, Madeline willingly proffered them. Many were the alterations to dress and bonnet which the girl's skilful fingers effected, and thus she acquired an influence over the housekeeper, who began to rely on her superior intelligence in other matters as well.

Mr. Graves remained more or less an invalid. He had recovered his speech, but one side remained paralysed. He occupied a couch in his sitting-room upstairs, and rarely left it, as it was difficult for him to move about without assistance. His business papers were brought to him there, and Madeline was constantly occupied in writing letters from his dictation, and in reading aloud to him. For these services he never thanked her, but she fancied that he seemed to rely more and more upon her assistance. He seldom entered into any conversation, and never once referred to Randal, nor to the cause of her presence in his house. There was no pleasure in attending upon Mr. Graves, but Madeline felt a happy consciousness that she was doing her duty to him, and trying to make up for her brother's failure in that respect.

As the days lengthened, and the sweet spring-time, with all its hope and promise, drew on, Madeline realised that, after all, life was more bearable than she had fancied it could ever be again. She thought often of Randal, but it required all her courage to buoy herself up with his promise, and to trust him for a year. And with the thought of her brother came that of another, who had pleaded to stand in that brother's place during the year of probation. Ewald Leyton, with his rare mixture of strength and tenderness, seemed a very tower to lean upon. Often did her memory linger round his image, recalling all his care for her during that terrible Christmas season, all the chivalrous courtesy and consideration which had kept him from intruding his own hopes upon her sorrow. Yet there was a look in Ewald's eyes that last evening which Madeline could scarcely mistake, and often did her thoughts linger lovingly round the remembrance.

She saw very little of Mr. Bedford during her first two or three months at the Bank House. The manager went nearly every day to transact business with Mr. Graves in his room; but he entered the house by a private door communicating with the bank, so that Madeline was able to avoid a collision with him. Neither had he sought her society, for it was Mr. Bedford's policy to "bide his time," and to let no undue haste mar the development of his plans. But one morning in March, Madeline, who had been kept indoors by a slight cold, was at work alone in the dining-room when there was a knock at the door, and she, answering mechanically "Come in," was surprised at the entrance of Mr. Bedford.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Wetherby!" was his greeting. "I did not know you were alone"—he had watched Mrs. Grimbald depart on a shopping expedition. "It is indeed a long time since I have had the pleasure of a word with you. And how do you like your new residence and occupation?"

"Thank you, Mr. Bedford," she replied, stiffly, "I have become accustomed to the life now, and I do not complain of it."

"You have heard nothing from your brother, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Bedford. "Ah, that was a sad business."

"I have heard nothing from Randal," said Madeline, "but I have reason to know that he is penitent, that he is doing well, and that he will return before long and refund the money he has taken."

"Ah, dear Miss Wetherby, you are young, and youth is apt to entertain delusive hopes. May they not prove so in this case."

"Have you any reason for thinking they will?" asked Madeline, sharply.

"Well, Miss Wetherby, I certainly have my reasons for thinking that your brother will never return to Quillington. But I may be mistaken. Let us hope that I am."

Madeline was struck with something unpleasant in his manner, and she remained silent.

Mr. Bedford went on—"By the way, Miss Wetherby, you have never given me one word of thanks for my intercession with Mr. Graves on your brother's behalf."

"I am sure, if you really exerted yourself on Randal's behalf, I am much obliged to you," said Madeline; and she added, "One may feel a thing without saying so much about it, I suppose."

"Ah, you did feel it, then? That is just what I wanted to know. That is a sufficient reward for me," exclaimed the manager, in a sentimental tone. "I can understand your natural feeling for a brother, Miss Wetherby, but why should he absorb all your devotion? He has deserted you, but there is one faithful heart which——"

"Please don't address me thus, Mr. Bedford," interrupted Madeline, colouring with vexation, and rising from her chair. "It is very unpleasant to me, and I must ask you to leave me." This with her hand upon the bell.

"No occasion—no occasion to ring," said the manager, his manner changing. "I do not propose to annoy you. Only give me time—give me time, Miss Wetherby, to prove myself your devoted servant, and you will yet look upon me with favour."

Madeline rang the bell sharply to summon a servant, and Mr. Bedford, taking the hint, departed with a bow and a formal "Good morning."

But Madeline could not easily forget the interview. She was indignant beyond measure at the manager's attitude, and filled with vague fears for the future. How could she remain an inmate of the Bank House if she were to be exposed to his unwelcome attentions? And she felt very helpless in the matter. To her it seemed simply impossible to approach old Mr. Graves confidentially on so delicate a subject, and Mrs. Grimbald, she instinctively felt, would be quite unable to enter into her feelings. Then there was Mrs. Tempest at the Rectory, where Madeline often spent a pleasant hour; but it seemed to her almost an infringement of good taste even to mention Mr. Bedford's attentions in such society. There was only one confidante possible to her, and that was Mrs. Leyton. But here Madeline tried in vain to overcome her feeling of reserve. To Ewald's mother her tongue seemed tied on the subject of Mr. Bedford, and on this one topic she kept silence in her letters to Heathercote.

The opening summer brought sad memories to the girl, reminding her of their first arrival at Quillington a year ago. How bright and joyous Randal had been then! How they had chatted together over their day's work—hers in the schoolroom, his at the desk—when they met again at night! And how pleasantly they had spent the long June evenings, wandering in the meadows, or by the side of the canal! These memories would sadden Madeline, and cause the hot tears to rush to her eyes. She felt that there was much, very much, to be explained. But she had a brave heart, and she lived in the hope of Randal's return.

"He is well, and doing well, we hear," Mrs. Leyton had said briefly in her last letter; but Madeline treasured up those few guarded words, and they were the light of her life for many days.

As the months rolled on she noticed a gradual alteration in Mr. Graves. When the weather became warm he was able to drive out a little, and an old acquaintance or two would sometimes come in to chat with him. Still, the old man did not recover his physical strength or powers; indeed, Madeline sometimes thought he became feebler: certainly he

became more courteous and less morose. He seemed seldom satisfied when Madeline was out of the room, and even occasionally thanked her for the services she rendered him.

With some difficulty she had persuaded him to see Dr. Tempest, whose visits at first were of a purely secular nature. The clergyman would bring newspaper articles and reviews in periodicals to read aloud; but when, by degrees, he ventured to introduce religious reading and instruction, Mr. Graves listened in respectful silence, which was almost more than Madeline had dared to hope. When he was gone the old man would sometimes drily remark "that it was a pity Dr. Tempest was a parson, for he would have made a capital man of business."

CHAPTER XIII.

MADELINE'S chief anxiety at this time arose from the persistent manner in which Mr. Bedford urged his suit. She repulsed him upon every occasion with evident dislike; but the irrepressible manager took each rebuff with equanimity, and returned to the charge at the first opportunity. He even began to waylay her in her walks, and to plan occasions of meeting her, until Madeline felt that she must appeal to Mr. Graves for protection. An incident which occurred early in June decided her to do so.

It was Whit Sunday, and a perfect summer day. The sun shone brightly, a fresh but balmy breeze played amongst the young spring foliage, the lilacs and the laburnums were aglow in the Quillington gardens, and the townspeople were all about in their new summer attire, enjoying their Whitsuntide holiday. Madeline went down to the eleven o'clock morning service at the parish church, and, as usual, occupied the pew allotted to the Bank House in the middle aisle. Quillington was a church of the Georgian era, with galleries running round it. The pews, once genuine "horse-boxes," had been cut down to suit modern taste, but the proprietors still retained their pew doors as a security against invasion from outsiders.

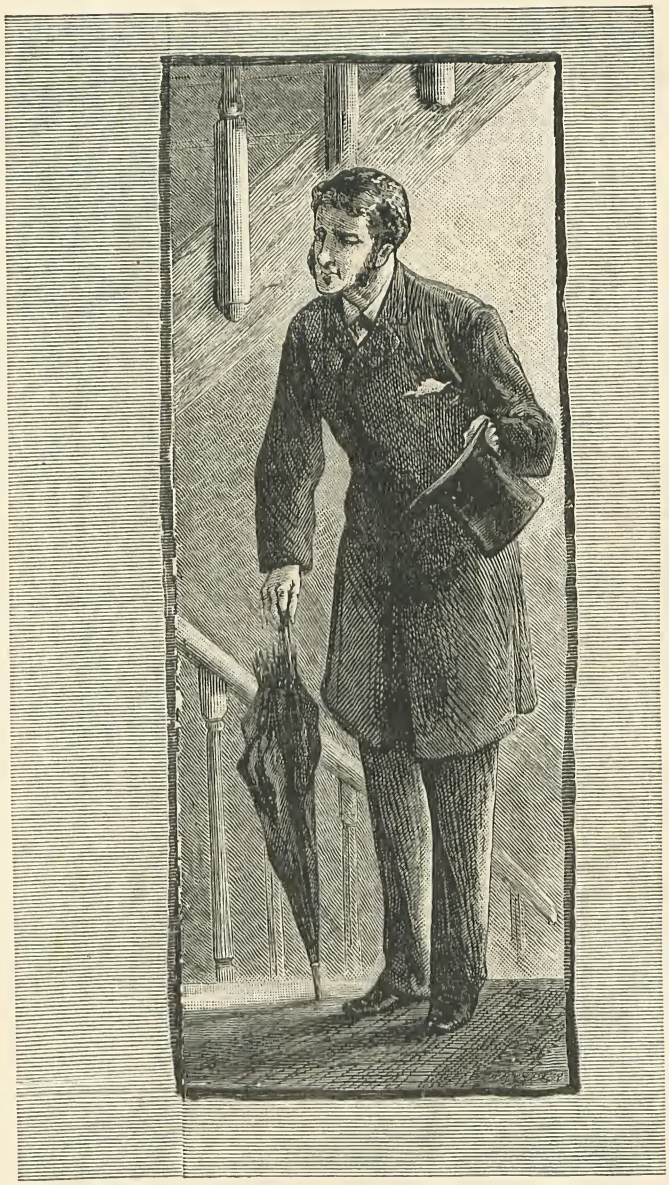
On this morning Madeline was alone in her seat, Mrs. Grimbald having remained at home. What was her surprise and discomfort, after the service had begun, to see the bank manager march up the aisle, admit himself into the pew, and seat himself beside her with the greatest possible *sang-froid*. Poor Madeline coloured with shame and vexation, but she controlled herself rigidly, and appeared not even to notice her unwelcome neighbour. When the first hymn was given out she found her place in the book, and rose with the congregation. Mr. Bedford rose too, but he had no hymn-book, and stood in an attitude of injured innocence, his arms crossed, and his eyes fixed pathetically on the three-decker in front of him. A struggle arose in Madeline's mind, and her sense of Christian courtesy triumphed over her aversion to the manager. She offered him her hymn-book, and he gladly accepted a share of it. He held one side of it and she the other—as much to his satisfaction as to her annoyance. So disturbed were her feelings that it is doubtful if she even recognised the words of the hymn they were singing.

Had she known who was watching her intently from the bottom of the church she would have been still more troubled.

* * * *

"Mother," said Ewald Leyton, as he strolled with her round their garden at Heathercote one lovely summer morning, "next Monday is a holiday. If father can spare me, and you don't object, I think I shall run down to Quillington, just to see how Miss Wetherby is getting on. Although she always writes cheerfully, yet to my mind there has been a little reserve in her letters lately, as if she might be keeping something back from you. Have you noticed it?"

"Well, perhaps so, a little," said Mrs. Leyton, musingly. "I hardly know what to think about your going to Quillington. It is treading on dangerous ground for you, Ewald! You might betray your feelings at once if Madeline gave you her confidence, and she is very lonely, poor child!"



MR. BEDFORD.

"Oh, trust me, mother," said the young man. "I've not forgotten that I've promised to stand in Randal's place to her until his return. Only six months now! I hope I can wait so long! No, I will only pay Madeline a formal visit at her cousin's house, but it would be such a happiness to me only just to see her, and to know if she is looking well."

"If father doesn't object, then you shall go," replied his mother. "You have had six months now of continuous work, and a holiday will do you good."

So on the Saturday preceding Whit Sunday Ewald went up to town, where he transacted some business for his father, and took an early train on Sunday morning from the London terminus which landed him at Quillington soon after eleven o'clock. He sent his bag up to the hotel, and strolled slowly along the narrow old-fashioned streets, now so familiar to him.

"Madeline will be at church now," he said, consulting his watch; "it would be a good opportunity for me to meet her when she comes out. I feel half afraid to venture into the establishment of Graves-cum-Grimbald unless I am under her protection."

A few idlers were standing about outside the church door, but the sound of the singing from within told him that the service was proceeding. He gently opened the door, and, passing by the old verger, who occupied a seat of office near it, he went into the free seats in the south aisle. His eyes quickly sought the Bank House pew, and there was Madeline, there was the "queen of his heart," looking bright and pretty in her fresh spring attire. But she was not alone! Close by her side stood the bank manager, and they were looking together over the same hymn-book. Evidently they must be on terms of more than ordinary friendship, and had no desire to conceal it from public observation.

Ewald's was a jealous nature, and—

"Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

He did not even wait till the conclusion of the hymn, but, conscious that his present feelings were little in accordance with the sacredness of the place, he abruptly left the church. The verger, thinking he was ill, followed him into the porch.

"You look bad, sir—I'm afraid you're upset by the heat. Shall I fetch you a glass of water?"

"No, I'm all right," returned Ewald, snappishly, "but I walked up quickly from the station, and your church is abominably hot."

"Well, sir, it is hot in such weather as this; and, you see, on a Whitsuntide morning it'll be fuller than usual with strangers, and such like," said the man apologetically.

"Is that Miss Wetherby in the Bank House pew? And who is that with her," asked Ewald.

"Oh, that's Mr. Bedford, the bank manager. He's been the old gentleman's right hand since he's been laid by so much. Mr. Bedford's a 'cute one, he is! He's got quite round Mr. Graves, and folks do say as he's engaged to the young lady—but I don't know if it's true."

"You know if you heard it on good authority, I suppose?" said Ewald, sharply.

"Well, my daughter is a friend of the housemaid at Mr. Graves's, and she told her that lately Mr. Bedford's been always in and out after Miss Madeline, and she thought they'd make a match of it. Folks do say as she'll have the old man's money, and I expect it's that as Mr. Bedford's after. And when I see them a sitting together in church this morning I says to myself, Depend upon it there's something in it," concluded the garrulous old official.

Poor Ewald had arrived at the same conclusion: he had quite made up his mind that "there was something in it." And if so, what then? Was Madeline to be blamed? He had asked her to look upon him as a brother, and if she had taken him at his word, surely he could not reproach her. Besides, as he tried to persuade himself, his dislike of the manager might be unreasonable; he might be a man who would make Madeline a good husband; and should he (Ewald) stand in the way of her inheriting her cousin's fortune?

He was proud and very shy. Under any circumstances it would have been an effort for him to present himself at the Bank House amongst complete strangers, but now, when, as he told himself, he might possibly break in upon the *tête-à-tête* of an engaged couple, the very idea appeared to him intolerable.

So he called at the hotel for his bag, walked from thence to the station, where he took the next train back to London without asking one word of explanation from Madeline.

And on Whit Monday, when Mrs. Leyton sat alone, sunning herself in her pleasant garden, and picturing Ewald at Quillington, she was much surprised to see him come back with a weary, dispirited air. Still more astonished was she to learn the cause of his speedy return. She had sometimes doubted whether Madeline at all realised the strength of Ewald's attachment to her, or whether she looked upon his devotion as a mere boyish fancy.

Mrs. Leyton had learned to love Madeline, and Ewald had always been her favourite son; but she was no match-maker, and prudence warned her that it would be better to retard an affair of the sort than to urge it on. They were both young, and Madeline was in a very peculiar position. Ewald must not presume upon it—a year's probation would test his constancy, and by that time Madeline would be of age to choose for herself. Hence the caution which had prevented Mrs. Leyton from dwelling much on Ewald in her letters to Madeline, and had led her sometimes to omit, or qualify, the affectionate messages he always wanted to transmit through her. She now began to doubt whether such caution had been altogether for the best.

"Was it possible," she asked herself, "that Madeline, misunderstanding Ewald's real feeling for her, and realising the loneliness of her position, had been induced to rely on the manager, and so to drift thoughtlessly into an engagement with him? Old Mr. Graves, too, might have brought his influence to bear in the matter. But why should Madeline have concealed the fact of her *penchant* for Mr. Bedford, had it been true? Was this the reason for the slight reserve they had noticed in her letters lately?

Mrs. Leyton could find no satisfactory answer to these questions, but she tried her best to console her son.

"Well really, Ewald," she said, when they had discussed the subject in all its bearings, "I think you were indeed a foolish fellow! To be so near Madeline and never to ask for an explanation from her!"

"Ah, but, mother, you don't understand," said the young man. "What right have I yet to ask such an explanation? If she really cares for the fellow, I would not interfere. Perhaps she is better off with him, you know, after all!"

"Nonsense, Ewald," replied his mother; "I know no such thing. I shall certainly write to Madeline on my own account, and ask whether there is anything between her and Mr. Bedford. I shall say nothing of your visit to Quillington—for I shouldn't like her to know you had been such a foolish fellow," added Mrs. Leyton, laying her hand fondly on Ewald's arm.

"Oh, mother, don't be hard on me!" was his reply. "You know I always was a fool where Madeline Wetherby was concerned."

CHAPTER XIV.

MADELINE WETHERBY left the church that morning in a state of high mental ferment. She dreaded lest her obnoxious suitor should wait for her at the west door, so she allowed him to leave the church first, and then went out of one of the side doors, and across the churchyard to the Rectory, where she was engaged to luncheon with Mrs. Tempest.

But all through the meal Madeline was absent and preoccupied, her thoughts fixed on the unpleasant incident of the morning. She determined not to risk the repetition of such conduct on Mr. Bedford's part. She had told him that his attentions were distasteful, and had shown him so on every occasion. She must now appeal to Mr. Graves, and ask him to use his authority in the matter. To-night she would have an opportunity of doing so, as it was her turn to stay at home in the house, and she screwed up her courage to make the attempt.

Mr. Graves seemed more gracious than usual that evening, so after she had finished her reading aloud to him, she ventured to begin.

"Cousin Graves," she said, plunging boldly into the subject, "I want to speak to you about Mr. Bedford."

"Bedford, eh!" repeated the old man, sharply. "What about him?"

"He has lately been paying me attentions which annoy me very much. I don't like him, and I have told him so plainly, but he persists in forcing his society on me."

"You don't like him, then? Don't like Bedford?" said Mr. Graves, in a tone of surprise. "How's that? I thought—well—never mind! It's been a plan in my head that you should marry him some day. Look here, Madeline! When I first saw you and your brother, after your father's funeral, I thought you a couple of spoilt, indulged children, who would never learn to be independent. But I was pleased with the way you both set to work, and I liked the lad. He was bright, and I saw there was the making of a man of business in him, and I told Bedford so. I asked him to look after the boy, and to find him a friend or two in the town, for I knew nothing about young people. Never could talk to them. But I thought the lad was going on all right, and intended to raise his salary at the end of his first year, when—when I heard he was off with the money! That was a blow! If I couldn't trust your father's son I could trust no one!"

Madeline was much touched. "Oh, Cousin Graves," she said, with tears in her eyes, "Randal did very, very wrong! I don't excuse him. Even now I don't know the full details, but the young men Mr. Bedford introduced him to led him astray. He got into debt at cards and billiards, and in desperation was tempted to take the money, thinking he could repay it out of his own share of dear father's fortune by-and-by."

"Where is he now?" interrupted the banker. "Bedford says he's abroad, but he does not know where."

"He is abroad, but I am not allowed to hear from him, nor to know where he is. I hear of him through a mutual friend sometimes. He sends me a message that he is working hard to earn the sum of which he defrauded you, and he will come back within the year to restore it."

"Nay," said the old man, shaking his head; "I could never trust him again. Don't you trust to his word! My life's not likely to be a long one. I should have done something for both of you in my will once—but not now. I don't want my money to be squandered on cards, billiards, races, and such things. But I'll take care of you. You've done your duty, and you shall be rewarded, but it must be in my way. If I leave you money, you'll give it to your brother, and much good it'll ever do! But I'll leave you a good slice of my money if you'll marry Bedford. He'll take care of it for you, and make you a good husband—better than one of those idle young fellows!"

"No, Cousin Graves, never! never!" said Madeline, decidedly. "I don't wish for your money. You may find better uses for it. I shouldn't like to have anything that I could not share with Randal, and not for all the wealth in the world would I consent to marry Mr. Bedford. Does he know that you contemplate such a plan?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the reply; "that is, I understood from him that he—that you—in short, that you liked each other. I didn't think a sensible girl like you could have disliked Bedford!"

"But I do. I detest him, and I want you to tell him so, Cousin Graves. If he told you that I liked him he was only trying to deceive you. Will you insist upon his discontinuing attentions which are odious to me?"

"Humph!" said the old man uneasily, "Bedford's a valuable man. He might take offence—might want to leave me. I couldn't do without him just now!"

"Well, Mr. Graves," replied Madeline, firmly, "one thing is certain—either Mr. Bedford or I must leave this house. He is useful to you, I know, so it is I who must go, though I shall be sorry to leave you whilst you are such an invalid."

"No, no, I can't part with you now," said the banker, testily. "Besides, if I did, where could you go?" he added.

"I have some friends who would take me in for a time," said the girl, colouring, as she thought of the Leytons; "and I should try to get some engagement as a governess; but stay here with Mr. Bedford I will not, unless there is a complete alteration in his behaviour."

"Perhaps you might like him better by-and-by," suggested the old man.

"Never!" repeated Madeline, warmly. "I like him less every day, and I believe he is a crafty, deceitful man. I wish you would not trust to him so much, Cousin Graves."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the banker impatiently, "if he doesn't please the taste of a young girl like you, he is a good servant to me, and an excellent man of business."

"Well, Cousin Graves, I must go if Mr. Bedford annoys me any more. You quite understand that, don't you?" concluded Madeline, in her most decisive manner.

"Have patience, have patience, then," said

the old man. You must stay on for a bit. I'll—I'll speak to Bedford. I'll see what I can do."

It seemed poor comfort, and Madeline came down from the interview feeling very disheartened. She had reckoned on an ally in Mr. Graves, whereas it appeared he was in confederacy with Mr. Bedford, yet innocently, and with the kindest intentions towards herself from his own point of view. She could see how the wily manager had persuaded the old man that Madeline favoured his suit instead of rejecting it, and had thrown an utterly false complexion over the state of affairs. Mr. Graves had fallen into the trap laid for him, and had linked, or was about to link, their names together in his will.

"Never mind," said the girl to herself; "the fortune I can always refuse to touch on such a condition. If I can only manage to stay on here until Christmas, when Randal returns, things will be all right. But if Mr. Bedford annoys me again, I will ask Mrs. Leyton to take me in for a short time."

Before the end of that week she was surprised to receive a letter from Mrs. Leyton with the query: "Is it true that you are engaged to Mr. Bedford, the bank manager?" And she dashed off by return of post the indignant answer: "None whatever! He is a man for whom I have the greatest possible aversion."

Ewald only half believed the statement, but Mrs. Leyton was quite satisfied with it, and rallied him for his unreasonable jealousy.

"You must go to Quillington soon," she said, "and see Madeline, and set your mind quite at rest about it."

But just as he had arranged to start, his father was suddenly summoned abroad on some business connected with the firm, and Ewald was obliged to accompany him.

Three months elapsed before they were again able to return to England.

CHAPTER XV.



MADELINE would have felt but little comforted could she have heard a few words which passed between Mr. Graves and his manager a day or two after her interview with the former.

"Bedford," said the elder man, "I think I wouldn't press the matter on too much with the girl downstairs. It's sometimes best in those matters to try holding back a little with the ladies. So they say. Don't know anything about it myself."

"Well, sir, perhaps so," was the reply. "The young lady is a little—well, a little coy, certainly, but I don't despair! Faint heart never won fair lady, and it will come all right one day, I think."

The old man said no more, but Mr. Bedford took the hint, and from that time changed his tactics, and tried to gain Madeline's favour by a studious attention to her wishes. He began to avoid her society instead of seeking it, and rather made a parade of shrinking from her presence: his manner, too, became distant and respectful, by which signs Madeline judged that Mr. Graves had interposed, according to her request.

But she feared that the poor old man, in his helpless state, was too much in the power of the crafty manager to be able to protect her at the risk of offending him.

"Only three more months now," she would often say to herself, "and Ewald and Randal will be here!"

But where was Ewald? and why had he never been to see her?

The next morning brought her a short letter from him, the first he had ever written to her. It ran thus—

"DEAR MISS WETHERBY,—I am afraid you will think I have been very remiss in not coming to see you. The fact is I did pay a visit to Quillington not long ago, but had not the courage to call at the Bank House—*why*, I will tell you one day when we meet. For the present I cannot get away, as I am obliged to go to Germany to-morrow with my father, and I am not sure when we shall return. But it is only three months to the end of the year, and you have promised to trust me until then.

"Yours ever,

"EWALD LEYTON."

That short note, with its somewhat bald expressions, was treasured up by Madeline. Now that she knew the writer, she could trace the deep feeling which lay beneath the ordinary expressions. She felt sure of his love and faith; and though the words were yet unspoken by him, the thought brought light and comfort to her in many a dark and lonely hour.

It was one frosty morning in October that Mrs. Grimbald entered the dining-room, soon after breakfast, in a state of unusual perturbation.

"Deary me," said the good woman, "everything seems upset this morning!"

"What's the matter?" asked Madeline, without looking up from her needlework.

"Why, Mr. Bedford has been telegraphed for to see his mother, who is dangerously ill! He was off an hour ago, I believe, and as soon as Mr. Graves heard he was gone he got so fidgety I couldn't pacify him. Says I, Surely the bank can get along for one day without Mr. Bedford! But no, the old gentleman keeps on fussing about something, and nothing will do, Madeline, but that you must go up to him."

"I'll go at once," said the girl. "It's a pity he should excite himself; the doctor said it was the most likely thing to bring on another attack."

She found the old man in his invalid chair drawn up to the table on which were a mass of business-looking documents, with an anxious, worried expression on his face.

"Madeline," he said, as she entered the room, "I want you to telegraph for me to Messrs. Allen & Snape, Lincoln's Inn Fields"—mentioning a London firm of solicitors—"and ask them to send some one here directly—as soon as possible."

"If it is a lawyer you want, Cousin Graves, won't Mr. Best do as well?" asked Madeline, naming the banker's Quillington solicitor, "because we could send round for him directly?"

"No," very sharply, "Best won't do, and I don't want anyone to know of this lawyer's coming. That's why I sent for you. Lose no time. Go and telegraph at once."

Rather alarmed at the old man's unusual vehemence, Madeline hastened to execute his commission.

"And send Grimbald here," he called after her as she left the room.

"Mrs. Grimbald," said the banker, "I've heard you complain that you don't often get a holiday. Well, you can have one to-day. You've a cousin at Rowborough, only three stations off. Go and see her. I'll pay your fare there and back"—with a slight chuckle.

"Well, sir, you're very kind, I'm sure, but such short notice, you see. And my cousin, though in a highly respectable position of life, is yet, poor thing, but a widow, like myself."

"Well, she doesn't want a long notice to get you a cup of tea and a bit of bread-and-butter ready. You'd better go. I've an old friend coming from town to see me, and I want a quiet day with him."

"But Madeline," began the housekeeper.

"I can send her to the Rectory if I like," interrupted Mr. Graves.

"Well, I'm sure, sir," returned Mrs. Grimbald, "when my presence is not welcome it will never be intruded."

"Well, then, you'll go to Rowborough!" the old man abruptly concluded, and the housekeeper withdrew to prepare for her departure.

Meeting Madeline in the hall, she poured forth her indignation volubly, and the girl, to whom the whole proceeding was a mystery, felt inclined to sympathise with her.

"Cousin Graves is certainly very odd," said Madeline. "I'm afraid he must be going to have another stroke. But never mind, Mrs. Grimbald; take the opportunity of a day's outing."

"But you are to be sent out of the way too, Madeline—to the Rectory. He said so."

"Well, I can survive that," laughed the girl. "I should enjoy a quiet hour or two with Mrs. Tempest."

The housekeeper departed, and Madeline went upstairs to find Mr. Graves still in a state of unwonted excitement.

"Put pen, ink, and paper on the table—here, close by me," he said. "That will do. You can go, Madeline. I've no letters to be written to-day, and I'm not inclined to be read to. Sarah can bring me my dinner. You can go downstairs and watch for Mr. Allen. When he comes to the door you can let him in yourself and bring him up here. By the way"—calling her back as she was about to shut the door—"have you any other name besides Madeline? No! Well, shut the door, and don't be out of the way if I should want you."

"Cousin Graves must be going mad," thought Madeline, escaping with relief to the downstair regions, but a little disappointed that she had not been dismissed to the Rectory instead.

She took up her place at the dining-room window to watch for the arrival of the expected visitor, and took advantage of the quiet time alone to finish a book which Mrs. Tempest had lent her.

It was about two o'clock when a fly stopped before the door, and a gentleman rang the bell. True to her instructions, Madeline went to answer it, and admitted Mr. Charles Allen, a junior partner in the firm. She hastened to tell Mr. Graves of his arrival.

"Mr. Allen has come, Cousin Graves," she said.

"That's well!" returned the old man. "Send him up here, and let the servants put a bit of luncheon ready for him when he comes down. Then, Madeline, just go across to the Rectory, and ask Dr. Tempest if he could come here for a few minutes, and Mrs. Tempest too."

"Mrs. Tempest too!" repeated Madeline in surprise.

"Yes," persisted Mr. Graves, "I should be much obliged if Mrs. Tempest would come too. I won't detain them more than five minutes."

Madeline set off to carry his message to the Rectory, having now little doubt in her own mind that her cousin's brain was affected. She met the Rector and his wife at the garden gate, just setting out for a walk.

"Is Mr. Graves worse then?" asked Dr. Tempest, also surprised at the request.

"He doesn't complain of being ill," said Madeline, "but all day he has seemed very strange and excitable, and this morning he made me telegraph to a lawyer in London, who has just come to see him. I can't understand him at all."

"Well, Madeline," said the Rector, "Mrs. Tempest and I will call now and see him as he requests. Perhaps I shall be able to set your mind at rest about him."

Madeline returned with them to the Bank House, and remained with Mrs. Tempest in the dining-room whilst the Rector went upstairs. In a few minutes he came down and called his wife, "Come, Louisa; you're wanted; we won't keep you a minute. Not you, Madeline," and Mrs. Tempest obeyed the summons.

After the lapse of a short time she and her husband came back into the dining-room, and the Rector said, "You needn't be alarmed, Madeline; I don't think Mr. Graves materially worse, nor are his wits 'wool-gathering' as you seemed to fear. He had only a matter of business to transact, which has no doubt excited him a little. Read him off to sleep if you can."

And Madeline was left alone to ponder over the events of this extraordinary day.

When the lawyer had taken his departure she returned to Mr. Graves. He seemed more cheerful than in the morning—almost, Madeline fancied, as if a weight had been removed from his mind, but his manner was still nervous and excited.

"Well, Madeline, I've seen him—my old friend Allen's son. Got him to transact a little matter of business. You needn't mention that he was a lawyer. Just an old friend—nothing more. And not a word of Dr. and Mrs. Tempest's visit."

"Very well," said Madeline, slowly, "if you wish it; but why should there be so much secrecy about a trifle, Cousin Graves?"

"Never mind! I thought you were one of the few women who know how to hold their tongue, and I make no doubt you will! By the way, you haven't changed your mind about Bedford, have you?"

"I? No, indeed!" exclaimed Madeline. "I dislike him as much as ever. But he keeps out of my way now, so I don't wish to complain of him."

"Humph!" said the old man, and he sat silent for a few moments, evidently deep in thought. "Well, you mustn't be hard on Bedford. He's been a useful fellow to me. And now, if you'll read the paper for a bit, perhaps I shall get a nap."

CHAPTER XVI.



MR. GRAVES suffered from the excitement of that eventful day. He seemed feeble and shaky afterwards, and was extremely irritable, a condition which the doctor thought portended another attack. Nor was he mistaken. Scarcely had November brought its mists and fogs than the old banker was struck with another paralytic seizure of a more severe character than the earlier one, for it rendered him entirely helpless, and confined him to his bed.

A trained nurse was provided for him, but he seemed to cling to Madeline, and could scarcely bear her out of his presence. She too was softened at the sight of his helplessness and dependence, and a warmer feeling was kindled for the lonely, loveless old man, whose life was evidently fast passing away. He was much changed from the hard, grasping Cousin Graves she had once known. "Randal will not know him when he comes," she sometimes said to herself. For Madeline still clung firmly to the hope of Randal's return; and the year of probation was fast drawing to a close.

It was a trying time for her at the Bank House. Mrs. Grimbald hoped audibly for a speedy termination of the old man's illness, with her eye on a prospective legacy, and Madeline fancied that Mr. Bedford had much the same feeling, though he did not express it. The latter had shown signs, since Mr. Graves's seizure, of renewing his attentions to Madeline, and affected great consideration for her health lest she should become fatigued by nursing, etc.; but she spent much time in the sick room, and thus managed to avoid Mr. Bedford. But she had a constant dread of his persecution, and her only comfort during this dreary crisis lay in the thought, "Randal and Ewald will be here in a few weeks." The latter had not yet paid his promised visit to Quillington; but his mother wrote to say that it was only postponed for a short time, and that his trip to Germany had been entirely satisfactory.

One evening, early in December, when Madeline was alone with Mr. Graves, the old man said suddenly—

"Do you think the boy 'll come back?"

"Who? Randal, cousin?" asked the girl. "Yes, he will soon come back now, and restore the money."

"No, no!" repeated Mr. Graves dreamily. "Bedford said he'd never come back—said we must never have him back. But I liked the lad once. I'd like to see him again. It's nearly the year. Getting near Christmas, isn't it?"

"About three weeks," replied Madeline.

"Three weeks," repeated the old man, "and I'm getting very feeble. Send for him, Madeline; tell him to come at once, but"—in a hurried whisper—"but not a word to Bedford."

"I don't know where Randal is, dear cousin, but I will ask a friend of mine to let him know. You forgive Randal then, now?"

"Yes; I forgive him. He was left too much to himself. Tempest says so. I left it all to Bedford. But I liked the lad."

The old man's voice died away, and he relapsed into a state of dreamy abstraction.

Madeline sent a hasty line to Ewald the same evening, explaining Mr. Graves's wish to see her brother, and begging him to hasten Randal's return.

The Christmas season drew on—no Christmas of snow and frost, and keen bracing air, but one of fogs and mist and drizzling rain.

The butchers exhibited their show of Christmas meat decked with bunches of holly and mistletoe, and the grocers' shops made a bright display of Christmas fruit; but such preparations were the only signs which gave token of the approach of the festive season.

Madeline felt anxious about Mr. Graves, who grew daily more feeble. Should his illness terminate suddenly, her position might be a very unpleasant one, especially if Mr. Bedford were invested with supreme power. The thought preyed upon her mind, and in an access of nervousness she had never before experienced she scribbled a hasty line to Mrs. Leyton, asking, "May I come to you at once if Cousin Graves should die?" and went out herself on Christmas Eve to post the letter. As she was crossing the market-place on her return she heard footsteps behind her, and turned quickly round, with a faint hope of seeing Ewald—but it was the manager at her elbow.

"Pardon me, Miss Wetherby," he began, "but I think it is time that my forbearance and self-restraint should meet with some reward from you. I have refrained for nearly six months from intruding my society upon you in deference to your wishes. May I not now ask for a little consideration?"

"I scarcely know what you mean, Mr. Bedford," said Madeline, trying to speak indifferently. "Do you wish to oblige me to repeat the unpleasant truth, that your attentions have always been distasteful to me and always will be."

"Oh, not always, I hope! Something may happen before very long to make a change in your views," said Mr. Bedford, in a meaning manner; "only wait. Mr. Graves is failing very fast—Dr. Phillips told me to-day he might drop off at any moment. Why not look on me as your natural protector, and give me that hand I so earnestly covet?"

"Mr. Bedford! Sir! You insult me!" exclaimed Madeline, angrily. "It is my cousin's illness only, and his urgent wish that I should remain with him, that has kept me here against my will. Otherwise, I would not have remained another hour under a roof where you are such a frequent visitor. If you have any vestige of the feelings of a gentleman, leave me now. I am not so lonely as I seem to be. I have yet protectors who will secure me from such annoyance as this!"

The manager's eyes flashed with anger, but he controlled himself sufficiently to say: "I think you will be sorry for this, Miss Wetherby. I may say that I am sure you will regret the harsh words which——"

The rest of his sentence was lost upon Madeline, for she turned abruptly away from him and went into a shop as a last means of escape. When she came out he had disappeared. "What shall I do?" thought the poor girl, as she hastened home. "I cannot stay here to be exposed to such annoyance. Oh, if Randal would only return to-night!"

"You're late, Madeline," said Mrs. Grimbald, as she entered the house. "I've just come down from Mr. Graves's room. He's been worrying for you. He won't take anything now, nurse says, and she wants you to try and persuade him. He's very much altered, we think, and I was saying how strange it seems just at Christmas time. A year exactly since he was first taken, when the bank was robbed, and your brother ran away. Dear me, a year ago!" soliloquised Mrs. Grimbald, and she added, in a mysterious undertone, "I really think, Madeline, he can't be here long, poor old gentleman, for I heard the death-watch tick last night, and Sarah saw a winding-sheet in her candle on Monday."

"How foolish, Mrs. Grimbald!" said Madeline, impatiently. "As if a spider or an unsnuffed candle could possibly have anything to do with Cousin Graves's life! You should tell Sarah not to believe such nonsense."

"Well, Madeline," persisted the housekeeper, "you may say what you like, but it's true all the same. I've always found it so. Why, the week before my great-aunt, Mrs. Chandler, died, there was a——"

"Oh, don't tell me any of those dismal tales to-night," interrupted the girl, who dreaded an endless train of ghostly recollections.

"What! you're not frightened, Madeline?" asked Mrs. Grimbald, looking closely at her. "I thought you were a girl of such nerve! And you look quite white!" she added.

"No, I'm not frightened," said Madeline, trying to smile, "but I've been out, and met some one who annoyed me."

"La! Madeline, not a drunken man? There's lots of them about at this time of the year."

"No, not a drunken man, but Mr. Bedford, and you know I dislike him immensely."

"I know you always say so, and I have scarcely seen you speak to each other for months, and yet the other day he spoke in a mysterious kind of way, as if there was something settled between you."

"It is false!" said Madeline. "Never trust anything he says. I have told him over and over again that nothing will induce me ever to listen to him. You can tell him so, too, if he ever mentions the matter to you again, Mrs. Grimbald. If he troubles me any more I shall leave this house altogether."

"No, indeed, Madeline," said the housekeeper, "I beg you'll think of no such thing just now. It's you who can manage the old gentleman best; and it isn't fit that I should be left alone with him who may soon be a corpse, and only the servants."

Madeline scarcely listened to these last words. Wearily she went up the stairs to the sick room. The nurse came forward to meet her, and drew her aside to the fireplace.

"He's sinking fast," she whispered. "He has only been kept up by the stimulants the doctor ordered, and now he refuses to take anything. I've been waiting for you, miss, to try and persuade him."

Madeline held out her hand for the glass, and took the restorative to the old man.

"Take it, dear cousin," she said, "to please me."

"No, no," he murmured feebly; "don't plague me any more—it's too late."

A sudden thought struck Madeline, and she said, in a low but distinct tone, "Randal is coming to-night! You want to see him! Take this, then you will be strong enough to see Randal, and to speak to him."

"Is the lad come?" asked the invalid, brightening up a little.

"No, not come," said Madeline, "but coming very soon if you will take this."

And he swallowed the restorative without another word.

"Thank you, miss," said the nurse, much relieved. "I expect he will doze off again now. If you will sit here by the fire for a bit I think I might go to my tea now. You will ring, miss, if I'm wanted?"

The nurse went downstairs, and Madeline was left alone to keep watch in the chamber of death.

It seemed a strange, weird Christmas Eve to her. The wind moaned and howled without and within, the silence was broken only by the ticking of the watch which lay on the table, and the faint, irregular breathing of the dying man. Suddenly the Christmas bells from the tower of the parish church rang out their yearly message of "Peace on earth, goodwill to man." Just so had they rung one short year ago, when she sat in her lodgings in Eyre Street listening for the return of poor erring Randal, her heart full of sad misgivings about him, which were afterwards so bitterly realised.

As she recalled the past, and contemplated the uncertain future, a strange mixture of joy and sorrow filled her heart. She had now no cause for self-accusation, but rather the happy consciousness of trials patiently borne, and duties bravely fulfilled. But she had an undefined feeling of dread as to machinations of the crafty manager, and of the power which he exercised over her cousin's affairs. Ewald, too, had been very silent of late, and Randal absolutely so. Was it possible that they had both forgotten her? But no, this she could not believe. She was buoyed up with a feeling of hope almost amounting to certainty that Randal was even now on his way to Quillington. She had told the old man he would come simply as a persuasive promise; yet as she said the words a conviction arose in her mind that they would prove true. A strange feeling of constant expectation took possession of her—through the howling of the wind and the music of the bells she listened for the sound of carriage-wheels and the ring of the door-bell.

CHAPTER XVII.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Grimbald came in to say good night. It was not her turn to sit up with the invalid.

"Good night," said Madeline. "He seems to be dozing quietly. I am not tired, and shall sit up a little with nurse."

Soon after the church clock struck eleven there was a sound of voices in the street below, distinctly audible in the sick room.

"What's that?" asked Madeline.

"Christmas waits, I daresay," replied the nurse. "They'll be going round all night."

But no. There was a sound of wheels in the muddy road, and the door-bell rang softly, as if pulled by one who was afraid of disturbing the inmates of the house. Curiously enough, it seemed to arouse the old man, who had been regardless of all external sounds during the day.

"Who's come?" he asked feebly, moving his hand.

"Good gracious! who can it be at this time of night?" said the nurse rather nervously. "I don't like to go to the door, miss, and the servants are in bed."

"Never mind, nurse, I'll go. I fancy I know who it is. Don't be alarmed."

Madeline went softly down the stairs, a shaded lamp in her hand, and opened the hall door. Two figures entered, and she found herself in Randal's arms—Randal, broader and more manly looking, in a foreign-looking coat, and with a budding moustache; but it was the same bright face, with every trace of deceit and dissipation gone from his frank, open brow. And behind him was Ewald, the faithful Ewald, who had bided his time so patiently, and now came to claim his reward.

Poor Madeline! The consciousness of relief which came over her at the sight of the two young men, the sense of protection and safety she experienced, was a reaction almost too great after the long strain she had undergone. Silently she drew them both into the dining-room, and there, leaning her head on Randal's shoulder, she burst into tears, exclaiming—

"Oh, Randal, darling! The comfort to see you again! Don't mind my tears! I've had a trying time lately, and a little thing upsets me."

"Cheer up, darling!" said the lad, stroking her hair in his old way. "I am sorry I've been such trouble to you, Lina. I was a wretch last year."

"I mustn't think of that now you've come back again," said his sister. "But oh, Randal! why have you been so silent all this time? Why did you never write and explain matters?"

"Because I could not—I dared not," he replied. "I was under a promise to abstain from all direct communication with you and Quillington until I could return there with honour. Thank God, I can now, Madeline! I have been working hard and saving every penny I earned. To-night I bring back with me the sum of £50 which I took last year, and I can add to it the percentage, as if it had been a loan."

"Thank God! dear Randal," said Madeline, fervently.

"But," her brother added, pointing to Ewald, "under God, it is to him I owe it all."

She held out her hand to Ewald—he pressed it silently, and their eyes met. No words were needed between them—he understood Madeline's unspoken gratitude.

"And now, Randal, I must not detain you here. Cousin Graves is still alive, but he is sinking fast. He has longed to see you again, for he has forgiven all. He is much softened and changed since you knew him. Of late he has been very kind to me. Come with me and see him. Ewald will not mind waiting here."

Together the brother and sister ascended the stairs, and entered the sick man's room.

"He has been awake, and has seemed more restless since you went downstairs, miss," said the nurse.

Madeline approached the bed.

"Dear cousin," she said, "Randal is come."

There was a moment's silence, and then she had to bend low to catch the feeble words—

"Is the lad come? Bring him here."

Randal went up to the old man and took his hand.

"Dear cousin," he said, "I'm sorry to find you so ill. I have done very wrong. I acted most dishonestly and ungratefully towards you. But I have tried to make amends. I have worked hard to earn the sum of which I defrauded you, and I have brought it back with the percentage added"; and he placed a small packet in the old man's hand.

But the feeble fingers relaxed their grasp, and it fell upon the counterpane. He was past the thought of money matters now, and Randal felt for the moment that his restitution had come too late. But to Madeline it was evident that the old man felt pleasure at the knowledge of her brother's return.

"Bring a light," he said, trying to scan Randal's features. "Yes, it is the lad's voice, but I can't see him. I'm glad he's back."

"You forgive me, sir?" asked the young man anxiously.

"All—long ago!" said the dying man. "Your father's son must come right! I knew it, though they said not. But it's too late," he murmured.

"No, dear cousin, never too late," said Madeline gently.

"Too late, yes," repeated the dying man. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he said, "You must take care of him, Madeline. You'll see that he's all right?"

The brother and sister looked at each other. Their positions seemed reversed. It was only natural that the sister should have been confided to the brother's care. Randal felt it so, and Madeline hastened to say—

"No, dear cousin; you mean that Randal will take care of me?"

"No, no!" said the dying man, with a relic of his old impatient manner, and persistent as the dying patriarch, when he bestowed the rights of primogeniture on Ephraim instead of on Manasseh. "You've been a good girl. You'll take care of him. Tempest knows all. Remember, both of you, Thomas Bedford's been a good servant these many years. Now I must sleep. Give me the lad's hand."

Randal knelt down, with his strong young fingers firmly pressed in the dying clasp. Madeline stood by, tears rising to her eyes. Presently she saw a change pass over the old man's face, and beckoned to the nurse.

"Yes," whispered the latter, in answer to her unspoken question, "he is going fast."

For a few moments Madeline and Randal watched the failing breath, and were thankful there was no suffering. They counted the strokes of twelve ushering another Christmas morning into the world, and then a long drawn breath told them that all was over, and that the old man's spirit had passed away.

Silently the brother and sister withdrew from the chamber of death, the latter quietly weeping.

"Poor old cousin! I did not think once I could have ever shed a tear for him; but he has been dependent upon me for so long that I shall miss him greatly."

"I believe you were the one human being he loved, Madeline," said Randal, looking at her. "And no wonder!"

"Ah, but he liked you, Randal, when you first came here, more than he cared to show, and looked upon you with favour."

"Yes, I know," replied her brother, "and that fact, I believe, has been at the bottom of all my troubles. I will explain why and how another day. Now, Lina, go to bed at once, and take the rest you need so much. Ewald and I will go to the hotel, where we have secured rooms for to-night."



"'DEAR COUSIN,' SHE SAID, 'RANDAL IS COME.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT Christmas Day seemed a strange and sad one in the old Bank House. Yet, despite many a tender thought of the old man who was gone, Madeline felt happy and at rest. The long strain of waiting and expectation she had so bravely borne was over, and all mysteries were to be explained.

On the afternoon of the day Randal and Madeline sat by the dining-room fire and talked over the past. Mrs. Grimbald had left them alone together, and Ewald had forborne to intrude on their privacy. The brother and sister had things to say which could be said only to each other.

Mr. Bedford, having heard the report of his principal's death, had called early in the morning to inquire particulars, and on being informed of Randal's arrival could scarcely conceal his surprise. He left word that he was going away for two days, but would return in time for business after the Bank Holiday. Madeline felt relieved at the certainty of his absence.

"And now, Randal dear," she said, "begin at the beginning, as we used to say in our nursery days, and tell me all about everything."

So he began.

"Well, Madeline, when we first settled here you know all seemed to go well. I got on well with the bank work for a new hand, and Mr. Graves seemed pleased with me. He said more than once in Bedford's presence that 'I had the making of a man of business in me, in spite of my mistaken classical education.'

"I often fancied Bedford was getting a little jealous of me—why, I scarcely understood. Towards the end of that first summer he told me that Cousin Graves had commissioned him to look after me and to find me some friends, and he introduced me to young Tyrrwhit, the brewer's son, and young Wilson, in a lawyer's office here. Good-natured fellows I thought them, not exactly gentlemen, but that one didn't expect in a little place like this. They were older than I, and flattered me a bit. I never brought them home, for they used to chaff me about my 'pretty sister,' and somehow I didn't fancy their having anything to say to you.

"Well, we used to meet at the Rose and Crown to play billiards with other young fellows, and we often played cards in Wilson's lodgings. It soon came to playing for money, and I lost. You know, Lina, I'd precious little ready-money to lose, and I soon got into difficulties. But somehow I couldn't give up playing. I thought if I went on I must win in time, and so make up what I'd lost. That was why I kept teasing you for money; but I couldn't tell you so, because I knew you would object so strongly. But this was not the worst. They persuaded me that I might retrieve my losses by one stroke of luck if I could put some money on a favourite horse for the —— Stakes, at —— Races. I borrowed the money and staked, but the favourite was nowhere. Then I felt desperate, quite unlike myself; changed even to you. I felt sure you must notice it, and felt afraid to be long in your society lest you should question me closely. Over and over again I asked myself, 'How shall I get out of this difficulty?'

"It so happened that on Christmas Eve I had arranged to meet Bedford at the bank after hours, to settle up some business before Bank Holiday. I determined to make a clean breast of it to him. He seemed a good-natured fellow, and it was an easier task than facing Cousin Graves. At first he appeared sympathising, and I asked him if he thought Mr. Graves would advance me the sum I required from the bank, to be repaid by me when I came of age. He replied, 'No, that if Mr. Graves ever heard of the difficulties I was in he would turn me out of the bank, and I should have to leave Quillington in disgrace.' 'But what can I do?' I asked. 'Either way it seems ruin to my prospects!' 'Yes,' he replied coldly, 'either way it is ruin. The fact is you might as well—even better—take £50 from the bank and go off with it. I don't believe, for his credit's sake, Mr. Graves would prosecute. But then you'd have to go clean away from Quillington, and remain away for ever. You've played your cards badly,' he said, with a sneer, 'in more senses than one, and happen what may you're done for as regards your situation here.' And he went, quite unnecessarily, into the manager's room, and told me to finish up, leaving me with money in gold and notes all round me. You can guess the rest—how, like a miserable coward, I yielded to the temptation and took £50. I felt that I couldn't face the exposure of my debts before you and Mr. Graves. I would rather run away and hide my head. I tried to persuade myself that the money was only taken as a loan, to be repaid by me when I was of age. But I knew better all the time. I returned to you that Christmas Eve a thief, and resolved on flight.

"On Christmas morning, whilst you were at the early service, I came down and let myself out quietly. There were very few people about, for it was snowing, but at the station were some Christmas excursionists. I slipped in amongst them unobserved, and took a ticket to London. Thence I went to Folkestone, and crossed to Boulogne. (I was there once with dear father in a summer vacation.)

The snowy weather and the holiday time favoured me. I have learned since that few inquiries were made for me, and can only guess why. But you can imagine how utterly wretched I felt when once my mood of madness was over—how conscience-stricken for all my miserable conduct, and especially for leaving you so desolate! It seemed to me that I had kept on acting upon a succession of desperate impulses, each one leading me further into trouble.

"My anxiety to hear news of you overpowered everything, yet I dared not communicate with Quillington. At last I remembered Ewald Leyton, and the offer he once made of being a friend if I should need one. Never did I need one more. And oh, that I had only remembered his offer sooner! So I wrote to him at his home, and told him all, little thinking that he had already been down to Quillington. I am sure it was a good Providence that sent him to you.

"Well, Ewald talked the matter over with his father, and Mr. Leyton came to Boulogne to see me. I hid nothing from him, and he was very kind. Oh, Lina, how he did love our father! For his sake he would do anything for me. He wouldn't listen much to my professions of sorrow. He said the only way to show true repentance was by restitution. He would put me in the way of earning back the money I had taken, and of being able to repay it within the year. This was the only way in which he could help me. So he spoke for me to Messrs. Schopfwich, of L——, in North Germany, a firm connected with his paper-mill business, and got me employment with them. And, Lina dear, I have worked hard and lived hard until I could earn that money back and feel free again.

"Mr. Leyton imposed upon me a solemn promise to keep clear of all communication with Quillington. He did not trust Bedford after what I had told him, and thought that if he could trace my whereabouts he (Bedford) would probably try to injure my prospects with Messrs. Schopfwich.

"So I could but ask you, through Ewald, to trust me, Madeline. Thank you for having done so."

"Oh, Randal!" exclaimed his sister, "if you had only trusted me all through! If you had only told me of your troubles I would have devised some means of helping you! But never mind, darling, I will not reproach you now! I am afraid that cunning Mr. Bedford was at the bottom of it all. He was jealous of you with Cousin Graves for reasons of his own, and he tried to work your ruin. He introduced you to young men who, he thought, might lead you astray. Then he took advantage of your desperation to tempt you to take the one step that would ensure your absence from Quillington, and leave me, as he thought, in his power.

"And now, Randal, I must tell you what I have never told anyone before. That man has been my 'evil genius' ever since you went away. Why, that very Christmas Eve after he had seen you in the bank he came to our rooms in Eyre Street, pretending to ask for you, and, complaining to me of your dissipated habits, tried to lead me to confide in him. After you had fled he informed me that it was only at his intercession Mr. Graves had refrained from prosecuting you, a statement I have since found to be utterly untrue. He tried thus to establish a claim on me, and ever since he has annoyed me with his unwelcome attentions until I was obliged to appeal to Mr. Graves. Then he desisted for a time, but yesterday again he made himself more obnoxious than ever."

"It was for the last time, I can promise him!" exclaimed Randal. "The cub! How dared he? How could he presume, Madeline? I had never dreamed of your being exposed to such annoyance!"

"There must be some mystery," said Madeline, "which I don't understand. Mr. Bedford seems to have acquired great influence over Cousin Graves. I believe the latter was almost afraid of him, and, between ourselves, he once suggested leaving me the bulk of his fortune if I would marry Mr. Bedford."

"Well, I say!" interrupted Randal. "The old ——!"

"Hush, dear!" said Madeline, checking him. "From his point of view he meant it for my good. But when I refused, and told him plainly what I thought of Mr. Bedford, he never mentioned the matter again. I fancy he has changed his opinion of his manager lately."

"Yet," said Randal, "his last words were, 'Thomas Bedford has been a good servant.'"

"True; and I suppose he has been a good servant in his business capacity, and the words were meant to warn us not to be too hard upon him. At least, I think so."

"Well!" exclaimed her brother, "his behaviour to me I might have forgiven; but his conduct to you I cannot forgive, and I will show him my sense of it!"

"Oh pray don't quarrel with him," entreated Madeline. "What good could it do? I don't care now that you and Ewald are come."

"Ah! Ewald," said Randal archly; "here he comes! I've told my tale! "I'll leave him to tell his!"

* * * *

And Ewald was not long in doing so.

"Madeline," he said, as he took the seat Randal had vacated by the fire; "this season of death is not one I should have chosen to speak thus to you, but I cannot longer delay to break through all reserve and to tell you how I love you. You must know it without words from me. I have never had thought for anyone else. For years I have worshipped you at a distance, and during the last two I have had but one idea—that of making you my wife. For this I have worked hard at my business; for this I have striven to cultivate myself—not that I could ever be fitted for you, but that I may be more worthy of you. I have not approached you thus before because it was a compact that I should stand in the place of your brother as long as you needed one. But now that Randal has returned you will give me a nearer and a dearer name, will you not, Madeline?"

Madeline put her hand in his, saying—

"The thought of you, Ewald, and of your unspoken love, has been my only support through this weary year of waiting."

And the two sat there long, talking heart to heart, until the twilight shadows crept over the fast darkening room.

CHAPTER XIX.



N the evening of the Bank Holiday Mr. Bedford returned to Quillington in no very tranquil frame of mind. He felt himself nonplussed by young Wetherby's return at this juncture, and for the time at least in an uncomfortable position. He had never been able to find out Randal's whereabouts, and, in fact, imagined him gone to America. As for Madeline's assurance that he would return and repay the money, the manager looked on it as the Quixotic aspiration of a young and enthusiastic girl. Neither had he any suspicion of the understanding between Madeline and Ewald Leyton. But he knew that neither she nor her brother had reason to be his friend. To be thrown in contact with them now that his ally, Mr. Graves, was gone, was a distasteful idea to him, and he decided to avoid the house until after the old banker's funeral. "Only a few days," he muttered to himself, "and I think the tables will be turned, and that proud girl and her brother will be glad to seek the favour of the poor bank manager whom they have despised. 'Every dog has his day,' and mine is coming!"

Next morning, after the opening of the bank, Randal went to pay in the £50, and found himself in the presence of Mr. Bedford.

"I confess that I am surprised to see you here again, Mr. Wetherby," said the latter.

"Surprised, and not pleased, I suppose, Mr. Bedford," replied the young man. "I have come to repay the bank the money I took a year ago, with percentage added. I am happy to say that I have found better friends than you were to me when I was here. I have no reason to thank you for anything, least of all for the advice you gave me when half desperate. I could say something, too, on the score of your conduct towards my sister. But let bygones be bygones. I cannot quarrel with you over my cousin's death-bed, for I know he trusted you."

"Yes, indeed, sir," returned the manager; "the late Mr. Graves reposed absolute confidence in me, of which confidence I trust you will soon see striking proof, Mr. Wetherby. The funeral is to be on Wednesday, I believe?"

"Yes, on Wednesday—you shall be informed of all details," said Randal, hurrying away, for there was something in the manager's demeanour peculiarly unpleasant to him.

"What an odious fellow that Bedford is, and how changed within the last year!" he remarked to Madeline. "He behaves now as if he was lord and master of the whole concern!"

"Never mind," said his sister, "he cannot trouble me now, and after the funeral we can get away from him and from Quillington for ever, I hope."

* * * *

The day of the funeral came, and Madeline and Randal again found themselves principal figures in a mourning procession.

The old banker was laid to rest in the cemetery just outside the town on the last day of the old year. The two young Wetherbys were the only relatives present, but several of the townspeople followed. Mr. Graves had been respected by all though loved by few, and the only tears at his funeral were those shed by Madeline Wetherby.

But if there were few tears there were many speculations as to the way in which the old banker had bequeathed his property. This was the prominent idea in the minds of the many who regarded him only as a hard-headed, money-getting old man, of penurious disposition and eccentric manners.

There were only two people who knew how he had changed and softened of late—how he had broken through the prejudices of a lifetime and submitted to be taught and guided in the spirit of a child. Only Dr. Tempest and Madeline knew this, and they said nothing of it to the outer world, but to them it was a source of unspeakable comfort.

After the funeral came an ordeal, for which poor Madeline was wholly unprepared.

"Need I come in?" she asked, on seeing an array of black coats assembled in the familiar dining-room of the Bank House, to hear the will read. Dr. Tempest was there, accompanied by Mr. Allen (the young man who had come from town to see Mr. Graves on that eventful day in October); also Mr. Best (her cousin's lawyer), and Mr. Bedford, and Randal, and Ewald Leyton, who came as his friend. "Need I come in?" she repeated nervously, shrinking from the prospect.

"I think, my dear, you had better come," said Dr. Tempest, and Madeline went.

"We are assembled," began Mr. Best, in a pompous voice, "to read the will of the late Peter Graves, Esq." And he unfolded a document dated June 5th, 18—, and proceeded to read it, the drift of which was that the testator left his interest in the bank (representing a considerable amount of money), with the house and furniture, to his faithful manager, Thomas Bedford, and the rest of his property, consisting of money invested in certain securities which were specified, to his cousin Madeline Wetherby, on condition that, within six months of his decease, she should marry the said Thomas Bedford; in default of which, her share of the property was to be divided amongst the surviving representatives of his sister, Mary Ann Atkins, supposed to be resident in one of the United States of America.

When the lawyer had finished reading, Randal shot a glance of infinite disgust at Ewald, who only smiled. He felt quite secure in his position as Madeline's betrothed, and for reasons of his own was much relieved at the drift of the will.

Mr. Bedford, his chin up, looked calmly triumphant and disdainful of them all. Madeline crimsoned and looked down. The bare mention in public of the possibility of a union between herself and the manager was unspeakably odious to her.

Silence fell upon the party. Then Dr. Tempest stepped forward.

"That will, Mr. Best," he said, "is dated June 5th of this year, I believe?"

The lawyer assented.

"I would observe," continued Dr. Tempest, "that I have here under my charge a document of later date than that—viz., a codicil executed by Mr. Charles Allen (of the firm of Messrs. Allen & Snape, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London), and attested by my wife and myself on the 15th of October in this year. Mr. Allen will inform you of its contents."

"This codicil the testator expressly states is intended to revoke and annul the former will of June 5th. By it he leaves his interest in the bank, with the house and furniture, and all the rest of his property to his beloved cousin, Madeline Wetherby, absolutely and unconditionally, excepting the following legacies, which are to be paid duty free: Four thousand pounds to be divided amongst the representatives of his sister, Mary Ann Atkins; four hundred pounds to his housekeeper, Mrs. Grimbald; and two thousand pounds to his faithful manager, Thomas Bedford, in recognition of many years' service.

"This codicil, gentlemen, renders the former will null and void—in fact, it is so much waste paper!"

The result of this announcement was widely different from Dr. Tempest's anticipations. Now a shadow was upon every face! Randal looked disappointed! Did he realise, perhaps for the first time, that, though forgiven, he must bear the punishment of his sin. He had forfeited his cousin's esteem, and now, instead of being made independent, he was left dependent upon his sister. Ewald Leyton looked downcast, Mr. Best puzzled and annoyed. Madeline herself showed no signs of relief or of pleasure. The manager was furious.

"Gentlemen," he said, his voice trembling with the anger he tried to control, "there has been unfair play here! Mr. Graves naturally consulted me about the provisions of the first will, which was witnessed by Ann Foster, cook, and John Archer, one of our clerks."

"I drew it up," added Mr. Best huffily, "and I am at a loss to understand why Mr. Graves, who had always been a client of mine, should have consulted another solicitor, and not have informed me of his change of intention."

"I say that there has been undue influence exerted here," protested Mr. Bedford, raising his voice.

"By whom?" asked Dr. Tempest. "I think, too, there has been undue influence exercised over Mr. Graves; but let us be careful to put the saddle on the right horse, Mr. Bedford. Whom do you accuse?"

"You, in the first place!" returned the manager fiercely. "You came canting and sneaking round the poor old man when he was in his dotage, and persuaded him to alter his will in favour of your *protégée*, Miss Wetherby!" with a sneer.

"I pass over your rudeness, Mr. Bedford, in consideration of your natural annoyance. It is needless, I hope, for one of my calling to disprove such an accusation as you bring against me, but I must just say, for the satisfaction of those present, that I was ignorant of the contents of the codicil until I heard it read aloud just now. I was simply called in to attest it, and I can answer for this, that Mr. Graves was in the full possession of all his faculties then."

"This young lady, then," said the manager with an unpleasant glance at Madeline, "knows something about the change of intention. She has been worming herself round the old man to some purpose lately, and would let no one else approach him. I might have known there was some good reason for such devoted attention!"

"Don't answer him, Madeline," whispered Ewald.

"You dare to speak thus of my sister," began Randal; but the young lawyer checked him and answered for her—

"I was sent by Messrs. Allen & Snape to draw up the codicil in question last October. I saw Miss Wetherby afterwards, and had some luncheon with her. She was quite ignorant of the real purport of my visit, and looked upon me as a personal friend of Mr. Graves. The testator himself informed me that he wished no one connected with him to know of the execution of the codicil. Not Miss Wetherby, lest her feeling for him should become less disinterested. Least of all, Mr. Bedford, whose influence he dreaded in his weak state of health. Under this influence, the testator said, he had executed the first will, the provisions of which he had reason now to know would be repugnant to Miss Wetherby. Everything was perfectly straightforward and legal. Mr. Bedford will do well to accept his handsome legacy, and say no more about the matter."

"I shall appeal, I warn you! I shall contest the will on the ground of the testator's incapacity, and of undue influence," protested the manager, as he left the room in a rage. "I will not be swindled out of my just rights by a prating priest and a designing woman!"

The others breathed more freely when he was gone.

"We are all friends here now, I think," said Dr. Tempest, smiling. "Never mind, Madeline, we both 'row in the same boat,' and we must make every allowance for a disappointed man. To lose the lady and the fortune too, is rather 'hard luck,'—eh, Best? But I see these young people are longing to be gone, so we may release them if you have any more legal formalities to discuss with me, as joint-executor."

CHAPTER XX.

RANDAL and Madeline went out, followed by Ewald. A cloud seemed over all three. The fresh bright innocence of their intercourse was gone, for money had drawn the dark cloud of self-interest over the sunshine of love. They had tasted (in another sense) of "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Madeline was rich, and the two young men were poor; the fact seemed to raise a barrier between her and them at once. Randal would be dependent upon her, always a difficult position for a brother to hold towards a sister. Ewald would now be called a "fortune-hunter," who had entrapped a wealthy heiress—poor Ewald, in whose eyes Madeline's poverty and friendlessness, had been amongst her chief attractions. To work for her, to deny himself for her, was all he asked, and now there would be no real necessity for either.

Randal stood at the window of the upstair sitting-room, trying to whistle, a cloud upon his sunny brow.

"I say, Madeline," he began, "what a 'sell' for Bedford! What made Cousin Graves change his mind so completely?"

"I told you that once I had to appeal to him to protect me from Mr. Bedford's attentions. It was one Sunday in last June—Whit-Sunday, I remember, so that will fix the date. He seemed surprised, and intimated that Mr. Bedford had said I encouraged his advances. Of course I enlightened him as to the real truth. Cousin Graves appeared vexed and puzzled, and went on to say that he had decided to leave me a part of his fortune on condition I married Mr. Bedford, for he thought it would be a comfortable provision in life for me. I assured him that any such arrangement would be useless, as nothing would induce me ever to fulfil such a condition. The subject dropped then, as far as I remember, and was never mentioned again between us. That is all I know about the matter," concluded Madeline.

"Well," observed her brother, consulting his pocket-book, "Whit-Sunday this year was on the 10th of June, that will was dated June 5th, therefore when Cousin Graves spoke to you, it must have been already drawn up, signed, and sealed, under the influence of Bedford, who falsely represented that you were attached to him. Then, when Cousin Graves found out that he had been deceived by Bedford, I suppose he was too much under his power to tell him so, and his only course was to execute, unknown to the manager, a codicil which should revoke the former will. I see now how the whole thing was brought about, and, Lina dear, I'm sure I congratulate you. I know how well you've deserved it all, and you're heartily welcome to it."

But there was just a slight accent of disappointment in the lad's voice which Madeline was not slow to notice.

"Oh! but, dearest Randal," she said, "we are to divide everything. That's what poor Cousin Graves meant on his death-bed, when he said "too late," and "you'll take care of him" to me. He meant that it was then too late to include your name in the will, but I was to share all with you. I didn't understand his words at the time, but I do now."

"You're very good, Lina," replied the lad, "but such divisions are not easily made when there are executors to be consulted; besides it's not quite the thing to be dependent on one's sister. No; I shall go back to Schopfwich, and stick to work; it's best for me after all. I think I'll go and have a stroll now." And Randal left the room.

Ewald, who had been sitting with his elbow on the table, and his head buried in his hands, now looked up.

"I feel somewhat as Randal does, Madeline," he said; "a man can't be dependent on his wife, it lowers him so dreadfully. Our engagement must be 'off' now. I don't think I could stand to be called the 'fortune-hunter,' who made up to a girl above him in birth, and with a fortune of her own. I spoke to you before the will was read purposely, because it seemed likely Mr. Graves might leave you some legacy, and the world might have said then I was after the 'loaves and fishes.' But this blow, I confess I did not expect."

"Dear Ewald," said Madeline, "how unreasonable you are! I don't wish to hold you bound against your will; but I really cannot consent to release you from our engagement on the score only of my accession to a fortune."

"But you ought to do so," persisted the young man incoherently. "I ought to—I mean—that it is my duty to—that now you might marry 'better,' as they call it, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," was her reply. "How could I marry better? Could I do better than give everything I have in the world to one who came forward to help and protect me when I was poor and friendless, in as chivalric a manner as the knights of old, who is like one of those knights in his high sense of truth, honour and generosity, but who (may I say it?) is really too Quixotic for this nineteenth century," said Madeline, trying to smile, though her tears were very near the surface.

"Oh, Madeline, don't talk so! You'll shake my resolution. I must not stay and listen to you," and Ewald rose abruptly from his seat, setting his lips firmly as if to avoid betraying himself. "I will go out now and look for Randal."

Soon afterwards Madeline heard the hall-door close behind him, and it seemed to her that she was again alone—alone in her wealth and independence; but alone in a far worse sense than she had ever been in her poverty and helplessness. She bowed her head, and bitter tears fell upon her new mourning garments; bitterer tears than all the anxiety of the last year had caused; bitterer tears than even Randal's defection had wrung from her.

Presently Dr. Tempest entered hastily, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Madeline, dear child, I come to congratulate you, and find you in tears! What is the matter?"

"Oh, Dr. Tempest," exclaimed the girl, raising her tearful eyes to his kind sympathising face, "I am so miserable! Tell me how I can get rid of this horrid money? I knew nothing about it until this day; but Mr. Bedford says I have schemed unfairly to get it; and Randal is against me because he is left dependent upon me; and Ewald threatens to break off our engagement, because it is against his principles to marry an heiress! What can I do?"

"Phew!" exclaimed the clergyman, "engagement! marriage! Are you engaged to this young Leyton then, Madeline? Why did you never tell Mrs. Tempest? She will think it a want of confidence on your part."

"But I could not tell her, Dr. Tempest, for we have only been engaged a week. He was not at liberty to speak before, though I have known he cared for me. He has been a kind friend to me since papa's death, and Mrs. Leyton has been a mother to me. But they are such unworldly, conscientious people, that though they were willing for Ewald to marry me when I was poor, they may not approve of it now I am rich."

"Upon my word, Madeline, a family worth knowing!" exclaimed the Doctor; and he there and then extracted from her a whole history of the Leytons and Heathercote, until he was as much interested in Ewald and his love story as Madeline could desire. When she had finished, he rose, saying—"No more tears, Madeline, there is nothing to worry about. You are even more to be congratulated than I thought you were, for a good husband is better than a fortune. I'll talk to these two silly lads, and undertake to satisfy their minds. As to Mr. Bedford, he will be more difficult to satisfy; but you don't really care for what he says, do you?"

"No, he is a bad man, and has been a great enemy both to Randal and to me; but Cousin Graves trusted him, and his last words were, that 'Bedford had been a good servant.'"

"Well, well," said Dr. Tempest, "he has a good legacy you know. As Best is left executor with me, I must tell him that you are engaged to this young man, and we must make no arrangements about your property without first of all consulting his father."

Going out a little later, Dr. Tempest met the two young men returning from their walk, and rated them soundly for what he called their ridiculous behaviour. "Making poor Madeline miserable," he concluded. "Why, Wetherby, you might know you are quite safe with such a sister; and, Leyton, such a wife with no fortune would have been good, but surely with a fortune she is better—I mean it makes it easier for you to marry at once, and settle."

"I don't want it made easier," began the pertinacious Ewald; but the Doctor cut him short, saying—

"I'm not going to argue the point with you now, I must be off. We will settle all matters satisfactorily in time. Go in now and cheer Madeline up."

The young men joined Madeline at tea in the dining-room, and found Mrs. Grimbald presiding—Mrs. Grimbald, who, of all the Bank House party, seemed perfectly satisfied with the result of the day's proceedings. She had been a good deal overshadowed lately by Randal's return, and by the prominence given to Madeline in the funeral arrangements; but her equanimity was now restored, and her legacy was an unbounded source of satisfaction to her.

Madeline found that Randal and Ewald had been discussing Mr. Bedford, and, when they were alone, she confided to Ewald how the manager had persecuted her with his attentions during the past year.

"Somehow, I was always suspicious of that man, though I scarcely knew why," said young Leyton; "but now I see it all. The crafty fellow manœuvred to get Randal out of the way, and you into residence at the Bank House, where he thought you would have been in his power. He pretended to Cousin Graves that you would be disposed to marry him, hence that first will. Then, when he found that he had gone too far, he desisted, biding his time until Mr. Graves should die. But did he really think you would have become Mrs. Bedford, if the first will had stood?" asked Ewald.

"Perhaps so," said the girl; "he judged me by himself, I suppose, and thought I would do anything for money. Besides, Ewald, he did not know of *you*, remember," she added.

"And *I* didn't know," replied the young man; "or I must have come over here and interfered with him. Why didn't you tell me, Madeline?"

"I don't know, I could not make up my mind; it seemed like asking you to declare yourself," said Madeline, timidly. "Otherwise, what right would you have had to interfere? Don't you see, Ewald? I hadn't the courage to appeal to Cousin Graves sooner; there I made a mistake."

"Well, now, I don't mind telling you, Madeline, that *I* made a very stupid mistake, too, and had not the courage to ask you for an explanation." And Ewald told her the episode of his arrival at Quillington Church on that memorable Whit-Sunday morning; of his mistaken impression, and of his abrupt departure in a fit of jealousy.

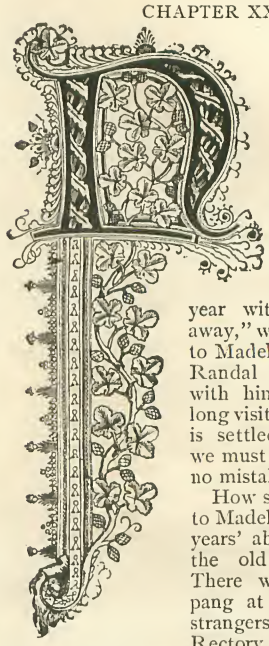
"Well, really, Ewald," said Madeline, laughing, "you were too ridiculous! As if a man and woman could not occupy the same pew, and sing from the same hymn-book, without being engaged to each other. And then, too, to pay any attention to old Lunn's gossip! You must have had on very yellow spectacles that morning."

"Well, perhaps I had," was the reply. "I know I made a fool of myself, but I was very much in love, and I'm such a rough, unattractive fellow, that I get over-sensitive about it, I'm afraid; and just at the time I really thought Bedford had cut me out."

"But you don't ask me what *I* thought," said Madeline, "when month after month passed by, and you never came to see me? Well, I trusted you, Ewald, all through everything."

"And in future we will always trust each other, Madeline," was his reply, from which it would appear that Ewald's resolution to break off his engagement had been already forgotten.

CHAPTER XXI.



NOT many days afterwards Madeline and Randal found themselves again at Heathercote, the home of their childhood.

"We have had no proper Christmas this year with dear Ewald away," wrote Mrs. Leyton to Madeline. "You and Randal must come back with him, and pay us a long visit, until your future is settled, and this time we must take care to make no mistakes."

How strange it seemed to Madeline, after her two years' absence, to be in the old haunts again! There was a moment's pang at the thought of strangers in the dear old Rectory, and at the sight of a new face in her father's pulpit, but the feeling was only transient.

Madeline, as she stood beside her father's grave in the churchyard, or knelt in the quaint old church, endeared to her from infancy by many a tender association, felt her heart overflowing with deep thankfulness for the mercy and protection which had overshadowed her during her two years' experience of life, especially for Randal's restoration, and for Ewald's love. Some brightness mingled even with the memory of poor old Cousin Graves. She felt thankful that she had been enabled to do her duty to him, and to comfort his declining days; above all was she grateful for the Merciful Hand which had overruled her mistakes, and made all things work together for her good.

The village Christmas festivities at Heathercote took place early in the New Year, so Madeline was in time to render her assistance, and much she enjoyed taking up, as it were, a bit of her old life again. She went in and out of the cottages visiting her old friends, who were rejoiced to see "our Miss Madeline again," some of them adding the less welcome words, "and to think of your being such a rich lady now!"

When the news of her engagement to Ewald Leyton became known, their satisfaction was complete.

"Now we shall have our young lady here always," they said.

That first fortnight in the year was like a pleasant dream to Madeline. But when it came to an end it was necessary that arrangements should be made about her fortune. She herself was anxious to divide it equally with Randal, as she judged this to have been

Mr. Graves's desire at the end, and Ewald agreed with her, but neither of the executors gave consent. They both judged it to have been Mr. Graves's intention that Madeline should make a suitable provision for her brother out of her fortune, and they thought that this intention would be best answered by assigning Randal a quarter of the property absolutely, so that he should be independent of Madeline and her husband. Dr. Tempest thought it would be bad for Randal to have too large a sum at his disposal, and he also considered that the young man ought to realise that, by his sad lapse of last year, he had forfeited the right to his full share of their cousin's property.

Randal was quite satisfied with the arrangement. He would not be of age for another year, and during this time an allowance would be made him.

Madeline wished him to go to Cambridge, with a view to entering some profession, but Randal himself demurred. He had become fond of his work in Germany, and perhaps he dreaded the temptations of University life. He decided to return to Mr. Schopfwich, who was quite willing to receive him; for he said of Randal, as Mr. Graves had once done, "that there was the making of a good man of business in him."

Madeline had no wish to keep up any connection with Quillington, so that her interest in the banking concern, with the house and furniture, was soon disposed of. But she insisted that such a sum should be guaranteed out of it to Mr. Bedford, as would place him in the position of a junior partner. Her generous mind could not bear the idea of his having lost so much through her means. She would not see him herself, but instructed Ewald to make the offer. He found the manager in a gloomy, morose frame of mind, though his pugnacious attitude had disappeared since the lawyers had convinced him of the futility of contesting the will.

At first he seemed embittered towards Madeline, as having poisoned Mr. Graves's mind against him; but his tone changed when Ewald told him of her generous offer, which he was nothing loth to accept; for an independent spirit formed no part of his composition. One fact he especially impressed upon Ewald, with a view to his conveying it to Madeline—viz., "That he had never sought the young lady from any pecuniary motives, but for herself alone,"—an assertion Ewald found more difficult to pardon than to believe. He was glad when the interview was over, and he had said good-bye for ever to the crafty manager who had got off so much better than he deserved.

And for Madeline herself, she felt now happy in the possession of the remainder of her cousin's fortune; and with Ewald to help her, she might make it the means of doing much good.

Mr. Leyton (who was getting into years) decided to retire, and to give up the house to the young couple, and the business to his sons, Ewald and Norris.

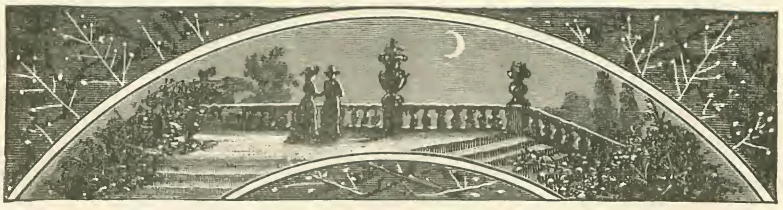
So there was now no reason why the young people should delay their marriage, which took place in the early spring, Dr. Tempest coming from Quillington to perform the ceremony, and Randal all the way from Germany to give away the bride.

I need not say how heartily Madeline was welcomed as a daughter by both Mr. and Mrs. Leyton, senior.

"Ah!" said the former, fervently, as he watched the bridal procession enter the church, "if our dear old Rector had but lived to see this day!"

And so we leave Madeline Leyton, where we found her as Madeline Wetherby, in the quiet village of Heathercote, once more again the centre of love and affection; but she enters upon her new and untried life with a more humble, diffident spirit than of old, with a mind matured by the experience of the past, and a heart chastened by its sorrows.

[THE END.]



FOOTPRINTS ON THE SNOW.

By the Rev. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

THERE were footprints on the snow,
That sunny Christmas day,
As the mourners, to and fro,
Came and went their way,
And the old church-bell tolled low
And solemnly.

But a little while agone,
From out that old church-bell
Many a sweet carillon
Merrily rose and fell;
But now they toll thereon
A funeral knell.

What poet with his rhymes—
What voice of wisdom tells
Of life, and its changing times,
More wisely than yon bells,
That now, for gladness, chimes—
Now sadly knells?

Hush not the heart that weeps,
When Hope and Faith are there:
For He, who never sleeps,
The Eternal Comforter,
Blesses the hearth that keeps
A vacant chair.

And the noontide wears to even,
And the joy-bells charming are;
And the veil of gloom is riven,
And, lo! like a gem afar,
From the silvery gates of heaven
Comes forth a star.

And they think of the Holy Child
As they watch that starry gem!
Oh, is that glory mild
That smiles this night on them,
The same sweet star that smiled
On Bethlehem?

Through the window softly shone
That glory, large and fair;
Then, lo! like a benison
Whispered to one not there,
That sweet star rests upon
The vacant chair!

No more the death-bell tolls:
Like some calm Presence near,
A still small voice controls
The rising of the tear,
And whispers to their souls:
"Jesus is here!"

And the footprints on the snow
That mourners made this morn
In the starlight, sparkle and glow—
White roses, without a thorn—
For the churchyard doth not show,
Now Christ is born,

The places where mourners ponder,
Or a sad procession trod,
But angels' feet, that wander
Over the snowy sod,
For death-knells here are—yonder—
Joy-bells with God.

TINNED FRUITS.



THE season of Christmas is proverbially one of hospitality. There are, however, various forms of hospitality, and at the present sacred season of the year it is of very great importance that we guard ourselves against indulging in a form of hospitality which, so far from being a true one, is in reality a false form. Great changes have taken place in the tone of thought of society during the last half-century. Fifty years ago there existed too often a feeling that Christmas was a season which could be honoured by an extra indulgence in wine. On Christmas Day little children had, as a great treat, a glass all to themselves, while an allowance of port and sherry was as a rule sent downstairs to the kitchen, the reason being that it was the custom. Fortunately these ideas have, to a great extent, passed away.

Still there are many forms and ways by which we can show our goodwill towards men when we keep the feast at the present season. Some little extra indulgence in the good things of this world is not only lawful but justifiable.

What more suitable form of Christmas cheer can we have when we celebrate the birth of Him who came to remove the curse than the food originally given to man before sin entered into the world.

"And every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat."

Thanks to the increase of knowledge and modern invention, and the fact that many run to and fro upon the earth, although the season is that of Christmas and perchance snow lies on the ground, still we can decorate our Christmas dinner-table with the juicy apricot, the luscious peach, and the sweet-smelling pine-apple, and serve them up as perfect as when the summer sun ripened them while growing on the tree.

It is, of course, needless to say that for our Christmas fruit we are dependent on the art of tinning, and now that a method has been discovered of enamelling the inside of the tins, all possible ground for objection against tinned goods has been removed.

In preparing dishes for the table, especially on great occasions like Christmas, we should remember that there are three senses to be gratified—the sense of smell, the sense of taste, and the sense of vision. We purpose describing how to serve apricots, peaches, pine-apples, and pears; and in order to render these dishes really pretty we shall require for the three first a little angelica and preserved cherries, and in making the pears presentable we shall want the assistance of a little cochineal. Preserved cherries are about 1s. 6d. a pound, and angelica about 1s. 3d. a pound. Half a pound of each at this season of the year will be found extremely useful for ornamental purposes. For instance, suppose we have an ordinary custard pudding usually served in the pie-dish in which it is baked. Suppose we let this pudding get cold. With a thin sharp knife we can cut right round the edge, and by placing a dish over the top we can turn it out whole like a jelly. Now make a star, and ornament the middle of the pudding with a red cherry and four little points or wedges of angelica about an inch long, half an inch at the base, coming to a point. Then place round the edge of the pudding, at distances about an inch apart, half a cherry and a little star of angelica. Instead of having a common looking pudding you have a dish which, in appearance, you would not be ashamed to put on the table at a wedding breakfast. The extra cost would not be a half-penny. But we must commence with describing how to use our tinned fruits.

First of all we will commence with a tin of apricots. Open the tin, cutting it sufficiently near the edge to avoid the possibility of breaking the fruit in turning it out. You will find that it contains a number of bright yellow cups, each of which is half an apricot, in addition to a quantity of apricot syrup, and a few white kernels. The simplest plan of serving this dish is to pile up the apricots in a heap, if the tin is large, and sticking half a preserved cherry in all the holes between the apricots. Then take a penknife and cut a piece of angelica into thin strips, as thin as a lucifer match, but not more than an inch in length; you can stick the penknife into the apricots and insert a little piece of green angelica so that it sticks half in and half out. The effect is very pretty. These pieces of angelica, which are green, stick out similar to almonds in a tipsy cake. The red cherries brighten up the dish, and a few pieces of angelica can be placed alternately round the base. A glass dish is very good for the purpose, but, of course, a silver dish is still better.

If you have a small tin of apricots, and consequently not sufficient quantity to pile up in a heap, you can place the apricots flat, the concave side uppermost, in an oval glass dish, reserving the best cup for the centre; or, if you have sufficient, you can place one cup in another, and thus have the centre slightly raised. Now place half a cherry in the middle of each yellow cup, and a whole cherry flattened in the centre cup. Then cut some little imitation leaves out of the angelica, not bigger or thicker than an elongated threepenny piece. Place four of these round each half cherry, and each half apricot will look like a beautiful flower. You can vary the centre half apricot by using the white kernel. The red cherry is apparently surrounded by four white leaves in addition to the four green.

A still prettier dish can be made with the assistance of a small jar of clotted cream. Devonshire clotted cream or Cornish scalded cream can now be obtained in various places in London, or can be sent down to private addresses by parcels post in answer to the advertisements that appear in the papers, the cost being about the same as good fresh butter. If you are going to give a Christmas party it will well repay you to get a pound jar, for it is as wholesome and as nourishing as it is delicious. Suppose we place our tin of apricots, the syrup being of course poured round, in a dish. We must first of all with a teaspoon scrape out the moisture which may have settled in each golden yellow cup. We next place a little heap of clotted cream in the centre of each cup—half a teaspoonful is ample for each. Next place half a cherry lightly on the centre of each little heap of cream. Now chop up a little angelica like we would parsley, and before chopping the angelica wash it so as to remove the crystallised sugar, by which means we obtain a better colour. Now drop these little green specks on to the white cream, only do not do this till shortly before the dish is placed on the table, as they have a tendency to sink into the cream, and thus get lost from sight. You should also bear in mind that it is best to use the more solid part of the cream for the purpose. There are few sweets sent to table more delicious. The great drawback to the dish is that it is invariably so popular, so pleasing both to eye and palate, that it is difficult to provide enough. You will rarely find that any is left. Another dish which resembles this in this particular is trifle.

We will next describe how to serve pine-apples preserved whole in tins. Pine-apples can now be obtained in tins whole at the cost of about a shilling each, surrounded by rather less than half a pint of the most delicious pine-apple syrup.

In opening a tin containing a whole pine-apple you must be very careful to cut the tin round the edge, as otherwise you will have a difficulty in turning it out, and of course you must be careful not to break it. These tinned pine-apples are really very delicious in flavour, and are quite equal to hot-house pines, which, of course, we all know would cost ten times the money. The best dish in which to place a pine is a round glass dish. When the pine-apple is turned out you will find that the top and bottom have already been cut off. The pine-apple itself in shape resembles a small barrel. All you have to do is to ornament the top. The syrup of course is simply poured round the base of the pine. You will also find that there is a hole right through the pine-apple. Having placed the pine in the centre of the dish, place a red cherry on the top in the middle, and then cut four little triangles of angelica so that the base of the triangle touches the cherry, and the point of the triangle just reaches the edge of the pine. The base of the triangle will probably be about half an inch wide, and the length from about an inch to an inch and a half. Again, cut four more little strips of angelica to fit in between each piece; the bottom or base of these strips must be cut pointed so as to fit in neatly round the cherry. The effect is very pretty. The top of the pine-apple now resembles a star in which the centre is red—the cherry—and the eight spikes green. Of course these must be cut neatly, and the point of the spike must not stick over the edge of the pine.

This is the simplest form of serving a tinned pine, and of course gives very little trouble. The juice is white, like ordinary syrup, and the dish can be varied by turning this juice into pine-apple cream. All that is necessary is a small quantity of cream and sufficient gelatine to make it set. A quarter of a pint of cream would be sufficient for the purpose, and if you have a jar of clotted cream and are making both dishes at once, that is, apricots with cream as well as the pine-apple, you can use the more liquid part of the cream for the purpose. One sixpenny packet of gelatine—and these are generally sold at fourpence halfpenny—is sufficient to set a quart. You must therefore first of all add the cream to the pine-apple syrup and see how much liquid you have to set. The gelatine should be allowed to soak for a couple of hours in a little cold water. You can then add sufficient in proportion to make

the cream solid when cold; and there is no harm in beating up a yolk of an egg and adding this after the gelatine has been dissolved. Take the cream and syrup and make it hot—you need not boil it, but you must make it sufficiently hot to dissolve the gelatine. After the gelatine has been dissolved and while it is hot is the proper time to add the yolk of egg. Now place the pine-apple in the centre of a glass dish, either round or oval, and pour the mixture round it while warm. This ought to be done overnight—of course in the morning it will have set firm. It is therefore very important first of all to put the pine-apple exactly in the middle of the dish, and next to see that the dish is placed straight, for it will spoil appearances to have one side thicker than the other. We will suppose that the top of the pine is ornamented as we have described. If the glass dish is a round one we can place ornaments on the top of the cream, which of course resembles a solid custard, which will correspond with the ornaments on the top of the pine. Half a cherry can be placed alternately with a little star of angelica. Of course this must be placed at equal distances apart. If the glass dish is an oval one two smaller stars, but similar, can be placed on each side of the pine, composed of half a cherry and four little wedges of angelica.

We next come to tinned pears. On opening the tin these will be found to consist of very ripe and luscious pears peeled, cut in half, the cores having been removed, and surrounded by a very delicious pear syrup. It is very difficult, in fact impossible, to lay down any law as to which fruit is best. These pears seem to melt in the mouth, and are probably more wholesome in hot climates than stone fruit. First of all open the tin, and the first thing that will strike you is, how can we make them look pretty? They are pale in colour like wax. Drain the pears from the syrup till they get almost dry. Next have ready some good rice that has been boiled till it is very tender, but not pappy. Pile up this cold rice in an oval-shaped glass dish, and then pour the syrup of the pears over the rice and let it soak. The syrup can be poured into the middle of the rice, as we want the surface as white as possible. Now take a few drops of cochineal, and with an ordinary paste-brush or any other kind of brush paint the pears a bright red. It is wonderful what an improvement this will make in their appearance. Shortly before sending the dish to table place the pears on the piled-up rice. The red pear reposing on the white bed looks very pretty, and a little chopped angelica will assist to brighten up the plain white surface.

Another method of serving pears is to make the juice into pear jelly. All that is necessary is a little gelatine to make the juice a jelly. We should endeavour as much as possible to keep the flavour of the pear, but there is no harm in adding the juice of a lemon, in which case it will be necessary to add a little more sugar. The jelly will not be bright unless it is cleared in the ordinary way with the white of an egg, but there is no harm in having the jelly clouded. The jelly can be allowed to set in a very small pie-dish and turned out into the middle of a glass dish. The red pears can now be placed round it, and the pears themselves can be ornamented by being stuck with little strips of almond like a tipsy cake. If the pears rest on the jelly with the stalk part or the smaller end uppermost, the dish would look prettier if you stick all the base with strips of almond, and use strips of angelica for the upper part only, about an inch from the end. We here have green, red and white, which always contrasts well so far as colour goes.

The great difficulty in serving peaches preserved in tins is, that they are nearly always of a bad colour, a sort of dirty white. Were it not for this they could be treated exactly in the same way as we treated the apricots. The apricots, however, have a sort of golden yellow colour which the peaches lack. Another point in which they differ is as a rule there is much less syrup. If we ornament the peaches and have cream to assist us—that is, clotted or solid cream—our work is comparatively easy. We can colour pears a bright red, but it does not do to colour the peaches to the same extent. All we can do is to mix a little of their syrup with cochineal, and, so to speak, to give them a tone—a red cherry can be placed in the centre of each cup, or they can be piled up in a heap with the convex side uppermost. We can now make them look pretty by means of red and green specks, by chopping up preserved cherries and angelica. These specks must be about the size of small split peas, and if the peaches are piled up in the dish in the shape of a dome, a little variation can be made by placing some kind of ornament at the top. One-half peach can be left out and placed at the top with the concave side uppermost. Of course you would have to cut off with a sharp knife the bottom in order to prevent it slipping. When you cut off this bottom—about the size of a shilling—you can place it in the middle of the cup. You will now find it is easier to ornament the top, as the surface will be flat. By means of splitting the kernels—and there are sure to be three or four pieces—you will be able to make a star, the centre of which will be a small red cherry, surrounded by white and then by some green leaves cut out of angelica. The white leaves made from the kernel will be about as big as a sixpence, while the green leaves must be cut about the size of a shilling.

We now have four very handsome dishes to ornament the supper-table, and considering that the time is Christmas the expense will not be very great.

Tinned fruits will be found very useful for ornamental purposes in other ways, especially in decorating puddings, such as baked rice flavoured with vanilla or lemon, which can be allowed to get cold, then turned out like a mould, and the fruit placed on the top, with a preserved cherry in the centre of each cup if the fruit be apricot. The juice can be coloured red with madder, or other harmless dye, and then poured round the base.

SNOWDROPS.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.



FEARLESS of the frost that bound them,
Spotless as the drifts around them,
How we welcome their awaking,
When the days are cold and drear!
Slender spires of green upbreaking,
Blossoms opening white and clear;
Speaking hope to every comer,
They are morning stars of summer
In the dawning of the year!

Prophecies of joy unbidden
In their tiny depths have hidden,
For their robes of wintry whiteness
Hints of summer green enfold,
And their inmost heart of brightness
Hath a touch of autumn gold;
Brave, yet bowed in pensive meekness,
God protects them in their weakness,
Till their tale of hope is told.

Always bright is their appearing,
Field, or lane, or garden cheering,
But we give them most affection
When the grave their buds illume;
Angels of the resurrection,
Telling of an empty tomb,
Sent to sorrowing hearts in token
Of a home by death unbroken,
Where the snowdrops ever bloom!



AN ALPINE MANGER.

AN ANALOGY.

WHO does not revel in the sumptuous beauties of the Alps! Mountains are always instinct with suggestions of everything that should elevate and inspire. From the valleys they rise in luxuries of verdure, and the very pines seem over anxious to boldly and truly strike upward to the heights. And the summits of virgin snow and untrodden ice, as they are seen in the sunshine, or by night with the stars glittering upon them, and the moon showering down her soft beams of refulgent light, how they seem to reveal to toil-stained man the glories of a hereafter, and a blessedness that awaits him when he himself is risen above all that is mortal.

Such a scene do we see now in our little *pension*, perched thousands of feet upon a mountain, and facing one of the most beautiful snow summits of the Bernese Oberland. The Jungfrau is revealed in all her glory, the robe of snow eternal is bright with unbroken sunlight, and everything is at peace save the rattling of the grasshoppers' wings about our feet.

A scene has been enacted this brilliant summer's morning which has raised the aspect of such surroundings to an ideality little dreamt of. While thousands of our countrymen are rushing to one distant part of the Continent to witness the performance at Ober-Ammergau, a scene of simple love, typical of that which, on the first Christmas Day in Bethlehem, was performed by wise men and the choir celestial, has been, without circumstance or pomp, without even the knowledge of the analogy to Scripture story, performed before our eyes, and in a situation completely unexpected.

Last night a star of unusual size and brilliancy rested on the snowy arch of the Jungfrau, and as it rose higher and higher we were told that it was the Star of Bethlehem; and this morning we hear that the little schoolmistress of the mountain upon which we sojourn has suddenly, in the midst of domestic cares and duties, deprived us of her service, and is now beholding, with overpowering joy, the new-born son which nestles in her bosom. Her surroundings are plain to bareness, and yet how magnificent! how enviable! for are they not almost identical with those of the Nativity which took place so long ago? The bed underneath our *pension*, which is supported by stone pillars, and where the mountain goats reside at night or in the depths of winter, is made of straw, and the happy father, like a Joseph, is gazing with unmixed pleasure at the "great thing" accomplished by the Almighty power. Why this unsuitable spot? asks the reader. And

the reply comes in Biblical language—"Because there is no room for her in the inn."

During the morning the *pensionnaires* have jointly subscribed for an offering to the babe; and lo and behold, while the gold, like unto the gifts of the three kings, is being presented, peasants troop in with offerings of wild flowers gathered with loving care from the tops and sides of the mountain—edelweiss, gentian, and harebells of unusual size, and in the centre of the largest bouquet is a garden flower—the virgin lily, all white and stately, suggestive, as the old Italian painters so well knew, of the purity and dignity of the Virgin Mary.

O lovely, lovely scene! unprepared, unstudied, and scarcely appreciated by the very actors themselves. How ye show to sceptical man the greater scene of the mighty Incarnation! And how ye stir us to thoughts and acts of a life better and more ideal than that hitherto lazily enjoyed! The world is full of scenes that stir and exalt, and, like the Alpine range before us, let us try to peer into heavenly heights, where the angels sing for ever and ever—

"Glory to God in the highest!
And on earth goodwill towards Men!"

C. P.

Isenfluh, August, 1890.



ALPINE FLOWERS.

A DREAM.

LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

I WAS sitting with my Aunt Barbara in a room looking out over the sea. A low wall, which bounded the garden, was so hidden by shrubs and evergreens that the blue waters of the Mediterranean seemed as though they came close up to the lovely little nest in which my aunt always spent the winter, although, in fact, there was a road between the garden wall of Villa Fiorentina and the beach. The ground within the boundary was undulated, but, as a whole, rose in a somewhat steep ascent to the house, and was laid out with the utmost taste and skill, no expense being spared whenever there was any question of a new plant or tree to add to the beauty of what was certainly the most perfect garden I ever saw. The mossy turf was like green velvet, intersected by paths here and there of yellow gravel; banks of soft grass and ferns invited repose; shade from the southern sun was contrived by huge masses of myrtle and orange trees, as well as bushes of fuschias and roses; while overtopping all were tall palms of rare sorts, and many other children of the tropics brought from afar with great difficulty, and watched with an unceasing vigilance which was rewarded by the luxuriant health and generally flourishing condition of its objects. People came long distances to see the garden, and Madame Selby, as the owner was called, became quite a personage through the reflected glories of this lovely spot.

"Madame" was, however, only a title of brevet rank, Aunt Barbara being an old maid, and one, moreover, who never for a moment wished to be thought anything else. She was a woman of fifty odd, who might perhaps have looked younger had she chosen to wear a fringe and dress herself as all the women about her did. But she never would. A certain conservatism inbred in her stood in the way of change of any kind, and she had old-fashioned ideas on many subjects, which may possibly have had their root in the blood transmitted to her by a longish line of Quaker ancestors. The Quaker element had nearly passed out of the family before her day, but some of the old precepts were remembered, and the recollection of a great-uncle and aunt, who were the last of the Selbys to wear the peculiar dress and say "thee" and "shou," made an impression on her mind, child as she was, when they died.

Of her own history I never knew very much, although I stayed with her three winters running at Villa Fiorentina. A rumour there had always been of some love affair in early

youth which did not come to a happy termination, and people said that was the reason of her being an old maid; but she was a very reticent woman, and hardly ever spoke of herself or of anything connected with herself, and with all her extreme gentleness of manner she was not a person who could be drawn into saying more than she intended, or into answering questions which she thought intrusive.

I can see her now, in my mind's eye, moving about the house and garden with her stately air, dressed generally in a beautifully-fitting dark serge gown in the morning, and an equally well-made velvet one in the evening. Tea gowns she never allowed either for herself or me. "Nothing but idleness, my dear, makes people wear such slip-shod things, and I don't approve of them at all," she said, on the one occasion when I hinted at the desirability of "just popping on a tea gown."

Her own style inclined a little to the severely simple; but it suited her exactly, and no amount of curly arrangements on the head, or furbelows on the dress, would have become her as well as did the plain straight folds which she always wore, and the smooth black hair—a good deal shot with silver—parted in the middle and drawn back over the ears into a thick knot behind. The pale face, with somewhat massive features, seemed to want no curls or tangle of hair to set it off, neither did the figure—tall and dignified, though rather thin than otherwise—even suggest an idea that it might be improved if differently attired.

But the outward presentment of my Aunt Barbara was only the pleasant shell of a nearly matchless kernel. I have never yet met anybody who was her equal in two qualities which are perhaps rarest and most difficult of all to find, namely, sympathy and unselfishness. In these respects she was indeed a *rara avis*, and I really believe that to her the thought of another's pain was literally worse than the endurance of her own. Bright and cheerful by nature, she yet was easily saddened by any story of grief or injustice, and in a quiet, unobtrusive way she contrived, I know, to lighten many a hard lot, and bring rays of sunshine, as it were, to the sick and sorrowful, who would otherwise have been left friendless and alone to bear their burdens as best they might. "The angel lady," as she was often styled by the peasantry around, and if dumb beasts could but speak I am sure many a horse and dog would have thanked her for an occasional respite from the blows and generally brutal treatment which is their portion, alas! in that beautiful part of southern Europe.

I am a long while in coming to my dream, but it has always interested me very much to try and trace out the relation between cause and effect, and as I imagine that the character of Aunt Barbara, and the conditions of my life with her, had a great influence upon me, I think that probably they had also upon my dream, and therefore I decided to give a little sketch of the former before telling the latter, which I now proceed to do.

I was, as I have already said, sitting with my aunt in a room overlooking the sea. It was Christmas Day, but except the almanack there was little to remind one of the fact. When I say "except the almanack," I mean that nothing in the aspect of the day reminded one. No snow, or frost, or bare brown branches swaying in the sharp wind. No children or grown-up persons walking briskly along, wrapped up to their noses, hurrying to the warm church through the chill air, or hurrying back from it to their comfortable firesides and good old English dinner. Here the sky was of a vivid blue, calm as the tideless sea over which my eyes wandered as I sat. Through the open window a warm balmy air entered the room, bringing with it the sweetest scents from the garden, and a gentle sound of rustling leaves.

Our public devotions were over for the day. We had been to church in the morning, and heard "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," a hymn which always brings tears to my eyes in a sort of rush of remembrance of the days when I was a tiny scrap, and stood on a hassock because I was too small to look over the side of the pew. Why is it, by the way, that certain melodies associated with their childhood do thus affect some people, even when there has been no loss of dearly loved ones, or any other great sorrow since? I was very happy at the time I write of, and had never known real grief, and yet, at the sound of "Hark the Herald Angels," the tears were sure to start.

We came out of church with other of our compatriots, exchanging Christmas greetings with a few among them; and returned home to have a cup of chocolate, and then read and talk till dinner, which was due at six o'clock. Aunt Barbara was at the far end of the room, deep in some volume; I sat in a low chair close to the window, my hands lying idly in my lap, and my thoughts running chiefly upon Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, a book which, with its mixture of humour and pathos, has always had a great charm for me. I do not know whether I really went to sleep and dreamed, or whether—if such things can be—it was a real vision that came to me, but, as my eyes wandered over the garden to the sea beyond, it seemed that the trees and flowers disappeared, and left instead a large expanse of turf, which stretched and stretched till it covered not only the garden but the sea to the very horizon. All the undulations of the ground vanished, and nothing remained but an enormous green plain, at which I gazed with the unwondering quiescence of a dreamer.

Presently I saw that there were two exceptions to the general flatness of the land in the shape of two heaps or hillocks, large in extent and height. One of these heaps was somewhat bigger than the other, and looked as if it were made of earth and stones, with here and there a thorny bramble, and some coarse specimens of weeds and grass among the rough flints and gravel. Dark, gloomy, and depressing, this mound was like a huge cairn raised by the stones thrown one upon another. The other hillock was green, with fine short turf and moss, and flowers of every kind bloomed all over it, inviting the bees which hummed about to come and sip their honey, and the brilliant butterflies and dragon-flies darting through the air to rest a moment on their scented petals. Birds of beautiful plumage fluttered round this flowery mound and sang their sweetest songs, while about the other heap or cairn nothing alive was to be seen. It was avoided, apparently, by every living thing, and I did not wonder that it was so, by reason of the dreariness and melancholy which seemed to hang like a pall over it.

My attention was so much fixed upon these two mounds that I did not notice at first that by degrees the green plain was being turned into an encampment. Tents were being pitched all over it. In some parts a number were placed close together, making quite a town or village, and in others only one or two tents were pitched, leaving a long distance between them and the next neighbour. The tents were of all sizes and colours, and were furnished inside with varying degrees of comfort and luxury, or, in many cases, with no comfort at all, the owners seeming as though they must be nearly beggars.

My eyesight had suddenly become abnormal, for I could see everything, even to the smallest details, although the view before me extended over miles and miles of land and sea right to the horizon. There was no sea though, as I have said already; the whole was covered by the green plain, which in its turn was now being covered in a measure by the tents and their inhabitants. As for these last, they came from every quarter of the globe, and were consequently brown, black, yellow, and white, according to their native countries. Sitting, as I did, above this visionary panorama, and looking down upon it, it reminded me of nothing so much as a hive of bees: there was such a hum and buzz perpetually going on, and everybody seemed so busy and intent upon his or her particular occupation or amusement.

I watched the scene for a long time, thinking that in fact it was very like the real world in which we live, when a voice, speaking gently in my ear, made me turn my head, and I saw an old man with white beard and fine countenance standing close beside me.

"My child," he said, "what you now behold is the vision of sorrow and happiness, so far as they are increased or diminished by the actions of man. Why things are as they are is no business of yours or mine, and all the thinking in the world will not alter them. The problem is beyond our understanding; but this I can tell you—there are two great heaps in the universe, one of sorrow, and one of joy; and it is in the power of every child of man either to add to or take from the one and the other. Each time that any mortal helps his fellow to some happiness; each time that he encourages by word or action the weak to struggle on, and puts new life into a fainting heart by the spectacle of his own cheerfulness, and brave endurance of ills which cannot be avoided, he unwittingly plants a fresh flower on that beautiful green mound you see to your right; and such are the mysterious properties of the hill, that in some subtle way the brightness of the good word or action is shed over the world just as the perfume of the flower floats in the atmosphere. On the other hand, every time a mortal wilfully makes another miserable; every time he crushes down a budding hope or good resolution in the breast of his fellow; every time, in fact, that he acts like a devil instead of an angel, he casts a stone upon that gloomy cairn, and, in some way not easily to be explained, the extra weight falls on humanity in the mass. A stone dropped into the lake only falls in one spot, but the circles in the water extend ever larger and larger; and so, one pain inflicted does not only stab the individual who first receives it, but is wider spread and further reaching in its evil effects than we imagine or believe."

At this point I spoke. "Surely," I said, "the happiness or suffering of one person can hardly affect any large proportion of the human race, only the small number with whom he may be in some way connected."

The old man smiled.

"That is what we all think naturally," he said, "but it is not the truth, for although, no doubt, the pain or joy you might have, for instance, would not affect in a direct manner persons unconnected with you, yet indirectly it would sooner or later. The subject is a difficult one, more easy to state than to prove, and there are many minds—small certainly—to whom the idea of things in the aggregate appeals not at all. Such are they to whom the fate of nations and armies is as nought compared with a scratch on their own finger. But you are not as those narrow ones, and in any case truth is always the same, let who will dispute or fail to see it." He paused for a minute, and then, pointing across the plain, he said, "Study what lies before you, and you will understand better than you can by any words I can say."

Then he left me, and I looked earnestly at the green plain, trying to discover some illustration of what the sage had told me. At first I was somewhat confused by the multitudes all moving hither and thither; but by degrees I saw how luxury and squalor, riches and poverty, beauty and ugliness, intellect and ignorance,

were side by side, all mixed up in the curious beehive upon which I gazed. Presently I saw a man, middle-aged, sleek and prosperous-looking, walking in the throng, and with bland smiles speaking to various persons, and offering them slips of paper from a packet which he held in his hand. Many took them and seemed delighted, and I thought to myself that he must be a very kind man to go about communicating good news to his fellow creatures. I watched him for a while, and then I suddenly saw an old evil-faced woman savagely beating a girl of about fourteen with a thick stick. It was a horrible sight. The child did not scream, only uttered a smothered cry occasionally, but the hate and desperation in her eyes were far worse than any signs of pain would have been, and I could not bear to look. I turned involuntarily to the dark mound, and there I saw slowly descending by no visible means a large stone, which rested there.

Now I knew I had the clue, and decided to look, every time I saw a special case of happiness or misery, at one or other of the mounds, and see the result, and with redoubled interest I surveyed the scene before me. It was the world in miniature. There were the cruelties and wickednesses of great cities and of lonely, savage lands; and there were also the heavenly charities and saint-like lives which are to be found everywhere if looked for. I saw women, and some men too, moving among the poorer tents with faces like angels for expression, helping the needy, and gladdening and cheering all with whom they came in contact. I observed that heroism in every shape and form was far less uncommon than is generally supposed; and many instances of noble self-sacrifice met my view when evidently those around the performers had no idea that there was anything of the kind. I saw many a splendid resolution made and carried out, which had for its end solely the happiness of others, but which cost severe pain to the person who thus resolved. One man gave up his share of a small patrimony to his widowed mother and sister, and went forth to seek his fortune with a brave heart and empty purse rather than impoverish those he loved. I saw another man with his younger brother and a fair girl. They were walking towards me, the girl between the two men, and, as it appeared to me, affianced to the younger. But there was a look on the face of the elder which betokened a feeling on his part that he would not show; and he said never a word to the girl, but talked to his brother. She looked at him, however, sometimes not with love, as yet, but with a certain question in her eyes as though she were not quite sure. After a little the elder brother said that he must leave for a distant place as business took him. It was very sudden, he admitted, and he was sorry to go; but go he must. And soon he said good-bye, and left them with a smile, and words of love for his brother and the future bride; and no eye but mine saw the tension of the muscles, and the tight-set lips, as he turned his white face away and started on his journey.

The younger brother looked for a moment sad, but then he whispered, "He will not be gone long I know, and will think of us in our happiness. Only a month more and we shall be together always, and will welcome him in our own home when he comes back." His countenance beamed with joy as he said this, and I looked at the green hill in time to see such a lovely flower spring to life upon it, and the fragrance was so powerful that it reached me where I sat, and seemed to send a thrill of gladness through me.

Again I watched the scene, and saw that in every case of cruelty or injustice, whether active or showing itself in a simple disregard for the feelings and claims of others, the stones fell upon the cairn, heavier or lighter according to the measure of suffering endured; and I also saw that whenever unselfishness and justice held sway, so that kind thoughts and deeds for others were the result, bright flowers bloomed on the hill and filled the air with their perfume. Not only so, moreover, but I observed that as often as the fresh flowers bloomed some of the stones rolled off the cairn, and by so much was that gloomy mound diminished.

Then I thought, What a blessing it would be to take from the heap of sorrow even a little, and make flowers spring on the hill of joy, though it were but a few; and as I thus thought I saw, from one of the richly-covered tents, a woman come forth. She was young and exceedingly beautiful, with red-gold hair and large eyes, and in her hand she carried what looked like webs of spiders, so gossamer-light were they. I saw her glide rather than walk along, and meet many people. In a soft voice she spoke to all, but to women she paid little attention, only over the men did she throw one of her light nets. They did not see it or know it, but the glamour was upon them and they were her slaves. Then she tossed her head and left them staring after her. I looked at the green mound, but no flowers sprang; then I saw that on the cairn were falling large, heavy stones with such a dull clang that it smote upon my heart. I wondered who were suffering the pain which these falling stones implied, and presently I noticed several women with sorrow in their eyes gazing from the sorceress with her web-like nets to the men over whom she had thrown them.

The sage's voice sounded in my ear again.

"Those," he said, "are the wives or the affianced brides of the men that woman bewitched and drew the hearts out of for her own vanity's sake. She has spoiled the lives of many, and it is her greatest pleasure so to do. Without heart herself, she cannot even comprehend the pain she inflicts in its full bitterness. All she cares for is her own amusement, and no consideration for others ever crosses her brain; nor, if it did, would it make her pause for a moment in the path of selfishness and conceit which it is her delight to walk in. But she is not the only one who loves that path. There are hundreds like her, and not of her sex alone. Watch!"

I followed with my eyes the direction of his hand, and saw a man, tall and handsome, walking with a woman and bending down to look in her face as he talked, with an expression of deep interest in his own. He also carried nets in his hand similar to those I had seen the sorceress use before, and it was evident that his companion was under the spell of them, and that for her earth held no joy apart from the man by her side. The fair face flushed with happiness, the eyes with a world of love in them—all told the same tale, and I glanced hastily at the green mound to see what flower would spring. One there was, but, pale and delicate in appearance, it seemed to bear within it the elements of decay, and I noticed that several flowers were in fact withering and dying in the midst of the gay and bright ones. Then I understood that just as the stones rolled off the gloomy cairn when sorrow gave place to joy, so the flowers died when joy gave place to sorrow; and somehow my heart misgave me as I turned again to see the handsome couple. They had just separated, she going into a tent with the blissful look still on her face, and he hurrying away through the crowd. Soon after I saw him in the distance with another companion. Dark she was, with flashing eyes and brilliant colouring. They laughed and talked, and she too seemed perfectly happy, while he gazed at her with admiration in his look.

I did not even glance at the hill this time; it was all so clear to me, and I could feel, as it were, the heavy stones which were sure to fall ere long on the cairn and press down the hearts of those, and probably many other women, living now in a fool's paradise.

Suddenly my attention was called to a vast number of people in a state of great excitement. Some were gesticulating wildly, some muttering curses, and many women among them were weeping despairingly. "He has gone!" they cried, "and has taken our all and left us to ruin! Oh, those false papers with their lies in which we believed, and that smooth face of his in which we trusted! All has failed us! He has got our money and we have his promises!"

So then I remembered the blandly smiling man who distributed slips of paper, and knew that he was a knave who had built his own fortune out of the pockets of his fellow-men.

I began to grow weary of so much deceit and cruelty, especially when I saw the child of fourteen who had been beaten pass on her way to prison. Hard, sullen, and degraded was her countenance; but who had wrought this evil but the old woman in whose power I first found her? My heart ached at it all.

The dark mound rose higher and higher as stones kept falling like hail upon it—stones which signified tears and sighs and pain *avoidable*, inasmuch as they owed their existence to the hardness and unkindness of man.

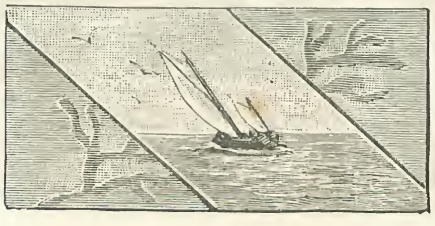
The mound of flowers grew also, but not so fast; and so often the blossoms faded and died when they might have lived and shed their perfume for the good of all.

I had seen enough, and with a great feeling of sadness I shut my eyes.

When I again opened them the vision was gone. Before me lay the lovely garden, and beyond it the calm blue sea. I was sitting at the open window, and my Aunt Barbara had fallen asleep over her book, her placid face resting on the cushions of her armchair, and her whole attitude and expression full of perfect content and peace. She woke with a little start.

"Have I been asleep, child? I really believe I have."

"So have I, Aunt Barbara. At least, it was either that or I had a vision." And then I told her.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY, Author of "Something New," "A Christmas Surprise."

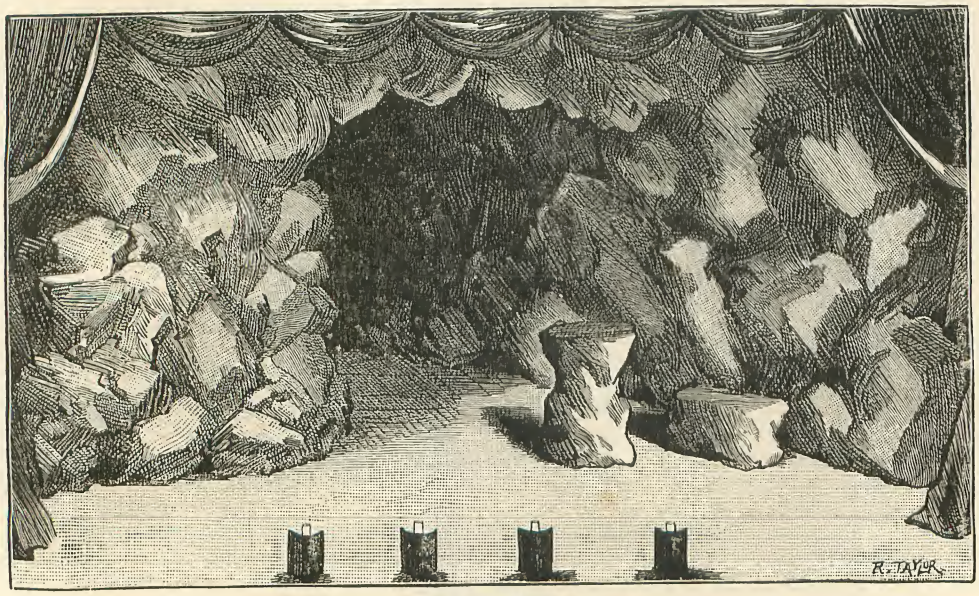
THE possession of a character for originality and invention has its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and no one will be more ready to back me up in this assertion than Mrs. Greyden, the lady at whose house the representations of the "White World" and "Father Christmas" were given, chronicled and explained in the last two Christmas numbers of this paper. After her first success with the "White World" it cost the hostess many hours of cogitation and thought before she evolved the "sell" of having a tree with only trumpery presents, reserving the proper ones to be brought in by King Christmas just when the guests were very down in the mouth at having been "done." But her puzzling then was as nothing to what she underwent on the last occasion. What could she have? What new idea could she hit on that would be a surprise to everyone? For Mrs. Greyden's guests had learnt to consider that half the pleasure of her Christmas entertainments lay in the surprises she was wont to spring upon them; and desperate and ingenious, though always unsuccessful, were the attempts made in Langton to gain a clue as to what was going to take place on the eventful night. What could she do this year? Councils of war were held behind closed doors, and many suggestions were made and discussed only to be dismissed as useless, till it really seemed as though all efforts would end in nothing, and she would have to fall back upon the commonplace Christmas tree. But this thought was too humiliating to be contemplated for a moment, and the very idea of such a thing was the final spur needed. Like a flash a notion came across Mrs. Greyden. She imparted it to her sub-officer, and—*Eureka!* the thing was done. Well, hardly done. I am getting on a little too fast; but the idea was found, and it only remained to work it out. How it was worked out I will endeavour to explain later, but first I propose to tell what took place from the point of view of one of the numerous guests, who, shortly after eight o'clock had struck on the eventful evening, commenced to arrive in crowds at "Merlyn," the name of Mrs. Greyden's house.

As usual, the entertainment commenced with tea and coffee in the morning-room, and during the conversation and gossip which took place there, many speculations were hazarded as to what was coming next. Some felt confident that a return would be made to the old-fashioned Christmas tree, but this was strongly doubted by one ingenious and observant lady, who had noticed that the words "Christmas tree" were not to be found in the corner of the invitation cards, as on previous occasions. The excitement was further increased when Mrs. Greyden slipped from the room and did not return, leaving Mr. Greyden to act as host and hostess combined. But the suspense was soon ended when a gong sounded, and a general move was made upstairs to the room in which the Christmas tree had previously been held. This room, I should state, had a large bow window, taking up nearly the whole of one end. But no bow window was visible now. In its place was a massive rocky cave, the dim recesses—for so they appeared from the front—of which seemed to run back some distance, being only faintly illumined by four candles in tin sconces placed on the floor between the audience and the cave. A rope stretched across the room served as a further barrier, the use of which will be made clear later. There was no doubt about the cave—walls, sides, and roof were as rugged and uneven as you could wish, and on the floor, leaning against the sides, were piles of loose rocks and blocks of stone. The floor of the cave looked sandy, and there were two masses of rock bigger than the rest, one of which stood nearly in the centre, the other close against one of the sides. The view of the cave from the front was like that shown in the illustration. As soon as the audience had settled themselves, and their eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light, a figure appeared from the depths of the cave, leaning on a staff, and hobbled forward to the lesser rock, and, attempting to sit down, made a bad shot and nearly landed on the floor; a second attempt was, however, much more successful. The figure was that of an old man bent and crippled with age, and wearing a high conical cap of red with an edging of fur. His hair fell over his shoulders in black ringlets, and



his eyebrows and long drooping moustache (like some Chinamen wear), were jet black also. His face was very sallow and deeply lined, and his eyes twinkled and flashed with a curious mystic green light. He was clad in a long red gown that reached to his feet, which was bordered with the signs of the zodiac, and planets in black, while under his left arm he carried a leather-bound volume. He appeared somewhat exhausted on taking his seat, but recovering his breath said—

At home at last! and I've not made a sou
Although I've tramped the whole place through and through.
Oh, dear! it's warm—it's more than that, it's hot,
And very trying is this chimney-pot—(*removing conical cap*).
It's hot without it, with this fur it's hotter:
Fur (*far*) 'otter? Oh!—(*laughs*)—I've made a joke, and not a
Bad one either, it will do to crack
In next year's issue of my Almanack.
Yes, times are bad; of that there is no doubt;
There seems to be so little cash about,
Or, if there is it does not come my way—
The cash from me is certainly *caché*.
Another joke! What are we coming to?
A pretty question that to come from you,
You, Zadkiel, astrologer and seer,
Magician, wizard, who sees all things clear,
Or should do. But alas! the fact is, you
Have grown quite rusty having naught to do.
Yes, so it is, and since good work I lack,
I've sunk to editing an Almanack.
And yet there was a time when I, you know,
Was looked upon as being quite the go;
When ladies, kings, M.P.'s, and M.P.rors—(*Emperors*),
And crowds of lesser fry flocked round my doors,
Intent upon soliciting my aid—
And very well this class of people paid.
Some at the future came to take a peep,
Nor tried to beat me down to get it cheap;
Some wanted foes bewitched, enchanted, banned,
And have through me revenge by magic planned;
And some young ladies wished their fortunes told:
Then none would cross their hands with less than gold.



THE GROTTO.

But my love philtres no one else could touch,
All lovers said there were not any such;
So sure and certain no one could withstand them,
No matter whom you dosed, 'twas sure to land them.
I didn't even have to advertise,
But got four shillings small, and six large size.
And ladies oftentimes would me engage
For their "At Homes," since I was quite the rage;
And those *réunions* where I did not show
Were not considered *chic*, but awful slow.
I used to tell folks' cards, or puddings cook
In hats, or in the misty future look,
As written on the palm of some fair hand;
Or tables I would cause to dance and stand
On naught. In short, I made myself of use
The guests so limp and *blasé* to amuse.
But times are changed. Love philtres now don't sell;
Folks fancy they can make love just as well
Themselves. Now no one is enchantment wanting,
Since ladies in these days are all enchanting.
And as for magic—every boy in jackets
Now buys it by the shillingsworth in packets,
So common is it. As for palmistry,
Most people know much more of it than me—
Than I do, I should say. My grammar's bad—
But so is business, which is much more sad.
By table-turning a good sum I've earned:
The tables now, alas! on me are turned;
And with me spirit-rapping's a dead letter,
And its returns are not a rap the better.
And I, a wizard of the highest class,
Am, as I said, reduced to such a pass
I'm forced an Almanack to write and edit,
And even that some people want on credit.
I, Zadkiel, astrologer and seer,
Brought down to this! It's heart-breaking! And here
My printer writes—(*taking out letter, and reading*)—

"Send on some 'comic pars'
To brighten up the stuff about the stars,
Which no one reads; also at the same time
You might include some topical smart rhyme,
And half a dozen jokes; the thing's too flat."
Jokes in astrology! (*Knock heard.*) Oh, dear! What's that?
The rates, no doubt—(*knock*)—or p'raps the income-tax;
They levy that, alas! on almanacks. (*Knock.*)
They're in a hurry. (*Knock.*) I'd best see who is it
Intent on paying this—(*knock*)—knockturnal visit.

(*Rises, goes to back, looks out, then hurries back, resumes his cap, and opens volume on his knee.*)

(*Aside.*) A customer! A good impression made
At first is half the battle in my trade.
(*Aloud, solemnly.*) Enter, whoe'er thou art, these mystic rocks;
Thy *blows* should stamp thee as the *equi-knocks*.

(*Enter a neat maid-servant,* JENNIE. *She is out of breath.* ZADKIEL *does not raise his head.*)

JENNIE. Oh! mister—sir—your worship! (*Aside.*) Terror thrills——

ZADKIEL. My name is Zadkiel. On the Grampian Hills
My father—— No, he doesn't.
[*Raises his head and looks at her.*]

JENNIE (*screaming*). Oh!
He's uglier far than a November guy!

ZADKIEL. What would you? But I know your grief, fair maid:
You're crossed in love, and come to me for aid.
I've just the thing——

JENNIE. Your honour—mister—sir——

ZADKIEL. I'm Zadkiel (*taking up bottle*).
My world-famed love philtre,
It's swift—

JENNIE. Oh, sir——

ZADKIEL. In action, and quite sure,
Six doses will most stubborn cases cure.

JENNIE. But, Mr. Zadkiel, I am not——

ZADKIEL. I see:
It's highly thought of by the faculty*ee*.

JENNIE. But I don't want a——

ZADKIEL. Perhaps not, but it wise is
To be prepared. I have it in two sizes;
The small, four shillings, and the large one six;
One bottle of the latter's sure to fix
The heart of any youth as fast as glue—
Now come, I'll say *ten bob* if you'll take two?

JENNIE. No, Mr. Zadkiel! no. Such things I scorn;
You seem to take me for a maid forlorn.
I'm come from mistress, whose distress is great;
She says she's sure you'll pity her sad state,
And p'raps will help her.

ZADKIEL. What is she to me?
But, first of all, just tell me who is she?

JENNIE. Why, Mrs. Greyden!

ZADKIEL. What, of "Merlyn"?

JENNIE. Yes.

ZADKIEL. And she, you say, is now in great distress?

JENNIE. And wants your help.

ZADKIEL. Then hers it is instanter;
Go, bring her here at once. Be off—Trot—Canter!

[*Exit* JENNIE *at back of cave.*

Of course I'll help her. She ne'er fails to buy
My Almanack, and reads it too; so I
Will do my best her troubles to allay.
I wonder what has caused them, by the way.
Ah! here she comes——

JENNIE (*speaking without*). I calls it a disgrace
To look for *ladies* coming to this place.

Enter Mrs. GREYDEN *and* JENNIE.

ZADKIEL (*rising and bowing*). Madam, your humble servant to command.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Oh, Mr. Zadkiel, *do* you understand?
I'm in a fix, most awkward and most sad.

JENNIE. Yes. Missus's look-out is downright bad.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Jennie, be still!

ZADKIEL (*to Jennie*). Young woman, cease your chatter.
(*To Mrs. Greyden.*) Madam, at once inform me what's the matter.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Why, this. My guests have come, and now—oh, dear!—
Old Father Christmas has not; and last year
He brought the presents, as no doubt you know.

JENNIE. It's what I calls a very pretty go.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Jennie, be quiet! (*To Zadkiel.*) What am I to do?
The shops are closed, and so I come to you,
And ask——

ZADKIEL. But, madam, I do not keep toys.
I've nothing here for either girls or boys,
Or even grown-up people. I'm afraid
A sad mistake in this case you have made.

Mrs. GREYDEN. Oh, don't say so! You've surely potent charms?

JENNIE. Of course he has, mum—he's got them in *swarms*.

ZADKIEL (*to Mrs. Greyden*). No charms of mine with *your* charms can compare.

Mrs. GREYDEN (*severely*). I don't want compliments, but helping, sir.
(*Coaxing.*) Now, *do* be kind, and play a friendly part.
Invoke your skill, and exercise your art.

JENNIE. Yes, do some hankey-pankey. Presto!—Fly!

ZADKIEL (*to Jennie*). Cease, Chatterbox! (*To Mrs. Greyden.*) Yes, madam, I will try.
But I perforce must weave a potent spell.

(*Mrs. Greyden and Jennie start back.*)

Nay, tremble not, and all may yet be well.
Upon this rock the while a seat pray take.
(*To Jennie.*) And you, young woman, no remarks must make.

(*Mrs. Greyden sits, with Jennie standing beside her. Zadkiel raises a flame in the hollow of the rock in the middle of the cave. He then draws a magic circle round it with his wand, doing everything most impressively. Then, standing behind, with his wand in his left hand, he raises his arms over the flames, and chants in a slow, solemn tone*)—

Winds and storms that rage, be still!
Peace! all elements of ill.
Thunder rolls, and Tempest shrieks,
Silence all! 'Tis Zadkiel speaks.

See the lambent flames arise,
Mystic rites to solemnise.
Into them some "thought" we throw—
(*drops in packet of coloured fire*),
Thought for others, high and low;
Add to it some little "care"—(*drops in another packet*);
"Trouble," too, we do not spare—
(*another*).
See the bright flames upward swell—
Works the charm, and all is well.

"Self-denial" add to these—(*another*),
And a "heartfelt wish to please"—
(*another*);
"Genial kindness," "mirth," and "fun"
—(*several*)—
The weaving of the spell is done.
See the bright flames upward swell—
Works the charm, and all is well.

Rocks and stones, your nature change—
(*waving arms and wand*);
Suffer transformation strange;
Yield your wealth to waiting hands!
It is Zadkiel commands!

It's finished, madam; I have done my best
To set your grim disquietude at rest.
These stones you'll find are more than they appear;
Present them to your friends, and have no fear.

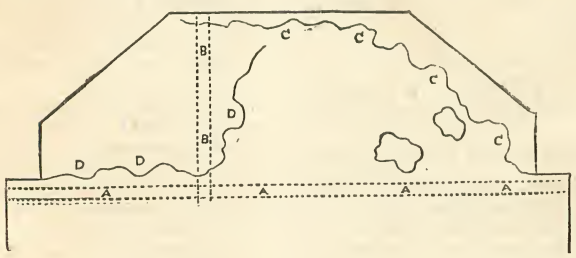
MRS. GREYDEN. Oh, Zadkiel, my thanks——

Zadkiel thereupon, with a magnificent wave of the hand and a bow, retired to the back of the cave, and Jennie, picking up the seeming rocks and stones which were lying on the floor, resting against the sides, after calling out the name inscribed on each,

handed them to Mrs. Greyden, who in turn handed them over the rope to the fortunate recipients, and he or she very quickly found that, owing no doubt to Zadkiel's mystic art, the apparent stony exteriors readily gave way, and revealed inside some pretty or useful gift. And in this way the presents were distributed. But even when they were all gone many people lingered, wishing to inspect more closely the really most natural-looking rock-work; and now, as well as during the presentation, the rope was found most useful in preventing a too close pressure, which had been such a serious drawback the previous year in the case of "King Christmas."

As soon as Mrs. Greyden was again amid her guests, who had retired downstairs in readiness for the conjuring, which, with a supper, formed the remainder of the entertainment, she was greeted with a volley of questions.

"How did you manage that beautiful cave, Mrs. Greyden?" and it is with a view of answering that question in a practical manner for the benefit of you girls who were not present, that this description has been written. It may be that some among you may wish to give an entertainment like Mrs. Greyden's, and I can assure you that you could not well have a more effective one, and that without the expenditure of much money, as far as the scenic effect is concerned. Of course I can only describe how this one was done—mind, was done, so it can be done again—and I must leave it to your ingenuity to make any needful alterations that may be necessary, owing to the different shape of the room or surroundings, in which you propose to construct your cave. The following ground-plan gives you the shape of our bow window as indicated by the dark lines. The first thing done was to



wedge a piece of timber of three inches depth by one and a half inches width (shewn by the dotted lines and marked A,A,A) right across the room between the opposite walls, about four inches below the ceiling; if this is done carefully no damage need happen to the walls, and no nails need be driven in. Another piece, which can be a little less heavy, should be carried from A to the curtain poles: this is also shewn by dotted lines, and marked B,B. When these are securely fastened you can dispense with the services of the carpenter, as the rest you can easily do yourselves. The walls of the cave are shown by the waving lines D,D,D and C,C,C. In Mrs. Greyden's case the groundwork of them was formed of some cheap dark-coloured material, which would afterwards do to make poor children's petticoats and frocks of. You must first of all ascertain the height of A and the curtain poles from the floor, which we will say is ten feet; the material must then be cut into lengths of ten and a half feet, and tacked together. You must also find out how many of such joined widths you will require to form the sides D,D,D and C,C,C, carrying C well within the strut BB.

Now, then, fasten securely the top of one of these sheets to A,A and B,B, and the top of the other at one end of A, and along the curtain poles, allowing them to hang down loose. You will now have the rough form of the cave, with the opening between the end of D and C. Behind D,D,D, Zadkiel, Jennie, and Mrs. Greyden remained concealed until the time came for their respective appearances. Next get a large number of sheets of brown paper—the bigger the sheets the better, and they need not all be the same colour or texture. Crumple up a sheet in your arms, allowing it to form what folds it will; then, with a big needle and a very large needleful of thread, tack it on to the hanging material anywhere. This part of the work is best performed by two girls, one standing each side of the cloth and passing the needle through the brown paper and material to each other. You will find a very few stitches will be sufficient to secure the "rock." Treat another sheet in the same manner, and secure it, but do not be particular about it concealing the ground-work entirely; the rougher the work is the better. Continue in this way until your walls are covered with "rocks." You will be surprised how quickly this will be done if there are two or three pairs at work. To form your roof get some more of the material, sufficient to cover the space bounded by A,A in the front, B,B on one side, and C,C,C on the other, and cover this in like manner with rocks. You will best do this while it hangs on a clothes-horse, as it is more easily got at. When it is covered fasten cords to it at various parts along the edges, and by them secure it to A,A, B,B, and the curtain poles, allowing it to sag in the centre, or raising one side or the other, as you may think looks natural.

Now, then, with carpet nails fasten down the lower extremities of the sides D,D and C,C to the floor, pulling them further out into the cave in some places than in others: your extra half-foot will allow of your doing this. You will thus obtain a rough and rugged appearance for your walls which you could not have if they had been stretched on frames. You had better next form with curtains a series of festoons, fastening them with tacks to A,A,A. This gives a finish to the scene, and by cutting off the rockworks suggests to the mind of your audience that it may continue upwards to an indefinite height.

Your next proceeding will be to obtain some very dark colour-wash—blue or maroon, but it must be dark, and mixed with size—and with it paint all the hollows and crannies in the rocks. Dash the colour on with no sparing hand: the rougher the work the more effective you will find it; and if you like, with a much lighter stone colour, you can touch up the more prominent portions. It is best to cover the floor of your cave with old sacking: it looks "sandy," and a few dry fern leaves lying about heightens the effect. For Zadkiel's seat we used an old tea-chest, covering it with brown paper, but stuffing large lumps of other paper between the chest and its covering, to take off its square look. And this is also applicable in doing up the presents. Wherever the article consists of some regular shape, spoil its symmetry by bunches of other paper pushed in under the covering: of course no string must be used, but in its stead sealing-wax. Their appearance will also be greatly added to by the addition of a little paint. The rock for the incantation ceremony we constructed by the aid of one of those metal washhand stands standing on three legs. We covered it with brown paper, much crumpled, of course leaving the basin at the top open, and in the basin was one of those spirit lamps used by ladies for heating their curling irons. A box of silent matches was also left beside it, and Zadkiel, standing for a moment between the rock and the audience, with his back towards them, had no difficulty in kindling a flame without recourse to black arts. And this brings us to Zadkiel himself. As in the case of "Father Christmas," his representative must be some one who possesses an idea of acting, for his part is a long one, and towards the end affords scope for the display of histrionic powers if he possesses any. Let him rehearse the incantation scene again and again, throwing himself into it heart and soul until he gets a thorough grip of it, and he will find on the night the effect produced will repay his previous exertions. His dress is easily managed; a red flannel dressing-gown, with a border of mystic signs cut out of black paper, and tacked or gummed on, will answer admirably. The cap can be formed of cardboard, and covered with red flannel, and a border of fur. The long black wig can be hired at any hairdresser's; the eyebrows must be large and bushy, and should be made of black *crêpe* hair, to be obtained at the hairdresser's, and fastened on with spirit-gum. For his sallow complexion I would advise the use of grease paint, also to be obtained from the hairdresser's. It is sold in sticks of various colours, and is applied by rubbing the stick all over the face, and then softening down with the finger; the wrinkles can be marked out with a dark red or brown stick of the same, and softened down as requisite. To obtain the curious green light in the eyes get a sheet of green foil (price twopence) at a tinsel shop, and with a pair of scissors cut out two crescents large enough to fit on the upper eyelids—you may have to trim them a little before you get them to fit properly—and then, shutting each eye in turn, apply them with spirit-gum, and hold them on for a minute, when they will be quite secure. As the eyelids move the foil catches the light, and produces an effect that puzzles those who are not in the secret. For the coloured fires in the incantation scene you had better buy a packet of "drawing-room coloured fire," supposed to be without smoke or smell, at any good pyrotechnist's, and make up little packets of it the size of a very small marble in tissue paper, which at the proper times you drop into the flame of the spirit lamp. One word more to Zadkiel, and a most important one. Don't hurry the incantation. Take it very slowly: give each packet time to go off before adding the next ingredient to the charm. Be mysterious, impressive, and solemn. As to the other two characters; the hostess will of course appear in her evening costume, and Jennie should be dressed as a neat parlour-maid, in a black dress, with white bib apron and cap. It will be as well if both of them apply a little rouge, and Jennie can put a dark line round her eyes close to the eyelashes, as this heightens the brilliancy of the eyes.

And now I think I have given all instructions necessary. The remaining requisites are heads screwed on the right way, willing and clever hands, a determination to make the affair a success, and, last of all, rehearsals—rehearsals—rehearsals, until it goes like clockwork. From the length and fulness of these instructions some girls may imagine the matter to be a very difficult one, but I can assure you it is not so, and what little trouble it may cause you will be amply repaid by the pleasure and entertainment you will give your guests. And now, wishing you every success, I leave you to brown paper, colour-wash, and needle and thread.

PHIL'S PRIMULA.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS

By Mrs. ALFRED BETHAM.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING.



NLY

have a little patience, Maggie, and the time will soon be over."

"It seems so long," answered the girl, moving her hands restlessly in her lap. "And suppose it should *never* come at all, Phil?"

Maggie Grey was sitting on a low chair by the fire, with a kitten upon her knee. Blind from her birth, Maggie was now awaiting the slow progress of recovery from an operation which was to decide for ever whether the earth and its loveliness should become an open book before her. Maggie's fate hung in a balance so critical that even the skilled surgeon who had promoted and performed the operation could give no other assurance of its success than that of hope. If it failed there was no other chance for her, so the present was a vital question of light or darkness, and it hung upon a thread!

Poor Maggie! there was little wonder her whole spirit trembled, and that the very excitement of uncertainty added a desperate weight to its own side, for it was to her a simple matter of life and death. Since the day when first the possibility of seeing had been suggested to her the girl's existence had been a feverish dream; a dream, not of night, but of day. To see with her own eyes all the wondrous earth, its colours and shapes, the sky and the stars, and everything around her, seemed to Maggie's darkened life as wonderful and incomprehensible as it is ordinary and commonplace to others.

For thirteen years Maggie had listened to the outside world, gathering in her soul ideas and impressions of it, never dreaming that the hour might come when it would be revealed to her outward senses, and never mourning over the deprivation of a blessing the measure of which she could not gauge by its earlier possession. Then had come the promise, then the operation; and now Maggie sat on the threshold of her paradise, trembling with a hope so eager, and a fear so terrible, that their very intensity was her worst enemy. Everything, the surgeon had said, depended upon her keeping quiet; the operation had been in itself every way successful, but it might all be defeated if the utmost care were not taken and Maggie herself induced to be patient. The Greys were very poor, or rather so poor that the money Phil earned, and that which his mother gained in charing, was barely sufficient to supply the common necessities of life.

Phil was a strong lad of sixteen, who, since his father's death, had been the mainstay of the family, earning good wages for his age in a carpenter's yard. They occupied two tiny rooms in the narrowest of narrow streets in Hoxton; but Mrs. Grey was a tidy woman, and the place, though small, was always clean. Maggie had been all her life the family pet, and her darkened days were illumined by the tenderest and sweetest love and care, perhaps the holiest light of all. It was at the suggestion of a lady in whose house Mrs. Grey worked that Maggie had been taken to the Ophthalmic Hospital and the operation performed, and now the whole three waited the result with feelings different but equally intense.

To Maggie, Phil had been all in all, and it was to him that she owed all the keenest pleasures of her life. They were constant companions, and in the winter evenings Phil would read to her all the stories he could manage to buy or borrow—stories of love and travel, adventures and of romance, feeding Maggie's mind and fancy with not the wholesomest food always, but furnishing her barren life with thousands of images of delight. Their minds were innocent and simple, carrying perhaps a native antidote to any poison in that which they read, as bees suck honey harmlessly from flowers having bane as well as sweetness in their lovely cups. On Sundays—the happiest day to them of all others because the only day they could spend entirely together—Phil would read to her from the Bible the wonderful history of the Jews, or the life of Jesus, to whom the blind girl looked with a love so deep and single, a faith so simple and unvexed with forms, that she in her darkness might have taught many who fancy they walk in the light. Sometimes, on rare summer days, the two would make an excursion as far as Hampstead Heath, where, sitting under some sheltering tree, the warm air blowing gently on their faces, Phil would describe the scene around, the glory of the blue sky, and beauty of the daisies at their feet. The boy, thinking that Maggie's eyes would never see, wisely or unwisely, in the love that strove to compensate for the loveliness shut out for ever from his sister's sight, would in his glowing pictures soften the shadows and heighten the lights with words whose inaccuracy was born of love, and was itself almost unconscious in the speaker. Why should Maggie, debarred from the best possession God has given us, since it is that which reveals His beautiful creation, and bids us, when we see a flower or lovely thing, to thank Him with a gratitude deeper for being unspoken in our hearts; why should Maggie, Phil thought, in having this shut out from her, not have the other side shut out as well? Why trouble her mind with ugliness or pain, with the shadow of mean or sordid things, which her eyes would never realise? So Phil had gone on throughout their daily life, and Maggie's vision of the world and her surroundings was consequently too brightly coloured for reality. Now, when the truth promised so unexpectedly to be shown to her, Phil was conscious of the difficulty too late to remedy it. What would Maggie say when her eyes opened upon sober facts, upon their narrow, dingy street, the meanness of all the things about her, and the absence of all that beauty which the girl's heart craved? What would she say to her mother's face and to Phil's? Would these answer to those she had given them in her love, or would they disappoint her? These and a thousand similiar questions haunted the boy's mind, and half marred the pleasures of hope. Ministering to Maggie's life had been the better part of his own; and now that the season of such ministering was so soon likely to be over, there was a mixture of regret in his joy, a feeling he was half ashamed to confess even to his own heart.

"The Doctor said it would be weeks, remember, Maggie, and it's only a fortnight yet," said Phil, in answer to her last question; "and if you fret yourself, you know you'll make it longer still."

"I wouldn't fret if I were quite sure about it, Phil. But if it should never be, after all?"

And Maggie turned her head with a dumb imploring appeal to her brother.

"Would you be very wretched?" he asked. "We were happy enough before—why shouldn't we be so again, even supposing——"

Phil did not finish his sentence, for Maggie interrupted him in a half sobbing voice, protesting that she could never be happy again—never, if the promised eyesight were denied her, and that she was sure God would not be so unkind.

Phil was no reasoner, but he felt in some way that Maggie was wrong; that to demand as a right what we should wait for as a blessing was not trusting Him at all, since to trust is to take what He sends us with a thankful or an unmurmuring heart.

"We won't think about it any more," he said, soothingly; "it only does you harm. I'll read you a story, and that will amuse us until mother comes home and helps you to bed."

So Phil poked the fire into a blaze, and sitting down on a stool in front of it, read aloud the wonderful history of a fairy princess who lived in a cave made of jewels, and in listening Maggie forgot all about her eyes, which showed that Phil in his simplicity was the best nurse she could have had. Days passed on, and by slow degrees Maggie's eyes improved, and every time the surgeon came to see her he spoke more hopefully as to the ultimate success of the operation. After a time she was allowed in the darkened room to take off her shade for a few minutes at a time, and try to use her eyes a little. At the first attempt poor Maggie trembled with an expectation half of joy and half of fear, neither of which was realised. She could see, but seeing was not the complete thing it is with others; all the objects in the room seemed in her eyes as it were, and it was far more of a pain than a pleasure. At first Maggie cried with disappointment; but the surgeon comforted and reassured her by pronouncing it impossible that it should be otherwise at first.

Imperceptibly Maggie's powers increased by little and little, until the little room, and Phil and her mother's faces, grew familiar to her. They watched her with an anxious care, fearing lest any imprudence on her part might undo all the good she had gained, strict injunctions having been given that the light was to be kept carefully subdued, and the eyes used only at stated times, and never to be subject to a broad light until more strength was gained. It was strange that since the promised land had been open to her, Maggie had completely changed. Her feverish restlessness and constant excitement had given

way to a mood so subdued that it was almost apathy, and her talkativeness was turned into a silence almost complete. She expressed no pleasure at her newly-acquired gift, none of the rapturous joy they had anticipated, but only said to Phil, "Your face is quite as beautiful as I had fancied."

CHAPTER II.

PHIL'S PRIMULA.



THEY did not tease her with questions, feeling that the reaction of past excitement, combined with the strangeness and novelty of her new circumstances, were sufficient to account for the depression her mannershowed. In a little while all would be right. There was one thing, and one only, in which she manifested her former nervous eagerness; this was—

"When shall I see out of the window?"

The yard where Phil worked daily was but a very little way from him, so at midday he always came back for dinner. Dinner at the Greys was a very frugal meal, consisting generally of bread and cheese, sometimes varied by a scrap of meat or a herring, and now and then with potatoes; but they brought good appetites to the table, and generally enjoyed it. To-day was somewhat of a feast, for Phil, seeing how Maggie's appetite had failed of late, would occasionally bring home a little extra luxury to tempt it; and this time it was a sole, bought cheap at a stall and fried with his own hands, for Phil was a capital cook. "Don't it look beautiful?" he said with pride, putting it on the dish. "Come along, Maggie; I know you can eat this."

Maggie shook her head; but further persuasion was cut short by the entrance of the surgeon, when all the girl's listlessness disappeared in a moment, her face flushing crimson, and her whole features lighting up with interest.

"Your sister's eyes are so much better," he said, turning, after a long and careful examination, to Phil—for, as usual, Mrs. Grey was out at work—"that I think you might have the blind up. Do it by degrees, you know; don't keep it up long; it's dull to-day, and that's all the better."

"I wish he hadn't said to-day," said Phil, as he and Maggie stood before the little window after the surgeon had left; "because you'll be so disappointed. There's no blue sky or anything, and it's so foggy."

He drew up the blind reluctantly, whilst Maggie stood by him holding his arm nervously, eagerly expectant of her first glance into that outside world which had been to her hitherto so great a mystery.

And what a world it was! A thick fog filled the narrow street, doubling its ugliness, and bringing out its sordid poverty in full relief. The lamp-post opposite dripped with damp; the sky was hidden by the thick yellow atmosphere; the whole place looked so mean and wretched that even Phil's well-accustomed eyes were struck by it. The sunshine and the blue sky overhead were at all times its only beauties; these being gone all were gone, and the little street stood in its undimmed ugliness, unpleasing to any eyes. But how did it appear to Maggie, with her vivid anticipations of beauty, her hungering for the all-too-well-fostered dreams of lovely shapes and colour?

The poor girl peered out as if striving to realise her imaginations in spite of the fog; then turned pale, then shuddered, at last drew back, and burst out into a passion of tears so violent that Phil stood by helpless and alarmed.

"It is all different," she sobbed, wringing her hands—"all ugly! I wish I had never seen at all; I was happier then."

"Hush, hush!" said Phil, striving to stem the torrent of her grief. "It's ungrateful to say that. Don't cry, Maggie. When you are well enough I'll take you on to Hampstead Heath, and I'm sure you won't be disappointed there."

But it was all to no purpose. The pent-up feelings of days had found utterance in this last climax of her unrealised hopes, and Maggie could not listen to reason. Everything had disappointed her, everything except the loving face of Phil. Even her mother's, with its rugged lines left by care and labour, seemed unsatisfactory; and now, when her last experience was over, and she had found outside nothing but ugliness, her feelings overmastered her entirely.

"You have deceived me, Phil," she said, unjust in her misery. "I don't believe there is anything lovely in the world at all."

The boy moved away from his sister's chair, cut to the quick by this speech. For was it not partly true, and was not he in some measure answerable for Maggie's disappointment? Was there nothing he could do to convince her that the world was not all like that foggy narrow street, that his descriptions had been true, if one sided? Yes, there was something. Suddenly the vision of a florist's window passed that very morning flashed before the boy's mind. Surely if Maggie could see only one flower from that bright cluster she would be satisfied. But could he purchase it?—that was the question. The only funds Phil had at command were a few pence, painfully stored by slow degrees since the day when the operation had been performed, and the surgeon had said that for some months Maggie would require blue spectacles when out of doors. To purchase these every odd halfpenny had been carefully saved, but it seemed to Phil that the present necessity was the greater. Forgetting the neglected dinner, forgetting everything but the one great need to testify to the truth of the world's beauty, he hurried to the florist's, leaving Maggie with an entreaty to be comforted and an assurance that he would soon be back again. There was colour and beauty enough in the window as Phil scanned it from the outside, eagerly debating which of the lovely blossoms he should carry home in triumph to Maggie. The money in the little box where the halfpence had been stored only amounted to ninepence; but ninepence in his eyes seemed a large sum—quite large enough to purchase one of the rarest of the flowers. He fixed at last upon a gorgeous scarlet geranium, and went in confidently to ask the price.

"That there one is four shillings," said the man, looking at Phil rather superciliously; "it's the best one we've got."

"And this?" asked the boy, crestfallen and disappointed, touching a much humbler one close by.

"That's half-a-crown. Cheap as dirt at this time of the year."

"Have you nothing at a lower price?"

"Yes, here's a primula at a shilling—that's the cheapest in the shop," answered the man impatiently, seeing the boy's hesitation, and not thinking much of his custom.

The primula was small, and, in comparison to its grander neighbours, modest and insignificant. But as Phil gazed at its lovely lilac petals his eyes filled with tears. He thought of what this flower would be to Maggie, who had never seen one except in her dreams, and it seemed so hard to go back empty-handed.

"I've only ninepence," he said, looking at the man humbly. "I suppose you couldn't let me have it for that?"

"Oh, dear, no!" And he turned away to attend to another customer, leaving Phil still hanging over the primula. Was there no means of possessing himself of this treasure?

"Would you mind trusting me for the other threepence?" he asked when the man turned round to him again. "I will bring it to-morrow."

"We never trust people we don't know. When you bring the money you can take the flower, not before."

With a face of sharp disappointment Phil turned to leave the shop, the tears starting out of his eyes. He brushed them away with his hand hurriedly, ashamed of a weakness which seemed to him so unmanly.

"What do you want it particularly to-day for?" said the shopman in a softer voice just as Phil was going out of the door. "Why won't to-morrow do?"

Thus addressed he told his simple story in as few words as possible, feeling that in it there might yet lie a chance. And he was right.

"You may have it for the ninepence," the man said when Phil had finished. "I'll make your sister a present of the rest;" and quite tenderly he handed Phil the coveted flower.

The boy flew home with his prize in triumph. Would it not be a confirmation of the beauty he had told her of when, sitting on Hampstead Heath, he had praised the simple loveliness of the daisy? Was not this primula more lovely than any daisy?

Maggie was still seated on the chair in which he had left her, sobbing no longer, but in an attitude of weary depression, with her face buried in her hands.

"Tell me, Maggie," cried Phil, giving her the flower in glee, "tell me, have I not spoken the truth? See what I have brought you."

Maggie took the primula on her lap and gazed at it in silence for some minutes, touching the petals gently with her fingers.

Then the tears trickled down her cheek, and putting down the flower-pot she rose and threw her arms round Phil's neck.

"It is lovely—it is lovely!" she exclaimed; "and, Phil, you are lovely too! God has given me more than I deserve. I will never be ungrateful again—never be so wicked as I was this morning."

The primula is faded long ago, but it has never died out of Maggie's heart. She has seen many flowers since, but always protests that none have ever appeared half so beautiful as Phil's gift.





SUNDAY.

TRICKED BY A GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR OLD NELL,—Jack has been summoned to London on important business, and leaves here to-night. Will you, as a special favour, come and keep me company? I am afraid you will find it dreadfully dull alone with mother and me, but of course you will arrange to make a long stay here, and the prospect of Jack's return next week will help to keep up your spirits. You must come—I can't exist without you any longer!

"MADGE."

"P.S. 1. Let me know by what train you arrive and I will meet you.

"P.S. 2. Jack is writing to you, and covering sheets of paper with arguments in favour of your coming, so of course I shall expect you without fail!"

Such was the letter which the postman had just brought me, and a very welcome one it was, for Madge Crossley was an old schoolfellow and especial friend of mine, and Jack was—well, he was also an especial friend. I had a very tender corner in my heart for Madge: but for her my childhood would have been a very lonely one.

Born in India, where my father held a Government appointment, I was sent, when only eight years of age, to England, and placed in a large boarding-school. Naturally shy and sensitive, I felt the parting from my parents very keenly, and the first weeks of my school-life were desolate indeed. Then Madge Crossley came among us—Madge, with her sunny face and bright, fearless ways, and everything was changed for me. From the first day of her entering the school she constituted herself my champion, petting me, helping me with my lessons, and, herself a general favourite, encouraging me to join in all the games and amusements of which she was the acknowledged queen. No wonder I loved her as I did! My letters to India were filled with accounts of the doings of my new friend; and when, as the term drew to a close, Madge asked and obtained permission to carry me off to her home in Hampshire, that we might spend our holidays together, my happiness was complete.

It was so different from what I had often pictured to myself—the long dreary weeks when my schoolfellows would be scattered each to their homes, and I, the only one left, sitting lonely by the schoolroom fire, or wandering disconsolately through the empty rooms and echoing corridors.

And now instead there was a delightful prospect before me—a whole month to be spent in Madge's company, with no lessons to torment me, and with nothing to do but to enjoy myself!

How well I remember that first visit to The Grange, which was but the beginning of many others. Bright summer days spent in the forest, or in rambling about the lanes and fields in search of wild flowers, or long winter evenings when the house rang with our fun and merriment. I can recall every nook and corner of the dear old place, which even then seemed like a second home to me.

Once more I am sitting, as we have so often sat, Madge and Jack and I, in the long, low room, still known to us as the schoolroom, with its quaint chimney-corners and oak-panelled walls, hung with maps and pictures. Those pictures were an endless source of interest to us in our childish days. One of these remarkable specimens of artistic skill I distinctly remember, for it had always taken my youthful fancy. It represented Edward I. clad in a garment somewhat resembling a sack, and staggering under the weight of a massive crown, receiving with a politely bland smile the petitions of his consort Philippa on behalf of the burgesses of Calais, who are to be seen in the background with pieces of whip-cord tied neatly round their necks, reminding one irresistibly of well-behaved kittens put up for auction.

How proud we used to be when any of our own efforts were thought worthy of a place on the walls next to these trophies of art. With what absorbing interest did we watch the progress of Jack's first attempt at animal painting. It was called "A Study," but of what was never satisfactorily determined. And yet Madge and I regarded it with profound reverence. It was a masterpiece in our eyes, in comparison with which the efforts of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur faded into insignificance!

Almost equally interesting to us were the long rows of family portraits which hung in the gallery outside. Secretly afraid, and yet half fascinated, how we used to hurry along, trying to avoid those staring eyes, which seemed to follow us as we passed. It was rarely that we ventured far down the corridor except during the early part of the day, when the maids were bustling to and fro about their work, for at the farther end was a door which we never passed without a nervous shudder. It was always kept closed and fastened, for no one ever thought of using the Haunted Room. Yes, The Grange had its tale of mystery, like all respectable old mansions! A secret crime, an undetected murderer, an unquiet victim in her trailing white robes—all these had been woven into a thrilling romance by the more imaginative of the villagers, and told and re-told by them, until the White Lady of The Grange had become a very real person in the history of our little out-of-the-way village.

* * * *

"Nell, are you dreaming, my child?"

It is my mother's gentle voice that breaks in on my musings, and as I rouse myself with a start I can hardly believe that I am no longer a child, and that three years have passed since Madge and I left school together, she to return to The Grange, and I to join my parents, just returned from India, in our quiet London home.

I look up with a smile.

"Mother," I say, as I hand her the letter, "this has just come from Madge, and she wants me to go and spend a few weeks with them. I should like it very much, of course, but——"

"But what, dear?"

"I don't think you can spare me. You and father will be so lonely."

"We shall miss you, of course, Nell; but I should like you to have the change, and, you know, we must make up our minds to give you up when 'somebody' refuses to wait any longer."

"Then you will have to take some dear little cottage close to The Grange," I whisper, with rather hot cheeks. "I could not possibly be without you and father again."

Mother pats my cheek lovingly.

"We shall see, dear. And now I will come and help you prepare for your visit, for I think it will be best for you to start early to-morrow, that you may reach Wilmshurst before dusk."

CHAPTER II.

"GOOD-BYE, Nell. Give our love to Madge, and bring her back with you, if you can persuade her to come. Now you are off. Don't forget to write soon."

"Good-bye, father dear. I shall not stay very long."

My father smiles a little incredulously in answer to this last remark—or perhaps it is only my fancy.

Then the train begins to move, and I wave my handkerchief wildly, stretch my head out of the window for the last glimpse of my father as he stands on the platform, and perform sundry other gymnastics of a more or less excitable character.

Presently I become aware that we have left the station far behind, and that my fellow-travellers are regarding me with looks of ill-concealed amusement. Whereupon I subside into my corner, and taking out a book, draw my furs closer round me, and settle myself with an attempt at dignity, which I fear is not altogether a success. I soon tire of reading, however, and my eyes begin to wander from the page, while I take a survey of my companions.

Opposite to me sits the old lady in whose charge my father has placed me—very prim and severe, surrounded by a multitude of small packages of all sorts and sizes. One of these she has just missed, and an exciting hunt ensues, in which all the occupants of our carriage take part with the exception of one, a nervous youth, who remains absorbed in a book, and is, in consequence, regarded by the old lady with looks of distrust as a somewhat suspicious character. At the end of five minutes, however, I discover the truant bandbox under the seat at her corner, and once more comparative peace reigns in our small circle.

It was getting late in the afternoon when the train drew up at the little station of Wilmshurst. We were almost an hour behind time, and as I hastily alighted (with the kind assistance of the nervous youth), and looked eagerly up and down the platform, Madge came running forward to meet me with warm words of welcome, and endless questions about my journey and all at home. She looked very sweet in her dark cloth dress and rich furs, the small velvet hat, set daintily on the shapely little head, contrasting well with the shining masses of hair and delicate fairness of her complexion.

If I had not loved Madge so intensely I might, perhaps, have been envious of her sweet face and winning ways; but somehow I felt a sort of reflected glory in her popularity. There was not a person in the village that had not a good word for "Miss Madge." Many a cottage had she cheered by her bright presence; many an hour had she spent at the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their wants, or soothing them with the sound of her low voice as she read them some chapter from the good old Book, which told of the welcome awaiting them in the Father's house above. Ah! many years have passed since then, and as I sit writing this story of my girlhood's days the hot tears fill my eyes at the thought of the dear ones who have joined the throng of those whose eyes "behold the King in His beauty." They are all there now,—my parents, and Madge, and Jack too, and I am waiting for the time when we shall meet again in that home where the discords of our life shall resolve themselves in the full chords of perfect harmony, as we sing our song of praise round the great white throne! Yes, I am an old woman now; but the events of that happy time stand out clearly in my memory as if they had happened but yesterday.

The first week of my visit sped quickly past, and I received a letter from Jack telling me he would leave town by the night train, arriving home on the following morning.

How glad I was that day as I went about the house helping Madge to put the finishing touches to his room, arranging the great bowls of daffodils—his favourite flower—that

they might add their welcome to ours. I had not seen Jack for three months, and I hugged his letter with its good news in secret content.

As the day wore on rain began to fall, and the wind, which had been moaning round the house, increased almost to a gale, swaying the leafless trees in the park, and rattling the casement windows as if with some weird message to deliver.

Towards evening I became conscious of a strange feeling of nervous excitement, not unmixed with fear, which I could not account for, and was quite unable to shake off. During dinner I tried to laugh and talk as usual, but was not very successful, and, pleading a headache, I bid Mrs. Crossley and Madge an early "good-night," and went to my room. As I passed the great window on the staircase I drew aside the heavy curtain and looked out. How dreary it looked! Great black clouds were scudding across the sky, not a star was to be seen, and I could hear "Watch," Jack's St. Bernard, rattling his chain and whining uneasily in the courtyard below. I shivered involuntarily, and again that indefinable feeling came over me. Was it a presentiment of coming evil?

Vexed with myself at what I deemed a foolish fancy, I hurried up to my room, and threw myself down in my favourite chair before the bright fire, which was lighting up the dark corners with its cheerful glow. My head ached, and I felt disinclined for sleep. What was the matter with me? Should I ask Madge to keep me company for this night? No; my pride would not let me own to a feeling of nervousness; so I gave the fire a vigorous poke, and proceeded to deliver a mental lecture on the absurdity of giving way to one's feelings. It was, doubtless, very logical, but, unfortunately, had not the desired effect, for I could not shake off this "something" which hung over me like a cloud. At last I sprang up impatiently, and began to prepare for bed. The clock in the gallery was striking eleven as I laid my head on the pillow, but more than an hour passed before sleep came to me. Even then it was restless, and disturbed by horrible dreams, in which Jack and I were trying to escape from some mad dog. We could hear its panting breath close behind us; on and on it came till I could run no farther, and fell, down, down, down. Hark! what was that? In a moment I was broad awake, and sitting up in bed trembling in every limb. I listened intently. Yes, there it was again, the low grating noise that had just roused me. What had caused it? Where did it come from? Again I listened, and again came that sound, and—was it fancy, or did I hear a low murmur of voices with it? It seemed to come from below, and suddenly the truth flashed across me—someone or something was in the haunted room! I can laugh now at my superstitious fancies, but was it any wonder that all the half-forgotten tales, over which we had so often made merry, of the "White Lady" and her ghostly visits now crowded into my mind, and filled me with a sickening sense of terror? One story after another came back fresh to my recollection, till I almost expected to hear the rustle of her garments and the sound of her footfall in the gallery outside.

It seemed like hours, but, in truth, only a few minutes could have passed while I lay there not daring to speak or even move. Then like a whisper of peace the old familiar words stole into my heart with new meaning, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

Calmer thoughts took the place of my superstitious terror, and with a swift prayer for help and guidance I sprang silently from my bed. Throwing on my dressing-gown I lighted a candle, placing it on the ground lest the light should be seen from outside. Then I listened once more. Perhaps my imagination had played me false; perhaps it was only the wind that I had heard, or the rain beating against the casement. But no. Even as these thoughts passed through my mind I heard once again the same peculiar sound, this time louder and more distinct. At once the truth flashed across me—burglars! No ghostly enemy was it that I had to deal with, but with men, determined, nay, even desperate perhaps. How could I, a mere girl, attempt to resist them, or prevent their entrance? Clearly there was not a moment to be lost if the rest of the household was to be warned in time, so choking back the fear which seemed once more to be overpowering me as I realised my position, I paused to consider.

In all probability I was the only one who would have been roused, for my room was in the older part of the house, and separated by the length of the gallery from those of Mrs. Crossley and Madge. I had chosen it for the beautiful view which it commanded of the park and river beyond, and its isolated position, immediately above the haunted room, had never for a moment troubled me. Now I half regretted the choice I had made, for how was I to reach the servants' quarters without disturbing the men at work in the room below. Should I make my way to Mrs. Crossley's room, or should I try and rouse Madge? No; I rejected both of these ideas. Mrs. Crossley was in far too delicate a state to bear any sudden shock, and Madge, who lived in constant terror of burglars, was far less likely to help than hinder me. What then was to be done? How I longed for Jack. If only he were at home!

Then an idea occurred to me. Why not make use of the superstition connected with the old house? Why should not I play the part of the "White Lady," and scare these disturbers of our peace? I realised the risk I should run; but the scheme was worth trying. Yes, I would do it!

Tearing a sheet from the bed, I wrapped it round me as securely as my trembling fingers would allow, and with a white shawl drawn over my head and face, leaving only my eyes visible, with my long black hair streaming over my shoulders, I was ready at all events to make the attempt. Taking the candle in my hand, my feet encased in soft woollen slippers, I stole noiselessly down the stairs, which creaked ominously beneath my tread. Hark! Is that a footstep? Am I too late? My heart seems to stand still at the thought; but no, it is only the slow tick-tick of the old clock in the hall below. Thank God! there is yet time. Now I am near enough to distinguish the low hum of voices, and pausing outside the door of the Haunted Room I listen for a moment in feverish excitement.

They are evidently at work on the lock of the door, and one of the men is speaking.

"This 'ere lock is precious tough, Jem. We'ud better ha' tried one o' t'other windows."

"Now, Bill, none o' yer grumbling," says another voice, louder and gruffer than the last. "Don't yer know as well as I do that if we'ud gone straight to where the old man keeps the silver we should ha' roused that blessed dorg and had him at our throats?"

"The old man!" In spite of my fears I almost laughed aloud as there rose up before me a vision of Spinks, the elderly butler (for I judged him to be the subject of their remarks), Spinks, with his immovable countenance, faultless attire, and large amount of dignity. Madge and I never dreamed of disputing his authority; what Spinks ordained was law, and now to hear him spoken of in these slighting terms! Truly the glory of Spinks is departing.

But again the voices are audible, and again I bend forward to listen.

"No fear o' any one hearin' of us," says the last speaker. "Jennings, the coachman as used to be 'ere, told me as none on 'em would sleep next to this 'ere room for fear 'o the ghosts. Ha, ha!" and the man chuckled.

"Don't, Jem," said the other nervously, "it might bring on the sperrits, for I've heerd tell as summat all in white gownd walks about the 'ouse o' nights, and there's no knowin'."

Not daring to stay longer I fled noiselessly to the further end of the long gallery (which was lighted only by a large window) and extinguishing the candle which I carried, stationed myself directly in the rays of moonlight which were streaming in with great brilliancy.

Thus far Fortune, nay, rather Providence, had favoured my plan. The men were apparently well acquainted with the legend of the "White Lady," and one at least seemed likely to fall an easy prey to superstition.

But hark! I can hear the door softly unclose. The dreaded moment has come. My heart begins to beat wildly, and an impulse seizes me to flee—anywhere, if only out of reach of these men. But it is too late now for escape, and, summoning all my courage, I resolve at least to make the attempt, with what success I dare not anticipate.

While these thoughts flashed through my mind the men had appeared, and were making their way carefully along the gallery towards the principal staircase. Now was my time! With a groan, unearthly enough to freeze the blood in the veins of any ordinary mortal (or so I fondly imagined), raising my right arm slowly in true ghost-like fashion, I waved my hand as if beckoning the men to approach. At the first sound they turned, and for one brief moment stood apparently transfixed with terror. Again I gave vent to a hollow groan (I had a misty idea that ghosts did very little else) and took a step forward. It broke the spell! With a howl of terror which echoed through the silent house the younger man dropped his bag and fled, followed after a moment's hesitation by his companion.

I see them disappear through the open doorway of the haunted room, there is a confused sound of voices, doors are flung open, someone very like Jack comes hastily down the corridor—then all grows dark around me and I remember no more.

* * * *

There is little more to tell: my story is at an end.

Not till more than a week had passed was I able to hear what happened after I lost consciousness, for the excitement of that night had been too much for me, and had left me in a state of nervous weakness which I could not at once throw off.

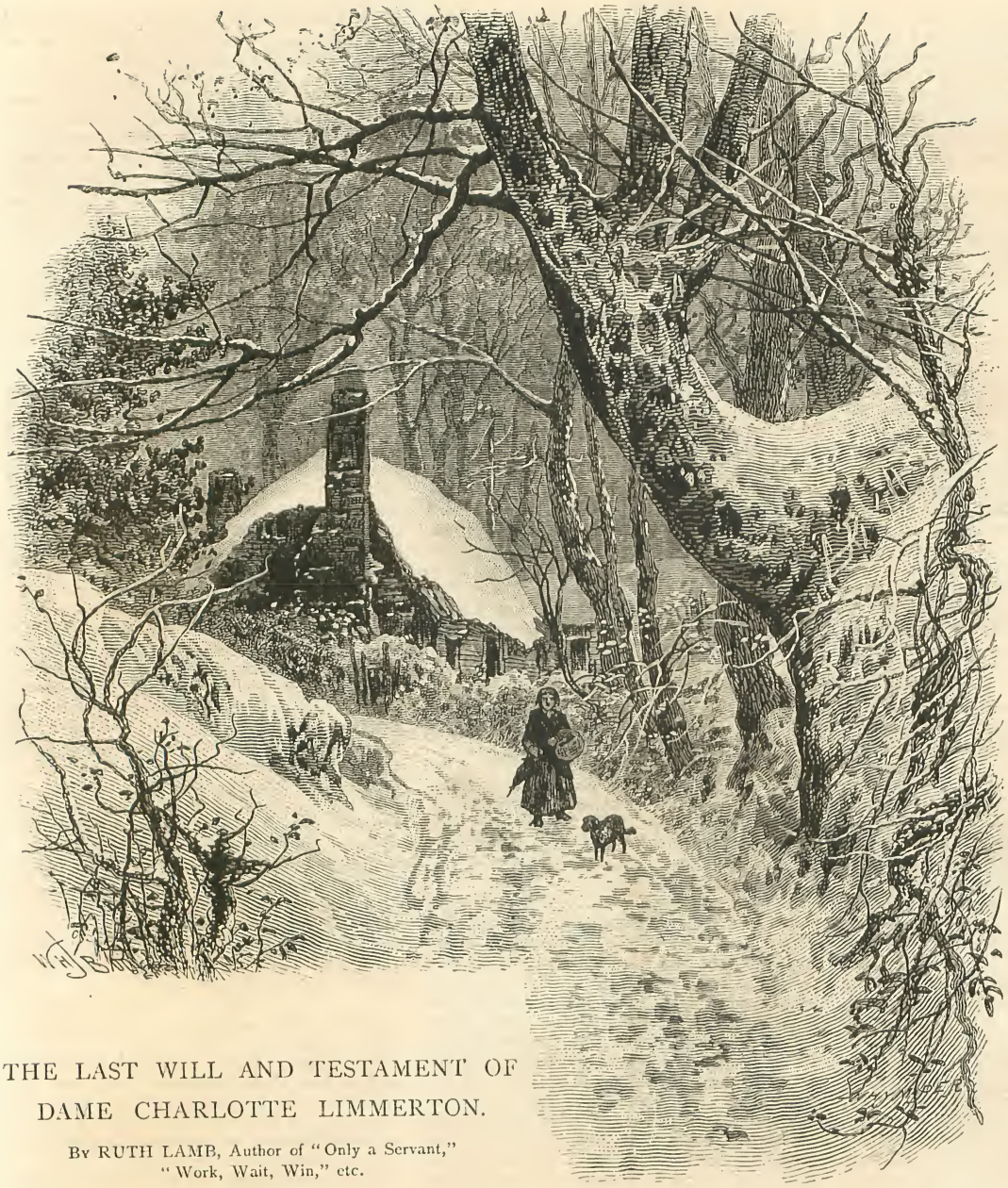
Afterwards I learnt the explanation of Jack's sudden appearance on the scene, and found that my eyes had not deceived me. Leaving town by an earlier train, he had arrived at The Grange shortly before midnight, and had gone straight to his room. Always a light sleeper, he had been roused by the sound of voices, and had come out just in time to see the success of my plan and prevent the escape of the burglars.

"Plucky little woman!" says Jack, as we pace up and down the terrace together some days after, talking over the events of that night. "All the village is ringing with your praises. But do you know, Nell, you scared me at first, standing there in the moonlight—you looked so ghost-like."

"I did not feel so," I answered with a shudder. "One of the men looked as if he could do anything desperate. I cannot forget his face. Are you quite sure they are safely in prison?"

"Quite sure," says Jack, in a reassuring tone. "They are safe for five years at least; there is a long list against them. They will have very good cause to remember Wilmshurst and the "White Lady" of the Grange.

E. G.



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF DAME CHARLOTTE LIMMERTON.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Only a Servant," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"My little part of life is done,
Except to watch the play."
Life's Twilight.—E. WAUGH.

It was in 1870, just twenty years ago, that old Lady Limmerton died. She was turned eighty-six, though nobody, with only externals to judge by, would have believed this.

Her worst female foe would have said "seventy," and any friend of the other sex would have added, "And an uncommonly fresh-looking woman to have reached three score years and ten."

Not that Lady Limmerton ever made a secret of her age. On the contrary, she was proud to make people acquainted with the date of her birth, by relating various historical details, and adding, "I can speak of these occurrences as few people can do, because I remember them all. I belong to a past age, but I am not like many old folk who can see good only in what is past. I prefer the present. These are more comfortable times to live in than my young days were, though they are in some respects less exciting."

When Lady Limmerton was eighty, she never made a new acquaintance without asking him or her two questions. The first was, "Excuse me, but how old may you be?" She always used the same words, and sometimes the person addressed would be startled, look guilty, and hesitate before replying.

A lady who is well on in the thirties, but who, having looked in her glass, has decided that she would be guessed at twenty-three, naturally objects to declare her real age to please an old lady.

Others much farther advanced in life would regard the question as a piece of uncalled-for inquisitiveness on Lady Limmerton's part; though she—kindly old soul—never dreamed of annoying anyone.

That first enquiry was only meant to lead to a second, and if the hesitation of the person addressed, indicated reluctance to reply, the old lady would interpose: "Never mind telling me," she would say. "Many people object to their age being known, though why the young should mind, when an old woman like me does not, is more than I can understand. Just tell me how old you think I am?"

The compliment to the listener's youth was sure to drive away any lingering feeling of annoyance which the former question might have caused. A glance at the eager old face revealed at once that Lady Limmerton was much more anxious for the new acquaintance to guess her age, than she was to be informed about that of any other human being.

The reply was certain to err on the side of youth, and the figures named to be fifteen or twenty years below the correct ones.

"You cannot mean that. Try again," Lady Limmerton would say.

The bewildered guesser would survey the face again, note the still bright eyes, clear complexion, and abundant grey hair. Further, recalling the lively talk of the past hour, he would take off another five years, and apologise for his stupidity by adding, "I am really no judge. You are probably still younger, for my mother is sixty-five, and she looks older than you do."

Then came Lady Limmerton's little triumph. She would clap her hands in a girlish way, and exclaim, "I am eighty. I was born in 1784. I remember the incidents of the later years of the French Revolution, and the excitement caused by the executions of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Events that are matters of history to you are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday. There are some things that cannot be forgotten. Try to imagine the changes these old eyes have seen—if you can. I was twenty-one the day the battle of Trafalgar was fought, and that was on the 21st of October, 1805. We had to wait for news, whether good or bad, then; and it was a mingling of both kinds when we rejoiced over the greatness of the victory with tears in our eyes as we thought of the price paid for it. Yes, I am very old now—fully fourscore."

"Madam," said one courtly listener, to whom these oft-repeated words were spoken, "if any one but yourself had made such an assertion I should have denied the truth of it. As it is, I find it hard to believe, since all that goes to make Lady Limmerton, her tongue excepted, tells a different tale."

It was the delight of the old lady's life to be guessed young, and to proclaim her real age to the astonishment of her hearers. She was equally frank in speaking of her affairs, and especially to her many girl friends. Her wonderful memory, her peculiar experiences, wealth of anecdote, lively manners, and love for the society of young people, made her a great favourite. She was always the centre of a circle of girls if these formed part of any company where she was.

"I am well off, my dears," she would say. "I have a good income which no changes in the money market can affect, and what a good thing that is in these speculating days! I have neither chick nor child to save for, more's the pity, and I am certain that if my income changes at all it will increase. I owe it all to my fairy godmother."

This statement called forth many questions, which Lady Limmerton was always ready to answer. Perhaps one daring listener would challenge her statement, and stoutly declare, "There are no fairy godmothers, and you know it quite well. How dare you try to deceive us young folk in such a way, Lady Limmerton?"

"You say there are no fairy godmothers left, and you wish to know what I mean by talking such nonsense. I dare say you are right after all; and no wonder. The very children are grown so wise that they turn up their little snub noses at the old fairy tales. They would have known how to value them if, like me, they had possessed nothing else in the shape of stories when they were young. They were delightful to me as a child, and I love them to-day for the sake of the pleasure they gave me then, though you, who know no better, call them 'rubbish.'"

"We want your fairy story. Tell us about your fairy godmother, Lady Limmerton. We are sure she was very real and very good, and that we may believe all you say about her," the other girls would cry, after putting down the one offender.

"You may, my dears. Forbid it that I should corrupt your young minds by anything untrue or unnatural. So listen to my real history.

"I was married to Jasper Limmerton when I was twenty and he was fifty. There was far too great a difference in our ages, for he was older than his years, and I was younger than mine. He became Sir Jasper by his uncle's death, but he got very little beside the title. However, the little kept us going, as we had no children, and my fairy godmother had provided me with pin-money and to spare. I had six pounds a year of my own when I was twelve months old. Moreover, my fairy godmother so arranged things for me that my income grew as I grew, though every penny of it was spent annually, and no more capital was invested. There's a riddle for you, girls. Which of you can guess it?"

Of course nobody could, and Lady Limmerton would sit waiting for the answer which did not come, and quite delighted the while at having mystified her hearers.

"We give it up. Who can account for the doings of fairy godmothers?" the girls would answer.

"Right, my dears! But you know already that my godmother was no fairy. She was something better—a clever, far-seeing woman. When she first promised and vowed on my behalf, she said to herself, 'This child is the tenth of the family—three boys and seven girls, all living. What will become of them all, especially the girls?' She said 'especially the girls' because in those days wars and rumours of wars occupied men's minds. So many men were taken from their homes to fight their country's battles on sea and land, that wooers were few and maidens and widows many in proportion.

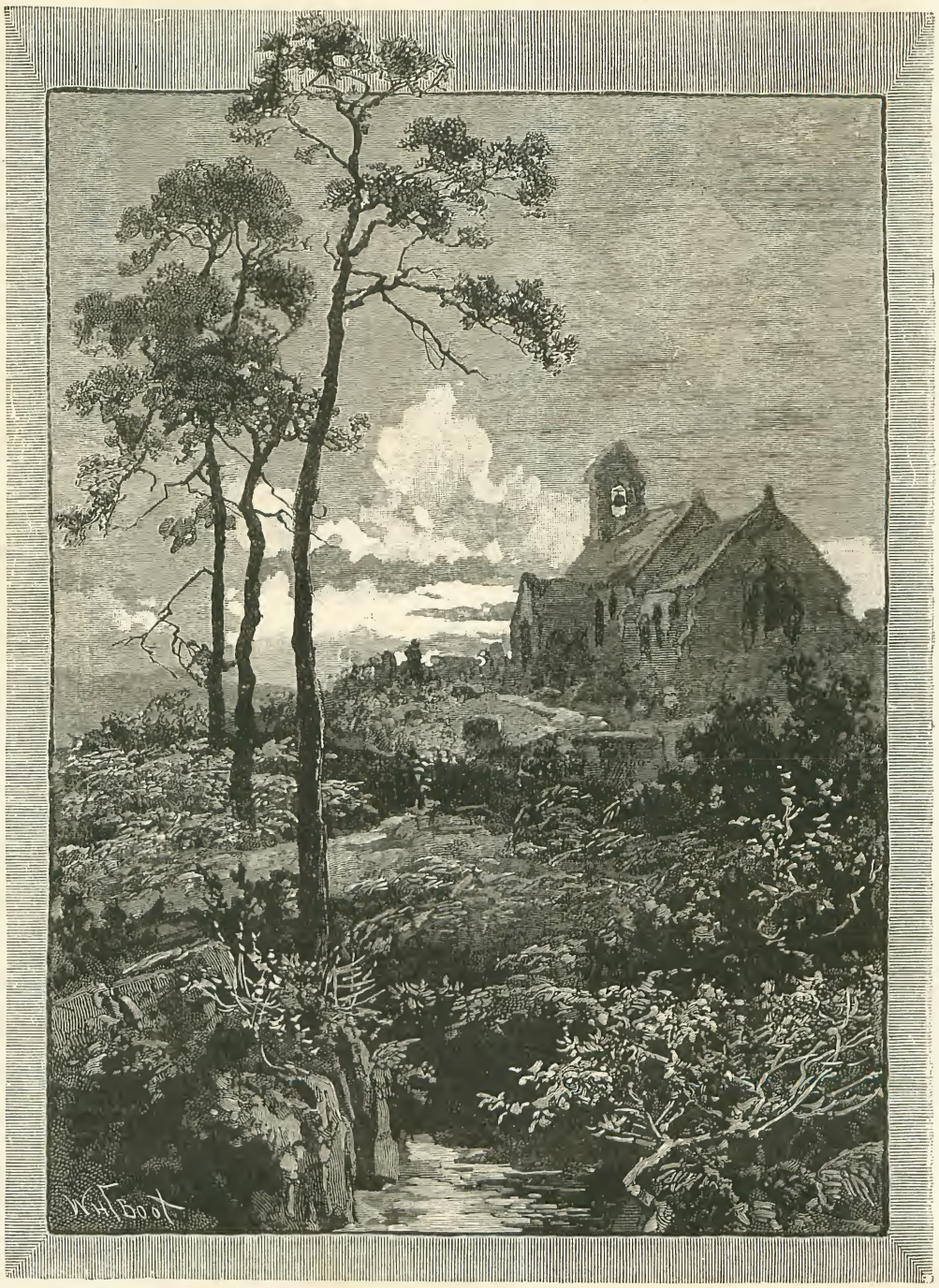
"My godmother knew the state of things, for she, poor soul, had mourned the loss of her husband and sons on a battlefield. So she said, 'I must do something for my godchild. I will put on my considering cap, for the little I have to give her must be turned to the best account.'

"Apart from money matters, my godmother did me a great service. 'What are you going to call the child?' she asked. 'I am to name her, and I do not wish to make a mistake when the parson bids me do it.'

"When I was old enough to hear the story, my godmother told me that my parents had nearly quarrelled about the name I was to bear. My father stoutly insisted that, being the tenth child, Decima was the only fit and proper appellation by which I could be known in the future. 'She was foreordained to be Decima,' he said.

"'Nothing of the kind,' said my mother. 'Who ever heard of a seventh daughter being called anything but Septima? Nature destined her to bear the name, and Septima she shall be, or nothing.'

"My parents were not quarrelsome folk as a rule, but they were equally in earnest on this point, and I am sorry to say that the contention grew so strong as to threaten a lasting disagreement. Noisy at first, they argued in favour of the respective names until they could



AT EVENTIDE.

find no more to say. Then they sulked for two days, and neither spoke to the other, but each employed the time in planning how to win the victory."

Lady Limmerton's eyes would twinkle as she told this story, and she would shake her head and say that it was sad indeed that she should have caused her parents to disagree before she was a month old, though she could never feel that any blame attached to herself.

Her young hearers would wax impatient, and ask—

"Which won, Lady Limmerton? Were you called Decima or Septima?"

"My nurse suggested a compromise. 'Why not call the child Decima Septima; then both master and mistress will be well pleased,' she said.

"No doubt they were very glad of a solution to the difficulty, for they were a social couple, and holding their tongues must have been a sore penance to both. But people will endure a great deal in order to get their own way. Even after both had agreed to the two names, there was danger of a further rupture. Each parent determined that his or her favourite appellation should precede the other.

"My mother insisted for a time, then told my father she could not be happy in getting her own way at the cost of her dear Richard's disappointment, and gracefully yielded the point. She received a handsome silk gown piece as the reward of her submission, and sundry compliments dear to the heart and pleasant to the ears of a true wife. Perhaps in the end my father would regret the monetary expenditure, as it afterwards proved to have been avoidable.

"Have I told you that our family name was Ollerenshaw? Fancy, girls, what it would have been to sign in the parish register at one's wedding, 'Decima Septima Ollerenshaw'! But I never did it."

"What a dreadful name! I suppose you never put more than your initials?"

"I was saved by my godmother from having even the initials. When she was told what names had been selected, she said, 'You must please choose a sponsor in my place. Never shall your child, when she comes to her catechism days, blame me, as one of her godmothers, for giving her such names.' To cut my story short, my parents were vanquished.

"I was christened Charlotte, after George the Third's queen, and as the sovereign's name is always the fashionable one of that generation, I was well contented with mine. I know you will agree with me that I had much cause to thank my godmother for having spared me the burden of carrying two such names as Decima Septima."

Of course the girls assented; and then there would be a general cry for particulars about the fairy fortune.

"How did you get it? Where did it come from?" sounded on all sides.

"All from a single £100 wisely invested by that excellent godmother of mine. It brings me in £750 a year to-day. I suppose none of you girls ever heard of 'Tontines'? Of course not. I will tell you what they are, for I like to mingle information with amusement when I talk to young people.

"In 1653 there lived in Naples a man named Lawrence Tonti, and to his fertile brain I owe, next to my godmother, my present income. He suggested a plan for raising money, but it was not tried till thirty-six years after by Louis XIV. It was something like the Funds, only when people bought a share in a Tontine they gave up their capital altogether. They received good interest to begin with, and as some of the shareholders died off, their portion of interest was divided amongst the survivors. This went on so long as any remained.

"It is said that a Frenchwoman who lived to be ninety-six, and was the last survivor of about 2450 original shareholders, was receiving £3600 a year for some time before her death. The amount originally invested by her was only £30.

"The Tontines were divided into classes, according to the ages of those who were to benefit, as it would not have been fair to put old and young together.

"I was one of a thousand children for each of whom parents or friends bought, for £100, a share in a Tontine started at that time. There are just eight out of the thousand living to-day. The annual interest of £100,000 at 6 per cent. would be £6000. Divide it amongst the eight survivors and you get the amount of my income—£750.

"I am well contented with it, but if I should be spared for a few more years my income will very likely increase, though I do not wish any of the other seven to die on that account. I only hope they are all as hale and happy as I am at fourscore years. Aye, and as thankful," the old lady would add in a softened voice, and with a little trembling of the lips, which told that beneath all her liveliness of manner there ran an undercurrent of a graver kind and more natural to her years.

"I suppose you are all satisfied with my explanation?" would come as a question after a little pause.

"To be sure we are, and thank you for telling us all about it," one would answer.

"And don't I wish we all had wise foreseeing godmothers to insure us such fairy fortunes," another would say.

"I am not sure that you all deserve them. Some of you looked incredulous when I began my story, but now it is finished you have found out both that I meant what I said and that you have not all the wisdom of the world in those young heads of yours. It is always better to hear people before you begin to doubt them."

Some of the girl faces would flush at this remark, for it often happened that Lady Limmerton's keen eyes noted the looks of incredulity with which the girls first received her allusions to her fairy fortune. Having administered this rebuke, she would, however, say no more on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Limmerton always said she should have nothing to bequeath, and though her income was so large for one of her age, it went, though none of her friends could have told how or where.

Nobody had any right to call her to account, and that would have been a daring individual who would have tried the experiment.

There were those who could have told tales of sorrowing hearts comforted, burdens lifted, homes brightened, and tears dried by the well-timed aid and kind hand of Lady Limmerton.

But such were pledged to silence, and as her name was never seen on the subscription lists, there were some whose alms were all done before men who could not imagine that this frank, bright old woman preferred to do hers in secret.

Until Lady Limmerton was eighty she kept beside her one who shared nearly all her memories, and, as far as possible, her experiences—her maid, Barbara Terry. There was but five years of difference in their ages, the servant being so much the younger of the two. Barbara had served her mistress for fifty years, and the latter cared more for her than for any human being.

"She is my living link with a dead past," said Lady Limmerton. "When Jasper and I were married I was too poor to keep a personal attendant, but we struggled on together, turning a fair face to the world and avoiding debt. At ten years' end he became a baronet, and I was his 'Lady.' His means were somewhat improved, my income had grown, and I, forsooth, must go to Court. That was in 1814, a year before Waterloo.

"Barbara came to me then. She dressed me in all my bravery of waving plumes and stiff brocade that would stand by itself almost, and then she stood a little way off and admired me as no one else ever did—not even Sir Jasper. He admired my finery, and all the more because it cost him nothing but a word of praise.

"This was another grand result of my godmother's foresight. My husband never saw or paid a milliner's bill, so he and I never squabbled over such things, as I have heard married folk often do nowadays—more's the pity! Poor Barbara did not care so much for the gown as for the way in which her mistress set it off, and she fluttered round me like a hen with one chick, until the time came for me to go to the palace.

"Those were sad days in many respects—wearying wars and rumours of more; an aged queen with her old husband living, but dead so far as the power to think and act for himself was concerned, old, blind and insane, after more than half a century on the throne; and the Regency time was not one to regard with unmixed satisfaction. But I need not talk of this. All that is good for you to know you girls can read in your history-books to-day.

"Let me see. Where was I? Going to Court, of course. I wore my earrings that day. Like everything I had most cause to value, they came to me from my godmother. 'I give them to you, my dear,' she said, when she was an old woman, 'because you do not so much value things on account of their cost and fashion as for the sake of those who once owned them. You will never wear them as they are, but you will keep them for my sake.'

"I did wear them. I had my ears pierced on purpose, and they hung in them when I was presented. If they had been glass set in brass, I would not have had them altered, and they remain as they were still. They are far too heavy. They would tear my poor ears to pieces, and on that one state occasion I suffered horribly, and was thankful to remove them the moment after I left the royal presence."

Lady Limmerton's hand would go up caressingly to her ear as if in pity for its past sufferings. Then she usually exhibited the earrings to her girl friends, who were expected to admire them, and sorely dissatisfied was the old lady if their praise fell short of her hopes.

The earrings were hideous to look upon—flaring things in barbaric setting of tarnished gold. They looked indeed like coloured glass in brass mountings, though their owner said she had never seen any other paste fit to compare with hers.

"I shall leave them to somebody who will take them as I did, and value them for my sake, though who it will be I cannot tell. I have nobody belonging to me within reach now."

For many years Lady Limmerton's roof had never sheltered one of her own kin, and she would say plaintively, "Tenth and last. There will be no sister, child, or grandchild to close the old woman's eyes when the time comes. What a blessing I have Barbara, and that she is younger than I am! The old servant will see the end of her mistress."

This expectation was not fulfilled. Barbara died, and Lady Limmerton was left more alone than she had ever been.

"I am eighty. I live in a dead past and with those who have gone before. There is nobody to speak to me of all that has happened in the last fifty years. Barbara and I had been so long together, she knew all that concerned me. I may—I must put some one in the gap her death has caused; but there can be no

riveting in of a new link in the chain of the past."

Lady Limmerton chose a lonely, friendless woman of forty-five to do Barbara's duties. She had the deftest fingers and the most silent tongue imaginable, and was always to be trusted.

"She cannot talk of the past, but she likes to listen to my old tales. I see her face light up with a smile when I speak of bright days, and those kind gray eyes grow moist when I tell sorrowful stories. She listens and she feels. She never prates about her neighbours, but does kind things without making a fuss. Since God has called Barbara Terry, I thank Him for having given me Martha Swale. I will show Martha my earrings."

Thus cogitated Lady Limmerton, and, acting on this resolution, Martha Swale was shown the famous earrings.

"What do you think of these, Martha?" asked Lady Limmerton, as she dangled them in her fingers.

"If I may say so, my lady, I think they would look better if they were washed with soap and water."

"Martha, you see everything through soap-bubbles. These earrings have never been washed in my day, nor shall they. What do you think of them as ornaments?"

"I should not like to wear them, my lady; but then," added Martha, "fine things are not for such as me."

"You are the only modern lady's maid who would say that, I fancy. I want to leave the things to somebody; and perhaps, if you had thought them very beautiful, I might have left them to you."

"Oh, my lady, I would be sorry if you ever thought of such a thing! There will be those belonging you—they would better suit."

"That's all you know about it. Barbara would not have said that."

Lady Limmerton was ruffled and Martha Swale distressed.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"You need not be, for you knew no better. How could you? Why should I find fault with you for speaking the truth? You say little enough, and you are patient when I talk of things that cannot interest you, Martha."

"Oh, my lady, I like to listen when you are pleased to talk."

"Then listen to a secret of mine. You may not have an over-wise head, but you have a still tongue, and, if I bid you keep this to yourself, you will do it."

"I surely will, my lady," replied Martha.

"I need not have been alone in my old age, but for my own fault," said Lady Limmerton. "Just after Sir Jasper's death a niece of mine came to live with me. She was an orphan, youngest and last surviving child of my youngest brother. She was nineteen when she came here—a fine handsome girl, and with her father's spirit. He was a brave soldier and died the death of one. I thought it would be delightful to have a creature of my own blood to take a daughter's place, and I asked her to come here. She was called Charlotte too, after me. I meant to do well by her, and, though I should have two to keep instead of one, to pinch a little so as to put something by that she might not be penniless at last.

"I had never been used to deal with girls, in a motherly way, I mean, and I suppose I blundered in trying to manage Charlotte. I am not going to tell the story of four years we spent together. Only the finish—a sad finish for me.

"My niece was far too handsome and attractive not to have suitors. Of course she and I differed as to the one that should be accepted. I knew so well the comforts that money can buy, I had lived such an easy life, so free from care that I dreaded the very thought of poverty for Charlotte, and I was bitterly disappointed when she chose the poorest out of half-a-dozen and declared she would rather have a crust with him than eat dainties off golden plates with any other partner.

"I ought to have known that Charlotte, who had a temper so like my own, was not to be driven. Loving words would have induced her to wait, but I took the high hand, reproached her for wilfulness, ingratitude, I know not what beside, and threatened her into the bargain.

"Charlotte stood and heard all I had to say, her handsome face turning white and red by turns. She had a strange hunted look in her eyes which has haunted me ever since. Her very quietness made me more angry, and I railed at the girl for her low tastes, and told her she might go to the beggarly mate she had chosen, and that I was ashamed of her.

"Many a time since that day I have prayed: 'God forgive me for my hardness and the cruel things I said to an orphan girl!'

"I loved her, Martha, in spite of all. What had I else except old Barbara? She was the last of my name and an orphan, and I knew that the man she loved was a worthy gentleman, with no fault save his poverty which time might mend.

"I admired her brave stand—the outcome of a true heart; and looking into my own I felt that I should have done as she did if similarly placed.

"But you must understand why I crossed my niece. I wanted Charlotte to be rich—to have as much as I had and more of the good things of this world, so I would not yield a hair's breadth.

"I said to myself, 'It is for the girl's good. She will thank me when she bears a title and rolls in wealth. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window;' but if even love goes, gold is a great comforter.

"It was worldly wisdom that spoke, not my heart.

"Well, Charlotte stood quietly until I finished, only the changing colour, quivering lips, and appealing eyes spoke. Then she came close and said—

"'Aunt, you have been very good to me, better than I deserved. If it were in anything else——'

"'Young people will yield all but the one thing they are asked to give up,' I said, sharply enough.

"'Aunty dear, it means giving up all one's life, not what affects the present hour. I do not wish to leave you. I owe you too much. Only let me stay here and say no more of titles or wealthy suitors. I want none of them, and nothing but just to see Arthur Mansell now and then and to wait until his means will allow us to marry. He will work, oh, so hard, for my sake!'

"I was dour and hard. I repeated the old cruel words, and declared that Arthur Mansell should never cross my threshold again. That Charlotte must choose which she would give up—her beggarly suitor, or me and her home.

"It was a hateful speech to make. I hate myself when I think of it after all these years. I was taking a mean advantage of this homeless girl, who had not a soul in the wide world to look to but her lover and me. I did not for a moment dream that she would have courage to give up all the comforts with which I had surrounded her, and when, after having heard me to the end, she said, 'Kiss me just once, dear auntie. I shall try to forget your words, if I can,' I thought I had conquered. I let her touch my face, but I did not give the kiss she asked for, although she left a tear on my cheek which did not fall from my eyes.

"At dinner Charlotte's place was empty, but I did not allow that to trouble me. I never sent to inquire after her, but thought, 'I will leave her to herself. She will think twice before she gives up her present advantages. When she has got over the first sting she will see the soundness of my advice, and thank me for it.'

"I never was really hard, only hot-tempered, and I loved to rule. But when supper-time came, and no Charlotte, I asked Barbara whether Miss Ollerenshaw was still in her room, and what meals had been taken to her?

"'Miss Ollerenshaw left here an hour after you were talking together this morning, my lady. I thought you knew,' said Barbara. 'She said you had given her the chance of going, or choice—I forget which. That you knew why she started so suddenly, and——'

"I waited for no more. I rushed to the girl's room and found it empty, save that every gift of mine was left behind, and only her clothes, and such articles as she brought from her old home, had been taken away.

"I could never tell what I felt then, and, patient listener as you are, Martha, I will not try. Enough to say I never saw my niece again. She did not meet her lover, or tell him of her plans. I might have known that Charlotte was too pure-minded, too good in every way, to make my hard treatment an excuse for a rash and unmaidenly act.

"Yet, late as it was, I drove to his home to humble myself, and ask for news of the girl I had banished from mine. He knew nothing, and told me so. Yet I repeated my questions, and he could read on my face the doubt with which I received his replies.

"Both were insulting to Charlotte. His larger nature gauged hers as mine could not do, because it was too narrow. He well knew that the last person to whom the girl would go was himself. Her self-respect would prevent her from even letting him know her whereabouts until she was in a safe shelter.

"'She will not write to me, but you will hear from her. You will let me know where she is, will you not?' I said to Mr. Mansell. But he shook his head, and replied that whilst he was sure Charlotte would not keep him in suspense longer than was needful, it must depend upon her whether he told me anything beyond the mere fact that she was safe.

"That was all he ever did tell me, and soon after he left my neighbourhood, and I lost sight of him altogether.

"I know that Charlotte went from me to an old friend of her mother's. She had a little money which she had always kept to meet any emergency, and she eked it out by teaching the grandchildren of her who gave her shelter. In time Arthur Mansell made such progress in his profession—he was a doctor—that he was able to give Charlotte a modest home.

"She had one child, a girl, and she called her Charlotte Limmerton, after the aunt who reviled and turned her out of doors. I would have given anything to hold that child in my arms, and yet I was too proud then to seek the mother, though I knew I had been to blame. I had made it impossible for her to seek me, and I daresay she never guessed that, in after days, I was anyway different from the aunt who said worse than bitter things to her, for they were untrue. I heard the particulars I have given you from others."

Lady Limmerton paused, and sat for a little while absorbed and silent. Martha Swale, quiet, timid creature that she seemed, was yet a woman of strong sympathies, and pitied her lonely old mistress. At last she broke silence with the question—

"Is it too late, my lady?"

"Yes, Martha; and that is the worst of it. Too late to make amends and undo wrong. Undo wrong did I say? Whoever can undo it? One may suffer torments of remorse, and long to make amends, aye, and recompense to the utmost of one's power; but there is no

undoing. There are no words so terrible as 'too late.'"

"Is it ever too late to do the best we can whilst life lasts, my lady?"

"I am living, Martha, living and hale at fourscore. I sometimes think I have been allowed to live so long in order to try and do something for the kinswoman I injured. But I know not where to find her now. Her husband died, leaving her with a three-year-old child, and before I had decided to pocket my wretched pride, and ask her to forgive me and share all I had, she had left her home and was gone I knew not whither.

"The man who succeeded to the practice had taken whatever furniture she wished to spare, and my niece hid herself so successfully that I have never been able to find her. I always meant to give her my little savings, for I began to put by a little when she was with me. I looked on that as hers, not mine. I always say I have nothing to bequeath, and it is true; but there is a reservation. My savings do not belong to me but to Charlotte Mansell, if living; if not, to the child who bears my full name. Should they not pass into the hands of my niece or her child, I care not who gets them.

"If she were here at this moment I should put these earrings into her hand and beg her to keep them from this time forward. She might even sell them if she chose, though I should like her to wear them once to show that she had forgiven me."

Even quiet Martha Swale could scarcely repress a smile when she heard her mistress speak of the earrings, and she thought to herself, "I wonder what pretty lady would like to carry those ugly, dangling things in her ears to pull them all out of shape. My lady thinks enough of them. I suppose that must be because they are old, and belonged to the godmother that did so much for her. It's astonishing what people will bear, though, for the sake of being in the fashion; and I expect those long, heavy earrings were reckoned very grand when they were first made. My lady could not show how sorry she is for having behaved so badly to the young miss in a more surprising way than by giving her those things. I wouldn't wear them if I were paid by the day to do it."

Martha understood what Lady Limmerton felt; her vain regrets, the repentance she could not now prove by word or deed. A great longing to comfort and help her mistress possessed the maid, though she never spoke of it.

The silent woman was ever on the alert to hear the name of Mansell mentioned. She calculated the probable age of her mistress's niece at two or three and forty, and often thought to herself, "How happy I should be if I could gladden the dear old lady's eyes with a sight of her. My mistress did not choose me to serve her because I was the best or fittest for the place. She took me because I was alone in the world. She has a kind heart, though she is quick of temper and speech even at eighty-two.

"We were *both lonely* after she lost old Barbara, but in different ways—she through being rich and I through being poor. She drove her kinswoman out by her masterful treatment, for folk with money in their pockets have a way of thinking that they are like golden images, set up for other people to bow down to. They often get their reward by being left standing all by themselves.

"I was let go by all my relations because I was poor. None of them had room for me at bed or board. They would not keep me out of their abundance, and they were too proud to like the idea of my working for my bread. No thanks to them that I have never wanted for anything, or got into trouble in any place where I have served. They say, 'A still tongue makes a wise head,' and there's a deal of truth in those words. I've heard plenty about other people's concerns, and nobody can tell much about me or mine."

By dint of questioning, however, Lady Limmerton learned Martha's story, and sympathised with her. The shrewd waiting-maid guessed that while her mistress might speak of her own past, she would hold even a servant's confidence a sacred thing, and trusted her fully. She was not the less happy for having spoken to and received words of comfort from Lady Limmerton.

CHAPTER III.

MARTHA SWALE often amused her mistress by the persevering way in which she read the advertisements and notices of births, marriages, and deaths in the daily papers. But Lady Limmerton had no idea why Martha did this, or that she was always on the look-out for the name of Mansell, and always in vain as it proved.

Year followed year, and each found Lady Limmerton richer than before. Her savings accumulated, for the remaining annuitants of the Tontine died one after another, and when she was eighty-five she and a hale old naval officer were the last who remained to divide the £6000 of income between them. It was difficult to predict which would be the last survivor, for the old officer boasted that he had never known illness, and had borne exposure and escaped injury through many a fight. But confidence sometimes encourages rashness, and past immunity from harm induces the old to repeat the risks from which they came off scot free in their younger days. The old officer took a severe chill, disdained to "coddle," as he called it, and three days later Lady Limmerton was the only one left of the original thousand annuitants. For a single year she received £6000 in return for £100 invested for her in her baby days by her godmother.

Lady Limmerton was by no means elated at this increase of income. Friends congratulated her, but she prayed them to cease.

"It has meant death to others," she said. "I pray you do not think so ill of me as to suppose that I have rejoiced in the possession of a large income during these last years of a long life. Each addition has cost a link in the chain of a far-away past, a vacant chair in some home, and, it may be, the loss of comforts to some who depended on an old kinsman or woman. I have nobody of my own race to think or live for. What worth has gold for me at eighty-five?"

One year more and Lady Limmerton felt that her end was coming—slowly, gently, but surely.

She could no longer leave her room except as she was wheeled on a couch from it to an adjoining one for a little change.

"I am sorry for you, Martha," she said to her maid. "You will be lonely when I am gone, but not poor. I have £10,000 beside my earrings and other belongings, and I shall leave all to you."

"No, no, dear lady, not to me. I have spent little, and have no fear of want before my eyes. Work is a blessing to me. It would not be good for me to be placed beyond the need of it."

"Thank God, the world is not void of unselfish hearts yet, though it has a bad name, Martha!" said Lady Limmerton, as she laid her white hand on that of her maid.

Martha lifted it to her lips and kissed it; but her tears were falling fast, and some dropped on the hand which trembled in her grasp. She was going to wipe them away, but Lady Limmerton forbade her.

"Let them stay, Martha. They are precious drops, worth more than diamonds. It is much to have a true friend to soothe one's last hours when all are gone that knew us in youth or in prime. If only Charlotte had not left me! But I deserved it—I deserved it."

"My lady," said Martha, "let me speak. I am only a weak and ignorant woman, and I know nothing about the ways of lawyers or learned people; but, in my humble fashion, I do love you, for you have given me a peaceful home, and trusted me too as if I had been of your own station. The trust has been more than wages or aught beside. Yet there is one thing, only one, in which I have not trusted you in return. You have laughed at my newspaper reading, and thought my choice strange. I have had but one thought in it, and that to find the name your niece bore. I could not leave you to seek her, or I would have tramped the land over with the object of finding her for you. Dear lady, leave the money to your niece and leave me the task of finding her, so that she may inherit it?"

"I have made my will again and again. I have destroyed a dozen, I dare say, in my time. If I am spared long enough I will make yet another. As my present will stands you are sole legatee; but you shall have your own way. I will leave you £2,000, the interest of which you shall have no power to alienate from yourself; but you shall have power to leave the principal to whom you please. All my furniture and personal belongings—those earrings excepted—will be yours to keep or give. I should like a few girl friends of mine each to have a little keepsake. You will remember these names."

Lady Limmerton then mentioned about a dozen girls, adding, "They will have something to prevent their forgetting the ancient dame who told them old-world tales, and took them back three-quarters of a century."

A smile rested on Lady Limmerton's face as she recalled to mind how often she had been the centre of an eager group of girl listeners, and she added—

"They helped to keep me young-hearted. God bless them all! Now, about the rest of the money. There will be £8000 clear when all costs are paid, beside your legacy. This is well invested, and must remain so, but you can use all the interest if needful in finding Charlotte Mansell if living, or tracing her daughter, Charlotte Limmerton Mansell. This is the life work to which I ask you to devote yourself as a labour of love for your old mistress's sake. You will have no need to work at aught beside, but here is work enough for you. On no account expend any portion of your own little income on the search. It is yours in recognition of past love and service. The search shall be your gift of love to my memory; the cost you may be at, apart from personal work, will come from the interest of the larger sum."

Martha's face brightened as she listened.

"Oh, my dear lady," she said, "I will joyfully give the rest of my days to carry out your wishes. The thought of having to work for you will make me happy even in my loneliness, though it will be a sore trial to part with the only friend I have."

Lady Limmerton laid her hand on Martha's with a gentle pressure.

"There is a better Friend," she said, "Who will never fail you. Look to Him, as I do, now that I am just waiting my last call, and cast your care on Him. He careth for you.

"I have a few more words to say. I do not ask a lifetime of labour. God forbid that I should impose such a burden on you. Five years hence, if you have done your best and failed, the money must all be yours absolutely. I mean the £8000 and the earrings. Do with them what you will. To-morrow my lawyer shall come and make all this sure."

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day, my lady," said Martha; "only I suppose the



"THE PICTURE PRESENTED BY MOTHER AND CHILD WAS SO CHARMING THAT MARTHA WAS LOTH TO DISTURB IT."

lawyer would come even then in such a case?"

"I forgot for the moment; he will be away, for he and his family spend their Christmas with his mother, a woman nearly my age, and too old to come to them. The matter must wait, then. I may see the New Year, Martha, and if not——"

"Your new will is made, dear lady, as much as though the lawyer had drawn it up and you had signed it. I am so glad that, as the old one stands, no human being can hinder me from carrying out your every wish. I promise——"

"No need, no need. I will have no promise. You are a true woman, and no uttered pledge would make me more content than this knowledge does. Now kiss me, Martha, not on my hands, but as friend embraces friend. Clasp your arms round me and let me rest my head near your true heart whilst we kiss each other."

Martha fought bravely against the inclination to yield to a grief which would render her helpless. She could not wholly repress her tears, but she drew Lady Limmerton's head to her own breast and held her in a firm but tender clasp, whilst one of her mistress's arms was round her neck.

Lady Limmerton rested awhile in silence, then said, "If you ever find her, kiss her and her child for me. Give them my love, and say I would have made amends if I could—that I was sorry, more sorry than words can tell. You have a hard task before you, but remember, it is only to last five years. If you do not succeed by that time, you will consider your work done, and the reward your own. You will do your best, I know."

"I will, indeed, my dear lady; but my reward will be not money, but, if it please God, success in my search."

"You will not get lawyers to help you. They have had enough from me, and nothing for it all. I have paid for advertisements by hundreds. You will succeed if success be possible, for your heart will be in your work. I am glad I have made this new will."

"But, my lady, it is not really made, though it is as good as done in one way. You will have it made right," said Martha.

"I am tired now. I will go to rest," was the only answer.

Martha laid her mistress gently down, and arranged all for her comfort, then seated herself by her side to wait and watch. But the hours passed, and neither sign nor sound came from the sleeper. The other servants came and went softly for fear of disturbing such a peaceful slumber. Their care was needless. Lady Limmerton's sleep was one that no earthly sound would ever break again.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Limmerton's will excited much surprise and many comments. Few amongst her acquaintances guessed that she had any considerable amount to leave; none that Martha Swale would be sole legatee. If it had been Barbara Terry who had survived her mistress, nobody would have been astonished to hear that all was left to her for life. But for this money, together with other property of considerable value, to go to that silent maid of Lady Limmerton was too provoking when she had so many friends of her own station to whom she might have left it. And the woman could actually bequeath it to whom she chose! Truly her case was proof of the old proverb, "Still waters run deep." The will was a monstrous one, and "ought to be upset."

As, however, there were none of Lady Limmerton's kith or kin forthcoming, and no one of those who inveighed against the will and Martha Swale could show a better right to the money than she could, the grumblers were fain to be content with speaking their minds. And as talking and fault-finding brought no amends, they washed their hands of Martha, and ceased to talk of her or her eccentric mistress.

Martha did not, however, forget that the written will, by which she immediately inherited, was not the real last will and testament of "Dame Charlotte Limmerton."

The former was proved in due course and without delay, the lawyer who made it finding, to his surprise, that Martha Swale was a clear-headed woman of business, and a better educated one than many who filled higher places in the world. She would brook no needless delay, and soon she was able to dispense with further legal aid and to manage her own affairs. She was satisfied that the money was well and safely invested, and that she had only to draw the interest and apply it in accordance with those last instructions received from her mistress.

The girls named were presented with souvenirs in the shape of trinkets and ornaments judiciously chosen and bestowed with no niggard hand.

It was known that there was no mention of them in the will itself, and this seemingly voluntary act of Martha's won favour from some, condemnation from others. Charitably disposed folk said, "It shows a generous spirit in the woman. She had no need to give anything, or mere trifles would have answered the purpose."

Others remarked that Martha gave these things merely to throw dust in people's eyes, and make them forget how she had schemed for the greater prize and succeeded.

As to Martha, she simply said, "My mistress wished these young friends to have keepsakes. I have only tried to carry out the spirit of her will in a little thing, as I hope to do in weightier though unwritten matters."

Those who had been her fellow servants were also generously remembered. They would gladly have remained in Martha's service, but she explained that though it might be thought her means were ample enough to allow of her maintaining two waiting damsels, they were really small. With most of her income a work was to be done, and she must set about it promptly.

So most of the furniture and other belongings were carefully packed and stored, and the house was given up. As Martha went through the rooms for the last time she felt her loneliness more than she had done at any period of her life. She lingered in that room where she had received her last charge, and renewed her pledge to carry out Lady Limmerton's will to the letter, all but in one respect, and that was in limiting her period of search to five years.

"She cannot hear me now, but I always seem to hear her, and I feel as if she must know whether Martha Swale is faithful or no. Dear lady, I will not forget one word or message; and surely, if I succeed, you will be allowed to know that the old wrong has been made amends for, the record of hard words, pride, and self-will blotted out for ever. What am I thinking of? These things have been repented of. My poor mistress sought forgiveness from God with truest penitence and heartiest desire, not to own her fault only, but to make amends for it. Surely having pleaded in that 'Name which is above every Name' the record has already been effaced. It is not the making amends to those we have injured that wins pardon for the wrongdoer, or my poor mistress's forgiveness would not have been assured whilst she lived, seeing she could never carry out her wish as regarded her niece. What a blessing that my dear lady left me work to do! God grant me health to do it, and success to crown my efforts."

Martha Swale turned her back on her late home with deep regret, but resolved that this should not delay the beginning of her task.

"I shall have to journey from place to place," she said, "and I must limit my luggage as much as possible. I will go on wearing plain serviceable black until my work is ended. Two gowns at one time will suffice. Were I to make a great show every scrap of information would cost me double. The earrings I will stitch within my bodice. I will draw money as I need it. The rest of my mistress's clothes shall be stored with the furniture, except one dark silk gown that is plainly made. I will take it with me, and the day I find Lady Limmerton's niece I will wear it for her sake, and to make it seem as if she shared in my joy. We were nearly the same size."

Martha would not allow herself to doubt of ultimate success. She did not begin her search in a random way, but with care and method, at the spot whence came the last tidings of Charlotte Ollerenshaw as the wife of Dr. Arthur Mansell. There she was promptly met by disappointment. She only heard that the widow and her child went clean away after Dr. Mansell's death; that half-a-dozen different medical men had followed; but, finding the neighbourhood too healthy for one of their profession, had departed in turns to seek better sites for its exercise. In other places Martha met with families of the name of Mansell, but never the persons she sought. It would need volumes to tell the story of her vain wanderings during more than four years and a-half. Then she began to lose heart and hope. She was sensible also of failing strength. The unsettled life she led, the constant mental strain, the frequent disappointments and increasing years, all warned her that she must rest.

"I must be content to wait instead of working, for a little while," thought Martha. "If I cannot complete my task, who will continue it? I would fain live to finish it, but to do this I must husband the strength that is left me."

It was early in August, 1875, that Martha Swale settled down to rest in a little seaside place on the Lincolnshire coast. She took two rooms in a widow's cottage, and resolved to think as little as possible of the subject which had occupied her mind when awake, and mingled with her dreams ever since her mistress's death. Straightforward in everything, she explained her lonely condition by saying that she had been maid to a lady who had left her enough to live on, and she was still wearing mourning for her. When stronger she hoped to join her late mistress's niece.

Fortunately for Martha she fell into kind hands, for she became so weak that, but for the widow's careful nursing, she must have died. It was late in October before the doctor ceased his visits, and the widow rejoiced over her lodger's returning health.

With renewed strength Martha began to seek out work to do. She had carried that one silk dress through all her journeyings, and now decided to alter it to the prevailing fashion.

"I may never wear it," she thought, "but I may as well alter it as do nothing whilst I am picking up strength to move on."

The bodice was first done and laid in a drawer. When the skirt came to be examined, Martha found there was something in the pocket. Lady Limmerton was of the old school, and prided herself on the number of her gowns, which were multiplied regardless of actual needs. Martha could not remember that her mistress had ever worn the silk in question. She now drew from its pocket a thickish packet, addressed to Lady Limmerton. It was fastened by clumsy seals, and seemed to contain several letters.

Martha could hardly make up her mind to open the packet, the contents of which were meant for eyes long closed in death; but she

thought, "It is for my dear mistress, and there is no one but me;" so with a trembling hand she broke the seals, and found several unopened letters and a sheet of paper closely covered with writing in a crabbed hand, and headed, "Barbara Terry's Confession."

CHAPTER V.

Barbara's confession ran as follows:—

"My Lady,—You have trusted me for near fifty years, and I have been true in all things save one. When your niece, Miss Charlotte Ollerenshaw, came, I felt that she would part me from you in spite of your saying to the contrary.

"I had been with you when you were young and handsome, and was prouder of you than Sir Jasper was. I left home and parents at twenty-five for your sake; I never saw them again. I could talk to you of past days as none else could. I wanted no affection but my mistress's: I loved no one but you. Miss Charlotte was your brother's daughter; but could she go over the chain of past years, link by link, as I could? I am five years younger than you, my lady, but we have grown old together.

"That girl poisoned my life. You liked her bright face and merry ways, and you gave her the time, when no company was by, that you once gave me. I was lonely through her, for was it likely that I should demean myself to the under servants?

"I was glad when you took against Mr. Mansell, and I whispered to Miss Charlotte that she must stand firm and make you yield, as you were sure to do in time, though I told her you were selfish, hard, and cruel by nature. I told you she was stubborn and ungrateful, and you drifted apart. I have but one excuse—my love for you. I wanted you to depend on me alone, as of old.

"Miss Charlotte sent letters. What pains I took to prevent any eye seeing them but mine! I never opened one; the writing told me she lived. What cared I for news of her? Still, believe me, it wrung my heart to grieve you, for you hankered after the girl in spite of all. But what could I do? You will never find this writing or the letters whilst I live, for you never touch aught in your wardrobe. If I survive you I will help the lawyers to find your niece. If you live longer than I, her presence or absence will not trouble me. Do not judge me too hardly, dear mistress; I have not done wrong for lucre. I only wanted to be first with you.

"I cannot say 'Forgive me.' I should do the same again with the same object in view. But if I die first may you find a faithful servant to love you like Barbara Terry."

"Love, indeed!" said Martha. "It was hateful selfishness. A nice love that would keep from its object the knowledge that would have brightened her last years. And to think the knowledge was waiting under my hand if I could but have known it. My lady would have forgiven, almost forgotten Barbara's treachery in the joy of finding her niece. I hope it may not be too late for me to carry out her will."

Martha opened the letters according to the dates on the postmarks. They told much that Lady Limmerton had heard from other sources and repeated to Martha—of Charlotte's first refuge, her marriage, the birth of her child, its being called after her aunt, and of her own longing to be reconciled to her one kinswoman whose kindnesses she could not forget in spite of what followed.

Then came a wail of sorrow from the young widow, and a yearning cry for sympathy and affection which made the tender-hearted Martha's tears fall like rain.

After an interval came one more letter, telling that the writer, despairing of reconciliation with her aunt, had parted with her household goods and accepted a situation as English teacher in a school in Germany, where her child would also be received, and the address of which was given.

There was hope yet. At first Martha thought of setting out at once for the Continent; then her heart sank again at the thought of the years that had passed. The writer would be more than fifty—the child would be in the bloom of womanhood, perchance now a wife and mother.

Martha decided to write first, but without a moment's loss of time, and to her surprise and joy she received a speedy answer, not from Mrs. Mansell, but from the principal of the school, which was still in existence. In fact, it was a new venture when the widow went to teach there, and the lady at the head of it was only her own age. They had worked together like sisters, the child of Mrs. Mansell being scarcely less dear to Fräulein Hoffman than to her own mother. The girl had grown up beautiful, accomplished, and good. At twenty-one years of age she had gone to England with her mother on a visit, and whilst there had been sought in marriage by a gentleman of her father's profession. After a fitting interval she had become his wife, and had now a little daughter four years of age. Mrs. Mansell was still with Fräulein Hoffman, but as her partner in the school. She was, however, actually in England on a visit to her daughter, whose address was given.

For a moment Martha, still far from being strong, was in danger of breaking down under the weight of joy this letter brought her. Mrs. Mansell was a guest under the roof of her son-in-law, Dr. Napier, and within three miles of the cottage which sheltered Martha herself. He had settled down at Grimsby with his bonny bride, and, she found by after enquiries, was making steady progress in his profession.

That same day, a few hours after the information reached her, Martha applied for admission at Dr. Napier's door, and was ushered into his wife's presence. She was sitting with a soft scarf round her head and shoulders, as she had come in from the garden, and was looking at a picture in a photographic album, as if deeply interested in the face it presented. Her child, a lovely little creature, was no less earnestly watching the face of her fair young mother. All her surroundings had a foreign look to Martha, and indeed most of the furniture and ornaments of house and table had been given to her on her marriage by German friends.

The picture presented by mother and child was so charming that Martha was sorry to disturb it, but at the sight of the visitor Mrs. Napier rose to receive her, and rendered her all kindly attentions. The little one was dismissed under the care of her nurse, and Martha, won to instant confidence by the sweet face before her, told her whole story without reservation. Mrs. Napier's face expressed the deepest interest and pleasure as she listened, and when Martha ended her story her eyes were full of glad tears.

"My dear, dear mother! How she will rejoice to hear you repeat these particulars! It has been the sorrow of her life to think that the aunt, once so kind, would never give a word of reply to her frequent letters. See—do you know this face?" asked Mrs. Napier, as she reopened the album which was in her hand when Martha entered.

"It is my dear lady herself, Lady Limmerton, but younger than when I served her, though she was a beautiful old lady to the last. I think you must be like what she was when young, for I have her portrait painted when she was a girl by one who knew how to handle a brush."

"My mother has said the same, and spoken of that very portrait," said Mrs. Napier. "She is coming now."

A moment later, and Martha saw the long-sought niece of her dear lady. She had to repeat her story, and she did so to the great joy of the new listener, whose remarks during its progress, together with letters and other articles, abundantly proved her identity.

Then Martha spoke of Lady Limmerton's will, and produced a copy, which she had always carried about with her. It was the one which left all to herself; but sh said, "This is not her real 'Last will and testament,' though it was proved as such. The last was only a verbal one." And Martha repeated all that Lady Limmerton said on her death-bed, and her own promise to act upon her mistress's instructions.

"You are a noble, true-hearted woman!" exclaimed the mother and daughter together. "What a contrast to Barbara Terry!"

Naturally Mrs. Mansell's joy at knowing Lady Limmerton's feelings towards herself was tempered by the thought that they had been kept apart by treachery through many long years. Of Martha Swale's devotion, which had shown itself through five years of anxiety and wanderings, all for the purpose of giving up a fortune of which no law could have dispossessed her, she could not think too highly. Indeed, Mrs. Mansell at first shrank from receiving it; but Martha was firm, and said, "I shall keep my lady's real legacy, and certain other articles, while I live. Then these also will go to you and yours. Give me what she did, your confidence, and in time perhaps I may win a little share of your affection, which are all I need to make me truly rich, for I am a lonely woman."

"You have already our confidence and esteem. How could we fail to honour one who had so nobly fulfilled a trust of which none knew save herself? You will have our affection, never fear; and we shall teach our children to love you, and try to make your life less lonely," said Mrs. Mansell.

"There was One who knew," replied Martha, simply. Then she said, "I have something to give you, as straight from my lady's dying hand, but the things are stitched into my bodice. Will you help me to remove them?"

A little loosing of hooks and snipping of scissors revealed a little packet, and then Martha placed in Mrs. Mansell's hands the famous earrings, with the request that she would wear them once unaltered.

They were worn that very night, but not for long, and not until they had been exposed to soft brushing and washing, which revealed the true character of the stones set in them. These were not paste, as Lady Limmerton had jestingly called them, but Oriental jewels of the purest water and of great value, and they vastly increased the amount of the legacy brought to light by Martha Swale.

Little more need be said. Thus enriched, Mrs. Mansell disposed of her partnership in the German school, and came to live near her daughter, Fräulein Hoffman rejoicing in her friend's joy, whilst she felt that what was gain to one was loss to the other, though their friendship remained undiminished, and meetings were frequent.

True-hearted Martha became richer in love and friendship as the years rolled on and Mrs. Napier's family increased, and never regretted that she had given to its rightful owner the fortune she might have kept to herself. But she and all concerned often looked back to the joyful Christmas they kept together soon after their first meeting, and when Martha had been enabled to carry out in all their fulness the provisions of "Lady Limmerton's Real Last Will and Testament."

[THE END.]

AN ELECTRIC



CURRENT.



DORINA'S DUTY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By FRANCES RAY, Author of "A Dear Delusion," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"DORINA, I hate lessons!"

The speaker was a child of twelve, whose flushed countenance, bent over a slate, was half hidden by the thick, tawny locks that hung over it. The individual she addressed had a quiet face, and looked older than her real age, which was twenty-five.

"Dorina, don't you hear me? I hate lessons!"

"Yes, Ethel; I hear you. You have said the same thing very often to me before."

"Well, can't you be sympathetic—and can't you understand?" asked Ethel, impatiently shaking back her locks, and looking first at the absorbed faces of the twin girls of ten near her, who seemed to see and hear nothing, and be conscious of nought save their sums, and the scrape of their pencils upon their slates.

"I do understand, Ethel. But you see the lessons have to be done, and it is often our duty to do what we dislike."

Though the words sounded cold, the speaker looked very lovingly at Ethel, and the tawny head felt a small, firm hand laid on it expressing a good deal of silent sympathy, which, however, had the effect of rousing the child's temper all the more.

"Duty! I hate that word! Miss Maxwell is always using it too. How can one like doing disagreeable things. And it is disagreeable to be made to do lessons in Rome when I want to be poking about all over the place."

"Yes, dear; but father wishes you three to do lessons at least two hours every day, and I am sure you have plenty of amusement and sight-seeing. But we cannot always like our duty, Ethel. I did not say that. Only you see, dear——" and Dorina paused. She was of a reserved nature, and to act was always easier to her than to speak. "All obedience to rightful authority harks back to God, and in doing our duty we are really proving to Him that our love is real, so that sweetens it, and makes even disagreeable things wear a different aspect."

There is always something touching in the unreserve of a silent nature when some force of grace makes it speak, and betray the source of the principles which guide and govern it. And impetuous Ethel felt it, for she jumped up and flung her arms round her step-sister's neck. "You are a dear old thing, Dorina, and I do believe you understand, and I have this very minute thought that it's that—what you have just said—that made you send Miss Maxwell to lie down, and have been bothering yourself over our lessons instead of going to Tivoli, as you had arranged, with Dick."

"Don't trouble about it, pet. Dick—" and Dorina coloured as she named the man to whom she had been engaged for a year, and to whom she was to be married after Christmas—"Dick and I are going to drive to the Villa Albani this afternoon, and you chicks are going to have a nice drive on the Campagna with father. Poor Miss Maxwell! I fear her headache will keep her in her room."

A strange look passed over Ethel's face, and she bent her head and whispered—

"Oh, Dorina, ought I—ought I to stay in with her? Only I do so want to go to the Campagna. The sunset will be so perfect after such a day as this."

"No, dear. Miss Maxwell likes perfect quiet when she has one of her nervous headaches. So don't think of anything but your sum now, and a lovely drive afterwards. But I know you want to do right, dearie;" and Dorina kissed the child, who went back to her sum, and lessons went on smoothly until their English man-servant announced that lunch was ready; and the children, who had not heard the sound of what they called the "soap-and-water bell," flew to their rooms to make themselves tidy for the meal which was their dinner.

Dorina's mother had died at her birth, and some years later, Mr. Prothero, her father, had married again. But a year before my story begins his second wife had died, and Dorina took her place as mistress of the house, which now comprised the three girls of the second marriage, and their governess, Miss Maxwell.

The death of the second Mrs. Prothero had been very sad. It was sudden and unexpected; and as she had won affection from all who knew her, the English home, which had been in the family for centuries, seemed shorn of all its brightness now she was gone. She had filled her somewhat difficult place—for that of a stepmother is never easy—in a most excellent manner, showing judgment and firmness, yet both so tempered with sweetness and grace that none resented her rule or doubted her wisdom. The blank caused by her death was so great that Mr. Prothero chose to leave Crag Hall, in Devonshire, in the care of a housekeeper, and come abroad for some months.

So at the time of which I write they were all settled in a large apartment in the Via della Croce; and as Richard Amery, to whom Dorina was engaged, had come to Rome for the winter too, nothing detracted from her happiness.

It was a glorious afternoon, and the sky, which was of the colour of *lapis lazuli*, was quite cloudless, while the sunshine made all forget that it was November.

The Roman streets presented their usually picturesque appearance as Dorina and Mr. Amery drove towards the Porta Salara. The beautiful Italian faces were seen among the mixed nationalities who in winter crowd Rome, and there were scenes at every turn which an artist would have loved to paint. There were peasants from the Abruzzi, the women with their flat white caps, long earrings, and many-corded skirts and aprons; the men with their soft hats and curious leggings. There was a line of red-robed students from the German College, and vendors of scarlet coral, and deep-hued violets and roses. And the sun seemed to warm the old brown houses, with their overhanging eaves; and all was beauty, and colour, and charm.

Driving through the Via Salara they soon reached the Villa Albani, and rambled along the avenues; and then went and inspected the treasures of the Casino. Very many are the beautiful sculptures and reliefs to be seen there; but Dorina, it must be confessed, was thinking more of all that Dick was saying to her than paying much attention to any works of art. He was a tall, handsome man, about ten years her senior, and the happy prospects of their married life, on which he dwelt, seemed likely to be realised. They loved each other well, and there was sympathy of thought and congeniality of taste that constitutes the charm of perfect companionship.

The bells were clashing out cheerfully as they returned, and the beautiful Alban and Sabine mountains were taking violet and opal tints in the glory of the sunsetting.

"Will you come in?" asked Dorina, as they arrived at the courtyard of the house, on the third floor of which was their apartment.

In the small courtyard a horse was munching hay, and water flowed from a tap into an old grey stone basin. Lines of cord went up to different windows, from which the cans and buckets were pulled up and down to be filled with water. The porter was asleep, and two children were playing near his little den.

"No, Dorina; I will come after dinner," said Dick. And then he escorted Dorina up the long wide stone staircase, on the third storey of which was a green door, admitting to the Protheros' apartment, and after a long, lingering adieu they parted.

There was a chain with an iron ring hanging at the side of the green door, and Dorina was just going to ring as Dick's footsteps retreated down the staircase, when the door was opened by Celestina, their Italian maid. There was a look on her face that startled Dorina; but before she could ask a question Celestina burst forth with a volley of quickly-spoken Italian, which, happily, Dorina understood.

"Had the signorina heard the dreadful news? The Signor Prothero had gone for his drive looking well and handsome, and he had been brought back dead, and he was laid in the drawing-room on the sofa! Ah, how terrible!" and Celestina shuddered, with all her nation's horror of death.

Dorina did not wait to hear more, but made her way quickly to the large drawing-room, and found Miss Maxwell and the terrified children gathered round the sofa upon which her father lay. He was not dead, that Dorina saw, and the doctor, who had been sent for, and came a few minutes after, assured her that it was a stroke of paralysis affecting one side, and, as they found later, his speech as well.

It was the beginning of many weeks spent in a sick-room; for Mr. Prothero could hardly bear Dorina out of his sight, and he was able to make her understand him better than anyone else.

There was something very touching in seeing the tall handsome man, who had been so active and full of life, laid low by that strange disease which is more like death in life. They sought the opinions of many learned medical men, who all concurred in the verdict that he might live many years, but that he would always be helpless, and his speaking more or less affected.

"It is so terrible!" said Dorina one day to Mr. Amery, as they sat together over their tea in the large drawing-room. The children had all gone out with Miss Maxwell; as it was Christmas Eve, they had a great deal of mysterious shopping to do. Mr. Prothero, who was able to be wheeled about, was in the dining-room, and an old friend from England with him.

"Yes," said Dick Amery, shortly. "Dorina, there is something I have to ask you about. We were to have been married after Christmas."

"Yes, Dick. But since father's illness I have felt that—that——" and Dorina hesitated, while the colour left her cheeks.

"Dearest, I know all your anxiety about your father; but you see now there is no immediate danger, and as the doctors say, he may live for years, and be a very old man. We must settle something definite, darling, to-day, as I have heard from Canada, and Lord Enfield wants me to start by the beginning of February at the latest."

There was dead silence. Dorina sat with

her hands clasped, a strange look coming more and more strongly into her face, and her lips moved as if she would but could not speak. At last, with a beseeching glance at her lover, who was watching her intently, she found words.

"Dick, I have really hardly realised it till this moment. But I cannot leave my father. How can I? If it had been possible to stay with him, and——"

"Dorina, you cannot mean what you are saying?" said Mr. Amery, hurriedly, and with fear in his voice. "You cannot mean it. You know that I must go out to Canada, and that in any case if we were married you could not have your father and sisters living with us. Ethel is growing up—she can look after things."

"Ethel is a child; tall as she is she is only twelve, and all would have been different had this not happened—had it not been for my father's illness. If he gets better—but I fear there is no hope of that."

"No," said Mr. Amery, who had had a private conversation with one of the doctors the day before. "I fear he will always be helpless. What, then, may I ask, do you propose to do? Do you want me to wait for you until Ethel can take your place—or until your father dies," Mr. Emery was going to say, but checked himself in time.

Dorina did not answer. In her heart was the strong determination to do what was right, but there was the hope that Mr. Amery, in whose love she had such faith, would have waited many years for her.

"Dorina, you must marry me and come to Canada, or else I shall not believe that you love me," and Mr. Amery went on pleading his cause very ably, and Dorina feared that her resolve, in which she had felt so strong, was being shaken. Her final answer was that she must think it over and tell him the next day.

Mr. Amery went away, and Dorina went to her room, locking her door; and seating herself in the window, she gave her whole mind to considering the matter.

Below she could hear the stir and traffic of the street life, and as time went on the moonlight, white and clear, stole into the room. She had excused herself from dinner, and there, in the quiet of the evening, she went over again and again this matter of such import. There were the two conflicting duties—which was the one she should take up as hers?

On the one hand she owed a duty to the man to whom she was engaged, for in her eyes a betrothal was as serious a matter as it has every right to be considered. And this duty was very bright, all her inclinations naturally turning to it; for Dorina was no shallow-natured girl, to whom flirting is a habit, and who thinks lightly of marriage and its responsibilities. He was her first love, and never should she, could she, ever love another as she did Mr. Amery. Then she thought of his love for her. Had that no demand upon her? for as she knew herself so did she know that his love for her was deep and priceless.

Then there was the other side. Her poor, helpless father, to whom she was as the apple of his eye; his right hand, too, indeed she was, now that his own, once so able, lay useless by his side in all the pathetic helplessness of paralysis. How could she leave him to the care of a nurse, however able? How much he needed her she well knew. Rising, she knelt by the window, her face pressed into her hands; and there she fought the greatest battle she ever had to fight in her life. It seemed so hard! In spite of her love for her father, to remain with him involved a sacrifice that she could just then barely contemplate. There was no alternative, for Mr. Amery, who was Lord Enfield's secretary, was bound to return to Canada at the date he had named to her.

As she rose from her knees, where she had been praying for strength, and failing to obtain the answer in the shape of the light and guidance she required, the answer came—"Do the next thing." The white moonlight was showing these words, which hung illuminated over her writing-table, very distinctly.

How well she remembered a fortnight before Ethel having given it to her on her birthday, and for how many years had she not been trying to live up to its simple precept.

Hitherto it had been more or less easy, and when any perplexity had come in her simple uneventful life it had often been a rest to her just to do the "next thing," the duty lying nearest; and, as a great thinker has said, and she continually proved, "the next will become more clear."

The next day Richard Amery had his answer. He received it differently from what she had anticipated. He was angry, and told her he doubted her love, and refused to believe that her heart was sore, though her resolve to do what she felt was right was unshaken.

So he went away; and Dorina had to take up the threads of her life, and face the fact that a long way of plain duty lay before her, to be trodden alone. For alone she was in one sense. To her her lover had filled a place in her life none else could take, and to no one did she speak of the sacrifice she had made.

Though she suffered she did not become bitter, and though often the pain was almost unendurable, she was ever unselfish and loving to all around, her character deepening and strengthening. But it was very hard all the same, and Dorina had many a silent battle to fight, many a struggle; and often she felt as if her courage would go and she must write to Mr. Amery, or do something to escape her life of monotony. Her love for her father but increased as she felt herself daily more and more necessary to him. But still there was the other love that was starving, and the longing for the touch of the strong hand, the memory of Mr. Amery's words, and the thought of the man she loved, and ever would love so well, made her heart sick, and her life sadder than anyone had any suspicion of.

CHAPTER II.

TEN years later, on a Christmas Eve, the country round Crag Hall, in Devonshire, was covered with snow, and the contrast between the chill whiteness outside and the glow of the beautiful firelit drawing-room was very great.

There were two girls chattering over their afternoon tea, and in them we recognise Minnie and Lena Prothero, whom we last saw employed in their Roman schoolroom. On the sofa near them was Dorina, looking sweet and calm. Brown hair no longer framed her pretty face; it had changed to silver-white, and became her extremely. Mr. Prothero had died some years before, and Ethel had married a year after his death. Crag Hall now belonged to Dorina's brother, who, still in India, wished his sisters to live there for the present.

"I'm awfully glad we are going to dine out to-night," said Minnie, who delighted in slang, and who was as much the ordinary nineteenth century young lady as Dorina had never been.

"Yes," said Lena, helping herself to more bread and butter. "My new frock is so pretty I am glad of a chance of wearing it."

"Who will be there—anyone jolly?" enquired Minnie. "Dorina, you old darling, have some more tea?"

Dorina smiled. "Yes, please, dear. I am a thorough old maid for my tea, as you know."

"But not in anything else," said Lena. "You are not a bit prim or nasty."

"Who will be at Mrs. Gray's to-night?" again enquired Minnie.

"Mrs. Gray told me—let me see, who is it? Well, the widow, of course, and the Rector, and I think his nephew, and one or two old fogies."

"What were their names?" asked Minnie. And Dorina, who was thirsty, drank down her tea and rose to go upstairs.

"Oh, Doctor Lennox, and then Mrs. Gray said an old friend of her husband's, a Mr. Amery, was coming."

Dorina's heart beat quickly. "What name did you say, Minnie?"

"Amery. I could not help thinking that I had heard the name before, but I can't tell where," said Minnie, carelessly.

"Did Mrs. Gray say anything more about him?" asked Dorina, turning away so that the whiteness of her face could not be seen.

"Yes. She said he was an old bachelor. That was all, and only here for a few days. Why, do you want to set your cap at him? Fancy Dorina spoons on anyone!" and Minnie laughed heartily in all the buoyancy of twenty, ridiculing the supposition that love and a woman of thirty-five could have much in common, and flirting still less.

"Minnie, you know how much I dislike that style of thing," said Dorina, gravely, facing her sister. "I do most earnestly wish you would not talk in that way. Love and marriage are too serious things to be spoken of so lightly."

"I know," said Minnie, jumping up and hugging Dorina. "Don't look like that, you dear old thing. I will try awfully hard."

"Not to say awfully." And Lena laughed; and Dorina escaped after another hug.

How strange it was, as she opened her bedroom door and then locked herself in, to think of the strangely wonderful fact that she and Mr. Amery would meet in a few hours.

She was free. So was he, at least as far as she knew. A pretty pink flush mounted to her face as she lit the candles, and opening her wardrobe looked at a dress she took down with a very unusual expression of anxiety on her face. Generally dress was a matter of little thought to her beyond caring to have her clothes well made, and suitable in all respects. But that evening her fingers trembled as she drew down the dress and looked at it.

They were to start at seven, as the drive would take long in the snow, though the distance was not great. Long before that hour Dorina was dressed and contemplating herself in the glass, asking herself again and again if she looked as nice as was possible. The tall glass reflected a slight figure clad in soft, creamy silk, touched here and there with dark red. The beautiful silver hair was brushed away from her forehead and gathered into coils on her small, well-shaped head, and her few jewels were chosen with care.

She looked her age certainly, but still she was charming, though one hardly dared say pretty. Spite of her suffering, her sweet temper, and the peace of mind which comes from doing, as far as lies in her, the will of God, had kept her calm and youthful. And the heart that was often still so sore—yes, after ten years—was young and green.

"Dear me, how grand you look!" said Minnie, as, holding a white fur cape in her hand, Dorina entered the drawing-room.

The girls had taken the shades off the lamps, and had a great deal of light so as to see themselves and each other, as Lena remarked, and they were looking very pretty and radiant in the brightness of youth.

"Yes, you are got up! Whence this gorgeour, and wherefore?" asked Lena.

The short lecture—one of Dorina's very rare

ones—on slang had gone to the winds apparently.

"Yes, you are quite a swell. Doesn't she look nice, Lena?"

"It's only the dress I had in the autumn."

"Oh, yes—I remember," said Minnie carelessly; for, fond as they were of their sister, the girls looked on her as an old maid, a dear old thing, but "ages older than we are," and whose dress was not of the least consequence to anyone, provided it was handsome enough to befit their *chaperone*. "I touched it up a little with these bows," said Dorina shyly, feeling as if that confession was saying more than the mere words conveyed. She actually blushed, and felt a queer little twinge at her heart as if her secret was oozing out in each fold of the deep crimson ribbon, and was being proclaimed by the extra care she was conscious of having bestowed upon her hair. She gave a quick glance at the clock. It was five minutes to seven. In five more minutes she would be on her way to the Firs; and, unless anything extraordinary happened, she would certainly be in the room with Mr. Amery. Beyond that one happy fact, fraught as it was with hopes and fears, she did not think; and, as the girls pulled their cloaks carefully over their finery, and gave a parting glance at their respective heads to see that their hair was very nice, she too slipped on her white wrap and hooked it down carefully.

"Tallygram, please, ma'am."

Dorina had been so absorbed that she had not noticed the entrance of Taylor, the footman. Her heart sank, she knew not why, as she tore open the envelope.

"Who is it from? What is it?"

Both girls asked the question in duet, and answered it themselves by looking over her shoulder.

"Ethel's baby very ill! Stuff and nonsense! She's always imagining something or other. And Herbert obliged to go to town. She all alone, poor girl, and wants you!" So read Lena, interpolating her reading with her own commentary.

Ethel was living at Bristol and was often in the habit of sending for Dorina when anything went wrong.

Dorina's face turned pale as she read it again.

"I shouldn't go. Christmas time and all," said Minnie. "I call it an awful shame! Ethel is always fussing."

"What shall you do?" asked Lena.

"Go, I suppose," said Dorina, in a dreary tone that struck on the ear of Minnie.

"Why, you old thing, you generally hate parties and detest going out unless it's your duty to chaperone your troublesome sisters; and to-night we shall do very well, for, you know, we were to call for Mrs. Charrington, and she will chaperone us. I hate your going because it's Christmas. Ethel's baby might have waited."

"Baby was not well. She said so in her letter of last week," said Dorina. As the words left her lips, brief as was the time they took in being spoken, she had lived through a good deal.

We cannot gauge time by minutes as far as our actual lives are concerned. Often in a few moments so much is endured and suffered, such anxiety, fear, or hope is gone through that it seems as if years had passed, and there is a sensation of having aged that we do not feel by the mere passing of time in an ordinary sense. Oh, the time that seemed to have passed since that telegram had been opened! Need she go? Could she not wait just those few hours? Only she knew that by doing so she would miss the last train to Bristol. And Ethel's baby might be worse. She thought of the young mother and how childish she was, all alone that Christmas night. Her duty was clear.

"Very well, dears. Go and enjoy yourselves, and I shall go to Ethel as soon as I can. I shall catch the 8.30 train, I think, if I am quick."

"Yes, what a bother it is! How cold you are, you old thing! Good-bye. Wire how the baby is to-morrow." And the girls ran off, and Dorina was left alone.

The large, well-lit drawing-room, how vast it appeared, and how empty! Only a few minutes before it had seemed so charming to Dorina as she had stood waiting to go to the dinner-party where she would have met Mr. Amery. The old love was the same ever! The very thought of his name, the anticipation of hearing his voice, had thrilled her with hope and filled her heart with longing. How desperately hungry she had been for the sight of his face! How keenly she had been listening for his voice! She realised now that the hope was dying. Yes, for he was here but for a few days, and the chances were against her finding him in Exmouth or of meeting him.

I am not writing the annals of a saint; only an episode in the life of a woman who tried to do her duty, not from a hard sense of its being the highest policy to do it, but because of the love of God which was the incentive, and actuated and nerved her to acts in which nature alone would have failed.

But Dorina was not alone, and the full strength of the supernatural life, flowing as it did in her very life-blood, sent a glow of wondrous peace through her. It seemed, so she rapidly thought, like the after-glow when the sun has set and yet the snow mountains take the beautiful rosy hues of the *alpenrosen*.

A cold drive to the station, and then she ensconced herself in a corner of the carriage. Yes—oh, blessed aloneness; she could draw the fur of her cloak round her, and close her eyes and think; think, yes, of all she had lost, and how hard it was. Presently the door opened, but Dorina did not stir. She was conscious of some one entering, of the door being again closed, of a brief conversation with the guard as to the chances of being snowed up. The voice! Ah, whose was it?

* * * *

"And to think we should have met like this! Dorina, why did you never answer my letter?"

"I never got it."

The words seemed so happy. So they were, for all ills were past, and as the train bore them on to Bristol that Christmas Eve it seemed to them both as if they were journeying to the Promised Land.

"And this would never have been had I not heard that an old friend of mine in Bristol needed me immediately. I felt I must go," said Mr. Amery.

"And I, if it had not been for Ethel's baby!"

What the contents of that aforesaid letter were that never had reached her were whispered to Dorina as they sped on, but it appeared that they were satisfactory.

"And baby has only given me a fright. She is quite well now," says pretty Mrs. Lewisham, as she meets Dorina a couple of hours later. "I am so sorry, you darling old thing, to have brought you here, and on Christmas Eve too. Can you forgive me?"

And we think Dorina whispers, "Yes."

THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE SWISS POETESS, META HENSSEN.

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

They stand, the witness of Almighty power,
God's lofty mountain ranges, lofty and sublime;
All who perceive their true magnificence
Long on their tops to be, as if from thence
'Twere but a single step to heaven's bright clime.

When wreaths of morning roses at the dawn
Encircle all their summits lily white;
When shades of evening on the valley fall—
Till stars appear—upon the brows of all
The sun's last smile still gladdeneth the sight.

Then longs the heart for wings like dove to fly;
'Twill upwards only, ever upwards soar,
Where golden cloudlets on the mountains blow,
Where rocks are glistening and where glaciers glow,
Until it reach heaven's everlasting door.

What is the longing that more active grows
As we upon the mountains fix our eyes?
It is that something in the human breast
That from the earth draws, with the sweet unrest
Of deep presentiment, unto the skies.

Since on the side of lofty Ararat
The olive leaf was plucked by Noah's dove;
And since the law on Sinai was given,
E'en by the voice of God Himself, from heaven,
Do men of God the mountains ever love.

God spake with Moses there as with a friend;
On Nebo, by the will of God, he died;
Of mountains was the Royal Psalmist's song;
He on Mount Zion built his fortress strong—
His Jonathan fell on Gilboa's side.

On thee, Moriah, did God's temple shine;
  God bade Elias to Mount Horeb go,
To hear the still small voice His will declare;
And they whom earth could not with patience bear,
  On mountain sides were driven to roam below.

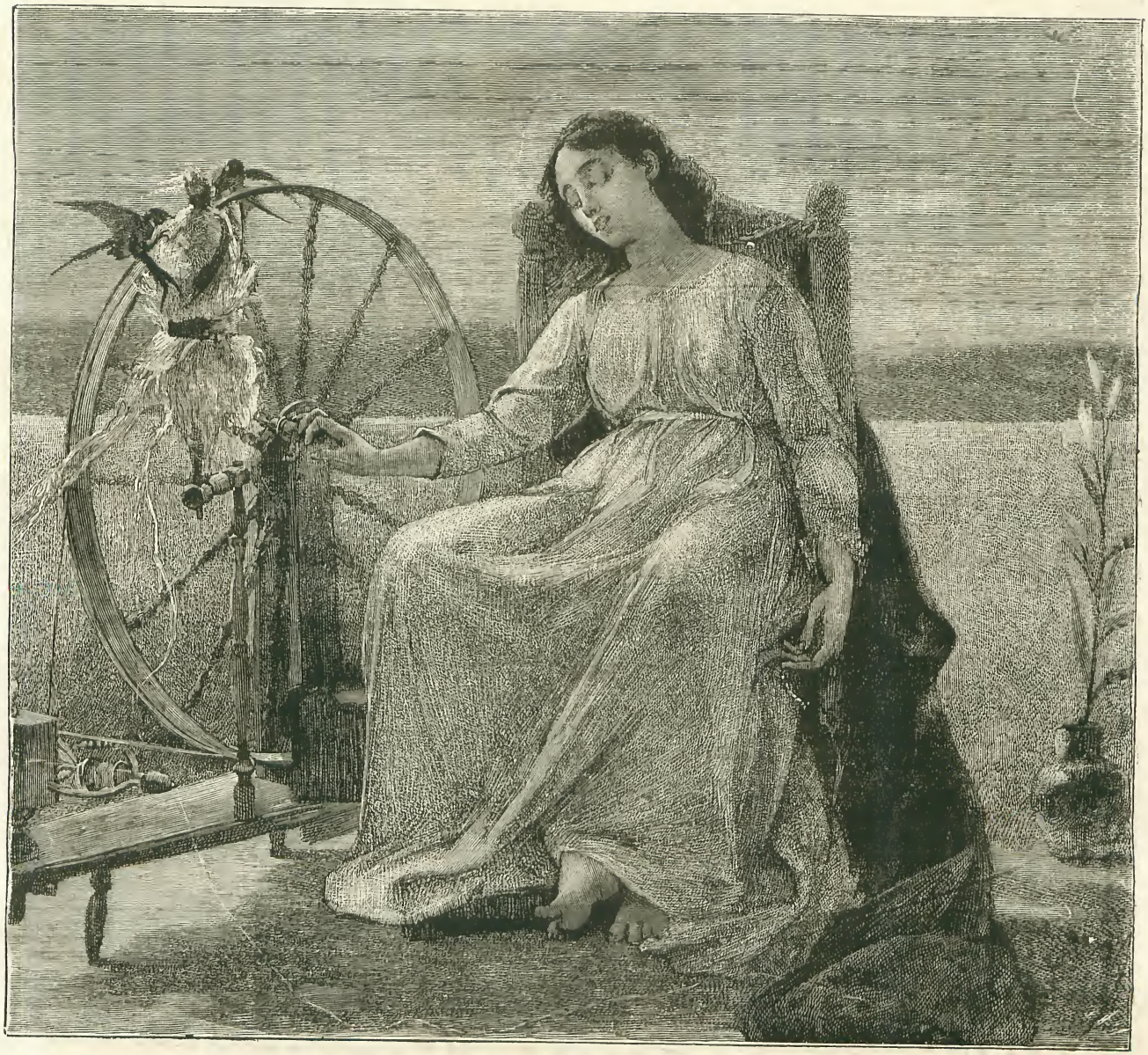
More heavenly far than on the Mount of Cane,
  Upon Mount Tabor did God's glory shine,
As in the veil of our humanity,
Transfigured there did man God's glory see—
  The bliss of His atoning work divine.

To Galilean mountains went to pray
  The Son of Man in silence of the night;
There spake He His beatitudes and woes;
On Olivet, as life drew to its close,
  The holiest of His battles did He fight.

The mighty death, through which the sinner lives,
  Upon the Hill of Golgotha He died;
And as He went unto His Father's right,
The Prince of Life transfigured from death's night—
  Departed from a lonely mountain side.

The mountains are round Salem, said the seer;
  Upon their meadows one day shall we see
The Lamb who died to put our sins away.
What means the longing that we feel each day,
  Impelling upwards, clear to us shall be.

All hail, ye mountains of our God, all hail!
  E'en to the gates of heaven, itself so nigh!
Dumb witnesses that all the saints shall come
One day as pilgrims to their hearts' true home—
  E'en to Mount Zion—where God dwells on high.



"SHADES OF EVENING."

THE PEDLAR.

A PASTORAL.

Written and Composed by HERBERT HARRADEN.

Characters:

DOLLY } CHERRY } - - - Village Lassies.
PETER } REUBEN } - - - Village Lads.
THE PEDLAR - - A Fairy.

Introduction:

Play the accompaniment of No. 1 for the Introduction.

Scene: A Landscape. DOLLY *and* CHERRY *discovered.*

DOLLY. You know, Cherry, it's all very well in its way, but this can't continue.

CHERRY. No, Dolly, it can't.

DOLLY. I'm sure, if I had been Peter, and Peter had been me, it would have been settled long ago—ever so long ago.

CHERRY. And it's just the same in my case. If I had been Reuben, and Reuben had been me, the matter would have been amicably arranged in the dim, dim past.

DOLLY. But here we go on, day after day, day after day, waiting, waiting, waiting.

CHERRY. Well; what's to be done?

DOLLY. Something might be done, Cherry, if it were Leap-Year.

CHERRY. I've thought of that; but it's three years ahead, and it is such a tremendous time.

DOLLY. Here come Peter and Reuben.

CHERRY. And they are both dressed in their Sunday suits.

DOLLY. Cherry, something assures me that we sha'n't have to wait for Leap-Year.

CHERRY. And I have the same conviction, Dolly.

DOLLY. Dear Peter!

CHERRY. Dear Reuben!

DOLLY. But I sha'n't accept him at once.

CHERRY. Nor shall I.

DOLLY. Peter shall suffer.

CHERRY. So shall Reuben.

DOLLY. *They* shall go on, day after day, day after day, waiting, waiting, waiting.

CHERRY. And then we'll say "Yes."

Enter PETER *and* REUBEN.

PETER. Good morrow, Dolly!

DOLLY. The same to you, Peter.

REUBEN. Good morrow, Cherry!

CHERRY. The same to you, Reuben.

PETER. And to you, Cherry.

CHERRY. Thanks!

REUBEN. And to you, Dolly.

DOLLY. Thanks! (*To Peter.*) How smart you are!

PETER (*mysteriously*). Yes!

CHERRY (*to Reuben*). And you, too.

REUBEN (*mysteriously*). Yes!

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). I know I'm right.

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). Of course you are.

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). But you won't give in, will you?

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). Certainly not.

PETER (*sighing*). Ah!

DOLLY. Aren't you well, Peter?

PETER. Quite well, thank you!

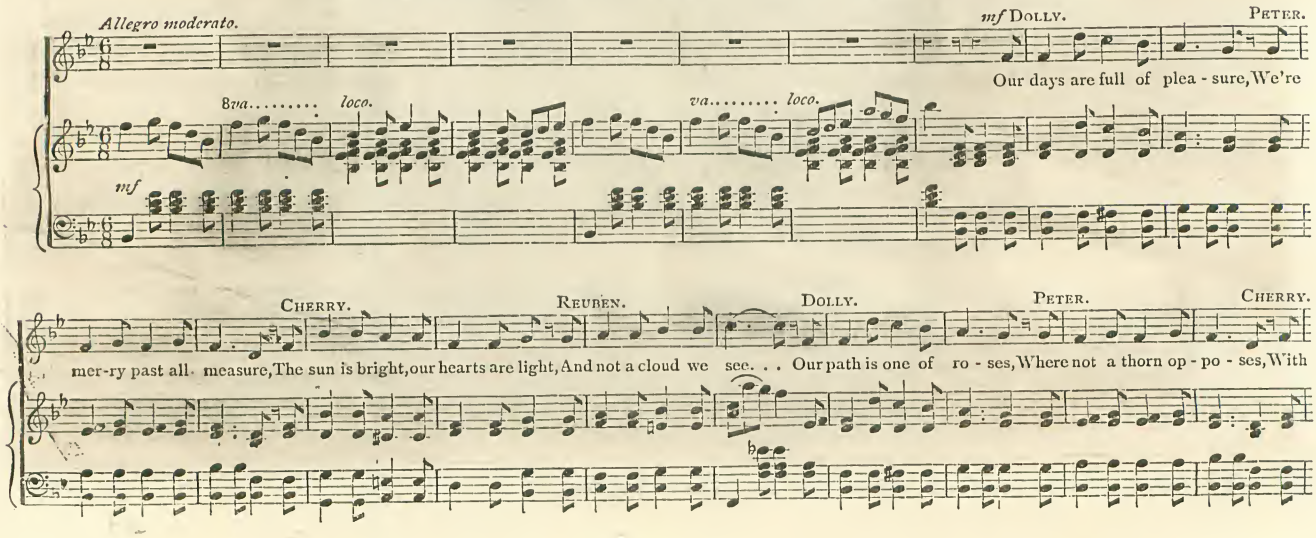
REUBEN (*sighing*). Ah!

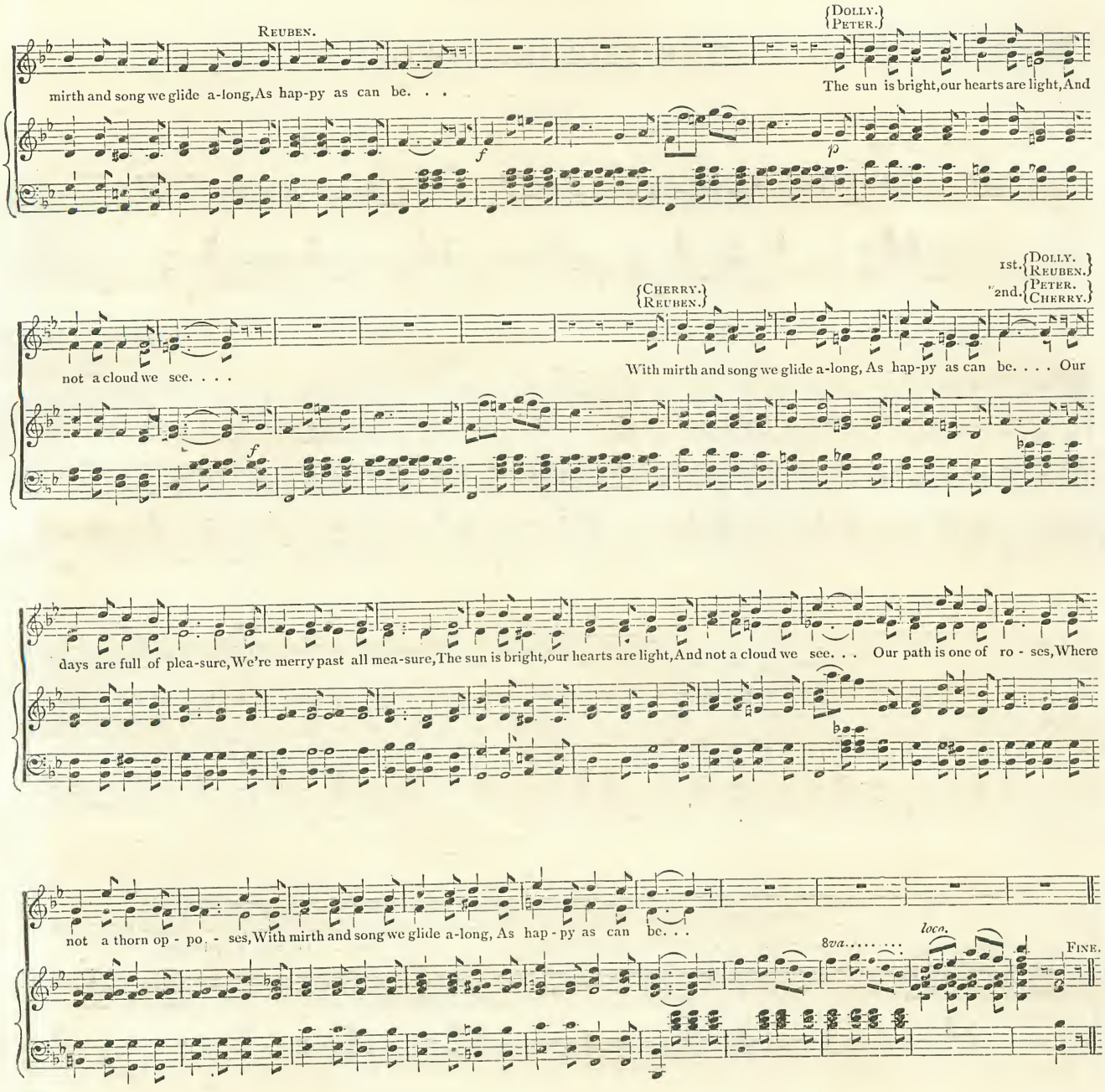
CHERRY. Are you unhappy, Reuben?

REUBEN. Unhappy, Cherry! No, I'm as happy as can be.

No. 1. AS HAPPY AS CAN BE.

QUARTETTE.—(DOLLY, CHERRY, REUBEN, PETER.)





PETER. Ah, Dolly; but I could be much happier!

DOLLY. Could you? I couldn't.

REUBEN. *I* could.

CHERRY. What a strange thing!

REUBEN (*aside to Peter*). Now Peter, you *are* a coward! Why don't you set the example?

PETER (*tenderly*). Dolly!

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). Be firm!

PETER. Dolly!

DOLLY. That's twice you've said "Dolly."

PETER. Dolly!

DOLLY. That's three times. I shall get to know my own name soon.

REUBEN (*tenderly*). Cherry!

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). Remember!

REUBEN (*tenderly*). Cherry!

CHERRY. Twice!

REUBEN. Cherry!

CHERRY. That's three times. I wish you'd call me something else for a change.

REUBEN. My betrothed!

CHERRY. Upon my word, Master Reuben, I am your nothing of the sort!

PETER (*aside to Reuben*). We don't seem to be getting on very well, do we?

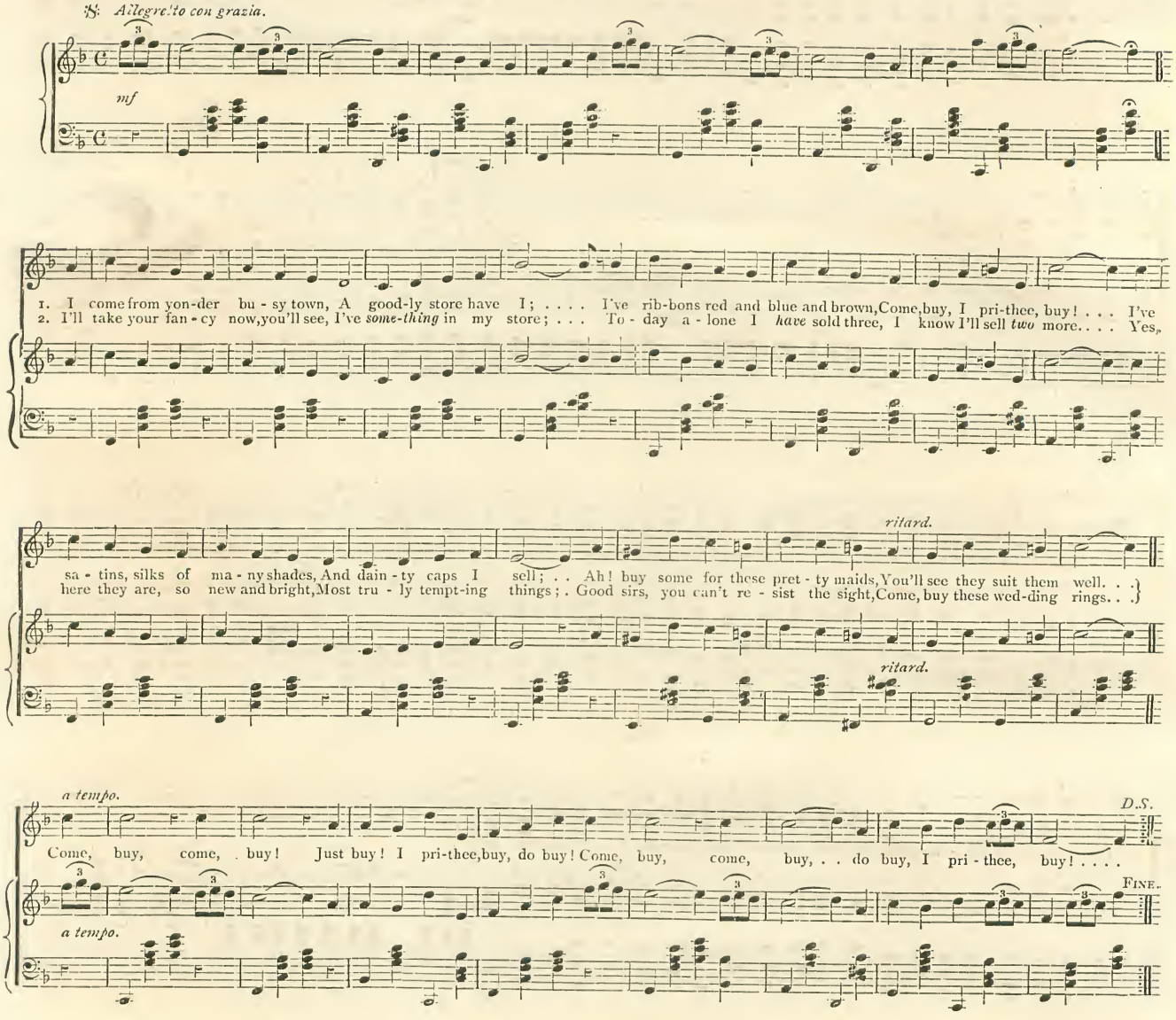
REUBEN. We don't.

DOLLY. Look, look! Here comes a pedlar. I am so glad, for there are ever so many things I want to buy.

To the Symphony of No. 2 THE PEDLAR *enters. She carries a tray full of odds and ends, and during the song she exhibits her wares.*

No. 2. THE PEDLAR'S SONG.

SOLO.



PETER *and* REUBEN *hesitate to buy the rings.*

DOLLY (*aside to Cherry*). I have lost all patience with Peter.

CHERRY (*aside to Dolly*). And it's more than complimentary to Reuben when I call him a noodle.

PETER (*timidly*). Dolly, can I buy a ring?

DOLLY. Of course you can, if you have the necessary funds.

REUBEN (*timidly*). Cherry, may I buy a ring?

CHERRY. I don't see why you want my permission.

REUBEN. Because, if I bought the ring, I should ask you to wear it—for me. Would you?

CHERRY. Certainly not!

PETER. Dolly, let me buy this ring for you? You don't know how I should like to see you wear it!

DOLLY. Well, I can't see how *I* am to blame in the matter. You've never mentioned it to me before.

PETER. Will you marry me, Dolly, darling?

DOLLY. Certainly not!

PETER Your cruel words have wrecked my life.

REUBEN. Cherry, my heart is broken. Come, Peter!

[*Exeunt* PETER *and* REUBEN.

DOLLY. I think we've gone a little too far, Cherry.

CHERRY. I'm afraid we have

DOLLY. And it's all your doing.

CHERRY. My doing, Dolly. How dare you say such a thing!

PEDLAR Pretty maidens! Why have you treated the poor lads so harshly?

DOLLY. What business is that of yours?

CHERRY. Be off with your trumpery rubbish, or it will be the worse for you!

DOLLY. Yes, be off at once, or you will regret it!

PEDLAR. Foolish ones! *You* threaten *me!* You dare to threaten *me!* I am no pedlar! I am a fairy!

CHERRY (*sneeringly*). Very like a fairy!

DOLLY. A fairy, indeed!

CHERRY. If you *are* a fairy, prove it!

PEDLAR. I will. I knew that you both loved those poor lads, and I knew that they both loved you. I came here with these rings hoping to cement your happiness. You have insulted me, threatened me, and doubted me. The punishment that I shall inflict upon you will prove that I *am* a fairy. Peter had no thoughts but for you, Dolly; and Reuben's thoughts, Cherry, were of you alone. That is all changed. They have forgotten you both completely. Judge for yourselves!

[*Exit* PEDLAR.

Enter PETER *and* REUBEN. *They entirely disregard* DOLLY *and* CHERRY *throughout the song.*

No. 3. MARCH AWAY!

QUARTETTE—(PETER, REUBEN, DOLLY, & CHERRY.)

Moderato con spirito.

f

1. REUBEN.
2. CHERRY.

PETER.

1. There's no de-light like the bliss of the bat-tle; High beats the pulse when the call comes to fight! What sweeter sound than the roar and the rat-tle, With
2. Ah! when a mai-den is fear-ing and sigh-ing, Soft words at part-ing will so-lace her fears. No! with the land on their cou-rage re-ly-ing,

1. REUBEN.
2. DOLLY.

dan-ger to left and with dan-ger to right? How great the joy when the foes part a-sun-der, Cry-ing for mer-cy as meek-ly they yield,
Sol-diers are heed-less of ter-ror and tears. Ah! when a mai-den is sore-ly re-pent-ing, Kind words at part-ing will brigh-ten her life!

1. PETER.
2. REUBEN.

{ PETER. REUBEN. }

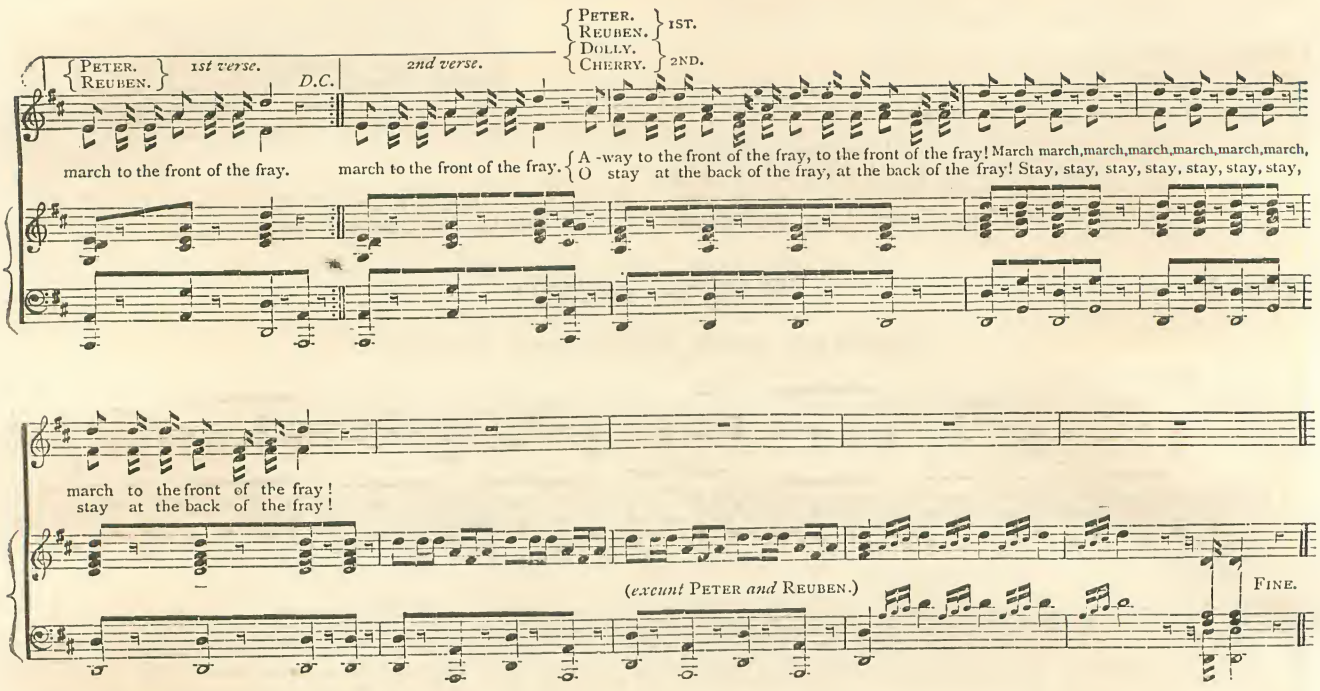
No fair-er wealth than the rich-es of plun-der, No bet-ter death than the death on the field!
Sol-diers, true sol-diers, are ne-ver re-lent-ing, Their words and their thoughts are a-lone of the strife!

No more de-lay! Up and a-way!

{ DOLLY. CHERRY. } { PETER. REUBEN. }

REUBEN. PETER. REUBEN. PETER.

March, march, march, march, march to the front of the fray! O, stay! No more de-lay! Up and a-way! March, march, march, march,



DOLLY. Here's a pretty piece of business!

CHERRY. A pretty piece of business? I call it a very ugly piece of business—a hideous piece of business.

DOLLY. I wish I had been kind!

CHERRY. Ah! life isn't worth living *now*.

DOLLY. Poor, poor Peter! Good-bye for ever!

CHERRY. Yes, he's sure to get killed.

DOLLY. And so is Reuben, so *that's* a satisfaction.

CHERRY. This punishment is terrible! But it is not enough. I shall allow myself to be tortured to death.

DOLLY. Tortured to death! How will you manage that?

CHERRY. I shall give violin lessons to picked unpromising pupils.

DOLLY. Poor Cherry, your end is not far distant! And I shall follow your brave example. I shall let myself be buried alive.

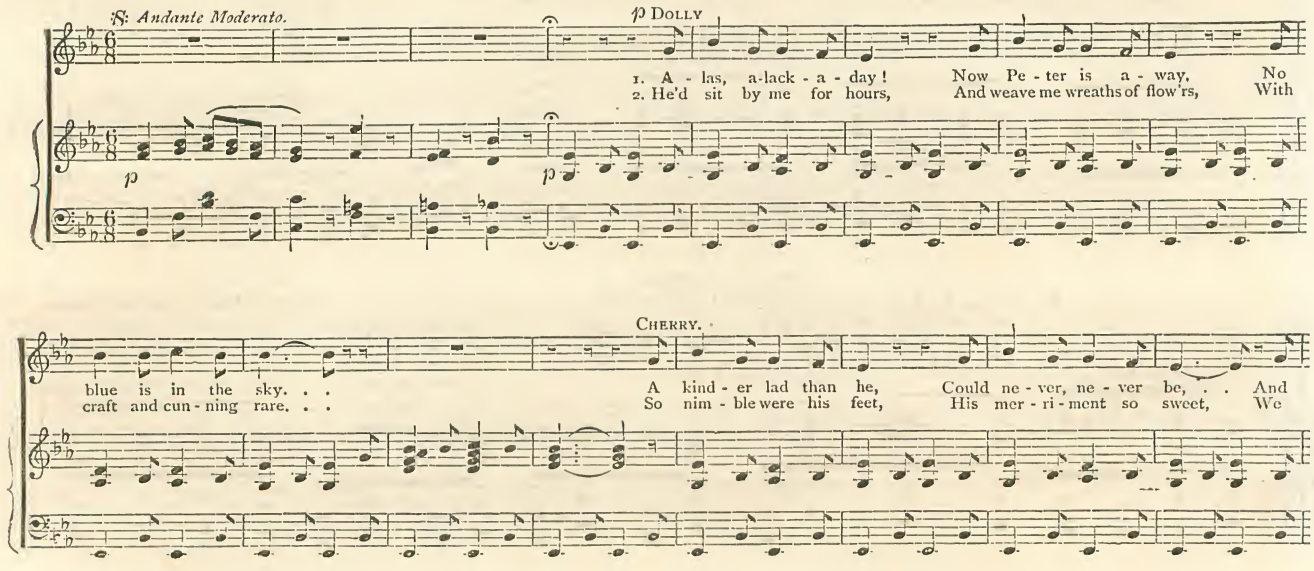
CHERRY. How will you manage that?

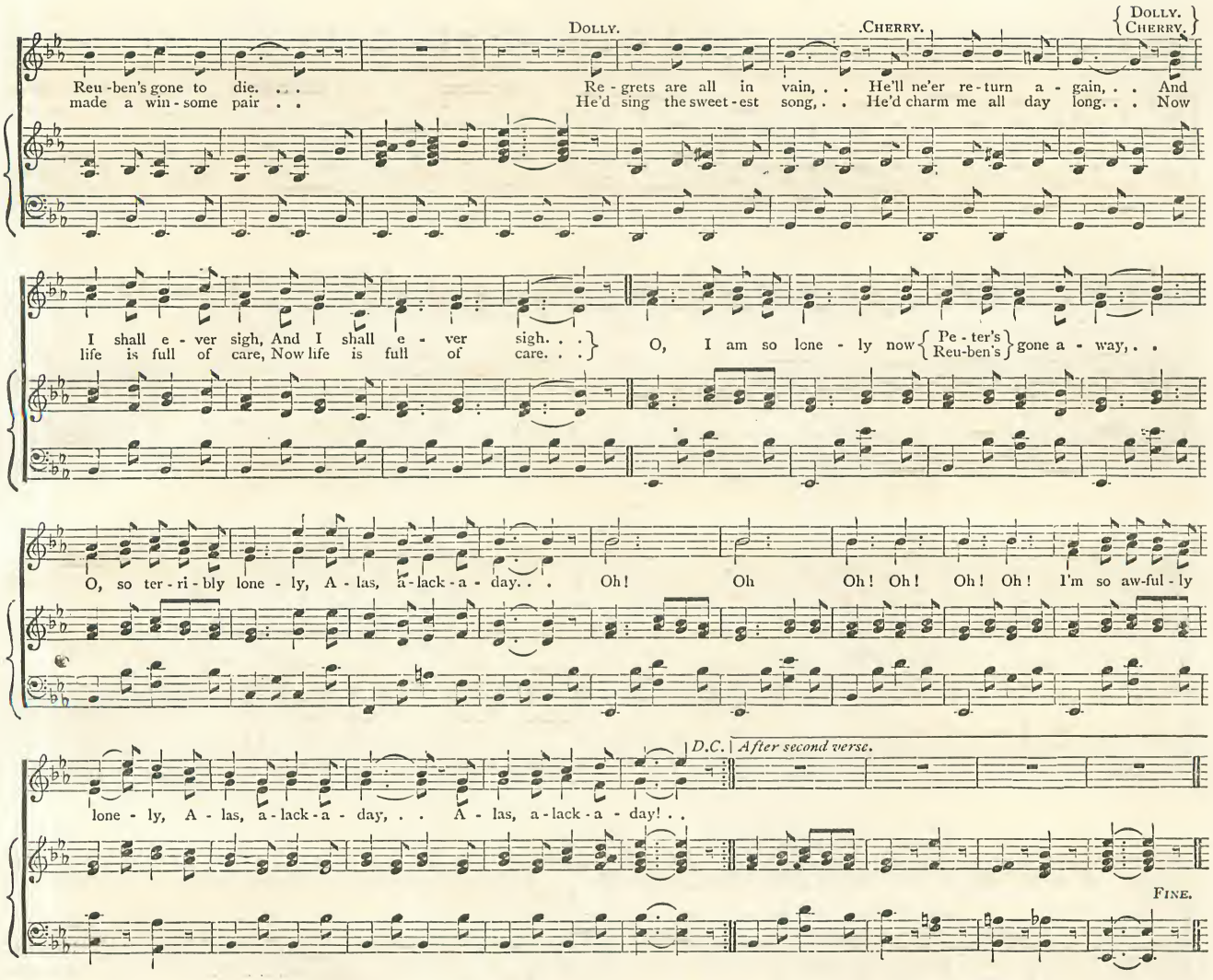
DOLLY. I shall accept the post of head mistress of a high school in some remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow British possession.

CHERRY. Poor Dolly! You will not linger long! (*They both sit down.*)

No. 4. ALAS, ALACK-A-DAY!

DUET—(DOLLY & CHERRY).





THE PEDLAR *has entered towards the end of the duet, and stands behind* DOLLY *and* CHERRY.

PEDLAR. You don't seem very cheerful. (*They both rise.*)

DOLLY. It is the fairy!

CHERRY. Dear, kind fairy!

PEDLAR. Kind fairy! Then your punishment pleases you?

DOLLY. It is more than we can bear.

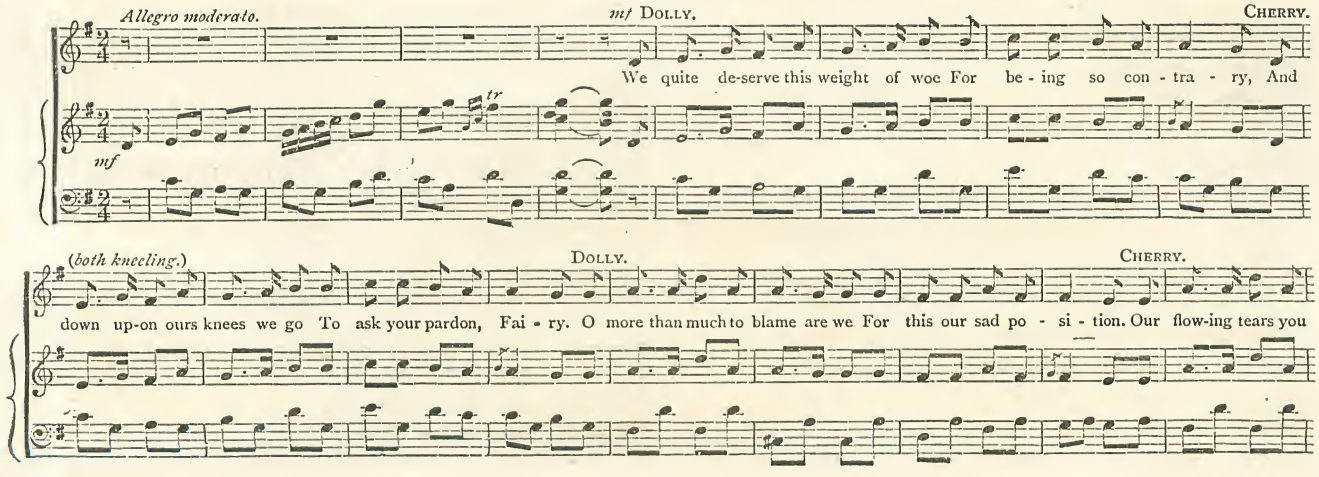
CHERRY. *Do* forgive us!

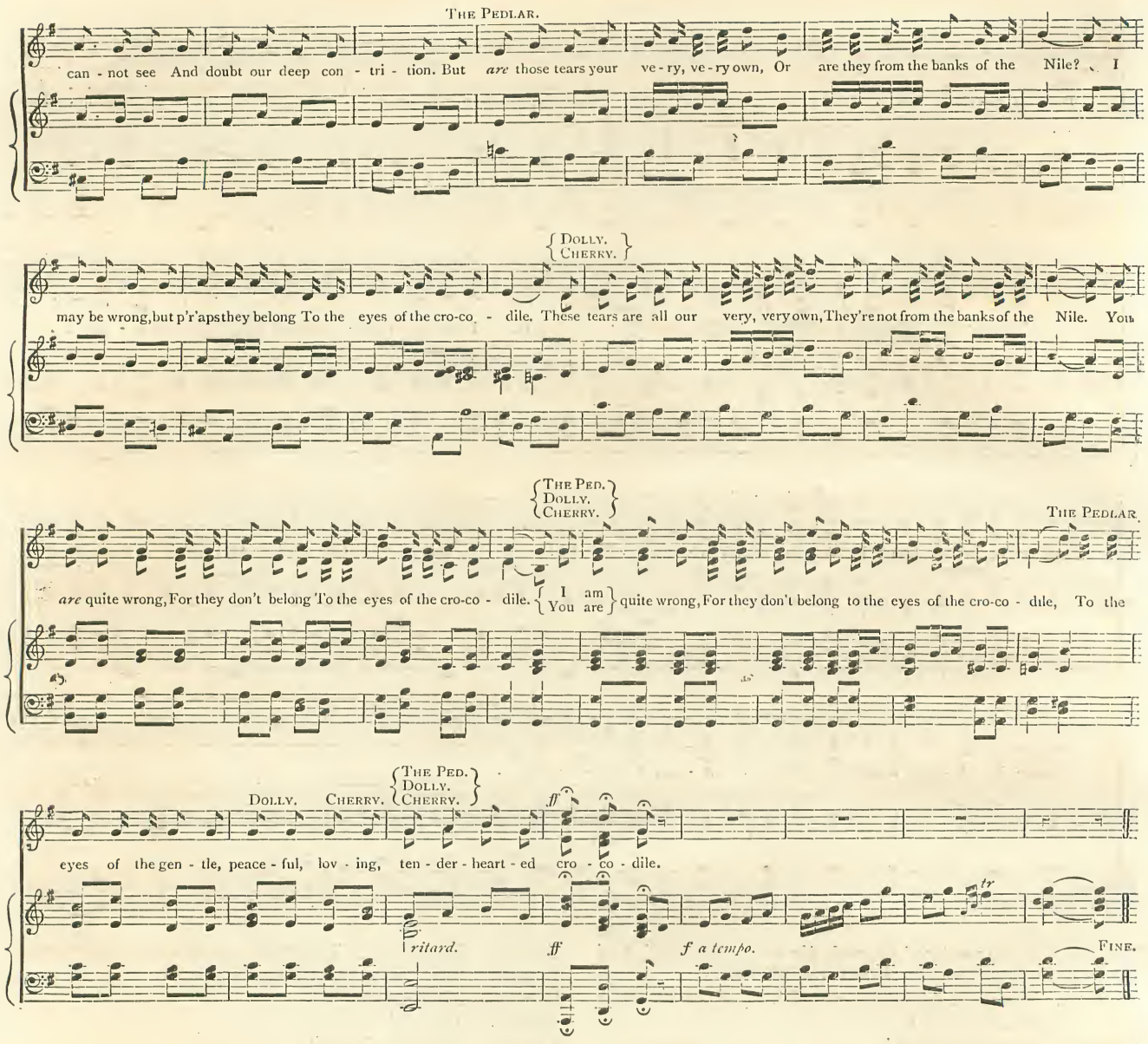
DOLLY. Oh, *do*!

PEDLAR. I'll think about it.

No. 5. CROCODILE'S TEARS.

TRIO—(DOLLY, CHERRY, THE PEDLAR).





PEDLAR. There! Rise! I forgive you!

CHERRY *and* DOLLY (*rising*). You are too generous, and we don't deserve it.

PEDLAR. No, I don't think you do—(*going*). I wish you good-day!

DOLLY. But, fairy!

CHERRY. Oh, fairy!

PEDLAR. Yes!

DOLLY. You have forgiven us?

PEDLAR. Yes!

CHERRY. You have forgiven us; but don't you recollect?

PEDLAR. Yes, for insulting me, for threatening me, and for doubting me—I wish you good-day!

DOLLY. But can't you give us each a token of your forgiveness?

CHERRY. A substantial token!

PEDLAR. A substantial token?

DOLLY. Peter!

CHERRY. Reuben!

PEDLAR (*laughing*). Very well, I will. I revoke the charm.

Music—The Symphony of "March Away." Enter PETER *and* REUBEN, *in marching order.*

PEDLAR. Halt!

PETER *and* REUBEN "*halt.*"

PEDLAR. Stand at ease! As you were!

Music—The Symphony of "The Pedlar's Song." THE PEDLAR *offers the rings to* PETER *and* REUBEN, *who take them.*

PETER. My own Dolly! Will you wear this ring for me?

DOLLY. Of course I will, Peter.

REUBEN. My sweet Cherry! Will you wear this ring for me?

CHERRY. Most gladly, Reuben.

PETER *and* REUBEN. How much, pedlar?

DOLLY. Hush! she's not a pedlar!

CHERRY. She's a fairy!

PEDLAR. Keep the rings! My payment for them will be your happiness.

PETER. Ah! There never was such a Dolly!

DOLLY. Nor such a Peter!

REUBEN. Nor such a Cherry!

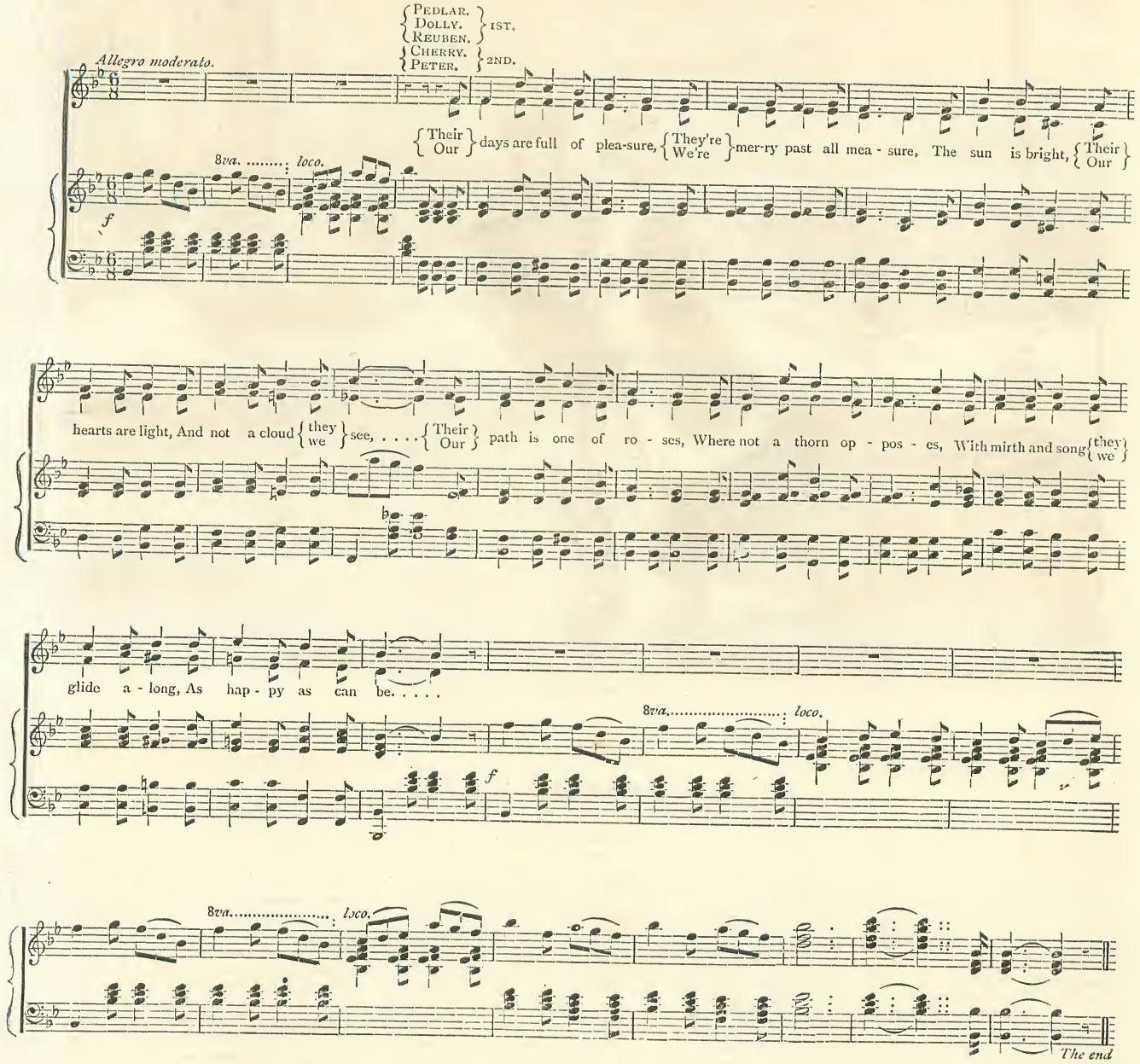
CHERRY. Nor such a Reuben!

PETER, DOLLY, REUBEN *and* CHERRY. Nor such a pedlar!

No. 6.

FINALE.

(The Pedlar, Dolly, Cherry, Reuben, Peter.)







A HEALTHY WINTER PASTIME.

OUR TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

By ANNE BEALE.

Every fresh grant of books from the Religious Tract Society should rouse one to renewed energy in distributing them. They are generally willingly, if not always gratefully received; moreover, they are read even by those who profess not to believe in their contents. If infidelity makes fearfully rapid strides, so does the spirit of enquiry; and controversial books are eagerly studied in quarters where one would least expect it. The old-fashioned two or four-leaved tracts are sometimes regarded with suspicion; but the "Present Day Tracts," or Hastings' "Anti-Infidel Tracts," are carefully read by men who profess to believe in nothing. One meets with such everywhere; not only among skilled artisans who are reputed sceptics, but among labourers who are supposed to have no brains for controversy.

"I don't believe one word of the Bible," said a shoemaker who was busy over his last, in company with another also hard at work.

"And I believe every word of it from beginning to end," was our reply.

He looked up suspiciously, as much as to say that such credulity was impossible, then began the staple talk of those who have been inoculated with unbelief by some quack doctor, who thinks he has discovered that the worlds were made by chance. We replied as well as we could.

"I'm not scholar enough to answer you," he said. "But if you could only have a talk with the gentleman who convinced me, he'd soon set you right, I don't believe in Christianity. I daresay you're well paid for bringing these books. A man came to my house one day, and said he had brought me something to do me good. I saw he had a lot o' books. 'Lend me a sovereign, for I'm hard up,' said I. I was hard up, for I couldn't pay my rent, and was like to be sold up. But he scuttled off, and I saw no more of him. That's your Christianity."

We assured him we were not paid for our small efforts in the cause of our Master, and asked him to read such printed matter as we offered.

"Have you got the *British Workman?*" he asked. "I can read that on Sunday."

"No; but here is the *Cottager and Artisan*, which is much the same," we replied.

He took it, and evidently admired the large picture. The other man had listened attentively, and seemed really glad of a book. There had not been a moment's cessation from work. Heads were bent, and arms and hands employed all the time that conversation flowed. Why are shoemakers more capable of abstraction than other people? They continue their manual labour while their minds are busy with all sorts of questions, the more abstruse, seemingly, the easier digested. Of course argument is useless with those who believe nothing, and so we could only ask our new friend to entreat God to open his mind to the truth, and promise to pray for him.

We often returned to the charge, and he evidently liked the books; but not long since he left the queer little corner where he worked, for some other sphere, and we lost sight of him. Not so his companion, who told us the other day that he had just met him returning from a lecture on Socialism *versus* Christianity. We produced the Present Day Tract, entitled "Christianity and Socialism."

"That is what a gentleman promised me this very morning," said the companion, "but somebody else got it before me. I will read it first, then give it to my friend. It is strange that it should come to me the same day."

"Let us hope it is providential," we suggested.

An elderly man had taken the stool on which the would-be sceptic used to sit, and a third workman completed the group. The cobbler's stall, for such it was, could hold no more. It was a queer little old-world corner, reminding one of stories of long ago. No room for fireplace, and not much for light—low-roofed and oddly shaped—just space enough for three pairs of arms to spread out

without encountering one another. Yet what a world of thought was enshrined in those three souls, and how warmly we were welcomed after an enforced absence of three months!

"You have been a long time away; we thought you were never coming again," they said.

This was encouraging, and so was the conviction that our *Friendly Greetings* were acceptable, and had been missed. A few loose pictures and papers hung on the walls, and a large illuminated text was welcomed, and fastened up in their midst, with the assurance that the two or three occupants liked to look upon something pretty and cheerful. "Lord teach us to pray" is the text, and we hope soon to add some scriptural pictures.

Into our small radius infidelity creeps. As the poison is disseminated by the infidel press, there can be no better antidote than the distribution of Christian literature. Satan's agents are busy; God's servants must be busy also. There is more than enough for every true-hearted believer to do. Besides, this tract distribution, as it is called, leads to an acquaintance with the recipients, that shows their bodily as well as spiritual wants. It is melancholy to see how Sunday desecration increases; but this is not only among the needy poor, but among the well-provided rich. The former break God's laws, so they say, to give food to their little ones; the latter merely to amuse themselves. But what of the reckoning? "I wouldn't sell on Sunday, but I can't feed the kids without it," said a costermonger who stands with his barrow not far from our cobbler's stall, which is happily closed for the day.

This man runs after us for a tract or leaflet every Sunday, and the buyers who surround him also hold out their hands for one—none more eager than the children, who, while greedily eyeing the oranges and other fruit, are not indifferent to literature. Three tiny mites pursued us a Sunday or two ago, and would not be satisfied without one apiece and one for little brother at home. If he was less than they, he must have been small indeed. We bade them take them to mother, and they nodded solemnly, looking at the pictures meanwhile.

It is the pictures that pay. Policemen and cabmen on their beat or at their stand look well at them first, then turn to the letterpress with appetite whetted for the more substantial meal. We have seen a whole rank of cabmen contemplating the engraving on the *Friendly Greetings* Leaflet, and a chance bystander glancing over their shoulders.

One Sunday a tall, thin man, with a basket of flowers on his head, was thus engaged. We offered him a tract. He turned his back upon us with the words, "I want something to eat, not to read."

Fortunately we had a few pence in our pocket, and gave them to him with a sort of civil apology for our ignorance of his needs.

"Now I will take your tract. Food for the body, and food for the mind," he said, with the air of a prince.

A few days afterwards we met him in the road, opposite a coffee-stall. He set down his basket to greet us, and to ask for a tract if we had one. We volunteered to give him a cup of coffee, with the assurance that we were glad to "feed the body." He laughed, and drank the coffee and ate a piece of cake very comfortably. His bow and manner were inimitable, and we have since heard that he is by birth a gentleman. We see him now and again, and he never fails to cross the road, or to come forward to speak to us, receiving our books gladly.

The wayside coffee-stall is a fertile field for sowing literature. The men and boys who surround it are idle for the moment, and it amuses them, if it does not actually edify them, to have, as they express it, "something to read." Leaflets from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons have been singularly attractive, and drawn down upon us more conversation than we knew how to maintain.

"Spurgeon, to be sure! He's a nice gentleman; I likes him; I hope he's better! Do you chance to know how he is, ma'am?" said one, a cabman.

"Spurgeon," volunteered a youth. "He's the party as slid down the pulpit railings and worked himself up again to show how one goes to heaven or hell!"

"If that ever happened it was long before you were born," we replied.

"Ah, no, missus! It was only the other day," he affirmed confidently, and we had difficulty in convincing him that this worn-out story was a fiction of the past.

One respectable-looking man, who was charioteer of a wagon full of boxes and bottles, had a great admiration for the celebrated preacher, and spoke anxiously of his health and sojourns at Mentone. He said he had often been to his house with aërated waters, in which his employers traded.

"I wish I knew where he gets his cats," he added. "I'd give any money for one of 'em. They climb the trees near his house, and look down upon one as knowing as knowing can be. They've got great busy tails and long fur."

We could not enlighten him on this point, but the extracts from the sermons were eagerly accepted, and we were convinced that the name and preaching of Mr. Spurgeon are still a power in the land. There is probably no name more powerful amongst the classes to which the men to whom we were speaking belong; indeed, his reputation has spread, we may almost say, "to the ends of the earth," wherever those fabulous parts of a round globe may chance to be. May he long be spared to feed the multitudes.

We want honest, wholesome food for the people; and certainly powerful preaching and interesting Christian literature are the best nourishment for the souls of men. Unhappily the Bible is the one Book many individuals of all classes will not study. If they did, Sunday would not be desecrated as it is now. "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," is a law of the past. A little crowd of newspaper boys surround us every Sunday at our railway station, craving books, and always wanting "big 'uns to read in the afternoon." That they do read them is certain, as they are ready to recount the contents of the last Sunday's story, and to say how "mother and the rest of us read them too." But why are there people who encourage Sunday traffic by buying the newspapers? and why are rail and river crowded to excess on the Lord's Day? Each individual soul will have to answer this or similar questions when called to account for breaking God's commandments. A skilled master-workman argued thus the other day. We quote his words. He affirmed that he was "going in" for Socialism:—

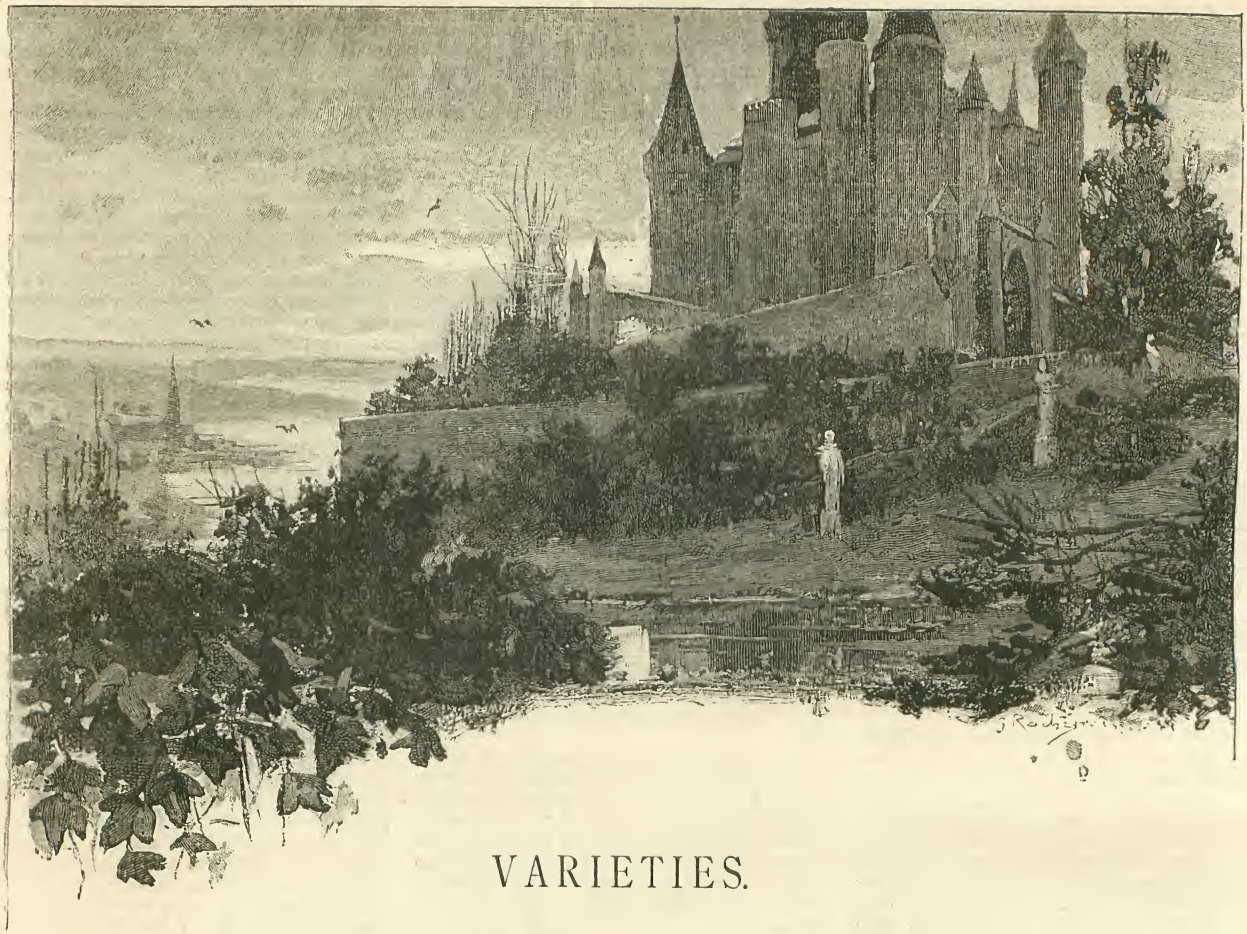
"There are too many sects. When I was young we weren't allowed any recreation on Sunday; now it is all amusement, and the aristocracy have to answer for it, with their dinners and games; what they do others will do. There used to be rest on Sunday—now there is none; and a man said to me the other day he would just as soon there was no hereafter, since 'twasn't so good here!' 'Tis a mistake to call Sunday a day of rest. Half the people are employed to keep the other half amused."

This is only too true, and we are all responsible for our part, however small, in helping another to work on the Lord's Day. "If we had only our Sundays!" is the cry of tens of thousands who minister to the pleasures—not the needs—of the public. We hope "our girls" will take this to heart, and remember that "example is better than precept," and that whatever our position in life, we can always show forth by our conduct a desire to serve our Divine Master by attending to His laws. It is difficult to say why the only one of the Ten Commandments habitually disregarded should be the Fourth. And all manner of excuses are made for evading what is really the truest spiritual as well as bodily good—the employment of one day in seven for restful communion with our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

To return to literature. There is a new cabman's shelter at our stand, and a lady has furnished it with a shelf well filled with books. The men read them gladly, as well as the magazine we are able to leave each Sunday, thanks to certain members of the Religious Tract Society. Another friend supplies the railway men with a monthly packet of books, for which they declare themselves most grateful; and we are constantly assured by "all estates and conditions of men" that they like a book when they have done their work. Crossing-sweepers, old and young, seem especially literary. One, who has an invalid wife and five children, and who is himself sickly, "explains and reads to his family of an evening when they have been to church" the book or tract he receives; another, old and deaf, says "his missus likes the books"; a third, now in hospital—but we must enumerate no more, since we encounter no less than five on our way to church. One week-day, lately, a stalwart and black-handed coal-heaver asked for "a book for his little maid, who was eight years old, and could read anything, she was so sharp." Thus it is that words, good or bad, may be scattered from parent to child, or *vice versâ*.

"I had two numbers of the *War Cry* give me; I read 'em last Sunday. 'Twas the beautifullest reading I ever had," said one of a gang of road-scrapers. "I han't no time for reading," said another; and "I never went to school in my life," a third. Still, they did not disdain our offering. Indeed, few, if any, do; and we venture to give these small details as an encouragement to others who may sometimes benefit a brother or sister during a walk, by the gift of tract or book. As we have said in previous similar sketches, policemen and the like seem to demand something more than a tract, and to them the numbers of *Friendly Greetings*, or of weekly religious periodicals, are always welcome. The demands on all sides for books—from institutions, hospitals, fishermen, schools—are almost as great as the demands for money; and that is conclusive! since the appeals for funds increase and multiply day by day. We will hope that the spirit of true Christianity will be diffused with them, despite the infidelity that would fain check its beneficent course.





VARIETIES.

In Court.

It was a horse case in Cornwall. Horse cases are difficult to deal with, and in the course of the trial a horsey-looking witness was put into the box.

Counsel asked him what happened.

Witness: "I ses, ses I, 'What about the hoss?' and he zaid he'd give me ten shillings to zay nothing about un."

Counsel: "He did not say *he* would give you ten shillings."

Witness: "Yes a did, that's exactly what a did zay."

Counsel: "He could not have said 'he'; he must have spoken in the first person."

Witness: "No; I was the first person that spoke. I ses, ses I, 'How about the hoss?'"

Counsel: "But he did not speak in the third person."

Witness: "There was no third person present, only he and me."

The Judge (interposing): "Listen to me, witness. He could not have said, 'He would give you ten shillings to say nothing about it,' but '*I* will give you ten shillings.'"

Witness: "He zaid nothing about your lordship. If he zaid anything about your lordship I never heered un. An' if there was a third person present I never zeed un."

Point given up.

Down with Conceit.—If you would add lustre to all your accomplishments, study a modest behaviour. To excel in anything valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments, is greater. Consider, if you have rich natural gifts, you owe them to the Divine bounty; if you have improved your understanding and studied virtue, you have only done your duty; and thus there seems little ground left for vanity.

"I am Here, Mother!"

Ouang-Ouei-Yuen, having lost his mother, who was all that was dear to him, passed the three years of mourning in a hut, and employed himself in his retirement in composing verses in honour of his mother, which are quoted as models of sentiment and tenderness.

The three years of his mourning having elapsed, he returned to his former residence, but did not therefore forget his filial affection.

His mother had ever expressed great apprehension of thunder, and when it thundered always requested her son not to leave her.

Therefore, as soon as he heard a storm coming on, he hastened to his mother's grave, saying softly to her, as though she could hear: "I am here, mother!"—*From the Chinese.*

A Clean City.—The cleanness of the city of Brussels is proverbial. It is said by an experienced French traveller that the mistress of a house there passes her fingers over the furniture every day, and if there be found a speck of dust the careless housemaid is dismissed. On Saturdays, walls, passages, and staircases are thoroughly cleansed, and the exterior of the house is washed. The Frenchman has probably overstated the elaborate purifications which are supposed to take place; but it is certain that he has not entirely misrepresented the neatness and order of the streets and houses of the better class.

Two of a Trade can never Agree.

A nightingale of a social turn sought in vain for a friend among all the singing birds. Perhaps I shall find one elsewhere, thought she, and fluttered down to pay a visit to the peacock.

"Beautiful bird, I cannot but admire thee!"

"And I always admired thee, sweet songster!"

"Let us be friends then," said the nightingale; "for you court the eye, and I the ear."

A Second Marriage.—It is not unusual for a man to leave all his property to his wife with the proviso that if she marries again she is to have only what the law allows her. Governor Morris, the celebrated American statesman, treated his wife, however, very differently. He had married late in life Ann Randolph, a woman much younger than himself, and with whom he lived very happily. He bequeathed a handsome income to her, and then provided that in case she married again the income should be doubled.

Idleness and Industry.—Many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much, they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out, if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable.



SWEET MARGUERITE.



Meadow-Sweet

Being

The Extra Summer Number of

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER"

1891

MEADOW-SWEET.

Afar I've wandered o'er the world—
On sunny seas with sail unfurled:—
Through olive groves and citron bowers,
O'er Alpine heights—all Nature's dowers -
But never have I seen, I ween,
A lovelier sight than meadows green.



Those dewy pastures, by whose side
The peaceful rivulets do glide;
Where richest herbage, choicest grass,
Perfume the air as through we pass;
But none so sweet our senses greet
As queen of all—the Meadow-sweet.

And Meadow-sweet methinks doth show
How maidens sweet and fair may grow,
Reflecting light and peace around,
As if all earth were holy ground;
Till all with faith and hope declare,
"The Lord my pasture shall prepare."



[*Drawn by F. Morgan.*

MEADOW-SWEET;

OR,

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

By JAMES MASON.

When the Editor of the Girl's Own Paper called for an article on "Meadow-sweet" for this Summer Number of ours, I was for the moment a little perplexed. The puzzle was: Would there be enough to write about? All the facts that concern meadow-sweet, said I to myself, can be put in a paragraph—or at most in two; what, then, is to be done with a whole article?

But when people sit down and let their minds dwell on anything, the difficulty very often really is to come to an end of all that can be thought and told. Paragraphs expand to articles before you know where you are. And just so it happened with meadow-sweet.

First and foremost, let us see what sort of a plant it is, so that, if not already a familiar friend, girls on their summer rambles may know it when they see it. You meet with it all over the country, in moist meadows and on the banks of rivers and streams, and there is little danger of mistaking it for anything else. It stands three or four feet high, has divided leaves, and beautiful tufts of white flowers. A glance shows it to be first cousin or something of that sort to the spiræa of our gardens.

The stalk is sometimes of a pale green and sometimes of a purple colour. The leaves are of a fine green—"a sad green," Culpepper calls it—on the upper side; but if you look underneath they are whitish. When you feel them they are rough. The flowers are small and white, but they stand so close together that the whole cluster looks like one large flower.

As for the roots, let us quote old Culpepper. "The root," he says, "is sometimes woody, and blackish on the outside, and brownish within, with divers great strings, and lesser fibres set thereat; of a strong scent but nothing so pleasant as the flowers and leaves; and perisheth not, but abideth many years, shooting forth anew every spring."

It is seen in flower somewhere or other all the summer through, giving us a long opportunity for making its acquaintance and fixing it on our memories.

Such, then, is the meadow-sweet, mead-sweet, or queen of the meadows. And now, knowing what it looks like, let us dip into the famous work by the "Gentleman Student in Physic and Astrology," from which we have just quoted, and find out if Culpepper has anything more to say of interest.

To be sure he has. He tells how the plant is ruled by Venus, and how it is useful medicinally to stay all kinds of bleeding, and is good for ague and other complaints.

And then he adds this: "It is said to make a merry heart, for which purpose some use the flowers and some the leaves."

A merry heart? That's what we all want to have. The meadow-sweet, then, appears to be the plant of joy, and is worthy, therefore, of having not an article only, but whole volumes dedicated to it. If any are bold enough to doubt its power in this direction, very likely Culpepper will reply, as he does in another place: "I don't care a halfpenny whether they doubt or not," and we are going in this instance to pin our faith to Culpepper, and write up meadow-sweet as the plant *par excellence* for all joyful souls.

In an old Welsh story we are told of a youth on whom the spell had been laid that

he should never marry a wife who claimed relationship with the human race. But two magicians who were interested in him resolved that a wife he should have notwithstanding, and that they would by charms and illusions form one for him out of flowers.

"So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptised her, and gave her the name of Flower-aspect."

These magicians knew their business, and selected their flowers with taste and discretion. The blossoms of the oak, the monarch of the forest, stood for strength. Flower-aspect was in consequence a hardy young woman, well fitted to brave the weather on the bleak hillsides of wild Wales. The blossoms of the broom represented industry. A girl with its golden flowers in her composition might be expected to be an active housekeeper, with a special gift for sweeping. And to these were added the blossoms of our meadow-sweet, to give her good spirits. She had all the charm therefore of a joyous nature.

Unfortunately, it was beyond the power of the magicians to add to these admirable qualities sound principles, so Flower-aspect failed to conduct herself as she ought, and as a punishment, was changed at last into an owl. But they did their best, and made her attractive as far as they could.

The meadow-sweet for a merry heart was a happy thought, and with it to fall back on Flower-aspect got lightly over many a hill of difficulty. And what a blessing it would be if, either by magic spells or in any other way, some of us could only come under the influence of this flower of the brookside. It would raise our value at once in the world, add to our popularity, and tend to the extermination of the troublesome race of the querulous and discontented.

Going up the lane the other morning I met a boy who, most mornings, is to be seen on his way to school with his sister. He was alone.

"Well, Tom, where's your sister?"

"Oh, Ada," said he, "is behind. She has got the grumps."

And when I passed Ada, and looked at her sour face, without a trace of the beauty of youth which I had often noticed in it before, I remembered old Culpepper's "Meadow-sweet is said to make a merry heart, for which purpose some use the flowers and some the leaves." A dose for Ada might have set her right.

Joyfulness should be a leading feature with all of us. "A cheerful temper," says Addison, "joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable."

Those who know the charms of cheerfulness will readily testify that life is to them a continual festival. And not only are they happy in themselves, they stand high in favour with others. The dolorous countenance never made friends anywhere, and there is a general agreement to shun those whose character is sombre and chill.

It is the smiling people who get on, and the merry-hearted who become favourites. Look at Nanette. Why is she best loved everywhere? Simply because she is happier than anybody else. From her merry heart one would think she had been making meadow-sweet a main article of diet all her life. Florence told me she got a letter from her a while ago, and it was so full of liveliness and good humour that she carried it in her pocket for weeks, and when out of spirits, read it over and over, and grew quite cheerful again.

No doubt there are some who turn up their noses at good spirits, and act as if they thought the true mark of sagacity was to be dull and precise. To them meadow-sweet would appear a kind of poison. They are as afraid of being happy as if happiness could bite them.

There is no more objectionable company. Their gloom is infectious, and they leave the impression that human beings only exist to worry and annoy each other. Let us not speak about them any more, but take leave of them with this anecdote told of Dr. Samuel Clarke, the famous English philosopher and divine.

Dr. Clarke was once amusing himself with a few friends, and they were in the height of their frolic when an acquaintance, who was a pattern of precision, was seen approaching.

"Let us be grave, boys," said Dr. Clarke, "here comes a fool."

No one will suppose we are here praising the form of merry heart that goes with an empty head, and which gave rise to Solomon's observation, that "the laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." That kind of merry heart is a sham article, the possession of the girl who is always grinning, and who ridicules everything because she understands nothing. You might as well associate with a mocking bird or a laughing hyena as with her. Her merriment, too, is seldom consistent with good manners, which true joyfulness always is.

Though it may be true that for a merry heart "some use the flowers and some the leaves" of meadow-sweet, other things are essential. You must first, girls, have a good conscience. Happiness belongs specially to her who obeys the laws of duty, so let those who would know what a merry heart in its best form is, do always what is right. It is wonderful, then, what a fund of pleasure will be discovered in everything—even in hitherto unnoticed trifles. "To be capable," says a shrewd observer, "of deriving amusement from trivial circumstances indicates a heart at ease, and generally may be taken as the concomitant of virtue."

Besides a good conscience you must have health. That must be prized and attended to. In sickness there may be resignation, but there can hardly be joy. You cannot imagine joy existing alongside of toothache, or gumboil, or headache, or any other ailment we poor mortals know. The slightest bodily discomfort puts it to flight, and not all the flowers and leaves of all the meadow-sweet in the world could make a merry heart in the presence of a grain of sand in the eye or the pressure of a tight shoe.

And now we are on *this* subject of health, it may be added, that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of good spirits is nothing more nor less than over-eating. No other cause than this will account for numberless fits of depression that convert life into a howling wilderness, and rob people not only of enjoyment, but of a great part of their usefulness.

If a girl lays so much beef and pudding on her spirits that they cannot move, what wonder if melancholy gets the better of her? The young man who took Clara in to supper the other evening was surprised at her proving such poor company. He might have thought of the business she got through with her fork and knife, and summed up her low spirits as the gloom of indigestion.

The merry heart never goes in company with the overworked and jaded stomach; so, girls, be warned: Whatever the temptation—whatever the nice things—whatever the pressing invitations—don't eat too much!

Another necessary thing is occupation. Busy people—so long as they are not overtasked—are far happier than the idle, as everyone knows who has had the chance to try. I had a letter the other day from a friend, in which he spoke of having put the thing to the test. After a busy life he had come to retire. "I am doing nothing," he wrote, "and doing it as well as I can; but it is very hard and dreary work sometimes." It is a friendly turn then, girls, to wish that you may always have plenty to do, not only because idle folk are useless creatures, but that you may be kept free from melancholy.

A common mistake is to suppose that joyfulness is a question of money, and that a sigh for a thousand a year is excusable on the ground that a good income must bring happiness in its train. Nothing of the kind. Joyfulness is a cheap article if we go to the right merchant for it.

Izaac Walton tells of a rich neighbour he had who was always so busy that he had no time to laugh. The whole occupation of his life was to get money and more money, that he might still get more and more money. He kept drudging on, quoting Scripture to the effect "that the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"This is true indeed," says Walton; "but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy." One may be woebegone and yet rolling in wealth. It is not impossible indeed that the merriest of us all may be the poorest.

Even by the aid of meadow-sweet, however, one cannot expect to be always and uniformly merry-hearted, for accidents will occur to disturb us, and things will fail to go right in spite of all we do. But these are to be looked on only as passing clouds; and so long as we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, and keep our trust in the goodness of Him who cares for and guides us all, we may expect the sun to shine again, and joyfulness again to assert itself. "Tell her who is oppressed with care," says an Arab writer, "that it will pass away; as happiness passeth away so passeth away anxiety."



DOCTOR AINLEY'S TWO HOLIDAYS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

ON a modest brass plate affixed to the palisades in front of a corner house, might be read the words, "Dr. Fergus Ainley." The dwelling was not a large one, but it was detached, and wonderfully well placed for a medical practitioner. It faced a principal thoroughfare in a large town, it was near another, and was within easy reach of a vast amount of new property.

A building fever had set in thereabouts, and ground that had been long vacant, was now covered with houses of many sorts and sizes, the better dwellings to the front, and behind them, apparently endless streets of cottages.

Dr. Ainley had taken the Corner House ten years before, and at four-and-twenty had started to work up a practice for himself.

Most of his friends were doubtful, or worse than doubtful, as to the wisdom of such a step.

Young, unmarried, unknown, from a distant county, possessing no local influence and very little money, who would be likely to employ him? Not patients of the better class, certainly. If Fergus Ainley had been able to command enough capital to make some outside show, well-to-do patients might have been immediately attracted thereby. Surely he would have been wiser to act as assistant to some well-known doctor, say for two or three years, before beginning practice on his own account.

It is a sad and significant sign of the days in which we live, that people are drawn to the shops which are already crowded with customers, to the professional men whose anterooms are already thronged with waiting patients, to churches, because they have been told there is not a seat to be let.

There seems to be a fascination in having to pay a high price and wait, uncomfortably perhaps, for the article, the advice, or the place we want, just because other people do it. Whereas, if we were to believe in the possibility of finding good articles in small establishments, and of discovering highly qualified medical men and faithful teachers amid more modest surroundings, we might get all we want at less cost of time, money, and convenience. Besides these advantages to ourselves, we should help to replenish empty pockets and cheer on able and gifted professional men, struggling sometimes for bare bread, instead of making coffers overflow which are already full enough.

Fergus Ainley was not to be daunted either by his own knowledge of the ways of the world, or by the croakings of his well-wishers. He knew by what years of earnest, continuous study he had won a long list of honours at school, college, and hospital work. He had thrown his might into all he had to do, and had won golden opinions from men of the highest honour in the noble profession to which he had devoted himself. And he meant, God helping him, to merit and to win the confidence of those who should place the care of health and life in his hands.

Fergus Ainley would have felt lonely at the outset, but for the bright presence of a sister who undertook to manage his modest household when he first began practice in the Corner House, or rather, when he began waiting for patients to come there.

Everybody knows how much harder it is to wait for work than to do it. The young doctor was never idle. He was always adding to his stores of knowledge; but, for all that, he would have found the waiting time terribly long had Margery not been with him to console him when inclined to be down-hearted, and to utter cheery prophecies of success in the near future.

"You are certain to do well, Fergus," she would say. "Of course you have to wait a little, because other people do not know what a clever brother I have. But success will come, and by-and-by your waiting-room will be too small for patients, and we shall see a pretty brougham standing at the door ready for the busy doctor to take his place in it."

"The success is long in coming, but I am not going to be disheartened. What should I have done without you, Margery, in the meanwhile? I wonder the father and mother spared you to me."

"You wonder! How dare you wonder at any loving, unselfish thing that they do for their children! The doing without me for your sake, is only a bit out of a great whole. Have they not always been thinking of and planning for the one lad of the family? Beside, they have Bertha and Nelly, so they were willing I should share your banishment."

"It is banishment, Margery, after all. But there was no room for another medical man within a long distance of the old roof-tree, and I must turn to the best account the advantages the rest of you have been the means of giving me by general self-denial and——"

Margery's pretty hand was placed over her brother's lips, and the sentence thus brought to an untimely end. But a sisterly kiss which promptly followed might have reconciled any brother to such despotic treatment.

"If you dare to say a word about self-denial, I will pack my boxes and go off home. There! pray what would you do when I was gone?"

"Do? I should send for Bertha or Nelly to take your place. There would be a squabble as to which should come, and I might perhaps have two girls to plague me instead of one, because neither would give in. Remember, Madge, you are not my only sister, whilst I am the brother of the family," said Fergus triumphantly.

"And you are as much spoiled as a single brother always is amongst a tribe of sisters. I am resolved to stay with you, as I am the eldest girl, and the only one who can manage you properly."

Margery did stay on, and was a source of infinite comfort to her brother. Patients began to come, though not very remunerative ones, and all who experienced the skill and kindness of Fergus Ainley had a good word to say for both. The poorest were sure of being tenderly dealt with, and in cases where it was needful to inflict pain with a view to healing, sufferers feared no rough treatment at his hands. They were certain of the young doctor's sympathy, and were not slow to speak of this along with his other good qualities.

At the end of three years, Dr. Ainley was making an income sufficient to meet all the expenses of his modest establishment. The brougham which Madge had pictured as waiting his pleasure, was still in the far distant future; but Fergus was contented with the meed of success already attained, and hopeful of more.

Then came an unlooked-for trouble—the young doctor's father died suddenly. He had been in unusually low spirits for some time, and had suffered from bodily weakness. No one knew that he had cause for anxiety, but attributed the low spirits to failing health. After his death, it was found that Mr. Ainley had been cruelly victimised by a man in whom he trusted implicitly, and that the property which ought to have provided comfortably for his widow and family was gone.

Mr. Ainley had lacked courage to make his wife and children acquainted with his position. The remnant of his capital had been used to supply their wants whilst it lasted, and now the family had to face the double trial of bereavement and poverty.

The girls proved unselfish and brave. No word of reproach fell from their lips with regard to their late father.

"He was deceived, and that man's treachery cost him his life. How he must have grieved for us! He was always good, loving, indulgent to us all. He hid the trouble because he could not bear to grieve us, and yet, if we had known, we could have lightened his burden by taking it on our strong shoulders."

Such were the words used by the girls in speaking of the father who was gone, and they helped to comfort the mother who was left to them.

They were all highly educated, and Nelly possessed rare musical gifts, which had been carefully cultivated. The home and its contents belonged to Mrs. Ainley. There were no debts, and there was no dishonour in connection with their changed circumstances. So Bertha and Nelly worked bravely on, turning to account the talent they possessed, and doing their utmost to prevent their mother from noticing any great change in her daily comforts and surroundings.

Margery remained with her brother, chafing a little, it must be owned, at not being able to contribute more directly to the support of those at home, though really she did her part in another way.

"I must have a housekeeper, Madge," said Fergus. "If you leave me, some fairly capable woman must take your place, though no one could fill it as you do. You do not realise how important it is for me to have a lady at the head of my household affairs. I am sure I owe much of the success I have gained, to your presence, and your good management has made my stay here possible. Do not leave me, Madge—mother has the other two, and I want you badly."

"But I cost you money instead of helping to earn it. It is dreadful to think that Nelly and Bertha are working and I am maintained by you, and earning nothing, either for mother or myself."

"You are earning by helping me; and by saving in every possible way, you enable me to do more and better for the dear mother and girls at home."

These needed all, and more indeed, than Fergus could do for them. Bravely as Bertha and Nelly might exert themselves, it was not

easy for two girls to earn enough to surround their mother with all the comforts to which she had been accustomed.

But Fergus was getting on, though slowly, and what he at first lacked in means he made up by self-denial, for the sake of his mother and the girls.

For five years Mrs. Ainley enjoyed the good things of this life in sufficient measure; but she was never allowed to know at what a cost to themselves her children managed to keep up the old home for her. Her death was preceded by months of illness; and then Nelly, worn out with nursing, broke down in health, and was ordered to a warmer climate for the winter.

All these things caused a constant drain on the young doctor's resources, and in spite of an increasing practice he could never do more than meet the calls upon him, and, by strictest economy, keep out of debt.

Fortunately, Bertha obtained a situation as companion to a lady, an old friend of the family, who had also been ordered to the south of Europe for the winter. So the sisters travelled together and remained near neighbours, though they were not under the same roof.

The old home had been broken up, perforce, before the girls left England.

The change proved an eventful one, both for Nelly and Bertha. The only son of Mrs. Caine, who accompanied the party to Cannes, asked Bertha to be his wife, with the full consent of his mother. The young people had been long acquainted, so within three months a quiet wedding gave the orphan girl husband and mother.

A little later, Nelly, who had regained her strength, and was on a visit to her sister before beginning to work again, won the affection of one who was worthy to call her wife, and able to offer her a delightful home, though not in England.

Dr. Ainley and Madge rejoiced in the joy of the absent sisters, but a little pang of regret mingled with their honest sympathy.

"It is dreadfully hard on me, Fergus," said Margery, with a rueful face. "Two sisters married ever so many hundreds of miles away, and the sole remaining daughter of the family left blooming alone, without even the consolation of having figured as bridesmaid. I am out of everything; and your share has been rather a costly one."

"I do not grudge it," was the answer. "The girls were welcome to what I could do, and I only wish that had been more and better. I am going to save up for your *trousseau* now, Madge. Having had to surrender two sisters to the care of husbands without any warning to speak of, it behoves me to prepare against future surprises."

"I shall not surprise you in a similar way, dear. Beside, I intend you to think more of yourself and less of other people. I have plans, first, for the renewal of your wardrobe, which you have neglected to shabbiness; next, for the improvement of the furniture and house."

"You shall do exactly as you like, Madge. I cannot be thankful enough that I am allowed to keep you. I had counted on having the other girls here in turns, to bear you company, and make me feel quite a family man; but that dream is over. We shall be examples as the old bachelor doctor and his maiden sister—examples of family affection to the young folk around us, eh, Madge?"

And then Margery turned upon her brother with an aggrieved look, and said, "Fergus, I do not feel old at all. I was only seventeen when I came here with you, and that is not ten years ago. You are barely four-and-thirty. Is it not a little too soon for us to pose as old bachelor and spinster, dear?"

There was something in Madge's words and tone which set Dr. Fergus Ainley thinking.

CHAPTER II.

THE doctor's cogitations lasted far into the night—a night, too, that ought to have been a restful one, for it was undisturbed by the call of the nocturnal bell which now so often broke in upon his slumbers. Dark though it might be, he saw more than he had done in broad daylight; short though its hours were, he read the chapters of a life story, on some of which he had been gazing for months, without guessing or trying to guess what would be the next incident in it.

As Fergus Ainley lay there, painfully awake, his sister was sleeping, but dreaming; and the waking thoughts and the sleeper's dreams were on the same subject.

Fergus Ainley had many well-wishers and admiring acquaintances who might have developed into friends under more favourable circumstances. He never lacked invitations, especially to bachelor gatherings, but he accepted few of these for two reasons; one, that his circumstances would not permit him to entertain on a similar scale; the other, that he preferred to spend even his leisure in the interests of his profession, and in giving such simple pleasures as lay within his reach to Margery.

He had, however, one dear friend, Frank Roworth, whose only faults, he used to say, were that he had too much time and money at his disposal, and no one to control him in the use to which he devoted them. Happily, he desired to use them both well, and often consulted Fergus as to the best means of doing this.

As Fergus lay thinking, he called to mind how he had for some time refrained from introducing Frank to Margery. He knew that pride was at the bottom of this reticence. He would not give people the chance of saying that he was trying to put his sister in the way of gaining a rich husband. So the friends met everywhere but at the Corner House. It chanced, however, one day that Frank called there to enquire for the doctor, and saw Madge, who was expecting her brother's immediate return, and asked him to wait for it.

Everybody knows how uncertain a doctor's movements are, and on this occasion they were provokingly so.

Time passed. The expected minutes lengthened into an hour, and the visitor still waited for his friend. When the doctor did appear, he found that Frank and his sister had become like old acquaintances through their mutual interest in himself. After that there could be no question of excluding young Roworth, and he had happened in at the Corner House whenever he chose, to find a welcome both from Fergus and Madge.

Fergus could call to mind how often he had done this of late, also that Madge's mood had varied according to the frequency of Roworth's visits, brightening under his cherry influence, and becoming a shade graver and quieter when his absence from town deprived them of his society for a longer period.

"What a blind fool I have been!" said the doctor to himself. "How could Frank help loving Madge, or Madge fail to care for the very finest fellow I know! Each is able to appreciate the other's worth. Exactly suited in age, for Frank is three years the older of the two. He is able to give her all that I should have rejoiced to give my sister if fortune had favoured me; and Madge, with pride enough of a sort, will not be too proud to owe all to him who gives pure love along with the rest, and deems himself the richer for it—as indeed he will be."

These cogitations cost Fergus Ainley more than some hours of sleep. He had a fierce battle with self, and came off conqueror. True, it was hard to picture what his house would be without Madge. He should never call it home again, for it was only her presence that made it such. What she had been to him during nearly ten years of striving and struggling, of successes that had been helpful to his family, yet left him almost where he began so far as money went, no one could realise. Well, he would thank God for all she had been, and when Frank Roworth asked for Madge, he would give her to him ungrudgingly, and with a prayer for a blessing upon them both. About his own loneliness, which must of necessity follow, he would not even think. He had been thankful to know of the happy lot which had come to Nelly and Bertha. Should he be more selfish when the future of Margery was in question?

Dr. Ainley had just reached this point when his waking dreams were dispersed by the sound of the night bell. He had lost his opportunity, and he must give up all hope of rest for the present.

Never had Madge worked so hard to insure her brother's comfort, and to improve everything about him and his home, as she did during the three months that followed. In the meanwhile, Frank Roworth's visits became more frequent, and the special object thereof more marked.

Fergus indeed wondered at his continued silence; then a new light broke upon him. Madge was restraining him from speaking for her brother's sake, and that she might complete various matters on which her busy fingers were engaged.

The time came at last when Frank asked his friend to ratify the promise he had already won from Madge, and when the girl hid her sweet face on her brother's shoulder, and shed tears half glad, half sorrowful, as she heard Fergus say—

"It is hard to part with such a sister, but I know of no one to whom I could give Margery so willingly as to you."

"It seems wicked to leave you, dear," whispered Madge, clinging more closely to her brother, "but I do care so much for Frank, and he will not take me away. We shall be near each other, and I will look after things for you still. You have always wanted a brother, and Frank will be such a true one."

"I know it, Madge. And it will be far better to have you within reach than far away, like the other girls. You will do everything in your power for me still."

Then Fergus slipped away to his quiet study, leaving the pair together. He smiled as he thought of Madge's plans and promises, well knowing how thoroughly she meant them, and yet how impossible it would be for her to carry them out when she became Frank's wife.

This was soon made evident. Madge had always wished, but never hoped, to see something of other lands. Naturally, Frank desired to gratify this wish, and planned a most comprehensive wedding-tour, which would last three months at least.

Farewell to any immediate prospect of seeing Madge flitting in and out of the Corner House, and superintending domestic matters as of old.

* * * *

Dr. Ainley's heart sank as he resigned his bright companion to her husband's keeping,

but he took care that she carried no sad memory away with her. His farewells were hopeful, his face told a tale of sympathy with her joy, his last words were a prayer for a blessing on her and Frank.

A new life began at the Corner House after this. Dr. Ainley worked harder than ever. His wants were cared for by a motherly housekeeper, but at table and fireside he sat alone. He could not bear to put a stranger of middle age, in the place once filled by Margery. Solitude was to him the less evil of the two.

During his ten years of waiting and work, all told, Dr. Ainley had taken few holidays. Whilst his mother lived he had paid short visits to his old home whenever opportunity permitted. These were inexpensive holidays, but even they cost something. He had to engage some qualified man to fill his place, or to depend on the help of other doctors in the neighbourhood. The former was his more usual course, for he was shy of asking favours.

After Margery's marriage Dr. Ainley felt sorely in need of a change—a real holiday, to last at least a month. Body and mind were alike weary, but he saw no way of resting them.

For the future he would have to think and plan for himself alone, but as yet he did not feel justified in incurring the expense of such a change as he needed. The season was an unhealthy one. He had many poor patients to consider, and sufferers, with scantily-lined pockets, were usually first thought of by Fergus Ainley.

"The working man's health is to a great extent his capital, and the source whence all good things flow to wife and little ones. The mother's power to work means order, cleanliness, and comfort in the home, and often safety to the children. The rich have all in addition—the poor without health are destitute of all."

Feeling the importance of this precious gift to his needy patients, Dr. Ainley was ever earnest in using his best powers for them. He could not give money, but he gave its value in many a case, and still, as ever, combined gentleness and courtesy with skill, in dealing with the roughest types of humanity.

One evening he came home unusually weary to find a bright fireside, a tempting meal, warm slippers—all that could make loneliness more tolerable within doors. Outside all was cheerless, and suggestive of a November night.

Dr. Ainley looked at his muddy boots, then at the slippers—Madge's handiwork. Might he venture to put them on? Inclination said "Yes," but prudence suggested that at ten o'clock he must not feel sure of an undisturbed rest.

For once inclination conquered. The much needed meal was taken in peace and comfort, and the doctor was hopeful. Alas! too soon.

The bell rang, and Mrs. Brown's portly person loomed in the open doorway immediately after.

"It is an elderly woman, sir. She wants you to go to see a lodger of hers right away in South Street. She is waiting to know."

Then Mrs. Brown dropped her voice and continued—

"I don't think its a sudden illness or anything dangerous. The person seems to have been ailing a good while, only her landlady has got frightened because she is in more pain than common. She's had no doctor. I fancy, from what the woman says, she has very little money, and is frightened about the expense. I did not ask any questions. She told me of her own accord. I ventured to say that, if it wasn't anything serious, you would call round in the morning, for I'm sure, sir, you must be terribly tired; but the woman would wait."

The doctor's housekeeper was decidedly against his going out again on any errand not of life or death importance.

"I think I must go, Mrs. Brown," said the doctor. "The old woman's message tells of patient endurance for a long time, and of loneliness and poverty. If I were to stay away, I'm afraid I should not sleep. I should be haunted with the thought of the sick woman's pain and her old landlady's fears. I will see the messenger first, however. Stay here for a moment."

Dr. Ainley left the room, and Mrs. Brown's face fell as he did so.

"He'll go. No chance of anything else if he once hears a pitiful tale. He's the more certain to turn out if there's no money at the end of it," murmured she to herself. "Never in my life before was I so tempted to say, 'The doctor's not at home,' as I have been the last week or two, seeing him, as I have, nearly worn out with work. But somehow my tongue never would shape itself to say what is not true. But if Dr. Ainley goes on much longer without a holiday, he'll want another doctor to look after him."

Mrs. Brown had no time for further forebodings.

"I am going out," said the doctor, as he re-entered the room, "but I do not expect to be very long."

"You'll have a cab, sir, won't you?"

"Certainly not," was the answer, and a moment after the doctor was facing the dreariness of a foggy November night, guided by the woman who had acted as messenger.

He would have walked on rapidly, but he found his companion unequal to keep up the same pace, so he slackened his for a moment to ask, "Would it not be better for me to go on faster, as it is getting late. I know the neighbourhood well, and can go straight to the house."

"And you're well known there, too, sir," said the woman, panting with exertion, "but not to Miss Walker. If you please, don't go to her without me. She's so nervous and timid, and so little used to strangers, that the very sight of you would maybe do harm if you came upon her all on a sudden. There's no one else in the house just at present, for I've lost two lodgers lately—young shopwomen they were—but I've two more coming in on Monday. I get my living mostly by lodgers, sir, and I'm a widow woman."

Dr. Ainley did not wish to hear the story of the widow's affairs, so he turned the conversation, and asked questions about the patient he was going to see.

"How long ailing, sir? Well, to say the truth, I don't believe Miss Walker has ever been to call well in the three years I've known her. She was in good service as a sewing-maid, but the children grew up and the family got less, and last of all, left these parts altogether. I did laundry work—fine things—for them at one time—that was how I knew Miss Walker. She was never one to make friends with under servants, or indeed with anybody much, but it seemed a comfort to her to lodge with a woman that wasn't all out a stranger."

"How has she maintained herself during her stay with you?" asked the doctor."

"By going out sewing, or doing work at home. She's one of the sort that can't be idle if she can move a finger; and there's not many that can use a needle like she can. Talk of your machines! Clattering things! They're not to name in the same day with work like hers. And she's just the quietest creature in a house—neither meddles nor makes mischief with anybody."

The old woman was garrulous enough, well contented to talk of anybody's affairs so that she could be listened to. As she ran on about her lodger, Dr. Ainley saw the picture of a self-contained, lonely life. He was just in the mood for sympathising with such a person, for he was feeling his own loneliness almost painfully at the time, probably because of his bodily weariness.

The place was reached at last, though the walk had occupied thirty minutes instead of fifteen, owing to his companion's slowness. Then he had to wait a little until she had taken off her damp garments and paved the way for his visit to the patient.

A glance at Miss Walker's face showed Dr. Ainley that the widow had abundant excuse for wishing him to come at once. The countenance was so eloquent of suffering and yet of patience, that the sight of it touched him deeply, and he forgot his own weariness in anxiety to give relief.

"I am sorry you should be out on such a night, and that Mrs. Warde should have gone for you, but she was so anxious and would go. I am used to pain, and am not easily frightened," said the patient.

"Mrs. Warde was right, and you are too much used to pain, I fear," replied the doctor. "It is such a pity for anyone to suffer, if a remedy can be had."

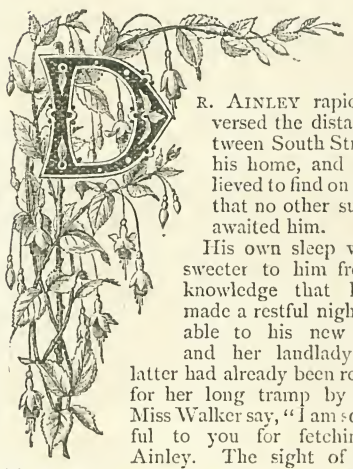
Then followed questions gently put, and a partial but, for Dr. Ainley, a sufficient examination of the patient.

The widow watched his face, but gained no information from it or the few words uttered in a cherry tone, addressed to Miss Walker.

"I have my medicine case with me and can give you something which will, I am sure, greatly relieve you," he said. "I shall see you again in the morning."

The medicine was quickly prepared and administered, and then the doctor said good-night, after expressing a hope that his patient would rest, and left the house without giving the widow a chance of questioning him as to the condition of her lodger.

CHAPTER III.



DR. AINLEY rapidly traversed the distance between South Street and his home, and was relieved to find on arriving that no other summons awaited him.

His own sleep was the sweeter to him from the knowledge that he had made a restful night probable to his new patient and her landlady. The latter had already been rewarded for her long tramp by hearing Miss Walker say, "I am so thankful to you for fetching Dr. Ainley. The sight of such a kind face cheers one, and he is so gentle."

"Aye, you may well say that. He's not one of the sort that seem to think that only rich folk can feel, and that only the lives of those that have long purses are worth saving."

There was a wan smile on Miss Walker's face when the doctor entered on the following morning, true to his promise.

"You have had some rest—your face tells me so much," he said.

"More than I have had for weeks before," was the answer—"in one night, I mean. What a blessing sleep is!"

Then Dr. Ainley made minute enquiries about symptoms, duration of illness, and all other matters which it behoved him to know, though his experience of the previous evening had enabled him to form a decided opinion of his patient's state.

It must be hard for a medical man to keep an unmoved countenance, to speak cheerfully,

and to give no sign by which a patient may guess at the conclusion he has come to, when, as in the present case, he knows that the utmost he can do is to alleviate suffering, not to remove the cause of it.

It must be no less delightful when he has cause to hope that a precious life may yet be preserved by means within his power to use, and when he is not afraid to let the sufferer read, first a message of hope, then of assurance, from his face, before his lips have uttered either.

Dr. Ainley could give no such message to Miss Walker. On the contrary, he knew that her case was hopeless, and had been so for some time past. Medical skill, if earlier sought, might have given some relief, and prolonged the battle against a deadly disease; but nothing could have averted the result of it. Dr. Ainley did not say this to the patient, but told her he should call daily.

"Your fee for poor patients is half a crown a visit, I think," said Miss Walker, as her trembling fingers extracted two coins from her purse. "Mrs. Warde told me so."

"My fee is often a better one than that," replied the doctor, with that pleasant smile which his patients so well liked to note. "It is one with which money has nothing to do. I have had mine from you already this morning, in the words that told me you had rested during the night."

"But I cannot take your services without any payment, sir, though I well know that such as I cannot give the same fees as patients of a higher class. We poor people may well be thankful for the good and clever doctors who do not despise the silver coins of those who have no gold to offer, and give in return what is worth more than gold. I do thank you for your kind words and goodwill towards a lonely woman. Still, I must do what is right."

She extended her hand with two half crowns in it; but Dr. Ainley declined to receive more than one, and even hesitated to take that much.

"Forgive me," he said; "I would on no account hurt your feelings, but can you afford to pay this?"

"I can indeed. I should like you to take both."

"That I will not do. If you have earned your money by your needle, how many stitches must have gone to the winning of every shilling? I shall think of the work that has earned this coin, not of the coin itself, and then I shall feel that my fee is large indeed. We must have an understanding about the future, too. I mean to visit you regularly, but you must not pay me any more fees whilst you are unable to work. I have perhaps no right to insist on this, or to assume that——"

Dr. Ainley hesitated, and Miss Walker said—

"That I am too poor to pay a doctor for any length of time. That is what you mean, is it not?"

"Something like it. You see, I have been a good many years in practice, and I have attended many who, like yourself, earned a living by hard continuous work. Amongst these a few have had a little money laid by, and have been anxious to pay me for every visit as it occurred."

"Some doctors insist on being paid in that way; and I don't wonder, for often, when people get well, they grudge the money to the man whose skill has been used for them. I have always been used to pay for everything as I received it."

"But I was going to remind you that other things are wanted beside medicine and a sight of the doctor. There are nourishing food, and the little comforts so essential to sick people, and rent. All these must go on till a patient gets strong enough for work. I am a bachelor doctor, with only myself to think of at present—I can afford to wait," said Dr. Ainley.

"Till a patient gets strong enough for work!" echoed the invalid. "That will not be very soon in my case, doctor."

The speaker's wistful eyes were fixed on Dr. Ainley's face. It seemed as if they were demanding the truth from his lips. If she had known him better, she would have been sure that only the truth would pass them. He might find silence needful at times, but untruth never."

"It will not," he answered quietly. "But do not ask me to speak of any definite time. Remember, I only saw you first a little over twelve hours since."

Miss Walker gave a movement of assent; and after giving careful directions about medicine and food, Dr. Ainley left her.

The old landlady waylaid him on the road out.

"She's very bad, doctor, isn't she? She's let herself run down too far to get up again quick, I'm afraid. That comes of having nobody to look after a person—nobody, I mean, that has a right to say 'You must take care.'"

"Has Miss Walker no friends, or perhaps I should say, relations?"

"Not that I know of. She gets no letters except from ladies writing for her to go on such and such days to work. She's just a lone woman, I think, like me; only that I have children married and a good way off. They help me none. If I couldn't take care of myself I——"

But Dr. Ainley did not want to stand listening to Mrs. Warde's account of her children's forgetfulness, so he hurried away, leaving her with the rest of her tale untold.

In the days that followed, he felt himself greatly drawn to this new patient. Not because she was attractive to look upon, for her face had never been ordinarily so, and now it was worn with suffering, pale and sallow. There was just one redeeming feature: nothing could spoil the beauty of the dark gray eyes, with their fringe of long silky eyelashes, and when the patient smiled, the expression of the face redeemed its plainness in other respects.

Dr. Ainley usually found his patient sitting on a so-called easy chair; but there was little about it to suggest ease, for it was stuffed to the last degree of hardness, and the seat was lumpy with broken springs. He felt how these must increase the discomfort of one who needed everything that could induce rest. He had purchased many little appliances for the purpose of lending them to his poor patients, and a few days after his first visit to Miss Walker, he came in a cab, on the roof of which was the frame of a folding couch. The cushions were inside the vehicle, and nearly eclipsed the doctor himself.

In quite a business-like way he explained that the couch was for her use—that it was on purpose to be lent, would take up little room, could be used as an easy chair also, and adjusted to any height. He placed it in the best position, arranged the cushions, then invited Miss Walker to test its comfort.

The beautiful eyes were eloquent of thanks as she rose, and for a moment a faint flush covered her face, but only to fade and leave them paler than before as she staggered and would have fallen, but for the doctor's instant support. He did not allow her to take another step, but gently lifted her on to the couch and covered her with a large soft rug which he had also brought with him, then waited for her to recover a little before remarking, "You were cramped with sitting on that hard seat, I think. That made your limbs tremble."

"I am getting weaker, doctor. My limbs give way under me when I try to walk even across the floor. You are good to bring this couch for me. May I sleep on it, and save the journey upstairs?"

"Certainly; you may use it in any way that will add to your comfort. I brought it for that purpose. You are very much alone, I fear. I suppose Mrs. Warde is too busy to spend much time with you, though she seems very kind and thoughtful."

"She is kind, and does her best for me. I am used to loneliness, and have been for a long time."

"I should have thought you would see many fresh faces by going out to work," said Dr. Ainley.

"I just saw them; but as a rule a seamstress who goes out by the day leads a very lonely life. If she is living in the house and there is a young family, the children will be in and out of the sewing-room, no doubt. But in a case like mine it was different. I was away, alike from servants and employers, and spent most of my time alone."

"I suppose some of the ladies you worked for will have been to see you, or sent to enquire after you?"

"Not lately. At first enquiries came, not so much about me as to ask when I should be fit for my work—for they all praised that," she added, with a flush of honest pride. "Then, when there seemed little chance of my beginning again, other workers took my place. After all, doctor, I am only a broken-down sewing machine, to be put aside and forgotten when past repair."

There was a trace of mingled bitterness and sadness in the speaker's voice and manner, and it touched the doctor deeply to notice it.

"You should not call yourself a sewing machine," he said gently. "People are too thoughtless about those who work for them, I know. But their seeming indifference is not always owing to want of heart, but to the many nearer claims of family and friends. They are apt to think that their employés have similar ties. Probably few were aware that you were so absolutely alone."

"Most of them were; but they did not trouble. There were two who were oh, so different! One was a busy mother with a large family of boys and girls. She used to send one darling little thing to prattle to me and cheer me with her pretty ways, and she often spared a few minutes for a talk with me herself. But she and her family are far out of reach now, living near Melbourne. I shall see them no more in this world."

"The other—you said there were two. Has not the one visited you?" asked Dr. Ainley.

"She is away too. Rich people do not stay at home all the time, like poor ones. She is an only daughter, and has no mother. She and her father travel a great deal. Not that they keep moving about all the time, but they go to some beautiful place and stay as long as it suits them. Then they go to another, and so on. She is young—about twenty-five, I should think—but she takes an interest in every worker she has to do with, and if she were at home she would often come to see me. This is the holiday season with all who can get away. I hope I shall see her again, though."

"Indeed I trust you will," replied Dr. Ainley cheerily. "I am glad to think that one of the two who have been always thoughtful for you, is a girl and rich, for youth and wealth are often great temptations to selfishness and indifference. I had a sister with me until lately, and since I have known you I have wished that she was still within reach. She would have come with me sometimes, and I should have left her to talk with you. Her marriage has made me very lonely, for we had been together since I began practice."

Miss Walker remained silent for a few

moments, then, turning her eyes straight on the doctor's face, she said, "Dr. Ainley, I shall not get better. Each day makes me more sure of this. You have been a great blessing to me, for your treatment has eased my pain and given me many an hour of rest; but you cannot greatly prolong my life, and you know it. You see, I know it too. You have not told me for fear of doing me harm. You may speak plainly. You need not be anxious on my account."

"I can only tell the truth," he replied. "I could not hope from the first, but you may be spared for some time yet. All I can do for you I will, and you must not think of payment. It is one of the blessed privileges of men in my profession who have not much else to bestow, that they can be the means of giving a little ease and comfort."

"Thank you for all your goodness. I shall not trouble about money. You will be repaid. There is One——"

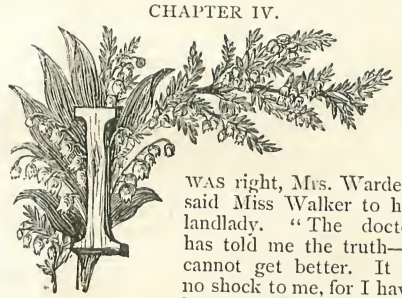
"I am paid already. Tell me if you have any relatives you would like to communicate with, or if I can write to anyone for you?"

Miss Walker shook her head, but did not speak.

Thoughtful in everything, Dr. Ainley gave his patient her medicine, adjusted the cushions for her greater ease, and left her calm and quiet—thankful, too, that the truth had been told without causing any injurious agitation.

This plain-looking, self-contained woman of forty interested him deeply. As he went homeward he said to himself, "Badly as I need a holiday, nothing would induce me to take it until this lonely woman needs my help no longer."

CHAPTER IV.



"I WAS right, Mrs. Warde," said Miss Walker to her landlady. "The doctor has told me the truth—I cannot get better. It is no shock to me, for I have long felt sure of it."

The old woman, little used to control any feeling, began to weep and express her sorrow at the prospect of losing the quietest lodger she ever had. "But it's always so! The best go first, and leave the troublesome ones for such as me to battle with. Cannot anything be done? Would you like another doctor? though where to go for a better I cannot tell. Dr. Ainley is only young yet, but he has seen a great deal——"

"He is the kindest man in the world, I think. Do not mention another. He is looking very tired and pale himself. I'm sure he wants a holiday. I wish he were going for one now."

"What, and to leave you dangerous!" exclaimed Mrs. Warde. "If he went you would have to call another doctor, though no doubt he would fix on somebody to take his place. Still, he would be a stranger to you, and you never liked strange faces."

"I should be a little sorry for myself, but more glad for him," said the invalid. "It cannot matter much to me in one way, and it might mean a great deal to Dr. Ainley to get his holiday before the days are too short, and August is gone all but a week."

In the depth of her heart Alice Walker felt that it would be a terrible trial to her if, during her last days, she had to miss that kind face, those words of sympathy, and the skilful ministrations which made up all that was brightest for her.

When Dr. Ainley came again she spoke to him about his need of rest and change, and urged him to take a holiday. He smiled as he answered—

"I am going to tell you a secret, Miss Walker. A little while before I was called to see you, there had been marrying and giving in marriage under my roof, and earlier still, two other sisters had entered the holy estate. It is much to be able to tell of three happy marriages in one family, but where there is only an old bachelor brother, and no parents to provide *trousseaux*, such events leave other gaps beside those in the household itself. I was doubly impoverished. I lost the brightest of housekeepers and companions when my last sister left me, and I found my purse empty from various causes. I cannot afford a holiday yet."

Miss Walker was going to speak, but the doctor added, "And if my purse were full to overflowing, I would not spend a penny on a holiday at present."

"Doctor, you are thinking of me. You will not go until you have done all that can be done to brighten the last days of a lonely woman."

"You are quite right. I am selfish in this. It is a great joy to me that God has given me this privilege. I hope to be with you, in and out, to the last, and give you such relief from pain as He shall enable me."

"May God bless and reward you," said the invalid, as the grateful tears flowed down her thin cheeks. "How can I thank Him for sending me such a friend as you have been, and are, to me? I have often talked of being lonely, but that has only been with regard to earthly friends. I have even this blessing now in large abundance. In you, Dr. Ainley, God has mercifully given me one friend worth the name—so different from many who are called friends in a general way, and fail in time of need. But I want you to know that the best companionship of all is mine, and at all times. In the silent hours of the night, when I have felt so far away even from my kind-hearted landlady, I have thought of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and have had a blessed sense of His presence. Words of heavenly cheer and sweetest promises have come to my mind, following one after the other, and filling my soul with glad confidence. I know whom I have believed. He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him, and trusting in Him alone, I am very happy."

A glad light shone from the sick woman's eyes as she spoke, and looking at and listening to her, Dr. Ainley felt that for Alice Walker death had indeed no sting.

This talk was the beginning of a much closer bond between the doctor and his patient, and led to other conversations, which often sent him out of that poor room the stronger and fitter for his own daily work.

He saw her bearing with quiet, uncomplaining patience the pain which all his skill could only partially relieve. He heard no repinings, because during her past life there had been so much of loneliness and toil; no complaints that life itself would end without giving any compensation for the past. In place of these were a firm faith in a Heavenly Father's promises and a looking forward to their fulfilment in His home above.

"I fancied I was fairly brave and patient," thought Dr. Ainley—"that I had toiled as steadily as most and thought as little of myself, since all that my labour has won has gone for others. I fancied that I was lonely too, and yet it is only since Madge left me that I have cause for complaint in this respect. My poor patient has taught me many lessons. Seen beside her life, my own has been rich in blessings for which I have never been half thankful enough. My very visits to that poor chamber, have enriched in some respects, for life."

One day Mrs. Warde met the doctor on his entrance, and led him first into her little parlour.

"Miss Walker has a visitor, sir," she said. "It is Miss Gladys. She only got home last night, and she's here already. Miss Walker will have told you about her, I daresay. She thinks there's nobody in the world like Miss Gladys—no lady, I mean," added Mrs. Warde, lest her words should be deemed personal by the doctor.

He laughed as he replied, "I am not offended, Mrs. Warde. The young lady is much the older friend—I am the new comer."

"And a happy thing you did come, sir. Now will you go in and see Miss Walker? I fancy the lady will stay a while, for she has been a long time away in foreign parts with her father. She has always set great store on Miss Walker, and employed her quite regular. There's beautiful work in the house now that should have been done against she came home but for this illness, and she'll never do it now."

"I will come again later in the day. I am really very busy this morning; and since Miss Walker has company, she has all I could give her in addition to the medicine, with which she is well supplied."

"P'r'aps it's as well, sir, for naturally Miss Gladys will have a good deal to say, and after that Miss Walker will be tired, and want a rest."

Dr. Ainley assented and left the house, but paid a second visit some hours later. He found his patient with a flushed face and eyes unnaturally bright.

"Doctor," she said, "I have got my wish. I had only one longing desire unsatisfied. I wanted to see my dear Miss Gladys once more, but I dared not hope that she would return in time. She was here nearly all the morning; she is coming again for an hour to-night, and she says that I shall see her every day. How rich I am! How good God is to me!"

Dr. Ainley rejoiced at the happiness of his patient, but feared for the result. Even a glad emotion could ill be borne by the enfeebled frame, and it was like shaking the hour-glass when only a few grains of sand had yet to pass through it.

Miss Walker would fain have told him much of what had passed between her and her girl-visitor, but he gently dissuaded her from exerting herself.

"It would be delightful to listen," he said, "but you have had more than enough to try your strength already. I have had so many pleasant talks with you of late, and I must deny myself for the sake of this dearest friend of all. Nay, do not shake your head. I am content to take the second place now. You must rest, or you will be unable even to listen to your young lady this evening."

"Isn't it a pity that happiness should even do harm?" said the invalid. "I am strangely weary, but the joy has more than paid for that."

She spoke in such a faint voice that Dr. Ainley urged her to close her eyes and not even attempt to listen, or she would be unable to see her young lady a second time. He sat watching her for a while, then, when assured that she was asleep, he stole softly away, but suggested that the door should be left ajar, and that the landlady should often visit the room.

Mrs. Warde promised, adding, "Poor dear! she's had her wish, and now she'll not be long here. It doesn't need a doctor to see that;" yet she looked enquiringly at Dr. Ainley, as if wishing him to confirm her forebodings.

"I shall be here again to-night," he said, but made no other answer.

An urgent case occupied the early evening hours, and it was later than he intended it to be before he turned his steps towards South Street. It was a narrow side street off a wide thoroughfare, and as he approached he noticed a carriage standing opposite to it. At first he thought it must be that of another medical man, but a closer look at the vehicle convinced him that it was not.

"It is waiting for Miss Walker's young lady. Shall I go in?" was the second thought, as he walked slowly towards the door of the little house which held his patient.

Before Dr. Ainley reached it Mrs. Warde came out.

"Oh! doctor, I am glad you have come," she said, "I was going to seek you. My lodger is worse, and she has been asking for you. Miss Gladys is with her."

There was no time for ceremony, and he followed Mrs. Warde into the room at once.

Miss Walker's head was resting within the encircling arm of a girl whose sweet face was full of tender sympathy as she looked on that of the dying woman. She was repeating the twenty-third psalm in a low but clear voice, and it was hard to tell from the expression of the two faces, whether speaker or listener found the words most precious.

Miss Walker's lips moved in unison as the last words of glad confidence, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," brought the psalm to an end. Then Dr. Ainley stepped gently forward into sight.

"How happy I am! I have all I wished for. Miss Gladys, this is the gentleman I told you about. He and kind Mrs. Warde have been so good to me. I should like to say good-bye to you all now."

The old landlady drew near and kissed the wan face, but could not speak for weeping. Dr. Ainley, deeply moved, saw the fair girl clasp the dying woman in a tender embrace, but in place of tears and sobs she answered the look from those wonderful eyes with one of hope and joy.

"I will lie down now. Thank you, dear Miss Gladys," said Miss Walker, as the girl laid her head on the pillow. "God will repay, though I can only give words of thanks for all your goodness."

She held out her trembling hand to the doctor. He took it in both his, and, bending forward, kissed her forehead.

A lovely smile overspread her face as she said—

"It is like having brother, sister, mother, to have three about my bed, and I once thought I might be alone——" The sentence was not finished. Instead came the words, "Doctor, promise me you will go for a holiday as soon as—you know."

"I will—I understand," was the answer.

"Now pray with me once more."

Fergus Ainley had often knelt by that bedside, and he at once complied with the request. He held one thin hand in a tender clasp, Miss Gladys the other, and at times Miss Walker's trembling lips joined in the solemn words of prayer offered on her behalf. Then the last whisper ceased, and they knew that all was over.

The old landlady broke into a passion of lamentation, but Miss Gladys soothed her with words of sympathy, and reminded her that a life of suffering had been ended, and one of blessedness begun.

"I am so sorry to lose her myself," she said, "but I cannot weep for her; she was so happy at the thought of going

"'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

Then, turning to Dr. Ainley, the girl said, "Let me thank you for your goodness to my poor friend. Hers was a lovely nature, well worth knowing, though, I fear, few knew this. I owe much to her—far more than she ever had to thank me for. Her sweet patient life has taught me many lessons. I deeply regret that I was so far away during most of the serious part of her illness, but I could not help it."

"It was a great pleasure to her to speak of you and to receive your letters," said the doctor. "Your return gave her what she most longed for. I was indeed glad when I heard of it."

"Quite contrary to what we had planned. My father and I found ourselves on our homeward way ten days sooner than we expected or intended. We thought an adverse circumstance had sent us. I know now that it was by the good providence of God I was brought home just in time. I have a little trust to discharge before I go. May I speak to you now? Or, if you will kindly go with me to the carriage, I can speak there for a moment," added she, noticing that Mrs. Warde was listening eagerly.

The doctor complied, and having taken a last look at the placid face of the dead, and said a few words to the landlady, Miss Gladys left the house. When seated in the carriage, the girl drew a little sealed packet from her pocket and placed it in the doctor's hand.

"She asked me to give you this, and to remind you on no account to forget your last promise to her. She felt quite sure you would make it, even before she spoke to you. I shall come to the house to-morrow to know what arrangements have been made. I think poor Alice has left very definite instructions."

Dr. Ainley thanked her, put the little packet into his pocket, took the hand she offered, and bade her good night, then closed the door, and in a moment Miss Gladys was gone.

Dr. Ainley returned to the house and found two kindly neighbours with Mrs. Warde.

"I know nothing of Miss Walker's affairs," he said, "but I will be responsible for all expenses in case of need."

"There is no occasion, sir. The poor dear arranged everything beforehand, and I expect Miss Gladys has given you a letter telling all about it. I was with her when she put it in the young lady's hand for you. My lodger never owed me a penny beyond the week: she settled every Saturday evening as regular as the time came. She was very good to me at the last, beside the paying in a business way. You may trust us to do what is right now," added Mrs. Warde.

"I am sure of it," said Dr. Ainley. "I will read my letter, and will see you again in the morning."

When he reached home he opened the packet, and found within a letter, written in pencil, and a second envelope sealed like the first, on which were the words: "Please read the letter before you open this."

Dr. Ainley did so, and it is no shame to his manhood to tell that more than once whilst reading, his eyes became moist and dim. It began—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I want these few lines to thank you, once again, for all your goodness to me. What you have done to cheer and brighten my last days only I can know. You came to me, a worn-out worker, lonely and cast aside, if not quite forgotten by all for whom I had wrought my best, during past years. You thought I had very little money, and you would not lessen that little by receiving anything at my hands. All the same, you tended me with all the skill and care you could have given to the greatest in the land, and you came to my poor room bringing every outside comfort you could think of.

"You did far more. You cheered many a lonely hour; you put me in mind of God's unfailing love; you read to me the words of promise; you restored my faith in human kind. For, doctor, it was a sore trial to me that scarcely any of my late employers troubled even to ask after me, who had gone in and out of their homes for years. My work, done with my might, and in which I had taken such pride and pleasure, had brought me no nearer to them than as if I were a mere sewing machine of wood and steel. I loved the little children so, doctor—for I had a woman's heart beating within me; and I could not altogether help envying happy mothers who were used to have little arms clinging round their necks, and little feet careering to meet them when they came in sight. Such happiness was not for me; but I used to take double delight in making the little garments beautiful which were to cover the children.

"But the mothers never guessed what love went with every stitch, and never dreamed that the money they paid me for the day's work was often the least part of my wages. The sight of the happy-faced child charmed with the new frock I had made, and a kiss from the rosy lips, meant more than the money; though I needed it too, as most such workers do want their wages. The children have most likely forgotten me. What wonder when the mothers have put another machine in my place, and have not asked if I were living or dead!

"You came to heal my nearly worn-out frame if you could; but that was beyond human power. You did bring balm to a wounded spirit, and a dying woman prays that you may be repaid in kind a hundredfold.

"I am not so poor as you have always thought me. Many years ago a legacy of £300 came to me. I kept it entire, added the interest to it, and now it is nearly doubled. Out of the amount I have placed £150 in Miss Gladys' hands for Mrs. Warde's benefit. My funeral expenses and other little matters she knows about are fully provided for. My dear young lady would have nothing but the poor seamstress's silver thimble, in remembrance of me and my work.

"The rest of the money is in the enclosed envelope, and I pray you to accept it, and for my sake use a portion at once in taking the good holiday and rest which you have lately deferred for my sake. You will take it only from me, for no human being has a claim on a penny through relationship or friendship. I wish it were thousands. Take what there is, dear doctor, not in payment of anything you have done, but as a token of gratitude and esteem from

"ALICE WALKER."

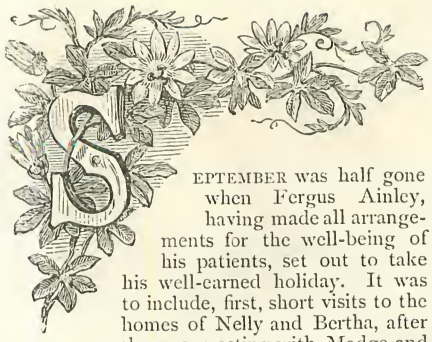
Inside the envelope were crisp new Bank of England notes worth £300. It was evident that the writer had realised her little property in order that it might be given straight into the hands of those she wished to benefit.

Three days later Alice Walker was laid to rest in a beautiful spot chosen by Miss Gladys. The three who had soothed her last hours were the only mourners, and went together; but the young girl's carriage awaited her, and she returned home alone. Dr. Ainley had previously given her the letter to read, and told her what the packet contained.

"I am sure all has been well and wisely done," she said. "Alice knew that the little she had to give, if placed in your hands, would be worthily applied. She had known by experience how Dr. Ainley ministered to his poor patients, and doubtless wished to share in his good work in a manner. But you will comply with her last request, will you not?"

"I will. Did I not promise? Beside, I am grateful for the opportunity afforded me. I am a poor man still, and not ashamed to owe something to the warm-hearted woman whom I shall sorely miss; though I shall act as her almoner in disposing of most of her gift. Thank you for judging me so kindly and truly."

CHAPTER V.



SEPTEMBER was half gone when Fergus Ainley, having made all arrangements for the well-being of his patients, set out to take his well-earned holiday. It was to include, first, short visits to the homes of Nelly and Bertha, after these, a meeting with Madge and her husband, journeyings to and fro with them for a fortnight, and a return home in their company.

The lonely Corner House no longer alarmed Dr. Ainley, for Margery and Frank would be within easy touch, and they would meet frequently.

Before he left home, the doctor had asked Mrs. Warde if she knew the surname of the young lady called Miss Gladys by her late lodger.

"Indeed, doctor, and I always thought that was her outside name. She has been to see me twice, but I don't know where she lives. I hardly thought it would be manners for me to ask. I'm not likely to go to her house."

Often, however, during his wanderings Dr. Ainley had pictured the sweet face of the girl, and called to mind the scenes in which she had been a principal actor, wondering if he and Miss Gladys would meet again.

During his holiday wanderings, Dr. Ainley used all reasonable economy in expending a portion of the money on himself which had been so unexpectedly placed at his disposal. The rest of it was already dedicated in his own mind to the many poor patients whose wants it had ever been his delight to relieve, as far as lay in his power.

"I have fulfilled my promise to the gentle soul who gave it, by taking this holiday. The rest will purchase comforts for many who sorely need them. It is happiness enough to be the almoner of that loving-hearted woman. For myself, I need have no anxiety, and, thank God, my dear ones are otherwise provided for by husbands who loved them for themselves alone. I should like to see that girl once more though," said he to himself.

No need to tell who was meant by "that girl," or to ask whether one sight of Miss Gladys would have satisfied Dr. Ainley.

* * * *

As it was more convenient for Margery and her husband, Dr. Ainley returned home two days before the end of the time for which he had engaged his *locum tenens*, and this fact procured him an early meeting with Miss Gladys.

Mr. Quinton, her father, had long suffered from attacks of a complaint which rendered speedy medical aid necessary; but of late he had benefited so much from change of air and most careful diet, that he was beginning to believe in the possibility of a perfect cure.

His daughter was less sanguine. She knew more of the nature of the ailment than it had been thought well for the patient himself to be told. At this time she was in some anxiety owing to the absence of the old practitioner who had attended her father, and who was indeed about to retire from professional life. She always watched Mr. Quinton most lovingly, but not in the manner affected by some, which is calculated to render a sensitive subject uneasy. However, she could not hide from herself that there were symptoms of a recurrence of the old ailment. She had repeatedly asked Mr. Quinton whom she should send for in case of need, and he had as often said, "I will think about it. Time enough when the doctor is wanted."

Gladys did not think so. She realised that were a new medical man called in, time would be lost in making him acquainted with what she knew; and in view of this, she wrote down certain particulars as briefly as possible, in addition to a short note asking the immediate attendance of Dr. ——. Only the name and date needed to be filled in whenever the emergency should occur.

Gladys had told her father about Dr. Ainley, and expressed her high opinion of his skill and kindness, half hoping that he would bid her send for him in case of need; but he had not done so.

The dreaded attack came on, and in a paroxysm of pain Mr. Quinton had said, "Call in whom you will." His daughter instantly added the name and address of Dr. Ainley, and bade the coachman wait with the carriage, and bring him back if possible.

This occurred on the evening of Dr. Ainley's return. Fortunately he was at home, and having glanced through the note, he went prepared with remedies suited to the emergency.

On the way he noted the contents more carefully, and read the signature, "Gladys Quinton."

Could this be "Miss Gladys"? There was nothing in the note to suggest previous acquaintance, so Dr. Ainley dismissed the idea of meeting her who had so often occupied his thoughts, in the writer of it; then on his arrival found that it was she indeed.

"I was afraid you might be still absent," she said. "How glad I am you were able to come at once." In a few words she added all the information she could give, and led Dr. Ainley to her father's side.

It is needless to tell how promptly and skilfully the doctor acted, or of the relief that followed.

When quiet rest succeeded to suffering, and Mr. Quinton was sleeping, Gladys had some reassuring words from the doctor, and he, in return, heard her expressions of thankfulness for the change that had taken place so quickly in her father's condition.

"Still, I cannot help dreading the night," she said. "More than once when my father has seemed better there has been a second attack."

She looked wistfully at the doctor, and he replied—

"Would my presence reassure you? If so, I will gladly stay the night here."

"It is what I wished so much, but I was afraid to ask," she said. "I should feel that my dear father was comparatively safe if you were within call. But you may be summoned elsewhere, and then——"

"I have reached home two days earlier than I intended. I made the change in order to travel with my sister and her husband. The gentleman who has attended to my practice during my absence, is still at my house."

So it was settled, to the entire satisfaction of Miss Gladys, and, it may be assumed, of Dr. Ainley also.

Over the supper-table the girl, relieved of immediate anxiety, talked in her usual bright fashion, and asked for details of the doctor's holiday, which he, nothing loth, gave her. In doing this he mentioned Frank Roworth's name, and then it turned out that Miss Gladys and Frank's only sister had been school friends.

"We are constant correspondents now," she said, "though Mary is far away in an Indian home. She married very early, and went out there with her husband soon after she left school, so I did not see much of her. She had no near relation except her brother. I just knew him, through being at Mary's wedding. It will be a true pleasure to me to become acquainted with your sister in his wife."

Nothing brings comparative strangers into intimacy as quickly as do anxious watchings by a sick bed, and the discovery that they possess mutual friends.

Dr. Ainley would not allow Gladys to watch her father. He took that duty on himself, having at old servant close at hand in readiness to call her if needful.

"I," he said, "am used to being disturbed, and I am now full of vigour after my holiday. You must rest, in order to be with Mr. Quinton when he is awake, and would miss you."

So it was settled. A slighter attack, which occurred in the night, was quickly subdued, and the patient had more sleep, and awoke refreshed to see his daughter's glad face beside him in the morning.

From that time Dr. Ainley was established as the family physician, and he became ere long the valued friend of his grateful patient.

"I always meant to seek your aid, doctor, if I were ill again," said Mr. Quinton, "but immunity from suffering for so long a time had made me a little careless. What Gladys told me of your kindness to poor Alice Walker, made me feel you were the man of all others I should like to take Sir James North's place here. I hope you may succeed him in many other homes."

The wish was fulfilled. When it was known that Dr. Ainley had been called to Mr. Quinton, and had been so successful in his treatment, his patients rapidly increased. A very rich man's recommendation is rarely without fruit, and Miss Gladys and her father were not silent as to their doctor's merits.

Both realised the still higher qualities of the man, and so it fell out that, when Dr. Ainley took his next holiday in leafy June, he did not set out alone. "That girl" of whom he had dreamed the autumn before sat by his side, a happy, living reality, though no longer Miss Gladys. She shares the doctor's surname now, and helps him in many a work of mercy. She and Madge are close friends as well as kindred spirits.

Mr. Quinton could not part with his daughter, but claimed from her husband a son's attentions and presence in return for giving him Gladys, so the same roof covers the family. Already the patter of little feet is heard in the grand mansion, which formerly had but one fault—that of being too quiet.

Dr. Ainley has not, however, given up his noble profession. As the son-in-law of the rich Mr. Quinton, he has been found to possess qualifications which were not noticed in former days, and his consulting-rooms are well attended. One great pleasure of his life is to help onward and upward able men in his own profession, who are struggling against adverse circumstances, as he once did. Another is to give the benefit of his skill to those who can only repay him "by getting well again," as he puts it. Gladys and Madge second his efforts, and Frank Roworth goes into many a place as pioneer, to find out those whose combined sufferings and poverty need what they are able to give. Both the husbands and wives carry comfort and brightness wherever they go, and are doubly blessed in blessing others.

Fergus Ainley can never forget Alice Walker's words, "God will repay," spoken when he, without thinking of fee or reward, watched by the sick bed of the "broken-down sewing machine." To that act of voluntary kindness he owed his first much-needed holiday, and indirectly, that second one, when God gave him the desire of his heart. As he looked at his sweet wife and true helpmeet, he said, "Truly my cup runneth over."

MY LITTLE GIRL'S GARDEN.



OURS was one of those dear old-fashioned gardens that one sometimes sees still in out of the way parts of England. There was a well-kept hedge of evergreen yew, with pyramids on each side of the gate, which, I remember, used to frighten us very much at night when we were children, and many were the anxious looks cast round as we passed under the dark shadows of the yews and up the broad gravel walk to the front door.

Ah! what a sunny, sweet old garden it was! Great hollyhocks towered proudly in the background, lifting brilliant heads of crimson and rose-pink for the dewdrops and the first rays of sunshine to rest upon. White lilies blossomed in quiet corners, and pansies — purple pansies, soft as velvet, and with hearts of purest gold — bordered the long beds on each side of the window. And the roses—such roses never grew anywhere else, we used to think; and I think so still, though many years have passed since then, and the dear old garden is far, far away. There was the pale creamy Gloire de Dijon, with its countless blooms, on the south wall, the dear old-fashioned damask that my grandmother loved so much, and the humble but sweet cabbage-rose that grew everywhere, in all sorts of nooks and out of the way places. Ah! that bonny garden lives yet in my memory, and shall live as a dream of sweetness and beauty for ever.

And it was here that my little girl lived and walked and played among the flowers, tending her own little bit of ground with infinite pains and never-tiring care, and watching each blossom and each leaf with the tender love of a child's pure heart. My little girl! She came to me in the spring-time, with the first primroses and the early violets, and when the rooks were building in the coppice near the little burn that comes tumbling down from the mountain side, as if it wanted to rush onward for liberty, or to gain the quiet waters of the sedate river that flows through the village.

I was sitting in the porch, watching the faint sunlight on the far-away moorland, when I heard the soft click of the wicket gate. Two minutes afterwards tiny steps came up the winding walk, and a little form appeared. Such a little form! with a pale, wistful face, framed in waving brown hair, that strayed away from under the cotton sun-bonnet in a tangle of curls, with wistful brown eyes that seemed to say to me at once, "Here I am—you have been waiting for me, and now I have come to you." She did not speak; she came slowly to my side, and laid a small hand softly in mine. And I, feeling the wonderful pathos in the child's calm eyes, said then, as I have said all my life through since, "My little girl!"

No one came to claim her; no one seemed to care about her; no one attempted to take away my treasure. They told me in the village that a strange lady had been staying there a few days accompanied by a little girl. Nothing was known of her except that she seemed very ill, and had left the neighbourhood very suddenly—without the child.

I questioned my little girl. "I have come to you," she said. "I love you, and I love the beautiful garden. It is like heaven, and mother is going to heaven soon—very soon."

"And where is mother now?" I asked.

But the child looked wistfully up into the blue sky and folded her tiny hands.

"Mother is on the way to heaven, going up the beautiful path all among the stars," she answered softly; and then she drew a little closer to me and added, "Some day we will go together, dear; but not yet, because the angels will come to show us the way; and then mother will be ready at the golden gate watching for us."

My sweet little girl! Surely the mother's heart must have been torn with grief before she left you to find your way to the old garden and to me!

And time passed by. The villagers ceased to gossip about my little girl, as they had done at first, or to stare at her as they passed the wicket and saw her tending the honeysuckles or gathering the purple clematis. She was "my little girl," and they accepted her as such.

The garden was her paradise, especially her own little domain, over which she reigned like a sweet queen, happy in the possession of her flowers. What a fair spot it was! There were sunflowers—she loved them so. "They are like the stars, dear," she would say; "like the

bright beautiful stars that border the road to heaven." And so she would have sunflowers all along the narrow path that ran round her garden. Then there were forget-me-nots, dear little double daisies, and pansies—plenty of pansies, so that she could give me a posy every morning; and she knew that I loved the dewy fragrant pansies that bloomed so serenely in the sunlight. She spent hours in her garden, breathing the pure air from the moorland above, and with the fresh wind to fan the bright brown hair into rippling curls and tendrils.

Theodora, she told me, was her name—God's gift! It was indeed a gift from God to me. I had been leading a weary, aimless life in the dim old house, all alone, with nothing particular to do—no one to care for but myself, and no one to think of or to love. Now I had not only something to love and to care for, but to bring up and watch like a half-blown rose or a delicate pink-tinted apple-blossom. God had indeed sent me a wonderful gift—such a gift that, bringing new thoughts into my daily round, was fitting me more and more for the beautiful heaven that was so real a future to the innocent heart of the child.

And so the years passed. Three—three long, sweet years—spring, summer, golden autumn, stormy winter, all came and went, with fresh duties, new responsibilities, and new joys. My little girl was nearly eight—still very pale, with the same dreamy eyes and wonderful hair. She was dearer to me now than anything else in the wide world. I watched her with unfailing care; and yet—and yet—I never saw what others saw, what others spoke softly of, and shook their heads, and turned away gently when I talked happily of next summer, until she told me.

I was sitting once more in the porch in the even of a perfect summer day, when the long shadows were falling across the dark moorland, and the western sky was flecked with rich clouds of amber and crimson. My little girl, as I always called her, was among the flowers as usual, touching them softly with her tender little fingers, gathering a blossom here and a fern-leaf there, or bending over some straggler with an ever patient care. At last she came to me up the long walk as she had come three years before. And, like a flash, the memory of that spring sundown came back to me—the faint steps on the dry gravel path, the tiny figure with its pale face and tangled hair, the clasped hands and pink cotton sun-bonnet falling back from the little tired head. But that was long ago. Now she was my own, own little girl; and yet—how weary was the sweet face this evening, and how slow the little footsteps.

"Dear"—the soft tones were softer than ever, and I felt the touch of her caressing hands round my neck—"Dear, I am so tired; take me in your arms. I am not very heavy, am I?"

No, she spoke truly; she was not heavy at all. A bitter pang shot through my heart. Could this—could this be the beginning—of the end?

But she was speaking again, with her earnest eyes fixed on the glories of the golden west.

"Dear, how beautiful it is, and how sweet the garden looks. My roses, my white roses, are almost in bloom. You love them so, dear, and so do I. I think there will be flowers in heaven, dear, don't you?"

"I hope so," I answered, slowly. "I hope so, my little girl. But why do you think of that now?"

Her eyes looked troubled.

"I love to think about heaven," she replied. "And it seems as if I could see the pathway when the sun goes down and the stars come out. See!" she cried, "there is the first star; it is the angels' flower, and grows by the beautiful road, like my sunflowers do in my own garden."

There was silence again, and the shadows fell more darkly, and other stars appeared in the clear sky.

And then she told me. "Dear," she whispered, "dear, do you love me? And I love you, dear, oh! so much; but I hear the angels calling—every night they call me, very softly—and—and—I must go. Oh! dear, I must go up the starry pathway to the golden gate." And tears fell fast from the wistful eyes—tears of parting that mingled strangely with the peaceful calm on the pale lips of my little girl.

And then we went in, away from the dear old garden, where I had received my gift, and where I had been bidden to give back my treasure to the great resting-place above.

The end came at last. They told me that care had spun out the little life far longer than it would otherwise have lasted. They talked of decline—her mother's weakness—her feeble frame—what did I hear? For I knelt by the little bedside, by the window which overlooked the beautiful garden in all its summer wealth of blossom, and watched my little girl. She was going, going, very calmly, very sweetly, to that heaven, of which she had talked so often. It was very near to her now—a calm home, a peaceful resting-place, after the last struggle with life. And she would leave me all alone once more. My little girl was going!

"My darling!" I cried, "my little girl, speak to me! Don't leave me!"

But she answered very softly, "Dear, I must go. I hear them calling, still calling, and I see the pathway, the beautiful pathway, with the star-flowers on each side. Come to me, dear, when I wait at the golden gate; come to me very soon. My poor, poor dear, don't be lonely, for I will always watch for you at the gate of the great garden—the garden where we shall live for ever—evermore, dear—for ever—and ever—Amen." And my little girl's eyes closed at last, the pale hands lay still, and the quiet lips smiled in the last sweet smile of death. She had gone up the starry pathway to the garden of rest.

* * * *

The white roses were in bloom when we laid her down in the green earth's breast. I scattered them round her little bed, and wreathed them among the bright hair, for she loved them well, the bonny flowers from her own, own garden.

She is waiting now by the gate of the far-away heaven, waiting for me. And surely, some day, in the gloaming-time, when my call shall come, and my life is over—some day, when, as I think of my little girl and her sweet garden in the dear old-fashioned village by the moorland—I shall lay me down in peace and take my rest, God will give me back my little girl amid the lilies and the roses of the golden garden.

AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

THE accompanying article has been written in accordance with a request sent to the author by a reader of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER It is hoped that the information given will be useful.

Probably there is no kind of cookery which is so interesting as is cake making to individuals who take up the business from a natural liking for it rather than from necessity. Of course we all know that very excellent cakes can be bought at the confectioner's at a very reasonable price, but bought cake stands on quite a different footing from home-made cake. Again and again it occurs that cake offered to visitors in a house is refused as a matter of course; but if a hostess says to a guest, "Will you not taste this cake; it was made at home by my daughter?" the cake disappears at once. Not long ago a lady, who had the reputation of being quite a philosopher in a small way, was heard to remark, "I make it one of the principles of my life never to refuse home-made cake when I have the chance of getting it," and she helped herself as she spoke to a good slice of the product. There are a good many people who follow the same principle; and this being the case, there is little fear that cakes made at home will fall into disfavour.

Cakes are of many sorts; and one reason why so many people fail in making cakes is, that they think that the rule, dear to their hearts, which holds good for one sort, applies to all sorts; and the probability is that it does nothing of the kind. Thus, some people will say, "The way to make a cake properly is to beat it thoroughly." This is the case undoubtedly with cakes raised with eggs, but it is not invariably true. Others will say, "When cakes are heavy we may be sure that they have been mixed too moist." Certainly plain cakes are very frequently made heavy by being too moist; but it is not the invariable rule; for according to the difference of method is the degree of consistency required. Others, again, will say, "You can never use too many eggs for cakes; the more eggs there are, the lighter the cake." It does not follow at all. The eggs used must be in due proportion to the butter used. "Eggs bind as well as lighten."

Taking these variations into consideration, can we wonder that indiyiduals who make one kind of cake very well indeed, do not always succeed with another kind? The fact is, that there is no direction in which it is so necessary that the operator should exercise judgment and discretion as in the making of cakes. Also, there is no direction in which the experience which comes from practice tells more powerfully. This experience enables the operator to tell at once when anything is wrong, and how it is wrong; and the best recipe that ever was written cannot do that for us. Thus we come back to the old rule—those who wish to learn how to make cakes must make them.

Another point of importance is, that the materials used must be of the best quality, and carefully prepared. This goes so much without saying, that perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say it; and readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER know quite well that the best and finest sifted flour and white sugar should be used for cakes, that butter should be fresh and sweet, currants and raisins and all ingredients perfectly dry, and eggs quite fresh. Nevertheless, cakes are so constantly spoilt for want of attention to these details, that one must mention them.

With regard, then, to the different sorts of cake. These may be divided broadly into three classes:—Class 1. Those that are raised with yeast. Class 2. Those which are raised with chemicals—that is, baking-powder and its equivalents, soda and cream of tartar, egg powders, and similar compounds. Class 3. Those which are raised with eggs, which eggs may be either beaten when cold, or beaten over the fire.

With regard to the 1st Class. It is probable that all girls who have experimented in cookery at all know how to make cake with yeast. Of this sort of cake, therefore, nothing will be

said here, especially as there is so much to be said of the other kinds of cakes.

Class 2.—Cakes raised with Chemicals.—A good many people have a great scorn for cakes made with baking-powder, etc. Some of these cakes are, however, very good, and they are said to be wholesome and digestible. An advantage belonging to them is, that they are not so likely to be spoilt if made by inexperienced cooks, as are cakes raised either with yeast or eggs. In all cakes made with chemicals the idea is the same—an alkali is mixed with an acid; thus an effervescence is produced, and the bubbles raise the cake. Understanding this idea, we see how necessary it is that cakes raised with chemicals should be put into the oven immediately after the chemicals are set to work. If they are not, the air bubbles go down, and their power is gone. By all means, therefore, when we are making a cake with chemicals, we should be most particular not to mix the same until the oven is ready, and until we know that the cake can be baked at once. When cakes made thus are a failure, the reason almost invariably is, either that the cake has not been baked instantly, or that the oven has not been hot enough. The easiest way of introducing baking-powder is to mix it with the flour in the first instance. If, however, the cake cannot be made at once, the powder should be left till last.

The various chemicals used in raising cakes amount on the whole to very much the same thing, and it is generally safe to substitute one for the other, so long as we know the strength. Thus, with good baking-powders we generally calculate that a teaspoonful of powder is needed for each pound of material, and that half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda are equivalent to a teaspoonful of baking-powder. The danger associated with the use of soda, however, is, that it varies so much in purity, and if one gets even a little too much of it, the taste is at once evident. Too much baking-powder also makes cakes coarse, open, and crumbly.

In making cakes, the employment of sour—not rancid—milk helps to make cakes light. It is to be remembered, however, that sour milk and fresh milk should not be used together. Also, if sour milk is used, soda also should be used, instead of baking-powder.

In the majority of cakes raised with baking-powder, eggs are also used; but not in numbers sufficient to dispense with powder. Sometimes the butter is creamed—that is, beaten with a spoon or with the hand until it looks like cream; sometimes it is rubbed into the flour. When rubbed in, the cake is firmer and more solid; when creamed, the cake is light and somewhat spongy. The difference in method produces a difference of result.

Here are recipes for cakes raised with baking-powder and its equivalents, and eggs.

Sultana Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter (or two ounces of butter and two ounces of clarified dripping) into ten ounces of flour. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of finely-shred candied peel, four ounces of sultana raisins, and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a gill of milk, and stir into the flour, etc. Have the whites ready whisked to a stiff froth, add them lightly, turn into a well-greased mould, and bake for about an hour and a half in a good oven.

Seed Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but use a teaspoonful of caraway seeds instead of the raisins and the candied peel.

Walnut Cake.—Use a gill measure for a cup. Put a cupful of white sugar and half a cup of butter into a basin, and beat them together till they look like cream. Add gradually two cupfuls of flour which have been mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, twenty-five drops of essence of vanilla, and half a pint of peeled walnuts or hazel nuts cut small. Have ready whisked, and introduce last of all, the whites of four eggs which have been whisked till firm. Bake in a shallow tin. This cake can be covered with fondant icing, and half the nuts can be sprinkled over the icing before it hardens.

Lemon Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but flavour with grated lemon rind and an ounce of finely-shred citron.

Cocoa-Nut Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but use three teaspoonfuls of desiccated cocoa-nut instead of the chopped nuts.

One, Two, Three, Four Cake. — The Americans are very fond of a cake called sometimes by this name and sometimes Cup Cake. In American books we are always coming upon it, and it is much approved in this country also. Like the two recipes already given, it can be followed for a number of cakes by simply varying the flavour. The formula is—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and a cupful and a half of milk. The method is—Beat the sugar and butter to cream; add the yolks of the eggs and the milk; then the flour mixed with the baking-powder, and last, the whites of the eggs whisked till firm. The flavours (chopped nuts, dried or candied fruits, spices, etc.), should be put in after the cake is made. Made plain, and baked in shallow tins, this cake can have fruit jelly put between two layers, and then it becomes Jelly Cake.

Feather Cake is another cake well-known in American homes, and there are individuals who declare that it went over from England with the *Mayflower*. The formula is—One tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful and a half of flour, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar together and a little milk; add flour and baking-powder a little at a time; lastly, the eggs, beaten very well. Bake in a hot oven.

Lemon Feather Cake.—Follow the above recipe, and flavour with the grated rind of a lemon. Cakes flavoured with lemon rind keep well.

Orange Feather Cake.—Flavour with the grated rind of an orange instead of a lemon, and introduce orange juice in place of part of the milk.

Family Cake is very similar. Cream together three ounces of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Add two eggs, three quarters of a pint of flour mixed with a small teaspoonful of baking-powder, and six tablespoonfuls of milk. Flavour with nutmeg, currants, raisins, or almonds.

Chocolate Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter and four ounces of castor sugar to cream. Add two ounces of ground rice, four ounces of flour mixed with two ounces of baking-powder, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and half a pound of chocolate, grated and dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water. Last of all introduce the whites of the eggs beaten till stiff. Pour into a greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven about an hour and a half.

Ginger-bread.—Put half a pound of treacle, six ounces of brown sugar, and six ounces of butter into a saucepan to get hot. Add *off the fire* (because the soda will make the liquid rise) half an ounce of soda. Have ready, thoroughly mixed, a pound and a quarter of sifted flour, two ounces of blanched and chopped almonds, three quarters of an ounce of grated ginger. Beat the two mixtures well together, and squeeze in last of all the juice of a lemon. Bake in a shallow tin (never in an ordinary cake tin) in a slow oven. When half done, brush over with milk and sugar.

Class 3.—The third class of cake is raised with eggs only, and here success depends chiefly upon correct beating, mixing, and baking. A great many people think cakes of this sort are exceedingly extravagant. They are less so, however, than at first sight appears. For one thing, a cake made without yeast or baking-powder keeps well. A first class pound cake, for instance, if left with the greased paper used in baking still round it to keep in the flavour, and if stored in a dry tin with a well fitting lid, will keep good for weeks. For another thing, good cake is much more satisfying than plain cake—no one could possibly eat very much at once. Besides, we have to remember, that after all cake is an extra; and having decided to make it, we might as well take a little pains with it, and make it worth having. The difference in money cost between plain cake and "better" cake is not very much; the chief difference is in the time and labour bestowed upon the making. Of the superiority of the one over the other there is no question.

Fine cake is of two sorts—the cake that is good because it is rich, and the cake that is good because it is light. Of the first, Pound Cake, of the second, Sponge Cake, may be taken as the type.

The *Pound Cake*, as its name implies, is made with a pound weight of each of the chief ingredients; that is, a pound of white sugar, a pound of flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, a pinch of salt, and some flavouring. The flavouring may consist of either the rind of two oranges or two lemons, or half a pound of currants or sultanas (with either of which may be used a little chopped candied peel and grated nutmeg), or three quarters of a pound of almonds blanched and chopped, dried, warmed, and floured. Eight eggs, it should be understood, when they are large, are equivalent to a pound of flour; if small, ten eggs would be needed. It is, however, most important that the eggs should be fresh; no amount of beating will make stale eggs satisfactory. In warm weather the eggs may be laid in cold water for a few minutes before beating, and the addition of a pinch of salt will help the whites to froth. All the ingredients must be brought together, weighed, and made ready before the mixing commences. The eggs must have the yolks separated from the whites, and the latter must be whisked with a pinch of salt till firm. The butter must be put into a cloth and have the water squeezed from it. The cake is best mixed in an earthenware bowl. Beat the butter till it looks like cream. (If the cake is made in winter, when butter is hard, it may be warmed a little to soften it, but never so much so as to oil it.) Add the sugar gradually, and beat between every addition. Next add the yolks of eggs one at a time, and a tablespoonful of brandy or a little sherry, and a few drops of rose-water if approved. Beat again, and be sure that every egg yolk is thoroughly incorporated before another is added. Now put in the flour and, last of all, the whites of eggs. If the batter should become too stiff, a little of the whisked whites must be put in between, and the mixture must be well beaten. For pound cake, however, the batter should be stiff. The bulk of the whites, however, should for a plain pound cake be thrown in last of all, and they should be mixed in thoroughly and no more. When fruit or almonds are used these ingredients should be introduced after the whites, and lightly stirred in just enough to mix—no more.

One word should be said about the movement in beating a cake. Not *stirring* but *beating* is required; therefore the hand or spoon should go, not round and round the bowl, but the batter should be brought up from the bowl with every stroke, the aim being to drive air into the cells. The air thus introduced will expand as it gets hot, and the cake will be made light thereby. Towards the last the

motion may be slower, but it should be always upward.

Thus far a pound cake, though requiring care, is not difficult to make. The majority of cakes of this sort that are spoilt, are spoilt in the baking. The oven, then, must be very moderate and very steady. Nearly or quite two hours will be required for baking a pound cake; if it has to be turned in the oven, it must be touched gently, and not shaken; when a straw or knitting-needle put into it can be drawn out quite clean it is done. It should be left in the tin for awhile after being taken from the oven, otherwise it may break. When turned out it should be put sideways on a sieve till cold, so that the steam may thoroughly escape. The hoop or tin in which it is baked should be thoroughly greased in every part, and well lined with greased paper. When the cake is first put in the oven it is a good plan to put a cap of brown paper on the top, to prevent its becoming over brown. A crack at the top or an uneven surface is a sign of imperfect baking.

Sponge Cake is generally considered very difficult to make, but individuals who have had practice in making it generally think it quite easy. It is true that it requires well beating, and consequently it needs a strong arm. For my own part, I may as well confess, that where arm ache is likely to ensue, I do not think it is worth while to make sponge cakes at home. They are very useful cakes because they enter into the composition of so many sweet dishes; but they can be bought at the confectioners for very little more than the cost of the material; and the cakes thus bought have not cost an arm ache, for they have been beaten by machinery. Nevertheless, though we may not desire to make them regularly, it is just as well to be able to make them, and therefore girls may be glad of the following directions:—

Prepare the cake mould and have the oven ready before beginning to mix. A sponge cake requires a moderate, steady oven, and the heat must not be increased after the cake is put in. M. Gouffé, who is a great authority on matters of this kind, says that the oven for sponge cake should be a "dark yellow paper temperature," which means, that when a piece of white paper is put in a baking tin in the oven it very soon becomes dark yellow. If it were to be black or nearly so the oven would be too hot.

The condition of the tins or moulds also is a point of very great importance for all cakes, but especially for sponge cakes. Many a cake, excellent in everything else, has been spoilt because the part that touched the tin has been unpleasant in taste. Girls should be more particular about the material they use for greasing the tins even than they are about the material used for shortening. In making plain cakes it is sometimes allowable to use dripping in the place of butter; but dripping alone should never be used for greasing the tins; the sweetest butter is needed for this purpose, and preferable even to butter is clarified butter and fat. This is M. Gouffé's way of preparing the same for greasing moulds.

Pick one pound of veal suet, chop it very fine, and put it to melt in a large stewpan over a slow fire. Stir the fat occasionally with a wooden spoon, and when it is quite clear take the stewpan off the fire; add one pound of butter, cut into pieces, and stir with a skimmer until it is melted. Be careful that the fat does not boil over. When the butter and fat have become quite clear, and attained a slight yellow tinge, strain, and put by for use.

If butter is used for greasing moulds it should have the water squeezed from it before being applied to this purpose. When the moulds are to be used for sponge cakes and light cakes, make them hot, pour a little melted fat into them, and turn them round and about so that the fat shall run over every part of the inside surface; then drain. When the butter has drained off, and before it is cold, strew fine sugar over the inside of the moulds, and knock them about so that the sugar shall cover all the butter. This sugaring must be quickly done. The moulds for rich cakes should be lined with paper, two or three thicknesses of paper being put in the bottom.

There is a general rule for making sponge cakes, which can be easily remembered. To make them we want any number of eggs, their weight in sugar, and half their weight in flour, with any flavourings that may be liked. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the flavouring essences together; add the sugar and flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs whisked till firm. The cakes may be flavoured with rose or vanilla extracts, with a little nutmeg or a little brandy, with grated lemon or grated orange rind. The addition of a little lemon juice makes them not quite so dry. They may be baked in moulds of any size, which moulds should not be more than half filled, and finely sifted sugar should be dredged thinly but evenly over the top of the batter. A band of kitchen paper two inches broad should be fastened round the top of the mould to allow for rising, and the oven door should not be opened until the cake has had time to rise and set firm. When baked, the cake should be the colour of ripe corn; and if there is any fear that it will become too dark, it should be placed when half baked in a tin containing salt or sand. It is enough when the blade of a small knife comes out free from dampness, and should be left in the tin for a short time before being turned out.

There are two methods of operations in making cake with egg: in one the ingredients are beaten cold, as already described; in the other, they are beaten over hot water. The process is more difficult than the ordinary one, but the result is excellent. Cakes thus made are very light and good. We talk, however, of a strong arm being needed for beating sponge cakes; decidedly a strong arm is needed for this process. The finest sponge cakes are made in this way.

Sponge cakes are, however, well known, and they can be made according to the old method. It will therefore, perhaps, be most useful if a recipe for *Mocha Cake* be given, Mocha cake being a very superior product, highly approved by those who know it. Get a good sized basin large enough to afford room for thorough beating—a basin which will hold three quarts will be about right. Procure also a stewpan in which this basin can stand. Put water into the stewpan and bring it to the boil. Put two ounces of castor sugar into the basin, break four eggs therein one at a time, stand the basin over the boiling water, draw the pan back, and whisk lightly and steadily till the batter froths up and is light and thick. While the batter is being beaten the water should be kept just below boiling point, and the beating will have to be kept up for twenty minutes. Take the basin off the fire and stir in four ounces of fine flour. Mix thoroughly, pour into a cake tin, and bake in a good oven.

To make Coffee Icing for this Cake.—Beat to a cream four ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter. Strain in, a drop at a time beating well between every addition—as much strong clear coffee as will make a stiff paste. Put this on the cake when it is quite cold with an icing tube, and dry in a cool oven.

Chou Paste, for making *Duchesse Loaves*, *Éclairs*, *etc.*—Put half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of castor sugar into a stewpan. When it boils draw the pan back, and mix in thoroughly five ounces of fine flour. Beat the whole well over the fire for some minutes (here the strength of arm comes in), until the ingredients form a smooth, compact paste, leaving the sides of the saucepan easily. If it has caught at the bottom of the pan at all it must be put into another pan before the eggs are introduced. Let the mixture cool a little, add any flavouring essence that may be preferred, and three whole eggs, one at a time, and let one be thoroughly incorporated before another is added. The paste should be of such a consistency that it will fall of its own weight out of a spoon, but not so soft that it will spread. If the paste is too stiff, another yolk may be added.

Petits Choux.—Make paste as above. Put the mixture into a forcing bag with a plain tin pipe in the end, rather large in the opening. Butter a baking tin, and press the mixture on it in small pieces about the size of a pigeon's egg, and cut off each piece with a knife. Leave room between the pieces, because the cakes swell very much. Smooth them, then dust them with castor sugar, and bake in a slow, steady oven. They ought to be crisp and hard when baked, and of a light brown colour. They may be served plain, or they may be filled inside with whipped cream, fruit cream, or with delicate jam. If liked, they can be brushed over with beaten egg before baking, and just before they are done fine sugar can be sifted over them, and they can be put back in the oven till this is melted. Sometimes the choux after baking are dipped in caramel, then gently rolled in roughly chopped pistachios mixed with an equal proportion of lump sugar chopped small. The caramel is made by boiling a quarter of a pound of sugar in a gill of water for five minutes till it is stringy. It is to be noted that the choux should not be dipped in caramel till they are cold, and that they should not be filled with cream till they are cold. The incision is usually made in the side.

Éclairs are made by forcing choux paste out of the bag in lengths three inches long and three quarters of an inch wide. They should be brushed over with egg, and baked of a bright yellow colour. When cold they should be filled with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla, and glazed with coffee icing. To make the icing for this purpose, make half a gill of very strong coffee, mix it with about half a pound of icing sugar to a stiffish paste, and stir over the fire till warm. Have the éclairs by the side of the pan, pour the icing over them one by one, covering them evenly, and let them dry. If the icing should get cold before they are all done, add a few drops of water and warm again. Cakes of this description are excellent when they are a success. They are, however, difficult to make, and skilled cooks occasionally fail with them—a too hot oven soon ruins them.

It will perhaps be well if we conclude with a few general hints about cakes, which are useful to be remembered.

1. All cakes made without baking-powder or its equivalents, soda and cream of tartar, require a much slower oven than those made with them.

2. Cakes made with chemicals or with yeast dry quickly.

3. Cakes made with much butter need careful and long baking.

4. Cakes made with chemicals should be baked as soon as mixed.

5. To warm butter before beating gives cakes a "short" taste.

6. Cakes should never be moved or shaken in the oven after they have risen before they are firm. Very rich cakes especially need to be very gently handled when taken from the oven.

7. Cakes need to soak a few minutes even after a skewer comes from them dry.

8. When taken from the tin, cakes should be stood wrong way up on a sieve, to let the steam escape.

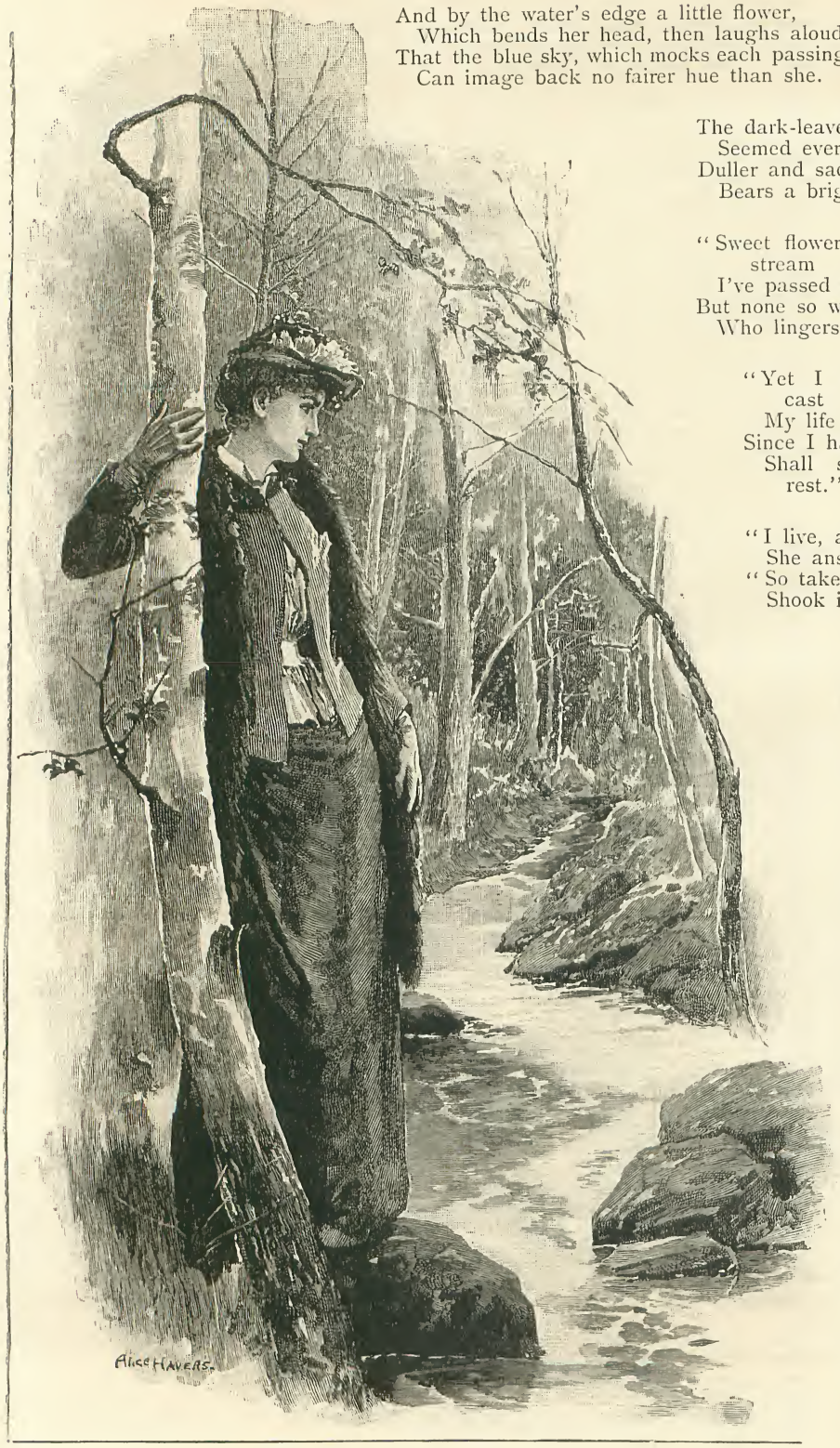
9. Cakes keep best if left with the paper in which they were baked still round them.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.

FORGOTTEN.

A DEWY bank, where ox-eyed daisies peep
From out the shelter of the waving grass,
To catch a vision, ere they fall asleep,
Of snow-white petals in the river-glass.

A myriad baby-insects on the wing,
Kissing their own reflections in the stream,
'Midst leafy shadows, which the willows fling
Around each tiny ripple's silver gleam.



And by the water's edge a little flower,
Which bends her head, then laughs aloud to see,
That the blue sky, which mocks each passing shower,
Can image back no fairer hue than she.

The dark-leaved ivy, trailing near her side,
Seemed ever dull and sad: but just to-day
Duller and sadder, as the onward tide
Bears a bright, golden lily on its way.

"Sweet flower," it said, "in drifting down the stream
I've passed full many a blue forget-me-not,
But none so wondrous fair as thou; I ween
Who lingers near thee knows a happy lot.

"Yet I would bless the passing oar which cast
My life untrammel'd on the river's breast,
Since I have seen thee; memory to the last
Shall single out thy form from all the rest."

"I live, and memories are for the dead,"
She answered, paling at the march of night;
"So take me with you." But the lily's head
Shook in the breeze, then drifted out of sight.

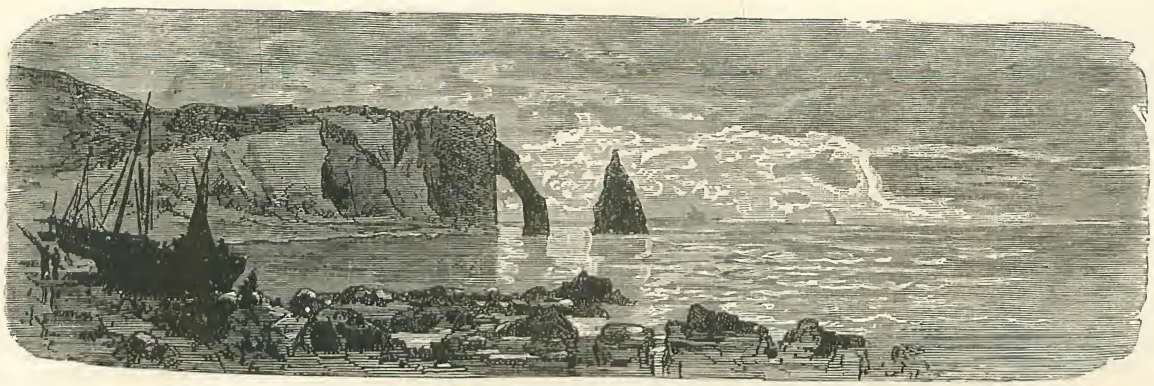
* * * *

The twilight deepens till the world's asleep,
And e'en the nightingale has ceased her song;
The moon and stars their silent vigil keep,
Whilst daisies dream of sunshine all night long.

Uprooted by the faithless lily's touch,
All wet with dew there bends upon the stream
A blue forget-me-not, whose watery couch
Lurks in the mirror where her smile had been.

What saving form supports her as she falls?
What power can intervene 'twixt her and death?
It is the ivy spray which fearless crawls
Close to the gaping river's icy breath.

"I was too sad for thee in sunny hour,"
It whispered; but to-night remember me,
And make my strength thine own, poor wounded flower,
Till heaven's own sunshine bid the shadows flee."



"ROCKS AND REEFS."

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY.

SOME few years ago I was on a sketching tour in Brittany, and spent August and September—the last two months of my long holiday—at a fishing hamlet, which I had come across during a previous excursion.

In this primitive, old-world village, which presented many attractions to an artist, I found suitable quarters with the family of a respectable fisherman, Jean Thébault by name, simple, pious folk, who did their utmost to make me comfortable.

I was the first Englishwoman who had ever stayed at Saint Pierre, and was therefore an object of intense interest to the villagers, who evinced the deepest curiosity as to my ways and habits, my dress, and even my food; but what astonished them more than anything was my thoroughly English custom of bathing in all weathers.

The Thébault family consisted of honest Jean (who was a veritable "toiler of the sea," and spent most of his time on board his fishing boat during the summer, and all the long winter cod-fishing off the coast of Newfoundland), his wife Susanne, two daughters, Modeste and Fifine, and last, but by no means least, the grandmother, Manon, a venerable dame of ninety-eight years of age.

To poor old Manon my presence in the cottage was at first a source of anxious terror, and she would cross herself devoutly whenever the English heretic passed the threshold; but in time we became very good friends, and she would entertain me with stories of her youth, when St. Malo was attacked by the English. If half she told was true, our sailors must have treated the unfortunate "Malouins" with great brutality in those "good old days when George III. was king!"

One particular story, which was evidently her *pièce de résistance*, as she never tired of repeating it, was that "she herself, with her own eyes," had seen the English burying the villagers up to their necks in the ground, and making their heads the targets at which they aimed balls. I am not sure that the balls were not cannon balls!

Susanne would at this point interrupt the narrative by suggesting, with native politeness, that the English had changed much in this last hundred years, and that it was difficult to believe, looking at madame, that they ever could have been guilty of such doings.

The village of Saint Pierre was surrounded by picturesque and varied scenery. It was situated on the shores of a lovely bay, enclosed by wood-clad hills, fig-trees laden with delicious fruit growing down to within a short distance of the shore; and when the fleet of fishing-boats lay at anchor, the picture that presented itself was one in which a seascape artist would have revelled.

At one end of the bay, about a mile distant from the village, was a bold promontory, on the other side of which a totally different description of scenery met the eye. Here the coast was guarded by bristling rocks and reefs, over which the sea dashed and foamed with fearful violence, whereas in the bay it was generally without a ripple.

One day it happened that I had been sketching a great "Calvaire," with the different wayfarers who paused to kneel and say a fervent prayer for their loved ones at sea (at the same time not forgetting to observe every movement of the Englishwoman at



"I HAD BEEN SKETCHING A GREAT CALVAIRE."

work!), when, on returning to the village, I found the good people in an unwonted state of excitement.

They were gathered round two imposing gendarmes, gesticulating and talking vehemently, the gendarmes themselves appearing not a little disturbed. Avoiding the crowd, I went straight to Thébault's cottage, and on my way to my rooms, paused for a chat in the kitchen with Maman Manon, who as usual was sitting as close to the wood embers on the hearth as she possibly could with safety.

"There is some commotion in the village," I began to say. "Do you know what is the cause of it?"

"My dear madame!" cried pretty Fifine, her dark eyes sparkling with excitement, and holding up her hands, "have you not heard that a madman of the most dangerous kind has escaped from the asylum? The Brigadier and his men are now searching for him. I pray you, madame, to remain at home, or at least not to venture far from the village, until the unhappy man is captured."

I confess that Fifine's news startled me not a little, but I reflected that my stay at Saint Pierre was nearly at an end, and that even a few hours' idleness would greatly interfere with the completion of my picture—a picture which I fondly hoped would create a sensation in the artistic world. So, trying to make light of all misgivings, I succeeded in persuading myself that there was no need to make any change in my usual routine of work.

Having thus determined to set aside the girl's warning, ten minutes' sharp walking brought me, at my usual hour next day, to my sketching ground on the far side of the promontory, and I took up my accustomed position on the summit of the cliff.

Behind me, in a field of growing buckwheat, stood a most picturesque old windmill, which was now in so ruinous a state that it would move visibly before the slightest gust of wind, its timbers as they swayed to and fro creaking and groaning as if in pain at their approaching dismemberment. Below me lay, at an immense depth, a succession of jagged, pointed rocks, the waves boiling and seething against them. About a hundred yards off, on the extreme point to the right, was a little hut, built of seaweed, for the accommodation of the coast-guardsman, whose life seemed to be of the *dolce far niente* kind, as he was generally to be observed lying on the pile of seaweed inside, smoking cigars.

On this occasion I supposed he was as usual resting himself, as he was not to be seen, nor was any life visible save a cow and a goat—tethered by their horns to a stake run in the ground—on a little patch of grass some distance off, and below me, on a rock overhanging one of the pools formed by the water between the outer layer of rocks and those forming the base of the cliff, an old woman.

She was fishing with a rod, and had a basket lying beside her. Her appearance from the distance was rather startling, as she wore a man's coat, and a short skirt, her head being crowned by a nightcap, over which was tied a coloured handkerchief. She stood motionless as a statue, and had evidently been there a long while; also I felt sure she would continue to stand there until her basket was full, for I had often watched her before, and had admired the patience with which she persevered in her task, knowing as she did full well that the financial result would only be about tenpence, fish being very cheap indeed at Saint Pierre.

It was a lovely day, the sky was bright and clear, without a cloud, and there was just enough breeze to send the little fishing boats gaily along, while their owners lay lazily in the stern holding the tiller.

The air smelt deliciously of wild thyme, clover, and hillside flowers generally, and I sat on my camp-stool on the edge of the cliff so thoroughly enjoying doing nothing that I was in no hurry to begin my work. My eyes wandered dreamily over the sea and rock-bound coast, my mind the while resting itself by dwelling on the extreme solitude of the surroundings, when suddenly I felt rather than heard the short crisp grass rustle behind me, and looking round, saw coming towards me a closely-shaven man, without a cap, and dressed in a fisherman's blue knitted jersey and black trousers.

One glance at his wild eyes sufficed to thrill me with a terror far beyond anything words can express, for I saw at once that the poor wretch was mad, and I was naturally seized with the conviction that this must be the much-talked-of lunatic, of whom the gendarmes had been in search the preceding evening.

Calling to mind how necessary it is to disguise fear in the presence of the insane, I tried to smile, and said as jauntily as I could—but with my heart beating till it seemed ready to burst—"Good morning, monsieur!—a fine day," and then added, "Are there any pretty shells down there on the shore?—if so, could monsieur get me some?"—quite forgetting that there was no sand, and that there could not consequently be any shells.

It turned out, however, to be a lucky suggestion on my part, as whether my voice soothed him, or the idea of the shells pleased him, I know not; but his eyes lost the terrible wild glare, and he replied, almost politely, "I will go and seek some shells at once if madame desires to buy some."

With these words, to my intense relief he began at once to descend the little winding goat-path which led down the cliff. I sat for a moment quietly till he was out of sight, and then, almost fainting with terror, I crawled on to the Preventive Station, which I have already mentioned, where I found the coast-guardsman as usual dozing on his bed of "varech."

It was a little while before I had breath to make him understand the situation; but I succeeded at last in doing so, and grasping his carbine, he was just starting off in pursuit of the maniac, when his steps were arrested by fearful shrieks coming up from below. One glance revealed the cause, and side by side we stood motionless, transfixed with horror at the scene which was being enacted before us.

The maniac had reached the bottom, and was now on the same rock as the old woman, round whose neck he had thrown his arms, and a deadly struggle for life was taking place. Whether hunger had caused him to seize on her basket of fish, and she had resented the attempt, or whether the thirst for blood had again asserted itself, will never be known, but the struggle was a terrible and hopeless one.

The old woman kept her ground at first bravely, but in one last wild grapple both lost their footing, and falling together into the swirling, foaming abyss beneath, never rose again. The coastguardsman lost no time in procuring help—as searchers for conger eels were at work round the other side of the cliff—and with the help of their hooks the bodies of the murderer and the murdered were finally drawn out of the deep pool in which both had found a watery grave.

The man was eventually identified as the escaped lunatic, and it was discovered that a day or two before he had waylaid a fisherman (who had been spending some time at a cabaret), had murdered him, thrown the corpse into the brushwood which skirted the common, and then, with the cunning of his disease, put on the dead man's clothes and pursued his way unmolested to the old disused mill, where a cap and other things were afterwards found.

When on my return to the village my adventure became known, I was quite the heroine of the hour, and the bon Dieu was fervently thanked for having protected me through such peril.

Soon after this event I returned to England, and on my departure no one was more deeply affected than my old enemy, Maman Manon, while she gave it as her grave opinion that no French lady would ever be more charming.

I was not without suspicion that her love was influenced by the use she had had of my teapot, and the many other little delicacies she had enjoyed at my expense. But it was not without regret on my own part that I said good-bye to Saint Pierre: I felt I left real friends behind me; and doubtless my humble admirers in that far-away corner of the world still talk of the Englishwoman's adventure with the madman.

A. E. G.



THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

By the Rev. HENRY W. BRADLEY, M.A.

Those that live in London—at any rate those who live within sight and hearing of a suburban railway—about this time of the year are constantly seeing the "specials" pass, conveying large excursion parties of children down for a day in the country. Generally they go out early in the morning and return the last thing at night. There is no mistaking them; they are not like the ordinary sober-minded business trains. As they fly by, with a whirl of pocket-handkerchiefs and coloured flags, you catch sight of packed carriages and little merry faces straining out from every window, and one prolonged "hurrah" is borne past at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The signalman will step out of his box and wave them by; 'busmen in the busy street hear them as they thunder over the street viaduct, and will look up and lift their whips good-humouredly; platelayers and porters all down the line see them coming, and, anticipating a volley from the pea-shooters, step back to let them pass. Dead walls and sooty tunnels, which have long echoed shrieks, now give back shouts and songs, and poor bedridden folk, lying tossing in the dingy alleys which back up to the railway embankment, raise their heads to listen as they pass. "Hark! they're our bairnies. God bless 'em!" and, forgetting for a while their own dull, cheerless lot, the walls of their little prison chambers expand and fade away into a vision of meadows, hills, and woods, as in imagination they follow the children out into the beautiful country.

I think it reflects great credit on the railway companies to convey so many inexperienced travellers in such large numbers day after day at such little public inconvenience. True, it does delay the traffic somewhat, and it blocks the platforms; but there are very few who have the heart to complain. Now and then, of course, you get some crusty old grumbling money-grubber who lodges a complaint. He has a particular aversion to being drawn into anything savouring of a school treat, and he arrives one morning rather late and rather cross to find the station completely blocked by a mob of noisy children all talking at once and absurdly excited, who, instead of being quelled by the accompanying army of curates and teachers, are apparently being encouraged. They are invading "his" platform. In the confusion he forgets to buy a morning paper, and gets all the polish trodden off his boots. They are emptying the automaton sweetmeat machines in their anxiety to eat chocolates. He resents it: it is too early in the day—they will be sick. Excited mothers are come to watch them off; they are drabbily dressed, and carry babies. He resents their presence; they ought not to have been allowed up the platform steps. His train is delayed because of the special; he resents it. Why should he have to wait because this rabble has to be got off? And when at last their train is moving out of the station amidst a scene of "disgraceful disorder," and a stray shot from a pea-shooter chances to hit him, most decidedly does he resent that, and his complaint is lodged instantly with the station-master.

But there are not many like him. Most pocket these little inconveniences, and, rejoicing with those that do rejoice, for a few minutes throw themselves heart and soul into the children's fun. After all it is such a treat for them, and they have so few delights—can you wonder they run wild? The very numbers are, in themselves, inspiriting: the whole holiday: the feeling that the day has hardly yet begun, and there are whole hours before them, and an unlimited programme of enjoyments: the heroic determination to begin the fun early and enjoy every minute: the excitement of "a railway ride." Can you wonder there is a noise?

"What a collection! Where do they all come from?" I should like to take some people I know of and show them. Some of us have aunts and uncles who live in nice parts of London, with gardens and servants, and perhaps carriages; who invite us up, and treat us to all sorts of amusements, and take us to see all sorts of sights. And some of us come away fancying that we should like to live in London. But that is not "living in London"—at least, not as these children find it. "Living in London" for them means being stowed away into some dreary back street in the middle of a neighbourhood of utter squalor; hemmed in hopelessly by miles and miles of dingy, depressing streets, which are built street within street, row behind row, in exactly the same pattern, and all uniformly dirty and squalid; where the windows are mostly broken, and stuffed with rag; where the paint on the front doors is long since cracked and pealed; where the window-blinds are seared and yellow with age, and where the gilded taverns at every corner are the only place whence laughter issues. Here there is no beauty, for there is nothing to look out upon—only a forest of chimney-pots interlaced with overland telegraph wires, and grimy back yards with grimier rags hung out to dry. Trees or greenery there are none, for the air is too close and vitiated for them to grow. There is no stillness. The houses and streets are always noisy. Family upon family of the poor are herded together—three and four families on one staircase. On the top floor are some children, who, when not quarrelling, amuse themselves by sliding each other about in an empty box along bare boards; on the second is a poor sick woman trying to get some sleep; below there is a drunken wife with a still more drunken husband and little wailing infants. Next door you can hear the mangle being worked, and on the other side is a cobbler always hammering. Outside are noisy costers crying their wares, gossiping women at their doors, and swarms of boys and girls, whose only playground is the street. Day and night there is noise, and brawls, and babel. Day and night these people toil and toil, but never fatten; hunger has to be fought off, and it is a struggle to live. The very children have to take their share in the bread-winning, and grow old before their time. Can you wonder, then, they look forward to such a day as this?

"Who are they all?" Well, to-day's is a combined Sunday-school outing. There are 500 children, and I dare say quite 50 grown-up teachers and workers. They have met at the parish church, and had a short service, and then marched, more or less in order, with banners and flags, through the streets to the station, where the order was to be at "No. 5 platform at a quarter to nine sharp."

Now follow them in imagination. Down the line takes you out into the country. Already we are rocketing through the labyrinths of bricks and mortar, and leaving far behind us street and ally and ginshop, spires and smoke and factory chimney. We are out now in God's beautiful country. How they crowd at the windows; how they drink in the scent of the clover bloom and the beanfields! With what eager eyes they watch the ever-varying panorama of field after field as it glides by. In one the hay is down and being turned after the morning shower, and the haymakers are leaning on their pitchforks for a moment and waving to us; in another there are flocks of sheep and cattle. Next is a field of growing corn, patched here and there with poppies. Here is a quiet country village with a little church, and farmyards with last year's corn-ricks, and shady orchards, and clothes being put out to dry—not on clothes lines, but on hedges; and barn-door fowls scratching amongst strawyards. All is so novel and fresh and green and beautiful to these town-bred children. The very sense of locomotion is exhilarating; they love even just watching the telegraph posts which, in the flight of the train, seem to be chasing each other and leaping the bridges.

Of course in each carriage there is one or more responsible person in charge. You need good nerves and good plain clothes to be amongst them, for the children climb about the carriages and are never at rest. Dirty heels are constantly being rubbed against you, and there is a great deal of orange-eating and toffee-sucking. As for their singing, that never stops from the moment they set foot within the carriages to the time they leave them. Never mind how simple, or how often repeated, *that* must be kept up in running accompaniment to the roar and racket of the carriage wheels below. Then, too, you have to look out for your eyes, for there are penny whips in play. But there! we have not come out to amuse ourselves—we are to-day perfectly at the disposal of the children.

What an anxiety there is about the weather! *Will* "the clouds roll by?" and *will* the sun break through? Every attempt is hailed with a cheer. The new curate has been heard to say, that if the cows were seen lying down in the early morning it means fine weather throughout the rest of the day. So every cow is watched. Those that are lying down are cheered—those that stand are hooted.

But the longest journey has an end; and now the breaks are heard being applied, and the train is slackening speed: our railway journey is over. If the children are sorry, the poor teachers are not, who have been climbed over and nearly deafened and suffocated for the last half hour. So the train pulls up and stops at the side of a quiet country platform and disgorges its load. How quiet it *does* seem, to step out with only trees and birds and stretches of common round you! The children, too, are silent now, and listening to what the vicar is saying to them. He is standing on a luggage wheelbarrow, and issuing orders for the day. All children are to do exactly as they like, he tells them, until tea-time; but they are to be sure and turn up at tea, which is to be in a big tent close to the railway bridge at four o'clock. At half past seven they are to collect again at the tent, and pack up and fall into line and march back again to the station. He hopes they will all enjoy themselves and not get into mischief, and now they can file out in order through the little gate. At the little gate the senior curate is stationed: he has been giving up the tickets, and now counts the children out. And so they disperse for the day.

Directly you get off the platform you ascend up by a little cinder pathway to the road. It is at the bottom of a very steep sloping bank on one side (part of the embankment), and has stout wooden posts and rails on the other, to fence it from the line. Any ordinary person would of course make their exit from the station soberly by the path. Not so, how-



"THEY DASH FOR THE DOG-DAISIES."

ever, these children! With a scamper which means that recognised freedom is before them, they *dash* for the dog-daisies and grass that grow up this high, sloping bank. I think that some imagined the bank a mountain, whilst to others it brought mental visions of the storming of imaginary ramparts. Anyhow, it must be climbed at once! It must be stormed! When the top is reached, just as suddenly does the mental picture change, and the one desire seems to be to start running down again. It is at this early stage that the first catastrophe happens. For in a moment the good curate sees that these little people, who certainly have had no experience of hill climbing, lack the judgment to discern that if you start running down a hill which is all but as steep as a house, you cannot easily stop yourself. Too late, however! Five are coming down now at lightning speed, falling rather than running. Two cannon against some little ones who are quietly picking flowers, and, by upsetting them, save themselves. The other three pass through the lot, and, like rabbits that are shot, roll down on to the cinder path below with a thud, and crash against the sturdy palisade. One is picked up for a few minutes insensible: another is crying over a knee that is goared and bleeding, and which soon stiffens, and lames him for the rest of the day: whilst the other has escaped marvellously with only a torn pair of trousers. For the moment it is almost a panic, and requires great effort to prevail on those who are still on the summit to remain there or come down rationally, tail foremost—so early in the day are the unwary entrapped by accident. However, there are plenty of good ladies to tend to the wounded, so the rest move on, and, crossing the bridge, find themselves on the common.

It is not quite a common, it is more—it is a glorious heath, or rather miles and miles of undulating downs. At this time of the year they are all covered with purple heather, and here grow foxgloves and brake-ferns luxuriantly. Every now and then there are beautiful dells, shaded by larch and silver birch trees, where you can go and hide or picnic, and where, if you kept very quiet, you might hear a rustle and see a little rabbit come out. There are forests of pine trees further on, which run quite on to the edge of the common, and seem to have no hedges; and into these the children love to peer and creep, and think of bogies, not daring to penetrate. But the senior curate, when once away, strikes right into the middle of these, glad to get away for a time and spend an hour or two in perfect quiet and solitude, lying on his back on the soft carpet of fallen larch spurs, thinking of nothing. Then there is the open level space where the turf is all worn away by the cricketers and strewn with sandwich paper, and here are the swings and roundabouts. These latter will be in full swing later on, and will be quite free, for the vicar has paid. Disappearing over the horizon is the chalky white road that crosses the heath, and leads, they say, to London; and now and then a gipsy's van crawls along it, or there rolls by some grand lady's carriage, followed by a cloud of dust and two or three panting dogs. It is a magnificent stretch of open country and cloudland, and the sense of endlessness and broad expanse nearly sends the children crazy with delight. Some of them never *knew* the sky stretched so far, or that there was any one spot on God's earth which was for them boundless, broad, and free, whilst the elders drink in the landscape with increased thankfulness.



"THE CHILDREN AMUSE THEMSELVES."

But the business of the day has begun. One may tell the new curate at once that for the rest of the morning he will not be wanted, and need not be seen again. He has got into his head, I think, that it will be incumbent upon him very soon to make a speech, and that the amusements and success of the day are dependent upon him. Not so; the children amuse themselves. After a while he may, if he likes, organise a cricket match or a game of rounders, and after tea he will be expected to join in the game of hunt the handkerchief, together with the other worthies. But for the next five hours he may consider himself off duty—he may go and enjoy himself just where he wishes and in any way he wishes. So, off you go; join the ladies if you like, or get clear and enjoy a pipe.

Yes, the children amuse themselves. First and foremost come the donkey rides. At the very entrance to the heath the men meet them, with donkeys all ready, and real horses, which have seen better days, and may be described as "what has beens." We admire the discernment and enterprise of these donkey men. They evidently know child nature exactly; and they lose no time. They meet them at once, just at the very fringe of the common. They know that each child has *some* money in his pocket—that he will, he *must*, spend it. He is burning to spend it, to lay it out. He has planned long ago what he will get for it—so many rides, and so many toys, and so much sweetstuff. Half an hour, and that money will be gone. Yes, and the donkeys and men and itinerant vendors will be gone too. It is no use staying after half an hour, for there is no more money to be got. But whilst that money is being spent there is a very brisk trade going on. Poor donkeys and poor horses, how they have to gallop! Not a soul crosses their back but in that exalted position immediately imagination paints him a Fred Archer astride a Donovan. The girls scream, the boys shout, and the curate remonstrates. But it is no use. Donkey boys will be donkey boys just as long as donkey riders are what they are.

It is curious to see how differently the children lay out their money. We are able to read their characters by the way they make their expenditures. Here is one who is so carried away by the pleasures of the moment that he cannot restrain himself from running into excess in the donkey line, and it is only when he puts his hand into his pocket and finds supplies have failed that he realises he has nothing left for other enjoyments. Others, you will find, have strength of mind

enough and recollectedness to curb their desires, and at a given point to leave the allurements of the donkey men and pass on to other legitimate pleasures, such as target shooting, cocoa-nut shying, penny peep-shows, and sweet and toy stalls. Others, again, resist altogether these allurements, and lay out their little monies on something really substantial to keep and take away with them. One little boy is a pattern to us all. Here he is spreading out on his handkerchief on the ground nine little toys, and they are all for his brothers and sisters at home. Several others—and you would hardly expect it amongst the boys—have laid out all their allowance on the purchase of one huge pattern bouquet, which tempted them directly they alighted on the platform.

At last, however, all are eased of the burden of having unspent money in their pockets. Now they are free to roam. Before this they have been not unlike a flock of sheep turned into a new pasture—they have hung together. Now they begin to spread and roam and explore. Soon, look which way you will you see children. They wander in groups which have been arranged for weeks—nay, in some cases months — beforehand. That group, for instance, has settled itself in a little fern-shadowed hollow for an impromptu picnic. Each little body brings out its own supplies, and with mouths and hearts too full to speak much they look the very picture of happiness as they munch their frugal meal. The only sad part of it is, that these provisions are really meant by their mothers to be for their luncheon; and as it is barely half-past ten, and tea is not till four, one fears they will have to go hungry for a great many hours, and like all improvident, short-sighted people, suffer in the future for present extravagance. Here is an excursion party bent on butterfly slaughter, and peering into the bushes in the hopes of finding birds' eggs. I don't think they will find any—it is much too late. Great is the delight of this section when they come across a dead bird with beautiful plumage, which is taken to the curate, who, after much deliberation, pronounces it to be a "lesser shrike." Round that pond is a group surrounding admiringly a little half-witted fellow whom they have dared to run right into the water, and he is standing nearly up to his middle, evidently enjoying mightily his short-lived popularity as a hero. There, too, is the Sunday-school superintendent, coming to fetch him out, and I see he has a stick behind his back. Here, again, is a party of little ones clustering round a favourite teacher. They have seen some fowls which, belonging to the little cottage where the tea water is fetched from, are wandering about in the plantation amongst the thickets, quietly pecking about. "Them's pheasants, ain't they?" she is asked, to which she replies sweetly, "Yes, dears, those are pheasants"—when, lo! just at that moment the old cock stands on his tiptoes and crows!

Yonder is a cricketing party, and here is a group of little girls running races down a slope. Here is a very motherly body, and we must just stop and speak to her. She is a pet member of Miss Lydia's mothers' meeting, and is always expected to be present on these occasions with her children; and certainly she makes herself most useful should any of the little girls get frightened and want consoling. She is walking now surrounded by her own five little girls, two of whom are dragging along a little fat toddling brother, whom the whole party seem to make it their especial duty to please and wait on. All are radiantly happy; and when the new curate meets her and stops to exchange a word on the weather, she says she is sure it will be fine, for so many little prayers had been sent up that morning for a fine day, which sent the curate away wondering in his heart whether little children *did* really pray for these little blessings, and wishing he had a faith as simple as hers.

So the morning hours are spent. All please themselves in their own way. To most it has seemed at least two or three days wrapped up in one, so strangely full of leisure has the morning been, so free from all restraint and supervision. Most of the teachers have been for long exploring walks, the men mostly in parties to themselves, the energetic trying to walk each other down, and the more lethargic to saunter and smoke and read; whilst the ladies struck off to gather wild flowers, and explore old cottages, and get milk at farmhouses.

But now the long morning is over, and all have returned to the tent, where is a special meat luncheon for the "grown-ups" at two o'clock. The vicar presides and says grace, and all are glad to sit down once more, to eat, and to recount their adventures. Outside, naturally enough, there soon congregates a crowd of little ones. Perhaps they are tired of amusing themselves, and with the same instinct that collects a brood of chickens round a mother hen, feel drawn towards their elders, and glad to see them back; perhaps, too, the spread of pies and hams and legs of mutton has a certain attractive power. Of course they are kept from actual covetousness by frequent remindings that it will be their turn next; and as for the vicar, he is glad to have them near at hand, because he is not at ease concerning the weather. Hitherto it has been a beautiful day of sunny clouds—great banks of them have been piled one upon the other, soft and white and pillowy, on the peaks of which the sun has lit. But there has been a little dark cloud on the horizon, literally no bigger at first than a man's hand, and it has been spreading and creeping up with alarming rapidity. It is assuming now the appearance



AN INFANT CLASS AT TEA.

of a great black curtain which some unseen hand is drawing gradually across the sky, expelling the sunshine. The vicar does not half like the aspect of affairs.

However, the "grown-up" lunch is well over and the tables re-laid for the children's tea before anything actually alarming occurs. Then, however, it is pointed out that there is lightning flickering on the horizon, and very soon ominous growls are heard. Anxious indeed are the looks of those in charge; and when at length a sudden breeze springs up, which grows into a wind, and the tree tops begin to sway, and the loose paper to scud along the ground, and the tent-ropes strain and creak, then the vicar thinks it high time to sound his dinner-bell, and summon all to the one place of shelter. For a storm is certainly coming. And then all the children turn up as if by magic from every quarter, helter-skelter, racing the storm, and making for the one harbour of refuge. In they all come, stampeding and breathless, and the tent is turned into a bear-garden. Not a moment too soon! Large splashes of rain are beginning to fall, and the storm is coming up on the wings of the wind. Here is the rain. Just look at it over the other side of the valley—whilst the sun is shining on one side of us, over there the landscape is blinded in a mist of seething rain. How it is making the ground smoke! It is hail; look at the hailstones rebounding, and the little pond bubbling as if it boiled. Then with a clatter on the canvas the storm is on us. Outside is the roar of the rain, inside an intense hubbub, above which it is impossible to hear yourself speak, and a sudden darkness has enveloped us. Awestruck, we await the worst. It is not long in coming. Suddenly a frightful flash of forked lightning, so "close" that the children were heard afterwards declaring they felt the warmth of it and heard the hiss as it passed through the rain, came with an awful suddenness, as it were right through the tent. Instantaneous with it was that awful "bump" in the sky, as if something had fallen, followed by a deafening crackle and peal upon peal of thunder. The three horses, which were tied to the wheels of the caterer's vans, in sudden fright pulled against their halters, and their chains rattled weirdly. Some of the little ones began to cry, and the tent seemed to have suddenly grown so hot and close that two or three of the ladies looked like fainting. How frightened the children look! how white their little faces! how quiet they have grown! But the good vicar, seizing the moment's silence, speaks out cheerily, "Now, children, don't be frightened. God is above, and will protect us. Who'll join me in a hymn, and we'll see if we can't drown the noise of the thunder? Now then, one—two—three—"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near." And so they all sang. Flash after flash followed, and above the singing was heard the crack and crash of the thunder; but I think with that one terrible flash the worst was over. I think, too, huddled together in that tent, with coats and mackintoshes over our heads—for the rain was coming through the canvas—in one common danger, our hearts seemed drawn closer together; little child and teacher, they all felt how all were equally dependent upon the protection of one common Father.

But see, the rain is getting less, and the sky is lighter; the flashes are fewer and further between, and the thunder seems a long way off! The storm is nearly past. Now for tea. The order is given, "Prepare for tea!" How clever of the caterer to have kept the fire in during that awful rain! how thoughtful of them to have got forward with the cake-cutting! It wants some twenty minutes yet to the real time for tea; but his forethought has got all in readiness a little earlier, so we will fall to at once.

Here are the army of tea-pots, hurrah! and the cake, and the bread and butter. "Ah, *you* there—how dare you begin before grace is said? Silence, for grace!" and then with hats off and folded hands and shut eyes, the vicar reverently gives the key-note, and grace is sung with a will. Then they fall to. The sun bursts out again, and spirits revive. What a sight, what a clamour! it is in vain to look for "manners"; twenty arms are up, holding out twenty mugs to be filled, and twenty voices are shouting at once for tea. It is impossible to serve all at once, and in the attempt now and then the tea is poured over the tablecloths instead of into cups, and now and then on to a shaggy head. Here is a plate of cake, literally upset in the scramble for it. They are like hounds! Will they ever be supplied? They can't be kept going quick enough. What a crowd of tea-pot bearers is waiting round the great tea urn—"More tea, please!" What a crowd is round the slicing machines—"More cake, more bread and butter, please!" and plate after plate is hurriedly filled and despatched, and still the cry is for "More, more!"

But all things have an end. And now cups are being turned over, indicating that their owners are at last satisfied, replete, full. Very soon teachers find themselves unable to get rid of the dishes they are handing round. And at last it is an established fact that all have had enough, and tea is a thing of the past. So now the order is heard, "Stand up, please, for grace!" and then with a bound and a rush, in which forms are upset, and down at one end even a table, out they all run, and the tent is as if by magic empty.

One instance is not pleasant recording, but I think only one, and that perhaps is due more to thoughtlessness than to actual dishonesty. It is this: some five (all boys) are detected in the act of pocketing cake, and on their satchels being examined, large pieces of cake are found stowed away for use later on. I suppose they were contemplating another picnic; but they were publicly shown up, and made awful examples of.

We have reached now the last stage of our eventful programme. We have exactly two more hours before we leave. The question is, how are they to be spent? How? There is no question how—at least, not for the vicar and his staff. Let those who feel they have no official claims upon them go off for a last walk if they like, and admire the raindrops glistening in the slanting sunshine, on gossamer webs, and ferns, and leaf, and grass blade; let them listen to the evening wood-pigeon, softly cooing up among the fir trees; let them shake down showers of wet as they gather roses, syringa, sweetbriar, and hollyhocks in old-fashioned cottage gardens, where the owners bid them welcome; let them sniff the freshness which the thirsty ground, refreshed after the rain, sends out in a thousand subtle odours. But the vicar and his staff—they are long ago bespoken. This is essentially THEIR hour, and the children EXPECT them to be funny. See the vicar—that worthy man, who looks as if he ought never to be out of the pulpit—playing "twos and threes," the centre figure of a mighty ring. What laughter he causes! and what liberties the little ones take with him! He is always being selected as the one to chase them, and there are the wildest shrieks when *he* is "ticked." Of course he soon retires in favour of his athletic curate, who now has his yearly chance of displaying his prowess as a dodger. Quick of limb and sound in wind, many are the evolutions through which he leads them, to the great admiration of the lady portion of his flock. Then there are other games and sports and races to be organised, in which a bag of half-pence plays a conspicuous part. All this keeps the children vastly amused and perfectly content upon the spot. It prevents them roaming far afield again, and the two hours is up all too quickly.

Half-past seven—it has come at last! The great dinner-bell is sounding forth once more, and all are congregating together for a final distribution of cakes and lemonade before the order is given to march stationwards. But before we go the vicar has a few words to say. Let all keep very quiet for a minute or two and listen. He is speaking about the delightful day all have spent, and how grateful they ought to be for all the care and interest that is taken in them; how thankful for kind friends and teachers, and for the health and opportunity to enjoy these good gifts of God. He reminded them how that at starting the sky looked black, and tempted many to be discouraged, perhaps even to turn back; but they had gone right on, in prayer it may have been, and all had come right. He pointed out that in after life, in their fight against sin, disappointment and discouragement might confront them, and tempt them to relax their efforts; but they must go straight on, and the sunshine of success would be sure to greet them in the end. He reminded them of the catastrophe that had happened on their first arrival, and compared it to the grievous falls that many a young Christian would find awaiting him in his start in life did he once wander from the straight and narrow path. He even drew a lesson from the donkey dealers and the various vendors in toys and sweetmeats that had accosted the children so ingeniously, and relieved them of their ready money. He warned them in after life the devil would have his agents, who would try and get their money from them and steal away their sense and brains and happiness in all sorts of tempting pleasures, which they must try and resist; and he spoke a few words on the wise expenditure of money, and praised those who had spent their little allowance unselfishly. He even dropped a caution against secret dishonesty—in reference to the stolen cake, I suppose—and then he ended up by saying a day like this made them feel how joyful a thing it was to dwell together in unity, and told them never, never to forget God's Fatherly love over them, which had protected them in that dreadful thunderstorm, and which was as boundless and free as the tracts of that beautiful common which now they were leaving. Then he bid them sing the "Old Hundredth," and with a closing prayer of benediction, the order is given to march for the station.

So the day ends. Carriages are once more packed and crowded for the homeward journey. As the sun sinks to rest, like a glorious golden cowslip ball, the train slides slowly out of that peaceful country station. Cheer after cheer is raised, for the vicar, for the curates, for the favourite teachers, for the caterer, for the stationmaster, for his dog, for themselves, for everybody. Cheer after cheer is heard long after the train has rounded the corner and gone out of sight, startling the echoes and sending sleepy blackbirds calling through the woods. Let us listen till they are out of hearing, and let our prayers follow those little ones. Surely they will have happy dreams to-night; and who knows but that in their grown-up after lives they may not be purer, nobler, more God-fearing, for this their happy day in the country.



SUMMER VEGETABLES.



EGETABLES may be regarded from two different aspects, namely, the French and the English. To illustrate what we mean, we will commence by quoting from the translation of a little treatise on French cookery, published in Paris in the year 1846. The original work was called *La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville ; ou, Nouvelle Cuisine Economique.*

Green Peas.—Put two quarts of shelled peas into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of very fresh butter, a bunch of parsley, and, if you like, a lettuce heart or cos lettuce, three or four small onions, a little salt and sugar; stir them about, and let them stew for an hour over a gentle fire; then take out the parsley, add a piece of butter rolled in flour, and serve. It is best to tie the onion, lettuce, and parsley together, and take them out before serving.

This receipt is followed by another one, which has the following heading :—

Green Peas à l'Anglaise.—Put a saucepan of water on the fire; when it boils add some salt, a bunch of chives, a small bunch of mint, and the peas; boil them till done, strain them quickly in a colander, and serve them on a dish with a piece of fresh butter which will melt of itself on the peas.

These two receipts explain better than any words we could use the two different aspects in which vegetables are regarded by Frenchmen and Englishmen. Nine times out of ten, and indeed we may say ninety-nine times out of a hundred, an English housekeeper regards every kind of vegetable as something to be eaten with the meat. On the other hand, a Frenchman regards a vegetable as a dish distinct in itself, to be eaten by itself, or with the accompaniment of a piece of bread. Thanks to the increasing intercourse between the two countries, we are beginning to learn from one another. An Englishman in Paris will find his favourite boiled potato handed to him with his meat, while on the other hand, in this country we seem to be on the eve of the discovery that we should be perhaps better in health if we ate less meat, and made far more of our vegetables than we have hitherto done.

The idea of boiling peas in water to a Frenchman seems so strange, that he names the dish "Peas English fashion." On the other hand, we fear that the vast majority of English women cooks have never heard of cooking green peas in a little butter without using any water at all; and we remember on one occasion, after suggesting the idea, a fairly good cook expressing her surprise in the following terms: "Lor, who'd have thought it, now!" At any rate, it is very obvious that peas cooked this way would be quite unsuited to be served with meat, as, for instance, our famous English dish of duck and green peas. Duck at all times is somewhat rich, and to serve peas stewed in butter with it would be almost as bad as adding butter to bacon.

Of late years, although we are not likely to be a nation of vegetarians, there is undoubtedly a strong tendency towards vegetarianism, and the change is undoubtedly one for the better. We must bear in mind, however, that hitherto all our modes of cooking vegetables have been as a rule with a view of serving them with meat. If the meat be withdrawn, and the vegetables served as a course by itself to be eaten with bread, we must in very many instances vary our method of cooking. For instance, we all know the form in which in this country the following vegetables are sent to table—Carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, French beans, etc. They are all thrown into boiling water, salted, drained off in a colander, and sent to table dry, to be, as we have before said, eaten with hot meat. Were we to eat them plain with dry bread, served in this form they would be very far from palatable; in fact, if we may so describe it, each mouthful would have a tendency to what is called "stick in the throat." We will endeavour to describe how to cook all these vegetables and a few others, so that they will form a palatable and agreeable dish by themselves; and if the new method entails a slight extra expense, we must bear in mind that we save, perhaps, five times this extra expense if our new method enables us to dispense with the meat altogether.

Before commencing our new receipts, a few words of general instruction on our old method will not be out of place. There are a few *general* principles in boiling all vegetables which cooks are sometimes apt to overlook. First.—Nearly all vegetables, especially green, should be thrown into *boiling* water. Second.—Vegetables should be cooked till they are tender, but *not longer*. Third.—Vegetables should be served *immediately* they are taken out of the water. The most common mistake that cooks make in regard to vegetables is the same that they make in cooking game: they almost always begin to cook them too soon. A cabbage that has boiled too long, and then been kept hot after being strained off, is simply a cabbage spoilt. One more general principle in boiling vegetables which we may refer to is, that if you wish to keep the vegetable a good colour, you must let the steam escape while cooking, or, in other words, do not keep the lid on the saucepan.

The most common form of green vegetable in this country is cabbage, and as we shall have to refer to cabbage served as a distinct dish, and the first process is to boil it in the ordinary way, we will commence our practical instruction by describing

How to boil a Cabbage.—A cabbage consists, as we all know, of a thick bundle of leaves with a stalk at one end and very thin leaves at the other. The usual plan is to cut a cabbage in half or quarters, throw the pieces in whole, which has the effect of taking the water off the boil for a considerable period, and when the water does boil the cabbage has to be pressed down with a spoon. Too often the result is that the stalk is too hard to be eaten. If the stalk is tender the green part is over boiled and sodden. Suppose we try as follows, for just as there is "reason in the roasting of eggs," so can mind triumph over matter in boiling a cabbage. Let us cut the cabbage crossways, and when we do this how far easier is it to wash the cabbage free from every kind of impurity, leave alone caterpillars. We have our saucepan full of boiling water, salted, and the larger the saucepan the better. First take the stalk after cutting it into four pieces and throw it into the saucepan. Now wait till the water boils again. Next take the part that may be described as half stalk and half leaf and throw that into the now boiling water. If necessary press it down and wait patiently till the water boils again all over the saucepan. Now throw in the remainder, the thinner and greener part of the leaves. As soon as the cabbage is tender, strain it off; and be very careful that you get rid of all the green water, as nothing is so disagreeable as seeing two or three tablespoonfuls of green cabbage water in a vegetable dish. If this cabbage is intended to be served with meat, send it to table *immediately*, and whatever you do do not put it in the oven to keep it hot while you what is called "see to the joint." You can see to the joint first and strain off the cabbage afterwards. By this means we have all parts of the cabbage equally tender, without any one part being overcooked. Remember also, do not pour the green water down the sink.

We will now suppose that we are going to have our vegetables served as a course by themselves, to be eaten just as they are with plain bread, and we will commence with what in this country is probably the cheapest form of green-meat, the cabbage. Suppose we want to send a nice white heart cabbage to table separate. We must proceed exactly as we have described above in boiling the cabbage, and we will suppose a sufficient quantity has been cooked for six persons. Place the cabbage in a very hot vegetable dish and place on the top of it about two ounces of butter cut up into four or five pieces, add a little pepper and salt, and what may be called a suspicion of nutmeg. Toss the cabbage lightly together with a couple of forks till the butter is dissolved and the cabbage looks oily, and while tossing it together, give an occasional shake over it with a flour dredger. You must be very careful not to add too much flour. A teaspoonful in all would be ample, but the effect of the flour is to make the butter and cabbage keep together. Recollect that a very very little is sufficient. What we want to avoid is, that when the cabbage is sent to table, suppose you were to tilt the vegetable-dish sideways there must not be any oiled butter run into the corner of the dish, and it is surprising how very little flour will prevent this.

Another point to be borne in mind, and which applies equally in principle to every direction given in similar cases by-and-by, is that this must be done *quickly*, as otherwise the cabbage will get cold. It should be the work of a few seconds rather than a few minutes. In France, where cream is plentiful, it is customary to pour a little drop of cream over the top; also, if the cabbage is very white, you can sprinkle about a saltspoonful of chopped parsley over the top, which gives the dish a pretty appearance.

French Beans form a nice vegetable served with fried or toasted bread. Wash the beans thoroughly and remove the strings, and if the beans are thick, cut them longways into three or four strips. Now throw them into boiling salted water and let them boil till they are tender. Directly they are tender strain them off, and throw them into cold water in order to preserve their colour. This is probably new to the majority of English cooks, but is and was universally practised in France even fifty years ago. After a few minutes drain them once more and dry them in a cloth. We will suppose the quantity throughout to be sufficient for six persons. Now place them in a small stewpan or saucepan with two ounces of butter, and add nearly a desertspoonful of chopped parsley. Before chopping the parsley plunge it into the water in which the beans are boiling. This is what is called blanching the parsley, and is more important than many people think. If we want high-class cooking which is quite compatible with



PEELING POTATOES.

From a Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.

very strict economy, we must take pains in little things. Add this parsley to the beans, a pinch of flour or one or two shakes out of the dredger, some pepper and salt, two or three scrapes of nutmeg on the nutmeg-grater, and the juice of half a lemon. When the beans are thoroughly hot, serve them with fried or toasted bread round the edge of the dish.

Before going any further we must have a few words to say about *White Sauce*. As a rule English women cooks have a very vague idea on this subject. Housekeepers also have a mistaken notion of economy in regard to the use of butter and eggs. If we go without meat we require a substitute. Six persons would require six mutton chops, which would probably cost three shillings. If we have one or two vegetables to be eaten with bread instead of the chops, we must not grudge sixpence to make a sauce. In summer a very wholesome dinner can be made by commencing with some cheap kind of fish and potatoes, followed by one or two vegetables served by themselves. We will quote from the French work we have already mentioned, published in Paris in 1846, and which had then reached a circulation of 80,000 copies. The receipt they give for making white sauce is as follows:—

"Put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix with it a spoonful of flour and a glass of water. Set it on the fire and keep it turned. Take it off, set it aside, and salt it. If your sauce be too thick add a little water; if too thin, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and turn it afresh. Just before serving you may beat up the yolks of two or three eggs to stir in, and put in a dash of vinegar."

We may here add, by way of explanation, that the glass of water would mean what we call a claret glass, or about half a tumbler, the spoonful of flour a tablespoonful. If butter is sixteen pence a pound, and eggs a penny each, this sauce costs about sixpence; but then it is the sauce that enables us to eat the vegetable alone, just as a quarter of a pound of butter would enable six persons to enjoy their breakfast, which they would not do if they were to eat dry bread. This white sauce should be rather thick, and of the consistence of very thick cream. We should be able to pour it over the vegetable, and yet the sauce must be thick enough to stay and cover it.

We will now run through a few of the cheaper kinds of vegetables which can be served by themselves, thanks to the assistance of this sauce.

Cauliflowers before boiling require soaking in salt and water. Cut off the stalk at the bottom so that they will stand upright. If you have several small cauliflowers, they ought to be served in the same dish, pressed close together, with the flower part uppermost. Throw the cauliflowers into boiling water. When they are tender take them out very carefully in order to avoid breaking them, and drain them very thoroughly by placing them on a cloth. As soon as you have got rid of all the moisture, place them upright, the flower part of course uppermost, in a vegetable dish, and then cover them over with this white sauce, taking care that every part of the flower is covered with the sauce.

Young Carrots should be thoroughly washed and trimmed, the stalk cut off, and the string at the point. Throw them into boiling water, and when they are tender drain them. In France they generally stew them again in a little butter, and then send them to table with some white sauce. This, though an improvement, is not absolutely necessary. As soon as they are tender they can be drained very thoroughly, and when all the moisture has been absorbed, they can be served up in a vegetable dish, a little white sauce being poured over each. Fried or toasted bread can be served with them.

Young Parsnips can be treated like young carrots in every respect, but as they are white or yellowish-white, a few specks of green parsley can be sprinkled over the sauce, in order to make the dish look more pretty.

Jerusalem Artichokes should, if possible, be treated something like potatoes as far as boiling is concerned, and it is advisable to try and pick them as much as possible of one size. Old artichokes must be placed in cold water at starting, and require a lot of boiling. Young ones can be thrown into boiling water, and will not take more than five and twenty minutes. When tender, place them in the vegetable dish and pour a small spoonful of white sauce over each artichoke. Shake a little chopped parsley over each, and if you wish to make them look very pretty, you can colour a pinch of bread crumbs pink with one or two drops of cochineal, and shake these over as well. Place a piece of fried bread or toasted bread between each artichoke.

Young Turnips are not very suitable to be served by themselves, but when they are they can be treated just like the artichokes, viz., boiled till tender, the only difference being that it is an improvement to add a very little powdered sugar.

Brussels Sprouts can be cooked in two different ways. In both cases they must be first boiled till tender or nearly tender, then drain them off, and put them in a stew-pan with a little butter. Toss them lightly about till they absorb the butter. Add a little pepper, salt, nutmeg, and lemon juice, and serve them with toasted or fried bread. The other method is to boil them till tender, drain them off, sprinkle a very little powdered sugar over each, and cover them with white sauce. Sometimes in France, Brussels sprouts are served in gravy.

Broad Beans are usually served with bacon, but of course can be served separately. Broad beans require some kind of fat, and if we do not have any bacon, we shall require rather an extra amount of sauce, which of course consists chiefly of butter. While the beans are boiling throw sufficient parsley into the water for a minute to make when chopped about a desert-spoonful. Mix this with the white sauce, pour it over the beans, and mix the beans and sauce together, so that the beans are moistened all over.

Vegetable Marrows should be peeled, cut into quarters, and all the pips removed. These pieces are thrown into boiling water, and should be removed directly they are tender. The common mistake in cooking vegetable marrow is to overboil it. A large piece of toast should be made, and laid at the bottom of the vegetable dish. The pieces of marrow should be allowed to drain on a cloth before being placed on the toast. They should then be placed with the convex side uppermost, and the white sauce poured or spread over the top. Small triangles of toast should be placed round the edge, in addition to the pieces of toast placed underneath.

Leeks are very nice indeed served separate. A thin slice should be cut off the root, and the green part cut off from the top. In serving leeks it is very important to drain them thoroughly from the water in which they are boiled, as this has a rank and unpleasant taste. After draining them in a colander in the ordinary way, let them drain on a cloth, and hold up each piece perpendicular so that the water in the leek has an opportunity of running out. Then place the leeks on a piece of toast, like the vegetable marrow, and pour some white sauce over the top.

Stewed Celery is one of the nicest of all vegetables, but only the white part should be stewed. Suppose we have two heads of celery, cut them into pieces of equal length, and let the stalk part near the root boil for about five or ten minutes longer than the other parts. When the whole is tender, drain off the celery and place it on toast, and pour some white sauce over the top. If you have any soup, or gravy, or stock, in the house, do not throw away the water in which the celery was boiled, but add it to the stock.

Another very nice way of serving celery separate is to cut the celery into pieces about four inches long and boil them till they are tender; drain them off, and let them get quite dry. When they are dry, flour the pieces, then dip them into beaten-up egg, and bread-crumb them. Now fry these pieces till they are of a nice golden brown colour, and dish them up on a folded napkin with some fried parsley.

Sea Kale can be treated in the same way as celery. But as sea kale has a very delicate flavour, it is sometimes best to send the white sauce to table separate in a tureen or butter boat.

Asparagus is a vegetable like spinach, more often served in this country by itself than with meat. The first point to be borne in mind in cooking asparagus is, that all the pieces should be the same length. In order to ensure this, we must place the asparagus on the chopping-board and arrange them so that all the green points are in a line, and then with a knife make them of equal length by cutting off the thick ends. In doing this we must be careful not to cut away too much, and thus waste the asparagus. Some people tie the asparagus together in small bundles, and put these bundles upright in the saucepan, and pour in only sufficient water to reach about two-thirds up the asparagus, leaving the green part out of the water altogether, in order to avoid having so much of the stalk being uneatable from being so hard. It is worth trying, but we are not altogether in favour of the plan. When the asparagus is tender, drain it off and place a piece of toast at the bottom of a vegetable dish. Then divide the asparagus into two parts. Rest the stalks on the side of the dish, and let the green points rest on the toast half one side and half the other. Be very careful in draining off the asparagus to keep all the little green tops that may have come off in the boiling, as these are the best parts. Of course these tops can be thrown on to the green part in the middle of the toast. White sauce should not be poured *over* the asparagus, but served separate in a tureen.

Spinach requires first of all careful washing. A deep pail of water is best for the purpose, as the leaves float and the dirt sinks. Throw the spinach when clean (it requires several waters in washing) into boiling water, and then, when tender, cut it up very fine indeed with a knife, add a little piece of butter, and make it hot in a stewpan, stirring it all the while to prevent it burning. Then put it in the vegetable dish, smooth the top with a spoon, and ornament it with hard-boiled eggs cut in half, showing a white rim with a yellow centre.

Poached eggs can be served instead of hard-boiled eggs. For this purpose the eggs should be poached rather hard. Take the poached egg out of the water with an egg slice, using your *left* hand, and trim these eggs very neatly with a knife before placing them on the spinach, and squeeze a little lemon juice into the water in which they are poached. If you wish to make the spinach perfect after chopping it up, rub it through a wire sieve. Allow one egg for each person.

Turnip Tops can be treated exactly like spinach, and when rubbed through a wire sieve and served with hard-boiled eggs, they make a very cheap and excellent imitation.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

By EVELYN UPTON, Author of "Alpine Roses," etc.

"Little acts of kindness, little deeds of love,
Would make this earth an Eden, or like
Heaven above."



HACKNEYED as these lines are, they contain a great truth for which we should all be better if we remembered it; and how many others would be benefited were we to set about reducing it to practice? each in our own sphere, narrow or extended, as the case may be. Small kindnesses, such as do not involve an expenditure either of time or money, seem to come specially within the province of girls. Of course some have far more opportunities of practising them, and possess much wider influence than others; but no girls are so situated as not to be surrounded by some fellow-creatures to whom they can give a helping hand, and from whose path they can remove some of the stones and thorns with which they are so plentifully strewn.

It has been well said, that slender joys often repeated fall like sunshine on the heart. And perhaps I may be able to point out a few ways of showing little kindnesses which may hitherto have been overlooked, and will therefore come with the power of a new suggestion.

I am writing this paper more especially for those who, from one cause or another, are not able to undertake much parish work, or directly to labour amongst the really poor. And even without quitting one's own social circle it is astonishing to find out how many ways there are in which we may obey the royal law, and show that we love our neighbour as ourselves.

Outside the great talent of giving, which only comes within the scope of a limited number of girls, there is the far more widely extended power of lending, of sharing our good things with those with whom we come in daily contact, which is common to rich and poor alike. And after all it is

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare,"

that brings down the blessing on our own heads. And are we quite certain that we make the most of our opportunities of sharing?

Nowadays, all homes are furnished with some books, even among families the members of which are not what is usually called literary or intellectual. But books, especially works of fiction, have a wonderful knack of accumulating. And just because the act of lending books to our neighbours is such an insignificant effort, we are very apt to overlook it, and not reckon it among the deeds of mercy. Even in these days of free and circulating libraries, when, speaking broadly, there is not a town which does not possess one or the other, there is still a wide margin for sharing the contents of our own bookshelves. Free libraries are only to be found in the largest towns, and one or two subscriptions to a circulating library will not keep a whole family of insatiable readers supplied with mental food. And girls who earn their own livelihood, whether as governesses, companions, Government teachers, or in any other capacity, may often be glad to borrow some light literature, and have their thoughts diverted from their daily drudgery, by losing themselves for a short time in the pages of wholesome works of fiction. The expense and the restrictions of free and lending libraries, particularly in country districts where access is not easy, may put these sources of recreation out of their reach. But a general invitation to borrow a book to suit their fancy when they have the time to spare is a privilege that many would welcome most gladly, and which no right-minded young woman would abuse.

Girls are not the only ones to whom this kindness may be shown; middle-aged and elderly women, whatever their rank in life may be, are often quite as glad of the loan of an interesting book. It only requires a little intercourse to find out the direction in which each person's tastes lie. And there are some books, such as Mrs. Ewing's pretty stories, and some of Mrs. Molesworth's, which equally delight young and old. Then, too, an offer of the monthly magazines and the weekly illustrated papers to those who do not take them in, is almost sure to be gratefully received. And the good you may do by lending books of an elevating character is simply incalculable.

Books are only a few of the many things which some of us have it in our power to lend. There is a wide field open to those who possess a carriage of any description. Besides giving a lift on the road to weary pedestrians with whom they are acquainted—for I do not advise girls to take up people indiscriminately—they can offer a seat in their brougham to some neighbours when an evening party is in prospect, having first ascertained that they have been invited. It may be that the young people would otherwise be obliged to decline the invitation, their pony not being equal to the journey in addition to what else is required of him. And so these country girls, who seldom get to evening festivities, are deprived of what would be to them a very great enjoyment, and one that they would look back upon for many a long day with pleasure.

Such trifling acts of kindness—I had almost called them obligatory acts of courtesy—are so obvious that I should deem it superfluous to mention them were it not that I know for a fact that these are just the small opportunities which kind-hearted people sometimes let slip. It never occurs to them, as they bowl along in ease and comfort, and see their friends—perhaps the vicar's wife or daughters—toiling through the mud in winter and dust in summer, from necessity, not from choice, how gratefully they would accept the vacant seat beside them. It may be justly urged that girls as a rule have not the control over the equine arrangements, and of course I am supposing that those in authority will be amenable; for very often parents or relatives only need to be reminded to fall in with small amiable schemes of this sort. And a mile or so out of the way is not an overpowering obstacle on a good country road. Frequently the mere bringing the matter forward is half the battle. Indeed, one of the most crotchety, *difficile* men I ever knew was apt to be quite gracious when it was represented to him that he could show a little neighbourly kindness of this description.

Another way of turning one's carriage to good account is to take out for a drive those who seldom or never get the chance. And where girls have little pony carts of their own this is easily managed. You who can take a drive whenever the fancy seizes you have no idea of the pleasure it is to those who never have the opportunity, even though they are not necessarily invalids, to be whirled through green country lanes, or over breezy hilltops, on a bright, fresh day. At the close of the drive life for them will wear a different aspect from what it did at the beginning. You will value your own good things so much more when once you have discovered how they can be made to increase the happiness of those about you. Let those girls who are pining for greatness first try the delight that comes from this form of greatness, and believe one who had gained the world's fame and distinction when he said—"It is great—there is no other greatness—to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God—to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier."

Those who do not possess a carriage of their own may yet be able to show kindness in sharing their hired conveyance with some neighbour, bound in the same direction as themselves, whose shillings are not too plentiful, and who is too diffident, or not sure enough of their degree of intimacy, to suggest the plan herself. Gifts of conservatory or garden flowers to the sick is a form of kindness that everyone is willing to show, but gifts of flowers to those who are in health, but who live in a town, and whose pence do not keep pace with their love of the beautiful, is more rare. And those who have not flowers of their own to give away may not be aware how much pleasure may yet be given to invalids by a bunch of carefully-selected wild flowers, picked by loving hands. For beautiful as the rare hot-house blooms are, yet they never have the same associations for those who are past the meridian of life that a wood violet, or the wild-briar rose, or even simple field daisies have, recalling, as they do, tender recollections of bygone days. And again, something in the form of a surprise in flowers is often a joy to one whose sick room is redolent with fragrant plants and blossoms. A bunch of pure white water-lilies has been known to afford some moments of gladness to an invalid who was surrounded by a lavish profusion of floral treasures.

Do not imagine that because you live in a town, and have neither carriage nor garden, that you are therefore exempt from showing kindnesses. The more you are surrounded by humanity, the more opportunities there will be. I believe girls have no idea how much a visit from a bright young face is valued by middle-aged and elderly ladies, whose sons and daughters have all been scattered far and wide, or who have never known the sweetest ties of life. You come like a breath of mountain air to them, taking them out of their own thoughts, and transporting them for a while back again to the hopeful youth they once knew. You are a token to them that life in all its original force and purpose still endures, and that there will be even for them a second spring in the life of the world to come.

Think of this, you girls with the shining hair unstreaked with grey, and the smooth cheek and unwrinkled brow, and now and then go and cheer up some solitary woman's lonely hours. And if the trials and troubles of the road have made her harsh and sour, don't be discouraged. There is sure to be some opening to her poor heart; and if you persevere you will discover it. Perhaps her eyes may be growing dim, and she will appreciate being read to. She may even be glad to have some of her correspondence done for her, or a few little

commissions executed. And after a while you will be able to interest her in your concerns. Then, when she leaves the neighbourhood, or goes away for a short time, a newsy letter, telling her of all your doings, will be gratefully received.

The very fact of receiving a letter is in itself a pleasurable event to those whose correspondence is very small; and it should be written with care, and filled with all the topics likely to interest the person to whom it is addressed. Girls who are invalids themselves, or confined to the house a good deal, and debarred from showing other active deeds of mercy, may at least use their pens to good purpose in cheering up some friend or relative they once used to know. It is so little that we can do for most of our brothers and sisters in the great human family. But just a kindly manner—the courteous word, the loving smile, the loving look—may do much more than we can ever dream of. They are the seeds blown away by the wind, but which will find a resting-place in some human heart, and grow up into a plant, bringing forth fruit long after the occurrence has passed from our minds.

"The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to float;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet."

It was only a chance, kindly, sympathetic look given by a casual passer-by in one of London's great thoroughfares which saved a poor lost woman from committing the self-destruction on which she was bent. For it has been so well and truly said, that "Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and secure the heart and preserve comfort." Far more than the actual worth of any small gift is the sense of fellowship it conveys to some poor morbid soul dejectedly thinking herself alone in the world, making her realise the fact of belonging to the great brotherhood, of being of some account to a fellow-creature. To many naturally good-natured girls, a genial, cordial manner to any with whom they come in contact is no effort whatever; but to a great many others, by nature shy and reserved, the coming out of their shell when thrown amongst women they have not met before is a difficult ordeal. They would come out readily enough to members of the other sex, I daresay, but from those of their own they stand aloof. But the effort once made will become easier with repetition.

There would not be all the heart-aches and hollowness so often experienced at evening parties if, instead of each seeking her own, girls set off possessed with the determination of making it pleasant for others. But self-denial is more rarely practised on these occasions than on any others, and hence the aggregate result of vanity and vexation of spirit. And yet there are sure to be ways of showing fellow feeling if only you would look out for them. Leaving elderly women out of the question, in a large assembly of girls there is always a percentage who are, so to speak, not to the fore—the shy, the unpopular, the strangers. It is all very well to say, with reference to these last, that those who brought them should look after them. So they should: and with reference to the former, that the care of them should devolve upon the hostess. But the fact that other people neglect their duties gives you the more opportunity of doing good.

Possibly you may have it in your power to talk to these outsiders for a little while, or to introduce them to some one sitting near. And though it is not necessary that you should hand over your own companion to another girl, still if you are discussing a topic of general interest, it is only kind to draw the forlorn-looking bystander into the conversation. You will very soon see if the introduction is acceptable or not, and, at all events, you have done what you could to prevent her from feeling left out. Sometimes, too, when supper is served at small tables holding only two or three, I have seen the third one left in the cold, while the other two, especially if they are a man and girl, will laugh and chatter together, ignoring the very fact of her existence. Now if the two girls are known to one another, and even if they are not, it would be very easy to include her in the chat, and few men are so disagreeable as to show any disapproval. It may involve some self-denial on your part, but, believe me, you will not suffer from the sacrifice. On the contrary, you will enjoy your party so much more if you can feel that by it, in however small a degree, you have added a mite to some one's heap of happiness. When the party is given at your own house, you will have more opportunities of doing little graceful acts of kindness, for most daughters are allowed to have a voice when the invitations are issued, and then is the time to put in a word for the girls who seldom go out, and who, perhaps, cannot return your hospitality. They may be dull and uninteresting, but they have the power of enjoyment all the same; or they may belong to the class of modern St. Theresas, whose large longings are "ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity." And you have no idea how acutely girls of this last description can suffer. And when they do come, see that you treat them with what should be common courtesy, but which, I am sorry to say, has become rather uncommon; for it is customary for every one to try and get the good things for herself, and let her neighbour sink or swim, as the case may be.

So far I have glanced at what may be called the positive kindnesses; but there are also the negative acts of kindness, and those who are debarred from showing the one may at least practise the other. We shall never know in this world how much we have been indebted to the forbearance of those with whom we have come in contact. If you live in a street, beware of vexing your nervous neighbours by practising on the piano with open windows. Of course it is much pleasanter in summer to keep them open; but it is a very selfish thing to do; for the odds are, that in a street of fifty houses or less there will be some unfortunate mortals afflicted with finely-strung nerves. And however charming your voice or manual execution may be to yourself, it may be knives and razors on the brains of these your brothers and sisters. Possibly there is some luckless author dwelling a few doors off who is struggling with a pen for his or her daily bread; and you, screaming out your love-song, little dream of the pathos enacted in that room, and how with every note you strike you are dealing the death-blow to some half-formed sentence, and driving away the precious inspiration just when it is so sorely needed, perhaps never to return. They may shut their own windows, but there is no flying from the sound; it will penetrate every room in the front of the house; and even if the back is at their command, the same thing may be going on there also. To say that it is affectation, and that they ought to bear it or rise above it, is simply absurd. You might with far more justice urge that the lower animals ought not to writhe under the knife of the vivisector. But the very ones who will talk any amount of sentiment about the cruelty of vivisection will think nothing of inflicting the cruellest torture—for it is nothing less—on the nervous systems of their human fellow-creatures, who, if scientific men say true, suffer a thousand-fold more than the lower animals, inasmuch as it is the law of all organic life "that the lowest forms of it have the least power of suffering—the highest the most."

Different sounds affect people so differently that one person's feelings are hardly a gauge for another. However, you may lay it down as a rule that the street organ, the piano, and the scraping of a violin are the things under which the nerves of all invalids and authors instinctively writhe.

When the physical forces have a little run down, the mental very frequently follow suit; and such times come to most girls between twenty and thirty. Then they are apt to think their own lives blank and aimless, and of very little use to anyone, and that creation would go on just as well without them. One who knows better than we do thinks otherwise. Doubt of any kind is not to be removed except by action. And there is nothing like muscular action for making heaven and earth look brighter; but a solitary walk taken without a definite purpose is apt to fall flat, and fail of its object. So, at such times, when your own horizon looks dark, go and try to brighten up some one else's life; and if happiness is denied you, at least you may give it to another. And you will find Blessedness—with a large B!

Only, I would have you remember that there are two ways of doing kindnesses—the graceful and the ungracious: and that even little kind acts may be done in such a way as to render them more of cruelty than kindness—giving with one hand and at the same time stabbing with the other. Impulsive young girls are a little apt to forget how necessary are tact and perception when dealing with proud sensitive natures. Some people show kindnesses in the same way that they throw a bone to a dog: "There you are; take it and be thankful!" Others bestow their favours with palpable ostentation, appealing as it were to Heaven to put that good deed down to their account. To such the reward promised hereafter for the cup of cold water given here will be quite superfluous. They have already had their reward in the huge sense of self-love and self-gratification which they have unctuously applied to their own souls.

Others, again, cannot confer the smallest benefit, such as giving a seat in their carriage, without betraying the most mercenary spirit, and their manner says: "Please remember that you owe me for this." And some day they will throw back in the face of the unfortunate recipients all their former so-called kindnesses, and call on them to pay the debt, principal and interest. Doubtless it was some such experience as this that made Victor Hugo lay down the rule: "Never let anyone do you a service. They will abuse the advantage it gives them. An alms is irremediable. Gratitude is paralysis."

But, happily, human nature is not all like this. For there are others who feel it a privilege to be allowed to heap kindnesses on those less happily circumstanced than themselves—who shower them so delicately and gracefully that they bind grateful hearts to them for ever, and lay a debt upon them they would feel it sacrilege even to attempt to repay, knowing that none save God Himself can recompense the purity of the motive and the Christ-like tenderness and consideration which prompted these hidden deeds of love and mercy.

Because you may have once or twice in youthful thoughtlessness wounded another's susceptibilities by your mode of offering a kindness, do not on that account lose heart and leave off attempting another. You will gain wisdom by experience; and when once you have found out how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, you will feel grateful to those who are willing to accept your little kindnesses.



LIKE THE DISCIPLE STANDING BY.

By IDA LEMON.

PAMELA, in her clean print gown, with the blue handkerchief knotted round her slender brown throat, and the sunlight on her hair, stood at the door of the cottage and looked sadly and wistfully across the fields and away into the dim distance where the sky and earth melted into one. Her hands were clasped before her, and her attitude, though simple, was full of a natural pathos. Above her were the climbing roses which clustered round the porch; about her, reaching even to her waist, were the lilies which bordered the little flagged pathway; and the small garden was a mass of bloom. Pamela knew who had trained the roses and who had planted the lilies; it was he who made the sunshine of her life, and the only return she could give him was to darken his. Yet to her had been the agony of a great renunciation, and no one knew what it had cost her to say—

"I will never marry you, Martin, while my grandmother lives. She needs me every hour of the day, and I have no right to undertake fresh responsibilities."

"But I will wait for you, Pamela, if you will only give me hope."

"Have I any right to ask that of you?" said the girl. "You are very lonely, and there are many women who could make you as happy as I. It may be—I hope it will be—several years before I am free from my responsibilities."

"I believe you care more for your grandmother than for me," said Martin, impatiently.

"I owe her more," Pamela answered, quietly. "Without her I should have had to starve, or be brought up by the parish. When our mother died we were quite little, Rosamond and I, and she took us, and worked for us, and educated us, and denied herself for our sakes. The least we can do is to care for her now."

"I suppose you are right," said Martin, grudgingly. "You are a great deal too good for me, Pamela. You are always thinking of your duty. Sometimes it seems to me you take life too seriously."

"Life is serious," Pamela said.

There was a moment's pause. Then Martin asked—

"Rosamond, your sister, why doesn't she come home,

and take her share of the work? Why can't she look after your grandmother? I don't see why your life only is to be sacrificed."

"I might ask her," Pamela answered, thoughtfully; "but I hardly like to. She is in service, and very happy. She sends home always the greater part of her wages, and that is her way of helping. She is not fitted for this quiet life. Rosamond is gay and bright and sweet; but"—she hesitated, as if afraid of seeming to run down her sister—"she is not very patient. I don't think she and granny would suit each other. It is very trying, you know, to be always waiting on a quite helpless person," she added, with unconscious pathos.

Martin shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

"I don't believe you really care for me," he said. "If you loved me you would marry me in spite of everything."

"I love you," the girl answered, wearily; "but I will not sacrifice my duty even for you."

"Then you don't know what love is," he said, impatiently.

That was only this afternoon, and now she stood alone, and knew that he would not come to her across the fields this evening or for many evenings, and that her heart must be heavy and her life dreary for want of him.

A voice called her, an old, feeble voice: "Pamela." She went in.

In an arm-chair by the fire, which, though it was summer, burned in the kitchen grate, sat an old woman. She had a very worn face, lined and wrinkled, and the eyes were deep set and sad, for her life had been a hard one, and all her children had gone home before her; and but for the two daughters of her only son, her old age would have been altogether desolate. Now, too, she was crippled by rheumatism, and the least movement caused her pain; but her mind was active as ever, As she sat there, a great part of the time in enforced loneliness. her thoughts were busy. She talked little, but she was keenly observant, and she had meditated frequently on the visits of Martin Crewe, their probable significance, and the results to herself.

Necessarily a burden, it was her cross to be so, for she was naturally independent. She was, too, thoroughly unselfish, and it was she who had instilled into Pamela's mind the notions that guided her now. Not for worlds would she have had the girl's future ruined for her sake.

That very afternoon she had been pondering what she could do if Pamela married. She could ask Rosamond to come, and the girl would do so willingly; but she could ill spare her wages; and, moreover, Pamela had been right in saying that Rosamond was not suited to such work. Outwardly, the girls were wonderfully alike, but their expressions were different—the one gay, the other serious; the one girl turned always as by instinct to the sunlight, the other loved twilight; the one was made for social life, the other developed in solitude, and took her graver joys as from the hand of God. But she was



lonely sometimes; and deep within her, deeper than anyone suspected, was the need to be loved, the instinct of every true woman to spend herself on one, and to find her happiness in home and the joys of home.

"Pamela," said the old woman, when the girl knelt by her side, "it is about the time for Rosamond's holiday. Will you write and ask her if she can come here for a week? You look pale, and a little society will do you good. I'm rather a burden to you, my dear."

"No, no," said Pamela, quickly. But her heart smote her.

The grandmother patted her cheek.

"Yes," she said to herself, "she must try and make some arrangement with Rosamond, or make up her mind to take a girl from the village, and pretty Pamela must have a home of her own."

Rosamond was written to, and wrote speedily in return. Her mistress was going abroad, she had a month's holiday, and where should she spend it so gladly as at home?

She came, prettier than ever, merrier, more affectionate. All her old village friends welcomed her delightedly, for she had always been popular. Before her arrival, and partly that she might enjoy the privilege of his society, Pamela "made it up" with Martin; but she forbade him to speak to her again on the subject of marriage yet awhile. "And don't say anything to Rosamond," she added.

But before the month had gone by, poor Pamela might have spoken, like "Bertha in the Lane"—and Bertha is but one of many—

> "Could he help it, if my hand
> He had claimed with hasty claim?
> That was wrong perhaps—but then
> Such things be—and will again.
> Women cannot judge for men.
>
> "Had he seen thee when he swore
> He would love but me alone.
> When he saw thee who art best
> Past compare, and loveliest,
> He but judged thee as the rest."

The old grandmother saw it all, and her heart was grieved for Pamela, for the girl was dearer to her than the little sister "rose-lined from the cold,

> "And meant verily to hold
> Life's pure pleasures manifold."

But she could do nothing to avert the end, and Rosamond never guessed that she was gaining her happiness by robbing her sister, for no one but Pamela and Martin knew that marriage had been spoken of between them.

The grandmother was silent still, but she knew the meaning of the look in the girl's serious eyes, and why her voice had the sound of one in pain. The poor soul never imagined that but for her Pamela would have been happy. She had no conception that the girl had already made for her the sacrifice she desired to avert, and she blamed Martin in her heart for being fickle. Pamela did not blame him. She had advised him to marry someone else, and he had taken her at her word.

"Pamela," Martin said awkwardly one day, about three weeks after Rosamond's arrival, "they say there's many a heart caught in the rebound. It has been so with me. Your sister is so sweet and sympathetic. Above all, she is your sister. Will you think badly of me if—if——"

"No, Martin," Pamela said very gravely, and she held out her hand as steadily as though her heart were not breaking. "It is best as it is."

And Martin went away thinking, "She does not care very much, after all."

"My God," Pamela wept in her own room, "be all to me. I cannot live here. Send me away to work for Thee, how hard I care not—only send me away."

How many a woman, deprived of love, gives to God thus a broken heart, and prays to labour in the vineyard; and yet how often such prayers are unanswered, and she who called is left amid the old surroundings, and to the old drudgery. The reason is not far to seek. The one who prays does not seek the glory of God, else would His will be hers; but she seeks alleviation from sorrow, and the prayer is a selfish one.

Sometimes Pamela doubted if God were love that He should leave her there, though she was burning to go away and do great deeds, and sacrifice herself daily and hourly.

Instead, He left her to see Rosamond married, and to witness her happiness, and to continue her work at the cottage, waiting on the old granny, and, as it seemed, wasting her life.

But the old woman saw the pain in the young face, and prayed that she might find a way to comfort the girl, and to show her how to bring her will into accordance with His; for, having been young herself, she knew what it was to be deprived of one's heart's desire, and how one burned to lead an active life. And she found a way.

One afternoon Pamela went for some errand into the village. It was now nearly a year after her sister had supplanted her in Martin's affections, and the wound had healed a little. Only this special day old memories seemed borne on the very breeze; this time last year she had been full of hope, and life had seemed to smile upon her; now it was unutterably dreary and monotonous, the more so by contrast. She had, for her sister's sake, striven to conquer the feeling she had once had for Martin, and not altogether unsuccessfully; but still her heart ached, and she preferred to go to the house when he was not there.

This afternoon she thought she would look in on Rosamond, and ask for a cup of tea. It was too early for Martin to be home from work. She went softly up the garden path. The window of the kitchen was open, and voices reached her. She peeped in. Martin was home, after all. He was seated by the table, looking very happy and handsome, and gazing up at Rosamond with an expression of adoration, while the little wife, smiling, stood at his side, one hand resting on his shoulder, as she poured out the tea. They were so absorbed in each other that they had not heard her footstep, and now she turned away sadly and crept back into the lane, and went her way wearily. They did not want her. They were enough for each other. With the blind injustice of those who are lonely, she underrated the affection those who are happy feel for them.

But the worst feeling she had to endure was that God had deserted her. She had tried to please Him, and this was the result. She was unreasonable, this cottage girl, as even wiser people are, in expecting to have the spiritual blessing without the temporal loss, in looking for a crown of thorns that shall not wound, and a cross that shall not hurt the body.

The old woman noted the weary, dejected look.

"Pamela, girl," she said gently, "I'm glad to see you back, for I've been longing to say something to you."

"What is that, granny?" asked the girl, listlessly, as she laid down her bonnet.

"Come here, childie."

Pamela came to her side.

"I've been thinking, dearie, that it will be good for you when God calls me away."

"Hush!"

"No, I must speak. I've found it hard to hold my peace sometimes, knowing that you suffered. You see I'm not blind, my girl, and I know how it is when one loves. Yes, yes, I saw how it was. Martin gave you cause to think he meant you to be his wife, and then, when Rosamond came, just because she is the sort of pink-and-white lassie that men admire, he put her in your place. You were too proud to tell your old granny, but she knew—bless you."

Pamela was silent. She saw no good in undeceiving the kind old woman.

"And now," went on the latter, "you'll give anything to be up and away, working at something. I know. I've been through it, years ago. And yet you are kept here. And, my dearie, I fretted to think I was the cause of it."

"Oh, don't, grandmother dear," Pamela cried. She was filled with self-reproach. It was as if she had grudged to the old woman the duty she had so well earned, and it grieved her that it might have seemed so.

"I love you," went on the grandmother, "and I couldn't bear to see you suffer, and I prayed to God to show you that it was His will, and this afternoon it came upon me clearly. It is because He loves you, lassie. You're His beloved disciple—you and all who are called, when they are willing to labour, just to look after some lone woman or helpless man. It seems like a waste of life and energy at times, but He knows what He does. See here."

Her crippled fingers turned over the leaves of her Bible with difficulty, but she would not let Pamela help her. At last she found the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and she ran her finger down the verses. Then she read:—"When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

"There, girl, think of that! He was the one our Lord loved best, and yet he doesn't tell him to go out and work just then; and I remember hearing somewhere that he didn't go about doing near as much as the others at first. Why? Because he was kept at home, to be gentle and kind to an adopted mother, the mother of his friend, who needed love because she had had to endure so much suffering. There, then; doesn't it seem natural, that whenever He loves anyone He shall give him or her some one to look after, even if it does stand in the way of work they would like better. Then I said to myself, 'Why should I fret because I prevent Pamela going out to forget her trouble? God has given me to her, just as He has given her to me. We have both suffered loss through loving, but we can always love each other. There—there child, don't cry!"

But the tears were running down her own cheeks.

"Oh, granny," Pamela said, and she put her arms round the old woman, and rejoiced—rejoiced for the sacrifice she had made, "I have not loved you half enough. I am content to be with you and serve you, and I don't want anybody else—not even Martin. I see it all too now, and I am happy."

She certainly must have been, for when, a few hours later, she ran down to the cottage to give her sister a message, and Martin asked her what had happened to make her eyes so bright, she answered him truthfully, that it was sheer contentment.

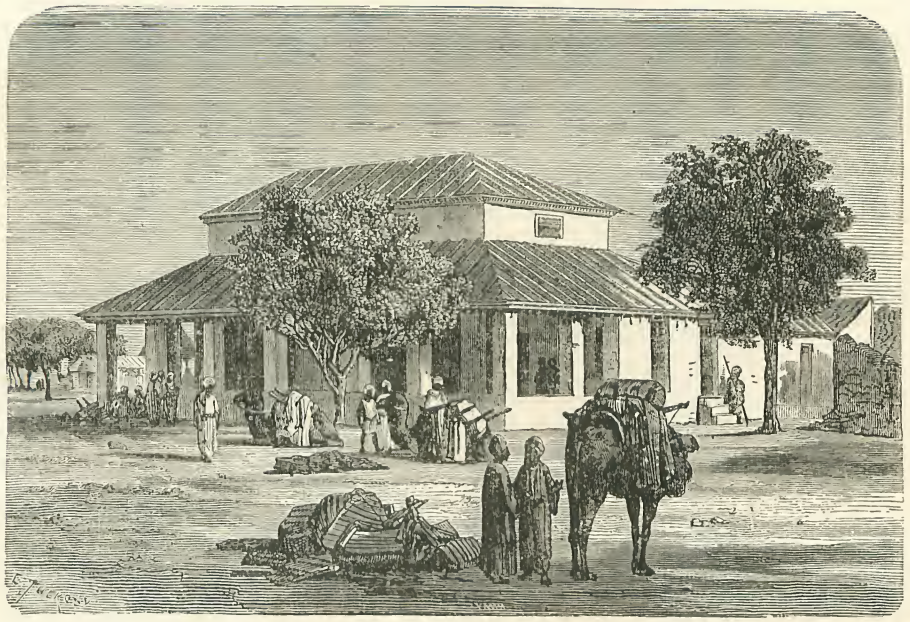
"Pamela," her brother-in-law said, "you are a good girl. He will be a lucky man who marries you."

Once she would have winced at these words, now she did not. She took her sister's hand, and all the morbid thoughts had died out of her mind when she said, looking into the girl's clear eyes—

"If we are as happy as you two looked this afternoon, we shall do."

"Did you see us? When? Where?" Rosamond asked.

Pamela pinched her cheek, but did not answer.



A DAY IN THE "RAINS" IN ASSAM.

WHAT a black stifling night it is! Although all the four windows in my bedroom are flung wide open, not a breath of air seems to penetrate to the centre of the room where my bed stands. Generally I sleep so soundly that nothing disturbs me; but to-night, when it is too hot to sleep, the air seems more filled with noise than usual. The fiendish yells of the jackals that are prowling round and under the bungalow, the croaking of frogs, the disagreeable chirping of the grasshoppers, and away in a distant village the weary, monotonous sound of a "tom-tom," all disturb the still air, while in the room itself the swish-swish of the punkah, and the angry trumpeting of disappointed mosquitoes trying vainly to find an entrance through my well-darned curtain, seem enough to drive sleep away, quite apart from this awful choking heat, which makes me think of the Black Hole of Calcutta as I toss about. Fortunately the mosquitoes are all *outside* my curtain. Although I have only been six months in Assam, I already know too well from experience the result of leaving the smallest hole in my net undarned; and woe betide my luckless ayah if she neglects her daily duty of looking it all over, as the entrance of one of those little wretches means a night not only of sleeplessness, but positive torture.

Towards morning the sounds die away, the heat seems, if possible, more stifling; and what a relief it is when, about four o'clock, I hear the distant mutterings of an approaching storm. First comes the low grumbling thunder, getting louder as it draws gradually nearer, then the rustling in the leaves of the two large trees in the compound warns me to see to my windows if I do not wish the room to be blown almost inside out immediately. So reluctantly I close them one by one, standing by the last to enjoy the refreshing breeze as long as possible before shutting it out.

Presently it blows a perfect hurricane; my punkah boy, who sits pulling under the bungalow, rushes off to seek shelter, the trees groan and throw their branches angrily about, and it seems every minute as if the roof of the bungalow would be torn off. The lightning grows more vivid and terrible, and soon I hear far off in the distant jungle the welcome sound of rain. It comes rapidly near, then suddenly seems to come down with a terrific rush overhead; a blinding flash, followed immediately by such a crash of thunder as I have never heard before, and which leaves me quivering from head to foot, and the worst of the storm is over.

The rain gushes down in torrents, the wind dies away, and soon I am able to open the windows wide again; and oh, the delicious coolness brought by that blessed rain! It is like a draught of cold water when one is parched with thirst, and I sit by the open window drawing long satisfied breaths.

Soon I creep back to bed, and, throwing myself wearily down, fall into a sound, refreshing, dreamless sleep, which lasts till Lutchmi, my little ayah, creeps gently in with my usual early cup of tea, and informs me that it is half-past seven—two hours later than my usual time for rising.

I drink the tea sleepily, then plunge into my tub, and feel so refreshed that I get into my white riding-habit quite energetically, and order "chota hazree" and my old pony Tim to be brought round in the same breath.

"Chota hazree" is always a short affair, consisting as it does merely of tea and toast; so in a few minutes I am cantering gently along a grass path, with Badeo, the old syce, running behind.

Far away upon either side stretch row upon row of tea bushes, their stiff green leaves looking greener and glossier than ever after the rain. Far in on the right a group of chattering women, many of them with babies tied to their backs, are busily plucking the leaf, their shrill voices distinctly heard in the still morning air. They certainly look decidedly more picturesque at a distance like this than when close at hand.

Though so early, the sun is already unpleasantly hot—and an August sun in Assam is a thing to be avoided; so, touching up Tim, who is jogging along as lazily as possible, I ride quickly on till I come to a belt of jungle which casts a delightful shade over the path. Here Tim is allowed to fall into his laziest pace, the slowest of slow walks; for here, though still hot, it is pleasant, and the jungle itself so exquisitely lonely, I feel as if I never could feast my eyes enough on the rich greens of the trees and climbing ferns, which are interspersed with lovely starry white flowers and convolvuli, all seeming more beautiful than usual, covered with sparkling rain-drops.

Coming to the end of this bit of jungle, I am reluctantly about to turn, when Badeo draws my attention to a distant moving speck far away among the tea, and announces that it is the "sahib." Sure enough, as it comes nearer I can recognise my brother, riding back from one of his out-gardens on Rajah, his old white horse. In spite of the blazing sun he looks quite cool and comfortable in his shady topee and white drill suit; but there is a frown on his usually merry face as he comes nearer.

"What folly it is," he says, "your venturing out in such a sun with a useless little thing like that on your head"—pointing to my neat little pith helmet. "Why will you not wear a sensible, thick, broad-brimmed topee that will shade the back of your head?"

He speaks quite crossly; indeed, it always makes him cross when he sees me, as he thinks, not taking proper precautions against the sun.

"My dear Harry," I return flippantly, "I really think I would almost rather get 'a touch of the sun' than run the risk of another such headache as I had after my ride in the great hard topee you are always advising me to wear. I can't think how you men endure those heavy things on your heads."

"Nonsense," says Harry. "You would very soon get accustomed to them; and, as I have often told you, you can't be too careful. We are going to have a piping hot day," he adds, as we pass out of the shade of the jungle into the full blaze of the sun again—"the sooner you are indoors now the better."

A disagreeable damp hot air rises in our faces from the ground as we ride quickly along the narrow path, and I long even for the shade of the despised topee.

We soon reach the bungalow. Harry rides

round to the tea-house, and I gladly draw up under the big shady porch.

We have ridden so fast that old Badeo has been left far behind; but another syce runs quickly up, and leads Tim off to the stables, which are only about fifty yards beyond the compound gate, but nicely hidden by a clump of graceful bamboos.

I slowly climb the long wooden stair to the verandah—our bungalow is built on strong wooden posts, so high that one can walk upright under it from end to end—throw myself with a sigh of relief into a deliciously comfortable long chair, and proceed to open and read a *chit* (note) I find awaiting me on the table. It is an invitation to a moonlight picnic for Harry and me, given by the bachelors of the district; the last we were at was great fun, so we shall accept, of course.

How deliciously cool it is in the verandah, and what a pretty verandah it is! The lovely ferns and flowers in it are my special care; watering and looking after them is part of my regular morning's work, and I feel well rewarded for the little trouble I take by their exquisite beauty.

The drawing-room is seldom used in the hot weather—the verandah is so much cooler, and there is such a lovely view of the Brahmapootra and the distant hills from it. Then all the most comfortable chairs seem to find their way there; the newest magazines and papers lie scattered on the table; and—greatest attraction of all, perhaps—the best punkah in the bungalow is in the verandah.

Passing through the drawing-room, and on my way to my bedroom, I find Goroo, one of the house servants, there, flicking a duster about with a great show of industry. Telling him to take my sewing-machine and work-basket to the verandah, I pass on to my room, which Lutchmi has already put in perfect order.

Slipping off my habit I put on my coolest white frock, and hurry out to the back verandah to interview the cook, get an account from him of the expenses of the day before (which I always note down accurately every morning), and order breakfast and dinner for to-day.

This done, I put on a huge topee, and go over to the stables to give each pony his customary slice of bread, and see that Rajah and Tim have been well rubbed down after their morning run.

As I stand stroking Tim's nose and gazing absently at the quivering atmosphere through the little paneless stable window, I catch sight of a man wending his way along a path through the tea, the dâk-wallah—postman—evidently, from his red puggaree.

It flashes through my mind that this is "home-mail day," and, forgetting the heat, I hurry joyfully to meet him.

What a splendid budget he has brought! Seldom has the bag been so fat and heavy. Without going near the vegetable garden, as I had intended, I hasten back to the bungalow and empty the bag on the verandah table. Five letters and three papers for me, not to mention a thick roll of music.

Drawing forward my most comfortable chair I sit down to enjoy them thoroughly, and soon forget all outward surroundings. Oh! if our friends at home only knew half the pleasure we get from their letters, they would feel well repaid for their thoughtfulness in sending frequent and lengthy epistles.

As I finish my last letter Harry comes in from the tea-house, so hot and tired that I persuade him to take his bath before touching his mail; then we have a delicious hour before breakfast, going over the home news together.

Harry has been in Assam for six years, but he is just as eager as I am over news from home, and quite enjoys all the little bits of gossip that are meant specially for me.

Breakfast is over by one, and by that time the heat is so intense I retire to my own room with an English paper, slip into a loose muslin dressing-gown, and, lying down on the bed, call to the punkah-boy to "pull hard."

Very soon the paper drops from my hand, and I fall into a sound sleep, which lasts till half-past three, when Harry, who has been reading and napping in the verandah, calls in to remind me that it is tennis day at the Club, and that we must start in half-an-hour.

With a groan of disgust I roll out of bed—for the heat, bad enough before, seems almost insufferable now; the bungalow feels like an oven, and the sun is blazing outside as brightly as ever. Nevertheless, I struggle bravely into my tennis shoes, dress quickly, and taking my racquet from its nail on the wall, climb into the high dog-cart beside Harry. He is driving tandem to-day, and we set off at a good pace on our five miles' drive.

As we fly along, a delicious, cool breeze blows in our faces from the river; soon we feel invigorated, and quite brisk and ready for tennis. Early as we are, there is quite a large party on the tennis ground when we arrive. As Harry pulls up at the gate, I count seven ladies (quite a large number for our district), and see that there is the usual large contingent of men, several of the more energetic of whom have already begun to play.

What a pretty scene it is!—the broad, smooth river flowing past within a few yards of us, high feathery grasses fringing it on this side, and on the other, the green, luxuriant jungle, while away in the distance loom the great, gloomy, purple mountains, their summits lost in the clouds.

The ladies, in their pretty muslins and laces, are sitting under the shade of several large trees, while the men stand about in little groups, most of them engrossed in the subject of *tea*, that everlasting, always interesting topic.

On joining the ladies, I find them in the midst of "home news." Tea and cake appear on the scene, and our conversation becomes so engrossing we can scarcely tear ourselves away to begin tennis and badminton.

After little more than an hour's play it gets too dark to see the balls; the sun has disappeared, but the air is close and muggy, and the breeze has quite died away.

It gets quickly darker, the mosquitoes begin to hum round us in a threatening manner, and as the moon rises, we bid each other a friendly "Good-night," and drive off in different directions, Harry and I imparting to each other any amusing little bit of gossip we have heard, or rather, I impart, and Harry listens good-naturedly to all I have to tell.

We get home just in time for our eight o'clock dinner, both of us with very fair appetites after our tennis and drive, in spite of the heat. I feel sure the mosquitoes are going to be very bad to-night, so as I sit down to dinner, I tuck a rug well round my feet and ankles to keep them off, trusting to the punkah to drive them from my face and hands. How I envy Harry as he sits calmly ignoring them. He is one of those lucky individuals whom they leave in peace, while they worry others less fortunate, yet equally deserving!

When dinner is over I am so sleepy I cannot keep my eyes open to read, so saying "Good-night" to Harry, who is smoking and reading his *Englishman* with the placid, contented expression of a man who has dined well, and is oblivious to the fact that he has to get up next morning at 5 A.M., I retire to my room, and am soon lying in a sound, dreamless sleep, which lasts till morning, and which a whole army of jackals would find it difficult to disturb.

SYMPATHY.

SHE leaned and looked into the tide; the river dark and grim
Flowed at her feet. 'Twas evening, and her eyes with pain were dim.
She scarcely saw the hurrying forms that passed on nimble feet:
She only heard Temptation's voice, clear-ringing, strong, and sweet.
Two children passed her, hand in hand; it bruised her heart to see
Their loving looks. "Oh, God!" she cried,
"There's love for all on earth beside, but only death for me!"

A gentle face, with earnest look, and happy, loving eyes,
Came o'er the bridge and lightly passed, then turned in some surprise;
"Are you unhappy?"—just a touch, a touch upon the arm,
A tender gaze, a soft caress (Oh, wondrous healing balm!);
Light flushes on the cold hard world; the cruel tale is told.
A rush of tears, a new life breaks in sunset tints of gold.
A sweet voice drowns Temptation's spell, and breaks the bitter thrall
Its words ring true—
"No sorrow lasts, hope is for you, and love is over all."

The world is dark to all of us in hours of fell despair,
We feel the grasp of tempting death close round the fainting air.
Then for a tender touch, a voice, a heart to help us bear:
To hear our woes, divide our griefs, our sorrows keen to share!
This is a part we all may play—we all may hear the call,
And cry anew—
"No sorrow lasts, there's hope for you, and love is over all."

MARY L. PENDERED



SUMMER ROSES.

COUSIN MADELINE.

CHAPTER I.



IT was nine o'clock on the morning of a lovely day in May. The sun was shining brilliantly into the pleasant morning-room of a house situated at some distance from the town of Hillsborough, on the west coast of England. The room had an air of comfort and elegance, due more to the taste than to the wealth of its inhabitants. The two long, spotlessly bright French windows were artistically draped in soft hangings of pale buff and green. The low couches and settees that stood round the walls were covered with fresh chintz of harmonious colours, and the chairs were made of some light polished wood, and were elegant in shape. Here and there were large painted jars, containing maidenhair ferns of remarkably luxuriant growth, and a magnificent bunch of hot-house flowers arranged in a low dish adorned the breakfast table, which was ready set for the morning meal.

There was no one in the room, and the ticking of the clock could be heard in the silence. The sun lit up the bright silver on the table, and sparkled on the pink and gold breakfast service; but nothing else appeared to be stirring in the house, and it was not till some minutes after the clock had chimed the half hour, that the door was pushed open and a gentleman entered the room. He was a man of between fifty and sixty, and was tall and spare in his figure. His features were handsome and refined, though somewhat meagre. His hair had long ago turned grey. He looked discontentedly round the room, and advancing to the bell, he rang it sharply. A smart housemaid answered the summons, to whom he said in an irritated voice—

"Is Miss St. Just not down yet?"

"No, sir," answered the maid, demurely.

"Go up to your mistress," said Mr. St. Just, "and say I am waiting for my breakfast, and that I should be obliged if she would come down without further delay"—and as the maid departed, he muttered, "I wonder if I am to wait here all day. I must speak to Agatha about the late hours she keeps." Then he opened a letter which he held in his hand, and read it, not for the first time apparently. Then he paced up and down the room with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him.

It only wanted a few minutes of ten when the door opened a second time to admit a young lady, who came hastily forward and took her seat at the head of the table. She was almost immediately followed by the same maid who had answered Mr. St. Just's summons half an hour before, bearing a tray with tea and toast and the other materials for the meal. The young lady, like her father, was tall and handsome, but she was young and blooming. Her figure was slight, but prettily rounded, and she walked with grace and lightness. She had sunny brown hair piled up becomingly in a fluffy mass on the top of her head, and descending in a light fringe on a low, broad, white forehead. Her eyes were blue-grey in colour, her mouth was small and rosy, her complexion fair, and her cheeks were tinged with a healthy pink flush. She wore a simple but well-made morning dress of some striped material.

As soon as the maid had left the room, Mr. St. Just said, in a tone of great vexation, "I really wish, Agatha, that you would contrive to be a little earlier in the morning. It is now ten o'clock, and I have been down stairs and waiting for my breakfast since half-past eight."

"I hope, papa," said his daughter, "you don't expect me to be down at that unearthly hour. Hetty and I were not home till twelve last night—that is why breakfast is so late this morning."

"I wish that in future you would not stay out so late, then," said Mr. St. Just. "Where is Hetty? Why is she not down? I have been waiting to speak to you both on a matter of some importance ever since the post came in. This is a nice time of the morning to be beginning breakfast, isn't it?" he said, turning to a new comer, who had just slipped into her place at the side of the table opposite to him.

"Yes, papa," said the second young lady, as she took her cup from her sister's hand. "I consider it a very nice time indeed, and if I had my way it should at once become an institution in this house."

An ominous frown that darkened her father's brow checked further pertness on the part of his younger daughter, and she made a diversion by helping herself to toast. She was in appearance something like her elder sister, but her hair and eyes were a shade darker, and her figure shorter and plumper. She had more liveliness and less stateliness than Agatha, and was more generally popular, if less admired, than that young lady.

"I received this letter this morning," said Mr. St. Just, "from my late brother's lawyer. I shall read it for you, and you can let me have your opinion on the subject of which it treats afterwards."

He opened the letter as he spoke. It ran as follows:—

"Merrion Square, Dublin,
"May 15th, 188—.

"SIR,—In obedience to the instructions of your late brother, the Hon. Cedric St. Just, I am now communicating with you with reference to the future of his daughter and only child, Miss Madeline St. Just. Since my client's death, more than a year ago, his daughter has been completing her education in the school in Dublin in which her father had placed her. She is now eighteen years of age, and in accordance with her father's wish I write to ask you if you will be willing to receive her into your family. She has no other relative living—her mother having been an only child. In case you should be unable to receive her, she will reside with me until she is of age. She has eight hundred a year of her own, and an allowance of two hundred and fifty pounds a year will be made out of that for her maintenance, beside an allowance to herself for dress and private expenses. Awaiting the honour of an early reply,

"I remain, your obedient Servant,
"ROBERT O'HARA."

Mr. St. Just deliberately folded up the letter and replaced it in its envelope. Then he looked at his daughters and said, "What do you think of that?"

"What do you think of doing, papa?" said Agatha. "Surely such a serious matter as this will require some time for consideration?"

"I am sure you gave me plenty of time for consideration this morning," said her father, testily. "I have been thinking of nothing else since I got the letter. I don't see what else we can do but let her come here. I can't very well close my door against my only brother's daughter."

"Especially when she brings two hundred and fifty pounds a year with her—let us not forget to look at the bright side," said Hetty. "What a she-Crœsus she is! Fancy me with eight hundred a year of my own."

"I wish, Hetty," said her father, crossly, "that you would learn to restrain your tongue. It will get you into trouble some day; and it is particularly unladylike to interrupt people's conversation so disrespectfully as you frequently do."

"Well, papa," said Agatha, "the money would certainly be a great help in the housekeeping, and we might be able to keep the pony carriage after all. If you think it right that our cousin should come to live with us, I shall make the necessary preparations at once. Having been brought up altogether in Ireland she will, I daresay, be satisfied with things on a very moderate scale. What an accent she will have! I wonder will she be at all presentable?"

"Arrah, an' I must be afther polishin' up me Oirish," said Hetty.

"Hester!" said Agatha, in a tone of disgust.

"Sure 'tis only the illigant brogue of the ould counthry, mavourneen," said Hetty, unabashed. "Don't the swate sounds pinithrate yer heart entoirely?"

"Hetty!" said her father, now really angry, "I beg that we shall have no more of this vulgar flippancy. It is very unbecoming in my daughter. You seem, too, to have forgotten that your cousin is only Irish on one side of the family, and that her father was my brother and your uncle."

Hetty made a grimace at Agatha, but said no more at the time, and her father and sister continued their discussion concerning ways and means during the remainder of breakfast.

As soon as the meal was over, Mr. St. Just retired to his study to answer Mr. O'Hara's letter, and Agatha and Hetty were left by themselves.

"How extremely provoking," said the former, "that this should have occurred just now. It will be very awkward to have to introduce a strange cousin to all our friends—an Irish girl, too, which makes it much worse. I suppose she will expect to go everywhere with us—and she will be so dreadfully provincial, there will be no possibility of hiding her nationality."

"No," said Hetty; "as the poet caustically but beautifully remarks—'She never opens her mouth but she puts her foot in it.' I am sorry for ye, me darlint."

"It will be very awkward," pursued Agatha. "Just as we are getting into such a nice set too. Of course one of us must always stay at home—three is such a tribe to go anywhere. If we were just a little better off I should try to persuade papa not to have her here, at least for the present. But there is no denying that the money she brings is very necessary just now."

"Just you take notice, av ye plase," said Hetty, "that I am not going to stay at home. Much as I dislike going *en masse*, I prefer it to living like an eremite. I have no fancy for my own society, being entirely free from the odious vice of vanity. I should not be at all surprised if Madeline should be of a sweetly retiring disposition, and I shall be anxious to do everything in my power to anticipate her

slightest preference, if it should show itself in that direction."

"I am sure I hope she will prefer to stay at home," said Agatha; "but there is very little likelihood of that. It is far more probable that she will be a pushing, overdressed, underbred girl, for ever talking about the woes of her country, and persisting in singing Irish ballads—things which I detest! I wonder what the Ellesmeres will think about her—and Mr. Carew?"

"She will have a shock of red hair, I am sure," said Hetty. "I believe all Irish—native Irish, I mean—have. And she will probably wear a crimson dress and scarlet hat—or else green, the national colour. It will be great fun introducing her to people. When Mr. Carew comes to see us for the first time after her arrival, you will say, 'Cousin Madeline, let me introduce Mr. Carew to you.' She will get red all over, and make an awkward courtesy, and stammer out in the most delicious brogue, 'Sure an' it's meself that's entoirely proud to see ye.' I can see the whole scene," and Hetty went off into a fit of laughter.

"What nonsense," said Agatha, sharply. "You forget that Uncle Cedric was her father, so she can't be altogether clownish. I heard, too, that her mother was considered a beauty, so our cousin will probably have some sort of good looks. What I fear is, that she will be an unformed, ignorant schoolgirl. She has had no opportunity of mixing in any society, and she has never been out of Ireland."

"Where will you put her, Agatha?" said Hetty. "In the front room?"

"No, I can't put her there," said her sister. "I must keep one decent room for a visitor. I have been thinking of putting her into our old school-room. Of course it must be freshly papered and painted. I intend going into town this morning to see after a few things that will be necessary."

"It is a fearfully dull old room," said Hetty. "Nothing to see from the window but a hideous old wall, and nothing to hear but the pump going by day, and the melancholy wailing of houseless cats by night. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get a little pig and tie it by the leg under the window—a straw rope is, I believe, the proper thing to use. Then when Madeline is in her room we could get Alick to go round and pinch the dear little thing's tail. I am sure he would do it regularly for sixpence a week. It would be a delicate attention—don't you think so?—to provide her with national sights and sounds. I wonder will she ride on a donkey? Fancy Mr. Carew running along, hot and dusty, by her side belabouring the poor animal, and ready to catch the fair rider should she fall off," and Hetty went off into another fit of laughter.

"Really, Hetty," said Agatha, angrily, "I wish you would show some little sense. The room is a very good one, and it is by no means necessary to have a fine view from one's bedroom window—one does not sit in it all day. I hope you will drop this foolish jesting at once. I am sure I don't want to be the laughing stock of the country."

"Far be it from me to bring you so low," said Hetty, with a grave aspect. "For the future I shall coldly turn away from ham at breakfast, and avoid potatoes at dinner as if each one were a toad. But, Agatha," changing her tone, "if you are going into town this morning you ought to go at once, for don't you recollect that Sir Shirley Kynaston and Mr. Carew are coming at one to practise for the tennis match, and we can't do without you."

"Yes, I remember," said Agatha, "and I shall be back in time. Will you ask Alick to get the pony carriage ready at once, and I shall go now and put on my things. And, Hetty, be sure you see that everything is right on the luncheon table—Sarah is so careless."

She left the room as she spoke, and presently Hetty too disappeared to superintend those domestic arrangements which were left in her charge, and once more the room was left to solitude and stillness.

The Honourable Ethelred St. Just was a gentleman of small independent fortune, who had been settled in Hillsborough ever since his marriage, more than twenty years before. Being of expensive habits, and possessing two daughters who took after him in this respect, money was always an object at Hayslope, which was the name of the rambling but picturesque old house in which Mr. St. Just lived. The prospect of receiving two hundred and fifty pounds a year, if his niece should make her home at Hayslope, was very agreeable to him and to Agatha, for, in consequence of their keeping up a style beyond their means, they were getting deeper into debt every day, and had begun to think seriously that retrenchment, however disagreeable, was absolutely necessary. This was the real reason of their willingness to receive a relative whom they had never seen and never wished to see, for whom they had no affection, and to whose coming they looked forward with dislike and impatience.

Agatha and Hetty went a great deal into the best society in the neighbourhood; and being very pretty, well-mannered girls, were in great request at all picnics and tennis parties that enlivened the summer season, and at the occasional balls and other assemblies that were held in the winter.

Punctually at one o'clock a smart dog-cart drove up to the door, and the gentleman who was driving, throwing the reins to his groom, dismounted, and knocked at Mr. St. Just's front door. He was ushered into the morning room, where he found Agatha and Hetty in pretty tennis costumes of white flannel with terra-cotta trimmings. They looked delightfully fresh and cool as they rose to meet their guest.

"How do you do, Mr. Carew? You are refreshingly punctual," said Agatha, smilingly holding out her hand. Her eye was brighter, and a deeper flush was on her cheek, as she greeted the new comer. He, in his turn, looked with evident admiration at the pretty animated face and graceful figure of his young hostess.

He was a young man about eight and twenty, tall and athletic in figure. He was good-looking and gentlemanly without being handsome, and his manner was easy and pleasant.

"How are you, Miss Hetty?" he said, shaking hands with the younger sister. "I hope not any the worse for last night? I see you reached home without any mishap."

"Yes, but indeed I am a great deal the worse for last night," said Hetty. "And I feel very much aggrieved that you have not given me the opportunity of passing on to you the slights and insults I endured at the hands of my parent this morning. Naturally I was late for breakfast, and to look at papa's face one would think that it was 'by that sin fell the angels.' Why were you so disappointingly punctual? I had a nice lecture all ready to deliver, and you have basely avoided it? I assure you I find it very hard to forgive you."

"I am really sorry," said Mr. Carew, laughing. "Had I had the slightest inkling of what I was losing I should have made a point of being late. Could you arrange to deliver your lecture to-morrow if I engaged to give you the occasion for it? Or, here is Kynaston, fully seven minutes behind time—couldn't you give him the benefit of it? I could listen with unalloyed pleasure, and despise him while feeling a virtuous glow of indignation."

"No," said Hetty, sorrowfully. "My spirits are not equal to it. I have been studying hard all the morning, and am feeling quite exhausted. Good morning, Sir Shirley. We were just lamenting your non-arrival—I felt quite desperate myself on account of it."

"That is an honour which I assure you I shall prize as it deserves," said the gentleman whom she addressed as Sir Shirley. "To have gained a place in Miss St. Just's thoughts is worth running the risk of falling under her displeasure."

Sir Shirley Kynaston was a decidedly handsome man, fair-haired and fair-complexioned, with bright brown eyes. No one knew better than himself his personal advantages, and they lost nothing for want of care in dress and other surroundings. He was very rich, and had a fine country house near Hayslope. As he was still unmarried, although he had passed his thirtieth year, he was looked upon as a most desirable acquaintance by all the match-making mothers and by all the unmarried young ladies in the neighbourhood; but nowhere was he to be found more frequently than at Hayslope; and gossip said that he was more attracted by dowerless Hetty's brightness and pertness than by the largely portioned daughters of wealthier families. He said he did not look for money—he had enough of that of his own; that all he wanted was a fine woman, who would do him credit as the head of his house, and would be able to hold her own with anyone in the country.

"Really, Sir Shirley," said Hetty, "I shall have to institute a graduated system of fines. You are making such rapid strides in the science of complimenting that my capacity for blushing is strained to its utmost limits. You have quite surpassed yourself to-day. I think I shall make this last effort of yours the standard, and let the fines vary according as, in future, you rise above or fall below it—though indeed the former alternative may be said to be a dead letter."

"May I ask in what direction your morning's studies have tended?" said Mr. Carew.

"Studies!" said Agatha. "Hetty has been studying nothing. She has been deep in a novel all the morning. Indeed, I was rather surprised to see her so engrossed."

"What are you talking of, Agatha?" said Hetty. Then turning to Mr. Carew, she said, "I assure you that I have been studying history, geography, and language with the greatest ardour. I must ask you or Sir Shirley to help me where I am hopelessly befogged."

"Here is her text book," said Agatha, pulling out a volume from under the sofa-cushion, where Hetty had thrust it. "This does not look of a very scientific nature."

Hetty made a feeble attempt at rescuing the book; but Mr. Carew put out his hand and took it from Agatha. When he had read the title he burst out laughing, and said—

"*Charley O'Malley!* This is certainly a profound manual from which to study the abstruse subjects you have named."

"But I really was reading with an eye to the useful; and if the book combines amusement with instruction, that does not make it any the less valuable. I have suddenly been awakened to the fact that I am disgracefully ignorant as to anything that is going on in the Green Isle, and there is a hospitable necessity that that ignorance should be dispelled."

"I hope, Miss Hetty," said Sir Shirley, "that you do not think of becoming a politician. If there is anything I detest it is a woman who is always shrieking politics."

"That, of course, settles the question," said Hetty, decidedly. "After that, nothing could induce me even to ask who the present Prime Minister is. I am so glad I know your predilections on that question. It is certainly a great relief to my mind. Fortunately I have not wasted any of my sadly overcrowded time on politics this morning."

"But why this sudden interest in Ireland, Miss Hetty?" said Carew. "I do not recollect that you ever bestowed any particular attention on it before. May we know what has roused your curiosity?"

"I feel I can safely confide in you," said



"'HETTY HAS BEEN READING A NOVEL ALL THE MORNING.'"

Hetty. "Learn, that we expect one of the natives shortly to take up her abode in our hitherto peaceful and united home. In the interests of hospitality I am qualifying myself to talk to her in her native tongue, and hence my studious mood of this morning. I was getting myself up in her *habitat* too. Is not that the proper word to use?"

"How you run on, Hetty!" said her sister, warningly. "It really is not right. The truth is, Mr. Carew," she added, "that my uncle Cedric's daughter is coming to live with us. She has been at school up to the present in Dublin; but now she is leaving, and she is naturally coming to Hayslope, as we are her nearest relatives. My uncle had a passion for Ireland—I suppose because his wife was an Irish woman—and my cousin Madeline was brought up in that country altogether. We have never seen her, but we shall welcome her heartily. Poor girl! everything will doubtless appear very strange to her at first; but we must all do our best to keep her from missing her old companions and surroundings."

"Was not that the very thing I was, in my own humble way, trying to do?" said Hetty, in an aggrieved tone. "I feel quite nipped in the bud. Shure an' when she hears her own purty brogue coming from the mouth of one of the hated Sassenach, her heart will be melted entoirely. I thought of constructing a homely mud cabin in the garden, and fitting it up with a profusion of three-legged stools, and a big black pot; but"—with a sigh—"the plan was not feasible."

"When do you expect your cousin?" said Mr. Carew, laughing in spite of himself.

"Very shortly," said Agatha. "Papa has written to make arrangements for her coming, but the day is not fixed. He may have to go over for her, but I am not sure yet."

"Well," said Hetty, "I am sure that if we want to get anything worth while done we ought to begin our practice. Will you play against me, Sir Shirley?"

"Of course if you say so, I must submit," said Sir Shirley, gallantly. "But it would be far more agreeable to my feelings to play on your side."

"Feelings have nothing to do with it," said Hetty. "Agatha and Mr. Carew would be far more than a match for us, and I hate to play a game where winning is out of the question from the very beginning."

She was putting on her sailor hat as she spoke, and when it was arranged to her satisfaction, she led the way from the room out into the sunny lawn, and down the slope to the tennis court, chattering as she went. Agatha had not much to say, but what she did say was sensible and good-humoured, and no one could help admiring her charming face and her pretty figure.

CHAPTER II.

AGATHA and her sister were sitting in the drawing-room one evening, a week later. They were awaiting the arrival of their father and cousin, which they expected would take place any moment—the train had been due half an hour before.

They had both paid particular attention to their dress, and looked unusually well. They were too well-bred to adopt any but the simplest style on such an occasion; but few knew better than they did the art of combining great elegance with apparent simplicity.

"I am sure I wish they would come," said Agatha. "It is tiresome waiting this way. I suppose this is the last quiet evening we

shall have. We shall be obliged to take our new cousin with us everywhere, and introduce her to all our friends. I hope she may not be very awkward and rustic. What was uncle Cedric thinking of that he did not send her to school in England! If he had sent her when she was very young, she might have had quite a respectable accent by this time, though it is hard to eradicate what is learned in the nursery."

"Who was uncle Cedric's wife?" said Hetty, "and how did he meet her?"

"She was a Miss O'Brien, a provincial beauty, and an heiress in a small way. Uncle Cedric's regiment was in Ireland at the time. He met with some kind of accident one day when he was out in a boat on the Shannon, and was carried to her father's house, which was close by. Of course she nursed him devotedly, and equally, of course, he repaid her devotion by falling in love with her. He was Colonel in a good regiment, and was a far better match than in the ordinary course of events she could have expected, consequently they were married. She only died about three years ago. I believe Uncle Cedric was quite infatuated about her, and would hear of nothing but that her daughter should be brought up exactly as she had been."

"That is a very romantic story," said Hetty. "My aunt must have been an uncommon woman. There are very few men whose devotion would outlive sixteen years of married life. I wonder is Madeline more like her mother or her father?"

"I hear the carriage," said Agatha, rising. "I suppose we had better go out to meet them." She passed through the door as she spoke. Her father was just entering the hall, accompanied by a girl who was muffled in a large loose shawl. She had a veil tied over her face, so that they had a very indistinct impression of what their cousin was like.

Mr. St. Just kissed his daughters, and then said, "This is your cousin Madeline. Madeline, my dear, this is my daughter Agatha, and this is Hetty. They will be very glad to have you for a companion, I am sure. They will take you to your room now. You must be quite worn out—at least I am."

Agatha and Hetty kissed their cousin, and uttered a few words of welcome. Then the former said, "You will like to come to your room—let me show you the way." She went up the broad oaken staircase, and down a long corridor to a door at the very end. She opened it and ushered her cousin into a large low room, simply but tastefully furnished, and partaking in the same air of exquisite cleanliness that was visible throughout the whole house. The blinds were drawn, and a small but cheerful fire burned in the old-fashioned grate; for the weather had changed, and the few warm days they had been enjoying lately had been succeeded by rain, and chilly, blustering winds.

Hetty had accompanied them, and now said kindly, "Let me help you to take off your things. Your fingers must be quite numbed after your drive. I can untie this knot quite easily."

"Thank you," said her cousin, "my hands are not at all cold. I don't mind the weather in the least; I am used to being out in all kinds"; but she stood still while Hetty undid the knot in which her veil was tied, and when she had done, uttered another grateful "Thank you."

Hetty was almost startled when she heard her voice. It was liquid and musical as the notes of a nightingale. Her pronunciation was clear and cultivated, and if a slight—very slight—modulation betrayed the land of her birth, it only served to give additional sweetness and roundness to her tones.

When her wraps were all removed, the sisters looked with some curiosity to see what their cousin was like. They saw a slight, girlish figure, a little above the middle height, and moulded with the perfection of a classic nymph; a small, exquisitely shaped head, and a face that absolutely took their breath away by its extreme and unusual beauty. It was not alone that every feature was chiselled into perfect harmony; that the eyes, large and darkly gray, were fringed with long curling lashes black as night; that her hair, long and abundant, was like the raven's wing in colour, and fine as spun silk; but her matchless complexion would have made even plain features beautiful, and the marvellous power of expression which her face possessed was a gift in itself.

"If you are not too tired will you come down to supper?" said Agatha, in a cold voice. "We dine at seven, and knowing you would be much later, did not wait for you. I am sure after that you will be glad to go to bed and recover from the fatigues of your journey. Do not mind your dress. I will send Mary Anne to unpack your things and put them in order for you. Have you a maid of your own?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, no," said Madeline's soft, half-melancholy voice. "I can do everything for myself. I have always been accustomed to it. I need not trouble your maid to arrange my things, thank you."

"Certainly I shall send her to you," said Agatha, decidedly. "When you are ready will you come downstairs to the dining-room?"—and she turned to go away.

"I will come for you, dear, in a quarter of an hour," said Hetty. "You would be lost in this great rambling house if you had no one to show you the way. It is quite a study in the matter of sudden staircases and surprising and unexpected passages, which lead you by 'circooitous routs,' as Artemus Ward says, back to the place from which you started."

"Thank you, cousin," said Madeline, "you are very kind," and the sisters left her.

"Isn't she lovely?" said Hetty, enthusiastically, as they went down the passage; "and what a sweet voice she has. Did you ever see such beautiful hair? Mine immediately felt like one of those bushes that Milton so deliciously describes as having 'frizzled hair implicit.' I almost decided to eschew a fringe for the future, only my forehead is not my strong point, and the more it is kept in the background the better. What glorious eyes she has too! In what a pretty, touching way she said, 'Thank you, cousin'—it quite melted my heart. But what a skin and what a colour! Am I dreadfully coarse and mottled? I am sure I feel it."

"Don't be nonsensical!" said Agatha, sharply. "Why, you only got a glance at her. I did not see all these manifold perfections. She struck me as being very young-looking and unformed for her age. She does not look much more than sixteen. She is certainly pretty, but by no means the paragon you make her out; besides, wait till you see her in the daylight. Some people look well by night, but are very different at other times." Agatha was conscious of looking well by daylight.

"I feel a very illused person," said Hetty, laughing. "If I had had the faintest idea she would be like that wild horses should not have extorted my consent to her coming here. It will be amusing to observe the gradual withdrawal of Sir Shirley Kynaston's attentions from me. It will be more than amusing—thank goodness, it will be a decided relief. His compliments had begun to pall. I wonder what effect they will have on a little unsophisticated thing like Madeline."

As she spoke they entered the dining-room, where they found their father sitting by the fire impatiently expecting his supper. In answer to their enquiries, they found he had been travelling since nine that morning; that neither Madeline nor he had been sea-sick; that the former was "well enough," and seemed to have "no nonsense about her." They could not extract anything more from him—he said he had nothing more to tell.

In a quarter of an hour Hetty went up to Madeline's room and found her ready to go down. Hetty took her hand, and said gaily—

"Come, Madeline, let me give you your first lesson in the topography of the house."

Madeline raised her eyes and gave Hetty a sweet, grateful look, and then followed her cousin obediently.

At supper she eat little, and made no more attempt at conversation than what was necessary to enable her to answer the few questions which Agatha put her; but the latter young lady felt an unaccustomed embarrassment as she met the clear direct gaze of those lovely eyes, which seemed to read her inmost thoughts. The moment supper was over she again proposed that her cousin should retire, a suggestion which Madeline readily followed.

"Good night," said Agatha. "If you want anything be sure you ring for it. I hope you will be very comfortable, and will feel quite rested in the morning"—and she offered her cheek to Madeline to kiss.

Though her words were hospitable, Madeline detected an undercurrent of coldness and constraint. She looked slightly surprised, and hesitated a second before she touched Agatha's cheek with her lips, for she had only offered her own hand on saying good night. Then she turned to Hetty, who, instead of following her sister's example, said smilingly, "I must examine you on your progress in learning your way about the house. Let me see if you can reach your room without help."

Madeline smiled in return, and said, "I think I am equal to that much, cousin. We go up this passage and round by this one to the front hall, and from that the way is easy—upstairs and down the corridor to the door across the end."

"I see you have a map of the whole thing in your head," said Hetty; "and since you are perfect in your first lesson, I will increase your stock of information. Do you see this door?"—laying her hand on the handle. "Well, this is the door of the morning-room. We breakfast and spend the morning here, and here you will find us some time between nine and ten, for we are not very likely to be canonized as eminent examples of early rising."

"Yes, I will remember," said Madeline. "I shall easily find my way here in the morning, and thank you very much, cousin, for your kindness to me since I came. I am very grateful to you."

"For nothing at all," said Hetty. "What have I done, pray, to call for such eloquent thanks? But call me Hetty, dear—cousin sounds very formal and distant. Here we are. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

"Good night, Hetty," said Madeline, softly, returning her cousin's affectionate kiss.

Next morning the clock was just striking nine as Madeline St. Just opened the door of the breakfast-room. There was no one there, and she walked to the window and stood looking out. The ceaseless drip, drip of the rain, and the occasional gusts of wind which drove the drops against the windows, were the only sounds she heard. The flowers hung their heads and the grass looked soaked; but the girl's eyes went beyond these, and fixed themselves on a long gray line, flecked with white, which bounded the view. Her heart leaped at the sight of the sea, and a wild longing seized her to run out in the rain and down to the beach that was so near her. She checked the hasty impulse, and contented herself with gazing long and wistfully at the long lines of rollers that came tumbling in and fell with a sullen sound on the shore. She was standing

in the same attitude a quarter of an hour later when Agatha came in.

"Good morning," she said; "you are down early. I hope you are quite rested now?"

"Yes, thank you," said Madeline. "I was not very tired. I have been admiring the view from the window. At least, I have been looking at the sea, and wondering when I might go down to the beach. You seem to have a beautiful coast here."

"It is considered very pretty," said Agatha. "I don't go near it much myself, except when we have a picnic in summer in that direction. It is a lonely place, very wild and rocky—and dangerous too, in certain parts. I believe the currents are very strong and treacherous. On that account we scarcely ever go out in a boat."

"Good morning, Madeline," said Hetty, who had entered unobserved. She kissed her cousin, and then, looking out of the window, she said, "What a dismal prospect. I shall assume the *rôle* of that 'thing of evil,' a prophet, and foretell that we shall be left completely at the mercy of one another all day. No one but a merman or a naiad would think of venturing out in such weather. Like your own native land, we are at present suffering from an 'excess of humidity.' You see I am well up in the physical aspects of your beloved country."

Madeline laughed a sweet, joyous laugh. "I must examine you on the subject, as you did me last night. Take care that I may not discover your knowledge to be such that 'though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve,'" she said.

"I protest against that," said Hetty. "I have read up all the Irish classic literature I could get hold of, and I flatter myself I am a thoroughly qualified judge on the customs and habits of your countrymen, but I won't be examined. I think the present system of examining cramps the mind and destroys the originality; and if I excel in one thing more than another it is in creative power."

"So I should have supposed," said Madeline, "since you are so much afraid of being compelled to come to facts. For a proper exercise of the creative power you should have an audience unacquainted with the realities. Now if you had chosen to exercise your imaginative faculty in describing England to me, you would have found me as open to conviction as you could desire."

"We will change the subject, if you please," said Hetty, with dignity. "I will not quarrel with you just now, as the day is so wet, and I should be dolefully stupid with only Agatha to talk to."

"Breakfast is ready," said Agatha, at the same time ringing the bell. She sent Sarah, who appeared, to summon her father. Mr. St. Just greeted his daughters and niece, and sat down in his place. After a short grace, indistinctly muttered, he turned to Madeline and said—

"Shocking weather, isn't it? I suppose, now, you have not much worse on your side of the channel?"

"Perhaps we don't mind it so much as you do here, Uncle Ethelred," said Madeline. "It is not pleasant to walk on the grass, but a good run on the beach, even if it is raining, is a capital thing for keeping up one's spirits. I have never stayed indoors for as much rain as that."

"What a contemptuous way you have of saying it," said Hetty. "I begin to feel quite ashamed of the weather, and I had been buoying myself up with the hope that we were putting our best foot foremost for your edification. But you don't mean to say you go out when it is like this? Let me assure you that the advanced principles of Eastern hospitality, on which I justly pride myself, strained to their utmost limit, would not be sufficient to make me see it my duty to accompany you on your aqueous way."

"Really, Hetty, I do not understand you," said her father; "and I don't think you understand yourself. You should restrain your conversation within proper and sensible limits. I have noticed lately that you have allowed yourself a latitude which, in my opinion, verges on the unladylike."

"The rebuke is timely, papa," said Hetty, with an assumption of humility. "I will sink gracefully into oblivion for the present."

"Do you play, Madeline?" said Agatha—"the piano I mean."

"Yes," said Madeline. "I am very fond indeed of music." Then, turning to her uncle—"You will remember that my father was an excellent musician, Uncle Ethelred. I have inherited at least his love of the art, and I have had good masters."

"And I suppose you sing?" continued Agatha.

"Yes," said Madeline again. "I intended speaking to you about devoting a regular portion of time every day to my different studies. I should not like to give them up merely because I have left school."

"I think you will be very wise to do as you say," said Agatha, more graciously. "I shall see that you are not disturbed during those hours you decide on setting apart for such a purpose. We do not use the drawing-room until the middle of the afternoon, and you can practice without fear of being interrupted any time before three o'clock. When shall you begin to carry out your plan?"

"I think, if you have no objection, at once," said Madeline. "I could take from half past ten till two every day. I could do all that is necessary in that time."

"I should think you could!" said Hetty, coming out of the silence which she had maintained for a whole minute. "You are not serious in saying you will give up the whole morning to study? Why, that is the time we generally have our tennis practices—from twelve to two—and you would miss all those. Besides, we often walk before lunch. So many people call after that time, that we don't like to be out. It is generally understood that on three afternoons in the week we are to be found under the paternal roof, ready to welcome our friends and admirers to tennis and tea."

"But I don't play tennis," said Madeline, "and I will confess, at the risk of incurring your contempt, that I have no desire to learn. It has always seemed to me a very stupid game. I don't think I could command my patience so long as would get me through a single set."

"Barbarian!" said Hetty. "And pray, how do you get through your days, if you scorn the lighter amenities of life?"

"I have never found any difficulty yet," said Madeline, laughing. "I always seemed to have plenty to do. But I promise you if I find time hang heavy on my hands I shall come to you and beg for lessons in tennis. As for walking, I often go out before breakfast—in summer it is the pleasantest time of the day; and with the sea so near as it is here, one can never be at a loss for a pleasant place to walk in."

"But you cannot go out alone," said Hetty; "and no one else is ever down before nine, and seldom then."

"Why not?" said Madeline, surprised. "I have always been accustomed to go out by myself at all hours of the day, both when I was at Coill-na-Mona, and in summer, when we were at the sea-side."

"But no one does it here," said Agatha. "It is not considered the correct thing for a young lady to take solitary morning walks."

"Oh, is that all?" said Madeline. "That will not concern me much. I am quite able to bear any remarks that may be made. If anyone should mention it to you, you can say that I am an Irish girl, and know no better."

"Of course you must do as you like," said Agatha, coldly. "I don't know what young ladies do in Ireland, but such a course as you speak of taking would be thought very eccentric among the people we know."

No more was said at the moment, but Madeline by no means relinquished her hopes of a morning walk. True to Hetty's prediction, there were no callers at Hayslope that day. Madeline arranged her books and music, drew out a programme for the hours to be devoted to reading and music, made a few alterations in the disposition of the furniture of her room, and prepared to begin her regular pursuits on the morrow. She practised for a couple of hours on the piano in the drawing-room, and found the time pass very swiftly until two o'clock, when the luncheon bell rang. After luncheon she sat with her cousins, who had whiled away the morning reading, and who were now yawning, and declaring that a rainy day was the most intolerable infliction it was possible to imagine. Hetty welcomed her cousin's appearance, and, throwing aside her book, began to give her a lively account of the people who lived in the neighbourhood.

"I wonder what you will think of Sir Shirley Kynaston," she said. "He is a great admirer of mine, but I cheerfully make him over to you. I am really quite tired of him. What would you do, Madeline, if a man persisted in constantly paying you the most odious compliments?"

"I don't know," said Madeline. "I have never had any experience of such a person. I must think what would be best to do."

"Now don't tell me that Irishmen never pay compliments," said Hetty; "for though I am a credulous, trusting young woman, my credulity just falls short of that point. Even Irishmen are human."

"But I was not going to say it," said Madeline. "I only meant that I never heard them pay odious compliments. They often say things pleasant to hear, but they say them in a pleasant way—at least, any I have met do. Then they seem to believe what they say, so there is nothing disagreeable about it."

"You are too literal, my dear Madeline," said Hetty. "When I used the word 'odious' I meant inane—commonplace—trite—wanting in flavour and delicacy. But, to go on with my tale. Sir Shirley is enormously rich, and has a house fit for a duke. When I think of these things, and then think of the owner, I assure you that 'oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall' at having absolutely to turn away from such a prize, because the giver must be taken with the gift."

"I can't see why you talk in that way about Sir Shirley Kynaston," said Agatha, looking up from her book. "He is a remarkably handsome man, and is a perfect gentleman. If you mean that he has not as sharp a tongue as you have, I confess I think he is none the worse for that."

"I am totally quenched," said Hetty, with a grimace at Madeline, at which the latter could not help laughing. Agatha returned to her book with an offended air, and Hetty proceeded.

"Then there is Marion Ellesmere. She is a rather nice girl. She has not very much to say—which, according to Agatha, is a decided advantage—but she is really good-natured and pleasant. She is engaged to her cousin out in India, but is not to be married until next summer, when he comes home for good. Oh, I forgot Mr. Carew. His name is Francis, and he has just come in for his uncle's estate near this. There were two nephews, and everyone expected the other to be his uncle's heir; but old Mr. Gerard was accidentally drowned, and a will, very recently executed, was discovered, in which he left everything to

Mr. Carew. The will was found accidentally in the elder nephew's private desk, sealed up in a blank envelope, and he could give no satisfactory explanation of how it came there. It was supposed he had taken it from among his uncle's papers, and that he intended to destroy it. Of course he denied this; but he had nothing but his own word to prove his innocence; and a man who would be capable of defrauding another of his right, would think nothing of denying it. The desk was locked, and no one had a key that would open it but himself. Besides, no one else would have any interest in abstracting the will. It was a great pity he should have yielded to the temptation, for otherwise he was a very nice fellow indeed."

"Was he the sort of man who would be likely to do such a thing? Had he ever been known to do anything dishonourable before? I don't mean any great thing—but was he mean, or covetous, or petty in any way?"

"No," said Hetty. "On the contrary, he was considered to be an extremely upright man—a man of unblemished honour and integrity. But such men give way sometimes, you know. At first no one believed it, but there was no other possible explanation. Then, though Mr. Carew hushed up the whole affair as quickly as possible, and acted, I must say, most generously, his cousin refused all his advances, and downright.y insulted him."

"Then Mr. Carew believed in his cousin's guilt?" said Madeline. "Of course I don't know any of the people concerned, but it seems to me that it would take more than that to destroy my confidence in a person who had for so long borne such a character as you describe. If I once thoroughly trusted a person I would take his mere word against all the inexplicable circumstances in the world. Some people are incapable of doing a mean action, and such people are very easily discerned."

"What a romantic little girl it is," said Hetty, laughing affectionately, and tapping Madeline's flushed cheek. "I foresee you and I will be great friends. You are my exact opposite. I always take the common-sense view."

"And so, I maintain, do I," said Madeline. "When a man has uniformly shown himself worthy of the esteem and confidence of his fellow men, surely common sense would lead one to continue to esteem and trust him, even when there are circumstances in connection with him which would be suspicious in another case. What is the good of having a character for integrity, if it is only to be relied on in fair weather. Surely the time to test the real estimation in which one is held, is when circumstances look suspicious and prospects gloomy. I should not give much for that friendship which would not stand by me in evil report as well as in good report."

"You forget, Madeline," said the cold voice of Agatha from the sofa, "that you are speaking of what you know nothing about. It is probable that if Mr. Carew, who knew his cousin intimately, considered him guilty, that he had sufficient grounds for forming that opinion. For my part, I never had a very high opinion of Mr. Wentworth, and his conduct in the disgraceful affair of the will fully justified my judgment."

"I beg your pardon, Agatha, if I have vexed you," said Madeline, gently. "Of course I do not, as you say, know anything about the matter; but, indeed, I was speaking more in general than with reference to this particular case."

"Well, let us not talk about it any more," said Hetty. "What are you sewing so industriously at, Madeline?" taking the piece of work from her hand. "Oh, what little stitches! How can you have the patience to do such a lot of them?" Then the talk flowed into other channels.

CHAPTER III.



NEXT morning Madeline was up and dressed a little after half-past six. She put on her hat and jacket, and taking her gloves in her hand, she went softly downstairs. The front door was locked and bolted, and the chain was drawn; but she soon undid the fastenings, and in a moment was standing on the step outside. She closed the door behind her with a gentle pull, and then she took the nearest way down to the sea. The rain was over, and the sun was shining brilliantly. The sea sparkled with a thousand flecks of light, as if "silver-footed Thetis" and her nymphs had left the print of their dancing footsteps on the rippling waters. The waves broke in showers of gold on the wet strand, and a solitary fishing-boat was just lowering its brown sail as it neared its haven in a little cove about a mile farther up the coast. Madeline watched it until it disappeared behind a ledge of rock jutting out into the sea. Then she walked along the shore in that direction, bent on becoming acquainted with the peculiarities and beauties of the country round her new abode.

The coast was indeed wild and rocky. Low cliffs soon rose with long jutting ledges projecting into the sea, and enclosing little coves and bays, most of which were filled at high water, as she could perceive from the glistening seaweed, and the limpid pools that the receding tide had left behind. She saw that one might easily get caught in one of these nooks if the tide were allowed to flow beyond a certain point, for she had in one instance to wait for a quarter of an hour before she could surmount the rocks and gain the other side. Even then but that she was a daring and skilful climber she would not have succeeded; but she had a sure foot and a cool head, and the spice of danger gave an additional zest to the expedition.

She had got as far as this side of the ledge of rocks, behind which she had seen the little fishing-boat pass, but found that any further advance was barred. The rocks rose so precipitously, and extended so far into the water, that even at the lowest tide it would be impossible to pass over or around them. The only way of reaching the other side was to go along the top of the cliffs, and down through the next opening to the shore. She resolved she would walk in that direction the next morning she came out. Then she turned and retraced her steps, warned by her watch that it was time to be going homeward. She had surmounted the last ridge, and, climbing up it to a considerable height, had turned to take a final look at a scene which filled her with delight, when she thought she heard a step on the shingly beach below her. She supposed it was some fisherman come to look after his lobster traps—for she had seen the marks which indicated the position of certain of these—and she did not turn; but to her great surprise she was addressed in a voice that did not certainly belong to a fisherman.

"Allow me, fair lady," the voice said, "to assist you from your precarious position. I have reason to be grateful for the unwelcome business that brought me out at this early hour, and caused me to arrive at this opportune moment."

Madeline had turned, and looking down she saw a man, young and handsome in appearance, but with an expression on his face which made Madeline instinctively decide that he was not a gentleman.

"Thank you," she said courteously, "but I do not wish to go down just yet, nor do I require any assistance."

"But you do not seem to be aware of the risk you run," he went on. "This coast is very dangerous, and in a short time the advancing tide may cut off your retreat. I cannot permit that so lovely a creature should remain in such a position. Pray accept of my assistance—you will confer an everlasting obligation on me."

Madeline was half vexed, half amused. She looked down rather contemptuously, and without moving.

"You do not seem to be aware that the tide is going out," she said, quietly. "And I could not, in any case, think of laying a perfect stranger under such an enduring obligation as you speak of."

She was sorry the moment the words had passed her lips, for she felt this was a man who would take advantage of anything she might say to continue the conversation. She was right.

"I perceive that your wit is equal to your beauty," he said, "but at the risk of offending you—I hope not beyond forgiveness—I must reiterate my warning, and again beg of you to accept my help. I really must insist."

Madeline hastily retraced in thought the path she had come, but saw there was no escape in that direction. She stood perfectly motionless in the meantime, half turned away from her persecutor. But in a moment she saw that he was moving down the beach with the intention of finding a place where he could scale the rocks. She cast a hasty glance upward at the overhanging cliff, and downward at the shingle fifteen feet below, and in an instant took her resolution. She waited until the stranger had climbed the ledge, and had traversed half the space that lay between them. She saw that a deep pool of water lay below him, and would prevent him from reaching the strand without returning to where he had climbed up. Then she swung herself lightly down to a narrow projection which was not visible from below, and clinging to a crevice in the rock, she lowered herself to within four or five feet of the ground, to which she dropped without injury; and, not waiting to see what effect her retreat had produced, she walked quickly towards home, which she reached without further molestation. She resolved that she would not walk in that direction again for some time.

After breakfast she retired to her own room, and remained there until she was summoned to luncheon. Hetty told her that she had missed meeting Mr. Carew and Sir Shirley Kynaston, who had been there over an hour playing at tennis, but that she had arranged for them to come at three o'clock to-morrow instead of in the morning. "Then I can introduce them to you," she said, "and formally hand over Sir Shirley to you—for it is always best to make a virtue of necessity."

About four o'clock, visitors from a distance called. Madeline was introduced to these, and sat in the drawing-room during the whole time of their stay, which was a long one. She did not feel greatly interested in the conversation they kept up with her cousins, for she was ignorant of the people and things of which they spoke. Her mind frequently wandered to the events of the morning, and she smiled half scornfully when she remembered the annoyance to which she had been subjected. She had been used to go freely by herself, when in her own country, at all hours of the day, and had met with and spoken to strangers frequently; but never once had anyone used the slightest disrespect or discourtesy towards her. So fearless was she, that if it had been necessary, it would not have cost her a thought to traverse the loneliest part of the country near her father's house in the middle of the

darkest night. Of course it was a mere accident her having met with such an adventure the very first morning she had gone out here, and she resolved she would not let it prevent her from going out again the following morning—but not in the same direction. She would go along the top of the cliffs and try and discover the secret of the cove which had been inaccessible to her this morning. The rest of the day passed quickly away, and at ten o'clock Madeline, following her usual custom, went to her room.

In the morning she left the house about the same time as the preceding day. Instead of going down to the shore she turned to the left, and walked rapidly up the slope in a direction which she thought the most likely to attain her object. She found she could walk along the top of the cliff on the short grass which grew down to the very edge. She followed the windings of the shore, which greatly lengthened the distance she had to traverse; but she was an excellent walker, and got over the ground very quickly. She felt quite exhilarated as she breathed the fresh breeze coming in over the sea, and heard the soft wash of the waves as they broke on the shore. She saw that she could not now pass in some of the places which she had easily surmounted yesterday, and she perceived how fatal it would be to be caught by the tide in any of the little coves which she saw lying at her feet.

Very soon she approached the place where she had been stopped by the precipitous ledge yesterday. She felt a strange curiosity to see what lay beyond it, and pressed on eagerly.

Suddenly the ground sloped down at her feet, and rose as suddenly on the other side of a little valley or ravine open to the south. The sea came up into the opening, and formed a sort of natural harbour. In the hollow, close to the beach, stood a low rambling cottage, with climbing plants trained over it; and behind it stretched a rather large garden, surrounded by a high wall, on which fruit trees were trained. It was neatly laid out in beds of vegetables, and the paths were bordered with currant and gooseberry bushes, and narrow beds of flowers. A winding path led down to the garden wall and along by it to the shore. Madeline ran down this path lightly, and in a few minutes stood on the strand. The wall which surrounded the garden was low in front of the house, but the ground sank away suddenly from it, and the entrance could only be reached by a flight of steps rudely fashioned in the rock. It was evident that at high tide the sea reached the foot of these steps. A little beyond the house, on a strip of white sand, there was a boat lying, and as she approached she saw the figure of an old man busied about it in some way. She walked towards him, and when, hearing her step, he turned round, she said in a friendly tone—

"Good morning. This is a lovely day, isn't it?"

To which the old man replied, "Good morning to ye, miss. 'Tis a fine day, thank God!"

Madeline stopped. The familiar accent and phraseology struck her. The sun was shining brightly and warmly into the sheltered Cove, and she did not feel inclined to go any further.

She addressed the man again. "May I sit down awhile and rest? I have walked a good way."

"Of coorse ye may; honey. Sure there's nothin' to hinder ye," he said.

Madeline sat down on a big stone and watched him at his work. He was painting a white stripe round the side of the boat.

"Is that your own boat you are painting?" she said after a few minutes.

"Sure the likes o' me wouldn't own a boat like that," said the man. "Faith, then, it's Misther Connor she belongs to, and a rale beauty she is."

"What is your name?" said Madeline, in a voice of interest. "I can see you come from Ireland, like myself."

"Arrah, now, my name 's Michael Brennan," said the man. "And are you from ould Ireland too, alannah? Well, well, it's a sight for weak eyes to see ye."

"Do you go out fishing in the boat?" said Madeline, looking at some nets spread out to dry on the sand.

"I don't go out meself, miss, but me boy Mike and the masther go amost every night in the fishing sayson. Be the same token the boat ought to be back soon. Ay! there she comes"—and he began to gather up his paint pots and brushes.

Madeline looked, and saw the same fishing-boat which she had seen on the previous morning gliding towards the mouth of the bay, gracefully dipping its mast before the gentle breeze which ruffled the surface of the water. She rose, and turning to Michael Brennan, she said—

"May I come and see you some time again? You know you are a countryman of mine."

"Musha, then, its meself will be glad an' proud to see you any time ye like to come, miss. Good mornin' to ye."

Madeline slowly retraced her steps, pausing and looking back occasionally to watch the fishing-boat, which was steadily nearing the shore. She saw the figures of two men in it; but before the boat had reached the landing-place she was out of sight of the Cove.

She returned by a more direct route than she had taken when coming. When she was about half way home her path led her through a small plantation of firs. She was walking forward at a brisk pace when she perceived a figure of a man approaching from the other end of the wood. A moment more, and she was face to face with the person who had so much annoyed her the previous morning. He stopped at once in such a manner as to bar her further progress.

"I am indeed fortunate," he said. "I had hoped to find you by the sea-shore again, and was returning disappointed. May I ask the name of the fairy who haunts these woods and shores, that I may know how to address so charming a nymph in future?" He paused, and fixed his eyes on her with an expression of admiration.

"I am in a hurry," said Madeline. "Let me pass, please." At the same time she slipped by him and hurried on her way. But he was not to be so easily shaken off. He was by her side in a moment again.

"At least you will let me accompany you. It is not safe for so much loveliness to go unprotected."

"I fully realise that, sir," said Madeline, "although until you undeceived me I had not suspected it. I desire that you will leave me at once, and that you will never again venture to address me in such an unwarrantable manner."

"You quite misunderstand me, I assure you," said the stranger, still walking beside her. "I only wish to be allowed to accompany you on your walk, and to learn the name of one whose beauty is only equalled by her severity."

Madeline was really angry now. Her cheek flushed and her dark eye sparkled as she suddenly stopped in her walk. She looked steadily at her companion, and said—

"You compel me to resort to extreme measures for my protection. You see that house before us"—pointing to a farm-house visible through an opening in the trees. "If you do not leave me this moment, I will go straight to the owner and explain to him how exceedingly you have annoyed me by persisting in following and addressing me, and it will not be my fault if well-deserved personal chastisement does not follow, to teach you a lesson you will not easily forget."

The man whom she addressed coloured angrily, but muttering something about her having entirely misunderstood him, he moved a step back.

"Good morning, sir," said Madeline. She then walked quickly away, nor as far as she knew was she followed any further.

On her return home she had just time to go to her room and remove her walking things before she was summoned to breakfast. When she went down Hetty remarked on the brilliancy of her complexion, and asked if she had been for a walk that morning.

"Yes," said Madeline. "I walked for a good distance over the top of the cliffs. I made the acquaintance of such a nice old man. He was painting a boat down on the shore. His name is Michael Brennan, and he is an Irishman. I promised to go down to see him again some day"—looking towards her uncle. "I suppose I may?"

"Yes, I suppose so, if you care to go," said her uncle. "But I don't much like your going about this way by yourself. Can't you go with your cousin, Agatha, or you, Hetty?"

"I can't endure going into poor people's houses," said Agatha. "They are so small and stuffy, and the people are so stupid—always complaining, and always expecting something. They have not a particle of gratitude in their composition. Besides, I could not possibly be spared to go with Madeline."

"I am always very busy just at the time Madeline is going out, too," said Hetty, demurely. "Such very important issues depend on the duty I am engaged on, that I do not feel justified in laying them aside, otherwise I should no doubt be highly edified by Michael Brennan's conversation and acquaintance."

"I have thought of a plan, Uncle Ethelred," said Madeline, "which, if you agree to it, will suit everybody. I have a big dog who used to go everywhere with me in Ireland. He is splendidly trained, and very obedient. No one would venture to say a word to me if I had Malachy with me. Mr. O'Hara would have him sent over. He need never come into the house—I could have a kennel built for him outside."

"Whatever you like, my dear. I am sure I have no objection," said her uncle, glad to settle the matter without further trouble to himself.

Breakfast being by this time over, he left the room as he spoke, and Madeline continued speaking to Hetty—

"I should not have thought of any companion being necessary, only that both mornings I was out I met a most disagreeable person, who persisted in speaking to me, until I threatened to summon assistance from a house near by if he did not at once desist from annoying me."

"I told you it would be so," said Agatha, in a displeased tone, "if you would persist in making yourself so peculiar. I told you it was not customary for young ladies to walk by themselves, especially so early in the morning. Of course you excited unpleasant notice; and I cannot be surprised at it."

"I should not have supposed that the feelings and conduct of a gentleman varied with the lateness or earliness of the hour," said Madeline, quietly. "But since you assure me it is so, I shall not go out in the mornings again until I have my dog to protect me, and then I should rather enjoy meeting my enemy for the pleasure of seeing the encounter between him and Malachy."

"What kind of person was it that you met?" said Hetty. "Was he a gentleman?"

"By no means," said Madeline, decidedly. "Very far from it, indeed; but he was dressed like one. He was fair, I think, and I suppose would be considered handsome by some people."

"I wonder who he was," said Hetty, thoughtfully. "Someone from the town, no doubt," and the subject dropped for the present.

"Now, Madeline," said Hetty, as they were rising from lunch that afternoon, "you must look your very prettiest to-day, and call up all your forces, for you are about to enter into the lists against me; and, believe me, I am not an opponent to be despised."

Madeline laughed, and said she would do her best, but that she anticipated nothing less than a crushing defeat.

"Come out into the garden," said Hetty. "The day is too delightful to spend within doors."

They walked up and down, chatting gaily for some time. In about half an hour they saw Agatha coming towards them accompanied by a gentleman, whom she introduced to Madeline as Mr. Carew.

The quick glance of surprised admiration he cast at Madeline did not escape the sharp eyes of her cousin.

Hetty said laughing, and holding out her hand, "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Carew. But no—I take back my offer. I can give a very fair guess as to what they are without any telling on your part. I daresay I should not be very far astray if I supposed that for once we had thought alike."

Madeline had turned away to speak to another person who had arrived on the scene, and whom Agatha was naming as Sir Shirley Kynaston. She raised her eyes to his face, and in a moment, with a disagreeable shock, she recognised in the baronet her persecutor of the morning. She recovered herself instantly, and bowing haughtily to Sir Shirley, said to Agatha, "I have already made Sir Shirley Kynaston's acquaintance, although until this moment I did not know his name. I have met him twice before."

She turned again towards Hetty and Mr. Carew, and did not further betray, either by look or word, that she was aware of the presence of the baronet.

He, on his part, was confounded by the meeting. Nothing had been farther from his thoughts than that the young lady he had met out walking was Mr. St. Just's niece, and he felt that his position was a very uncomfortable one. He hastily resolved that he would seize the first opportunity that offered to speak to Miss St. Just, and to apologise for his conduct. He admired her more than ever, and thought he had never before seen any woman so perfectly lovely. He heartily wished that he had let the pressing business which had brought him out so early the day before, lie over for any length of time rather than it should have got him into such a scrape as this.

The opportunity he sought came sooner than he expected. Hetty went into the house to fetch her racket, which she had left upstairs, and Agatha invited Mr. Carew to walk with her to see some improvements she had been making at his suggestion in her greenhouse. Madeline and Sir Shirley were left alone in the tennis ground. Madeline sat down quietly on one of the seats, and, folding her hands on her lap, was apparently enjoying the prospect which lay before. Sir Shirley looked exceedingly uncomfortable, but after a slight hesitation he approached and stood beside her.

"Can I hope for forgiveness, Miss St. Just?" he said in an insinuating voice. "I hardly venture to ask it."

"Forgiveness for what?" said Madeline, coldly. "Pray explain yourself."



"'I OFTEN GO OUT BEFORE BREAKFAST.'"

"Surely you understand me," he said. "What else could I refer to but my unpardonable rudeness of the past two mornings."

"I hardly see the use of asking forgiveness for an offence you feel to be unpardonable," said Madeline. "And why do you ask it now? What has produced this sudden change in your feelings?"

"When I said 'unpardonable,'" he answered, "I meant that to me it seemed so; but I had such faith in your gentleness and goodness that I hoped you might find some means of absolving me."

"I will speak plainly," said Madeline, "if you do not know how to do so. As for any annoyance you may have caused me this morning, it was but momentary, and is very easily forgotten. It is not in your power to cause me more than passing vexation. You ask my forgiveness now, because you know who I am, and find yourself in a mortifying position—not because you are really ashamed of your conduct. And for the reason that I do not consider you worthy of the acquaintance of any woman who respects herself, not because of anything you have said or done to me, I must decline to hold any communication with you more than is absolutely required by your being a friend of the family with whom I am staying at present. Pray understand this definitely."

A deep flush of anger passed over Sir Shirley's face as he said, "It is hard to believe that such a form should conceal a spirit so vindictive."

When Hetty rejoined them, Madeline was calmly looking out over the sea, and Sir Shirley was standing moodily on the grass, knocking the tennis balls about as if the fate of nations depended on the direction which they took.

"Where are the others?" she said, casting a sharp glance first at Madeline and then at Sir Shirley. "Oh, here they are. Well, Mr. Carew, did you not think me improved in my playing yesterday? It is all owing to this cousin of mine. She looks on tennis with such unmitigated contempt that I resolved that she should change her opinion, and see in me the exponent of all the occult virtues of the game. I have been studying the science of the thing ever since, and have come to the conclusion that if 'conference maketh a ready man, and writing an exact man,' so doth tennis."

"Agreed," said Madeline, laughing. "But where do you find in tennis a parallel to Bacon's first statement—that 'reading maketh a full man?' When you leave that out, you

take away all the meaning from the rest. To be ready with platitudes, and exact in stating truisms, is more wearisome than complete inability. You only prove my case for me."

"At least you will acknowledge that tennis gives exercise to the muscles," said Mr. Carew, with a smile, intently watching at the same time the expressive face before him.

"Oh, yes, I allow that," said Madeline, "and I do not wish to interfere with other people's enjoyment of that kind of exercise. All I stipulate is, that I shall be allowed to choose what pleases me best."

"I think you rather like to be peculiar, Madeline," said Agatha, smiling sweetly. "Don't you think so, Hetty?"

"No, indeed I don't," said Hetty, with an affectionate look at Madeline, who had coloured at Agatha's words. "I daresay it may seem peculiar to us when we meet anyone who speaks exactly as she thinks or feels; but it ought not to be so, it ought to be as natural to us to do so as it is to Madeline. I do not say she will ever convert me to her opinion as far as regards tennis, but I do not despair that she may in other respects."

This time it was on Hetty that Mr. Carew's glance of admiration fell.

"How do you like England, Miss St. Just?" said the latter, as he was waiting for his turn in the game.

"I like what I have seen of it excessively. The scenery is perfectly lovely round here. I have seen places that were far grander and more impressive, but none that were more softly and brightly beautiful. There is an element of danger in this coast, too, which adds to the fascination. It 'looks like the innocent flower, and is the serpent under it.'"

"You could not have described the place better if you had lived in it all your life," he said. "There are treacherous undercurrents which would drag the strongest swimmer to his death if he ventured into them, and if you climb on the rocks when the tide is coming in, you may be surrounded and cut off before you could believe it possible. But when I said, 'Do you like England,' I was thinking more of the people than of the country."

"Which is almost equivalent to asking how I like you," said Madeline, laughing. "For, with one exception, I have spoken to no one else but my uncle and cousins since I came here. It is true I was talking to an old boatman this morning, but he proved to be a countryman of my own, and therefore does not count. I have not been here long enough yet to make up my mind on so momentous a question."

"Well, I think I rather meant, had you observed any difference in the general atmosphere of the place and people?"

"Oh, all the difference in the world. I suppose that was inevitable. It has struck me that people here have more of the qualities which command success, while my people possess more of the qualities which ensure affection. Of course I speak in a widely general sense. It is only an impression I have got, for I have lived in Ireland all my life till now, and am of course in perfect sympathy with my countrymen."

"I see you are a patriot," he said, smiling; "but you must not forget that you are English at least on one side."

"Oh, no, I never forget that," she said, "and on the whole I am very proud of my father's country."

"On the whole," he said. "What do you mean by that?" But at this moment Agatha's voice was heard calling him; and saying hastily, "You must explain yourself another time," he resumed the game.

The gentlemen went off shortly before five, and the three girls went into the house.

"I wonder what made Sir Shirley look so extremely glum to-day," said Hetty, as she sipped her tea. "He did not pay a single compliment. When I came back with my racket, I found Madeline looking at the prospect with a severely composed air, while Sir Shirley was standing at some distance, looking as if for once in his life he had been properly snubbed. I rejoiced secretly but greatly."

"What did you mean, Madeline, by saying you had met Sir Shirley Kynaston before?" said Agatha.

"I meant just that," said Madeline. "I recognised in him the person who had annoyed me so much this morning and yesterday."

"But you said that the person whom you met was not a gentleman," said Agatha, flushing.

"And I say so still," said Madeline, surprised. "What gentleman could find amusement in annoying a person whom he thought weaker than himself? Would you call that gentlemanly conduct, Agatha?"

"It was quite your own fault, Madeline," said Agatha. "You will remember I warned you your conduct would lay you open to misconstruction. How could anyone know who you were when they saw you out alone at that hour? Of course Sir Shirley could not have had the slightest suspicion that you were our cousin!"

"I don't care whether he did or not," said Madeline, indignantly. "He knew I did not want to speak to him, and that ought to have been enough for him. Whether I was your cousin or not ought not to have made any difference. A lady is entitled to respect, no matter who she is."

"I cannot agree with you, I am sorry to say," said Agatha. "If a lady chooses to place herself in a false position, she must make up her mind to bear the consequences. I have always found Sir Shirley Kynaston a perfect gentleman in his dealings with me, and I cannot think that he would say or do anything unworthy of his breeding."

"At any rate I am glad I renounced him," said Hetty, "before I heard this about him. I never had much opinion of him, and now I have less than ever. How did you like Mr. Carew, Madeline? I hope he found favour in your eyes. What were you talking about so very earnestly while Sir Shirley and I were playing?"

"I like him very well—what I have seen of him," said Madeline. "He seems kind and pleasant."

"What excessive praise!" said Hetty. "You are a freezing little lady. But come, let me look at those photographs you promised to show me," and the two left the room.

CHAPTER IV.



On the afternoon of a day in early June, Madeline, accompanied by a large wolf-hound, took for the second time the path over the cliffs. Agatha and Hetty had gone to the great tennis match for which they had been practising so long, and Madeline had resolved to take the opportunity of visiting the old fisherman of the Cove.

The day was warm, and she walked slowly. Malachy bounded joyously along, exploring the country on his own account, but never going out of sight of his young mistress.

When she reached a point at which she could command a view of the house and strand, she stood for a moment looking down. A man was busy in the garden with a shovel and wheelbarrow. The beds were gay with flowers; and but for the ceaseless roll of the sea, and the occasional cry of a gull, perfect silence brooded over the whole scene.

Turning her eyes toward the shore, she saw her old friend sitting in the shade of the wall that ran along the front of the house, busily engaged in mending a net which was spread out before him. To all appearance there was no other human being within miles of the place. The tide was coming in rapidly, and Madeline's quick eyes saw that both boats were safely moored in the little natural harbour formed by the rocks.

She called Malachy to her side, and ran down the path that led to the beach.

"Good afternoon, Michael," she said, gaily. "I am bringing some one else from Ireland to see you. Come here, Malachy," calling the dog; "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine. This is Michael Brennan; do you hear? You must be very polite to him, and like him very much."

"Good afternoon to ye, miss," said Michael. "Ye're as welcome as the flowers in May. 'Tis a fine dog ye've got, to be sure."

"Yes, isn't he?" said Madeline. "And he will do anything I tell him. What are you doing now, Michael?"

"Mendin' an ould net, honey—sure an' it couldn't be much worse nor it is."

"You have finished painting the boat," Madeline went on. "I saw it on the water as I was coming down."

"So I have, miss," he said. "And it's as nate a boat as you could see out of ould Ireland."

"It is very pretty," said Madeline. "Was that your son I saw working in the garden?"

"That was Mike himself, alannah. He is planting out cabbages to-day. 'Tis a fine bit of ground in that garden."

"And does your wife live with you too, Michael?" said Madeline, looking up at him.

"No, honey. Nancy is in glory, Heaven be praised, ten years come next Christmas. I berrid her before I left Waterford. She was as fine a slip of a girl when we were married as you could pick in the whole barony. She had two eyes that would look you through, they were that bright, and her hair was as black and shiny as yer own, saving your presence. She died of the fayver ten years ago. Me and Mike are all that's left now."

Madeline was silent for a moment, thinking of her fair and beloved mother who had left her three long years ago, and of the kind, kind father, the light of whose eyes she had been so lately.

"You are better off than I am, Michael," she said. "I have no one left"—and the tears filled her eyes.

"Ye won't say that long, aroon," said Michael. "An' sure ye have lots o' friends in ould Ireland that loves the ground ye tread on."

Madeline brushed away her tears, and, looking round, said: "What is behind that point, Michael? Would it be safe to go round, now that the tide is coming in? Could I get back by the cliffs?"

"Faith, an' ye could, miss. There is no danger if ye just kape to the shore."

"I will go and see what it is like," she said. "I shall say good-bye when I am coming back. Come, Malachy"—and she tripped lightly over the sand.

"May the holy saints presarve her," said Michael.

Madeline was not aware that there had been another listener to her conversation with the old man. The master of the house had watched her as she came across the sand, and, leaning on the garden wall, he had both seen and heard without being observed himself. He could see the fair flushed cheek half turned toward him, the delicate rosy ear, behind which the glossy folds of blue-back hair were drawn, the beautiful lines of the slender girlish figure; and when she raised her sweet eyes, with bright tears trembling on the long lashes, to the old sailor's face, he felt a sharp pang dart

through him, and a sudden longing to comfort this gentle, desolate creature.

As he listened to the fresh voice of Madeline, and watched the varying expression of her face, a feeling of hope and trust, to which he had long been a stranger, stole into his heart. Surely that candid brow, that tender voice, could only belong to one unspotted by the world. He smiled as he heard her innocent questions; and when at length she rose and went across the sands, he felt as if the sun had been suddenly hidden under a cloud. He paced up and down the narrow garden walk for more than half an hour, pondering deeply. Then Michael's voice recalled him to himself. The old man said—

"The tide is comin' in very quick, sir. I think the boat ought to be hauled up a little higher."

"Very well, Michael," answered his master, "I will go down and do it myself." He walked with a quick, active step toward the place where the boats were moored. When he had made all secure, he turned and looked along the shore. The tide was running very fast now; and here and there, as the waves rushed in with violence among the rocks, tall columns of spray rose.

Suddenly he recollected that Madeline had gone round the next point some time ago, and that she had not since reappeared. If she had returned over the cliffs, he must have seen her. She was evidently a stranger in the place, and unacquainted with the perils of the shore. She might be in some danger at this moment. It was possible that she was still down on the strand watching the tide coming in, but he could not get rid of the feeling that something was wrong. It was now too late to get round the point of rocks, but he would go by the path over the cliffs, and see, without appearing to watch her, that all was right. He strode hastily over the sand, and as he passed Michael, he called out—

"I am going for a walk. The boats are all right. Tell Mike to get the nets ready for to-night"—and then hurried on.

A very few minutes brought him to the top of the cliff. When there, he slackened his pace, for he had no desire to intrude unnecessarily. He looked down at the strand, but there was no one there; he ran his eye over the ledge of rocks that jutted into the sea, but no one was there either. His heart beat quickly. Was it possible she had gone round the next point. He almost ran across the grass and looked anxiously down. Yes, there she was. She had wandered on, forgetting the danger, and she now stood on a broad sloping platform of rock, which projected into the foaming waves. The rock on which she stood sloped upward for about a hundred yards, and then sank vertically into the sea, forming a kind of miniature headland at low tide, but at high tide cut off from the mainland by a current as swift and strong as a millrace. About midway between the shore and the summit this rock was cleft by a narrow crevice, through which the waves seethed and boiled. All below this cleft was covered with leaping waves at high water, but the summit was raised above the influence of the highest tide. Madeline was on the lower part of this rock, and already her retreat was cut off from behind, for at least ten feet of deep, wild, dashing waters separated the place in which she stood from the safe shore. The upper portion would be inaccessible to her; for though the opening was narrow, the opposite side of the cleft was some feet higher than the nearer side, and it offered a very insecure foothold, being wet and slippery from the seaweed growing on it, and from the clouds of spray that were shot aloft by every incoming wave as it entered the narrow passage.

The girl did not appear to be aware of her danger, but was wandering slowly up the slope, occasionally stooping to pick a shell or piece of seaweed from the rock, or to look at the jelly-fish in the little pools on its surface. The dog seemed to feel that all was not right, for he ran hither and thither, barking uneasily. There was not a moment to be lost. In less time than it takes to relate it the new comer had gained the beach, and was running in the direction of the rock. He made a desperate effort, and cleared the channel of water that raged along the foot of the platform; but he saw return was hopeless, for it had widened considerably even in the short time that had elapsed since he saw it first, and the waves now spread themselves over the whole lower extremity. Whatever he might have done himself, to cross the raging current was an impossibility to anyone less strong and active. His quick mind perceived that the only way of escape was to gain the summit of the projection and wait there until the tide had receded sufficiently to allow of a safe passage to the land. A few minutes more and the lower slope would be swept by the thick-coming waves. He darted forward without a moment's pause.

Madeline had forgotten where she was. Her ears were filled with the sound of waters, and she did not hear the approaching steps. Suddenly she felt herself caught up in a strong grasp, and carried forward rapidly; and before she had time to make any resistance, she was set down at the edge of the narrow passage which separated the upper portion of the platform from the lower. A quick, firm voice said to her—

"You are in the greatest possible danger. Do exactly as I tell you, and all will be well. Do not look behind you, but when I gain the other side of this cleft, take my hand, and I will help you over." Madeline nodded. She retained her coolness, and she understood her danger. The stranger leaped boldly across, and placing his feet firmly, he held by a projection in the rock, and leaning forward, held out his hand to Madeline. She did not hesitate an instant, but placing her hand in his, leaped boldly, and reached the other side in safety. It was just in time, for in less than five minutes the place where she had been standing was a sheet of seething water.

As soon as she was safe on the other side she turned and looked steadily at the danger from which she had just escaped. Then she raised her eyes to her companion, and said—

"You have saved my life. What shall I say to thank you?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "I think you could hardly have crossed this by yourself; and you were quite cut off in the other direction. But come up a little higher," as a sudden gust of spray was cast over them; "we are not out of reach of the waves here. Give me your hand again; it is rather a difficult bit of climbing."

She gave it to him, and he helped her from ledge to ledge in silence, until they had reached the summit. Then he released it, and showed her a little shelf of rock which formed a seat almost overhanging the sea on the very front of the crag.

"We shall have some time to wait," he said—"perhaps three hours—so you may as well sit down and rest yourself."

Madeline obeyed, and then said in a timid voice—

"Won't you sit down too? I am dreadfully sorry to have given you so much trouble. I ought to have been more careful."

"Yes, I think you ought," he said with a pleasant smile, looking at her troubled face. "But we don't always do as we ought. Perhaps if we did we should be rather a dull set. But please do not think the delay is of the least consequence to me. I had nothing particular to do, and wished for nothing better than to spend an hour or two in the open air this lovely afternoon. What I am troubled about is the unpleasantness it may occasion to you. I would have spared you that if I could, but I came a little too late."

"I must reassure you in my turn," said Madeline. "If I could be certain that you thoroughly mean what you say, and that it is not merely a polite fiction, I should be very happy and contented. But I feel very much vexed with myself when I think of what I have brought on you."

"Are you generally so hard to convince?" he said, laughing. "But I really spoke the truth when I said you had not caused me the slightest inconvenience. I should have thought you were of a more trusting disposition."

"You would not have me trust a person without my having any grounds for my confidence," said Madeline, with her sweet upward look. "It is usually reckoned polite to speak the way you did; one is not very cynical if one does not always give entire belief to such speeches. You see, I don't know anything about you. I daresay if I did I should have been entirely satisfied with your first assurance."

"Thank you," he said, a very gentle look coming into his dark face. "You have quite restored my self-respect."

As he spoke he took a seat near her and began idly throwing pebbles into the water. After a while he looked at her and spoke again.

"What would you consider sufficient grounds for reposing entire confidence in anyone?"

"Well," said Madeline, colouring, "I am afraid I can't express myself clearly. But you know there are people whom you can't doubt—whose simplest word would outweigh all the evidence, direct or indirect, that the whole of the rest of the world could bring against them."

"Then," he said, "you let your affection for an individual be the standard by which you judge his conduct. It is at least a lovable error, and may save you from many a heart-ache."

"I was afraid I could not make myself clear," said Madeline. "It is not exactly my affection for a person that would cause me to trust him, though affection may have something to do with it; it may enable me to understand my friend's character so well that I may perceive him to be in his nature incapable of doing anything mean or wrong. Once I was thoroughly convinced of that, I should be ashamed of myself if I could be so untrue to my convictions as to doubt any of his actions."

"But," said he, "do you deny the possibility of such a man as you describe yielding to sudden, almost irresistible, temptation, and doing what he vainly regretted throughout the rest of his life?"

"Some kinds of things are impossible," she said, "to a really noble nature—they are never even any temptation. But I could fancy such a man hurried into a very serious fault through, for instance, excess of indignation towards injustice or cruelty. But he would be the very first to acknowledge his fault when he came to himself, and to make all the reparation in his power. A brave man could never utter or act a lie to shield himself from deserved punishment."

"And what would you do if you had such a friend," he said, "whom all the rest of the world but you distrusted? Would it make you very unhappy?"

"No, indeed," she said, with sparkling eyes and flushing cheek; "I should like to let everyone know that I loved and honoured him a thousand times more for their disbelief, and that I did not care one straw what they thought about him."

"If you did not care what they thought,"

he said, laughing, "your own affection and respect would not be affected. I see you are a warm advocate. Do you honour many of your friends with such enthusiastic confidence?"

"You are laughing at me," she said, looking at him with a half smile. "I am talking too much."

"No, do not think that," he said, hastily. "I was only thinking what a paradise the world would be if everybody thought like you. I am so used to living alone that I fear I have forgotten to exercise the courtesy due to a lady. But I really want an answer to my question, if you will so far honour me."

Madeline paused doubtfully; then she said in a low voice, "I had a particular instance in my thoughts; that was what made me speak so warmly. If you had known my father you would have understood what I meant better than if I were to try and explain myself from this till sunset."

She half turned away her head as she spoke, and looked steadily at a boat that was rocking on the waves in the distance. After a moment she resumed, "Of course there are some people you can't be quite sure of—people who have no fixed principle—at least, none that you can discover."

"I understand you," he said, gently, "and I thank you for answering me. It was an honour I hardly deserved."

There was a silence again between them for a few minutes, which Madeline's companion broke.

"I see you have made Michael Brennan's acquaintance. I saw you talking to him on the sands to-day."

"Yes," said Madeline; "you can't imagine how pleasant it was to hear the familiar brogue again."

"From that I gather that you are acquainted with Ireland," said her companion.

"Yes, indeed," said Madeline, energetically. "I was born and brought up there, and left it for the first time less than a fortnight ago. I shall never love any other country as well as long as I live."

"Have you any curiosity to know where I was born and bred, and by what name I am known?" said her companion.

"Oh, I know that, I think," said Madeline, with a sweet laugh. "You live in the cottage in the next Cove, and your name is 'Misther Connor,' and Mike is planting out cabbages to-day in your garden."

"Yes, Connor is my name," said the gentleman with an amused smile; "and that cottage you speak of is mine. I see Michael has been communicative, as usual."

"Oh, no; he told me no more than that," said Madeline, blushing and speaking eagerly. "You must not think I would let him talk to me about what was no business of mine. He only mentioned your name in the most casual manner."

"I must be very awkward indeed in expressing myself," said Mr. Connor, "if you can suppose for a moment that I meant to say you did anything that was not exactly right. All I meant was, that I feared the old man would weary you with his reminiscences."

"No, he could not do that. He is a very nice old man. Is Mike as nice as his father?"

"Well, I think he is," said Mr. Connor, laughing. "I have a great affection for Mike. He is a very trusty friend. But I was going to ask you," he added, "if you do not think your friends will be very uneasy when they find you have been so long away. Perhaps I could contrive to make some signal which would attract the attention of that boat, and send a message to relieve their anxiety. I am afraid you must make up your mind to stay on the rock until the tide goes down a little. There is no way by which you could get into the boat even if it could come near enough to the rock to take you off."

"I don't think anyone will miss me," said Madeline, simply. "My cousins went away this morning to spend the day, and I do not expect them back till late; and my uncle will think I am in my room, or somewhere about. It has happened very fortunately. I should not like them to feel anxious about me."

"Well, then," said Mr. Connor, springing to his feet, "we will cast all care aside, and enjoy ourselves without bestowing a thought on the future. Will you come and explore our dominions?"—and he held out his hand to help her to rise.

"Why don't you like to look at the future?" said Madeline, as she climbed up to where Mr. Connor stood. "I love to think of it. When I am of age I am going back to Ireland to live. I don't mean to stay in England a day longer than that."

"That is a long time to look forward," said Mr. Connor, lightly. "Perhaps you will have changed your mind before that. You will learn to like us better the more you know of us."

"But you are Irish too," said Madeline, turning and looking at him—"at least, your name is."

"I am sorry to say I am not," he said, returning her look with a very kindly one of his own. "I was called after—that is, my Irish name is a mere accident. I believe I am of unmixed English race."

Madeline gave him a quick penetrating look, and let her eyes fall. Presently she said—

"How perfectly exquisite! Could you imagine anything more lovely! If my life had not been in peril, I think I should be glad of what has happened. The tide must be nearly full in by this."

"Almost," said Mr. Connor; "but excuse me if I say that I hardly ever, indeed never, knew a lady who was so cool in a moment of danger as you were. You did not even change colour, and I noticed you never lost your self-possession."

"I used to go everywhere with my father from the time I was a very little girl," said Madeline, "and he took particular pains to impress on me the necessity of keeping a cool head in time of danger. He said more mischief by far was done by cowardice than was ever caused by rashness."

"That is quite true," said Mr. Connor; "your coolness saved your life to-day. If you had shrunk from taking that last jump I don't think I could have done anything to save you."

"I was sure you were able to do what you said you would," said Madeline, "and I was not a bit afraid. You looked as if you had been used to rocks and waves all your life."

"You are a quick observer," he said, "for you had very little time in which to make your observations."

"I knew you were strong by the way you picked me up and carried me up the rock," she replied with a slight blush.

"You must excuse my want of ceremony," said Mr. Connor, "but there was no time to do anything but act."

"I quite understand that," said Madeline, "and I am more grateful to you than I can express."

"I am glad of that," he said. "Your gratitude is a very pleasant thing to me." Then abruptly changing the subject—"Is this your usual companion in your rambles? He is a magnificent dog."

"Yes, that is my old friend Malachy. He is the best and dearest old fellow in the world. But you did not tell me yet why you do not like to look into the future. Is the past so much more attractive?"

"I was thinking more of the present," he said, smiling. "It seemed so altogether desirable that I wanted to give it my undivided attention."

"That was not all," said Madeline, shaking her head. "You coupled the future with care, and your tone and look said that the thought of it was disagreeable, quite independently of the present."

"Well, I admit that it was a disagreeable thought at the time," he said. "I did not think it could have any gift in store for me to compare with what it had already given, and I wanted to forget that."

"You do not know what gift it may have to give you just when you least expect it," said Madeline. "I think it has so many for me—things that I never dreamed of—delightful things. I often think of the time I shall be back in Ireland again to live. Three years is a long time to wait, but I daresay I shall have a great many things to enjoy while it is passing. Now this morning I did not know I should get to know you, and have such a pleasant time on this desert island."

As she was speaking he had looked at her again with a slight air of surprise. When she had finished, he said—

"Thank you; I only hope the time has been a tithe as pleasant to you as it has been to me. I am only sorry to see that the tide is on the turn now, and every moment brings us nearer to the end of our holiday."

"You go out fishing in that big boat, do you not?" said Madeline. "The very first morning I was here I saw it coming into the Cove about seven o'clock in the morning. It disappeared behind the rocks, but I felt an unaccountable desire to see where it had gone to. I thought it was bringing some message from fairyland to me. I walked as far as the other side of the ledge behind which the boat had gone, but found I had to turn back there."

"It was very rash in you to adventure so far along the sands. There is no way of ascending the cliffs all along there. You must promise me to run no more risks in future." He spoke almost sternly.

"I did not run any risk that morning," she said, with a rising colour. "The tide was going out—I made sure of that before I started. I don't know what came over me to-day. I was thinking of old times, and I wandered on almost unconscious of where I was going. If you had not come in time I suppose I should be floating out there in the current now"—and she pointed to the sea.

"Don't!" said Mr. Connor, sharply. "Don't talk that way. Thank Heaven, I did come in time."

"Yes," she said, looking at him sweetly, "I am very glad you did. It would not be such a very dreadful thing to be drowned under some circumstances, but it would be dreadful to fight for life inch by inch, and then to be at last dragged down by the cruel waves, and perhaps dashed against the sharp rocks"—and she shivered slightly.

"Why do you talk that way?" he said, almost angrily. "And you have not promised me you will be perfectly careful in future." Then more lightly—"If you do not I shall not be able to sleep for thinking of all the dreadful things that are happening to you—you will have a great deal on your conscience."

"Well, I will promise," said Madeline, frankly. "It was very wrong of me to be so careless as I was. I seem to have a faculty for getting into scrapes ever since I came to England."

"When did you find your way to the Cove?" he resumed. "Your first check did not prevent you from making a second effort."

"I found it out the very next morning," said Madeline. "I walked along the top of

the cliff. Michael was painting a boat—the little one. I saw the big one coming in just as I was leaving. You and Mike were in it—weren't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Connor, "we had got a fine haul of mackerel that morning, and were in very good spirits. I little knew what else that morning had brought me—joy or sorrow—I hardly know which."

"I hope it was joy," said Madeline. "Then the future will not be so dark as you fear."

"I hope so," he said, quietly, and was silent.

"Oh, look here," said Madeline, "see this ridiculous little crab. Isn't he a pretty fellow?"

"Here is something better worth looking at," said Mr. Connor, picking up a delicate pink bivalve, and holding it out for Madeline to see. "Mine is a better find then yours, for you can't carry yours away with you, and I shall keep mine for ever, as a memento of to-day."

"Ah, can't you find me something to keep?" said Madeline; "something quite as pretty as your shell. I did not think of it before, but I should like to have something as well as you."

"Well, I will tell you what I will do," said Mr. Connor, with a pleased smile. "I will break this into two parts, and you shall have the one half and I will keep the other. Then we cannot quarrel about which of us has the prettier thing."

As he spoke he separated the shell into its two parts, and gave one to Madeline, who took it with an "Oh, thank you; it was a pity to break the poor thing"—and put it carefully into her purse.

Mr. Connor rolled a piece of seaweed round his, and was proceeding further to wrap it in some paper before consigning it to his breast pocket; but Madeline stopped him.

"That is not fair," she said gaily. "I insist on your throwing that seaweed away. You must have exactly the same as I have, and I have nothing but the shell."

"Your word is law," he said, laughing. "See, I throw the obnoxious thing from me."

"Now that that is settled," said Madeline, "do you think we could get down there to that ledge? The water looks so lovely dashing up through those openings."

"Yes," he replied, "I think that is very easily managed, especially with anyone so cool as you are; but you must not think of letting go my hand until you are safely down. You are in my charge now, and I must see that you do not elude my vigilance. I don't trust you further than I can trace you."

"Well, then, I won't," said Madeline, laughing; "but I'd like to know who is lacking in confidence now."

"But," he said, "your past aberrations fully justify my present want of confidence. It will take you a long time to regain the ground you have lost. You must begin by being painfully particular in doing what I tell you."

Thus they wandered on, scrambling to almost impossible places that they might leave no part of their domains unexplored. Their hearts were light and their pleasure was unalloyed. At length they grew tired, and sat down in a shady nook in the rock. Madeline took off her hat, and Mr. Connor, taking it from her hand, began to fan her gently with it, looking at her fair flushed face and sweet unclouded eyes the while.

"Have you ever heard the theory propounded," he said, "that people's names generally show their characters? I have sometimes thought there was a grain of truth in it. Have you noticed that those who have hopelessly unsuitable names generally receive some kind of nickname instead?"

"No, I never thought of it," said Madeline. "I wonder, does my name tell my character. I don't think it does. Madeline is a name that has not very many associations connected with it."

"Is that your name?" he said, looking attentively at her. "I should have thought such a very patriotic young lady would have had a more national name—Patricia for instance, or Oonah, or Norah, or Eileen, or even Bridget."

"I may be patriotic," said Madeline, laughing a little rippling laugh, "but I am not insular in my prejudices; besides, I don't recollect that my opinion was asked. Then in a changed voice—"It was my mother's name, and my father thought there was no other in the world so beautiful. On that account I like to be called it, though I shall never be a hundredth part as good as she was."

A very gentle, almost tender smile was the only answer she received.

They were both silent a long time after that; but at length Mr. Connor, springing up, said—

"Look at our refuge now—it is no longer an island. Our holiday has come to an end. I would not have told you just yet, only I did not want to risk your good opinion. You could not have put my sense of honour to a severer test. I shall from this time look on myself with increased respect." He spoke lightly, but his face was very grave.

Madeline hastily pulled out her watch. "Half-past five!" she said. "It can't be! Surely my watch must be wrong!"

"I am afraid not," he said. "You must face the dangers of the chasm a second time, but they will not be very formidable. It is easier going down than up."

They had reached the edge of the cleft as he was speaking. He jumped lightly across, and in a moment Madeline was at his side. They walked slowly down the wet slope to the lower end, and here Mr. Connor again offered his hand to help his companion over the deep channel that separated it from the shore. Then Madeline, looking up into her companion's grave face, spoke.

"I wish," she said half wistfully, "that I could tell you how very, very much obliged I am to you. I don't know how to say it, but if you will let me, I shall always think of you as my friend."

"If I will let you?" he said in a voice so changed that Madeline scarcely recognised it, so bitter and hard had it grown. "And what if I do not?"

"Well, then," said Madeline, "I must be content with knowing that I am your friend. You can't help that."

"How much could your friendship bear?" he said, bending down and looking into her eyes. "Could it stand opposition, and scorn, and ridicule? For if it could not, you had better think no more about me."

"I do not know what it could bear," said Madeline. "It has never been tried. But why should my friendship for you expose me to these things?"

"Look at me, and try if you cannot answer that question for yourself," he replied. "Do I look like a man a young lady like you would be likely to make a friend of?"

Madeline looked up obediently, and met the glance of a pair of dark blue eyes. She saw a grave, stern face—the index of a strong, passionate, reserved nature.

"No," she said, soberly. "Under other circumstances I should have been afraid to ask you to be my friend."

Again the strange, tender smile crossed his features.

"But I am only a poor man," he said. "Do you understand that I partly make my living by fishing? What would your friends say to you if they knew you had made a friend of a common fisherman?"

"Not a common one," said Madeline, with a brilliant smile. "Is that all? I know my father would have wished you to be his friend too after what you have done for me—and I don't care at all what anyone else says. My father taught me to know a gentleman when I saw one," she added, glancing at him shyly.

Her smile was returned very fully as Mr. Connor said—

"I see you are incorrigible. But that is not all," and he hesitated a moment. "No, I will leave you to find that out yourself. I am under no obligation to speak more plainly."

They were by this time descending into the Cove. There was no one in sight—even Mike had left the garden.

"You know—I need not tell you—how much pleasure it would give me to see you safely home," said Mr. Connor, as they reached the steps leading up to his door. You will accept of my escort, will you not?"

"Oh, no, I could not permit it," said Madeline. "I have taken up far too much of your time already. Besides, I have Malachy with me, and I constantly go out alone. But"—with a smile—"if I was at all afraid I should not hesitate to ask you to come with me."

"You must be tired," he said gently. "At least let me help you up this steep path?"

"Thank you," said Madeline, as she accepted his offered hand. "Yes, I do feel a little tired, but not much."

"And you will not forget your promise to be more careful of yourself in future?" he said. "Don't trust yourself in any part of this coast that you are not absolutely sure of."

"Indeed I will not forget," said Madeline; "but I am afraid you do not believe me. I really will be careful."

"I think you will," he said, smiling down into her clear, innocent eyes. "I may make my mind easy." They had reached the top of the slope where they were to separate, he to return to his own house, and she to pursue her homeward way. Madeline held out her hand—

"Good-bye, Mr.——Connor," she said, a sudden blush overspreading her face. "Thank you so much."

Mr. Connor took her hand in his, and held it a moment, looking into her flushing face.

"Good-bye, Miss Madeline," he said, "and let me thank you in my turn." He lifted his cap, and the next moment Madeline was walking quickly along the path leading from the Cove.

"I don't believe his surname is Connor at all," she said to herself. "He said it was given to him. I wonder who he is. He is very nice, at any rate. I hardly ever met anyone so nice. Wasn't it well it was not that horrid Sir Shirley Kynaston; but he would not have known what to do. I am sure he would have been afraid. I wonder will he keep the shell? I could not tell sometimes whether he was laughing at me or not. I don't think he was—he is too kind." Here she took her part of the shell out of her purse and looked at it affectionately. "I think I will have it made into a brooch. At any rate I mean to keep it always." Her musings lasted until she was at the gate of the path leading to her uncle's house. Then she remembered how long she had been absent. "I wonder did Uncle Ethelred miss me," she thought. "It is just as well Agatha and Hetty are away. Agatha would make such a fuss, and would not understand that I really could not help myself."

The door was open, and no one saw her enter. She went up to her room, and rang for some tea. Then she changed her dress and was ready for dinner with her uncle at seven. He did not ask her what she had been doing all day, but talked about indifferent subjects. Madeline exerted herself to please him, and he

lingered longer at the table than usual. He even came into the drawing-room for an hour afterwards, and asked for some music. After he was gone Madeline went on playing softly to herself, and thinking over the events of the day until it was time to go to her room.

CHAPTER V.

It was very late next morning when Agatha and Hetty made their appearance. Madeline had presided at her uncle's breakfast, but waited herself until her cousins came down.

"Well, how did you get on yesterday, you poor little thing?" said Hetty, as she helped herself liberally to marmalade. "You must have had a doleful time of it. We enjoyed ourselves immensely."

"Indeed I had not," said Madeline. "We spent most of the day out of doors—Malachy and I. I had quite an adventure too, which made it a very exciting time"—and she proceeded to give an outline of what had occurred the day before.

Hetty was greatly interested, and overwhelmed Madeline with questions. "What kind was the man who came to your rescue?" she said. "Was he a gentleman, or a common person?"

"I thought him a gentleman," said Madeline, adding, with a spice of malice, "but I daresay Agatha would not agree with me. He was dressed like a sailor—a respectable one."

"What was his name?" said Hetty.

"I don't know," said Madeline; "I did not ask him, and he did not tell me."

"I suppose the man will be expecting some reward for his services," said Agatha.

"Perhaps so," said Madeline, looking down gravely. "Do you think five shillings would be enough?" Then she turned to Hetty—"Who won the match?—you have not told me that yet."

"Oh, our side did, of course; but I did not care so much about that. Everybody was there, and in the evening we had a dance, and in fact I hardly ever enjoyed a day so much. But I feel rather done up to-day—I am sure we were not home till one o'clock."

In the afternoon there were visitors, amongst the rest Sir Shirley Kynaston and Mr. Carew. The latter came at once and seated himself beside Madeline.

"Why were you not with your cousins yesterday? I am afraid to tell how disappointed I was at not seeing you," he said.

"Is it I who inspired such dread?" said Madeline, smiling, "or is it that you are afraid I should be unduly exalted by the tidings? I hope for my own sake it is the first, though I can assure you that if you knew me better you would not find me so very formidable."

"If that is the case," he said quickly, "my desire to make your acquaintance is increased tenfold."

Madeline looked amused. "I am sorry for you," she said. "There is a great disappointment in store for you."

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I say that I must be the judge of that. But I was going to ask you to explain the last statement I had the honour to hear you make." Then seeing Madeline looked puzzled, he added, "You said that on the whole you were very proud of your father's country."

"Well," said Madeline, "what is there in that which needs explanation? It is quite true—I am proud of England."

"But why did you qualify your statement? That was what I wanted to know."

"I suppose even you do not think England quite perfect," said Madeline. "And to one standing outside, its faults would be likely to be more apparent than they would to you; and I daresay," she added, candidly, "its virtues less understood."

"What virtues do you credit us with?" he said, looking at Madeline's animated face.

"I think you have the instinct of justice," she said, "beyond most people, and that in the end, if you are given sufficient time, it works out its own fulfilment. You are as a consequence truthful. Then I do not know any people who possess the same amount of moral courage. You are not afraid to do what you think right when you choose to do it. You have that high courage which is not afraid of incurring the imputation of cowardice."

"Now for our faults," said Mr. Carew. "I feel encouraged to ask after that high encomium."

"You have very bad faults," said Madeline, shaking her head; "and the worst of it is, that you are prouder of them than you are of your virtues. You are the most arrogant people on the face of the earth; and because you are not capable of understanding certain virtues, you either deny their existence, or you look with contempt on those who exercise them. You judge a man by what he does, and never take into account what he fails to do. You have, underlying all, a very marked element of brutality—witness the shocking murders that are daily committed in your midst, and the even more shocking cruelties inflicted on women and children. It is also seen in your failure in kindness and courtesy to strangers—in little ways, I mean, for when you identify yourself with the cause of the oppressed foreigner, there are no lengths to which you will not go to deliver him from oppression."

"That is a very serious list of faults indeed," said Mr. Carew. "Are you not a little hard on us?"

"Yes, I daresay I am," said Madeline, frankly. "But I told you I judged from the outside; and I freely admit that you have done great things, and that you have produced some of the greatest and most virtuous men who have ever shed a lustre on human nature. I know no other people who can point to such a splendid record; but that makes it the greater pity that your national character should be disfigured by such serious blemishes."

"What are you two people talking about?" said Hetty, approaching.

"Your cousin has been giving me her impressions on England and the English people," said Mr. Carew.

"Impressions formed before I came to England," said Madeline, quickly, "and which I daresay further residence in the country will greatly modify. We must all form some opinion on such things."

"I am not so sure of that," said Hetty. "Some of us form prejudices, but to form an opinion one must weigh and consider. So few people can generalise—myself among the rest. I belong to that class of people which is represented by the man who, in describing English customs, said that every boatman on the Thames had a wooden leg because the first one he met possessed that convenient appendage."

Mr. Carew laughed, and said, "I am sure all your prejudices lean to the side of kindness and generosity. And after all a woman has no need to depend on her reasoning faculty—her own unerring instinct is the best guide of what is right and wise."

"In other words, you don't think a woman has any reasoning faculty," said Hetty, with a laugh. "Confess it. You may as well."

"I did not say so," said Mr. Carew.

"But you implied it," said Hetty. "There is no escape for you. Pray accept my most heartfelt thanks."

"I assure you you quite misapprehend me," he said. "I only meant, that women possessed an intuitive perception of what was right, which of itself is a sufficient guide to action. Since they are always correct in their conclusions there is no necessity that they should be able to formulate every step in the premises."

"That is utter nonsense," said Hetty, "if you will excuse my saying so. You don't believe any more than I do that women are always right in their conclusions—in fact, I am sure you think them generally quite wrong. But why"—turning to Madeline—"don't you help me? Have you not a word to say for your sex?"

"Mr. Carew is not open to conviction," said Madeline, smiling. "Besides, I am afraid women have too long acted in such a way as to justify his ill opinion."

"You are a traitor," said Hetty. "You should never make a damaging admission against your own side."

"If all women were more ready to make such admissions when truth demanded it, it would be better for their cause."

"There, now you are fairly caught," said Hetty, gleefully. "If women are always in the right, how do they deserve your ill opinion. Come, now, apologise instantly and fully."

"The contest is not a fair one," he replied, laughing. "You are two to one."

"Two women, remember." said Hetty. "What chance have two unreasoning beings opposed to your masculine intellect. Apologise, or for ever forfeit our esteem and friendship."

"Rather than do that I would go down on my knees. Fair judge, admit my plea for pardon."

"It is granted," said Hetty, graciously. "You are reinstated for the present in our royal favour; but beware how you offend against our prerogative again, lest you should sink under the full weight of our displeasure."

"Which would be annihilation to your faithful and devoted servant," he rejoined, in the same tone.

Shortly after Mr. Carew took his leave, and Hetty was called to another part of the room. Madeline saw Sir Shirley Kynaston approaching, evidently with the intention of taking the vacant seat beside her.

She bowed slightly in answer to his salutation, but said nothing. He sat down, and leaning towards her, murmured—

"I see I am not yet forgiven. Surely my punishment has been sufficiently prolonged to allow you to relax your severity somewhat."

"I have no wish to inflict any punishment on you," said Madeline, quietly. "I am not the judge of your actions."

"Then why persist in such coldness?" he said. "Having forgiven, can you not forget?"

"How is that possible, sir? After what has occurred, how can I forget what I have learned of your character? The change must first take place in yourself which would justify me in forgetting. Can you not see, that anyone who is capable of acting as you did can have no real respect for women? And how could I accept flattery and homage offered to my position which was refused to myself? It is useless to continue the discussion." As she spoke she rose and advanced towards Marion Ellesmere, to whom she had been introduced some days before. Miss Ellesmere welcomed her with a friendly smile, and invited her to help them to decide on some songs to be sung at a popular concert which she was getting up in her model village.

A week passed away. Every morning had been wet, and she had not been able to go out. In the afternoons she had walked and driven with her cousins when it was fine enough. At length one fine bright day she and Malachy started for a long ramble. She went down on

the beach and walked a short way in the direction of the Cove, but the state of the tide did not allow her to proceed very far. She looked if there was any sign of the boat entering the harbour, but could see nothing on the wide expanse of ocean. She slowly turned away, and bent her steps inland.

She went in the direction of the town, which was distant two miles from Hayslope. A waggon occasionally passed her, or a milk cart, and now and then an early pedestrian. She turned back when she came in sight of the town, and began to retrace her steps. When she was about half way home she stopped and leaned her arms on the top of a gate, that she might admire the dappled light and shadow cast on the grass by the sunbeams that were struggling through the branches of some spreading oak trees. She heard a step coming down the road, but did not turn her head until she found that it was suddenly checked as it came opposite to her. She looked round then, and encountered the keen glance of Mr. Connor's eyes. He lifted his cap, and Madeline held out her hand with a smile of pleasure.

"I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting you this morning," he said, patting Malachy's head. "Had I known what was in store for me it would have shortened the path considerably. I must ask you whether you suffered any inconvenience from your detention the other afternoon?"

"None at all," said Madeline, "only I don't think my uncle much likes me to walk on the beach by myself since. I wish you would come and let him thank you himself," she added; "he would be very glad to have an opportunity, I am sure."

"Perhaps I may call on him some time," he said, thoughtfully. "But you forget I do not know who he is. You did not tell me where you lived, but now I suppose I may ask."

"Mr. St. Just is my uncle," said Madeline. "He lives at a place called Hayslope, about a mile from this, and my name is Madeline St. Just. I am his only brother's daughter."

She noticed the quick compression of her companion's lips as she mentioned her uncle's name, and the rapid change from pleasant friendliness to cold haughtiness in his manner.

"I am afraid I cannot do myself the honour of waiting on Mr. St. Just," he said, coldly.

"As you please," said Madeline, quietly. "I will now wish you good morning," and she turned away. She was both annoyed and hurt at the manner in which her advance had been received.

She had not made two steps when Mr. Connor was by her side, speaking eagerly.

"I cannot let you go away like that," he said. "I must explain myself. I owe it to you and to myself. Some years ago," he went on rapidly, "I knew Mr. St. Just very well, and was a frequent visitor at his house. But circumstances occurred which he thought justified him in renouncing my friendship and closing his door against me. I have never spoken to him since, and the circumstances which caused the rupture still remain. I was very angry—justly angry, I believe—for I thought he had reason to put more confidence in me than he saw fit to do. It was the remembrance of this which caused me to speak as I did. Believe me, it is more than pride which causes me to throw away the chance of making your nearer acquaintance. I could stoop to apologise if my conduct needed apology; but I have done nothing I need be ashamed of, and any satisfactory explanation is put for ever out of my power. I have only my bare word against what seems incontrovertible evidence. It was to this I referred the other day when I said there were other reasons which would in the eyes of the world make me an unfit person for you to make a friend of. Now that I have made my position a little clearer to you, I shall entirely exonerate you in my thoughts if you see fit to regard me in future as an absolute stranger."

"How could you think such a thing of me for a moment?" said Madeline, with a flashing eye. "I am glad—I am proud of your friendship. I know you have done nothing wrong. I don't care if you can never explain things—at least, it would make no difference to me. Nothing could make me more sure than I am now."

"You have lifted a load from my breast which has oppressed it for a long time," he said, taking her little gloved hand in his. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It is not till one has lived without it, that one can know how necessary the generous confidence of friends is to one's happiness."

They were walking along the path together, and he still held her hand in his. Madeline drew it gently away. Then he spoke again.

"Do you remember my saying that day that I could not tell whether the future was bringing me joy or sorrow? Whatever it may have yet in its gift, it has given me to-day joy more keen and exquisite than the past has taken from me. I can just now scarcely regret the alienation of my friends, the disappointment of my hopes, the almost ruin of my life, since under every disadvantage I have been able to inspire in a breast so pure and true as yours a confidence so generous. I trust that no temptation, however great, shall ever make me unworthy of your esteem and friendship."

"How is Michael Brennan?" said Madeline, after a short pause.

"He would be very happy if he could see you again. It seems you promised to speak to him before you went home that day when you were caught by the tide, and he does not understand how you forgot to do it. He talks of you for an hour together. I should not venture to repeat all the flattering things he says about you."

"Poor Michael! I should like to go and see him again some time soon. But I am afraid my uncle might not like me to go again by myself."

"That is a pity," said Mr. Connor. "I was counting on your going sometimes next week. Mike and I have to be away from Monday till Saturday, and the poor old man will be very lonely."

"Oh, I will ask my uncle," said Madeline, eagerly. "Perhaps he will not make any objection, or perhaps my cousin Hetty would come with me—she is very good to me."

"It would be very hard for anyone not to be that," said Mr. Connor, smiling. "I could not imagine anyone acting harshly and unkindly towards you. Your own gentleness would disarm the most hostile."

"I am not always gentle," said Madeline, regretfully. "I am sometimes very cross, and sometimes very angry."

"Oh, yes," rejoined her companion. "I should think you could be very angry on occasion. I hope, however, I shall never be the one to excite your anger. I think you quite capable of feeling very deep indignation."

They talked together until they came to where the road divided, when Mr. Connor said—

"Perhaps I may see you again, but it is possible I may not. Lest the latter should be the case, let me try to tell you how much indebted I am to you. The world can never be the same to me again as it was before I knew you. Hope has sprung up in my heart, and no matter who may distrust and avoid me, I can find happiness and courage in the thought that one true innocent heart has faith in me, and looks to me to justify that faith by a useful and self-forgetful life."

"Good-bye," said Madeline, with a slight tremble in her voice. "I do not forget that I owe my life to you."

They parted, and in a few minutes more Madeline reached the house.

She naturally thought a great deal of the encounter during the day, and one of the results of her cogitations was, that, addressing Hetty after lunch as they were sitting under the shade of some trees on the lawn, she said—

"Do you remember telling me one time Mr. Carew had a cousin? What did you say his name was?"

"Wentworth," said Hetty. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Madeline, "only I have been thinking about what you told me. It seems a great pity that a man's life should be spoiled merely on suspicion."

"But there was more than suspicion," said Hetty. "There was plain proof. The will was found in his desk, and he could not give the slightest explanation of how it got there. He merely said he knew nothing of it."

"But if some one else had put it there without his knowledge, what more could he say?"

"But no one else could have put it there. The desk was locked, and no one else but himself had a key that would open it."

"Where is he now?" said Madeline. "Did he leave the neighbourhood?"

"He left his uncle's house, of course, at once. He went to live in a cottage by the sea not far from this—I don't exactly know where. I believe he supports himself by writing articles for magazines, and I even heard that he sells fruit and vegetables out of his garden; but I could not say certainly, for papa forbade us to have anything more to do with him."

"What was his other name, do you know?" said Madeline, with some slight hesitation.

"It is an odd one—one that ought to fall pleasantly on your ear—Connor—Connor Wentworth. He was called after the celebrated General Connor, a very intimate friend of his father's. But you seem to be greatly interested in his story. Has anyone been talking to you about him?"

"No, no one," said Madeline. "Here is Mr. Carew coming up the path."

It was an understood thing that they should see Mr. Carew during some part of every day. He was an agreeable and entertaining talker, and was always welcome when he came. Madeline liked him very well, but she always maintained a certain reserve when in his company, and he felt himself constantly checked by the courteous indifference of her manner. He admired her greatly, but he could make no further progress with her than he had made at first. She was amused by his graceful speeches, but not dazzled, and he found himself by degrees depending on Hetty for the admiration and appreciation that Madeline refused him.

"Did you hear," he said, "that there is a new tenant at The Pines? He arrived this morning."

"Who is he?" said Hetty. "Is he young or old; and what brings him to this part of the world?"

"His name is Vivian," said Mr. Carew. "He is an old man, and he has come here by the doctor's orders. He is at present allowed to see no one. As he is my tenant, I called this morning and sent up my card. He sent down a very polite message, the purport of which was, that the doctor had forbidden him to see anyone for the present, as he was suffering from a nervous affection induced by a blow he had received in the head some time ago."

In the meantime Madeline, while apparently listening to the conversation between her cousin and Mr. Carew, was deep in thought. She knew all now, and a feeling of indignation possessed her that such injustice should have

been done Mr. Wentworth. How could anyone think that he could be guilty of such a mean, dishonourable action. No man could be so false, so base, and look so true. He might be capable of very serious faults, but he could never stoop to fraud and lying. At that moment she almost longed for an opportunity of asserting her belief in him before the whole world. She wished she could prove it to him in some way that would for ever banish every doubt from his mind. Mr. Carew made less progress than ever with her this afternoon. He could not understand the proud, almost defiant look in her eyes every time he addressed her.

He and Sir Shirley Kynaston were coming to Hayslope the following morning to make some arrangements about a picnic the baronet had resolved on giving. They arrived at the appointed time, and after some talk Agatha proposed they should go into her father's study and consult a large map of the district which hung there. Mr. St. Just was out, and Hetty said she would call Madeline, as she knew more about the country than anyone else. Madeline willingly laid aside her books, and followed her cousin downstairs.

They were engaged in an animated discussion when the door was opened, and Sarah, evidently unaware that the room was occupied, ushered some one in, saying—

"Mr. St. Just will be in shortly, sir, and I will tell him you are waiting to see him."

Madeline did not look up at once from the map she was studying, but in a moment all her blood went in a rush to her heart, for she heard Mr. Wentworth's voice saying quietly and rather haughtily—

"There is some mistake, evidently. I called to see Mr. St. Just on a matter of business. I had no wish to intrude on any other member of the family. Pray tell Mr. St. Just I shall call again at some time more convenient to him."



"'BUT WHY MUST YOU GO AWAY?' SAID MADELINE."

Madeline was now looking from one to another. Agatha had drawn herself up and stood coldly silent. Hetty coloured crimson as she bowed to Mr. Wentworth, and glanced uneasily at his cousin. The latter was much embarrassed by Mr. Wentworth's sudden appearance. When he first perceived him he had half extended his hand, and then, seeing no notice was taken of his advance, had withdrawn it. Sir Shirley was looking on the whole scene with a supercilious smile. No one spoke. All found the situation very awkward.

Madeline recovered herself instantly, and as Mr. Wentworth ceased speaking, she advanced towards him with outstretched hand, saying warmly—

"This is an unexpected pleasure. I am sure my uncle will be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the great service you did me—my own obligation is too great for me ever to think of defraying it." Then, turning to her cousin, she said—"Agatha, this is the gentleman to whose courage and presence of mind I owe my life. I have told you the circumstances before."

"I am sure we are all extremely obliged to Mr. Wentworth for the service he rendered my cousin," said Agatha, drawing herself up, and speaking in a tone of chilling hauteur. "I have no doubt my father will be glad to avail himself of this very unexpected visit to make suitable acknowledgment. He will be in presently, and we will not further occupy Mr. Wentworth's no doubt very valuable time. Good morning," and she moved to leave the room.

Madeline's eye flashed and her lip curled. She turned to Mr. Wentworth and said, passionately—

"No apology—nothing I could say—could sufficiently express the mortification and indignation I feel at the reception you have met with here. I only ask you to believe that I had nothing to do with it, that you have my warmest gratitude, my most heartfelt thanks. I cannot ask you to stay longer in a house where you have been treated with such studied insult."

Mr. Wentworth's face had not changed in the slightest degree when Agatha spoke; but as Madeline's hurried words met his ear, he smiled a grave, comprehending smile. When she had finished speaking, he said—

"You need not fear that I shall misunderstand you—your character is written too plainly on your face. Any slight service I may have been able to render you, you have already repaid a hundredfold. As I see Mr. St. Just coming I will remain, and transact with him the business about which I called."

By this time the others had left the room, and Madeline prepared to follow them. The tears had rushed thick into her eyes, and she could not speak. She held out her hand. Mr. Wentworth took it in his, and stooping, pressed his lips to it. A moment later she was running upstairs to her own room, where she locked the door, and throwing herself on the bed, sobbed as if her heart would break.

When she went down to lunch her eyes were red, and she was not able to take any part in the conversation. When her uncle had gone, Agatha, looking critically at her, said—

"I think it right to tell you, Madeline, that your conduct this morning was in the worst possible taste. You placed me in a very awkward position. You knew, too, how very unsuitable an acquaintance Mr. Wentworth was, and how very much my father would disapprove of your following up any such acquaintance. You do not surely imagine that your judgment is to outweigh the evidence of our senses, or that it is worth more than the calm

and unbiassed judgment of those who had known him from childhood."

She stopped, but as Madeline remained silent, she continued—

"You ought to restrain yourself more, and not to allow passion to overcome you. I don't know what Mr. Carew and Sir Shirley Kynaston must think of your want of self-command."

"I was angry," said Madeline, "and I am angry still. But I meant what I said. I was mortified. I was ashamed to think that I was identified with anyone who could be so wanting in common courtesy. I was obliged to justify myself. I couldn't stand by and let the man who had saved my life be insulted without protesting against it. I couldn't let him go away and think me the cold-hearted, cowardly creature my silence would have proclaimed me to be. And," she went on, her face flushing, "if you think that the opinion of Mr. Carew or Sir Shirley Kynaston is of the slightest consequence to me, you are greatly mistaken. I don't care how badly they think of me. I would rather they thought badly than well of me, for they are not capable of recognising truth and honour when they see them."

Agatha was greatly offended.

"I see it is useless to say any more to you at present," she said. "You are incapable of taking a dispassionate view now. When you are cooler you may be able to listen to reason."

"I think," said Hetty, "that Madeline had very good reason to be angry. I am thoroughly ashamed of my part in the transaction. But I was taken by surprise, and could not tell what was the best course to take. After you had spoken I could not have said a word—I felt so mean and shabby."

"I am very glad anything restrained you from making a spectacle of yourself," said Agatha, bitterly. "I consider Mr. Wentworth's intrusion, after what had happened, as unpardonable."

"It seems rather ungrateful, doesn't it?" said Hetty, "to repay a benefit as great as that which Mr. Wentworth has so recently conferred, with coldness and contempt, if not with insult."

"Mr. Wentworth's recent services cannot in the slightest degree palliate his past conduct; and I shall consider it my duty decidedly to reject his advances until he can clear himself of the charges brought against him."

"You had better wait till he makes the advances first," said Hetty. "I think you will wait some time."

Madeline was silent. She was too angry to speak coolly, and she felt that to say anything in the present state of her mind would be giving Agatha an advantage over her which the latter young lady would not fail to make use of.

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CHAPTER VI.



THE next week was very trying to Madeline. She would not refer to the subject of Mr. Wentworth again, and she would not ask her uncle with regard to her visit to Michael Brennan, for that would necessitate the introduction of Mr. Wentworth's name, and she felt that she could not yet hear it spoken with any degree of composure.

She had not her usual spirits, and when, during the hours at which visitors generally called at Hayslope, she made her appearance in the drawing-room or on the lawn, she did not speak more than was absolutely necessary. Her manner had a coldness, a reserve, that had not marked it before, which some set down to pride, others to shyness. She carefully avoided meeting Sir Shirley Kynaston or Mr. Carew; and when the latter did by chance address a few words to her, she replied as briefly as was consistent with politeness, and took the first opportunity of putting an end to the conversation.

During the whole week she did not go out of sight of the house except in company with her cousins. Hetty was very kind to her, but made no allusion to what had occurred, and even to her Madeline felt it would be impossible to speak.

At length Friday came. At three o'clock Agatha and Hetty started in the pony carriage to pay a round of calls, and invited Madeline to accompany them. She declined, saying that she did not feel inclined for visiting, and they drove off without her.

As soon as they were gone Madeline resolved to put into execution a plan which she had resolved on that day. She put on her shady hat and her long tan gloves, and, calling Malachy to accompany her, she set out for the Cove, for she wanted to see Michael, and to-morrow his master would be back, and after that she could not go. After what had passed she felt she could not bear to see Mr. Wentworth again. She walked quickly, but her heart was heavy. Not even the perfect beauty of the scene could lift the weight which oppressed her. Since her father had died she had not felt so desolate. She loved Hetty, but she could not lean on her, and there was an ever-widening breach between her and Agatha. Her uncle was buried in his books, and scarcely observed what was going on around him, though he was very kind whenever he noticed his niece. There was no one who could give her the support and love that had made her life until a little more than a year ago one of almost unclouded sunshine. When she reached the Cove, Michael was not to be seen, and Madeline resolved to wait for him. She was in no hurry to get home, for she did not expect that her cousins would return much before dinner time. The tide was going out, and she thought she would like once more to see the place where she had met Mr. Wentworth first. She went round the first point, and saw the little stretch of gravel before her that she had crossed on that day which now seemed so long ago. She heard again the cry of the gulls, and the soft plash of the waves; but they had no power to bring back the joyousness of feeling she had felt then. The tears rushed into her eyes, and she bent her head. At that moment she turned the second point and caught a misty vision of the great rock where she had so nearly lost her life, and where she had gained a friend only to lose him for ever. She dashed the tears hastily from her eyes, and at that moment became aware that she was no longer alone. A man was seated on a rock a short distance before her, whom she instantly recognised as Mr. Wentworth. He did not see her, and she attempted to retreat. But it was too late. Malachy rushed forward, barking joyously; and before she had time to think what to do, Mr. Wentworth was advancing toward her.

Madeline observed that he wore a look even graver and sterner than usual, and she could perceive the traces of a great struggle, and the decision of an unalterable resolution on his face.

She put her hand into his, faltering—

"I thought you were away. I came to see Michael. I would not——" and she paused, confused.

He smiled, and said, "I know; but I was obliged to return a day earlier on account of urgent business. I did not think it would have been possible to get away before to-morrow. But I cannot regret a change which has given me a chance of seeing you again. Are you in a hurry, or can you stay awhile, as it is the last opportunity I shall have of meeting you, and I should like to speak to you for a few minutes?"

Madeline assented, and Mr. Wentworth said—

"I think I can find you a comfortable seat on this tree. The day is warm, and you look tired with your walk."

He showed her a fallen tree in a sheltered part in the cliff. From it she could see the sea, and the great rock which formed the principal feature of the scene; but the rest of the strand and cliffs were shut out. It was a quiet retreat, with some other trees about, in which one might sit for hours indulging in solitary musings without fear of interruption. Madeline sat down mechanically, and Mr. Wentworth was looking at some brambles that he had been studying.

"I am glad, Miss St. Just," said Mr. Wentworth, after a pause, "that I have been able to see you again. I should not have liked to have left this place without telling you how unalterably I shall cherish in my memory the recollection of your goodness. When you first crossed my path, I had no faith in my kind, no desire to serve them, no expectation that my views on these subjects would ever change; but it is all different now. I was a fool to think that there was no goodness in the world—that all friendship was hollow. I was worse than a fool to think I had no part to take in the great conflict that is raging between good and evil. I now see I was stripped of all that at one time seemed the only things that made life tolerable, that I might be driven forth to do the work which has been set me, and which I have never, up to the present, even begun to do." Then, looking at his companion with a grave smile, "The conclusion I have come to is, that it is my duty to spend my life—

> 'At least not rotting like a weed,
> But having sown some generous seed,
> Fruitful of further thought and deed,
> To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
> Not void of righteous self-applause,
> Nor in a merely selfish cause.'

But for you I should have dreamed away my life in useless, and worse than useless, regrets, and been only fit at last to be cast aside with 'the world's poor routed leavings.' You have awakened me, and given me the certain anticipation of victory."

"But why must you go away?" said Madeline. "Is there nothing to be done here?"

"No," he said; "the shadow that rests on me would so cling round me, that any influence I have would be counteracted. There are other reasons—cogent reasons. I have thought much on this question, and on all accounts I think it better to go where no one knows me. I am leaving Michael Brennan and his son in charge of the cottage and garden; and perhaps"—with a slight smile—"you would sometimes let the old man talk over the past with you; and if at times he lets his affection outrun his discretion, and dwells too long and too garrulously on the sayings and doings of 'Misther Connor,' you will forgive him for the sake of our past friendship."

There was a lump in Madeline's throat, and a mist swam before her eyes. "Where are ——?" she said, and stopped.

"To London first, where I can arrange about my regular work. Afterwards, wherever I am most wanted."

Madeline had made a mighty effort to steady her quivering nerves. She was able to command herself sufficiently to speak calmly.

"Why do you say our past friendship?" she said. "It will never be past for me."

"It must be for ever in the past for me," he said. "I did not intend to trouble you by speaking more plainly, but you are not the one to shrink from a little pain; and it may in the future give you a melancholy satisfaction to know, that it is my love for you which has been

the means of waking me to a sense of my duties. I could not stay here and run the risk of chance encounters with you. I am not brave enough for that. When I am old, and Time has perhaps softened the sharp anguish which I feel now, I may come and rejoice in your happiness and honour; but many long years must pass before that is possible. It will not harm you to know there is one who loves you through every fibre of his being—that being which you have exalted and purified by the example of your life. I am taking away one treasure with me, the one thing that shall remain with me through life, and be placed on my heart when that heart has ceased to beat, and be laid with me in the grave—the little shell which is the memento of the happiest day in my life. My last wish is accomplished now that I have seen you, and I can go out into the world with a brave, and do not doubt with a cheerful, hopeful heart."

"But I can't bear you to go," said Madeline, sobbing. "I have nobody left—I——"

"My heart's darling," he said, in a low, passionate voice, "don't you see that I must not stay—that I could not run the chance of spoiling your life, and dragging you down with me?"

"But," said Madeline, slipping her hand into his, "if I love you?"

"Oh, why do you make it so hard!" he said, in a voice of anguish. "To renounce you when I thought I alone should suffer was hard; but how unutterably more bitter to renounce you, knowing that under happier circumstances I might have won your love."

"Why must you renounce me?" said Madeline, looking up at him with wet eyes. "You don't think I mind what people say. It is not true—what they say about you is not true!"

"My innocent little love," he said. "You trust me entirely, and yet you do not even know what I am accused of."

"Oh, yes I do," said Madeline, with a sobbing laugh. "I have known for a good while—since before the time you came to my uncle's."

"And you knew then," he said, reverentially kissing the little hand he still retained; "and you took my part against the world! If I loved you before, what must I feel for you now?"

"And you will not go away and leave me?" said Madeline, her tears beginning to fall again. "Indeed—indeed, I could not bear it."

He almost groaned aloud. "Dear," he said, "what can I do? It would not be acting honourably by you to take advantage of your generosity. You are very young and inexperienced, and the time might come when you would see you had been too hasty in what you had promised."

"If," she said, wiping the tears away, "you were like what you used to be, and you cared for me, and that someone told you I had done something very bad, and you did not believe that I did, then if I said I would not marry you because of what was said, would you leave me?"

"Never!" he said energetically. "My life should be devoted to making amends to you for the vile calumny. My love should be deeper, truer, purer, because all the rest of the world united to slander you."

"Then I will never give you up!" she said. "I will wait for you as long as you like; but until you tell me that your love is dead, I will never give you up!"

What could he do but vow that in life and death he would be true to her?

"I have only you," she said, in her sweet melancholy voice, "and I think my heart would have broken if you had gone away."

They decided that it would be useless to apply to Mr. St. Just at present; but Mr. Wentworth said the moment his affairs were in some sort of order he would call and explain his position towards Madeline, and ask her uncle's consent to their formal engagement. He anticipated nothing less than a decided refusal; and in that case they must wait until Mr. St. Just came round, or, in the last resort, until Madeline came of age. In the meantime, they must be satisfied with knowing that they loved one another, for Mr. Wentworth would not ask, nor would Madeline have consented, to any clandestine correspondence.

"I cannot believe that you love me, my own Madeline," he said fondly. "It seems too altogether good to be true. And yet I must believe it, for the whole world seems different to me. But say again that you love me, that I may be quite sure?"

"You would not be a bit more sure if I said it than you are now. You know quite well I do."

"You said my name once," he said, softly. "I thought I had never heard it before, it sounded so sweet from your lips. Won't you call me by it again? Remember, I must go away from you soon, perhaps for a long time, and not be allowed to see you or to write to you. Give me something to lighten my solitude—something that will make me know that I am no longer alone in the world, that I have in you a home—friends—all."

Suddenly Madeline put her arms round his neck, and said in a broken voice—

"Dear, dearest Connor, I love you better than all the world, and I will be always true to you." She hid her face on his shoulder in a sudden fit of shyness.

"Some time in the future," he said, "we must spend another day on that rock. I shall always look on it as the beginning of all my happiness. I loved you from that time—I loved you the very first moment I saw you and heard you talking in that sweet voice of yours to old Michael Brennan. And now you love me! It is too wonderful to be true. When did you begin to care for me, Madeline?"

"I can't tell," said Madeline, shyly. "I did not know anything about it until you said you were going away and not coming back to see me any more, at least till you were an old man—and what good would that be to me?"

"I hope we shall grow old together," he said, with a happy laugh. "Now that I am sure of your love, I would not give you up if all the world demanded the renunciation."

"I must be going home," said Madeline. "It is getting late."

They walked hand in hand until they reached the Cove. They did not talk much, but their happiness was perfect. When they reached the foot of the winding path, Madeline said—

"I came to see Michael, and I have forgotten all about him."

"Do not distress yourself," said Mr. Wentworth, laughing. "Michael was away all the afternoon, and has not returned yet. I will tell him of your intentions, and that you will come again some other day. And now I want to know, may I go home with you? I know Malachy is a sufficient protection, but I cannot bear to part with you when I might be with you a little while longer."

"Oh," said Madeline, "indeed I would rather go alone. I want to think of things—it is better to say good-bye here," and she looked beseechingly at him.

"If I let you go," he said, holding her hand fast, and looking deep down into her luminous eyes, "you will promise me to take care of yourself—to remember that you hold in your hand all my hopes of earthly happiness. You will promise to write to me if you are in any trouble or difficulty, or if your friendship with me has involved you in any persecution. Do not forget that you belong to me now, and that it is my right to stand between you and everything that would hurt you."

"Oh, yes, I will promise," said Madeline, slipping her other hand into his. "And," she added impulsively, "I am so very, very happy."

"My innocent little darling!" he said. "How can I let you leave me? But I will soon have a home for you; and then, please Heaven, I will make my precious Madeline the happiest woman in the wide world."

"I must go, indeed," said Madeline at length. "It is getting late, and I would rather be home before my cousins."

He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote an address on it. "If you want me at any time, write or telegraph to that address, and I shall be with you the first possible moment. Good-bye. I shall live on the memory of this day until I see you again."

"Good-bye, dear Connor," said Madeline, half laughing and half crying. "I don't mind anything now I have you—and you will never forget your own Madeline, will you? Ah! I know you will not. Good-bye, good-bye."

CHAPTER VII.

A FORTNIGHT had passed away. The weather had been sultry and oppressive. The dust lay thick on the roads and hedges, the grass was parched, and the flowers drooped.

Agatha and Hetty, complaining of the oppressive heat, were languidly reclining in the darkened morning room. Madeline, tired of staying in the house, and glad to get a quiet time in which to indulge her thoughts, had put on her shady hat and had gone out to look for some sheltered nook in which she might be free from the interruption of Hetty's conversation, and the continued annoyance of Agatha's coldness.

She wandered on through leafy lanes and wooded pastures, her thoughts the meanwhile far away from Hillsborough. She was wondering what Connor was doing—she was impatient to hear something of him. Once she had been down to the Cove to see her old friend Michael, but he had not been in, and never once since that day when they had plighted their troth had she heard her lover's name spoken. Oh, when should she see him again? "Come back to me, Connor!" she cried, half-aloud, clasping her hands. "Come back to me soon!"

The sound of her own voice startled her, and recalled her to a sense of what was going on around her. She felt some change had taken place, and looked up hastily.

The sky was overcast. Heavy black clouds, edged with a lurid copper colour, were massed together, blotting out the blue. The wind sighed among the trees at intervals, and these sudden gusts were succeeded by an interval of breathless silence.

Madeline felt nervous and startled. She glanced around her, and perceived that she was a good way from home, and in a place she was but slightly acquainted with. She looked about for some house in which she might take shelter from the impending storm. She saw a light column of smoke rising from a wooded hollow near by, and quickened her steps. Before she had gone a hundred yards a blinding flash, immediately succeeded by the sharp rattle of the thunder, announced that the storm had begun. She began to run. A turn in the road brought her in sight of the iron gates leading to the avenue; but here she found that she was not the only one who had been caught in the storm. At a short distance before her was an old man, leaning feebly on his stick, and endeavouring to reach the gates with the evident intention of seeking shelter like herself. Madeline looked at him as she came up to him. He was deadly pale, and looked as if he must presently sink to the ground from exhaustion. She hesitated, took a step forward, and then came back quickly to the old man's side.

"If you lean on me you will be able to get

on more quickly," she said. "See, the house is very near now!" She put his hand on her shoulder, and supporting him as well as she could, they reached the gates. The lightning flashed, thunder pealed incessantly, the sky was inky black. With difficulty Madeline succeeded in opening the gate and getting her companion inside; but to her dismay she found that he was incapable of advancing any further—but for the support she afforded him he would have fallen. Her relief was great, therefore, when she saw figures coming hurriedly toward them from the house, carrying cloaks and umbrellas. In a few minutes she was moving quickly towards the open door, accompanied by two servants bearing the insensible form of their master. As they gained the porch the rain began to fall in torrents.

Madeline was hastily shown into a room, where she was left alone. She heard steps running up and downstairs, doors opening and shutting. Presently in spite of the storm she saw a man ride furiously away from the door.

In about an hour the storm passed away, and the rain ceased. Madeline prepared to leave the house, but at that moment a tall, pleasant lady, no longer young, entered the room. She advanced to Madeline, and after apologising for the apparent neglect with which she had been treated, she explained that all their exertions had been required on behalf of the owner of the house, to restore him to consciousness. He was an invalid just recovering from the effects of an accident, and he should not have attempted to go out by himself; but feeling himself very much better that morning, he had overrated his strength, and had, without telling anyone of his intention, ventured on walking a short distance down the lane. There he had sat down until the coming on of the storm had driven him in. In the weak state of his nerves the thunder had alarmed him, and but for Madeline's opportune arrival he might have fallen, with the probability of striking his head against one of the trees, and so undoing the work of months, if not ending in fatal results. He was quite recovered now, and would esteem it a great favour if his kind preserver would honour him with a short interview, and give him the opportunity of thanking her in person.

Madeline readily consented. Her guide conducted her up the shallow, old-fashioned staircase to a wide low-ceiled room, with the blinds drawn down.

On an iron bedstead near the centre of the room lay an old gentleman, whose white hair and benignant expression made him interesting and venerable.

He smiled as Madeline entered, and extending a withered blue-veined hand, he said in a feeble voice—

"I was anxious to see you, my dear young lady, that I might thank you for the timely assistance you afforded me, without which I should not be lying here now. You will excuse me if I say nothing more at present as I feel rather shaken, but if you would not think it too much trouble, it would afford an old man great pleasure to see you again. Might I ask your name?"

"My name is Madeline St. Just," said Madeline. "I should like very much to come and see you again, if my uncle will allow me."

"Tell your uncle that Mr. Vivian sends his compliments, and would esteem it a favour if he would allow his niece to pay him a visit sometimes."

"I am sure he will have no objection," said Madeline. "But I ought not to talk to you any longer. I am sure you need rest and quiet more than anything else."

And so it came about that Madeline St. Just was the first person in the neighbourhood who made the acquaintance of the occupant of The Pines. She liked Mr. Vivian, and he liked her, and several times a week she walked over and sat with her old friend, for so she learned to look on him. He ask her many questions about the people and their doings and sayings, and altogether manifested an interest in the place which rather surprised her. He was attended by a doctor from a large town about thirty miles distant from Hillsborough, and occasionally he received a visit from an elderly gentleman from London, who, Mr. Vivian told her, was his lawyer. He said he hoped soon to be able to receive visits from his neighbours, all whose advances he had hitherto been obliged to decline.

* * * *

It was the middle of July. The luncheon bell had rung. Madeline was slowly descending the stairs when she saw her uncle with a look of great excitement coming up the path towards the door.

He did not appear to notice his niece, but went quickly before her into the dining-room, where luncheon was laid. Agatha and Hetty looked at him in surprise.

"The most wonderful thing has happened," he said; "the most incredible occurrence——"

"What is it, papa? What has happened?" cried both his daughters at once.

"You would never guess it," said their father. "Something that will make a great change in the neighbourhood! Mr. Gerard has turned up all right! He was no more drowned than I am—that was all a mistake!"

"How do you know, papa?" said Agatha, growing pale. "Are you sure there is no mistake here?"

"Why, I have seen him," said Mr. St. Just. "I have spent the last hour with him. The boat capsized as we suspected, but Gerard clung to one of the oars and was drifted out to sea. He was picked up by an outward bound steamer, and carried out to America; but in falling into the water he had received a severe stroke on the head, and the shock and exposure brought on a severe fit of illness, accompanied by total unconsciousness. He was left by the captain of the steamer in a hospital in New York. No one knew his name, or the name of any friend with whom they might communicate. When he was sufficiently recovered he took his passage home, and went to his lawyer's house. The particulars he learned from him decided him not to make himself known for a time. He rented The Pines through his lawyer, and came down here accompanied by a trained nurse and some servants. To-day he sent for me and disclosed himself."

"Well, after all," said Agatha, "it will not make much difference to anyone except to Mr. Carew, and I fancy the change to him will be merely nominal. Mr. Gerard was, no doubt, sadly shocked to hear of Mr. Wentworth's conduct with regard to his will."

"That is the worst part of the whole business," said Mr. St. Just, "the worst for us, I mean. Mr. Gerard has removed every shadow of suspicion from his nephew. He says he had made that last will in a momentary fit of anger, but that even while he made it he had not really any intention of putting it into force. The morning of his disappearance he took the will, enclosed in a blank envelope, in his hand, and went down to the library with the intention of destroying it, as there happened to be no fire in his own room at the time. He was passing Mr. Wentworth's door when he received an urgent summons to the other side of his estate. The case admitted of no delay. He hastily entered his nephew's room, hoping to find him there, and to place the will in his hands with the injunction to destroy it at once. The room was empty, however, but seeing Wentworth's desk open—a very unusual thing—he put the envelope among the other papers, and closed the desk. When he had transacted his business he borrowed a boat, with the intention of returning home more quickly by rowing across the bay. He had miscalculated the direction, however, and got caught in the current, with the result I have already related. He is furious about the way Wentworth has been treated, though I must say I think he was most to blame himself. He says he cannot imagine how anyone could have entertained the slightest doubt of him, and swears that because Carew did not stand up for his cousin that he will cut him off with a shilling. He does not know where Wentworth is. It seems he left the cottage about a month ago, and gave no address to any one."

Madeline waited to hear no more. She had heard all she wanted. Her lover was cleared in the eyes of the world. She rejoiced for him, though she felt it would have made no difference in her love if he had lain under the imputation of dishonesty all his life. But she knew how galling his position had been to his proud spirit, and she wept for joy to think that once more he could hold up his head among his fellows, the acknowledged superior of them all.

She hastily drew out her writing materials and wrote as follows:—

"Come as soon as you can, dearest Connor. You are wanted very particularly. Go straight to The Pines and ask for Mr. Vivian.

"MADELINE."

She folded her note and enclosed it in an envelope, which she addressed to "Connor Wentworth, Esq.," at the address which he had given her. Then she put on her hat, and slipping downstairs, went out by a side door. She walked quickly to the village, and was just in time to post her letter before the mail went out. She regained the house without her absence having been observed by anyone.

The astonishment of the neighbourhood, the various conjectures as to what course Mr. Gerard would take with regard to Mr. Carew, may be better imagined than described. Universal regret was expressed that Mr. Wentworth should for so long have suffered under such an unworthy suspicion, and people only desired an opportunity of expressing their sorrow for the share they had had in the whole affair. All were looking forward with eager expectancy to the return of him whom they had so deeply wronged.

Madeline thought that Connor would receive her letter the next morning, and would probably be down by the late afternoon train from London: she did not think it would be possible for him to arrive any sooner; and there was a chance that he might not be at the address to which she had despatched her note, and might be delayed longer.

She slept little, and rose very early. When she was dressed she let herself quietly out of the house, and unfastening Malachy's chain, she went down on the shore. The tide was going out just as it had done the very first morning she had come down here, and she resolved that she would walk in the same direction again. As she crossed the ledge she recollected her first encounter with Sir Shirley Kynaston, and smiled to think how much he had been taken aback when he had met her afterwards at Hayslope.

Then she soberly descended into the little sandy bay on the other side. A few minutes later she was startled by the sound of footsteps following her. She called Malachy, but he only wagged his tail, and giving utterance to a succession of joyous barks, bounded to meet the intruder, and in another moment Madeline was in Connor's arms, and he was calling her by a thousand fond names.

"How did you get here so quickly?" asked Madeline, looking up with her lovelit eyes into Connor's face. The look of passionate adoration that she saw there made her hide her face again.



A NICE CUP O' TEA.

"When I got your precious little note yesterday, darling," he said. "I just had time to catch a train which brought me to Hillsborough at one o'clock. I went at once to The Pines and found my uncle awake. I was with him for more than an hour. How I passed the rest of the night I don't know. This morning, suspecting you would go as usual down to the shore, I came with the intention of accompanying you. I was a little too late; but I saw Malachy just disappearing over the rocks, and guessed you were not far off."

"I am so glad, Connor," said Madeline, looking up at him again. "The dark time is past, and there is nothing but sunshine left. How wonderful it all seems."

"My Madeline," he said, "the cloud passed away and the sunshine illuminated my life again from the moment you gave me this dear hand and said that you loved me in spite of all. I would not lose the memory of that moment for all that the world could offer me. You taught me other lessons too, Madeline, and my life shall be spent in putting them into practice."

"And will you go back to live with your uncle?" said Madeline.

"Not permanently," said Connor. "My arrangements are almost completed. I have now only to choose the place in which I shall work, and then I shall come and carry off my wife. Look up, sweetheart, and tell me that when I come for you, you will be ready. I told my uncle about you last night, and he is entirely rejoiced. This morning I will call on your uncle and explain matters."

"But, dear Connor," said Madeline, in a low voice, "I have duties too. I cannot leave my poor people in Ireland with no one to take care of them. My father left them in my charge, and I cannot desert them. I always thought of going back to live among them, and help them. Won't you tell me how?"

"I accept the trust," said Connor, in a tone of deep feeling. "We will go together, dear, and spend our lives in this work. We will strive to shed on the paths of others less fortunate than we, some of the sunshine that floods our life. I take this as my life work, and I pray that Heaven may enable me to fulfil this sacred duty."

"Darling," said Madeline, softly, with full eyes, "you have made me happy, how happy I cannot tell you. Life is so beautiful, duty so sacred, and love is so satisfying."

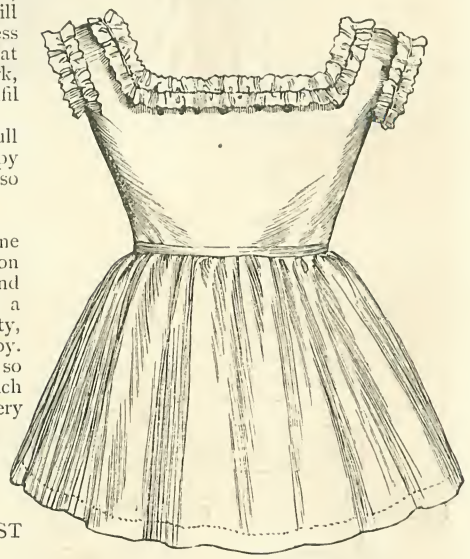
* * * *

It is the July of the following year. Madeline and her husband are floating down the Shannon in a little boat. Connor's oars are idle, and his wife is sitting close to him reading him a letter. She closes it and says, "Dear Hetty, I am so glad; I am sure she will be very happy. I like Mr. Carew very much; he is ever so much nicer than he used to be, and he is such a comfort to Uncle Gerard. It will be very nice if he and Hetty go to live at Redfriars. Uncle needs some woman to look after him, for I don't think he ever quite recovered from the effects of his accident."

"Yes, dear, I am very glad too," said Connor, smiling down into the sweet eager face at his side. "I want everyone to be as happy as I am; though that is impossible, for there is only one Madeline in the world."

A moment later Madeline called out—

"There is Michael Brennan on the landing-place waiting for us—I think it is time to go in."



A CHILD'S DRESS MADE OUT OF A YARD OF PRINT AT THE COST OF 6¾*d.*, INCLUDING TAPE AND CORD.

One of the most ingenious and economical specimens of work which has come under my notice is that of making a charming little dress for a child out of one yard of print. Not a thread too much nor a thread too little will be found in this length.

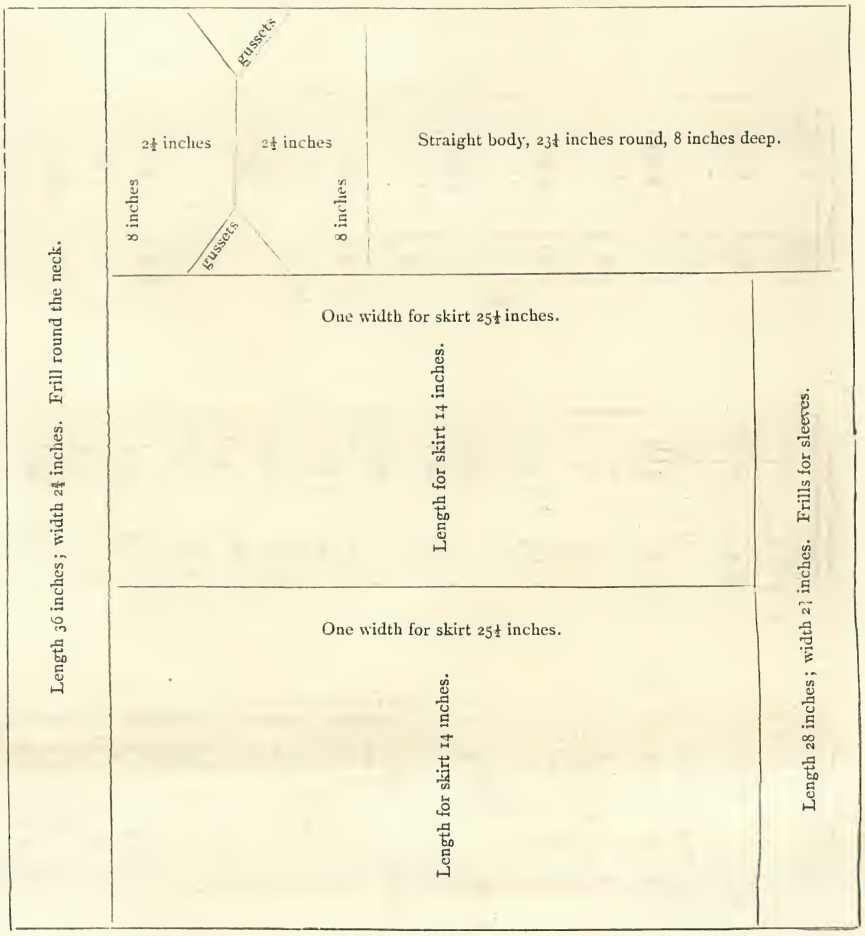
Every yard of ordinary print is thirty-one inches wide, and the cost of it fivepence three-farthings; this, with a penny for cord and tape, includes every expense, and a prettier little dress than is made of this it would be difficult to find. It can be made in two or three hours by those who have sewing-machines, the only parts necessary to be done by hand being the making and putting in of the tiny gussets. There can be no mistake in cutting it out if the directions on the following diagram be strictly followed.

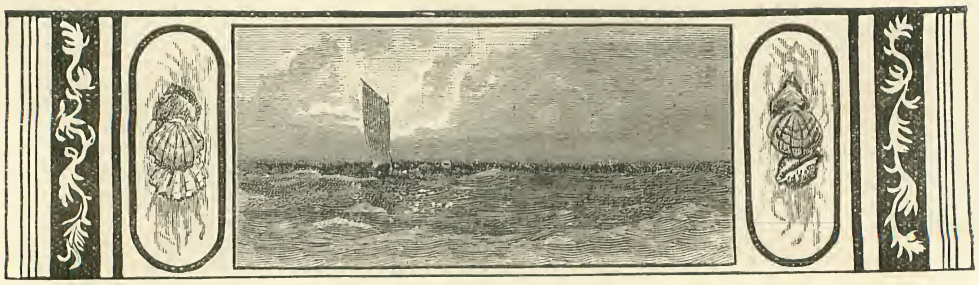
Having the yard of print before you with the selvage on either side, you proceed to measure two and three-quarter inches from left selvage and tear it off the whole yard length. This forms the frill to go round the neck. Measure the same width, viz., two and three-quarter inches from the right selvage, but do not tear it up the whole yard—only for twenty-eight inches from the bottom, or part nearest you. This being divided into two will make the frills for the sleeves. Now from the *top* take off eight inches; this will make the straight body and sleeves. You now have a length of twenty-eight inches and a width of twenty-five and a half inches. This, being divided into two lengths of fourteen inches, makes the skirt. The hem at the bottom of the skirt should be about two and a half inches deep. The frills have a fine cord run through the centre.

I do not know to whom the credit is due of thinking out this useful and ingenious piece of work. It is evidently but little known, seeing the enthusiastic way in which those to whom I have shown it set to work upon it. The thanks of every mother are due to the unknown lady.

EMMA BREWER.

A yard of print = 36 inches long and 31 inches broad.





WITH THE TIDE.

HOLIDAY DUET FOR PIANOFORTE.

SECONDO.

Andante grazioso. *By* MYLES B. FOSTER.

PIANO.

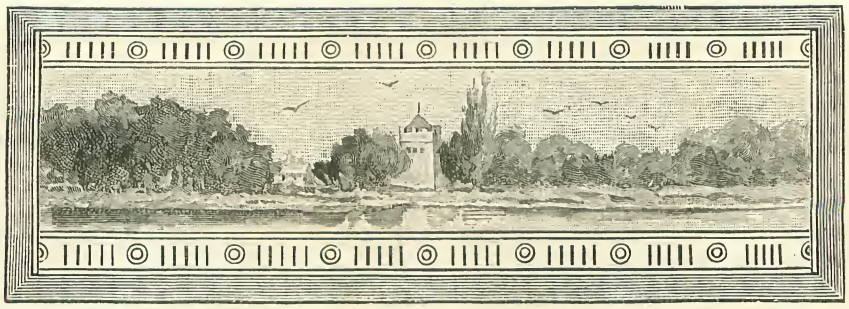
mp dolce.

mp *cres.* *molto.*

f *ff*

p leggiero.

dim. molto. *dolce.* *sf* *cantando.* *legg.*



WITH THE TIDE.

HOLIDAY DUET FOR PIANOFORTE.

PRIMO.

Andante grazioso.

By MYLES B. FOSTER.

PIANO.

mp dolce e con espressione.

mp

cres. molto.

f

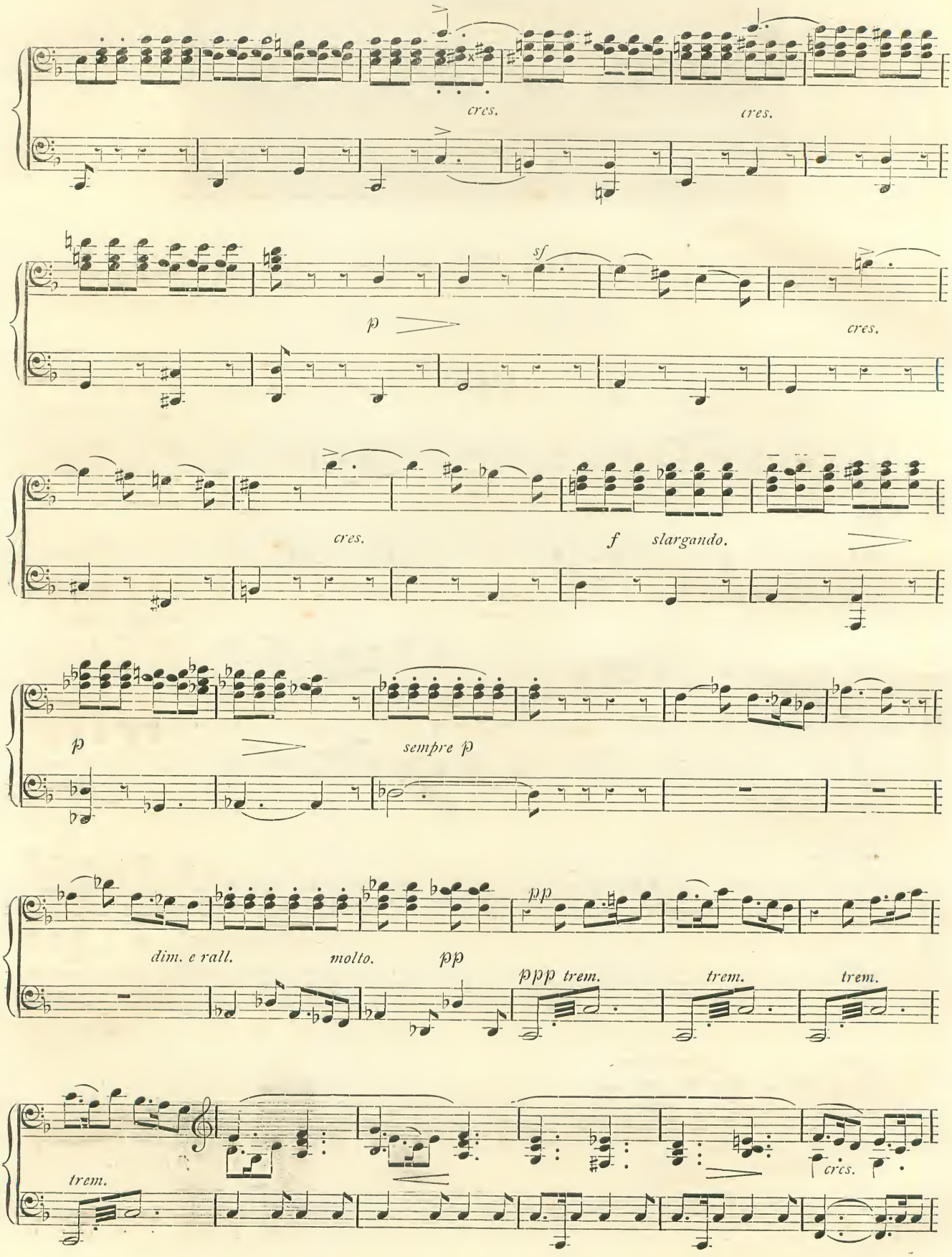
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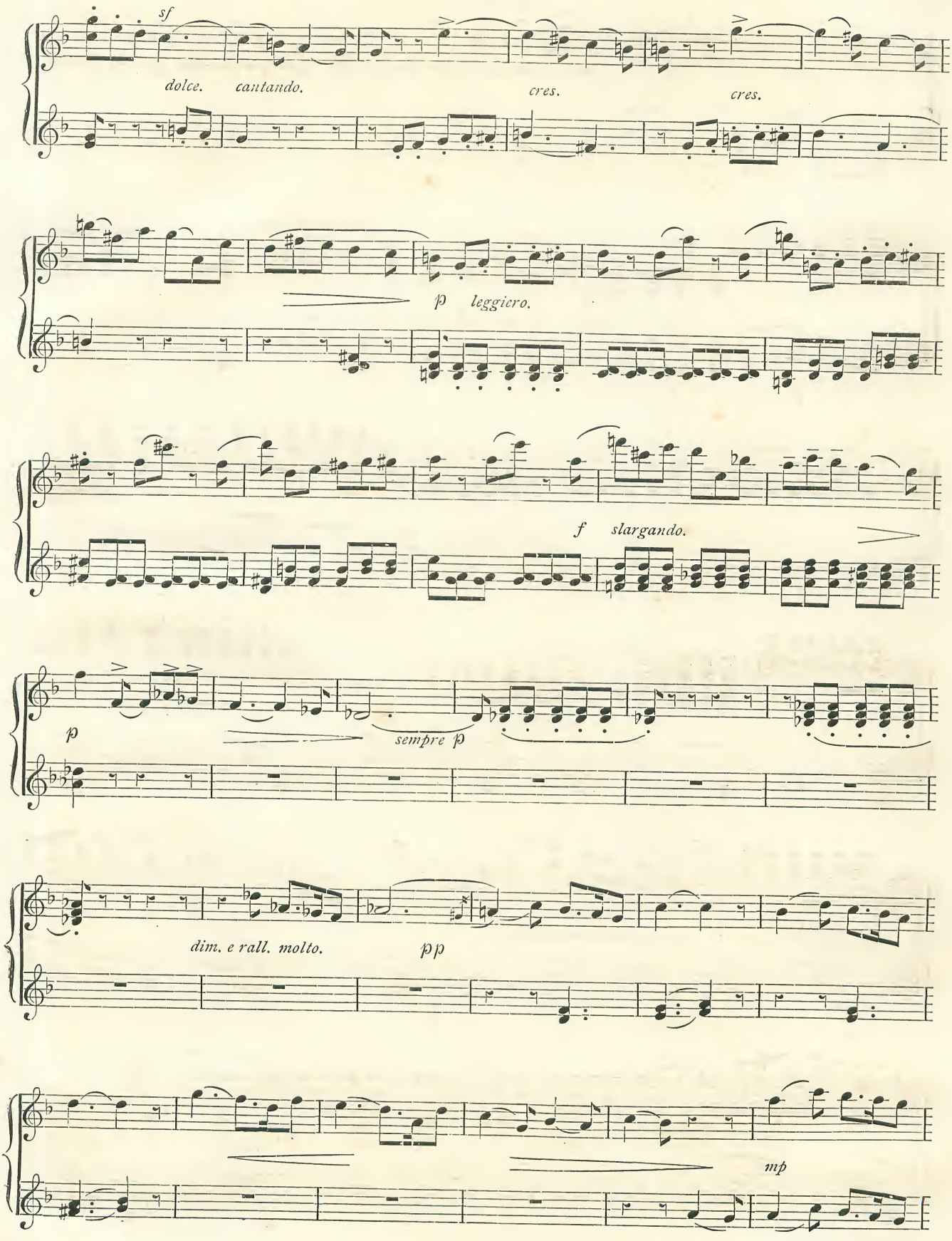
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p leggiero.

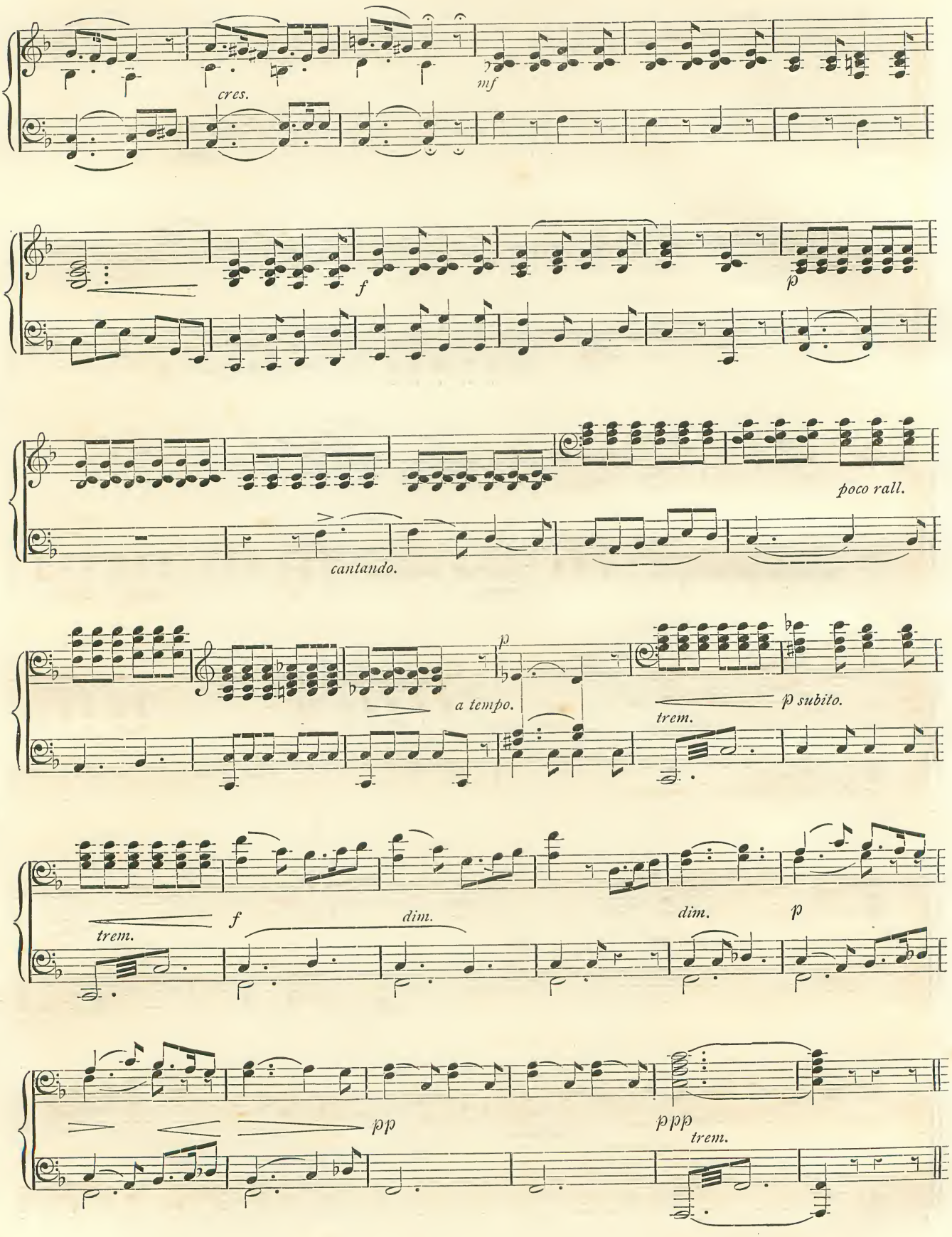
SECONDO.


cres.
cres.
sf
p
cres.
cres.
f
slargando.
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sempre p
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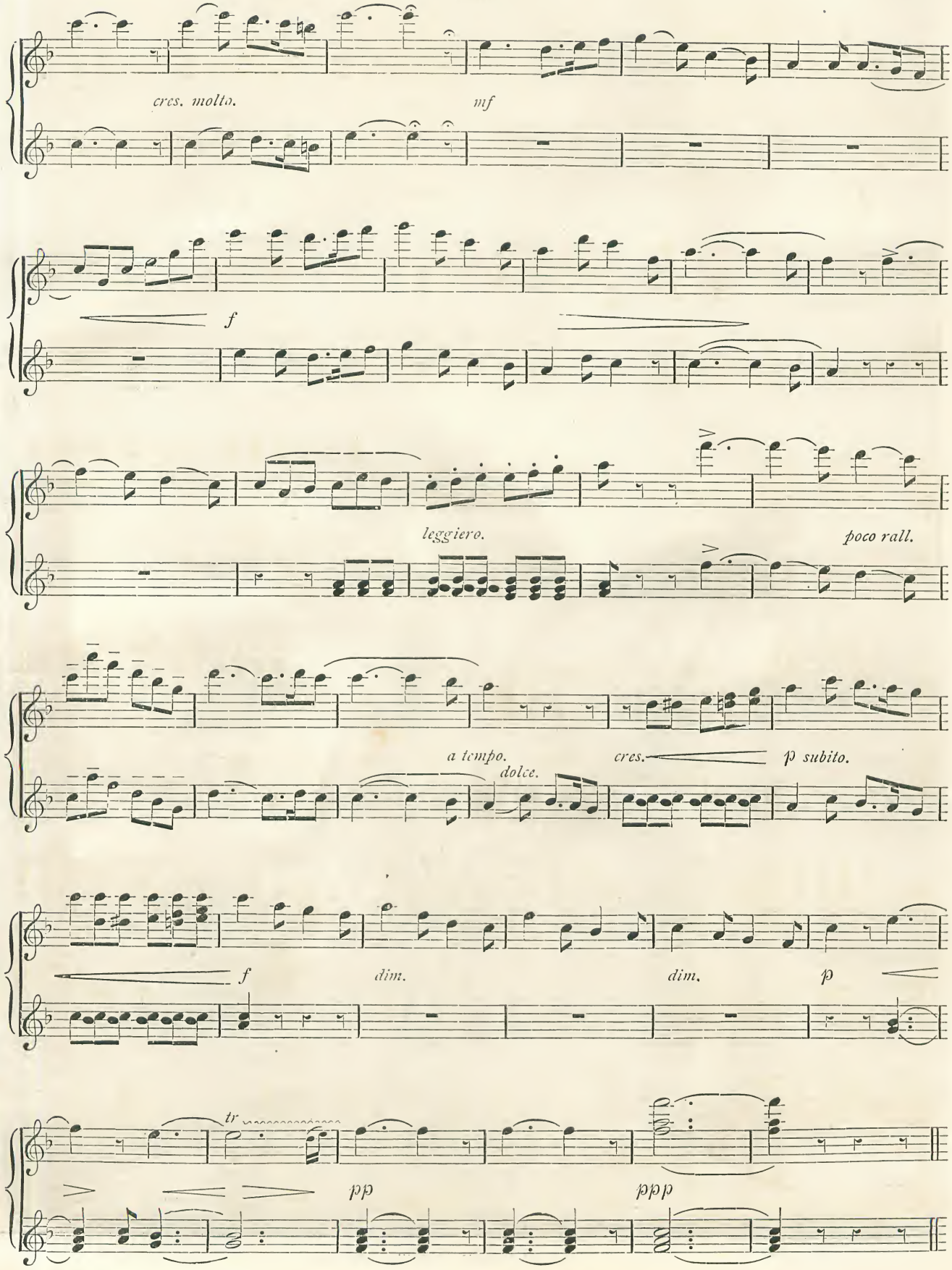
PRIMO.


sf
dolce.
cantando.
cres.
cres.
p
leggiero.
f
slargando.
p
sempre p
dim. e rall. molto.
pp
mp

SECONDO.


cres.
mf
f
p
poco rall.
cantando.
a tempo.
p
p subito.
trem.
trem.
f
dim.
dim.
p
pp
ppp
trem.

PRIMO.


cres. molto.
mf
f
leggiero.
poco rall.
a tempo.
dolce.
cres.
p subito.
f
dim.
dim.
p
tr
pp
ppp



A SINGING LESSON.

A SINGING LESSON.

SWEET maid, rejoice
That God to each a gift doth grant
In wisest choice;
So be it yours His love to chant
With sweetest voice.

And gifted so,
His gifts proclaim, like saints of yore,
To high and low;
That all who hear may upward soar,
And heavenward go.

Then sing the song
Of noblest art from heart aflame,
That all the throng
May angels hear acclaim the Name
Your notes among!

C. P.

AN ANGLING HOLIDAY.

"YOU must have a clear month's holiday at any rate," said the doctors. "Six months would be better; but if you cannot get that, take what you *can* get, and make the best of it."

These words were addressed to my husband soon after the beginning of last year. He was suffering from overmuch brain-work, worry, and anxiety, and also from slight attacks of vertigo, which in his case, as in many others, accompanied slight deafness. There was every chance of his getting rid of the latter, if he could only have a nice long holiday, and one to be spent in the open air.

Now, if John has a passion for anything in the shape of sport it is for angling. Regularly in the spring time he takes what I call "fishing fever" very badly indeed. At first I used to make fun of him, and wonder how anyone could have patience to stand holding a rod, and waiting until some fish was kind and obliging enough to come and "bite."

Gradually, however, I began to feel interested in spite of myself, and this was especially the case when, one spring, a box of "flies" that my husband had ordered, arrived. I thought at the time that I had seldom seen anything daintier, or even prettier, than those "flies." They were beautifully tied, and I soon learnt the names of them all, as I was so fond of looking at them.

That ame spring, during the Easter holidays, John went to the north to fish, and I went to stay with my parents. While at my old home I sent him a special kind of fly-book that he had longed for, and I really think my delight was as great as his, when afterwards I saw all the flies neatly arranged in it, with their names written underneath them on the parchment.

The two following years I was prevented accompaning John on his fishing excursions through the illness of relatives, etc.; but this year there was nothing to hinder, so we determined to spend a month at a little village on the banks of a lovely northern river, where my husband could fish to his heart's content, and I—well! *Then* I thought I should sit on the bank and read beside him! Later on, I altered my mind; but more of this hereafter.

"What shall you do with the children?" asked a lady friend, when I told her of our projected holiday.

"Take them with us," I promptly replied.

"But you have given your nurse notice to leave! How will you manage?" she cried.

"Oh, I have arranged for a young girl, living in the cottage next to the one where we are going to stay, to look after the little ones in the daytime, and at night they sleep very well, so will be no trouble. I expect they will be delighted beyond measure with the gooseberries and all the farmyard pets they will see"—as indeed it turned out.

So, about five o'clock one afternoon late in April, we arrived at Langton, as I shall call our headquarters, and soon sat down to a delicious country tea, at which the eggs forming part of our repast were really new-laid, and the cream was—well, what it pretended to be.

For my part, I thought no meal had ever tasted so good for years; and the children enjoyed it hugely, being, although only two and three years old respectively, as lively as crickets and good as gold after their journey of three hundred and twenty miles or so.

As soon as I had put the bairns to bed, and instructed my new helper, Sally, in her duties, John and I strolled down to the bridge spanning the river. The water was very low owing to the scarcity of rain, and very clear, which augured badly for the fishing.

For the benefit of those who do not understand why this should be, I may say, that under these conditions, the fish can see you so plainly standing on the bank, that they at once make for another part, trout being proverbially shy. In addition to this, the fish feed largely on the larvæ of insects found at the bottom of the river, and are disinclined to take the fly.

Towards eight o'clock we sauntered back to the cottage, and had not been indoors many minutes before a knock announced the arrival of the doctor, John's particular friend in these parts; and hearty were the greetings interchanged, and innumerable the questions asked on both sides.

"And how is the fishing?" asked John at length.

"Well, pretty fair on the whole, till the last week. We want some rain badly now; but a fortnight since I got thirty-nine one morning. Nice fish they were too! And Robert"—mentioning a keeper on an estate near—"got thirty-three nice trout. But those are the best baskets made so far."

"What did you take them with?" enquired John. "With fly?"

"Yes, with fly; March Brown, chiefly."

And so the conversation went on, principally between John and the doctor.

I, meanwhile, had been thinking to myself, "Well, surely there must be something in angling, after all, else why do some catch so many fish and some none at all? I really believe there is an art in it, even if it is not a science in its way."

Now, as I have before explained, my husband had been subject to slight attacks of vertigo, so he had decided not to wade into the river after fish, but to rest content with what he could catch from the bank. I never let him go alone if I could help it, lest he should feel ill at any time and perhaps fall into the water. So I used to sit near, on the river bank, and read, or work, or gather flowers, or amuse myself as best I could.

One day a rather funny incident occurred. It was very windy, and as I sat on the bank, John fishing near, I put up my umbrella as a protection. Presently I loosened my hold of it, in order to re-arrange some flowers I had gathered, when lo! just as I turned round to grasp it again, a gust of wind came, and, lifting it bodily up, away went my umbrella across the river, turning any amount of somersaults on its journey.

"John!" I shouted, "do look at my umbrella!"

John looked. "Well, I declare," exclaimed he. "Whatever possessed you to leave go of it? You *are* a silly girl!"

"Well," I replied, "is there any chance of recovering it? What can we do?" For the umbrella was gaily sailing away down the river, handle upwards. If only the wind had blown it a few yards further, it would have fallen on the opposite bank, and we should easily have found it again. We watched the umbrella for some time, until it got into some deeper water and finally sank.

"There," said John, "it will take some little while to pass through that pool, and we may be able to cross the bridge and run round the other side in time to pick it out. It is the only chance, for no one is in sight on that side of the stream."

The bridge, the same one that I have already alluded to, was at least three quarters of a mile higher up, and there were numberless fences and stiles to climb before reaching it! Being already tired, my heart sank, and I said, "Let it go."

"No," said John, "who was rapidly reeling up, "we had better get it if we can."

And then his very natural indignation, which he had been endeavouring to suppress, broke forth. "But you are a silly girl! Just fancy my having to give up my fishing, all because you cannot take care of your umbrella!"

Anglers in general will understand and sympathise with John. For me—I felt utterly squashed!

Well, off we set, and tramped round in search of the truant umbrella. Tired and hot we were, on arriving at the spot on the opposite bank, where last we saw my "gamp." Judge of our surprise, however, to see a gentleman quietly fishing near. As he had been nowhere within sight before, we concluded he had previously been fishing lower down, and had returned in order to fish down the "run" again. Our astonishment increased when my husband descried in him an old companion on the cricket-field of the village, and with whom he had played in many matches.

After Mr. Horton and myself had been made acquainted, John enquired if he had seen aught of the missing umbrella; but his questions being met with an emphatic negative, we proposed searching lower down the river.

"I should, if I were you," says Mr. Horton. "I feel sure it must have passed here long since; in fact, I greatly doubt whether you will ever see anything more of it," he added, with a smile.

After hunting for some ten minutes or so, we give it up, and return towards the place where we left our genial acquaintance. He is still fishing, but, at the moment of our approach, struggling with what he thinks is a fish which he has hooked.

"But," says he to John," "it is the oddest fish I ever hooked! I never knew one hang so heavily—at least, not a trout—or swim so strangely. Yet it does move, or I should fancy I had caught my line in a big stone. Do you think it is an eel?"

John cannot say at all, and we stand gravely watching. For some reason or other I begin to feel rather uneasy.

"The wretched thing will break my line," says Mr. Horton.

John goes to the rescue, and after some little trouble, I see with dismay my truant umbrella safely landed on the bank, with Mr. Horton's dainty tackle all wound about it!

He (Mr. Horton) does not look exactly pleased; few would, I think, under the circumstances; but in spite of that, and my sorrow for his tackle, the absurdity of the whole situation strikes me so forcibly that I cannot stifle the laughter which seizes me. Peal after peal rings through the clear air, in which, after some little hesitation, the two men join.

"John," I said, when our mirth had subsided a little, "John, I shall never again take an umbrella when I go out fishing with you," and I stuck to my resolution.

CHAPTER II.

It was long past noon, and we were beginning to feel that our early dinner would be very acceptable, and after a little persuasion John succeeded in inducing Mr. Horton to join us at our meal. This he was very glad to do, being some distance from his own house. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and our conversation during dinner turned chiefly upon angling.

"Have you ever tried fishing with the fly, Mrs. Stanley?" he asked.

I replied that beyond making a few casts with my husband's rod, and landing his fish (with a landing net) for him, I had done nothing but watch John fish.

"I am sure you would like it if you tried it for a while," said Mr. Horton, "and, you know, ladies when they get thoroughly into it, generally throw a very good line indeed. At any rate," he added, "it would be far more interesting for you to fish than just to sit on the bank and watch, or read."

I said I really thought it would; and John chimed in, "I am going to get her a nice little light rod, and then she will see what she can do." This he did, and in a few days' time I had the happiness to possess a rod that, in its way, was perfect, having all the latest improvements, and yet being so light that I never felt tired after using it even for hours at a time. I learnt to make up "casts," as they are called, and to tie "minnow tackle," and make the various fishing-knots that every angler requires to know.

I had another motive in this, besides wishing to catch fish. I felt that in taking a real interest in his favourite sport, I should be a better companion for my husband in his excursions, and should give pleasure to him as well as to myself. And that was just how it proved.

"Who is this Mr. Horton?" I asked of John, after our guest had left.

"He is a widower, dear, who is very well off, and has a nice place over at Enderby, about four miles away. His wife was persuaded, nay, almost forced, to marry him by some old aunts with whom she lived, and who felt her a burden on their limited means. She liked Horton, but did not love him; and he, it is always thought, married her more from pity than love. Within a year of their marriage she died, poor thing; and he has been a solitary and lonely fellow ever since. Rumour has it that he would gladly make Annette Walters, the doctor's sister, his bride; but she will have none of him, although I do believe her only objection to him lies in the fact that he is a widower. And thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago Netta and two of her old school friends were talking of matrimony in the way girls will, and they all agreed that they would not mind how old or how young a man was, but they could not marry a widower! Curiously enough, both the others have married widowers, and very happy they are; and it only remains to be seen whether Netta will follow suit and take Mr. Horton. He is a downright good fellow, and I am sure she likes him a little bit, though she would not own it for worlds."

Like all women, I was intensely interested in this account, and immediately began to speculate on the chances of the match being concluded. I wished very much I could see the two together, and judge for myself how they really felt towards each other. An opportunity soon occurred, for one afternoon Netta had called in, and was partaking of tea and gossip with me, when suddenly in walked John and Mr. Horton.

"I met Horton in the village, and persuaded him to come for a cup of tea," said John. "He is just as fond of it as I am—are you not, old fellow?"

"Yes; but then, you see, I have, alas! no wife to make it for me," answered Mr. Horton, with a quick glance at Netta, who blushed scarlet, and as soon as she could rose to go.

"It is pouring with rain;" said John.

And so it was, but we had been so busy talking that we had not noticed it.

"I have no umbrella either," said Netta; "how stupid of me not to bring one. But I never thought it would rain."

"I have mine," said Mr. Horton very quietly, "and, as I pass your house, if you will accept the shelter of it for that little distance, I shall be most happy."

Netta could not refuse without being rude, so the two set off together; and when the door closed on them John and I looked at one another and smiled, but said nothing.

"Little woman," remarked my dear husband presently, "you must get a day's fishing to-morrow. The time is flying fast, and we shall soon be at the end of our holiday."

"Yes, indeed," I sighed. "I must come down with you and fish to-morrow, however, if a suitable day"—and I did. Of course many days previous to this I had been diligently practising how to throw a line, and had make all the usual mistakes of beginners—catching trees, bushes, my own clothes and fingers—anything but fish! This day, however, was to be an exception, and a red-letter day for me. I actually caught a fish! My delight was extreme. I almost danced for joy.

"Has it a pink fin?" I cried to John, who held the landing net.

"Yes, my dear, it is a trout—Bébé's first trout!"—and then he laughed heartily, for, to be candid, dear reader, it was a very small one.

Soon, far too soon, our holiday drew to a close; but just before it ended, I said to John: "We ought to do something, dear old man, by way of a jollification to wind up our holiday. What do you think?"

"A very good idea, my pet. Supposing we have a picnic just for afternoon tea, say, to the Lady's Walk?" naming a lovely spot some little distance away.

"Capital, John; it could not be better! Who shall we ask?"

"Oh, Walters and his sister, and the Aitkens, and Horton, eh? That will make eight, with you and me. Quite enough, don't you think?"

"Yes, quite. I will see about it at once."

So it came to pass that one lovely afternoon, all our friends having responded to our invitation, the eight of us started in the train from Langton to a station, Mordale, some six miles away.

Arrived there we took our seats in a *char-à-banc*—commonly called "charry-bang" in those parts—which we had ordered to meet us, and after a charming drive of four miles or so, arrived at the Lady's Walk. This really is a sort of glen with a mountain torrent rushing through it, and curious little walks all through and about. The torrent finally empties itself into the same river as we fished in, higher up, and no more charming spot could be found for an impromptu picnic.

On the banks of the river we lighted our fire, borrowing kettle, cups, plates, etc., from a farmhouse near, for which commodities, as also a pint and a half of cream, they charged us the large sum of sixpence.

"I say, old lady," called out John to me, "there's one thing you have forgotten anyway, and that is a teapot. How are we going to make tea without one?"

For a moment I was mute, then, "Oh, I know—Chinese fashion. As soon as the water boils, throw the tea into the kettle and take it off the fire at once." And so we did; and really everyone said they had never tasted such good tea. It was most excellent, and altogether we made quite a hearty meal.

After it was over and the things put away in the baskets, we all strolled about till it was time for us to mount our "charry-bang" again and drive to the station.

John and I were not surprised to see Mr. Horton quietly draw Netta away under pretence of showing her some rare wild flower he had discovered.

When the whistle sounded, which was to call us together for our drive, the two came up rather hurriedly and looking a trifle confused as they took their seats, which somehow were side by side this time.

The drive homewards through the gloaming, in time to catch our train at Mordale, was delightful, and we were all safely housed before eight o'clock.

I was not at all surprised when Mr. Horton, after seeing Netta home, returned to our domicile, and said to us in his manly way, "Congratulate me, my dear friends; I have won my heart's desire—Netta has consented to become my wife. I believe"—half laughing—"the picnic had a good deal to do with it."

"Perhaps," said John, jocularly, "it was the old lady's wonderful tea that exercised a softening influence on our hearts all round."

"John, what a goose you are!" I cried.

Our congratulations were indeed hearty for both Netta and Mr. Horton. Only a few months afterwards I received a dainty wedding card, with "Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Horton" inscribed thereon in silver.

There came a day when we had to pack up and wend our way homewards with many regrets, but also very thankful hearts for the many mercies vouchsafed to us in the shape of renewed health and vigour, and pleasures enjoyed.

Should any girl-reader think of following my example, and accompanying husband or

brother on a fishing trip, a hint or two as to clothes would not perhaps be amiss.

Short dark blue serge skirts, with a Newmarket or waterproof coat, and a hat or cap that will not hurt with rain, thick woollen stockings, and last, but not least, a pair of the real waterproof boots—high ones, to prevent the danger of wet feet in the long grass—are indispensable requisites for the lady angler.

I enjoyed the experience immensely, and wish it could all come over again. There was only one bait that I never could use, viz., an insect called a "creeper," something like a huge earwig. It was found under the stones at the side of the river, in the shallow water, and afterwards becomes the May-fly.

Said I to John, "I don't mind turning up the stones, love, for you, but pick the 'creepers' out myself I will not." The very thought of them makes me shudder as I write, although they are perfectly harmless, and a very "killing" bait.

Some women, I know, do take a great interest in angling, notably Lady L——, who throws a beautiful line. But why should not more do so?

I feel sure they would really enjoy it, and many more husbands would be delighted beyond measure to have the society of their "better half" when starting on "An Angling Holiday." RUTH S. TYLER COVE.

CAMPIANA.

A STORY WITH A "STALKIE" TO IT.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"TELL me a story with a 'stalkie' to it." This is a request frequently made by children in the far north of Scotland in the long forenights of winter. For there, you know, although you can see to read all night at midsummer, in the dreary months of December and January darkness covers every "hicht and howe" long ere four o'clock, if the sky be overcast. So around the hearth of an evening stories are in great request, and songs as well, and an uncle is not thought very much of by the children unless he can tell a nice story with a good long "stalkie" to it.

But my English readers will ask, "What is a story with a 'stalkie' to it?" Well, it is a story that, though not altogether fiction, has the true parts of it very much drawn out and varnished.

But, strictly speaking, what I am now going to tell you is not a story with a "stalkie" to it; for all the information it conveys is strictly truthful, and from the life, and written by one who has lived in ships and camps and caravans pretty nearly all his life.

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"Not half a bad idea," said the Rev. Steven Wedgwood, passing his cup across the breakfast table to have it refilled.

"What is the idea?" said his wife, mildly.

"You're tired, and the two girls there are tired, I'm tired, and I daresay before August comes the boys at school will be tired too."

"But what is the idea, papa?" said Carita, the elder girl. "You haven't told us that."

"I'm sick tired of seaside lodgings," he continued, "and seaside landladies, and seaside musty-fusty rooms, and the seaside lodging-house cat. I'll see about it at once. Ma, when will you be ready to start?"

"But, my dear," said Mrs. W., "first and foremost you must tell us what your idea is, where we are going to start for, or what we are going to do when we get there."

"True, true; so I must. Well, it is simply to go into camp for a couple of months."

"Down by the sad sea waves?" said Carita.

"Well, yes, if you can find anything sad about them; I never did."

"Oh, that will be charming—delightful!" cried Jack, the younger girl. Yes, Jack was a girl—a tall, lank lassie rather, but very pretty and very sprightly.

"We'll be regular Arabs, won't we, daddy?"

"Not quite, you know," said the father, "because our camp won't be all tents. We shall have one bungalow—a portable one. But there, don't ask me anything more—just leave it all to me. Mind, there is a good deal to be done and thought about. But then all the expense and bother will be confined to the first season, for I'm sure we'll do the same again."

For the next few days Mr. Wedgwood was very busy indeed in his spare moments: he was thinking, planning, sketching, and writing letters. For there was no good making any preparations to form a camp until he had obtained liberty to squat somewhere—"Bivouac," did you say? Yes, true, that is a more romantic word than "squat."

Well, this getting camping ground was the first difficulty. For, remember, one cannot camp just where one likes, even at the seaside—anywhere near a civilised town at all events. Mr. Wedgwood's little place was in Berkshire, and to take heavy luggage and camp equipage far away to Wales, Cornwall, or the shores of Yorks, would have rendered the trip very expensive indeed. But all the south coast, from the New Forest to Dover, and from Dover round to Ramsgate, was as familiar to this parson as the walks in his own garden. And so he ran rapidly over it in imagination.

South of the Forest—in which, by the way, he had made many a walking tour—he knew a dear, sweet little unsophisticated village that would have suited him—himself—very well indeed. Here, butter and eggs were cheap indeed, and milk of the creamiest, and there was the quiet sea shore, the music of birds, and the wind sighing through the trees, and all sorts of Horatian delectabilities. But then it was too quiet for Carita and Jack; for Carita and Jack liked shop windows, even by the sad sea waves, and their bit of pier and bit of band and an occasional concert and fireworks. No, Blankville wouldn't do. Well, all round Southampton was too bustling and busy, too shippy and too warlike. Then Littlehampton was too flat—the sea goes to sea, and leaves you looking for it, and wondering if the moon has sucked it up, or where on earth or out of the earth it has gone to. Then Brighton was out of the question. There is a corporation there, and we all know what that means. *Nemo mortalium semper sapiens*, and a corporation never is. Eastbourne was more promising. It is a grand old place, and so beautiful and compact, too. So Mr. Wedgwood thought he would run down there. If successful in securing a site, he could return through London, and there order his bungalow and other necessaries.

It was early in June, and a rough, cold wind was blowing across from France. The French could well spare such a wind as that, and so had sent it across to perfidious Albion.

Mr. Wedgwood did Eastbourne as he had never done it before—east and west and north and south; on the lowest levels and high up on the breezy heights above Beachy Head. This last seemed most promising. But there were no trees, no cosiness, no getting to the sea without a parachute; and however pretty and birdlike Carita and Jack might have looked descending in this fashion, Mr. Wedgwood was stout and rotund, and couldn't have made a bonnie bird.

Mr. Wedgwood did not go home that night. He was one of those men whom difficulties only make more determined, so that very evening he went farther east, and next day farther east again.

And he succeeded at last. I am not going to tell you where, though. Catch me. The pitch is mine, my own ownest, and I don't want to be crowded out; so anybody who wants to camp by the sea must remember the adage, "Let every birdie build its own nest."

Ah, it was a nice place, though! A pretty wee green meadow starred over with daisies, with bright patches here and there of yellow stonecrop, and larks singing high above it, a row of rustling trees and a wee clear stream meandering near, the sea not a stone's throw off; but private ground for all that, so that there were no noisy boys to molest, no gaping tourists to gape, and the camp would only be a quarter of a mile from a delightful though not large town.

When he had come to terms with the owner of the meadow, and everything was arranged satisfactorily, with even a promise to have the same meadow next year again if he chose, Mr. Wedgwood felt that a load had fallen off his mind: he really seemed to have grown at least ten years younger all at once.

Quiet is such a blessed thing, he thought, and here indeed he would be able to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and do what he pleased, working or playing just as it suited him.

Well, he had made up his mind as to what kind of furniture would be required for the bungalow, so he thought he could not do better than hire it from a respectable-looking emporium in the adjacent town. He entered the shop, and was received with open arms. Yes, they had everything that suited, and would willingly hire. So Mr. Wedgwood made his selection, and asked what the price would be.

He opened his eyes when he saw the bill. The "furniture fellow," as Mr. Wedgwood called him in his own mind, only wanted 300 per cent.—or at that rate—for the loan of his goods.

So Mr. Wedgwood shook the sawdust from his feet and left. It would be better to buy. Besides, one wants so few things for a camp-bungalow and for tents.

He went straight away up to London now, for the bungalow itself and the tents were of course the first things to be thought of. But Mr. Wedgwood was a man of method, and he did not go to town with a finger in his mouth, figuratively speaking. Well he knew that if anyone is going to make important purchases, he must have his ideas arranged beforehand, and written down in a note-book, for London is, of all places in the world, the most confusing to a stranger, unless he has settled what to do previously, and where to go and how to go.

Well, as regards bungalow and tents, the parson showed his wisdom. He purchased the former from good makers, and paid a fair price

for it. It cost him twenty pounds, but what of that? It would last for as many years, whereas, had he bought a galvanised thing for much less money, it would not take to pieces without rents and tears in the nail holes. As for the tents, those too he got from makers new. Old army second-hand tents? Well, he had thought of these, and gave up the idea in time. I myself had one in camp once. I got it a bargain. But it leaked so much I had to go to bed with an umbrella up. Romantic, wasn't it? But that wasn't the worst, for one awfully stormy night, after a preliminary flapping roar or two, it gave way at one side from top to bottom—it was a bell tent—and next moment in rushed the wind, and away it went, leaving myself, two children, and Hurricane Bob exposed to the fury of the elements. I felt for the time being a kind of King Lear; but no more old army tents for me.

Mr. Wedgwood's bungalow was ten feet square and seven feet high at the eaves—quite a pretty wee affair, I can assure you; and the tents were strong enough to defy a hurricane.

These were to be sent down to the camping-ground in good time, and he had arranged cheaply with a builder—one of the aborigines—to put them up on a certain day.

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Mr. Wedgwood himself was a calm and thoughtful man, as became his profession; he never excited himself a deal about anything; but as a rule, you know, women-folk are fussy. I beg your pardon, girls; I—I—I really forgot for the moment I was writing for the "G. O. P." What I meant to say was, that ladies are—pleasantly excitable. Well, anyhow, there were many things to be thought about and packed up, and all that, although Mr. Wedgwood commanded them—oh, yes he did, he *commanded* them, the word is right enough—not to take more luggage than they could possibly do without. And so the dresses were all useful seaside ones, with a campish cut about them that on Carita and Jack was quite fascinating.

Upon the whole, everything was so well managed and arranged beforehand, that when the day for departure came—all the heavy baggage having been sent on days before—there wasn't half so much fuss or worry in making the departure as there would have been had the family been only going to seaside lodgings.

Just one night at an hotel was imperative, but even this might have been avoided had Mr. Wedgwood gone down himself the day before, and seen to things. However, this was no great suffering, nor expense either. And next day the family went into camp in earnest.

And now I must tell you a little about the economy and *agremens* of the Wedgwood camp.

I. *Water.*—The soft water was had from the little stream close by; and as for the drinking water, they arranged with a boy to bring that, so one important question was settled. All the water, I may inform you, that was used for drinking or cooking purposes was run through a filter that stood in the mess tent.

II. *Cooking.*—The "Rippingill" cooking range was used, for sake of cleanliness, though, for the matter of that, they might often have cooked out of doors, gipsy fashion. But these oil stoves do not do well out of doors, as the breeze carries the heat away, although on calm days I nearly always take mine out of the caravan and make my valet cook by the roadside. Well, Mr. Wedgwood had been lucky enough to get a wooden hut on hire. It had done duty as a ticket box at the gate of a show, and although it was only eight feet long by seven wide, it made a capital camp kitchen. The Wedgwoods were lucky in having a nice willing girl as a servant. She could cook plainly, and turn her hand to anything.

III. *Bungalow Furnishings.*—There was no lubberly table to take up room in the centre of it. There was something at one side which made a nice bed for Mrs. Wedgwood at night, and a nice sofa by day, and in which dresses could lie at full length. Then the girls' boxes did as other seats, with a camp stool or two and a folding chair. The girls slept side by side in hammocks, which of course were neatly folded in the morning and stowed away. They did not take easily



A SEASIDE SCENE.

to these hammocks at first; Jack especially was constantly tumbling out, till she thought of the plan of tying herself in every night, after which she slept as safe and sound as a mummy, and on the whole didn't look unlike one either.

Well, the bulkheads of the bungalow were prettily and artistically adorned with mirrors, brackets, photographic scenes, nick-nacks, and flower vases, so that the room looked perfectly charming, and everyone said so who saw it.

IV. *The Tents.*—There was the bell tent, used as a mess room, and a small tent, which was Mr. Wedgwood's own room, in which his hammock was slung, and in which he could smoke, or study, or do as he pleased. He had one companion, a huge and gallant mastiff dog, who ranged loose all night as sentry—a very necessary individual in a camp.

The mess tent had a rough deal table erected in it, and forms at each side. These were hired, and the boxes and crates that had contained heavy baggage did excellently well for sideboards, having covers thrown over them.

The deal table might have been rough, but when it was covered with a snow-white cloth and laid with glittering crystal, shining electro-plate, and vases of wild flowers, it looked very pretty indeed.

V. *Food and Drink.*—The tradespeople called regularly every day; the milk-boy came in the morning, and fish and fruit were always to be had. The camp was managed on strictly economical and temperate principles. But they had all kinds of delightful effervescing drinks, which, mingled with lime juice and cooled with ice, made the most delicious of summer drinks.

VI. *Early Hours.*—The camp was all astir by the time the deep-mouthed baying of Brutus was heard welcoming the milk-boy at half past seven. This lad brought also lovely butter from the farm, with eggs, fowls, or ducks, and nearly always a nice flower. Breakfast was at 8.30 sharp, dinner at 1.30 "to a tick," tea at 5, and supper at 9.

After this the orders were, to put it in sea parlance, "Pipe down hammocks and prepare to turn in;" and by ten o'clock you would not have heard a hush in the camp unless it were the low threatening growl of Brutus the mastiff, as he heard the voices or footsteps of passers-by.

Sleep was very sweet and sound in camp—the delightfully fresh air that circulated everywhere about tended to render it so; the pleasant exercise all had enjoyed during the day did so also. Then there was the lulling sound of the waves for ever tumbling in on the sandy beach close by. There were nights of course when storm winds blew high, and when the canvas flapped and pulled, and cordage creaked; but Mr. Wedgwood knew well all was secure; his last round every night was made to see that the pegs were all well driven home at just the angle that makes safety a certainty; so that, knowing he was safe, the noise of the flapping canvas rather tended to make him sleep more sweetly than otherwise.

VII. *Pleasures of Camp Life.*—These were both negative and positive. As to the negative, perfect peace was enjoyed. In nearly all seaside towns the street noises are positively harassing, especially if one is more or less an invalid. But here in camp there was no yelling of "Mi-awk!" in the early morning, no shrieking of "Swee-eep!" The fish barrows did not come near them shouting their unintelligible and nerve-racking jargon; there was no loud hammer of postmen to be heard, no bakers' or butchers' carts to rattle, no landlady to worry them indoors all day, no Faderland band or awful hurdy-gurdy.

As for positive pleasures, well, there were fishing and boating to be had whenever they felt so inclined; they could take long walks into the country, or delightful drives in pony carriages or landaus. Nor was there any occasion to go all by themselves, for good people called upon them in camp who would not have thought of looking near them had they lived in lodgings, and to many a tea or lawn-tennis party the Wedgwoods were invited.

Do you not think, reader, the Wedgwoods were right in going into camp? I myself do not think anything about it—I know they were; and everyone of them, including Brutus and the handy girl, laid in a store of health that made them feel happy for a whole year at the very least.

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